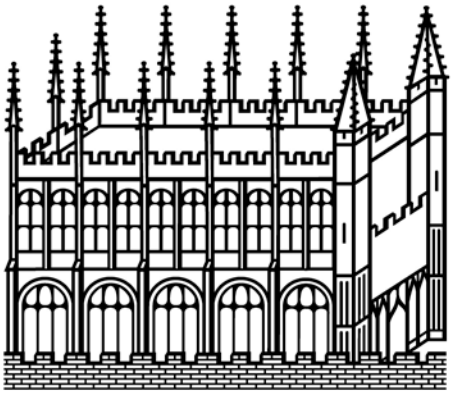

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER.

EDITED BY WILLIAM HAZLITT,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1857.

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The Deuils Law-caſe.

OR,

When Women goe to Law, the
Deuill is full of Buſineſſe,

A new Tragecomœdy.

The true and perfect Copie from the Originall

As it was approouedly well Acted
by her Maieſties Seruants

Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

Non quam diu, ſed quam bene

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Iohn Griſmand*, and are
to be ſold at his Shop in Pauls Alley at the
Signe of the Gvnne. 1623.

L4

THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

OF the *Devil's Law-Case* there appears to have been only one edition printed, that of which the title-page is here reproduced. It must, as Mr. Dyce points out, have been written but a short time before it was published, for there is in Act IV. an allusion to the Massacre at Amboyna, which took place in Feb. 1622. The plot of the play, the Editors of the Biographia Dramatica state to have been derived by Webster from Goulart's *Histoires Admirables*, but I myself do not find it in that collection. The story is thus given by Mr. Genest:—

"The scene lies at Naples; a nobleman called Contarino is in love with Jolenta, the sister of Romelio, who is a rich merchant; she is in love with him: her brother wishes her to marry Ercole, who is also in love with her. Ercole and Contarino fight; they wound one another severely, and, as it is supposed, mortally. Contarino sends his will to Romelio: he had left everything to Jolenta. Romelio, in the disguise of a Jewish physician, stabs Contarino; the stiletto only performs an operation on Contarino which his surgeons were afraid to attempt. (Langbaine observes that a similar accident happened to Phereus Jason; see

Valerius Maximus, Book I.) Contarino recovers, but keeps himself concealed. Ercole also recovers. Leonora, the mother of Romelio and Jolenta, was secretly in love with Contarino. Romelio tells her that he had killed Contarino. She meditates revenge, and engages her woman, Winifred, to assist her in her plot. Leonora declares in open court that Romelio is a bastard, not the son of her husband, but of Don Crispiano. Don Crispiano, who happened to be in court, discovers himself. Leonora and Winifred are convicted of having given false evidence. Ercole comes forward and accuses Romelio of having killed Contarino: as he has no proof of his accusation, it is decreed that Ercole and Romelio should decide their differences by single combat. Ercole and Romelio fight. The combat is terminated by a Capuchin, who declares that Contarino is alive."

TO THE RIGHT WORTHIE, AND ALL ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN, SIR THOMAS FINCH, KNIGHT BARONET.

SIR, let it not appear strange, that I do aspire to your patronage. Things that taste of any goodness, love to be sheltered near goodness: nor do I flatter in this, which I hate, only touch at the original copy of your virtues. Some of my other works, as *The White Devil, The Duchess of Malfi, Guise,* and others, you have formerly seen: I present this humbly to kiss your hands, and to find your allowance: nor do I much doubt it, knowing the greatest of the Cæsars have cheerfully entertained less poems than this; and had I thought it unworthy, I had not enquired after so worthy a patronage. Yourself I understand to be all courtesy: I doubt not therefore of your acceptance, but resolve that my election is happy; for which favour done me, I shall ever rest

Your Worship's humbly devoted,

JOHN WEBSTER.

TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

I HOLD it in these kind of poems with that of Horace, *sapientia prima stultitiâ caruisse*, to be free from those vices, which proceed from ignorance; of which, I take it, this play will ingeniously acquit itself. I do chiefly therefore expose it to the judicious: *locus est et pluribus umbris*, others have leave to sit down and read it, who come unbidden. But to these, should a man present them with the most excellent music, it would delight them no more, than *auriculas citharæ collecta sorde dolentes*. I will not further insist upon the approvement of it, for I am so far from praising myself, that I have not given way to divers of my friends, whose unbegged commendatory verses offered themselves to do me service in the front of this poem. A great part of the grace of this, I confess, lay in action; yet can no action ever be gracious, where the decency of the language, and ingenious structure of the scene, arrive not to make up a perfect harmony. What I have failed of this, you that have approved my other works, (when you have read this,) tax me of. For the rest, *Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor*.

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

Romelio, a Merchant.
Contarino, a Nobleman.
Crispiano, a Civil Lawyer.
Ercole, a Knight of Malta.
Ariosto, an Advocate.
Prospero.
Julio.
A Capuchin.
Cantilupo.
Sanitonella.
Leonora.
Jolenta.
A Waiting Woman.

THE SCENE—NAPLES.

THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Enter Romelio, *and* Prospero.

Prospero.

YOU have shewn a world of wealth:
I did not think
There had been a merchant
Liv'd in Italy of half your substance.

Rom. I'll give the king of Spain
Ten thousand ducats yearly, and discharge
My yearly custom. The Hollanders scarce trade
More generally than I: my factors' wives
Wear chaperons of velvet, and my scriveners,
Merely through my employment, grow so rich,
They build their palaces and belvederes
With musical water-works. Never in my life
Had I a loss at sea: they call me on th' Exchange
The Fortunate Young man, and make great suit
To venture with me. Shall I tell you, sir,
Of a strange confidence in my way of trading?

I reckon it as certain as the gain
In erecting a lottery.
Pros. I pray, sir, what do you think
Of Signior Baptisto's estate?
Rom. A mere beggar:
He's worth some fifty thousand ducats.
Pros. Is not that well?
Rom. How, well! for a man to be melted to snow water,
With toiling in the world from three-and-twenty
Till threescore, for poor fifty thousand ducats!
Pros. To your estate 'tis little, I confess:
You have the spring-tide of gold.
Rom. Faith, and for silver,
Should I not send it packing to th' East Indies,
We should have a glut on't.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here's the great Lord Contarino.
Pros. O, I know his business; he's a suitor to your sister.
Rom. Yes, sir, but to you,
As my most trusted friend, I utter it,
I will break the alliance.
Pros. You are ill advis'd then:
There lives not a completer gentleman
In Italy, nor of a more ancient house.
Rom. What tell you me of gentry? 'tis nought else
But a superstitious relic of time past:
And sift it to the true worth, it is nothing
But ancient riches; and in him, you know,
They are pitifully in the wane. He makes his colour

Of visiting us so often, to sell land,
And thinks if he can gain my sister's love,
To recover the treble value.

Pros. Sure he loves her entirely, and she deserves it.

Rom. Faith, though she were
Crook'd-shoulder'd, having such a portion,
She would have noble suitors: but truth is,
I would wish my noble venturer take heed;
It may be, whiles he hopes to catch a gilt-head,[1]
He may draw up a gudgeon.

Enter CONTARINO.

Pros. He's come. Sir, I will leave you. [*Exit.*

Con. I sent you the evidence[2] of the piece of land
I motion'd to you for the sale.

Rom. Yes.

Con. Has your counsel perus'd it?

Rom. Not yet, my lord. Do you intend to travel?

Con. No.

Rom. O then you lose
That which makes man most absolute.

Con. Yet I have heard of divers, that in passing of the Alps,
Have but exchang'd their virtues at dear rate
For other vices.

Rom. O, my lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit,
Is never to be out of action. We should think,
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces

[1] A species of fish. [2] i. e. the deeds.

Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession: of all which
Arise and spring up honour. Come, I know
You have some noble great design in hand,
That you levy so much money.

Con. Sir, I'll tell you;
The greatest part of it I mean to employ
In payment of my debts, and the remainder
Is like to bring me into greater bonds, as I aim it.

Rom. How, sir?

Con. I intend it for the charge of my wedding.

Rom. Are you to be married, my lord?

Con. Yes, sir; and I must now entreat your pardon,
That I have conceal'd from you a business,
Wherein you had at first been call'd to counsel,
But that I thought it a less fault in friendship,
To engage myself thus far without your knowledge,
Than to do it against your will: another reason
Was, that I would not publish to the world,
Nor have it whisper'd scarce, what wealthy voyage
I went about, till I had got the mine
In mine own possession.

Rom. You are dark to me yet.

Con. I'll now remove the cloud. Sir, your sister and I
Are vow'd each other's, and there only wants
Her worthy mother's and your fair consents
To style it marriage: this is a way,
Not only to make a friendship, but confirm it

For our posterities. How do you look upon't?

Rom. Believe me, sir, as on the principal column
To advance our house: why, you bring honour with you,
Which is the soul of wealth. I shall be proud
To live to see my little nephews ride
O'th' upper-hand of their uncles: and their daughters
Be rank'd by heralds at solemnities
Before the mother; all this derived
From your nobility. Do not blame me, sir,
If I be taken with't exceedingly;
For this same honour with us citizens,
Is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially
When it comes without money, which is very seldom.
But as you do perceive my present temper,
Be sure I am yours,—fir'd with scorn and laughter
At your over-confident purpose,[1]—and no doubt,
My mother will be of your mind.

Con. 'Tis my hope, sir. [*Exit Romelio.*

I do observe how this Romelio
Has very worthy parts, were they not blasted
By insolent vain-glory. There rests now
The mother's approbation to the match,
Who is a woman of that state and bearing,
Though she be city-born, both in her language,
Her garments, and her table, she excels
Our ladies of the court: she goes not gaudy,
Yet have I seen her wear one diamond,
Would have bought twenty gay ones out of their clothes,
And some of them, without the greater grace,
Out of their honesties.

[1] (Aside.)

She comes: I will try
How she stands affected to me, without relating
My contract with her daughter.

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. Sir, you are nobly welcome, and presume
You are in a place that's wholly dedicated
To your service.

Con. I am ever bound to you for many special favours.

Leon. Sir, your fame renders you most worthy of it.

Con. It could never have got a sweeter air to fly in,
Than your breath.

Leon. You have been strange[1] a long time; you are weary
Of our unseasonable time of feeding:
Indeed th' Exchange-bell makes us dine so late,
I think the ladies of the court from us
Learn to lie so long a bed.

Con. They have a kind of Exchange among them too;
Marry, unless it be to hear of news, I take it,
Their's is, like the New Burse,[1] thinly furnish'd
With tires and new fashions. I have a suit to you.

Leon. I would not have you value it the less,
If I say, 'tis granted already.

Con. You are all bounty: 'tis to bestow
Your picture on me.

Leon. O, sir, shadows are coveted in summer,
And with me 'tis fall o'th' leaf.

Con. You enjoy the best of time;

[1] i. e. a stranger.
[2] i. e. the New Exchange in the Strand, where female ornaments were sold.—DYCE.

This latter spring of yours shews in my eye,
More fruitful and more temperate withal,
Than that whose date is only limited
By the music of the cuckoo.

Leon. Indeed, sir, I dare tell you,
My looking-glass is a true one, and as yet
It does not terrify me: must you have my picture?

Con. So please you, lady, and I shall preserve it
As a most choice object.

Leon. You will enjoin me to a strange punishment.
With what a compell'd face a woman sits
While she is drawing![1] I have noted divers,
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder
The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same: I have known others
Have lost the entire fashion of their face,
In half an hour's sitting.

Con. How?

Leon. In hot weather,
The painting on their face has been so mellow,
They have left the poor man harder work by half,
To mend the copy he wrought by: but indeed,
If ever I would have mine drawn to th' life,
I would have a painter steal it at such a time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers;
There is then a heavenly beauty in't, the soul
Moves in the superficies.

Con. Excellent lady,

[1] Being drawn; having her portrait painted.

Now you teach beauty a preservative,
More than 'gainst fading colours, and your judgment
Is perfect in all things.

Leon. Indeed, sir, I am a widow,
And want the addition to make it so;
For man's experience has still been held
Woman's best eyesight. I pray, sir, tell me;
You are about to sell a piece of land
To my son, I hear.

Con. 'Tis truth.

Leon. Now I could rather wish
That noblemen would ever live i'th' country,
Rather than make their visits up to th' city
About such business. O, sir, noble houses
Have no such goodly prospects any way
As into their own land: the decay of that,
Next to their begging churchland, is a ruin
Worth all men's pity. Sir, I have forty thousand crowns
Sleep in my chest, shall waken when you please,
And fly to your commands. Will you stay supper?

Con. I cannot, worthy lady.

Leon. I would not have you come hither, sir, to sell,
But to settle your estate. I hope you understand
Wherefore I make this proffer: so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Con. What a treasury have I perch'd on!
I hope you understand wherefore I make this proffer!
She has got some intelligence, how I intend to marry
Her daughter, and ingenuously[1] perceiv'd,
That by her picture, which I begg'd of her,
I meant the fair Jolenta. Here's a letter,

[1] *Ingenuously*—for *ingeniously*.

Which gives express charge not to visit her
Till midnight; *fail not to come, for 'tis a business that concerns both our honours.*

Yours, in danger to be lost, Jolenta.

'Tis a strange injunction: what should be the business?
She is not chang'd, I hope: I'll thither straight;
For women's resolutions in such deeds,
Like bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter ERCOLE, ROMELIO, *and* JOLENTA.

Rom. O sister, come, the tailor must to work,
To make your wedding clothes.

Jol. The tomb-maker, to take measure of my coffin.

Rom. Tomb-maker! look you,
The king of Spain greets you.

Jol. What does this mean? do you serve process on me?

Rom. Process! come, you would be witty now.

Jol. Why, what's this, I pray?

Rom. Infinite grace to you; it is a letter
From his catholic majesty, for the commends
Of this gentleman for your husband.

Jol. In good season: I hope he will not have my
Allegiance stretch'd to the undoing of myself.

Rom. Undo yourself! he does proclaim him here—

Jol. Not for a traitor, does he?

Rom. You are not mad;
For one of the noblest gentlemen.

Jol. Yet kings many times
Know merely but men's outsides; was this commendation

Voluntary, think you?

Rom. Voluntary! what mean you by that?

Jol. Why, I do not think but he begg'd it of the king,
And it may fortune to be out of's way,
Some better suit, that would have stood his lordship
In far more stead. Letters of commendations!
Why, 'tis reported that they are grown stale,
When places fall i'th' University.
I pray you return his pass; for to a widow
That longs to be a courtier, this paper
May do knight's service.

Erco. Mistake not, excellent mistress; these commends
Express, his majesty of Spain has given me
Both addition of honour, as you may perceive
By my habit, and a place here to command
O'er thirty gallies: this your brother shews,
As wishing that you would be partner
In my good fortune.

Rom. I pray come hither: have I any interest in you?

Jol. You are my brother.

Rom. I would have you then use me with that respect,
You may still keep me so, and to be sway'd
In this main business of life, which wants
Greatest consideration, your marriage
By my direction: here's a gentleman——

Jol. Sir, I have often told you,
I am so little my own to dispose that way,
That I can never be his.

Rom. Come, too much light
Makes you moon-ey'd: are you in love with title?
I will have a herald, whose continual practice

Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,
Or an antiquary in old buskins.

Erco. Sir, you have done me
The mainest wrong that e'er was offered
To a gentleman of my breeding.

Rom. Why, sir?

Erco. You have led me
With a vain confidence that I should marry
Your sister; have proclaim'd it to my friends;
Employ'd the greatest lawyers of our state
To settle her a jointure; and the issue
Is, that I must become ridiculous
Both to my friends and enemies: I will leave you,
Till I call to you for a strict account
Of your unmanly dealing.

Rom. Stay, my lord.—
Do you long to have my throat cut?—Good my lord,
Stay but a little, till I have remov'd
This court-mist from her eyes, till I wake her
From this dull sleep, wherein she'll dream herself
To a deformed beggar.—You would marry
The great Lord Contarino——

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. Contarino
Were you talking of? he lost last night at dice
Five thousand ducats; and when that was gone,
Set at one throw a lordship that twice trebled
The former loss.

Rom. And that flew after?

Leon. And most carefully

Carried the gentleman in his caroch[1]
To a lawyer's chamber, there most legally
To put him in possession: was this wisdom?

Rom. O yes, their credit in the way of gaming
Is the main thing they stand on; that must be paid
Though the brewer bawl for's money: and this lord
Does she prefer i'th' way of marriage,
Before our choice here, noble Ercole.

Leon. You'll be advis'd, I hope. Know for your sakes
I married, that I might have children;
And for your sakes, if you'll be rul'd by me,
I will never marry again. Here's a gentleman
Is noble, rich, well featur'd, but 'bove all,
He loves you entirely: his intents are aim'd
For an expedition 'gainst the Turk,
Which makes the contract cannot be delay'd.

Jol. Contract! you must do this without my knowledge:
Give me some potion to make me mad,
And happily not knowing what I speak,
I may then consent to't.

Rom. Come, you are mad already;
And I shall never hear you speak good sense,
Till you name him for husband.

Erco. Lady, I will do a manly office for you;
I will leave you to the freedom of your own soul:
May it move whither heaven and you please!

Jol. Now you express yourself most nobly.

Rom. Stay, sir; what do you mean to do?

Leon. Hear me; if thou dost marry Contarino,
All the misfortune that did ever dwell

[1] Great coach. See note, vol. i. p. 72.

In a parent's curse light on thee!

Erco. O, rise, lady: certainly heaven never
Intended kneeling to this fearful purpose.

Jol. Your imprecation has undone me for ever.

Erco. Give me your hand.

Jol. No, sir.

Rom. Give't me then:
O what rare workmanship have I seen this
To finish with your needle! what excellent music
Have these struck upon the viol!
Now I'll teach a piece of art.

Jol. Rather a damnable cunning,
To have me go about to give't away,
Without consent of my soul.

Rom. Kiss her, my lord: if crying had been regarded,
Maidenheads had ne'er been lost; at least some appearance
Of crying, as an April shower i'th' sunshine—

Leon. She is yours.

Rom. Nay, continue your station, and deal you in
Dumb show; kiss this doggedness out of her.

Leon. To be contracted in tears, is but fashionable.

Rom. Yet suppose that they were hearty—

Leon. Virgins must seem unwilling.

Rom. O, what else? And you remember, we observe
The like in greater ceremonies than these contracts;
At the consecration of prelates, they use ever
Twice to say nay, and take it.

Jol. O, brother!

Rom. Keep your possession, you have the door by th' ring,
That's livery and seisin in England: but, my lord,

Kiss that tear from her lip; you'll find the rose
The sweeter for the dew.

Jol. Bitter as gall.

Rom. Ay, ay, all you women,
Although you be of never so low stature,
Have gall in you most abundant; it exceeds
Your brains by two ounces. I was saying somewhat:
O, do but observe i'th' city, and you'll find
The thriftiest bargains that were ever made,
What a deal of wrangling ere they could be brought
To an upshot!

Leon. Great persons do not ever come together—

Rom. With revelling faces; nor is it necessary
They should; the strangeness and unwillingness
Wears the greater state, and gives occasion that
The people may buzz and talk of't, though the bells
Be tongue-tied at the wedding.

Leon. And truly I have heard say,
To be a little strange to one another,
Will keep your longing fresh.

Rom. Ay, and make you beget
More children when y'are married: some doctors
Are of that opinion. You see, my lord, we are merry
At the contract; your sport is to come hereafter.

Erco. I will leave you, excellent lady, and withal
Leave a heart with you so entirely yours,
That I protest, had I the least of hope
To enjoy you, though I were to wait the time
That scholars do in taking their degree
In the noble arts, 'twere nothing: howsoe'er
He parts from you, that will depart from life,

To do you any service; and so humbly
I take my leave.

Jol. Sir, I will pray for you. [*Exit Ercole.*

Rom. Why, that's well; 'twill make your prayer complete,
To pray for your husband.

Jol. Husband!

Leon. This is the happiest hour that
I e'er arriv'd at. [*Exit.*

Rom. Husband, ay, husband: come, you peevish thing,
Smile me a thank for the pains I have ta'en.

Jol. I hate myself for being thus enforc'd:
You may soon judge then what I think of you,
Which are the cause of it.

Enter WAITING WOMAN.

Rom. You, lady of the laundry, come hither.

Waiting Woman. Sir?

Rom. Look, as you love your life, you have an eye
Upon your mistress: I do henceforth bar her
All visitants. I do hear there are bawds abroad,
That bring cut-works, and mantoons,[1] and convey letters
To such young gentlewomen; and there are others
That deal in corn-cutting, and fortune-telling;
Let none of these come at her on your life;
Nor Deuce-ace, the wafer-woman, that prigs abroad
With musk-melons, and malakatoones;[2] nor
The Scotchwoman with the cittern,[3] do you mark;

[1] "*Mantone*,—a great robe or mantle." FLORIO'S *Ital. Dict.* 1611.—DYCE.

[2] A sort of late peach.

[3] A musical instrument, like a guitar.

Nor a dancer by any means, though he ride on's footcloth;
Nor a hackney-coachman, if he can speak French.
Waiting Woman. Why, sir?
Rom. By no means; no more words:
Nor the woman with maribone puddings: I have heard
Strange juggling tricks have been convey'd to a woman
In a pudding: you are apprehensive?
Waiting Woman. O, good sir, I have travell'd.
Rom. When you had a bastard, you travail'd indeed:
But, my precious chaperoness,
I trust thee the better for that; for I have heard,
There is no warier keeper of a park,
To prevent stalkers, or your night-walkers,
Than such a man, as in his youth has been
A most notorious deer-stealer.
Waiting Woman. Very well, sir,
You may use me at your pleasure.
Rom. By no means, Winifred; that were the way
To make thee travail again. Come, be not angry,
I do but jest; thou knowest, wit and a woman
Are two very frail things; and so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Waiting Woman. I could weep with you; but 'tis no matter,
I can do that at any time; I have now
A greater mind to rail a little: plague of these
Unsanctified matches! they make us loath
The most natural desire our grandame Eve ever left us.
Force one to marry against their will! why, 'tis
A more ungodly work, than enclosing the commons.
Jol. Prithee, peace:
This is indeed an argument so common,
I cannot think of matter new enough,

To express it bad enough.

Waiting Woman. Here's one, I hope, will put you out of't.

Enter CONTARINO.

Con. How now, sweet mistress?
You have made sorrow look lovely of late;
You have wept.

Waiting Woman. She has done nothing else these three days: had you stood behind the arras, to have heard her shed so much salt water as I have done, you would have thought she had been turned fountain.

Con. I would fain know the cause can be worthy this
Thy sorrow.

Jol. Reach me the caskanet. I am studying, sir,
To take an inventory of all that's mine.

Con. What to do with it, lady?

Jol. To make you a deed of gift.

Con. That's done already: you are all mine.

Waiting Woman. Yes, but the devil would fain put in for's share,
In likeness of a separation.

Jol. O, sir, I am bewitch'd.

Con. Ha!

Jol. Most certain; I am forespoken
To be married to another: can you ever think
That I shall ever thrive in't? am I not then bewitch'd?
All comfort I can teach myself is this,
There is a time left for me to die nobly,
When I cannot live so.

Con. Give me, in a word, to whom, or by whose means
Are you thus torn from me?

Jol. By Lord Ercole, my mother, and my brother.

Con. I'll make his bravery[1] fitter for a grave,
Than for a wedding.

Jol. So you will beget
A far more dangerous and strange disease
Out of the cure: you must love him again
For my sake; for the noble Ercole
Had such a true compassion of my sorrow,—
Hark in your ear, I'll shew you his right worthy
Demeanour to me.

Waiting Woman. O, you pretty ones!
I have seen this lord many a time and oft
Set her in's lap, and talk to her of love
So feelingly, I do protest it has made me
Run out of myself to think on't.
O sweet breath'd monkey! how they grow together!
Well, 'tis my opinion,
He was no woman's friend that did invent
A punishment for kissing.

Con. If he bear himself so nobly,
The manliest office I can do for him,
Is to afford him my pity, since he's like
To fail of so dear a purchase:[2] for your mother,
Your goodness quits[3] her ill: for your brother,
He that vows friendship to a man, and proves
A traitor, deserves rather to be hang'd,
Than he that counterfeits money; yet for your sake
I must sign his pardon too. Why do you tremble?
Be safe, you are now free from him.

[1] *Bravery*, i. e. finery.
[2] An acquisition made after long pursuit; the French, *pourchas*.
[3] Acquits, absolves.

Jol. O but, sir,
The intermission from a fit of an ague
Is grievous; for indeed it doth prepare us
To entertain torment next morning.

Con. Why, he's gone to sea.

Jol. But he may return too soon.

Con. To avoid which, we will instantly be married.

Waiting Woman. To avoid which, get you instantly to bed together,
Do, and I think no civil lawyer for his fee
Can give you better counsel.

Jol. Fie upon thee; prithee, leave us.

Con. Be of comfort, sweet mistress.

Jol. On one condition, we may have no quarrel about this.

Con. Upon my life, none.

Jol. None, upon your honour?

Con. With whom? with Ercole?
You have delivered him guiltless.
With your brother? he's part of yourself.
With your complemental[1] mother?
I use not fight with women.
To-morrow we'll be married.
Let those that would oppose this union,
Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves
In their own work like spiders; while we two
Haste to our noble wishes, and presume,
The hindrance of it will breed more delight,
As black copartiments show gold more bright. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Complemental,*—that which renders a thing or person complete; hence used for ornamental, elegant.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter CRISPIANO *and* SANITONELLA.

Crispiano.

AM I well habited?

San. Exceeding well; any man would take you for a merchant: but pray, sir, resolve me, what should be the reason, that you being one of the most eminent civil lawyers in Spain, and but newly arrived from the East Indies, should take this habit of a merchant upon you?

Cris. Why, my son lives here in Naples, and in's riot
Doth far exceed the exhibition[1] I allowed him.

San. So then, and in this disguise you mean to trace him.

Cris. Partly for that, but there is other business
Of greater consequence.

San. Faith, for his expense, 'tis nothing to your estate: what, to Don Crispiano, the famous corregidor of Seville, who by his mere practice of the law, in less time than half a jubilee, hath gotten thirty thousand ducats a year?

Cris. Well, I will give him line,
Let him run on in's course of spending.

San. Freely?

Cris. Freely:
For I protest, if that I could conceive
My son would take more pleasure or content,

[1] Stipend.

By any course of riot, in the expense,
Than I took joy, nay soul's felicity,
In the getting of it, should all the wealth I have
Waste to as small an atomy as flies
I'th' sun, I do protest on that condition,
It should not move me.

San. How's this? Cannot he take more pleasure in spending it riotously, than you have done by scraping it together? O, ten thousand times more! and I make no question, five hundred young gallants will be of my opinion.
Why, all the time of your collectionship,
Has been a perpetual calendar: begin first
With your melancholy study of the law
Before you come to finger the ruddocks;[1] after that
The tiring importunity of clients,
To rise so early, and sit up so late;
You made yourself half ready[2] in a dream,
And never pray'd but in your sleep. Can I think,
That you have half your lungs left with crying out
For judgments, and days of trial? Remember, sir,
How often have I borne you on my shoulder,
Among a shoal or swarm of reeking night-caps,[3]
When that your worship has bepist yourself,
Either with vehemency of argument,
Or being out from the matter. I am merry.

Cris. Be so.

San. You could not[4] eat like a gentleman, at leisure;

[1] i. e. the money or gold coin, from an idea then prevalent that gold is red; whereas to look at all red gold must be much alloyed with copper.—NARES.
[2] *To dress.* [3] *Night-caps.*—See note, vol. ii. p. 179.
[4] "Not," conjecturally.

But swallow it like flap-dragons,[1] as if you had lived
With chewing the cud after.

Cris. No pleasure in the world was comparable to't.

San. Possible?

Cris. He shall never taste the like, unless he study law.

San. What, not in wenching, sir?
'Tis a court game, believe it,
As familiar as gleek,[2] or any other.

Cris. Wenching! O fie! the disease follows it:
Beside, can the fingering taffatas, or lawns,
Or a painted hand, or a breast, be like the pleasure
In taking clients' fees, and piling them
In several goodly rows before my desk?
And according to the bigness of each heap,
Which I took by a leer, (for lawyers do not tell them,)
I vail'd my cap, and withal gave great hope
The cause should go on their sides.

San. What think you then
Of a good cry of hounds? it has been known
Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.[3]

Cris. Cry of curs!
The noise of clients at my chamber door,
Was sweeter music far, in my conceit,
Than all the hunting in Europe.

San. Pray, stay, sir;
Say he should spend it in good house-keeping.

Cris. Ay, marry, sir, to have him keep a good house,
And not sell't away, I'd find no fault with that:

[1] Snap-dragons.
[2] *Gleek*,—a game played by three persons with forty-four cards, each hand having twelve, and eight being left for the stock.
[3] i. e. to default, to decay.

But his kitchen, I'd have no bigger than a saw-pit;
For the smallness of a kitchen, without question,
Makes many noblemen, in France and Spain,
Build the rest of the house the bigger.

San. Yes, mock-beggars.

Cris. Some sevenscore chimnies,
But half of them have no tunnels.

San. A pox upon them, cuckshaws,[1] that beget
Such monsters without fundaments!

Cris. Come, come, leave citing other vanities;
For neither wine, nor lust, nor riotous feasts,
Rich clothes, nor all the pleasure that the devil
Has ever practis'd with, to raise a man
To a devil's likeness, e'er brought man that pleasure
I took in getting my wealth: so I conclude.
If he can outvie me, let it fly to th' devil.
Yon's my son: what company keeps he?

Enter ROMELIO, JULIO, ARIOSTO, *and* BAPTISTA.

San. The gentleman he talks with,
Is Romelio, the merchant.

Cris. I never saw him till now:
A' has a brave sprightly look. I knew his father,
And sojourn'd in his house two years together
Before this young man's birth. I have news to tell him
Of certain losses happen'd him at sea,
That will not please him.

San. What's that dapper fellow

[1] *Kickshaws*, a dish in French cookery; applied, metaphorically, to a fantastic coxcomb.—HALLIWELL. Very probably a corruption of *quelque-chose*, "a something" nice.

In the long stocking? I do think 'twas he
Came to your lodging this morning.

Cris. 'Tis the same:
There he stands but a little piece of flesh,
But he is the very miracle of a lawyer;
One that persuades men to peace, and compounds quarrels
Among his neighbours, without going to law.

San. And is he a lawyer?

Cris. Yes, and will give counsel
In honest causes gratis; never in his life
Took fee, but he came and spake for't; is a man
Of extreme practice; and yet all his longing,
Is to become a judge.

San. Indeed that's a rare longing with men of his profession. I think he'll prove the miracle of a lawyer indeed.

Rom. Here's the man brought word your father died i'th' Indies.

Jul. He died in perfect memory, I hope, and made me his heir.

Cris. Yes, sir.

Jul. He's gone the right way then without question.
Friend, in time of mourning we must not use any action,
That is but accessory to the making men merry;
I do therefore give you nothing for your good tidings.

Cris. Nor do I look for it, sir.

Jul. Honest fellow, give me thy hand: I do not think but thou hast carried new-year's gifts to th' court in thy days, and learnedest there to be so free of thy pains-taking.

Rom. Here's an old gentleman says he was chamber-fellow to your father, when they studied the law together at Barcelona.

Jul. Do you know him?

Rom. Not I, he's newly come to Naples.

Jul. And what's his business?

Rom. A' says he's come to read you good counsel.

Cris. To him, rate him soundly. [*This is spoke aside.*

Jul. And what's your counsel?

Ari. Why, I would have you leave your whoring.

Jul. He comes hotly upon me at first. Whoring!

Ari. O young quat,[1] incontinence is plagued
In all the creatures of the world!

Jul. When did you ever hear that a cock-sparrow
Had the French pox?

Ari. When did you ever know any of them fat, but in the nest? ask all your cantharide-mongers that question: remember yourself, sir.

Jul. A very fine naturalist! a physician, I take you, by your round slop, for 'tis just of the bigness, and no more, of the case for a urinal; 'tis concluded, you are a physician. What do you mean, sir, you'll take cold.

Ari. 'Tis concluded, you are a fool, a precious one: you are a mere stick of sugar-candy, a man may look quite thorough you.

Jul. You are a very bold gamester.

Ari. I can play at chess, and know how to handle a rook.[2]

Jul. Pray preserve your velvet from the dust.

Ari. Keep your hat upon the block, sir,
'Twill continue fashion the longer.

Jul. I was never so abused with the hat in the hand

[1] A pimple, a scab.

[2] One of the pieces used in chess; but also meaning a cheat, a sharper.

In my life.

Ari. I will put on: why, look you,
Those lands that were the client's are now become
The lawyer's; and those tenements that were
The country gentleman's, are now grown
To be his tailor's.

Jul. Tailor's?

Ari. Yes, tailors in France they grow to great
Abominable purchase,[1] and become great officers.
How many ducats think you he has spent
Within a twelvemonth, besides his father's allowance?

Jul. Besides my father's allowance!
Why, gentlemen, do you think an auditor begat me?
Would you have me make even at year's end?

Rom. A hundred ducats a month in breaking Venice glasses.

Ari. He learnt that of an English drunkard
And a knight too, as I take it.
This comes of your numerous wardrobe.

Rom. Ay, and wearing cut-work, a pound a purl.[2]

Ari. Your dainty embroidered stockings,
With overblown roses, to hide your gouty ankles.

Rom. And wearing more taffata for a garter, than would serve the galley dung-boat for streamers.

Ari. Your switching up at the horse-race, with the illustrissimi.[3]

Rom. And studying a puzzling arithmetic[4] at the cock-pit.

[1] *purchase*,—property acquired with difficulty; but frequently used in the sense of property *ill* gained.
[2] *Purl*,—a border.
[3] i. e. with, as now familiarly said, "the nobs."
[4] i. e. a confusion of figures at betting.

Ari. Shaking your elbow at the table-board.[1]

Rom. And resorting to your whore in hired velvet, With a spangled copper fringe at her netherlands.

Ari. Whereas if you had stayed at Padua, and fed upon Cow-trotters, and fresh beef to supper—

Jul. How I am baited!

Ari. Nay, be not you so forward with him neither, for 'tis thought, you'll prove a main part of his undoing.

Jul. I think this fellow is a witch.

Rom. Who I, sir?

Ari. You have certain rich city chuffs, that when they have no acres of their own, they will go and plough up fools, and turn them into excellent meadow; besides some enclosures for the first cherries in the spring, and apricocks to pleasure a friend at court with. You have 'pothecaries deal in selling commodities to young gallants, will put four or five coxcombs into a sieve, and so drum with them upon their counter, they'll searce[2] them through like Guinea pepper: they cannot endure to find a man like a pair of tarriers;[3] they would undo him in a trice.

Rom. Maybe there are such.

Ari. O terrible exactors, fellows with six hands and three heads!

Jul. Ay, those are hell-hounds.

Ari. Take heed of them, they'll rent thee like tenter-hooks. Hark in your ear, there is intelligence upon you;

[1] The old copy "*Taule-boord.*"—Tables (Lat. *Tabularum lusus*, Fr. *Tables*) is the old name for backgammon; but other games were played with the same board.—DYCE.

[2] Strain.

[3] i. e. not as a pair of terriers trace out a rabbit through the complications of his underground retreat.

the report goes, there has been gold conveyed beyond the sea in hollow anchors. Farewell; you shall know me better; I will do thee more good than thou art aware of.

[*Exit.*

Jul. He's a mad fellow.

San. He would have made an excellent barber, he does so curry it with his tongue. [*Exit.*

Cris. Sir, I was directed to you.

Rom. From whence?

Cris. From the East Indies.

Rom. You are very welcome.

Cris. Please you walk apart,
I shall acquaint you with particulars
Touching your trading i'th' East Indies.

Rom. Willingly: pray walk, sir.

[*Exeunt Crispiano and Romelio.*

Enter ERCOLE.

Erc. O my right worthy friends, you have stay'd me long:
One health, and then aboard; for all the gallies
Are come about.

Enter CONTARINO.

Con. Signior Ercole,
The wind has stood my friend, sir, to prevent
Your putting to sea.

Erc. Pray why, sir?

Con. Only love, sir,
That I might take my leave, sir, and withal
Entreat from you a private recommends

To a friend in Malta; 'twould be deliver'd
To your bosom, for I had no time to write.

Erc. Pray leave us, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Julio and Baptista.*

Wilt please you sit? [*They sit down.*

Con. Sir, my love to you has proclaim'd you one,
Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought follow'd by as fair a deed.
Deceive not that opinion: we were students
At Padua together, and have long
To th' world's eye shewn like friends; was it hearty
On your part to me?

Erc. Unfeign'd.

Con. You are false
To the good thought I held of you, and now
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood: sacred innocence
Is fled your bosom. Signior, I must tell you,
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly lov'd,
And fallen at variance. 'Tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,
That you should love her.

Erc. Compare her beauty, and my youth together,
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all.

Con. Yes, it will prove
Prodigious[1] to you: I must stay your voyage.

Erc. Your warrant must be mighty.

Con. 'T has a seal from heaven

[1] i. e. bringing prodigies.

To do it, since you would ravish from me
What's there entitled mine: and yet I vow,
By the essential front of spotless virtue,
I have compassion of both our youths;
To approve which, I have not ta'en the way,
Like an Italian, to cut your throat
By practice, that had given you now for dead,
And never frown'd upon you.

Erc. You deal fair, sir.

Con. Quit me of one doubt, pray, sir.

Erc. Move it.

Con. 'Tis this;
Whether her brother were a main instrument
In her design for marriage.

Erc. If I tell truth, you will not credit me.

Con. Why?

Erc. I will tell you truth,
Yet shew some reason you have not to believe me.
Her brother had no hand in't: is't not hard
For you to credit this? for you may think,
I count it baseness to engage another
Into my quarrel; and for that take leave
To dissemble the truth. Sir, if you will fight
With any but myself, fight with her mother;
She was the motive.

Con. I have no enemy in the world then, but yourself;
You must fight with me.

Erc. I will, sir.

Con. And instantly.

Erc. I will haste before you, 'point whither.

Con. Why, you speak nobly; and for this fair dealing,

Were the rich jewel which we vary for,
A thing to be divided, by my life,
I would be well content to give you half:
But since 'tis vain to think we can be friends,
'Tis needful one of us be ta'en away,
From being the other's enemy.

Erc. Yet, methinks, this looks not like a quarrel.

Con. Not a quarrel!

Erc. You have not apparelled your fury well;
It goes too plain, like a scholar.

Con. It is an ornament makes it more terrible,
And you shall find it a weighty injury, and attended on
By discreet valour: because I do not strike you,
Or give you the lie—such foul preparatives
Would show like the stale injury of wine—
I reserve my rage to sit on my sword's point,
Which a great quantity of your best blood
Cannot satisfy.

Erc. You promise well to yourself.
Shall's have no seconds?

Con. None, for fear of prevention.

Erc. The length of our weapons?

Con. We'll fit them by the way:
So whether our time calls us to live or die,
Let us do both like noble gentlemen,
And true Italians.

Erc. For that let me embrace you.

Con. Methinks, being an Italian, I trust you
To come somewhat too near me:
But your jealousy gave that embrace to try
If I were arm'd, did it not.

Erc. No, believe me,
I take your heart to be sufficient proof,
Without a privy coat; and, for my part,
A taffata is all the shirt of mail
I am arm'd with.

Con. You deal equally.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Enter JULIO *and* SERVANT.

Jul. Where are these gallants, the brave Ercole,
And noble Contarino?

Ser. They are newly gone, sir,
And bade me tell you, that they will return
Within this half hour.

Enter ROMELIO.

Jul. Met you the Lord Ercole?

Rom. No, but I met the devil in villainous tidings.

Jul. Why, what's the matter?

Rom. O, I am pour'd out like water! the greatest
Rivers i'th' world are lost in the sea,
And so am I: pray, leave me.
Where's Lord Ercole?

Jul. You were scarce gone hence, but in came Contarino.

Rom. Contarino!

Jul. And entreated some private conference with Ercole,
And on the sudden they have given's the slip.

Rom. One mischief never comes alone:
They are gone to fight.

Jul. To fight!

Rom. An' you be gentlemen,

[1] i. e. with equity, fairly.

Do not talk, but make haste after them.
Jul. Let's take several ways then;
And if 't be possible, for women's sakes,
For they are proper men, use our endeavours,
That the prick do not spoil them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ERCOLE *and* CONTARINO.

Con. You'll not forego your interest in my mistress?
Erc. My sword shall answer that: come, are you ready?
Con. Before you fight, sir, think upon your cause;
It is a wondrous foul one, and I wish
That all your exercise, these four days past,
Had been employ'd in a most fervent prayer,
And the foul sin for which you are to fight
Chiefly remember'd in't.
Erc. I'd as soon take
Your counsel in divinity at this present,
As I would take a kind direction from you
For the managing my weapon; and indeed,
Both would show much alike.
Come, are you ready?
Con. Bethink yourself,
How fair the object is that we contend for.
Erc. O, I cannot forget it. [*They fight.*
Con. You are hurt.
Erc. Did you come hither only to tell me so,
Or to do it? I mean well, but 'twill not thrive.
Con. Your cause, your cause, sir:

Will you yet be a man of conscience, and make
Restitution for your rage upon your death-bed?

Erc. Never, till the grave gather one of us. [*Fight.*

Con. That was fair, and home, I think.

Erc. You prate as if you were in a fence-school.

Con. Spare your youth, have compassion on yourself.

Erc. When I am all in pieces! I am now unfit
For any lady's bed; take the rest with you.

[*Contarino wounded, falls upon Ercole.*

Con. I am lost in too much daring. Yield your sword.

Erc. To the pangs of death I shall, but not to thee.

Con. You are now at my repairing, or confusion:[1]
Beg your life.

Erc. O most foolishly demanded!
To bid me beg that which thou can'st not give.[2]

Enter ROMELIO, PROSPERO, BAPTISTA, ARIOSTO, *and* JULIO.

Pros. See both of them are lost; we come too late.

Rom. Take up the body and convey it
To Saint Sebastian's monastery.

Con. I will not part with his sword, I have won't.

Jul. You shall not.
Take him up gently; so; and bow his body,
For fear of bleeding inward.
Well, these are perfect lovers.

Pros. Why, I pray?

Jul. It has been ever my opinion,
That there are none love perfectly indeed,

[1] At my mercy, to mend or undo you.
[2] (Faints.)

But those that hang or drown themselves for love:
Now these have chose a death next to beheading,
They have cut one another's throats;
Brave valiant lads.

Pros. Come, you do ill, to set the name of valour
Upon a violent and mad despair.
Hence may all learn, that count such actions well,
The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ROMELIO *and* ARIOSTO.

Ari. Your losses, I confess, are infinite,
Yet, sir, you must have patience.

Rom. Sir, my losses I know, but you I do not.

Ari. 'Tis most true I am but a stranger to you, but am wish'd
By some of your best friends, to visit you,
And out of my experience in the world,
To instruct you patience.

Rom. Of what profession are you?

Ari. Sir, I am a lawyer.

Rom. Of all men living,
You lawyers I account the only men
To confirm patience in us; your delays
Would make three parts of this little Christian world
Run out of their wits else.
Now I remember you read lectures to Julio:
Are you such a leech for patience?

Ari. Yes, sir, I have had some crosses.

Rom. You are married then, I am certain.
Ari. That I am, sir.
Rom. And have you studied patience?
Ari. You shall find I have.
Rom. Did you ever see your wife make you cuckold?
Ari. Make me cuckold!
Rom. I ask it seriously: an' you have not seen that,
Your patience has not ta'en the right degree
Of wearing scarlet;[1] I should rather take you
For a bachelor in the art, than for a doctor.
Ari. You are merry.
Rom. No, sir, with leave of your patience,
I am horrible angry.
Ari. What should move you
Put forth that harsh interrogatory, if these eyes
Ever saw my wife do the thing you wot of?
Rom. Why, I'll tell you:
Most radically to try your patience,
And the mere question shows you but a dunce in't,
It has made you angry; there's another lawyer's beard
In your forehead, you do bristle.
Ari. You are very conceited.[2]
But come, this is not the right way to cure you:
I must talk to you like a divine.
Rom. I have heard some talk of it very much,
And many times to their auditors' impatience; but, I pray,
What practice do they make of't in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honest,
And some of them not only impatient

[1] i. e. the scarlet robes of the higher University degrees.
[2] Inclined to jest.

Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad,
At one another's preferment. Now to you, sir:
I have lost three goodly carracks.[1]

Ari. So I hear.

Rom. The very spice in them,
Had they been shipwreck'd here upon our coast,
Would have made all our sea a drench.

Ari. All the sick horses in Italy
Would have been glad of your loss then.

Rom. You are conceited, too.

Ari. Come, come, come,
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,
And unfortunate names; I never look'd they'd prosper.

Rom. Is there any ill omen in giving names to ships?

Ari. Did you not call one *The storm's defiance,*
Another *The scourge of the sea,* and the third,
The great leviathan?

Rom. Very right, sir.

Ari. Very devilish names
All three of them; and surely I think,
They were curs'd in their very cradles, I do mean,
When they were upon their stocks.

Rom. Come, you are superstitious,
I'll give you my opinion, and 'tis serious:
I am persuaded there came not cuckolds enow
To the first launching of them, and 'twas that made them
Thrive the worse for't. O your cuckold's handsel
Is pray'd for i'th' city!

Ari. I will hear no more.
Give me thy hand: my intent of coming hither,

[1] *Caraca,—Spanish,* " a large ship of burthen."

Was to persuade you to patience: as I live,
If ever I do visit you again,
It shall be to entreat you to be angry; sure I will,
I'll be as good as my word, believe it.

Rom. So, sir. How now? [*Exit Ariosto.*

Enter LEONORA.

Are the screech-owls abroad already?

Leon. What a dismal noise yon bell makes!
Sure some great person's dead.

Rom. No such matter,
It is the common bell-man goes about,
To publish the sale of goods.

Leon. Why do they ring before my gate thus?
Let them into th' court; I cannot understand
What they say.

Enter Two BELLMEN *and a* CAPUCHIN.

Cap. For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed,
Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead[1]
For two unfortunate nobles, whose sad fate
Leaves them both dead, and excommunicate:
No churchman's prayer to comfort their last groans,
No sacred seed of earth to hide their bones;
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,
The canon speaks them guilty of their own death.

Leon. What noblemen, I pray, sir?

Cap. The Lord Ercole, and the noble Contarino,
Both of them slain in single combat.

Leon. O, I am lost for ever!

[1] Of your rosaries.

Rom. Denied Christian burial! I pray, what does that,
Or the dead lazy march in the funeral,
Or the flattery in the epitaphs, which shows
More sluttish far than all the spiders' webs
Shall ever grow upon it; what do these
Add to our well-being after death?

Cap. Not a scruple.

Rom. Very well then:
I have a certain meditation,
If I can think of't, somewhat to this purpose;
I'll say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her beads:

You that dwell near these graves and vaults,
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,
Note what a small room does suffice,
To express men's good: their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand,
Than all the evidence of church-land.
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,
And are to the drapers a good hearing,
Make the heralds laugh in their black raiment,
And all die worthies, die worth payment
To the altar offerings, though their fame,
And all the charity of their name,
'Tween heaven and this yield no more light,
Than rotten trees, which shine i'th' night.
O, look the last act be the best i'th' play,
And then rest, gentle bones: yet pray,
That when by the precise you are view'd,
A supersedeas be not sued,
To remove you to a place more airy,

That in your stead they may keep chary
Stock-fish, or sea-coal, for the abuses
Of sacrilege have turn'd graves to viler uses.[1]
How then can any monument say,
Here rest these bones, till the last day,
When time swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the sexton kens not whither?
What care I then, though my last sleep
Be in the desert or in the deep,
No lamp nor taper, day and night,
To give my charnel chargeable light?
I have there like quantity of ground,
And at the last day I shall be found.—
Now I pray leave me.

Cap. I am sorry for your losses.

Rom. Um, sir, the more spacious that the tennis-court is,
The more large is the hazard.
I dare the spiteful fortune do her worst;
I can now fear nothing.

Cap. O, sir, yet consider,
He that is without fear, is without hope,
And sins from presumption: better thoughts attend you.

[*Exit Capuchin.*

Rom. Poor Jolenta! should she hear of this,
She would not after the report keep fresh,
So long as flowers in graves.

Enter PROSPERO.

How now, Prospero?

Pros. Contarino has sent you here his will,

[1] Than that of burning men's bones for fuel.

Wherein a' has made your sister his sole heir.

Rom. Is he not dead?

Pros. He's yet living.

Rom. Living! the worse luck.

Leon. The worse! I do protest it is the best,
That ever came to disturb my prayers.

Rom. How?

Leon. Yet I would have him live
To satisfy public justice for the death
Of Ercole. O, go visit him for heaven's sake!
I have within my closet a choice relic,
Preservative 'gainst swooning, and some earth
Brought from the Holy Land, right sovereign
To staunch blood. Has he skilful surgeons, think you?

Pros. The best in Naples.

Rom. How oft has he been drest?

Pros. But once.

Leon. I have some skill this way:
The second or third dressing will show clearly,
Whether there be hope of life. I pray, be near him;
If there be any soul can bring me word,
That there is hope of life—

Rom. Do you prize his life so?

Leon. That he may live,
I mean, to come to his trial, to satisfy the law.

Rom. O, is't nothing else?

Leon. I shall be the happiest woman!

[*Exeunt Leonora and Prospero.*

Rom. Here is cruelty apparell'd in kindness!
I am full of thoughts, strange ones, but they're no good ones.

I must visit Contarino; upon that
Depends an engine[1] shall weigh up my losses,
Were they sunk as low as hell: yet let me think,
How I am impair'd in an hour, and the cause of't,
Lost in security; O, how this wicked world bewitches,
Especially made insolent with riches!
So sails with fore-winds stretch'd do soonest break,
And pyramids a'th' top are still most weak. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CAPUCHIN, *and* ERCOLE, *led between two.*

Cap. Look up, sir:
You are preserved beyond natural reason;
You were brought dead out a'th' field, the surgeons
Ready to have embalm'd you.

Erc. I do look on my action with a thought of terror;
To do ill and dwell in't, is unmanly.

Cap. You are divinely inform'd, sir.

Erc. I fought for one, in whom I have no more right,
Than false executors have in orphans' goods,
They cozen them of; yet though my cause were naught,
I rather chose the hazard of my soul,
Than forego the compliment of a choleric man.
I pray, continue the report of my death, and give out,
'Cause the church denied me christian burial,
The vice-admiral of my gallies took my body,
With purpose to commit it to the earth,
Either in Sicily or Malta.

[1] A device, a manœuvre.

Cap. What aim you at by this rumour of your death?
Erc. There is hope of life
In Contarino, and he has my prayers,
That he may live to enjoy what is his own,
The fair Jolenta; where,[1] should it be thought
That I were breathing, happily[2] her friends
Would oppose it still.
Cap. But if you be suppos'd dead,
The law will strictly prosecute his life
For your murder.
Erc. That's prevented thus.
There does belong a noble privilege
To all his family, ever since his father
Bore from the worthy emperor, Charles the fifth,
An answer to the French king's challenge, at such time
The two noble princes were engag'd to fight,
Upon a frontier arm o'th' sea, in a flat-bottom'd boat,
That if any of his family should chance
To kill a man i'th' field, in a noble cause,
He should have his pardon: now, sir, for his cause,
The world may judge if it were not honest.
Pray help me in speech, 'tis very painful to me.
Cap. Sir, I shall.
Erc. The guilt of this lies in Romelio;
And as I hear, to second this good contract,
He has got a nun with child.
Cap. These are crimes that either must make work
For speedy repentance, or for the devil.
Erc. I have much compassion on him;

[1] *Where*,—for whereas. [2] Perhaps.

For sin and shame are ever tied together
With gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun,
They cannot without violence be undone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter ARIOSTO *and* CRISPIANO.

Ariosto.

WELL, sir, now I must claim
Your promise, to reveal to me the cause why
you live thus clouded.

Cris. Sir, the king of Spain
Suspects that your Romelio here, the merchant,
Has discover'd some gold-mine to his own use,
In the West Indies, and for that employs me
To discover in what part of Christendom
He vents this treasure: besides, he is inform'd
What mad tricks have been play'd of late by ladies.

Ari. Most true, and I am glad the king has heard on't:
Why, they use their lords, as if they were their wards;
And as your Dutchwomen in the Low-Countries
Take all and pay all, and do keep their husbands
So silly all their lives of their own estates,
That when they are sick, and come to make their will,
They know not precisely what to give away
From their wives, because they know not what they are
worth,
So here should I repeat what factions,
What bat-fowling for offices,

As you must conceive their game is all i'th' night,
What calling in question one another's honesties,
Withal what sway they bear i'th' Viceroy's court,
You'd wonder at it:
'Twill do well shortly can we keep them off
From being of our council of war.

Cris. Well, I have vow'd,
That I will never sit upon the bench more,
Unless it be to curb the insolencies
Of these women.

Ari. Well, take it on my word then,
Your place will not long be empty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ROMELIO *in the habit of a Jew.*

Rom. Excellently well habited! why, methinks
That I could play with mine own shadow now,
And be a rare Italianated Jew;
To have as many several change of faces,
As I have seen carv'd upon one cherry-stone,
To wind about a man like rotten ivy,
Eat into him like quicksilver, poison a friend
With pulling but a loose hair from's beard, or give a drench,
He should linger of nine years, and ne'er complain,
But in the spring and fall, and so the cause
Imputed to the disease natural; for slight villanies,
As to coin money, corrupt ladies' honours,
Betray a town to th' Turk, or make a bonfire
A'th' Christian Navy, I could settle to't,
As if I had eat a politician,

And digested him to nothing but pure blood.
But stay, I lose myself: this is the house.
Within there.

Enter TWO SURGEONS.

First Sur. Now, sir?

Rom. You are the men of art, that, as I hear,
Have the Lord Contarino under cure.

Second Sur. Yes, sir, we are his surgeons,
But he is past all cure.

Rom. Why, is he dead?

First Sur. He is speechless, sir, and we do find his wound
So fester'd near the vitals, all our art,
By warm drinks, cannot clear th' imposthumation,
And he's so weak, to make [incision][1]
By the orifix were present death to him.

Rom. He has made a will, I hear.

First Sur. Yes, sir.

Rom. And deputed Jolenta his heir.

Second Sur. He has, we are witness to't.

Rom. Has not Romelio been with you yet,
To give you thanks, and ample recompence
For the pains you have ta'en?

First Sur. Not yet.

Rom. Listen to me, gentlemen, for I protest,
If you will seriously mind your own good,
I am come about a business shall convey

[1] *Incision.*—Supplied by Mr. Dyce; a word having here dropped out from the old copy.

Large legacies from Contarino's will
To both of you.

Second Sur. How, sir? why, Romelio has the will,
And in that he has given us nothing.

Rom. I pray, attend me: I am a physician.

Second Sur. A physician! where do you practise?

Rom. In Rome.

First Sur. O, then you have store of patients.

Rom. Store! why, look you, I can kill my twenty a month,
And work but i'th' forenoons: you will give me leave
To jest and be merry with you. But as I said,
All my study has been physic: I am sent
From a noble Roman that is near akin
To Contarino, and that ought indeed,
By the law of alliance, be his only heir,
To practise his good and yours.

Both. How, I pray, sir?

Rom. I can by an extraction which I have,
Though he were speechless, his eyes set in's head,
His pulses without motion, restore to him,
For half an hour's space, the use of sense,
And perhaps a little speech: having done this,
If we can work him, as no doubt we shall,
To make another will, and therein assign
This gentleman his heir, I will assure you,
'Fore I depart this house, ten thousand ducats,
And then we'll pull the pillow from his head,
And let him e'en go whither the religion sends him
That he died in.

First Sur. Will you give 's ten thousand ducats?

Rom. Upon my Jewism. [*Contarino in a bed.*[1]

Second Sur. 'Tis a bargain, sir, we are yours:
Here is the subject you must work on.

Rom. Well said, you are honest men,
And go to the business roundly: but, gentlemen,
I must use my art singly.

First Sur. O, sir, you shall have all privacy.

Rom. And the doors lock'd to me.

Second Sur. At your best pleasure.[2]
Yet for all this, I will not trust this Jew.

First Sur. Faith, to say truth,
I do not like him neither; he looks like a rogue.
This is a fine toy, fetch a man to life,
To make a new will! there's some trick in't.
I'll be near you, Jew. [*Exeunt Surgeons.*

Rom. Excellent, as I would wish: these credulous fools
Have given me freely what I would have bought
With a great deal of money. Softly, here's breath yet.
Now, Ercole, for part of the revenge,
Which I have vow'd for thy untimely death!
Besides this politic working of my own,
That scorns precedent, why should this great man live,
And not enjoy my sister, as I have vow'd
He never shall? O, he may alter's will
Every new moon if he please; to prevent which,
I must put in a strong caveat. Come forth then
My desperate stiletto, that may be worn
In a woman's hair, and ne'er discover'd,

[1] *Contarino in a bed.*—i.e. Contarino is here brought in, or shown lying, on a bed.

[2] Aside to first Surgeon.

And either would be taken for a bodkin,
Or a curling-iron at most; why, 'tis an engine,
That's only fit to put in execution
Barmotho[1] pigs, a most unmanly weapon,
That steals into a man's life he knows not how.
O great Cæsar, he that past the shock
Of so many armed pikes, and poison'd darts,
Swords, slings, and battleaxes, should at length,
Sitting at ease on a cushion, come to die
By such a shoemaker's awl as this, his soul let forth
At a hole, no bigger than the incision
Made for a wheal![2] uds foot, I am horribly angry,
That he should die so scurvily: yet wherefore
Do I condemn thee thereof so cruelly,
Yet shake him by the hand? 'tis to express,
That I would never have such weapons us'd,
But in a plot like this, that's treacherous.
Yet this shall prove most merciful to thee,
For it shall preserve thee
From dying on a public scaffold, and withal
Bring thee an absolute cure, thus. So, 'tis done:
[*Stabs him.*
And now for my escape.

Enter SURGEONS.

First Sur. You rogue mountebank,
I will try whether your inwards can endure
To be wash'd in scalding lead.

Rom. Hold, I turn Christian.

[1] Bermuda was noted for its pigs.
[2] i. e. the incision made to let out the water from a wheal, or blister.

Second Sur. Nay prithee, be a Jew still;
I would not have a Christian be guilty
Of such a villanous act as this is.
Rom. I am Romelio, the merchant.
First Sur. Romelio! you have prov'd yourself
A cunning merchant indeed.
Rom. You may read why I came hither.
Second Sur. Yes, in a bloody Roman letter.
Rom. I did hate this man; each minute of his breath
Was torture to me.
First Sur. Had you forborne this act, he had not liv'd
This two hours.
Rom. But he had died then,
And my revenge unsatisfied. Here's gold;
Never did wealthy man purchase the silence
Of a terrible scolding wife at a dearer rate
Than I will pay for yours: here's your earnest
In a bag of double ducats.
Second Sur. Why look you, sir, as I do weigh this business,
This cannot be counted murder in you by no means.
Why, 'tis no more, than should I go and choke
An Irishman, that were three quarters drown'd,
With pouring usquebaugh in's throat.
Rom. You will be secret?
First Sur. As your soul.
Rom. The West Indies shall sooner want gold than you, then.
Second Sur. That protestation has the music of the mint in't.
Rom. How unfortunately was I surpris'd!

I have made myself a slave perpetually
To these two beggars. [*Exit.*

First Sur. Excellent: by this act he has made his estate ours.

Second Sur. I'll presently grow a lazy surgeon, and ride on my foot-cloth. I'll fetch from him every eight days a policy for a hundred double ducats; if he grumble, I'll peach.

First Sur. But let's take heed he do not poison us.

Second Sur. O, I will never eat nor drink with him,
Without unicorn's horn in a hollow tooth.

Con. Oh!

First Sur. Did he not groan?

Second Sur. Is the wind in that door still?

First Sur. Ha! come hither, note a strange accident:
His steel has lighted in the former wound,
And made free passage for the congeal'd blood;
Observe in what abundance it delivers the putrefaction.

Second Sur. Methinks he fetches his breath very lively.

First Sur. The hand of heaven is in't,
That his intent to kill him should become
The very direct way to save his life.

Second Sur. Why, this is like one I have heard of in England,
Was cured a'th' gout, by being rack'd i'th' Tower.
Well, if we can recover him, here's reward
On both sides: howsoever, we must be secret.

First Sur. We are tied to't:
When we cure gentlemen of foul diseases,
They give us so much for the cure, and twice as much,
That we do not blab on't. Come, let's to work roundly;
Heat the lotion, and bring the searing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A table set forth with two tapers, a death's head, a book. Jolenta in mourning: Romelio sits by her.

Rom. Why do you grieve thus? take a looking-glass,
And see if this sorrow become you; that pale face
Will make men think you us'd some art before,
Some odious painting: Contarino's dead.

Jol. O, that he should die so soon!

Rom. Why, I pray, tell me,
Is not the shortest fever the best? and are not bad plays
The worse for their length?

Jol. Add not to th' ill y'ave done
An odious slander: he stuck i'th' eyes a'th' court,
As the most choice jewel there.

Rom. O, be not angry!
Indeed the court to well composed nature
Adds much to perfection; for it is or should be,
As a bright crystal mirror to the world,
To dress itself: but I must tell you, sister,
If th' excellency of the place could have wrought salvation,
The devil had ne'er fallen from heaven: he was proud.
Leave us, leave us?
Come, take your seat again: I have a plot,
If you will listen to it seriously,
That goes beyond example; it shall breed
Out of the death of these two noblemen
The advancement of our house.

Jol. O take heed! a grave is a rotten foundation.

Rom. Nay, nay, hear me.

'Tis somewhat indirectly, I confess;
But there is much advancement in the world,
That comes in indirectly. I pray mind me:
You are already made by absolute will
Contarino's heir: now, if it can be prov'd,
That you have issue by Lord Ercole,
I will make you inherit his land too.

Jol. How's this? issue by him, he dead, and I a virgin!

Rom. I know you would wonder how it could be done,
But I have laid the case so radically,
Not all the lawyers in Christendom
Shall find any the least flaw in't. I have a mistress
Of the order of Saint Clare, a beauteous nun,
Who being cloister'd ere she knew the heat
Her blood would arrive to, had only time enough
To repent, and idleness sufficient
To fall in love with me; and to be short,
I have so much disorder'd the holy order,
I have got this nun with child.

Jol. Excellent work made for a dumb midwife.

Rom. I am glad you grow thus pleasant.
Now will I have you presently give out,
That you are full two months quicken'd with child
By Ercole; which rumour can beget
No scandal to you, since we will affirm,
The precontract was so exactly done,
By the same words us'd in the form of marriage,
That with a little dispensation,
A money matter, it shall be register'd
Absolute matrimony.

Jol. So then I conceive you,

My conceiv'd child must prove your bastard.
Rom. Right; for at such time
My mistress falls in labour, you must feign the like.
Jol. 'Tis a pretty feat this, but I am not capable of it.
Rom. Not capable!
Jol. No, for the thing you would have me counterfeit,
Is most essentially put in practice, nay, 'tis done;
I am with child already.
Rom. Ha! by whom?
Jol. By Contarino: do not knit the brow,
The precontract shall justify it, it shall;
Nay, I will get some singular fine churchman,
Or though he be a plural one, shall affirm,
He coupled us together.
Rom. O misfortune!
Your child must then be reputed Ercole's.
Jol. Your hopes are dash'd then, since your votary's issue
Must not inherit the land.
Rom. No matter for that,
So I preserve her fame. I am strangely puzzl'd:
Why, suppose that she be brought a-bed before you,
And we conceal her issue till the time
Of your delivery, and then give out,
That you have two at a birth; ha, wer't not excellent?
Jol. And what resemblance, think you, would they have
To one another? twins are still alike:
But this is not your aim, you would have your child
Inherit Ercole's land. O my sad soul!
Have you not made me yet wretched enough,
But after all this frosty age in youth,

Which you have witch'd upon me, you will seek
To poison my fame!
Rom. That's done already.
Jol. No, sir, I did but feign it,
To a fatal purpose, as I thought.
Rom. What purpose?
Jol. If you had lov'd or tender'd my dear honour,
You would have lock'd your poniard in my heart,
When I nam'd I was with child; but I must live
To linger out, till the consumption
Of my own sorrow kill me.
Rom. This will not do:
The devil has on the sudden furnish'd me
With a rare charm, yet a most unnatural
Falsehood; no matter, so 'twill take.
Stay, sister, I would utter to you a business,
But I am very loath; a thing indeed
Nature would have compassionately conceal'd,
Till my mother's eyes be clos'd.
Jol. Pray, what's that, sir?
Rom. You did observe,
With what a dear regard our mother tender'd
The Lord Contarino, yet how passionately
She sought to cross the match: why, this was merely
To blind the eye o'th' world; for she did know
That you would marry him, an' he was capable.
My mother doated upon him, and it was plotted
Cunningly between them, after you were married,
Living all three together in one house,—
A thing I cannot whisper without horror:
Why, the malice scarce of devils would suggest

Incontinence 'tween them two.

Jol. I remember since his hurt,
She has been very passionately enquiring
After his health.

Rom. Upon my soul, this jewel,
With a piece of the holy cross in't, this relic,
Valu'd at many thousand crowns, she would have sent him
Lying upon his death-bed.

Jol. Professing, as you say,
Love to my mother, wherefore did he make
Me his heir?

Rom. His will was made afore he went to fight,
When he was first a suitor to you.

Jol. To fight! O well remember'd:
If he lov'd my mother, wherefore did he lose
His life in my quarrel?

Rom. For the affront sake, a word you understand not,
Because Ercole was pretended rival to him,
To clear your suspicion; I was gull'd in't too:
Should he not have fought upon't,
He had undergone the censure[1] of a coward.

Jol. How came you by this wretched knowledge?

Rom. His surgeon overheard it,
As he did sigh it out to his confessor,
Some half hour 'fore he died.

Jol. I would have the surgeon hang'd
For abusing confession, and for making me
So wretched by th' report. Can this be truth?

Rom. No, but direct falsehood,
As ever was banish'd the court. Did you ever hear

[1] He had been esteemed.

Of a mother that has kept her daughter's husband
For her own tooth? He fancied you in one kind,
For his lust, and he lov'd
Our mother in another kind, for her money,
The gallant's fashion right. But come, ne'er think on't:
Throw the fowl to the devil that hatch'd it, and let this
Bury all ill that's in't: she is our mother.

Jol. I never did find anything i'th' world
Turn my blood so much as this: here's such a conflict,
Between apparent presumption, and unbelief,
That I shall die in't.
O, if there be another world i'th' moon,
As some fantastics dream, I could wish all men,
The whole race of them, for their inconstancy,
Sent thither to people that! Why, I protest,
I now affect the Lord Ercole's memory,
Better than the other's.

Rom. But were Contarino living?

Jol. I do call anything to witness,
That the divine law prescribed us
To strengthen an oath, were he living and in health,
I would never marry with him.
Nay, since I have found the world
So false to me, I'll be as false to it;
I will mother this child for you.

Rom. Ha!

Jol. Most certainly; it will beguile part of my sorrow.

Rom. O, most assuredly; make you smile to think,
How many times i'th' world lordships descend
To divers men, that might, an' truth were known,
Be heir, for anything belongs to th' flesh,

As well to the Turk's richest eunuch.

Jol. But do you not think
I shall have a horrible strong breath now?

Rom. Why?

Jol. O, with keeping your counsel; 'tis so terrible foul.

Rom. Come, come, come,
You must leave these bitter flashes.

Jol. Must I dissemble dishonesty? you have divers
Counterfeit honesty; but I hope here's none
Will take exceptions, I now must practise
The art of a great-bellied woman, and go feign
Their qualms and swoonings.

Rom. Eat unripe fruit and oatmeal, to take away
Your colour.

Jol. Dine in my bed some two hours after noon.

Rom. And when you are up,
Make to your petticoat a quilted preface,
To advance your belly.

Jol. I have a strange conceit now.
I have known some women, when they were with child,
Have long'd to beat their husbands: what if I,
To keep decorum, exercise my longing
Upon my tailor that way, and noddle him soundly?
He'll make the larger bill for't.

Rom. I'll get one
Shall be as tractable to't as stockfish.

Jol. O, my fantastical sorrow! cannot I now
Be miserable enough, unless I wear
A pied fool's coat! nay worse, for when our passions
Such giddy and uncertain changes breed,
We are never well, till we are mad indeed. [*Exit.*

Rom. So, nothing in the world could have done this,
But to beget in her a strong distaste
Of the Lord Contarino. O jealousy,
How violent, especially in women!
How often has it rais'd the devil up in form of a law-case!
My special care must be,
To nourish craftily this fiend,
'Tween the mother and the daughter, that the deceit
Be not perceiv'd. My next task, that my sister,
After this suppos'd childbirth, be persuaded
To enter into religion: 'tis concluded,
She must never marry; so I am left guardian
To her estate. And lastly, that my two surgeons
Be wag'd[1] to the East Indies: let them prate,
When they are beyond the line; the calenture,[2]
Or the scurvy, or the Indian pox, I hope,
Will take order for their coming back.

Enter LEONORA.

O here's my mother. I ha' strange news for you;
My sister is with child.

Leon. I do look now for some great misfortunes
To follow; for indeed mischiefs,
Are like the visits of Franciscan friars,
They never come to prey upon us single.
In what estate left you Contarino?

Rom. Strange, that you can skip
From the former sorrow to such a question!
I'll tell you; in the absence of his surgeon,
My charity did that for him in a trice,

[1] Induced by wages. [2] Yellow fever.

They would have done at leisure and been paid for't;
I have kill'd him.

Leon. I am twenty years elder since you last open'd your lips.

Rom. Ha!

Leon. You have given him the wound you speak of,
Quite thorough your mother's heart.

Rom. I will heal it presently, mother; for this sorrow
Belongs to your error: you would have him live,
Because you think he's father of the child;
But Jolenta vows by all the rights of truth,
'Tis Ercole's. It makes me smile to think,
How cunningly my sister could be drawn
To the contract, and yet how familiarly
To his bed: doves never couple without
A kind of murmur.

Leon. O, I am very sick!

Rom. Your old disease; when you are griev'd,
You are troubled with the mother.

Leon. I am rapt with the mother indeed,
That I ever bore such a son.

Rom. Pray tend my sister;
I am infinitely full of business.

Leon. Stay, you will mourn for Contarino?

Rom. O, by all means; 'tis fit; my sister is his heir.
[*Exit.*

Leon. I will make you chief mourner, believe it.
Never was woe like mine. O, that my care,
And absolute study to preserve his life,
Should be his absolute ruin! Is he gone then?
There is no plague i'th' world can be compar'd

To impossible desire, for they are plagu'd
In the desire itself. Never, O never
Shall I behold him living, in whose life
I liv'd far sweetlier than in mine own!
A precise curiosity[1] has undone me: why did I not
Make my love known directly? 't had not been
Beyond example, for a matron
To affect i'th' honourable way of marriage,
So youthful a person. O, I shall run mad!
For as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most unresistible,
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last merriment 'fore winter; and we widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,
We love the piece we are in hand with better,
Than all the excellent work we have done before.
And my son has depriv'd me of all this! ha, my son!
I'll be a fury to him: like an Amazon lady,
I'd cut off this right pap, that gave him suck,
To shoot him dead: I'll no more tender him,
Than had a wolf stolen to my teat i'th' night,
And robb'd me of my milk; nay, such a creature
I should love better far.—Ha, ha! what say you?
I do talk to somewhat, methinks; it may be
My evil genius. Do not the bells ring?
I have a strange noise in my head: O, fly in pieces!
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy; let me have

[1] Scrupulousness.

One property more than the devil of hell,
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily,
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill,
That have no good to hope for: let me die
In the distraction of that worthy princess,[1]
Who loathed food, and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of losing that brave gentleman,
She would fain have sav'd, had not a false conveyance
Express'd him stubborn-hearted.
Let me sink, where neither man,
Nor memory may ever find me. [*Falls down.*

Enter CAPUCHIN *and* ERCOLE.

Cap. This is a private way which I command,
As her confessor. I would not have you seen yet,
Till I prepare her. Peace to you, lady.

Leon. Ha!

Cap. You are well employ'd, I hope: the best pillow
i'th' world
For this your contemplation, is the earth,
And the best object, heaven.

Leon. I am whispering to a dead friend.

Cap. And I am come
To bring you tidings of a friend was dead,
Restor'd to life again.

Leon. Say, sir.

Cap. One whom I dare presume, next to your children,
You tender'd above life.

[1] *In the distraction of that worthy princess.*—An allusion, as Mr. Dyce points out, to the historical, or romance of history, episode of the Countess of Nottingham and the ring.

Leon. Heaven will not suffer me utterly to be lost.
Cap. For he should have been your son-in-law,—
Miraculously sav'd, when surgery gave him o'er.
Leon. O, may you live
To win many souls to heaven, worthy sir,
That your crown may be the greater! Why, my son
Made me believe he stole into his chamber,
And ended that which Ercole began
By a deadly stab in's heart.
Erco. Alas, she mistakes!
'Tis Contarino she wishes living; but I must fasten
On her last words, for my own safety.
Leon. Where, O where shall I meet this comfort?
Erco. Here in the vowed comfort of your daughter.
Leon. O, I am dead again! instead of the man,
You present me the grave swallowed him.[1]
Erco. Collect yourself, good lady.
Would you behold brave Contarino living?
There cannot be a nobler chronicle
Of his good than myself: if you would view him dead,
I will present him to you bleeding fresh,
In my penitency.
Leon. Sir, you do only live
To redeem another ill you have committed,
That my poor innocent daughter perish not,
By your vile sin, whom you have got with child.
Erco. Here begin all my compassion. O poor soul!
She is with child by Contarino; and he dead,
By whom should she preserve her fame to th' world,
But by myself that lov'd her 'bove the world?

[1] That swallowed him; the person who occasioned his death.

There never was a way more honourable
To exercise my virtue, than to father it,
And preserve her credit, and to marry her.
I'll suppose her Contarino's widow, bequeath'd to me
Upon his death; for sure she was his wife,
But that the ceremony a'th' church was wanting.
Report this to her, madam, and withal,
That never father did conceive more joy
For the birth of an heir, than I to understand,
She had such confidence in me. I will not now
Press a visit upon her, till you have prepar'd her;
For I do read in your distraction,
Should I be brought a'th' sudden to her presence,
Either the hasty fright, or else the shame
May blast the fruit within her. I will leave you,
To commend as loyal faith and service to her,
As e'er heart harbour'd: by my hope of bliss,
I never liv'd to do good act but this.

Cap. Withal, and you be wise,
Remember what the mother has reveal'd
Of Romelio's treachery. [*Exeunt Ercole and Capuchin.*

Leon. A most noble fellow! in his loyalty
I read what worthy comforts I have lost
In my dear Contarino, and all adds
To my despair. Within there.

Enter WAITING WOMAN.

Fetch the picture
Hangs in my inner closet. I remember,
[*Exit Waiting Woman.*
I let a word slip of Romelio's practice

At the surgeon's; no matter, I can salve it:
I have deeper vengeance that's preparing for him;
To let him live and kill him, that's revenge
I meditate upon.

Enter WAITING WOMAN *and the Picture.*

So, hang it up.
I was enjoin'd by the party ought[1] that picture,
Forty years since, ever when I was vex'd,
To look upon that: what was his meaning in't,
I know not, but methinks upon the sudden
It has furnish'd me with mischief, such a plot,
As never mother dream'd of. Here begins
My part i'th' play: my son's estate is sunk
By loss at sea, and he has nothing left,
But the land his father left him. 'Tis concluded,
The law shall undo him. Come hither:
I have a weighty secret to impart,
But I would have thee first confirm to me,
How I may trust, that thou canst keep my counsel
Beyond death.

Waiting Woman. Why, mistress, 'tis your only way,
To enjoin me first that I reveal to you
The worst act I e'er did in all my life;
So one secret shall bind another.

Leon. Thou instruct'st me
Most ingenuously, for indeed it is not fit,
Where any act is plotted that is naught;
Any of counsel to it should be good;
And in a thousand ills have hapt i'th' world,

[1] Who owned.

The intelligence of one another's shame
Have wrought far more effectually than the tie
Of conscience, or religion.

Waiting Woman. But think not, mistress,
That any sin which ever I committed,
Did concern you; for proving false in one thing,
You were a fool if ever you would trust me
In the least matter of weight.

Leon. Thou hast liv'd with me
These forty years; we have grown old together,
As many ladies and their women do,
With talking nothing, and with doing less.
We have spent our life in that which least concerns life,
Only in putting on our clothes: and now I think on't
I have been a very courtly mistress to thee,
I have given thee good words, but no deeds; now's the time,
To requite all; my son has six lordships left him.

Waiting Woman. 'Tis truth.

Leon. But he cannot live four days to enjoy them.

Waiting Woman. Have you poison'd him?

Leon. No, the poison is yet but brewing.

Waiting Woman. You must minister it to him with all privacy.

Leon. Privacy! It shall be given him
In open court; I'll make him swallow it
Before the judge's face: if he be master
Of poor ten arpines[1] of land forty hours longer,
Let the world repute me an honest woman.

Waiting Woman. So 'twill, I hope.

Leon. O, thou canst not conceive

[1] The French *arpent*.

My unimitable plot! Let's to my ghostly father;
Where first I will have thee make a promise
To keep my counsel, and then I will employ thee
In such a subtle combination,
Which will require to make the practice fit
Four devils, five advocates, to one woman's wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter LEONORA, SANITONELLA *at one door,* WAITING WOMAN, REGISTER; *at the other,* ARIOSTO.

Sanitonella.

TAKE her into your office, sir, she has that in her belly,
Will dry up your ink, I can tell you.—
This is the man that is your learned counsel,
A fellow that will trowl it off with tongue:
He never goes without restorative powder
Of the lungs of fox in's pocket, and Malaga raisins,
To make him long-winded. Sir, this gentlewoman
Entreats your counsel in an honest cause,
Which please you, sir, this brief, my own poor labour,
Will give you light of.

Ari. Do you call this a brief?
Here's, as I weigh them, some fourscore sheets of paper:
What would they weigh, if there were cheese wrapt in them,
Or figdates?

San. Joy come to you, you are merry;
We call this but a brief in our office:
The scope of the business lies i'th' margin.

Ari. Methinks you prate too much:
I never could endure an honest cause
With a long prologue to't.
Leon. You trouble him.
Ari. What's here? O strange! I have liv'd this sixty years,
Yet in all my practice never did shake hands
With a cause so odious. Sirrah, are you her knave?
San. No, sir, I am a clerk.
Ari. Why, you whoreson fogging rascal,
Are there not whores enow for presentations
Of overseers[1] wrong the will o'th' dead,
Oppressions of widows or young orphans,
Wicked divorces, or your vicious cause
Of *Plus quam satis* to content a woman,
But you must find new stratagems, new pursenets?
O women, as the ballad lives to tell you,
What will you shortly come to!
San. Your fee is ready, sir.
Ari. The devil take such fees,
And all such suits i'th' tail of them! See, the slave
Has writ false Latin: sirrah ignoramus,
Were you ever at the University?
San. Never, sir:
But 'tis well known to divers I have commenc'd
In a pew of our office.
Ari. Where? in a pew of your office!
San. I have been dry-founder'd in't this four years,
Seldom found non-resident from my desk.
Ari. Non-resident, subsumner![2]

[1] i. e. fraudulent executors who—
[2] Under-summoner, or apparitor.

I'll tear your libel[1] for abusing that word,
By virtue of the clergy.
San. What do you mean, sir?
It cost me four nights' labour.
Ari. Hadst thou been drunk so long,
Th' hadst done our court better service.
Leon. Sir, you do forget your gravity, methinks.
Ari. Cry ye mercy, do I so?
And as I take it, you do very little remember
Either womanhood, or Christianity. Why do ye meddle
With that seducing knave, that's good for nought,
Unless 't be to fill the office full of fleas,
Or a winter itch? wears that spacious ink-horn
All a vacation only to cure tetters,
And his penknife to weed corns from the splay toes
Of the right worshipful of the office?
Leon. You make bold with me, sir.
Ari. Woman, y'are mad, I'll swear't, and have more need
Of a physician than a lawyer.
The melancholy humour flows in your face;
Your painting cannot hide it. Such vile suits
Disgrace our courts, and these make honest lawyers
Stop their own ears, whilst they plead; and that's the reason
Your younger men that have good conscience,
Wear such large nightcaps. Go, old woman, go pray
For lunacy, or else the devil himself
Has ta'en possession of thee. May like cause
In any christian court never find name!
Bad suits, and not the law, bred the law's shame. [*Exit.*

[1] Little book, brief.

Leon. Sure the old man's frantic.

San. Plague on's gouty fingers!
Were all of his mind, to entertain no suits
But such they thought were honest, sure our lawyers
Would not purchase[1] half so fast.

Enter CONTILUPO, *a spruce Lawyer.*

But here's the man,
Learn'd Signior Contilupo; here's a fellow
Of another piece, believe't: I must make shift
With the foul copy.[2]

Contil. Business to me?

San. To you, sir, from this lady.

Contil. She is welcome.

San. 'Tis a foul copy, sir, you'll hardly read it;
There's twenty double ducats: can you read, sir?

Contil. Exceeding well, very, very exceeding well.

San. This man will be sav'd, he can read: lord, lord,
To see, what money can do! be the hand never so foul,
Somewhat will be pick'd out on't.

Contil. Is not this *vivere honeste?*

San. No, that's struck out, sir;
And wherever you find *vivere honeste* in these papers,
Give it a dash, sir.

Contil. I shall be mindful of it.
In troth you write a pretty secretary:
Your secretary hand ever takes best in mine opinion.

San. Sir, I have been in France,

[1] *Purchase*,—see note, vol. ii. p. 202.

[2] i.e. the draft of the brief; Ariosto having torn up the brief itself.

And there, believ't, your court-hand generally
Takes beyond thought.

Contil. Even as a man is traded in't.

San. That I could not think of this virtuous gentleman
Before I went to th' other hog-rubber!
Why, this was wont to give young clerks half fees,
To help him to clients. Your opinion in the case, sir?

Contil. I am struck with wonder, almost ecstasied,
With this most goodly suit.

Leon. It is the fruit of a most hearty penitence.

Contil. 'Tis a case shall leave a precedent to all the world,
In our succeeding annals, and deserves
Rather a spacious public theatre,
Than a pent court for audience; it shall teach
All ladies the right path to rectify their issue.

San. Lo you, here's a man of comfort!

Contil. And you shall go unto a peaceful grave,
Discharg'd of such a guilt, as would have lain
Howling for ever at your wounded heart,
And rose with you to judgment.

San. O give me such a lawyer, as will think
Of the day of judgment!

Leon. You must urge the business against him,
As spitefully as may be.

Contil. Doubt not. What, is he summon'd?

San. Yes, and the court will sit within this half hour:
Peruse your notes, you have very short warning.

Contil. Never fear you that.
Follow me, worthy lady, and make account
This suit is ended already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OFFICERS, *preparing seats for the judges; to them* ERCOLE *muffled.*

First Off. You would have a private seat, sir?

Erc. Yes, sir.

Second Off. Here's a closet belongs to th' court
Where you may hear all unseen.

Erc. I thank you: there's money.

Second Off. I give you your thanks again, sir.

Enter CONTARINO, *and the* SURGEONS, *disguised.*

Con. Is't possible Romelio's persuaded
You are gone to the East Indies?

First Sur. Most confidently.

Con. But do you mean to go?

Second Sur. How? go to the East Indies! and so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their pickled herrings! some have been peppered there too lately.[1] But, I pray, being thus well recovered of your wounds, why do you not reveal yourself?

Con. That my fair Jolenta should be rumour'd
To be with child by noble Ercole,
Makes me expect to what a violent issue
These passages will come. I hear her brother
Is marrying the infant she goes with,
'Fore it be born; as, if it be a daughter,
To the Duke of Austria's nephew, if a son,

[1] Webster alludes to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Amboyna, in February, 1622.—DYCE.

Into the noble ancient family
Of the Palavafini.[1] He's a subtle devil;
And I do wonder what strange suit in law,
Has hapt between him and's mother.
First Sur. 'Tis whisper'd 'mong the lawyers,
'Twill undo him for ever.

Enter SANITONELLA *and* WAITING WOMAN.

San. Do you hear officers?
You must take special care, that you let in
No brachygraphy[2] men, to take notes.
First Off. No, sir?
San. By no means;
We cannot have a cause of any fame,
But you must have scurvy pamphlets, and lewd ballads
Engender'd of it presently.
Have you broke fast yet?
Waiting Woman. Not I, sir.
San. 'Twas very ill done of you,
For this cause will be long a pleading; but no matter,
I have a modicum in my buckram bag,
To stop your stomach.
Waiting Woman. What is't? green ginger?
San. Green ginger, nor pellitory of Spain
Neither; yet 'twill stop a hollow tooth better than either of them.
Waiting Woman. Pray what is't?
San. Look you,
It is a very lovely pudding-pie,
Which we clerks find great relief in.

[1] Qy. *Pallavicini*.—DYCE.
[2] Shorthand writers.

Waiting Woman. I shall have no stomach.

San. No matter, an' you have not, I may pleasure
Some of our learned counsel with't; I have done it
Many a time and often, when a cause
Has prov'd like an after-game at Irish.[1]

Enter CRISPIANO, *like a judge, with another judge,* CONTILUPO, *and another lawyer at one bar,* ROMELIO, ARIOSTO, *at another,* LEONORA *with a black veil over her, and* JULIO.

Cris. 'Tis a strange suit. Is Leonora come?

Contil. She's here, my lord. Make way there for the lady.

Cris. Take off her veil; it seems she is asham'd
To look her cause i'th' face.

Contil. She's sick, my lord.

Ari. She's mad, my lord, and would be kept more dark.
By your favour, sir, I have now occasion
To be at your elbow, and within this half hour
Shall entreat you to be angry, very angry.

Cris. Is Romelio come?

Rom. I am here, my lord, and call'd, I do protest,
To answer what I know not, for as yet
I am wholly ignorant of what the court
Will charge me with.

Cris. I assure you, the proceeding
Is most unequal then, for I perceive,
The counsel of the adverse party furnish'd
With full instruction.

[1] *An after-game at Irish;*—has proved a long time in the determination. A game differing very little from back-gammon.

Rom. Pray, my lord, who is my accuser?
Cris. 'Tis your mother.
Rom. She has discover'd Contarino's murder:
If she prove so unnatural, to call
My life in question, I am arm'd to suffer
This to end all my losses.
Cris. Sir, we will do you this favour,
You shall hear the accusation;
Which being known, we will adjourn the court,
Till a fortnight hence: you may provide your counsel.
Ari. I advise you, take their proffer,
Or else the lunacy runs in a blood,
You are more mad than she.
Rom. What are you, sir?
Ari. An angry fellow that would do thee good,
For goodness' sake itself, I do protest
Neither for love nor money.
Rom. Prithee stand further, I shall gall your gout else.
Ari. Come, come, I know you for an East India merchant,
You have a spice of pride in you still.
Rom. My lord, I am so strengthen'd in my innocence,
For any the least shadow of a crime,
Committed 'gainst my mother, or the world,
That she can charge me with, here do I make it
My humble suit, only this hour and place
May give it as full hearing, and as free,
And unrestrain'd a sentence.
Cris. Be not too confident; you have cause to fear.
Rom. Let fear dwell with earthquakes,
Shipwrecks at sea, or prodigies in heaven:

I cannot set myself so many fathom
Beneath the height of my true heart as fear.

Ari. Very fine words, I assure you, if they were to any purpose.

Cris. Well, have your intreaty:
And if your own credulity undo you,
Blame not the court hereafter. Fall to your plea.

Contil. May it please your lordship and the reverend court,
To give me leave to open to you a case,
So rare, so altogether void of precedent,
That I do challenge all the spacious volumes
Of the whole civil law to shew the like.
We are of counsel for this gentlewoman;
We have receiv'd our fee; yet the whole course
Of what we are to speak is quite against her;
Yet we'll deserve our fee too. There stands one,
Romelio the merchant: I will name him to you,
Without either title or addition;
For those false beams of his supposed honour,
As void of true heat, as are all painted fires,
Or glowworms in the dark, suit him all basely,
As if he had bought his gentry from the herald
With money got by extortion: I will first
Produce this Æsop's crow, as he stands forfeit
For the long use of his gay borrow'd plumes,
And then let him hop naked. I come to th' point.
T'as been a dream in Naples, very near
This eight and thirty years, that this Romelio
Was nobly descended; he has rank'd himself
With the nobility, shamefully usurp'd

Their place, and in a kind of saucy pride,
Which, like to mushrooms, ever grow most rank,
When they do spring from dunghills, sought to o'ersway
The *Fliski*,[1] the *Grimaldi*, *Dori*,
And all the ancient pillars of our state:
View now what he is come to, this poor thing
Without a name, this cuckoo hatch'd i'th' nest
Of a hedge-sparrow!

Rom. Speaks he all this to me?

Ari. Only to you, sir.

Rom. I do not ask thee, prithee hold thy prating.

Ari. Why, very good, you will be presently
As angry as I could wish.

Contil. What title shall I set to this base coin?
He has no name, and for's aspect, he seems
A giant in a May-game, that within
Is nothing but a porter. I'll undertake,
He had as good have travell'd all his life
With gipsies: I will sell him to any man
For an hundred zecchins, and he that buys him of me,
Shall lose by th' hand too.

Ari. Lo, what you are come to,
You that did scorn to trade in anything,
But gold or spices, or your cochineal!
He rates you now at poor John.

Rom. Out upon thee! I would thou wert of his side.

Ari. Would you so?

Rom. The devil and thee together on each hand,
To prompt the lawyer's memory when he founders.

Cris. Signior Contilupo, the court holds it fit,

[1] *Fliski.*—Qy. "*Fieschi.*"—DYCE.

You leave this stale declaiming 'gainst the person,
And come to the matter.

Contil. Now I shall, my lord.

Cris. It shows a poor malicious eloquence,
And it is strange, men of your gravity
Will not forego it: verily, I presume,
If you but heard yourself speaking with my ears,
Your phrase would be more modest.

Contil. Good, my lord, be assur'd,
I will leave all circumstance, and come to th' purpose:
This Romelio is a bastard.

Rom. How, a bastard!
O mother, now the day begins grow hot on your side!

Contil. Why, she is your accuser.

Rom. I had forgot that: was my father married
To any other woman, at the time of my begetting?

Contil. That's not the business.

Rom. I turn me then to you that were my mother,
But by what name I am to call you now,
You must instruct me: were you ever married
To my father?

Leon. To my shame I speak it, never.

Cris. Not to Francisco Romelio?

Leon. May it please your lordships,
To him I was, but he was not his father.

Contil. Good my lord, give us leave in a few words
To expound the riddle, and to make it plain,
Without the least of scruple; for I take it,
There cannot be more lawful proof i'th' world,
Than the oath of the mother.

Cris. Well then, to your proofs, and be not tedious.

Contil. I'll conclude in a word.
Some nine and thirty years since, which was the time
This woman was married, Francisco Romelio,
This gentleman's putative father, and her husband,
Being not married to her past a fortnight,
Would needs go travel; did so, and continu'd
In France and the Low Countries eleven months.
Take special note o'th' time, I beseech your lordship,
For it makes much to th' business. In his absence
He left behind to sojourn at his house
A Spanish gentleman, a fine spruce youth
By the lady's confession, and you may be sure
He was no eunuch neither: he was one
Romelio lov'd very dearly, as oft haps
No man alive more welcome to the husband
Than he that makes him cuckold. This gentleman, I say,
Breaking all laws of hospitality,
Got his friend's wife with child, a full two months
'Fore the husband return'd.

San. Good sir, forget not the lambskin.

Contil. I warrant thee.

San. I will pinch by the buttock, to put you in mind of't.

Contil. Prithee hold thy prating.
What's to be practis'd now, my lord? marry this:
Romelio being a young novice, not acquainted
With this precedence, very innocently
Returning home from travel, finds his wife
Grown an excellent good huswife, for she had set
Her women to spin flax, and to that use,
Had in a study which was built of stone
Stor'd up at least an hundredth weight of flax:

Marry, such a thread as was to be spun from the flax,
I think the like was never heard of.

Cris. What was that?

Contil. You may be certain, she would lose no time,
In bragging that her husband had got up
Her belly: to be short, at seven months' end,
Which was the time of her delivery,
And when she felt herself to fall in travail,
She makes her waiting-woman, as by mischance,
Set fire to the flax; the fright whereof,
As they pretend, causes this gentlewoman
To fall in pain, and be delivered
Eight weeks afore her reckoning.

San. Now, sir, remember the lambskin.

Contil. The midwife straight howls out, there was no hope
Of th' infant's life; swaddles it in a flay'd lamb's skin,
As a bird hatch'd too early; makes it up
With three quarters of a face, that made it look
Like a changeling; cries out to Romelio,
To have it christen'd, lest it should depart
Without that it came for: and thus are many serv'd,
That take care to get gossips for those children,
To which they might be godfathers themselves,
And yet be no arch-puritans neither.

Cris. No more.

Ari. Pray, my lord, give him way, you spoil his oratory else:
Thus would they jest, were they fee'd to open
Their sisters' cases.

Cris. You have urg'd enough:

You first affirm, her husband was away from her
Eleven months?

Contil. Yes, my lord.

Cris. And at seven months' end,
After his return, she was deliver'd
Of this Romelio, and had gone her full time?

Contil. True, my lord.

Cris. So by this account this gentleman was begot,
In his suppos'd father's absence?

Contil. You have it fully.

Cris. A most strange suit this: 'tis beyond example,
Either time past, or present, for a woman
To publish her own dishonour voluntarily,
Without being call'd in question, some forty years
After the sin committed, and her counsel
To enlarge the offence with as much oratory,
As ever I did hear them in my life
Defend a guilty woman; 'tis most strange:
Or why with such a poison'd violence
Should she labour her son's undoing: we observe
Obedience of creatures to the law of nature,
Is the stay of the whole world; here that law is broke,
For though our civil law makes difference
'Tween the base, and the legitimate,
Compassionate nature makes them equal, nay,
She many times prefers them. I pray resolve me, sir,
Have not you and your mother had some suit
In law together lately?

Rom. None, my lord.

Cris. No! no contention about parting your goods?

Rom. Not any.

Cris. No flaw, no unkindness?

Rom. None that ever arriv'd at my knowledge.

Cris. Bethink yourself, this cannot choose but savour
Of a woman's malice deeply; and I fear,
Y'are practised upon most devilishly.
How hapt, gentlewoman, you reveal'd this no sooner?

Leon. While my husband liv'd, my lord, I durst not.

Cris. I should rather ask you why you reveal it now?

Leon. Because, my lord, I loath'd that such a sin
Should lie smother'd with me in my grave; my penitence,
Though to my shame, prefers the revealing of it
'Bove worldly reputation.

Cris. Your penitence!
Might not your penitence have been as hearty,
Though it had never summon'd to the court
Such a conflux of people?

Leon. Indeed I might have confess'd it privately
To th' church, I grant; but, you know, repentance
Is nothing without satisfaction.

Cris. Satisfaction! why, your husband's dead;
What satisfaction can you make him?

Leon. The greatest satisfaction in the world, my lord;
To restore the land to th' right heir, and that's
My daughter.

Cris. O, she's straight begot then.

Ari. Very well; may it please this honourable court,
If he be a bastard, and must forfeit his land for't,
She has prov'd herself a strumpet, and must lose
Her dower: let them go a begging together.

San. Who shall pay us our fees then?

Cris. Most just.

Ari. You may see now what an old house
You are like to pull over our head, dame.
Rom. Could I conceive this publication
Grew from a hearty penitence, I could bear
My undoing the more patiently; but, my lord,
There is no reason, as you said even now,
To satisfy me but this suit of hers
Springs from a devilish malice, and her pretence
Of a griev'd conscience and religion,
Like to the horrid powder-treason in England,
Has a most bloody unnatural revenge
Hid under it. O, the violences of women!
Why, they are creatures made up and compounded
Of all monsters, poisoned minerals,
And sorcerous herbs that grow.
Ari. Are you angry yet?
Rom. Would man express a bad one,
Let him forsake all natural example,
And compare one to another: they have no more mercy,
Than ruinous fires in great tempests.
Ari. Take heed you do not crack your voice, sir.
Rom. Hard-hearted creatures, good for nothing else,
But to wind dead bodies.
Ari. Yes, to weave seaming lace with the bones
Of their husbands that were long since buried,
And curse them, when they tangle.
Rom. Yet why do I
Take bastardy so distastefully, when i'th' world
A many things that are essential parts
Of greatness, are but by-slips, and are father'd
On the wrong parties;

Preferment in the world is[1] many times
Basely begotten. Nay, I have observ'd
The immaculate justice of a poor man's cause,
In such a court as this, has not known whom
To call father, which way to direct itself
For compassion—but I forget my temper:
Only that I may stop that lawyer's throat,
I do beseech the court, and the whole world,
They will not think the baselier of me,
For the vice of a mother; for that woman's sin,
To which you all dare swear when it was done,
I would not give my consent.

Cris. Stay, here's an accusation,
But here's no proof. What was the Spaniard's name
You accuse of adultery?

Contil. Don Crispiano, my lord.

Cris. What part of Spain was he born in?

Contil. In Castile.

Jul. This may prove my father.

San. And my master: my client's spoiled, then.

Cris. I knew that Spaniard well: if you be a bastard,
Such a man being your father, I dare vouch you
A gentleman; and in that, Signior Contilupo,
Your oratory went a little too far.
When do we name Don John of Austria,[2]
The Emperor's son, but with reverence?
And I have known, in divers families,
The bastards the greater spirits: but to th' purpose;
What time was this gentleman begot?
And be sure you lay your time right.

[1] The original has "a." [2] Who was illegitimate.

Ari. Now the metal comes to the touchstone.
Contil. In anno seventy-one, my lord.
Cris. Very well, seventy-one;
The battle of Lepanto was fought in't;
A most remarkable time, 'twill lie
For no man's pleasure, and what proof is there,
More than the affirmation of the mother,
Of this corporal dealing?
Contil. The deposition of a waiting-woman
[That] serv'd her the same time.[1]
Cris. Where is she?
Contil. Where is our solicitor
With the waiting-woman?
Ari. Room for the bag and baggage.
San. Here, my lord, *ore tenus.*
Cris. And what can you say, gentlewoman?
Waiting Woman. Please your lordship, I was the party that dealt
In the business, and brought them together.
Cris. Well.
Waiting Woman. And conveyed letters between them.
Cris. What needed letters, when 'tis said
He lodg'd in her house?
Waiting Woman. A running ballad now and then to her viol,
For he was never well, but when he was fiddling.
Cris. Speak to the purpose, did you ever
Know them bed together?
Waiting Woman. No, my lord, but I have brought him
To the bed side.

[1] i. e. who served her at that time.

Cris. That was somewhat near to the business.
And what, did you help him off with his shoes?

Waiting Woman. He wore no shoes, an't please you, my lord.

Cris. No! what then; pumps?

Waiting Woman. Neither.

Cris. Boots were not fit for his journey.

Waiting Woman. He wore tennis-court woollen slippers,
For fear of creaking, sir, and making a noise,
To wake the rest o'th' house.

Cris. Well, and what did he there,
In his tennis-court woollen slippers?

Waiting Woman. Please your lordship, question me in Latin,
For the cause is very foul; the examiner o'th' court
Was fain to get it out of me alone i'th' counting-house,
'Cause he would not spoil the youth o'th' office.

Ari. Here's a latten[1] spoon, and a long one, to feed with the devil!

Waiting Woman. I'd be loath to be ignorant that way,
For I hope to marry a proctor, and take my pleasure abroad
At the commencements with him.

Ari. Come closer to the business.

Waiting Woman. I will come as close as modesty will give me leave.
Truth is, every morning, when he lay with her,
I made a caudle for him, by the appointment
Of my mistress, which he would still refuse,
And call for small drink.

[1] An old word for brass, from *laiton*, or *leton*, French.—NARES. It seems to be introduced here as a sort of pun on the word *Latin* in the preceding sentence.

Cris. Small drink?
Ari. For a julap?
Waiting Woman. And said he was wondrous thirsty.
Cris. What's this to the purpose?
Waiting Woman. Most effectual, my lord.
I have heard them laugh together extremely,
And the curtain-rods fall from the tester of the bed:
And he ne'er came from her, but he thrust money in my
Hand, and once, in truth, he would have had some dealing
With me; which, I took he thought would be the only
Way i'th' world to make me keep counsel the better.
San. That's a stinger: 'tis a good wench, be not daunted.
Cris. Did you ever find the print of two in the bed?
Waiting Woman. What a question's that to be asked! may it please
Your lordship; 'tis to be thought he lay nearer to her than so.
Cris. What age are you of, gentlewoman?
Waiting Woman. About six and forty, my lord.
Cris. Anno seventy-one,
And Romelio is thirty-eight: by that reckoning,
You were a bawd at eight year old; now, verily,
You fell to the trade betimes.
San. There y'are from the bias.
Waiting Woman. I do not know my age directly, sure I am elder;
I can remember two great frosts, and three great plagues,
And the loss of Calais, and the first coming up
Of the breeches with the great codpiece;
And I pray what age do you take me of then?
San. Well come off again.
Ari. An old hunted hare; she has all her doubles.

Rom. For your own gravities,
And the reverence of the court, I do beseech you,
Rip up the cause no further, but proceed to sentence.
Cris. One question more, and I have done:
Might not this Crispiano, this Spaniard,
Lie with your mistress at some other time,
Either afore or after, than i'th' absence of her husband?
Leon. Never.
Cris. Are you certain of that?
Leon. On my soul, never.
Cris. That's well, he never lay with her,
But in anno seventy-one; let that be remember'd.
Stand you aside a while. Mistress, the truth is,
I knew this Crispiano, liv'd in Naples
At the same time, and lov'd the gentleman
As my bosom friend; and, as I do remember,
The gentleman did leave his picture with you,
If age or neglect have not in so long time
Ruin'd it.
Leon. I preserve it still, my lord.
Cris. I pray let me see't, let me see the face
I then lov'd so much to look on.
Leon. Fetch it.
Waiting Woman. I shall, my lord.
Cris. No, no, gentlewoman,
I have other business for you.
First Sur. Now were the time to cut Romelio's throat,
And accuse him for your murder.
Con. By no means.
Second Sur. Will you not let us be men of fashion,
And down with him now he's going?

Con. Peace, let's attend the sequel.
Cris. I commend you, lady;
There was a main matter of conscience.
How many ills spring from adultery!
First, the supreme law that is violated;
Nobility oft stain'd with bastardy;
Inheritance of land falsely possess'd;
The husband scorn'd, wife sham'd, and babes unblest.
[*The picture brought in.*
So, hang it up i'th' court. You have heard,
What has been urg'd 'gainst Romelio:
Now, my definitive sentence in this cause,
Is, I will give no sentence at all.
Ari. No!
Cris. No, I cannot, for I am made a party.
San. How, a party! here are fine cross tricks.
What the devil will he do now?
Cris. Signior Ariosto, his majesty of Spain
Confers my place upon you by this patent,
Which till this urgent hour I have kept
From your knowledge: may you thrive in't, noble sir,
And do that, which but few in our place do,
Go to their grave uncurs'd!
Ari. This law-business
Will leave me so small leisure to serve God,
I shall serve the king the worse.
San. Is he a judge?
We must then look for all conscience, and no law;
He'll beggar all his followers.
Cris. Sir, I am of your counsel, for the cause in hand
Was begun at such a time, 'fore you could speak;

You had need therefore have one speak for you.

Ari. Stay, I do here first make protestation,
I ne'er took fee of this Romelio,
For being of his counsel; which may free me,
Being now his judge, fro' the imputation
Of taking a bribe. Now, sir, speak your mind.

Cris. I do first entreat, that the eyes of all here present,
May be fix'd upon this.

Leon. O, I am confounded! this is Crispiano.

Jul. This is my father: how the judges have bleated him!

Waiting Woman. You may see truth will out in spite of the devil.

Cris. Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow;
Age has made me so; take from me forty years,
And I was such a summer fruit as this,
At least the painter feign'd so: for indeed,
Painting and epitaphs are both alike,
They flatter us, and say we have been thus.
But I am the party here, that stands accus'd
For adultery with this woman, in the year
Seventy-one: now I call you, my lord, to witness,
Four years before that time I went to th' Indies,
And till this month, did never set my foot since
In Europe; and for any former incontinence,
She has vow'd there was never any: what remains then,
But this is a mere practice 'gainst her son?
And I beseech the court it may be sifted,
And most severely punish'd.

San. Uds foot, we are spoil'd;
Why, my client's prov'd an honest woman.

Waiting Woman. What do you think will become of me now?

San. You'll be made dance *lacrymæ*,[1] I fear, at a cart's tail.

Ari. You, mistress, where are you now?
Your tennis-court slippers and your ta'en drink
In a morning for your hot liver? where's the man,
Would have had some dealing with you, that you might
Keep counsel the better?

Waiting Woman. May it please the court, I am but a young thing,
And was drawn arsy varsy into the business.

Ari. How young? of five-and-forty?

Waiting Woman. Five-and-forty! an' shall please you,
I am not five-and-twenty:
She made me colour my hair with bean-flower,
To seem elder than I was; and then my rotten teeth,
With eating sweetmeats,—why, should a farrier
Look in my mouth, he might mistake my age.
O mistress, mistress! you are an honest woman;
And you may be asham'd on't, to abuse the court thus.

Leon. Whatsoe'er I have attempted,
'Gainst my own fame, or the reputation
Of that gentleman my son, the Lord Contarino
Was cause of it.

Con. [2]Who, I?

Ari. He that should have married your daughter!

[1] The first word of the title of a musical work by John Dowland, *Lacrimæ, or Seaven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pauans*, &c. The popularity of the work occasioned many allusions to it by our old dramatists and other writers.

[2] (Aside.)

It was a plot, belike then, to confer
The land on her that should have been his wife.

Leon. More than I have said already, all the world
Shall ne'er extract from me: I entreat from both
Your equal pardons.

Jul. And I from you, sir.

Cris. Sirrah, stand you aside,
I will talk with you hereafter.

Jul. I could never away with[1] after-reckonings.

Leon. And now, my lords, I do most voluntarily
Confine myself unto a stricter prison,
And a severer penance, than this court can impose;
I am enter'd into religion.

Con. [2]I the cause of this practice! this ungodly woman
Has sold herself to falsehood: I will now reveal myself.

Erco. Stay, my lord, here's a window
To let in more light to the court.

Con. [2]Mercy upon me! O, that thou art living,
Is mercy indeed!

First Sur. [2]Stay, keep in your shell a little longer.

Erco. I am Ercole.

Ari. A guard upon him for the death of Contarino!

Erco. I obey the arrest o'th' court.

Rom. O, sir, you are happily restor'd to life,
And to us your friends!

Erco. Away, thou art the traitor
I only live to challenge: this former suit
Touch'd but thy fame, this accusation
Reaches to thy fame and life. The brave Contarino
Is generally suppos'd slain by this hand—

[1] Endure. [2] (Aside.)

Con. [1]How knows he the contrary?
Erco. But truth is,
Having receiv'd from me some certain wounds,
Which were not mortal, this vile murderer,
Being by will deputed overseer
Of the nobleman's estate to his sister's use,
That he might make him sure from surviving
To revoke that will, stole to him in's bed and kill'd him.
Rom. Strange, unheard of! more practice yet!
Ari. What proof of this?
Erco. The report of his mother deliver'd to me,
In distraction for Contarino's death.
Con. [1]For my death! I begin to apprehend,
That the violence of this woman's love to me,
Might practise the disinheriting of her son.
Ari. What say you to this, Leonora?
Leon. Such a thing I did utter out of my distraction:
But how the court will censure that report,
I leave to their wisdoms.
Ari. My opinion is,
That this late slander urg'd against her son,
Takes from her all manner of credit:
She that would not stick to deprive him of his living,
Will as little tender his life.
Leon. I beseech the court,
I may retire myself to my place of penance,
I have vow'd myself and my woman.
Ari. Go when you please. What should move you be
[*Exeunt Leonora and Waiting Woman.*[2]
Thus forward in the accusation?

[1] (Aside.) [2] Supplied by Mr. Dyce.

Erco. My love to Contarino.

Ari. O, it bore very bitter fruit at your last meeting.

Erco. 'Tis true, but I began to love him,
When I had most cause to hate him; when our bloods
Embrac'd each other, then I pitied
That so much valour should be hazarded
On the fortune of a single rapier,
And not spent against the Turk.

Ari. Stay, sir, be well advis'd;
There is no testimony but your own,
To approve you slew him, therefore no other way
To decide it, but by duel.

Con.[1] Yes, my lord, I dare affirm 'gainst all the world,
This nobleman speaks truth.

Ari. You will make yourself a party in the duel.

Rom. Let him, I will fight with them both; sixteen of them.

Erco. Sir, I do not know you.

Con. Yes, but you have forgot me; you and I have sweat
In the breach together at Malta.

Erco. Cry you mercy, I have known of your nation
Brave soldiers.

Jul. Now, if my father
Have any true spirit in him, I'll recover
His good opinion. Do you hear? do not swear, sir,
For I dare swear, that you will swear a lie,
A very filthy, stinking, rotten lie;
And if the lawyers think not this sufficient,
I'll give the lie in the stomach,

[1] (In his disguise as a Dane.)

That's somewhat deeper than the throat,
Both here, and all France over and over,
From Marseilles, or Bayonne, to Calais' sands,
And there draw my sword upon thee,
And new scour it in the gravel of thy kidneys.

Ari. You the defendant charg'd with the murder,
And you second there,
Must be committed to the custody
Of the Knight-Marshal; and the court gives charge
They be to-morrow ready in the lists
Before the sun be risen.

Rom. I do entreat the court, there be a guard
Plac'd o'er my sister, that she enter not
Into religion: she's rich, my lords,
And the persuasions of friars, to gain
All her possessions to their monasteries,
May do much upon her.

Ari. We'll take order for her.

Cris. There's a nun too you have got with child;
How will you dispose of her?

Rom. You question me, as if I were grav'd already:
When I have quench'd this wild-fire
In Ercole's tame blood, I'll tell you. [*Exit.*

Erco. You have judg'd to day
A most confused practice, that takes end
In as bloody a trial; and we may observe
By these great persons, and their indirect
Proceedings, shadow'd in a veil of state,
Mountains are deform'd heaps, swell'd up aloft,
Vales wholesomer, though lower and trod on oft.

San. Well, I will put up my papers,

And send them to France for a precedent,
That they may not say yet, but for one strange
Law-suit, we come somewhat near them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter JOLENTA, *and* ANGIOLELLA *great bellied.*

Jolenta.

HOW dost thou, friend? welcome: thou and I
Were playfellows together, little children,
So small awhile ago, that I presume,
We are neither of us wise yet.

Angio. A most sad truth on my part.

Jol. Why do you pluck your veil
Over your face?

Angio. If you will believe truth,
There's nought more terrible to a guilty heart,
As the eye of a respected friend.

Jol. Say, friend, are you quick with child?

Angio. Too sure.

Jol. How could you know
Of your first child, when you quickened?

Angio. How could you know, friend!
'Tis reported you are in the same taking.

Jol. Ha, ha, ha! so 'tis given out;
But Ercole's coming to life again has shrunk,
And made invisible my great belly; yes, faith,
My being with child was merely in supposition,
Not practice.

Angio. You are happy: what would I give,
To be a maid again!
Jol. Would you? to what purpose?
I would never give great purchase for that thing
Is in danger every hour to be lost. Pray thee, laugh:
A boy or a girl for a wager?
Angio. What heaven please.
Jol. Nay, nay, will you venture
A chain of pearl with me, whether?
Angio. I'll lay nothing;
I have ventur'd too much for't already, my fame.
I make no question, sister, you have heard
Of the intended combat.
Jol. O, what else?
I have a sweetheart in't, against a brother.
Angio. And I a dead friend, I fear: what good counsel
Can you minister unto me?
Jol. Faith, only this;
Since there's no means i'th' world to hinder it,
Let thou and I, wench, get as far as we can
From the noise of it.
Angio. Whither?
Jol. No matter, any whither.
Angio. Any whither, so you go not by sea:
I cannot abide rough water.
Jol. Not endure to be tumbled! say no more then,
We'll be land-soldiers for that trick: take heart,
Thy boy shall be born a brave Roman.
Angio. O, you mean to go to Rome then.
Jol. Within there. Bear this letter

Enter a SERVANT.

To the Lord Ercole. Now, wench, I am for thee,
All the world over.

Angio. I, like your shade, pursue you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PROSPERO *and* SANITONELLA.

Pros. Well, I do not think but to see you
As pretty a piece of law-flesh!

San. In time I may:
Marry I am resolved to take a new way for't.
You have lawyers take their clients' fees, and their backs
Are no sooner turned, but they call them fools,
And laugh at them.

Pros. That's ill done of them.

San. There's one thing, too, that has a vile
Abuse in't.

Pros. What's that?

San. Marry this,
That no proctor in the term-time be tolerated
To go to the tavern above six times i'th' forenoon.

Pros. Why, man?

San. O, sir, it makes their clients overtaken,
And become friends sooner than they would be.

Enter ERCOLE *with a letter, and* CONTARINO *coming in friars' habits, as having been at the Bathanites, a ceremony used afore these combats.*

Erco. Leave the room, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Sanitonella and Prospero.*

Con. Wherefore should I with such an obstinacy [*Aside.*
Conceal myself any longer? I am taught,
That all the blood, which will be shed to-morrow,
Must fall upon my head; one question
Shall fix it, or untie it.—Noble brother,
I would fain know how it is possible,
When it appears you love the fair Jolenta
With such a height of fervor you were ready
To father another's child and marry her.
You would so suddenly engage yourself,
To kill her brother, one that ever stood
Your loyal and firm friend?

Erco. Sir, I'll tell you;
My love, as I have formerly protested,
To Contarino, whose unfortunate end
The traitor wrought: and here is one thing more
Deads all good thoughts of him, which I now receiv'd
From Jolenta.

Con. In a letter?

Erco. Yes, in this letter;
For having sent to her to be resolv'd
Most truly, who was father of the child,
She writes back, that the shame she goes withal
Was begot by her brother.

Con. O most incestuous villain!

Erco. I protest, before I thought 'twas Contarino's issue,
And for that would have veil'd her dishonour.

Con. No more.
Has the armourer brought the weapons?

Erco. Yes, sir.

Con. I will no more think of her.

Erco. Of whom?

Con. Of my mother, I was thinking of my mother.
Call the armourer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SURGEON, *and* WAITING WOMAN.

Waiting Woman. You do love me, sir, you say?
Sur. O, most entirely!
Waiting Woman. And you will marry me?
Sur. Nay, I'll do more than that:
The fashion of the world is many times
To make a woman naught, and afterwards
To marry her; but I, a'th' contrary,
Will make you honest first, and afterwards
Proceed to the wedlock.
Waiting Woman. Honest! what mean you by that?
Sur. I mean, that your suborning the late law-suit
Has got you a filthy report: now, there's no way,
But to do some excellent piece of honesty,
To recover your good name.
Waiting Woman. How, sir?
Sur. You shall straight go, and reveal to your old mistress
For certain truth, Contarino is alive.
Waiting Woman. How, living!
Sur. Yes, he is living.
Waiting Woman. No, I must not tell her of it.
Sur. No! why?
Waiting Woman. For she did bind me yesterday, by oath,
Never more to speak of him.

Sur. You shall reveal it, then, to Ariosto the judge.

Waiting Woman. By no means; he has heard me tell
So many lies i'th' court, he'll ne'er believe me.
What, if I told it to the Capuchin?

Sur. You cannot
Think of a better; as for your young mistress,
Who, as you told me, has persuaded you
To run away with her, let her have her humour.
I have a suit Romelio left i'th' house,
The habit of a Jew, that I'll put on,
And, pretending I am robb'd, by break of day,
Procure all passengers to be brought back,
And by the way reveal myself, and discover
The comical event. They say she's a little mad;
This will help to cure her. Go, go presently,
And reveal it to the Capuchin.

Waiting Woman. Sir, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter JULIO, PROSPERO, *and* SANITONELLA.

Jul. A pox on't, I have undertaken the challenge very foolishly: what, if I do not appear to answer it?

Pros. It would be absolute conviction
Of cowardice, and perjury; and the Dane
May to your public shame reverse your arms,
Or have them ignominiously fasten'd
Under his horse-tail.

Jul. I do not like that so well.
I see, then, I must fight, whether I will or no.

Pros. How does Romelio bear himself? they say,
He has almost brain'd one of our cunning'st fencers,
That practis'd with him.

Jul. Very certain: and, now you talk of fencing,
Do not you remember the Welsh gentleman,
That was travelling to Rome upon return?

Pros. No, what of him?

Jul. There was a strange experiment of a fencer.

Pros. What was that?

Jul. The Welshman in's play, do what the fencer could,
Hung still an arse; he could not for's life
Make him come on bravely; till, one night at supper,
Observing what a deal of Parma cheese
His scholar devour'd, goes ingeniously
The next morning, and makes a spacious button
For his foil of toasted cheese; and as sure as you live,
That made him come on the braveliest.

Pros. Possible?

Jul. Marry, it taught him an ill grace in's play,
It made him gape still, gape as he put in for't,
As I have seen some hungry usher.

San. The toasting of it, belike,
Was to make it more supple, had he chanc'd
To have hit him a'th' chaps.

Jul. Not unlikely. Who can tell me,
If we may breathe in the duel?

Pros. By no means.

Jul. Nor drink?

Pros. Neither.

Jul. That's scurvy; anger will make me very dry.

Pros. You mistake, sir, 'tis sorrow that is very dry.

San. Not always, sir; I have known sorrow very wet.
Jul. In rainy weather?
San. No, when a woman has come dropping wet
Out of a cucking-stool.
Jul. Then 'twas wet indeed, sir.

Enter ROMELIO *very melancholy, and the* CAPUCHIN.

Cap. Having from Leonora's waiting-woman
Deliver'd a most strange intelligence
Of Contarino's recovery, I am come
To sound Romelio's penitence; that perform'd,
To end these errors by discovering
What she related to me. Peace to you, sir.
Pray, gentlemen, let the freedom of this room
Be mine a little. Nay, sir, you may stay. [*To Julio.*
[*Exeunt Prospero and Sanitonella.*
Will you pray with me?
Rom. No, no, the world and I
Have not made up our accounts yet.
Cap. Shall I pray for you?
Rom. Whether you do or no, I care not.
Cap. O you have a dangerous voyage to take!
Rom. No matter, I will be mine own pilot:
Do not you trouble your head with the business.
Cap. Pray tell me, do not you meditate of death?
Rom. Phew, I took out that lesson,
When I once lay sick of an ague: I do now
Labour for life, for life. Sir, can you tell me,
Whether your Toledo, or your Milan blade
Be best temper'd?
Cap. These things, you know, are out of my practice.

Rom. But these are things, you know,
I must practise with to-morrow.
Cap. Were I in your case,
I should present to myself strange shadows.
Rom. Turn you, were I in your case,
I should laugh at mine own shadow.
Who has hired you to make me coward?
Cap. I would make you a good Christian.
Rom. Withal let me continue
An honest man, which I am very certain
A coward can never be. You take upon you
A physician's place, rather than a divine's:
You go about to bring my body so low,
I should fight i'th' lists to-morrow like a dormouse,
And be made away in a slumber.
Cap. Did you murder Contarino?
Rom. That's a scurvy question now.
Cap. Why, sir?
Rom. Did you ask it as a confessor, or as a spy?
Cap. As one that fain would justle the devil
Out of your way.
Rom. Um, you are but weakly made for't:
He's a cunning wrestler, I can tell you, and has broke
Many a man's neck.
Cap. But to give him the foil goes not by strength.
Rom. Let it go by what it will,
Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am hungry.
Cap. Here's food for you. [*Offering him a book.*
Rom. Phew, I am not to commence doctor;
For then the word, Devour that book, were proper.
I am to fight, to fight, sir, and I'll do't,

As I would feed, with a good stomach.
Cap. Can you feed, and apprehend death?
Rom. Why, sir, is not death
A hungry companion? say, is not the grave
Said to be a great devourer? Get me some victuals:
I knew a man that was to lose his head,
Feed with an excellent good appetite,
To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before;
And if he did it, that only was to speak,
What should I, that am to do?
Cap. This confidence,
If it be grounded upon truth, 'tis well.
Rom. You must understand, that resolution
Should ever wait upon a noble death,
As captains bring their soldiers out o'th' field,
And come off last. For, I pray, what is death?
The safest trench i'th' world to keep man free
From fortune's gunshot; to be afraid of that,
Would prove me weaker than a teeming woman,
That does endure a thousand times more pain
In bearing of a child.
Cap. O, I tremble for you!
For I do know you have a storm within you,
More terrible than a sea-fight, and your soul
Being heretofore drowned in security,
You know not how to live, nor how to die.
But I have an object that shall startle you,
And make you know whither you are going.
Rom. I am arm'd for't.

Enter LEONORA, *with two coffins borne by her servants, and two winding-sheets stuck with flowers; presents one to her son, and the other to Julio.*

'Tis very welcome; this is a decent garment
Will never be out of fashion: I will kiss it.
All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying:
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time.
Survey our progress from our birth;
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights, [*Soft music.*
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,
Like perfumes, go out and die;
And consequently[1] this is done,
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings,
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.
O, you have wrought a miracle, and melted
A heart of adamant! you have compris'd
In this dumb pageant a right excellent form
Of penitence.

Cap. I am glad you so receive it.

Rom. This object does persuade me to forgive
The wrong she has done me, which I count the way
To be forgiven yonder; and this shroud

[1] In due sequence, course.

Shews me how rankly we do smell of earth,
When we are in all our glory. Will it please you
[*To his mother.*
Enter that closet, where I shall confer
'Bout matters of most weighty consequence,
Before the duel? [*Exit Leonora.*

Jul. Now I am right in the bandoleer[1] for th' gallows.
What a scurvy fashion 'tis, to hang one's coffin in a scarf!

Cap. Why, this is well:
And now that I have made you fit for death,
And brought you even as low as is the grave,
I will raise you up again, speak comforts to you
Beyond your hopes, turn this intended duel
To a triumph.

Rom. More divinity yet!
Good sir, do one thing first: there's in my closet
A prayer-book that is cover'd with gilt vellum;
Fetch it; and pray you, certify my mother,
I'll presently come to her. [*Locks him into a closet.*
So, now you are safe.

Jul. What have you done?

Rom. Why, I have lock'd them up
Into a turret of the castle, safe enough
From troubling us these four hours: an' he please,
He may open a casement, and whistle out to th' sea,
Like a boatswain; not any creature can hear him.
Was't not thou a weary of his preaching?

Jul. Yes, if he had had an hourglass by him,
I would have wish'd him he would have jogged it a little.

[1] *The bandoleer* was a broad-belt, or band, in which the musketeers carried their cartridges.

But your mother, your mother's lock'd in too.

Rom. So much the better;

I am rid of her howling at parting.

Jul. Hark! he knocks to be let out, an' he were mad.

Rom. Let him knock till his sandals fly in pieces.

Jul. Ha! what says he? Contarino living!

Rom. Ay, ay, he means he would have Contarino's living
Bestow'd upon his monastery; 'tis that
He only fishes for. So, 'tis break of day;
We shall be call'd to the combat presently.

Jul. I'm sorry for one thing.

Rom. What's that?

Jul. That I made not mine own ballad: I do fear
I shall be roguishly abus'd in metre,
If I miscarry. [1]Well if the young Capuchin
Do not talk a' th' flesh as fast now, to your mother,
As he did to us a' th' spirit! If he do,
'Tis not the first time that the prison royal
Has been guilty of close committing.

Rom. Now to th' combat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter CAPUCHIN *and* LEONORA, *above at a window.*

Leon. Contarino living!

Cap. Yes, madam, he is living, and Ercole's second.

Leon. Why has he lock'd us up thus?

Cap. Some evil angel
Makes him deaf to his own safety: we are shut

[1] 'Tis.

Into a turret, the most desolate prison
Of all the castle; and his obstinacy,
Madness, or secret fate, has thus prevented
The saving of his life.

Leon. O, the saving Contarino's!
His is worth nothing. For heaven's sake call louder.

Cap. To little purpose.

Leon. I will leap these battlements;
And may I be found dead time enough
To hinder the combat!

Cap. O, look upwards rather!
Their deliverance must come thence. To see how heaven
Can invert man's firmest purpose! His intent
Of murdering Contarino was a mean
To work his safety; and my coming hither
To save him, is his ruin: wretches turn
The tide of their good fortune, and being drench'd
In some presumptuous and hidden sins,
While they aspire to do themselves most right,
The devil that rules i'th' air hangs in their light.

Leon. O, they must not be lost thus! some good Christian
Come within our hearing! Ope the other casement,
That looks into the city.

Cap. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The lists set up. Enter the MARSHAL, CRISPIANO, *and* ARIOSTO, *as Judges: they sit.*

Mar. Give the appellant his summons, do the like
To the defendant.

Two tuckets[1] *by several trumpets. Enter, at one door,* ERCOLE *and* CONTARINO; *at the other,* ROMELIO *and* JULIO.

Can any of you allege aught, why the combat
Should not proceed?

Combatants. Nothing.

Ari. Have the knights weigh'd,
And measur'd their weapons?

Mar. They have.

Ari. Proceed, then, to the battle, and may heaven
Determine the right!

Herald. Soit la battaile, et victoire à ceux qui droit.

Rom. Stay, I do not well know whither I am going;
'Twere needful therefore, though at the last gasp,
To have some churchman's prayer. Run, I pray thee,
To Castle Novo: this key will release
A Capuchin and my mother, whom I shut
Into a turret; bid them make haste, and pray;
I may be dead ere he comes. Now, *victory, à ceux qui droit!*

All the Champ.[2] *Victoire à ceux qui droit!*

The combat continued to a good length, when enter LEONORA *and the* CAPUCHIN.

Leon. Hold, hold, for heaven's sake, hold!

Ari. What are these that interrupt the combat?
Away to prison with them.

Cap. We have been prisoners too long.
O, sir, what mean you? Contarino's living.

[1] Slight flourishes.
[2] All the spectators in the *champ* or field of battle.

Erco. Living!

Cap. Behold him living.

Erco. You were but now my second; now I make you
Myself for ever.

Leon. O, here's one between,
Claims to be nearer.

Cont. And to you, dear lady,
I have entirely vow'd my life.

Rom. If I do not dream, I am happy too.

Ari. How insolently
Has this high Court of Honour been abus'd!

Enter ANGIOLELLA, *veiled, and* JOLENTA, *her face coloured like a Moor; the two* SURGEONS, *one of them like a Jew.*

Ari. How now, who are these?

Second Sur. A couple of strange fowl, and I the falconer,
That have sprung them: this is a white nun,
Of the order of St. Clare; and this a black one.
You'll take my word for 't. [*Discovers Jolenta.*

Ari. She 's a black one, indeed.

Jol. Like or dislike me, choose you whether:
The down upon the raven's feather
Is as gentle and as sleek
As the mole on Venus' cheek.
Hence, vain shew! I only care
To preserve my soul most fair;
Never mind the outward skin,
But the jewel that 's within:
And though I want the crimson blood,

Angels boast my sisterhood.
Which of us now judge you whiter?
Her whose credit proves the lighter,
Or this black and ebon hue,
That, unstain'd, keeps fresh and true?
For I proclaim 't without control,
There's no true beauty but i' th' soul.

Erco. O, 'tis the fair Jolenta! To what purpose
Are you thus eclips'd?

Jol. Sir, I was running away
From the rumour of this combat; I fled likewise
From the untrue report my brother spread,
To his politic ends, that I was got with child.

Leon. Cease here all further scrutiny; this paper
Shall give unto the court each circumstance
Of all these passages.

Ari. No more: attend the sentence of the court.
Rareness and difficulty give estimation
To all things are i' th' world: you have met both
In these several passages: now it does remain,
That these so comical events be blasted
With no severity of sentence. You, Romelio,
Shall first deliver to that gentleman,
Who stood your second, all those obligations
Wherein he stands engag'd to you, receiving
Only the principal.

Rom. I shall, my lord.

Jul. I thank you:
I have an humour now to go to sea
Against the pirates, and my only ambition

Is to have my ship furnish'd with a rare consort[1]
Of music, and when I am pleas'd to be mad,
They shall play me Orlando.[2]

San. You must lay wait for the fiddlers;
They 'll fly away from the press like watermen.

Ari. Next, you shall marry that nun.

Rom. Most willingly.

Angio. O sir, you have been unkind;
But I do only wish, that this my shame
May warn all honest virgins not to seek
The way to heaven, that is so wondrous steep,
Through those vows they are too frail to keep.

Ari. Contarino, and Romelio, and yourself,
Shall for seven years maintain against the Turk
Six gallies. Leonora, Jolenta,
And Angiolella there, the beauteous nun,
For their vows' breach unto the monastery,
Shall build a monastery. Lastly, the two surgeons,
For concealing Contarino's recovery,
Shall exercise their art at their own charge,
For a twelvemonth in the gallies. So we leave you,
Wishing your future life may make good use
Of these events, since that these passages,
Which threaten'd ruin, built on rotten ground,
Are with success beyond our wishes crown'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Concert, band.
[2] In allusion to Orlando Furioso.

APPIUS

AND

VIRGINIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN WEBSTER.

Printed in the Year 1654.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

IN the *Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino* (i. e. "The Big Sheep, or, metaphorically, The Big Blockhead, of Mister John the Florentine") the story of *Appius and Virginia* forms the first novel of the nineteenth day (Ed. of 1650).[1] Ser Giovanni wrote his tales in 1378: nearly two centuries afterwards an English version of the tale appeared in the *Palace of Pleasure* of William Painter, that grand storehouse of story, of which an account has already been given in the Preface to the *Duchess of Malfy*. The fifth novel of the first volume of the *Palace of Pleasure* is that which furnished to the dramatists who adopted the subject of *Appius and Virginia* the narrative, and more or less of the other portions of their productions. The first tragedy thence derived I hope to present to the readers of these volumes in another portion of this series. It appeared so early as 1575, and was entitled: "A New Tragicall comedy of Apius and Virginia, wherein is expressed a lively example of the virtue of chastitye, by Virginia's

[1] See also Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (Bell and Daldy, 1857), lib. vii., and the *Doctour's Tale* in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

constancie in wishing rather to be slaine at her own father's hands then to be deflowered by the wicked Judge Apius; by R. B. imprinted by W. How." The next *Appius and Virginia* presented on the English stage was that of John Webster. When it was first produced I am not aware of any existing means precisely to determine; but from a manuscript entry in the Lord Chamberlain's office, quoted by Malone in his *History of the English Stage*, and dated August 10, 1639, it appears that a play called *Appius and Virginia*, was at that time the property of "William Bieston, gent. Governor of the King's and Queen's Young Company of Players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane;" and, assuming this to have been Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, it follows that it had been produced in or before 1639. However this may have been, it is tolerably certain that the tragedy did not appear in print until 1654, when its author, if not already dead, must have been very near his end. There was a second edition, or another issue with a new title-page, "*printed for Humphery Moseley*, and are to be sold at the Prince's Armes in St. Pauls Churchyard, 1659." Both editions are in the British Museum.

An adaptation of Webster's play was produced by Betterton, in 1679, under the title of "The Unjust Judge, or Appius and Virginia." In this reproduction Betterton was *Virginius*, Harris, *Appius*, and Mrs. Betterton, *Virginia*. "It lasted," says Downes, "eight days successively, and was very frequently acted afterwards." Another reconstruction, by Dennis, was produced Feb. 5, 1709, with this cast: *Appius*, Booth; *Icilius*, Wilks; *Virginius*, Betterton; *Claudius*, Keen; *Numitorius*, Corey; *Horatius*, Thur-

mond; *Valerius*, Husband; *Virginia*, Mrs. Rogers; *Cornelia*, Mrs. Knight. This play, a very dull one, was acted four times. Several later plays have been produced on the subject: by Henry Crisp, in 1754; by John Moncrieff, in 1755; by Francis Brooke, in 1756. The last, and greatest of all, was that written by Sheridan Knowles.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VIRGINIUS.
APPIUS CLAUDIUS.
MINUTIUS.
OPPIUS.
MARCUS CLAUDIUS.
NUMITORIUS.
ICILIUS.
VALERIUS.
HORATIUS.
SERTORIUS.
AN ADVOCATE.
A ROMAN OFFICER.
SENATORS.
CORBULO.

VIRGINIA.
JULIA.
CALPHURNIA.
NURSE.

Lictors, &c.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Enter Minutius, Oppius, *and* Lictors.

Minutius.

IS Appius sent for, that we may acquaint him
With the decree o' th' Senate?

Lict. He is, my lord,
And will attend your lordships presently.

Opp. Lictor, did you tell him that our business
Was from the Senate?

Lict. I did, my lord; and here he is at hand.

Enter Appius, *his two* Cousins, *and* Marcus.

Appius. My lords, your pleasure?

Min. Appius, the Senate greet you well,
And by us do signify unto you,
That they have chosen you one of the Decemviri.

Appius. My lords, far be it from the thoughts
Of so poor a plebeian, as your unworthy servant
Appius, to soar so high: the dignity of so
Eminent a place would require a person

Of the best parts and blood in Rome.
My lords, he that must steer at the head
Of an empire, ought to be the mirror of the times,
For wisdom and for policy; and therefore
I would beseech the Senate to elect one
Worthy of the place, and not to think of
One so unfit as Appius.

Min. My lord, my lord, you dally with your wits:
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them.
You are wise, and play the modest courtier right,
To make so many bits of your delight.

Opp. But you must know, what we have once concluded,
Cannot, for any private man's affection,[1]
Be slighted. Take your choice, then, with best judgment,
Of these two proffers; either to accept
The place propos'd you, or be banish'd Rome
Immediately.—Lictors, make way.—We expect
Your speedy resolution. [*Exeunt Oppius, Minutius.*

First Cous. Noble cousin,
You wrong yourself extremely to refuse
So eminent a place.

Second Cous. It is a means
To raise your kindred. Who shall dare t'oppose
Himself against our family, when yonder[2]
Shall sit your power and frown?

Appius. Or banish'd Rome!
I pray forbear[3] a little.—Marcus.

Marcus. Sir.

[1] Taste, fancy.

[2] Pointing to the chair of state.

[3] Retire.

Appius. How dost thou like my cunning?
Marcus. I protest
I was be-agued, fearing lest the Senate
Should have accepted at your feign'd refusal.
See, how your kindred and your friends are muster'd
To warm then at your sunshine. Were you now
In prison, or arraign'd before the Senate
For some suspect of treason, all these swallows
Would fly your stormy winter; not one sing;
Their music is [in] the summer and the spring.
Appius. Thou observ'st shrewdly. Well, I'll fit them for't.
I must be one of the Decemviri,
Or banish'd Rome? banish'd! laugh, my trusty Marcus;
I am enforced to my ambition.
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worn
Shoes made of lead some ten days 'fore a race,
To give them nimble and more active feet:
So great men should, that aspire eminent place,
Load themselves with excuse and faint denial,
That they with more speed may perform the trial.
"Mark his humility," says one, "how far
His dreams are from ambition:" says another,
"He would not show his eloquence, lest that
Should draw him into office:" and a third
Is meditating on some thrifty suit
To beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands
As had Briareus, I'd extend them all
To catch this office; 'twas my sleep's disturber,
My diet's ill digestion, my melancholy,
Past physic's cure.

Enter OPPIUS, MINUTIUS, *and* LICTORS.

Marcus. The senators return.

Min. My lord, your answer?

Appius. To obey, my lord, and to know how to rule,
Do differ much; to obey, by nature comes
But to command, by long experience.
Never were great men in so eminent place
Without their shadows. Envy will attend
On greatness till this general frame takes end.
'Twixt these extremes of state and banishment,
My mind hath held long conflict, and at last
I thus return my answer: noble friends,[1]
We now must part; necessity of state
Compels it so;
I must inhabit now a place unknown;
You see't compels me leave you. Fare you well.

First Cous. To banishment, my lord?

Appius. I am given up
To a long travel[2] full of fear and danger;
To waste the day in sweat, and the cold night
In a most desolate contemplation;
Banish'd from all my kindred and my friends;
Yea, banish'd from myself; for I accept
This honourable calling.

Min. Worthy Appius,
The gods conduct you hither! Lictors, his robes.

Second Cous. We are made for ever; noble kinsman,
'Twas but to fright us.

Appius. But, my loving kinsmen,

[1] To his cousins. [2] For travail, labour.

Mistake me not; for what I spake was true,
Bear witness all the gods: I told you first,
I was to inhabit in a place unknown:
'Tis very certain, for this reverend seat
Receives me as a pupil; rather gives
Ornament to the person, than our person
The least of grace to it. I show'd you next
I am to travel; 'tis a certain truth:
Look! by how much the labour of the mind
Exceeds the body's, so far am I bound
With pain and industry, beyond the toil
Of those that sweat in war; beyond the toil
Of any artisan: pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,
A head with watching dizzied, and a hair
Turn'd white in youth; all these at a dear rate
We purchase speedily that tend a state.
I told you I must leave you; 'tis most true:
Henceforth the face of a barbarian
And yours shall be all one; henceforth I'll know you
But only by your virtue: brother or father,
In dishonest suit, shall be to me
As is the branded slave. Justice should have
No kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love;
As free from passion as the gods above.
I was your friend and kinsman, now your judge;
And whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather
Shall as soon turn them as a mass of pearl
Or diamonds.

Marcus.[1] Excellent, excellent lapwing!
There's other stuff clos'd in that subtle breast.

[1] (Aside.)

He sings and beats his wings far from his nest.
Appius. So, gentlemen, I take it, here takes end
Your business, my acquaintance: fare you well.
First Cous. Here's a quick change! who did expect this cloud?
Thus men when they grow great do straight grow proud.
Appius. Now to our present business at the camp.
The army that doth winter 'fore Agidon,
Is much distress'd we hear: Minutius,
You, with the levies and the little corn
This present dearth will yield, are speedily
To hasten thither; so to appease the mind
Of the intemperate soldier.
Min. I am ready;
The levies do attend me: our lieutenant,
Send on our troops.
Appius. Farewell, Minutius.
The gods go with you, and be still at hand
To add a triumph to your bold command. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, *and* VIRGINIA.

Num. Noble Icilius, welcome; teach yourself
A bolder freedom here; for, by our love,
Your suit to my fair niece doth parallel
Her kindred's wishes. There's not in all Rome
A man that is by honour more approv'd,
Nor worthier, were you poor, to be belov'd.
Icil. You give me, noble lord, that character
Which I could never yet read in myself:

But from your censure[1] shall I take much care
To adorn it with the fairest ornaments
Of unambitious virtue. Here I hold
My honourable pattern; one whose mind
Appears more like a ceremonious chapel
Full of sweet music, than a thronging presence.[2]
I am confirm'd, the court doth make some show[3]
Fairer than else they would do; but her port,
Being simple virtue, beautifies the court.

Virginia. It is a flattery, my lord,
You breathe upon me; and it shows much like
The borrow'd painting which some ladies use,
It is not to continue many days;
My wedding garments will outwear this praise.

Num. Thus ladies still foretell the funeral
Of their lord's kindness.

Enter a SERVANT, *whispers* ICILIUS *in the ear.*

But, my lord, what news?

Icil. Virginius, my lord, your noble brother,
Disguis'd in dust and sweat, is new arriv'd
Within the city: troops of artisans
Follow his panting horse, and with a strange
Confused noise, partly with joy to see him,
Partly with fear for what his haste portends,
They show as if a sudden mutiny
O'erspread the city.

Num. Cousin, take your chamber. [*Exit Virginia.*

[1] Opinion, judgment. [2] Royal Court.
[3] I may assuredly say: while a Court causes some who attend it to seem ——.

What business from the camp?

Icil. Sure, sir, it bears
The form of some great danger; for his horse,
Bloody with spurring, shows as if he came
From forth a battle: never did you see
'Mongst quails or cocks in fight a bloodier heel,
Than that your brother strikes with. In this form
Of o'erspent horseman, having, as it seems,
With the distracting of his news, forgot
House, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
To th' Senate-house.

Num. Now the gods bring us safety!
The face of this is cloudy; let us haste
To the Senate-house, and there inquire how near
The body moves of this our threaten'd fear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter APPIUS *melancholy; after,* MARCUS.

Marcus. My lord—

Appius. Thou troublest me.

Marcus. My hand's as ready arm'd to work your peace,
As my tongue bold to enquire your discontents.
Good my lord, hear me.

Appius. I am at much variance
Within myself; there's discord in my blood;
My powers are all in combat; I have nothing
Left but sedition in me.

Marcus. Trust my bosom
To be the closet of your private griefs:

Believe me, I am uncrannied.[1]

Appius. May I trust thee?

Marcus. As the firm centre to endure the burden
Of your light foot: as you would trust the poles
To bear on them this airy canopy,
And not to fear their shrinking. I am strong,
Fix'd and unshaking.

Appius. Art thou? then thine ear:[2] I love.

Marcus. Ha! ha! he!

Appius. Can this my ponderous secrecy
Be in thine ear so light? seems my disturbance
Worthy such scorn that thou derid'st my griefs?
Believe me, Claudius, I am not a twig
That every gust can shake, but 'tis a tempest
That must be able to use violence
On my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'st thou, then?

Marcus. Not that y'are mov'd; it makes me smile in scorn
That wise men cannot understand themselves,
Nor know their own prov'd greatness. Claudius laughs not
To think you love; but that you are so hopeless
Not to presume to enjoy whom you affect.
What's she in Rome your greatness cannot awe,
Or your rich purse purchase? Promises and threats
Are statesmen's lictors to arrest such pleasures
As they would bring within their strict commands:
Why should my lord droop, or deject his eye?
Can you command Rome, and not countermand[3]
A woman's weakness? Let your grace bestow

[1] I have no crannies by which secrets may leak out.
[2] *Ear*,—an emendation by Mr. Dyce. The original has "ever."
[3] i. e. control.

Your purse and power on me: I'll prostrate you.

Appius. Ask both, and lavish them to purchase me
The rich fee simple of Virginia's heart.

Marcus. Virginia's!

Appius. Her's.

Marcus. I have already found
An easy path which you may safely tread,
Yet no man trace you.

Appius. Thou art my comforter.

Marcus. Her father's busied in our foreign wars,
And there hath chief employment: all their pay
Must your discretion scantle;[1] keep it back;
Restrain it in the common treasury:
Thus may a statesman 'gainst a soldier stand,
To keep his purse weak, whilst you arm his hand.
Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards
Will tempt the maid the sooner; nay, haply draw
The father in to plead in your behalf.
But should these fail, then siege her virgin tower
With two prevailing engines, fear and power.

Appius. Go then, and prove a speeding advocate:
Arm thee with all our bounty, oratory,
Variety of promise.

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. Lord Appius, the Decemvirate entreat
Your voice in this day's Senate. Old Virginius
Craves audience from the camp, with earnest suit
For quick despatch.

Appius. We will attend the Senate. Claudius, begone.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. make scant.

SCENE IV. The Senate.

Enter Appius, Oppius, Valerius, Numitorius, *etc.*

Opp. We sent to you to assist us in this counsel
Touching the expeditions of our war.

Appius. Ours is a willing presence to the trouble
Of all state cares. Admit him from the camp.

Enter Virginius.

Opp. Speak the camp's will.

Virginius. The camp wants money; we have store of knocks,
And wounds God's plenty, but we have no pay:
This three months did we never house our heads,
But in yon great star-chamber! never bedded
But in the cold field-beds; our victual fails us,
Yet meet with no supply; we're fairly promis'd,
But soldiers cannot feed on promises;
All our provant[1] apparel's torn to rags,
And our munition fails us. Will you send us
To fight for Rome like beggars? Noble gentlemen,
Are you the high state of Decemviri,
That have those things in manage? Pity us,
For we have need on't. Let not your delays
Be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been heated
To gain you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(Being our friends) worse foes than we fight with:
Let's not be starv'd in kindness. Sleep you now
Upon the bench, when your deaf ears should listen

[1] Military provender of clothing.

Unto the wretchless[1] clamours of the poor?
Then would I had my drums here, they might rattle,
And rouse you to attendance. Most grave fathers,
Show yourselves worthy stewards to our mother,
Fair Rome, to whom we are no bastard sons,
Though we be soldiers. She hath in her store
Food to maintain life in the camp, as well
As surfeit for the city. Do not save
The foe a labour: send us some supply,
Lest, ere they kill us, we by famine die.

Appius. Shall I, my lords, give answer to this soldier?

Opp. Be you the city's voice.

Appius. Virginius, we would have you thus possess'd:[2]
We sit not here to be prescrib'd and taught,
Nor to have any suitor give us limit,
Whose power admits no curb. Next know, Virginius,
The camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,
Controll'd, and us'd by us, that have the strength
To knit it, or dissolve it. When we please,
Out of our princely grace and clemency,
To look upon your wants, it may be then
We shall redress them: but till then, it fits not
That any petty fellow wag'd by us
Should have a tongue sound here, before a bench
Of such grave auditors. Further—

Virginius. Pray give me leave:
Not here! Pray, Appius, is not this the judgment-seat?
Where should a poor man's cause be heard but here?
To you the statists[3] of long-flourishing Rome,

[1] For wreakless, i. e. reckless from the excess of misery.
[2] Informed.
[3] Statesmen.

To you I call, if you have charity,
If you be human, and not quite given o'er
To furs and metal; if you be Romans,
If you have any soldier's blood at all
Flow in your veins, help with your able arms
To prop a sinking camp: an infinite[1]
Of fair Rome's sons, cold, weak, hungry, and clotheless,
Would feed upon your surfeit: will you save them,
Or shall they perish?

Appius. What we will, we will;
Be that your answer: perhaps at further leisure
We'll help you; not your merit, but our pleasure.

Virginius. I will not curse thee, Appius; but I wish
Thou wert i' th' camp amongst the mutineers
To tell my answers, not to trouble me.
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
O, what are soldiers come to! Shall your camp,
The strength of all your peace, and the iron wall
That rings this pomp in from invasive steel,
Shall that decay? Then let the foreign fires
Climb o'er these buildings; let the sword and slaughter
Chase the gown'd senate through the streets of Rome,
To double-dye their robes in scarlet: let
The enemy's stripp'd arm have his crimson'd brawns
Up to the elbows in your traitorous blood;
Let Janus' temple be devolv'd,[2] your treasures
Ripp'd up to pay the common adversaries
With our due wages. Do you look for less?
The rottenness of this misgovern'd state

[1] Number.
[2] i. e. let the gates of Janus' temple revolve on their hinges, as in time of war.

Must grow to some disease, incurable
Save with a sack or slaughter.

Appius. Y' are too bold.

Virginius. Know you our extremities?

Appius. We do.

Virginius. And will not help them?

Appius. Yes.

Virginius. When?

Appius. Hereafter.

Virginius. Hereafter! when so many gallant spirits
That yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,
Are sunk in death? Hereafter! when disorder
Hath swallowed all our forces?

Appius. We'll hear no more.

Opp. Peace, fellow, peace! know the Decemviri,
And their authority; we shall commit you else.

Virginius. Do so, and I shall thank you; be reliev'd,
And have a strong house o'er me; fear no alarms
Given in the night by any quick perdue.[1]
Your guilty in the city feeds more dainty
Than doth your general. 'Tis a better office
To be an under-keeper than a captain.
The gods of Rome amend it!

Appius. Break up the senate.

Virginius. And shall I have no answer?

Appius. So, farewell. [*Exeunt all but Virginius.*

Virginius. What slave would be a soldier, to be censur'd[2]
By such as ne'er saw danger? to have our pay,

[1] i. e. an ambush, enemies lying *perdu*, or hidden.
[2] Judged.

Our worths, and merits, balanc'd in the scale
Of base moth-eaten peace? I have had wounds
Would have made all this bench faint and look pale,
But to behold them search'd. They lay their heads
On their soft pillows, pore upon their bags,
Grow fat with laziness and resty ease;
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster,
They will not spare a drachma. O! my soldiers,
Before you want, I'll sell my small possessions
Even to my skin to help you; plate and jewels,
All shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,
The earth shall find, the sun and air must feed.

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, VALERIUS, *and* VIRGINIA.

Num. Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late
Of your arrival from the camp, most humbly
Prostrates her filial duty.

Virginius. Daughter, rise:
And brother, I am only rich in her,
And in your love, link'd with the honour'd friendship
Of those fair Roman lords. For you, Icilius,
I hear I must adopt you with the title
Of a new son; you are Virginia's chief;
And I am proud she hath built her fair election
Upon such store of virtues. May you grow,
Although a city's child, to know a soldier,
And rate him to his merit.

Icil. Noble father,
(For henceforth I shall only use that name)
Our meeting was to urge you to the process
Of our fair contract.

Virginius. Witness, gentlemen,
Here I give up a father's interest,
But not a father's love; that I will ever
Wear next my heart, for it was born with her,
And grows still with my age.
Num. Icilius,
Receive her: witness, noble gentlemen.
Val. With all my heart. I would Icilius could
Do as much for me; but Rome affords not such
Another Virginia.
Virginia. I am my father's daughter, and by him
I must be sway'd in all things.
Num. Brother, this happy contract asks a feast,
As a thing due to such solemnities:
It shall be at my house, where we this night
Will sport away some hours.
Virginius. I must to horse.
Num. What, ride to-night!
Virginius. Must see the camp to-night:
'Tis full of trouble and distracted fears,
And may grow mutinous: I am bent to ride.
Val. To-night!
Virginius. I am engag'd: short farewells now must serve;
The universal business calls me hence,
That toucheth a whole people. Rome, I fear,
Thou wilt pay use for what thou dost forbear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter CLOWN, *whispering* VIRGINIA; *after her* MARCUS *with presents.*

Virginia.

SIRRAH, go tell Calphurnia I am walking
To take the air: entreat her company;
Say I attend her coming.

Clown. Madam, I shall: but if you could walk abroad, and get an heir, it were better; for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a son to inherit.

Virginia. You are, sirrah——

Clown. Yes, I am sirrah; but not the party that is born to do that: though I have no lordships, yet I have so much manners to give my betters place.

Virginia. Whom mean you by your betters?

Clown. I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of comparison: for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *mulier*, yet my Lord Icilius is *optimus*.

Virginia. I see there's nothing in such private done,
But you must inquire after.

Clown. And can you blame us, madam, to long for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

Virginia. Will you be gone, sir?

Clown. O yes, to my Lady Calphurnia's; I remember my errand. [*Exit.*

Virginia. My father's wondrous pensive, and withal
With a suppress'd rage left his house displeas'd,

And so in post is hurried to the camp:
It sads me much; to expel which melancholy,
I have sent for company.

Enter MARCUS *and Musicians.*

Marcus. This opportunity was subtly waited:
It is the best part of a politician,
When he would compass aught to fame[1] his industry,
Wisely to wait the advantage of the hours;
His happy minutes are not always present.
Express your greatest art;[2] Virginia hears you. [*Song.*

Virginia. O, I conceive the occasion of this harmony:
Icilius sent it; I must thank his kindness.

Marcus. Let not Virginia rate her contemplation
So high, to call this visit an intrusion;
For when she understands I took my message
From one that did compose it with affection,
I know she will not only extend pardon,
But grace it with her favour.

Virginia. You mediate excuse for courtesies,
As if I were so barren of civility,
Not to esteem it worthy of my thanks;
Assure yourself I could be longer patient
To hear my ears so feasted.

Marcus. [3]Join all your voices till you make the air
Proud to usurp your notes, and to please her
With a sweet echo; serve Virginia's pleasure. [*Song.*
As you have been so full of gentleness
To hear with patience what was brought to serve you,

[1] To bring his industry into credit. [2] To the Musicians.
[3] To the Musicians.

So hearken with your usual clemency
To the relation of a lover's sufferings.
Your figure still does revel in his dreams,
He banquets on your memory, yet finds
Not thoughts enough to satisfy his wishes;
As if Virginia had compos'd his heart,
And fill'd it with her beauty.

Virginia. I see he is a miser in his wishes,
And thinks he never has enough of that
Which only he possesses: but, to give
His wishes satisfaction, let him know
His heart and mine do dwell so near together,
That hourly they converse and guard each other.

Marcus. Is fair Virginia confident she knows
Her favour dwells with the same man I plead for?

Virginia. Unto Icilius.

Marcus. Worthy fair one,
I would not wrong your worth so to employ
My language for a man so much beneath
The merit of your beauty: he I plead for
Has power to make your beauty populous;[1]
Your frown shall awe the world; and in your smile
Great Rome shall build her happiness;
Honour and wealth shall not be styl'd companions,
But servants to your pleasure:
Then shall Icilius, but a refin'd citizen,
Boast your affection, when Lord Appius loves you?

Virginia. Bless his great lordship! I was much mistaken.
Let thy lord know, thou advocate of lust,

[1] i. e. popular.

All the intentions of that youth are honourable,
Whilst his are fill'd with sensuality:
And for a final resolution know,
Our hearts in love, like twins, alike shall grow. [*Exit.*

Marcus. Had I a wife or daughter that could please him,
I would devote her to him; but I must
Shadow[1] this scorn, and soothe him still in lust. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter SIX SOLDIERS.

First Soldier. What news yet of Virginius' return?

Second Soldier. Not any.

First Soldier. O, the misery of soldiers!
They doubly starve us with fair promises.
We spread the earth like hail, or new-reap'd corn
In this fierce famine; and yet patiently
Make our obedience the confined jail
That starves us.

Third Soldier. Soldiers, let us draw our swords
While we have strength to use them.

First Soldier. 'Tis a motion
Which nature and necessity commands.

Enter MINUTIUS.

Min. Y'are of Virginius' regiment?

Omnes. We are.

Min. Why do you swarm in troops thus? To your quarter!

[1] Veil from him; not make him fully acquainted with.

Is our command grown idle? To your trench!
Come, I'll divide you: this your conference
Is not without suspect of mutiny.
First Soldier. Soldiers, shall I relate the grievances
Of the whole regiment?
Omnes. Boldly.
First Soldier. Then thus, my lord——
Min. Come, I will not hear thee.
First Soldier. Sir, you shall.
Sound all the drums and trumpets in the camp,
To drown my utterance, yet above them all
I'll rear our just complaint. Stir not, my lord!
I vow you are not safe, if you but move
A sinew till you hear us.
Min. Well, sir, command us; you are the general.
First Soldier. No, my lord, not I;
I am almost starv'd; I wake in the wet trench,
Loaded with more cold iron than a jail
Would give a murderer, while the general
Sleeps in a field-bed, and to mock our hunger
Feeds us with scent of the most curious fare
That makes his tables crack; our pay detain'd
By those that are our leaders; and, at once,
We in this sad, and unprepared plight,
With the enemy and famine daily fight.
Min. Do you threaten us?
Omnes. Sir, you shall hear him out.
First Soldier. You send us whips, and iron manacles,
And shackles plenty, but the devil a coin.
Would you teach us that cannibal trick, my lord,
Which some rich men i' th' city oft do use;

Shall's one devour another?

Min. Will you hear me?

First Soldier. O Rome, th' art grown a most unnatural mother,
To those have held thee by the golden locks
From sinking into ruin! Romulus
Was fed by a she-wolf, but now our wolves
Instead of feeding us devour our flesh,
Carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
For three parts of 't is water.

Min. Your captain,
Noble Virginius, is sent to Rome
For ease of all your grievances.

First Soldier. 'Tis false.

Omnes. Ay, 'tis false.

First Soldier. He's stoln away from 's never to return:
And now his age will suffer him no more
Deal on the enemy, belike he'll turn
An usurer, and in the city air
Cut poor men's throats at home, sitting in's chair.

Min. You wrong one of the honourablest commanders.

Omnes. Honourable commander!

First Soldier. Commander! ay, my lord, there goes the thrift:
In victories, the general and commanders
Share all the honour, as they share the spoil;
But in our overthrows, where lies the blame?
The common soldier's fault—ours is the shame.
What is the reason, that being so far distant
From the affrighted enemy, we lie
I' th' open field, subject to the sick humours

Of heaven and earth, unless you could bestow
Two summers on us? Shall I tell you truth?
You account the expense of engines, and of swords,
Of horses and of armour dearer far,
Than soldiers' lives.

Omnes. Now, by the gods, you do.

First Soldier. Observe you not the ravens and the crows
Have left the city surfeit, and with us
They make full banquets. Come, you birds of death,
And fill your greedy crops with human flesh;
Then to the city fly, disgorge it there
Before the Senate, and from thence arise
A plague to choke all Rome!

Omnes. And all the suburbs!

Min. Upon a soldier's word, bold gentlemen,
I expect every hour Virginius
To bring fresh comfort.

Omnes. Whom? Virginius?

First Soldier. Now, by the gods, if ever he return,
We'll drag him to the slaughter by his locks,
Turn'd white with riot and incontinence,
And leave a precedent to all the world,
How captains use their soldiers!

Enter VIRGINIUS.

Min. See, he's return'd.
Virginius, you are not safe; retire,
Your troops are mutinous; we are begirt
With enemies more daring, and more fierce,
Than is the common foe.

Virginius. My troops, my lord!

Min. Your life is threaten'd by these desperate men;
Betake you to your horse.

Virginius. My noble lord,
I never yet professed to teach the art
Of flying. Ha! our troops grown mutinous!
He dares not look on me with half a face
That spread this wildfire. Where is our lieutenant?

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. My lord.

Virginius. Sirrah, order[1] our companies.

Min. What do you mean, my lord?

Virginius. Take air a little, they have heated me.
Sirrah, is't you will mutiny?

Third Soldier. Not I, sir.

Virginius. Is your gall burst, you traitor?

Fourth Soldier. The gods defend,[2] sir!

Virginius. Or is your stomach sea-sick? doth it rise?
I'll make a passage for it.

Fifth Soldier. Noble captain, I'll die beneath your foot.

Virginius. You rough porcupine, ha!
Do you bristle, do you shoot your quills, you rogue?

First Soldier. They have no points to hurt you, noble captain.

Virginius. Was't you, my nimble shaver, that would whet
Your sword 'gainst your commander's throat, you sirrah?

Sixth Soldier. My lord, I never dream'd on't.

Virginius. Slaves and cowards,
What, are you choleric now? By the gods,

[1] Draw them up in order. [2] Forbid.

The way to purge it were to let you blood!
I am i' th' centre of you, and I'll make
The proudest of you teach the aspen leaf
To tremble, when I breathe.

Min. A strange conversion.

Virginius. Advance your pikes! the word!

Omnes. Advance your pikes!

Virginius. See, noble lord, these are no mutineers,
These are obedient soldiers, civil men:
You shall command these, if your lordship please,
To fill a ditch up with their slaughter'd bodies,
That with more ease you may assault some town.
So, now lay down your arms! Villains and traitors,
I here cashier you: hence! from me, my poison!
Not worthy of our discipline: go beg,
Go beg, you mutinous rogues! brag of the service
You ne'er durst look on: it were charity
To hang you, for my mind gives y'are reserv'd
To rob poor market women.

Min. O, Virginius!

Virginius. I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,
As you respect me. I will stand myself
For the whole regiment; and safer far
In mine own single valour, than begirt
With cowards and with traitors.

Min. O, my lord! you are too severe.

Virginius. Now, by the gods, my lord,
You know no discipline, to pity them.
Precious devils! no sooner my back turn'd,
But presently to mutiny.

Omnes. Dear captain.

Virginius. Refuse me![1] if such traitorous rogues
Would not confound an army. When do you march?
When do you march, gentlemen?

First Soldier. My lord, we'll starve first;
We'll hang first; by the gods, do anything,
Ere we'll forsake you.

Min. Good Virginius,
Limit your passion.

Virginius. Sir, you may take my place,
Not my just anger from me. These are they
Have bred a dearth i' th' camp: I'll wish our foes
No greater plague than to have their company.
Show but among them all so many scars
As stick upon this flesh, I'll pardon them.

Min. How now, my lord, breathless?

Virginius. By your favour. I ha' said—
Mischiefs confound me! if I could not wish
My youth renew'd again, with all her follies,
Only t'have breath enough to rail against
These —— 'tis too short.

Min. See, gentlemen, what strange distraction
Your falling off from duty hath begot
In this most noble soldier: you may live,
The meanest of you, to command a troop,
And then in others you'll correct those faults,
Which in yourselves you cherish'd: every captain
Bears in his private government that form,
Which kings should o'er their subjects, and to them
Should be the like obedient. We confess
You have been distress'd; but can you justly challenge

[1] *Refuse me, God refuse me!*—a peculiar exclamation in our author's time.

Any commander that hath surfeited,
While that your food was limited? You cannot.
Virginius. My lord, I have shar'd with them an equal fortune,
Hunger and cold, march'd thorough watery fens,
Borne as great burdens as the pioneer,
When scarce the ground would bear me.
Min. Good my lord, give us leave to proceed.
The punishment your captain hath inflicted
Is not sufficient; for it cannot bring
Any example to succeeding times
Of penance worth your faulting: happily,
It may in you beget a certain shame;
But it will in others a strong hope
Of the like lenity. Yet, gentlemen,
You have in one thing given me such a taste
Of your obedience: when the fire was rais'd
Of fierce sedition, and the cheek was swoll'n
To sound the fatal trumpet, then the sight
Of this your worthy captain did disperse
All those unfruitful humours, and even then
Convert you from fierce tigers to staid men:
We therefore pardon you, and do restore
Your captain to you, you unto your captain.
Omnes. The gods requite you, noble general.
Min. My lord, my lord!
Omnes. Your pardon, noble captain.
Virginius. Well, you are the general, and the fault is quit;
A soldier's tears, an elder brother's wit,
Have little salt in them, nor do they season
Things worth observing, for their want of reason.

Take up your arms and use them, do, I pray;
Ere long, you'll take your legs to run away.
Min. And what supply from Rome?
Virginius. Good store of corn.
Min. What entertainment there?
Virginius. Most honourable,
Especially by the Lord Appius.
There is great hope that Appius will grow
The soldier's patron: with what vehemency
He urg'd our wants, and with what expedition
He hasted the supplies, it is almost
Incredible. There's promis'd to the soldier,
Besides their corn, a bounteous donative; [*A shout.*
But 'tis not certain yet when 't shall be paid.
Min. How for your own particular?
Virginius. My lord,
I was not enter'd fully two pikes' length
Into the Senate, but they all stood bare,
And each man offer'd me his seat. The business
For which I went dispatch'd, what gifts, what favours,
Were done me, your good lordship shall not hear,
For you would wonder at them; only this,
'Twould make a man fight up to th' neck in blood,
To think how nobly he shall be receiv'd
When he returns to th' city.
Min. 'Tis well;
Give order the provision be divided,
And sent to every quarter.
Virginius. Sir, it shall.
Thus men must slight their wrongs, or else conceal them,
When general safety wills us not reveal them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TWO PETITIONERS *at one door; at the other,* MARCUS.

First Pet. Pray, is your lord at leisure?
Marcus. What is your suit?
First Pet. To accept this poor petition, which makes known
My many wrongs, in which I crave his justice,
And upright sentence to support my cause,
Which else is trod down by oppression.
Marcus. My lord's hand is the prop of innocence,
And if your cause be worthy his supportance,
It cannot fall.
First Pet. The gods of Rome protect him!
Marcus. What is your paper, too, petitionary?
Second Pet. It leans upon the justice of the judge,
Your noble lord, the very stay of Rome.
Marcus. And surer basis, for a poor man's cause,
She cannot yield. Your papers I'll deliver,
And when my lord ascends the judgment-seat,
You shall find gracious comfort.

Enter ICILIUS *troubled.*

Icil. Where's your lord?
Marcus. (*Aside.*) Icilius! fair Virginia's late betroth'd.
Icil. Your ears, I hope, you have not forfeited,
That you return no answer: where's your lord?
Marcus. At's study.

Icil. I desire admittance to him.

Marcus. Please you attend, I'll know his lordship's pleasure.—

(*Aside.*) Icilius! I pray heaven she have not blabb'd.

[*Exit.*

Icil. Attend! A petty lawyer t'other day,
Glad of a fee, but call'd to eminent place,
Even to his betters now the word 's *attend.*
This gowned office, what a breadth it bears!
How many tempests wait upon his frown!

Enter MARCUS.

Marcus. All the petitioners withdraw.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Lord Appius
Must have this place more private, as a favour
Reserv'd for you, Icilius. Here's my lord.

Enter APPIUS *with* LICTORS *afore him.*

Appius. Begone; this place is only spar'd for us;
And you, Icilius: now your business.

Icil. May I speak it freely?

Appius. We have suffering ears,
A heart the softest down may penetrate:
Proceed.

Icil. My lord ——

Appius. We are private; pray your courtesy.

Icil. My duty ——

Appius. Leave that to th' public eye
Of Rome, and of Rome's people. Claudius, there!

Marcus. My lord.

Appius. Place me a second chair; that done,
Remove yourself. So, now your absence, Claudius.
[*Exit Marcus.*
Icilius, sit; this grace we make not common
Unto the noblest Roman, but to you
Our love affords it freely. Now your suit?

Icil. It is, you would be kind unto the camp.

Appius. Wherein, Icilius, doth the camp touch thee?

Icil. Thus: old Virginius, now my father-in-law,
Kept from the public pay, consumes himself,
Sells his revenues, turns his plate to coin,
To wage his soldiers, and supply the camp;
Wasting that useful substance which indeed
Should rise to me, as my Virginia's dowry.

Appius. We meet that opposition thus, Icilius:
The camp's supplies doth not consist in us,
But those that keep the common Treasury;
Speak or entreat we may, but not command.
But, sir, I wonder you, so brave a youth,
Son to a thrifty Roman, should ally you,
And knit your strong arms to such falling branches;
Which rather in their ruin will bear down
Your strength, than you support their rottenness.
Be sway'd by me; fly from that ruinous house,
Whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,
Whose bases are of marble, deeply fix'd
To maugre[1] all gusts and impending storms.
Cast off that beggar's daughter, poor Virginia,
Whose dowry and beauty I'll see trebled both,
In one allied to me. Smile you, Icilius?

[1] Defy.

Icil. My lord, my lord, think you I can imagine
Your close and sparing hand can be profuse
To give that man a palace, whom you late
Denied a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
Grant me a treble dowry, yet interpose me
A poor third from the common Treasury?
You must move me by possibilities,
For I have brains: give first your hand and seal,
That old Virginius shall receive his pay,
Both for himself and soldiers, and that done,
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think
That you, who with such willingness did that—

Appius. Is my love mispriz'd?

Icil. Not to Virginia.

Appius. Virginia!

Icil. Yes, Virginia, lustful lord.
I did but trace your cunning all this while:
You would bestow me on some Appian trull,
And for that dross to cheat me of my gold:
For this the camp pines, and the city smarts:
All Rome fares worse for thy incontinence.

Appius. Mine, boy!

Icil. Thine, judge. This hand hath intercepted
Thy letters, and perus'd thy tempting gifts;[1]
These ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch!
These eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd.
A judge? a devil!

Appius. Come, I'll hear no more.

Icil. Sit still, or by the powerful gods of Rome
I'll nail thee to the chair: but suffer me,

[1] The old copy, "*guests.*"—DYCE.

I'll offend nothing but thine ears.

Appius. Our secretary!

Icil. Tempt not a lover's fury; if thou dost,
Now by my vow, insculpt in heaven, I'll send thee ——

Appius. You see I am patient.

Icil. But withal revengeless.

Appius. So, say on.

Icil. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour:
I am so covetous of Virginia's love,
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch:
Divide one bare imaginary thought
Into a thousand, thousand parts, and that
I'll not afford thee.

Appius. Thou shalt not.

Icil. Nay, I will not;
Hadst thou a judge's place above those judges
That judge all souls, having power to sentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no, not with one hair
From her fair temples.

Appius. Thou should'st not.

Icil. Nay, I would not.
Think not her beauty shall have leave to crown
Thy lustful hopes with the least spark of bliss,
Or have thine ears charm'd with the ravishing sound
Even of her harshest phrase.

Appius. I will not.

Icil. Nay, thou shalt not.
She's mine, my soul is crown'd in her desire,
To her I'd travel through a land of fire.

Appius. Now, have you done?

Icil. I have spoke my thoughts.

Appius. Then will thy fury give me leave to speak?
Icil. I pray, say on.
Appius. Icilius, I must chide you, and withal
Tell you your rashness hath made forfeiture
Even of your precious life, which we esteem
Too dear to call in question. If I wish'd you
Of my alliance, graft into my blood,
Condemn you me for that? O, see the rashness
And blind misprision[1] of distemper'd youth!
As for the maid Virginia, we are far,
Even in least thought, from her; and for those letters,
Tokens, and presents, we acknowledge none.
Alas! though great in place, we are not gods:
If any false impostor hath usurp'd
Our hand or greatness in his own behoof,
Can we help that? Icilius, there's our hand,
Your rashness we remit; let's have hereafter
Your love and best opinion. For your suit,
Repair to us at both our better leisures,
We'll breathe in it new life.
Icil. I crave your pardon.
Appius. Granted ere crav'd, my good Icilius.
Icil. Morrow.
Appius. It is no more indeed. Morrow, Icilius.
If any of our servants wait without,
Command them in.
Icil. I shall.
Appius. Our secretary;
We have use for him; Icilius, send him hither:
Again, good-morrow. [*Exit Icilius.*

[1] Misapprehension; the French, *méprise.*

Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.
Appius, be circumspect, and be not rash
In blood, as th' art in lust: be murderous still;
But when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

Enter MARCUS.

Marcus. My honourable lord.
Appius. Deride me, dog!
Marcus. Who hath stirr'd up this tempest in your brow?
Appius. Not you? fie! you.
Marcus. All you Panthean gods
Confound me, if my soul be accessory
To your distractions!
Appius. To send a ruffian hither,
Even to my closet; first, to brave my greatness,
Play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiss me;
Nay, after all these deep disparagements,
Threat me with steel, and menace me, unarm'd,
To nail me to my seat if I but mov'd:
All these are slight, slight toys!
Marcus. Icilius do this?
Appius. Ruffian Icilius: he that in the front
Of a smooth citizen bears the rugged soul
Of a most base banditto.
Marcus. He shall die for't.
Appius. Be not too rash.
Marcus. Were there no more men to support great Rome,
Even falling Rome should perish ere he stand:
I'll after him, and kill him.
Appius. Stay, I charge thee.
Lend me a patient ear: to right our wrongs,

We must not menace with a public hand;
We stand in the world's eye, and shall be tax'd
Of the least violence, where we revenge.
We should smile smoothest where our hate's most deep,
And when our spleen's broad waking, seem to sleep.
Let the young man play still upon the bit,
Till we have brought and train'd him to our lure;
Great men should strike but once, and then strike sure.

Marcus. Love you Virginia still?

Appius. Do I still live?

Marcus. Then she's your own. Virginius is, you say,
Still in the camp?

Appius. True.

Marcus. Now in his absence will I claim Virginia
To be the daughter of a bondwoman,
And slave to me; to prove which, I'll produce
Firm proofs, notes probable, sound witnesses:
Then, having with your Lictors summon'd her,
I'll bring the cause before your judgment-seat;
Where, upon my infallid evidence,
You may pronounce the sentence on my side,
And she become your strumpet, not your bride.

Appius. Thou hast a copious brain: but how in this
Shall we dispose Icilius?

Marcus. If he spurn,
Clap him up close; there's ways to charm his spleen.
By this no scandal can redound to you;
The cause is mine; you but the sentencer
Upon that evidence which I shall bring.
The business is, t' have warrants by arrest,
To answer such things at the judgment-bar

As can be laid against her: ere her friends
Can be assembled, ere herself can study
Her answer, or scarce know her cause of summons
To descant on the matter, Appius may
Examine, try, and doom Virginia.
But all this must be sudden.

Appius. Thou art born
To mount me high above Icilius' scorn.
I'll leave it to thy manage. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter NURSE *and the* CLOWN.

Clown.

WHAT was that you said, Nurse?

Nurse. Why, I did say thou must bestir thyself.

Clown. I warrant you, I can bestir my stumps as soon as another, if fit occasion be offered: but why do you come upon me in such haste? is it because, Nurse, I should come over you at leisure?

Nurse. Come over me, thou knave; what dost thou mean by that?

Clown. Only this; if you will come off, I will come on.

Nurse. My lord hath strangers to-night: you must make ready the parlour, a table and lights: nay, when,[1] I say?

[1] An exclamation indicating impatience, as—*when* will it be done!

Clown. Methinks you should rather wish for a bed than for a board, for darkness than for lights; yet I must confess you have been a light woman in your time: but now—

Nurse. But now! what now, you knave?

Clown. But now I'll go fetch the table and some lights presently.

Enter NUMITORIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, *and* ICILIUS.

Num. Some lights to usher in these gentlemen.
Clear all the rooms without there. Sit, pray sit.
None interrupt our conference.

Enter VIRGINIA.

Ha, who's that?

Nurse. My [1]foster-child, if it please you.

Num. Fair Virginia, you are welcome.
The rest forbear us till we call. (*Exeunt Nurse and Clown.*)
Sweet cousin,
Our business and the cause of our discourse
Admits you to this council: take your place.
Icilius, we are private; now proceed.

Icil. Then thus: Lord Appius doth intend me wrong;
And under his smooth calmness cloaks a tempest,
That will ere long break out in violence
On me and on my fortunes.

Num. My good cousin,
You are young, and youth breeds rashness. Can I think
Lord Appius will do wrong, who is all justice;

[1] *Foster,*—an emendation proposed by Mr. Dyce. The old copy has, "*My most —— child;*" the printer most probably having been unable to decipher the word or syllable which he has marked by a break.

The most austere and upright censurer
That ever sat upon the awful bench?

Val. Icilius, you are near to me in blood,
And I esteem your safety as mine own:
If you will needs wage[1] eminence and state,
Choose out a weaker opposite,[2] not one
That, in his arm, bears all the strength of Rome.

Num. Besides, Icilius,
Know you the danger, what it is to scandal
One of his place and sway?

Icil. I know it, kinsmen; yet this popular greatness
Can be no bugbear to affright mine innocence.
No, his smooth crest hath cast a palped[3] film
Over Rome's eyes. He juggles,—a plain juggler;
Lord Appius is no less.

Num. Nay, then, cousin,
You are too harsh, and I must hear no more.
It ill becomes my place and gravity,
To lend a face to such reproachful terms
'Gainst one of his high presence.

Icil. Sit, pray sit,
To see me draw his picture 'fore your eyes,
To make this man seem monstrous, and this god
Rome so adores, a devil, a plain devil.
This lord, this judge, this Appius, that professeth
To all the world a vestal chastity,
Is an incontinent, loose lecher grown.

Num. Fie, cousin.

[1] To fight, to combat. Though the term took its rise from the common expression *to wage war*, yet it was often used absolutely, and without the word "war" after it.—STEEVENS.

[2] Antagonist. [3] Obscure, dark.

Icil. Nay, 'tis true. Daily and hourly
He tempts this blushing virgin with large promises,
With melting words, and presents of high rate,
To be the stale[1] to his unchaste desires.

Omnes. Is't possible?

Icil. Possible!
'Tis actual truth; I pray but ask your niece.

Virginia. Most true, I am extremely tired and wearied
With messages and tokens of his love;
No answer, no repulse will satisfy
The tediousness of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
Without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from Icilius;
But when I saw their boldness found no limit,
And they from fair entreaty grew to threats,
I told him all.

Icil. True: understanding which
To him I went.

Val. To Appius?

Icil. To that giant,
The high Colossus that bestrides us all;
I went to him.

Hor. How did you bear yourself?

Icil. Like Appius, at the first, dissemblingly;
But when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
And none but we two in the lobby, then
I drew my poniard, took him by the throat,
And when he would have clamour'd, threaten'd death,
Unless he would with patience hear me out.

[1] Prostitute.

Num. Did he, Icilius?
Icil. I made him that he durst not squeak,
Not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
Nor stir a finger.
Hor. What succeeded then?
Num. Keep fast the door there! Sweet coz, not too loud.
What then succeeded?
Icil. Why, I told him all;
Gave him his due, call'd him lascivious judge,
(A thousand things which I have now forgot)
Shew'd him his hand a witness 'gainst himself,
And everything with such known circumstance,
That he might well excuse, but not deny.
Num. How parted you?
Icil. Why, friends in outward show:
But I perceiv'd his heart: that hypocrite
Was born to gull Rome, and deceive us all.
He swore to me quite to abjure her love;
Yet ere myself could reach Virginia's chamber,
One was before me with regreets[1] from him;
I know his hand. Th' intent of this our meeting
Was to entreat your counsel and advice:
The good old man, her father, is from home;
I think it good that she now in his absence
Should lodge in secret with some private friend,
Where Appius nor his Lictors, those bloodhounds,
Can hunt her out. You are her uncle, sir,
I pray, counsel the best.
Num. To oppose ourselves,
Now in this heat, against so great a man,

[1] *Regreets*,—i. e. fresh greetings.

Might, in my judgment, to ourselves bring danger,
And to my niece no safety. If we fall,
She cannot stand; let's then preserve ourselves
Until her father be discharg'd the camp.

Val. And, good Icilius, for your private ends,
And the dear safety of your friends and kindred,
Against that statist[1] spare to use your spleen.

Icil. I will be sway'd by you. My lords, 'tis late,
And time to break up conference. Noble uncle,
I am your growing debtor.

Num. Lights without there!

Icil. I will conduct Virginia to her lodging.
Good night to all at once.

Num. The gods of Rome protect you all! and then
We need not fear the envious rage of men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

'*Enter* MARCUS, *with Four* LICTORS.

Marcus. Lictors, bestow yourselves in some close shops,
About the Forum, till you have the sight
Of fair Virginia; for I understand
This present morning she'll come forth to buy
Some necessaries at the sempsters' shops:
Howe'er accompanied, be it your care
To seize her at our action. Good, my friends,
Disperse yourselves, and keep a careful watch. [*Exit.*

First Lict. 'Tis strange that ladies will not pay their debts.[2]

[1] Statesman.

[2] The Lictor imagines that he is ordered to arrest Virginia at the suit of some creditor.

Second Lict. It were strange, indeed, if that our Roman knights would give them good example, and pay theirs.

First Lict. The calendar that we Lictors go by is all dog-days.

Second Lict. Right; our common hunt is still to dog unthrifts.

First Lict. And what's your book of common prayer?

Second Lict. Faith, only for the increase of riotous young gentlemen i' th' country, and banquerouts[1] i' th' city.

First Lict. I know no man more valiant than we are, for we back knights and gentlemen daily.

Second Lict. Right, we have them by the back hourly: your French fly applied to the nape of the neck for the French rheum, is not so sore a drawer as a Lictor.

First Lict. Some say that if a little-timbered fellow would jostle a great loggerhead, let him be sure to lay him i' th' kennel; but when we shoulder a knight, or a knight's fellow, we make him more sure, for we kennel him i' th' counter.[2]

Second Lict. Come, let's about our business.

Enter VIRGINIA, NURSE, *and* CLOWN.

Virginia. You are grown wondrous amorous of late,
Why do you look back so often?

Clown. Madam, I go as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

Virginia. And what's the reason?

Clown. Your ladyship never saw a monkey in all your

[1] Bankrupts.
[2] The Compter, the Southwark Prison for Debtors and Misdemeanants.

lifetime have a clog at's tail, but he's still looking back to see what the devil 'tis that follows him.

Nurse. Very good; we are your clogs then.

Virginia. Your crest is grown regardant.[1]
Here's the beauty[2]
That makes your eyes forgetful of their way.

Clown. Beauty! O, the gods! madam, I cannot endure her complexion.

Nurse. Why, sir, what's my complexion?

Clown. Thy complexion is just between a Moor and a Frenchwoman.

Virginia. But she hath a matchless eye, sir.

Clown. True, her eyes are not right matches; besides, she is a widow.

Nurse. What then, I pray you?

Clown. Of all waters, I would not have my beef powdered with a widow's tears.

Virginia. Why, I beseech you?

Clown. O, they are too fresh, madam; assure yourself they will not last for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter: besides, if a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet, contrary to the old rule, she will sooner fill her eye than her belly. Besides that, if he look into her estate, first—look you, here are four fingers—first the charge of her husband's funeral, next debts and legacies, and lastly the reversion; now take away debts and legacies, and what remains for her second husband?

Nurse. I would some of the tribe heard you!

Clown. There's a certain fish that, as the learned divulge,

[1] *Regardant*,—a term in heraldry, signifying *looking behind.*—DILKE.

[2] Pointing to the Nurse.

is called a shark: now this fish can never feed while he swims upon's belly; marry, when he lies upon his back, O, he takes it at pleasure.

Virginia. Well, sir, about your business; make provision
Of those things I directed.

Clown. Sweet lady, these eyes shall be the clerks of the kitchen for your belly; but I can assure you, woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's a great feast towards.

Virginia. You are very pleasant.

Clown. And fresh cod is taken down thick and threefold; women without great bellies go together by the ears for't; and such a number of sweet-toothed caters[1] in the market, not a calf's head to be got for love or money; mutton's mutton now.

Virginia. Why, was it not so ever?

Clown. No, madam, the sinners i' th' suburbs had almost ta'en the name[2] quite away from't, 'twas so cheap and common: but now 'tis at a sweet reckoning; the term time is the mutton-monger in the whole calendar.

Nurse. Do your lawyers eat any salads with their mutton?

Clown. Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton so long, till with their shuffling and cutting some of them be out at heels again. A bountiful mind and a full purse ever attend your ladyship.

Virginia. O, I thank you.

Enter MARCUS *and Four* LICTORS.

Marcus. See, yon 's the lady.

[1] Caterer, provider.

[2] *The name*,—prostitutes were commonly called *mutton*, and *lacde mutton*, in our author's time.—DILKE.

Clown. I will buy up for your ladyship all the young cuckoos in the market.

Virginia. What to do?

Clown. O, 'tis the most delicatest dish, I'll assure you, and newest in fashion: not a great feast in all Rome without a cuckoo.

Marcus. Virginia.

Virginia. Sir.

Marcus. Mistress, you do not know me,
Yet we must be acquainted: follow me.

Virginia. You do salute me strangely. Follow you!

Clown. Do you hear, sir? methinks you have followers enough. Many gentlemen that I know would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'll assure you.

Marcus. Come, will you go?

Virginia. Whither? By what command?

Marcus. By warrant of these men, and privilege
I hold even on thy life. Come, ye proud dame,
You are not what you seem.

Virginia. Uncivil sir,
What makes you thus familiar and thus bold?
Unhand me, villain!

Marcus. What, mistress, to your lord?
He that can set the razor to your throat,
And punish you as freely as the gods,
No man to ask the cause? Thou art my slave,
And here I seize what 's mine.

Virginia. Ignoble villain!
I am as free as the best king or consul
Since Romulus. What dost thou mean? Unhand me!—

[1]Give notice to my uncle and Icilius,
What violence is offer'd me.

Marcus. Do, do.

Clown. Do you press women for soldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure?[2] By this light, if thou hast any ears on thy head, as it is a question, I'll make my lord pull you out by th' ears, though you take a castle. [*Exit.*

Marcus. Come, will you go along?

Nurse. Whither should she go, sir? Here 's pulling and haling a poor gentlewoman!

Marcus. Hold you your prating; reverence the whip,
Shall seize on you for your smooth cozenage.

Virginia. Are not you servant to Lord Appius?

Marcus. Howe'er,[3] I am your lord, and will approve it
'Fore all the Senate.

Virginia. Thou wilt prove thyself
The cursed pander for another's lust;
And this your plot shall burst about your ears
Like thunderbolts.

Marcus. Hold you that confidence:
First I will seize you by the course of law,
And then I'll talk with you.

Enter ICILIUS *and* NUMITORIUS.

Num. How now, fair cousin?

Icil. How now, gentlemen?
What 's the offence of fair Virginia,
You bend your weapons on us?

[1] To Corbulo. [2] Use.
[3] However that may be.

Lict. Sir, stand back, we fear a rescue.
Icil. There 's no need of fear,
Where there 's no cause of rescue. What's the matter?
Virginia. O, my Icilius, your incredulity
Hath quite undone me! I am now no more
Virginius's daughter, so this villain urges,
But publish'd for his bondwoman.
Num. How's this?
Marcus. 'Tis true, my lord,
And I will take my right by course of law.
Icil. Villains, set her free,
Or by the power of all our Roman gods,
I'll give that just revenge unto my rage
Which should be given to justice! Bondwoman!
Marcus. Sir, we do not come to fight, we 'll deal

Enter APPIUS.

By course of law. My lord, we fear a rescue.
Appius. A rescue! never fear 't; here 's none in presence
But civil men. My lord, I am glad to see you.
Noble Icilius, we shall ever love you.
Now, gentlemen, reach your petitions.
Icil. My lord, my lord ——
Appius. Worthy Icilius, if you have any business
Defer 't until to-morrow, or the afternoon:
I shall be proud to pleasure you.
Icil. [1]The fox
Is earth'd, my lord, you cannot wind him yet.
Appius. Stools for my noble friends.—I pray you sit.

[1] (Aside).

Marcus. May it please your lordship ——
Appius. Why, uncivil sir,
Have I not begg'd forbearance of my best
And dearest friends, and must you trouble me?
Marcus. My lord, I must be heard, and will be heard:
Were all the gods in parliament, I'd burst
Their silence with my importunity,
But they should hear me.
Appius. The fellow's mad!
We have no leisure now to hear you, sir.
Marcus. Hast now no leisure to hear just complaints?
Resign thy place, O Appius, that some other
May do me justice, then!
Appius. We'll hear't to-morrow.
Marcus. O, my lord,
Deny me justice absolutely, rather
Than feed me with delays.
Icil. Good my lord, hear him:
And wonder when you hear him, that a case
So full of vile imposture should desire
To be unfolded.
Marcus. Aye, my lord, 'tis true;
[1]The imposture is on their parts.
Appius. Hold your prating:
Away with him to prison, clamorous fellow!
Suspect you our uprightness?
Marcus. No, my lord:
But I have mighty enemies, my lord,
Will overflow my cause. See, here I hold
My bondwoman, that brags herself to be

[1] [But].

Descended of a noble family.
My purse is too scant to wage law with them:
I am enforc'd be mine own advocate,
Not one will plead for me. Now if your lordship
Will do me justice, so; if not, then know
High hills are safe, when seas poor dales o'erflow.

Appius. Sirrah, I think it fit to let you know,
Ere you proceed in this your subtle suit,
What penalty and danger you accrue,[1]
If you be found to double. Here 's a virgin
Famous by birth, by education noble;
And she, forsooth, haply but to draw
Some piece of money from her worthy father,
Must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman.
Sirrah, take heed, and well bethink yourself;
I'll make you a precedent to all the world,
If I but find you tripping.

Marcus. Do it freely:
And view on that condition these just proofs.[2]

Appius. Is that the virgin's nurse?

Nurse. Her milch nurse, my lord: I had a sore hand with her for a year and a quarter: I have had somewhat to do with her since, too, for the poor gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sickness.

Icil. I pray thee, Nurse, entreat Sertorius
To come and speak with me. [*Exit Nurse.*

Appius. Here is strange circumstance; view it, my lord:
If he should prove this, it would make Virginius
Think he were wrong'd.

[1] You will draw down upon yourself.
[2] Papers which he gives to Appius.

Icil. There is a devilish cunning
Express'd in this black forgery.
Appius. Icilius and Virginia, pray come near;
Compound with this base fellow. You were better
Disburse some trifle, than to undergo
The question of her freedom.
Icil. O my lord,
She were not worth a handful of a bribe,
If she did need a bribe!
Appius. Nay, take your course;
I only give you my opinion,
I ask no fee for't. Do you know this fellow?
Virginia. Yes, my lord; he's your servant.
Appius. You're i' th' right:
But will you truly know his character?
He was at first a petty notary;
A fellow that, being trusted with large sums
Of honest citizens, to be employ'd
I' th' trade of usury, this gentleman,
Couching his credit like a tilting-staff,
Most cunningly it brake, and at one course
He ran away with thirty thousand pound.
Returning to the city seven year after,
Having compounded with his creditors
For the third moiety, he buys an office
Belonging to our place, depends on us;
In which the oppression and vile injuries
He hath done poor suitors, they have cause to rue,
And I to pity: he hath sold his smiles
For silver, but his promises for gold;
His delays have undone men.

The plague that in some folded cloud remains,
The bright sun soon disperseth; but observe,
When black infection in some dunghill lies,
There's work for bells and graves, if it do rise.

Num. He was an ill prop to your house, my lord.

Appius. 'Tis true, my lord; but we that have such servants,
Are like to cuckolds that have riotous wives;
We are the last that know it: this is it
Makes noblemen suspected to have done ill,
When the oppression lies in their proud followers.

Marcus. My lord, it was some soothing sycophant,
Some base detracting rascal, that hath spread
This falsehood in your ears.

Appius. Peace, impudence!
Did I not yesterday, no longer since,
Surprise thee in thy study counterfeiting
Our hand?

Marcus. 'Tis true, my lord.

Appius. Being subscrib'd
Unto a letter fill'd with amorous stuff
Unto this lady?

Marcus. I have ask'd your pardon,
And gave you reason why I was so bold
To use that forgery.

Appius. Did you receive it?

Virginia. I did, my lord, and I can show your lordship
A packet of such letters.

Appius. Now, by the gods,
I'll make you rue it! I beseech you, sir,
Show them the reason mov'd you counterfeit
Our letter.

Enter SERTORIUS.

Marcus. Sir, I had no other colour[1]
To come to speak with her.
Appius. A goodly reason!
Did you until this hour acquaint the lady
With your intended suit?
Marcus. At several times,
And would have drawn her by some private course
To have compounded for her liberty.
Virginia. Now, by a virgin's honour and true birth,
'Tis false, my lord! I never had a dream
So terrible as is this monstrous devil.
Appius. Well, sir, referring my particular wrong
To a particular censure,[2] I would know
What is your suit?
Marcus. My lord, a speedy trial.
Appius. You shall obtain 't with all severity:
I will not give you longer time to dream
Upon new sleights to cloke your forgery.
Observe you this cameleon, my lords,
I'll make him change his colour presently.
Num. My lord, although th' uprightness of our cause
Needs no delays, yet for the satisfaction
Of old Virginius, let him be present
When we shall crave a trial.
Appius. Sir, it needs not:
Who stands for father of the innocent,

[1] Excuse.
[2] Leaving the wrong done to myself to be considered some other time.

If not the judge? I'll save the poor old man
That needless travel.

Virginia. With your favour, sir,
We must entreat some respite in a business
So needful of his presence.

Appius. I do protest
You wrong yourselves thus to importune it.
Well, let it be to-morrow; I'll not sleep
Till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
And giv'n you your true honour back again.

Icil. My lord, the distance 'twixt the camp and us
Cannot be measur'd in so short a time:
Let us have four days' respite.

Appius. You are unwise;
Rumour by that time will have fully spread
The scandal, which being ended in one hour
Will turn to air: to-morrow is the trial;
In the meantime let all contented thoughts
Attend you.

Marcus. My lord, you deal unjustly
Thus to dismiss her; this is that they seek for:
Before to-morrow they'll convey her hence,
Where my claim shall not seize her.

Appius. Cunning knave!
You would have bond for her appearance? say?

Marcus. I think the motion's honest.

Appius. Very good.
Icilius shall engage his honour'd word
For her appearance.

Marcus. As you please, my lord;
But it were fitting her old uncle there

Were jointly bound with him.

Appius. Well, sir, your pleasure
Shall have satiety. You'll take our word
For her appearance; will you not, sir, I pray?

Marcus. Most willingly, my lord.

Appius. Then, sir, you have it:
And i' th' meantime, I'll take the honour'd lady
Into my guardianship; and, by my life,
I'll use her in all kindness as my wife.

Icil. Now, by the gods, you shall not!

Appius. Shall not, what?

Icil. Not use her as your wife, sir.

Appius. O, my lord, I spake it from my heart.

Icil. Ay, very likely.
She is a virgin, sir, and must not lie
Under a man's forthcoming; do you mark?
[1]Not under your forthcoming, lecherous Appius.

Appius. Mistake me not, my lord. Our secretary,
Take bonds for the appearance of this lady.
And now to you, sir; you that were my servant,
I here cashier you; never shalt thou shroud
Thy villanies under our noble roof,
Nor 'scape the whip, or the fell hangman's hook,
By warrant of our favour.

Marcus. So, my lord,
I am more free to serve the gods, I hope,
Now I have lost your service.

Appius. Hark you, sirrah,
Who shall give bonds for your appearance, ha!
To justify your claim?

[1] (Aside).

Marcus. I have none, my lord.

Appius. Away! commit him prisoner to his chamber:
I'll keep you safe from starting.

Marcus. Why, my lord—

Appius. Away, I will not hear you;
A judge's heart here in the midst must stand,
And move not a hair's breadth to either hand.

[*Exit with Marcus.*

Num. O, were thy heart but of the selfsame piece
Thy tongue is, Appius, how bless'd were Rome!

Icil. Post to the camp, Sertorius; thou hast heard
Th' effect of all, relate it to Virginius.
I pray thee use thy ablest horsemanship,
For it concerns us near.

Sert. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Icil. Sure all this is damn'd cunning.

Virginia. O, my lord,
Seamen in tempests shun the flattering shore;
To bear full sails upon 't were danger more:
So men o'erborne with greatness still hold[1] dread
False seeming friends that on their bosoms spread:
For this is a safe truth which never varies,
He that strikes all his sails seldom miscarries.

Icil. Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will,
And confounding ignorance, at once?
Where are we? in a mist, or is this hell?
I have seen as great as the proud judge have fell.
The bending willow yielding to each wind,
Shall keep his rooting firm, when the proud oak,
Braving the storm, presuming on his root,

[1] [In].

Shall have his body rent from head to foot.
Let us expect the worse that may befal,
And with a noble confidence bear all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter APPIUS, MARCUS, *and a* SERVANT.

Appius. Here, bear this packet to Minutius,
And privately deliver 't: make as much speed
As if thy father were deceas'd i' th' camp,
And that thou went'st to take th' administration
Of what he left thee. Fly!
Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Appius. O, my trusty Claudius!
Marcus. My dear lord,
Let me adore your divine policy.
You have poison'd them with sweetmeats; you have, my lord.
But what contain those letters?
Appius. Much importance.
Minutius is commanded by that packet
To hold Virginius prisoner in the camp
On some suspect of treason.
Marcus. But, my lord,
How will you answer this?
Appius. Tush, any fault
Or shadow of a crime will be sufficient
For his committing: thus, when he is absent,
We shall in a more calm and friendly sea
Sail to our purpose.

Marcus. Mercury himself
Could not direct more safely.

Appius. O, my Claudius,
Observe this rule; one ill must cure another;
As aconitum, a strong poison, brings
A present cure against all serpents' stings.
In high attempts the soul hath infinite eyes,
And 'tis necessity makes men most wise.
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,
This of my fate in aftertimes be spoken,
I 'll break that with my weight on which I'm broken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TWO SERVINGMEN *at one door, at the other the* CLOWN, *melancholy.*

First Serv. Why, how now, Corbulo? thou wast not wont to be of this sad temper. What 's the matter now?

Clown. Times change, and seasons alter,
Some men are born to the bench, and some to the halter.
What do you think now that I am?

First Serv. I think thee to be Virginia's man, and Corbulo.

Clown. No, no such matter: guess again: tell me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be.

First Serv. I take thee to be an honest good fellow.

Clown. Wide of the bow-hand[1] still: Corbulo is no such man.

[1] *Wide of the bow-hand,*—i. e. considerably to the left of the mark; a metaphor taken from archery.—DYCE.

Second Serv. What art thou, then?

Clown. Listen, and I 'll describe myself to you: I am something better than a knave, and yet come short of being an honest man; and though I can sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the base, being indeed, and as the case stands with me at this present, inferior to a rogue, and three degrees worse than a rascal.

First Serv. How comes this to pass?

Clown. Only by my service's success. Take heed whom you serve, O, you serving creatures! for this is all I have got by serving my lady Virginia.

Second Serv. Why, what of her?

Clown. She is not the woman you take her to be; for though she have borrowed no money, yet she is entered into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she is challenged to be a bondwoman; now if she be a bondwoman and a slave, and I her servant and vassal, what did you take me to be? I am an ant, a gnat, a worm; a woodcock amongst birds; a hodmondod[1] amongst flies; amongst curs a trendle tale,[2] and amongst fishes a poor iper;[3] but amongst servingmen worse, worse than the man's man to the under yeomen-fewterer.[4]

First Serv. But is it possible thy Lady is challenged to be a slave? What witness have they?

Clown. Witness these fountains, these flood-gates, these

[1] *A hodmondod* is a snail, but the connection between a snail and flies is not obvious.

[2] A round-tailed cur.

[3] The *iperuquiba* is a name sometimes given to the sucking-fish or remora; and *iper*, I presume, is a contraction of the term.

[4] The under huntsman, who led the dogs to the chase in slips. GILCHRIST.

well-springs! The poor gentlewoman was arrested in the open market; I offered, I offered to bail her; but (though she was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone so near my heart, that until I be made free, I shall never be mine own man. The Lord Appius hath committed her to ward, and it is thought she shall neither lie on the knight side, nor in the twopenny[1] ward; for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the hole. His warrant hath been out for her; but how the case stands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

Second Serv. When shall the trial be?

Clown. I take it to be as soon as the morning is brought a-bed of a new son and heir.

Second Serv. And when is that?

Clown. Why, to-morrow; for every morning, you know, brings forth a new sun; but they are all short-lived, for every night she drowns them in the western sea. But to leave these enigmas, as too high for your dull apprehensions: shall I see you at the trial to-morrow?

First Serv. By Jove's help, I'll be there.

Second Serv. And I, if I live.

Clown. And I, if I die for 't: here 's my hand, I'll meet you. It is thought that my old master will be there at the bar; for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord Numitorius hath sent one of his posts to the camp to bid him spur, cut, and come to the sentence. O, we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead! But you will remember to be there.

[1] Two wards in the old Compter or Counter Prison, in London, were so denominated; and there was, doubtless, a twopenny ward for poor inmates in the Debtors' Prison at Rome.

First Serv. And not to fail.

Clown. If I chance to meet you there, and that the case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of wine, but of tears; for instead of a new roll, I purpose to break my fast with sops of sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—Scene I.

Enter Virginius, *like a slave;* Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatius, Virginia, *like a slave;* Julia, Calphurnia, *and* Nurse.

Virginius.

THANKS to my noble friends: it now appears
That you have rather lov'd me than my fortune,
For that 's near shipwreck'd: chance, you see, still ranges,
And this short dance of life is full of changes.
Appius—how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful!
It is a question whether the proud lecher
Will view us to our merit; for they say,
His memory to virtue and good men
Is still carousing Lethe. O the gods!
Not with more terror do the souls in hell
Appear before the seat of Rhadamant,
Than the poor client yonder.

Num. O, Virginius;
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
Your noble person, or this reverend place.

Virginius. That's true, old man; but it well fits the case

That's now in question. If with form and show
They prove her slav'd, all freedom I'll forego.
Icil. Noble Virginius,
Put out a bold and confident defence;
Search the imposture, like a cunning trier;
False metals bear the touch, but brook not fire,
Their brittleness betrays them: let your breath
Discover as much shame in them, as death
Did ever draw from offenders: let your truth
Nobly supported, void of fear or art,
Welcome whatever comes with a great heart.
Virginius. Now, by the gods, I thank thee, noble youth!
I never fear'd in a besieged town
Mines or great engines like yon lawyer's gown.
Virginia. O, my dear lord and father! once you gave me
A noble freedom, do not see it lost
Without a forfeit; take the life you gave me,
And sacrifice it rather to the gods
Than to a villain's lust. Happy the wretch
Who, born in bondage, lives and dies a slave,
And sees no lustful projects bent upon her,
And neither knows the life nor death of honour.
Icil. We have neither justice, no, nor violence,
Which should reform corruption sufficient
To cross their black premeditated doom.
Appius will seize her; all the fire in hell
Is leap'd into his bosom.
Virginius. O, you gods,
Extinguish it with your compassionate tears,
Although you make a second deluge spread,

And swell more high than Teneriff's high head!
Have not the wars heap'd snow sufficient
Upon this aged head, but they will still
Pile winter upon winter?

Enter APPIUS, OPPIUS, MARCUS, *Six* SENATORS, ADVOCATE, *and* LICTORS.

Appius. Is he come! say?
Now, by my life, I'll quit[1] the general.
Num. Your reverence to the judge, good brother.
Virginius. Yes, sir, I have learnt my compliment thus:
Bless'd mean estates who stand in fear of many,
And great are curs'd for that they fear not any.
Appius. What, is Virginius come?
Virginius. I am here, my lord.
Appius. Where is your daughter?
Num. Here, my reverend lord.
[2] Your habit shews you strangely.
Virginia. O, 'tis fit;
It suits both time and cause. Pray pardon it.
Appius. Where is your advocate?
Virginius. I have none, my lord;
Truth needs no advocate: the unjust cause
Buys up the tongues that travel with applause
In these your thronged courts: I want not any,
And count him the most wretched that needs many.
Adv. May it please your reverend lordships—
Appius. What are you, sir?
Adv. Of counsel with my client, Marcus Claudius.
Virginius. My lord, I undertake a desperate combat

[1] i. e. requite him, "pay him off." [2] To Virginia.

To cope with this most eloquent lawyer:
I have no skill i' th' weapon, good my lord:
I mean I am not travell'd in your laws:
My suit is therefore, by your special goodness,
They be not wrested against me.

Appius. O, Virginius, the gods defend[1] they should!

Virginius. Your humble servant shall ever pray for you.
Thus shall your glory be above your place,
Or those high titles which you hold in court;
For they die bless'd that die in good report.
Now, sir, I stand you.

Adv. Then have at you, sir.
May it please your lordships, here is such a case,
So full of subtlety, and, as it were,
So far benighted in an ignorant mist,
That though my reading be sufficient,
My practice more, I never was entangled
In the like pursenet.[2] Here is one that claims
This woman for his daughter: here's another
Affirms she is his bondslave: now the question
(With favour of the bench) I shall make plain
In two words only without circumstance.

Appius. Fall to your proofs.

Adv. Where are our papers?

Marcus. Here, sir.

Adv. Where, sir? I vow y'are the most tedious client.——
Now we come to't, my lord. Thus stands the case,
The law is clear on our sides. (*To Marcus.*) Hold your prating.

[1] Forbid.
[2] A net the mouth of which may be closed like a purse.

That honourable Lord Virginius,
Having been married about fifteen year,
And issueless, this virgin's politic mother,
Seeing the land was likely to descend
To Numitorius—I pray, sir, listen;
You, my Lord Numitorius, attend;
We are on your side—old Virginius,
Employ'd in foreign wars, she sends him word
She was with child—observe it, I beseech you,
And note the trick of a deceitful woman:
She in the meantime feigns the passions
Of a great-bellied woman; counterfeits
Their passions and their qualms; and verily
All Rome held this for no imposturous stuff:
What's to be done now? Here's a rumour spread
Of a young heir, gods bless it! and belly
Bumbasted[1] with a cushion: but there wants,
(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe,
Bought with some piece of money—where—it skills not,
To furnish this supposed lying-in.

Nurse. I protest, my lord, the fellow i' th' nightcap[2]
Hath not spoke one true word yet.

Appius. Hold you your prating, woman, till you are call'd.

Adv. 'Tis purchas'd. Where? From this man's bond-woman.
The money paid. (*To Marcus.*) What was the sum of money?

Marcus. A thousand drachmas.

[1] Stuffed up with *baumbast*, German "cotton."
[2] The forensic head-gear "of the period."

Adv. Good; a thousand drachmas.
Appius. Where is that bondwoman?
Marcus. She's dead, my lord.
Appius. O, dead; that makes your cause suspicious.
Adv. But here's her deposition on her death-bed,
With other testimony to confirm
What we have said is true. Will 't please your lordship
Take pains to view these writings? Here, my lord;
We shall not need to hold your lordships long,
We'll make short work on't.
Virginius. My lord——
Appius. By your favour.—
If that your claim be just, how happens it
That you have discontinued it the space
Of fourteen years?
Adv. I shall resolve your lordship.
Icil. I vow this is a practis'd dialogue:
Comes it not rarely off?
Virginia. Peace; give them leave.
Adv. 'Tis very true: this gentleman at first
Thought to conceal this accident, and did so;
Only reveal'd his knowledge to the mother
Of this fair bondwoman, who bought his silence,
During her lifetime, with great sums of coin.
Appius. Where are your proofs of that?
Adv. Here, my good lord, with depositions likewise.
Appius. Well, go on.
Adv. For your question
Of discontinuance: put case my slave
Run away from me, dwell in some near city
The space of twenty years, and there grow rich,

It is in my discretion, by your favour,
To seize him when I please.

Appius. That's very true.

Virginius. Cast not your noble beams, you reverend judges,
On such a putrified dunghill.

Appius. By your favour: you shall be heard anon.

Virginius. My lords, believe not this spruce orator:
Had I but feed him first, he would have told
As smooth a tale on our side.

Appius. Give us leave.

Virginius. He deals in formal glosses, cunning shows,
And cares not greatly which way the case goes.
Examine, I beseech you, this old woman,
Who is the truest witness of her birth.

Appius. Soft you; is she your only witness?

Virginius. She is, my lord.

Appius. Why, is it possible
Such a great lady, in her time of childbirth,
Should have no other witness but a nurse?

Virginius. For aught I know the rest are dead, my lord.

Appius. Dead? no, my lord, belike they were of counsel
With your deceased lady, and so[1] sham'd
Twice to give colour to so vile an act.
Thou, nurse, observe me; thy offence already
Doth merit punishment beyond our censure;
Pull not more whips upon thee.

Nurse. I defy your whips, my lord.

Appius. Command her silence, Lictors.

Virginius. O, injustice! you frown away my witness!

[1] [Are.]

Is this law? is this uprightness?

Appius. Have you view'd the writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
Beyond prevention.

Virginius. Appius, wilt thou hear me?
You have slander'd a sweet lady that now sleeps
In a most noble monument. Observe me:
I would have ta'en her simple word to gage
Before his soul or thine.

Appius. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love
By custom is grown natural, which by nature
Should be an absolute loathing: note the sparrow,
That having hatch'd a cuckoo, when it sees
Her brood a monster to her proper kind,
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,
Than she had care i' th' spring to have it dress'd.
Cast thy affection, then, behind thy back,
And think ——

Adv. Be wise; take counsel of your friends.
You have many soldiers in their time of service
Father strange children.

Virginius. True; and pleaders, too,
When they are sent to visit provinces.
You, my most neat and cunning orator,
Whose tongue is quicksilver, pray thee, good Janus,
Look not so many several ways at once,
But go to th' point.

Adv. I will, and keep you out
At point's end, though I am no soldier.

Appius. First the oath of the deceased bondwoman.

Adv. A very virtuous matron.
Appius. Join'd with the testimony of Claudius.
Adv. A most approved honest gentleman.
Appius. Besides six other honest gentlemen.
Adv. All knights, and there 's no question but their oaths
Will go for current.
Appius. See, my reverend lords,
And wonder at a case so evident.
Virginius. My lord, I knew it.
Adv. Observe, my lord, how their own policy
Confounds them. Had your lordship yesterday
Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
The apparel and the jewels that she wore,
More worth than all her tribe, had then been due
Unto our client: now, to cozen him
Of such a forfeit, see they bring the maid
In her most proper habit, bondslave like,
And they will save by th' hand[1] too. Please your lordships,
I crave a sentence.
Virginius. Appius.
Virginia. My lord.
Icil. Lord Appius.
Virginius. Now, by the gods, here 's juggling!
Num. Who cannot counterfeit a dead man's hand?
Virginius. Or hire some villains to swear forgeries?
Icil. Claudius was brought up in your house, my lord,
And that 's suspicious.
Num. How is 't probable,

[1] They will save her if they can at any hazard, by any device.

That our wife being present at the childbirth,
Whom this did nearest concern, should ne'er reveal it?

Virginius. Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it
Her policy, as you term it, did not rather
Provide an issue male to cheer the father?

Adv. I 'll answer each particular.

Appius. It needs not;
Here 's witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my lord, our laws are writ in snow,
And that your breath can melt them?

Virginius. No, my lord,
We have not such hot livers:[1] mark you that.

Virginia. Remember yet the gods, O Appius,
Who have no part in this! Thy violent lust
Shall, like the biting of the envenom'd aspic,
Steal thee to hell. So subtle are thy evils,
In life they 'll seem good angels, in death devils.

Appius. Observe you not this scandal?

Icil. Sir, tis none.
I 'll show thy letters full of violent lust
Sent to this lady.

Appius. Wilt thou breathe a lie
'Fore such a reverend audience?

Icil. That place
Is sanctuary to thee. Lie! see here they are.

Appius. My lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah, I know you to the very heart,
And I 'll observe you.

[1] In allusion to the lustful motive by which Appius was influenced; the liver being then supposed the seat of the amorous passions.—DILKE.

Icil. Do, but do it with justice.
Clear thyself first, O Appius, ere thou judge
Our imperfections rashly; for we wot
The office of a justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another.

First Sen. You are too bold.

Appius. Lictors, take charge of him.

[*They seize Icilius.*

Icil. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view these papers? What, not one?
Jove, thou hast found a rival upon earth,
His nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you.
The ass that carried Isis on his back,
Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
To give his dulness humble reverence:
If thou think'st so, proud judge, I let thee see
I bend low to thy gown, but not to thee.

Virginius. There 's one in hold already. Noble youth,
Fetters grace one being worn for speaking truth:
I'll lie with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon.
(*To Appius.*) The injuries you do us we shall pardon,
But it is just the wrongs which we forgive,
The gods are charg'd therewith to see reveng'd.

Appius. Come, y' are a proud Plebeian.

Virginius. True, my lord:
Proud in the glory of my ancestors,
Who have continued these eight hundred years:
The heralds have not known you these eight months.

Appius. Your madness wrongs you; by my soul, I love you.

Virginius. Thy soul!

O, thy opinion, old Pythagoras!
Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly?
Into what ravenous bird, or beast most vile?
Only into a weeping crocodile.
Love me! Thou lov'st me, Appius, as the earth loves rain,
Thou fain wouldst swallow me.

Appius. Know you the place you speak in?

Virginius. I'll speak freely.
Good men too much trusting their innocence
Do not betake them to that just defence
Which gods and nature gave them; but even wink
In the black tempest, and so fondly[1] sink.

Appius. Let us proceed to sentence.

Virginius. Ere you speak,
One parting farewell let me borrow of you
To take of my Virginia.

Appius. Now, my lords,
We shall have fair confession of the truth.
Pray take your course.

Virginius. Farewell, my sweet Virginia; never, never,
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy: when first
Returning from the wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my target; when my girl
Would kiss her father in his burganet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck;
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see
Another fair Virginia smile on thee:

[1] Foolishly.

When I first taught thee how to go, to speak:
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
To bring my girl asleep. O, my Virginia,
When we begun to be, begun our woes,
Increasing still, as dying life still grows!

Appius. This tediousness does much offend the court.
Silence! attend her sentence.

Virginius. Hold! without sentence I'll resign her freely,
Since you will prove her to be none of mine.

Appius. See, see, how evidently truth appears,
Receive her, Claudius.

Virginius. Thus I surrender her into the court
[*Kills her.*
Of all the gods. And see, proud Appius, see,
Although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy lust with this act be not fed,
Bury her in thy bowels now she's dead.

Omnes. O, horrid act!

Appius. Lay hand upon the murderer!

Virginius. O for a ring of pikes to circle me!
What! have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies
Here to be slain by hangmen? No; I'll fly
To safety in the camp. [*Exit.*

Appius. Some pursue the villain,
Others take up the body. Madness and rage
Are still th' attendants of old doating age. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Two SOLDIERS.

First Soldier. Is our hut swept clean?
Second Soldier. As I can make it.
First Soldier. 'Tis betwixt us two;
But how many, think'st thou, bred of Roman blood,
Did lodge with us last night?
Second Soldier. More, I think, than the camp hath enemies;
They are not to be number'd.
First Soldier. Comrague,[1] I fear
Appius will doom us to Actæon's death,
To be worried by the cattle that we feed.
How goes the day?
Second Soldier. My stomach has struck twelve.
First Soldier. Come, see what provant our knapsack yields.
This is our store, our garner.
Second Soldier. A small pittance.
First Soldier. Feeds Appius thus? Is this a city feast?
This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing,
If I knew what to call it——
Second Soldier. I can tell you: cheese struck in years.
First Soldier. I do not think but this same crust was bak'd,
And this cheese frighted out of milk and whey,
Before we two were soldiers: though it be old,

[1] *Comrague* has the same sense as, and perhaps is a corruption of, *comrade*, which used to be accented on the last syllable.—DYCE.

I see' t can crawl: what living things be these
That walk so freely 'tween the rind and pith?
For here's no sap left.

Second Soldier. They call them gentles.

First Soldier. Therefore 'tis thought fit,
That soldiers, by profession gentlemen,
Should thus be fed with gentles. I am stomach sick;
I must have some strong water.

Second Soldier. Where will you hav't?

First Soldier. In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass
But he must stop his nose; thou know'st it well:
There where the two dead dogs lie.

Second Soldier. Yes, I know't.

First Soldier. And see the cat that lies a distance off
Be flay'd for supper: though we dine to-day
As Dutchmen feed their soldiers, we will sup
Bravely, like Roman leaguerers.

Second Soldier. Sir, the general.

First Soldier. We'll give him place:
But tell none of our dainties, lest we have
Too many guests to supper. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MINUTIUS *with his Soldiers, reading a letter.*

Min. Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be.
Either Virginius is degenerate
From the ancient virtues he was wont to boast,
Or in some strange displeasure with the Senate;
Why should these letters else from Appius
Confine him a close prisoner to the camp?
And, which confirms his guilt, why should he fly?

Needs then must I incur some high displeasure
For negligence, to let him thus escape;
Which to excuse, and that it may appear
I have no hand with him, but am of faction
Oppos'd in all things to the least misdeed,
I will cashier him, and his tribuneship
Bestow upon some noble gentleman
Belonging to the camp. Soldiers and friends,
You that beneath Virginius' colours march'd,
By strict command from the Decemvirate,
We take you from the charge of him late fled,
And his authority, command, and honour,
We give this worthy Roman. Know his colours,
And prove his faithful soldiers.

Roman. Warlike general,
My courage and my forwardness in battle
Shall plead how well I can deserve the title,
To be a Roman tribune.

Enter a SOLDIER *in haste.*

Min. Now, the news?

Soldier. Virginius, in a strange shape of distraction,
Enters the camp, and at his heels a legion
Of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,
With breathless paces dog his frighted steps.
It seems half Rome's unpeopled with a train,
That either for some mischief done, pursue him,
Or to attend some uncouth novelty.[1]

Min. Some wonder our fear promises. Worthy soldiers,
Marshal yourselves, and entertain this novel

[1] Expecting some strange novelty.

Within a ring of steel. Wall in this portent
With men and harness,[1] be it ne'er so dreadful.
He's entered, by the clamour of the camp,
That entertains him with these echoing shouts.
Affection that in soldiers' hearts is bred,
Survives the wounded, and outlives the dead.

Enter VIRGINIUS, *with his knife, that and his arms stripped up to the elbows, all bloody; coming into the midst of the Soldiers, he makes a stand.*

Virginius. Have I in all this populous assembly
Of soldiers, that have prov'd Virginius' valour,
One friend? Let him come thrill[2] his partisan
Against this breast, that through a large wide wound
My mighty soul might rush out of this prison,
To fly more freely to yon crystal palace,
Where honour sits enthronis'd. What! no friend?
Can this great multitude, then, yield an enemy
That hates my life? Here let him seize it freely.
What! no man strike? Am I so well belov'd?
Minutius, then to thee: if in this camp
There lives one man so just to punish sin,
So charitable to redeem from torments
A wretched soldier, at his worthy hand
I beg a death.

Min. What means Virginius?

Virginius. Or if the general's heart be so obdure
To an old begging soldier, have I here
No honest legionary of mine own troop,
At whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat,

[1] Armour. [2] Thrust, pierce.

I may command a death?

First Soldier. Alas! good captain.

Min. Virginius, you have no command at all!
Your companies are elsewhere now bestow'd.
Besides, we have a charge to stay you here,
And make you the camp's prisoner.

Virginius. General, thanks:
For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
As I begg'd from their weapons; thou hast kill'd me,
But with a living death.

Min. Besides, I charge you
To speak what means this ugly face of blood,
You put on your distractions? What's the reason
All Rome pursues you, covering those high hills,
As if they dogg'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?

Virginius. I have play'd the parricide;
Kill'd mine own child.

Min. Virginia!

Virginius. Yes, even she.
These rude hands ripp'd her, and her innocent blood
Flow'd above my elbows.

Min. Kill'd her willingly!

Virginius. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
And settled purpose; and see still I wear
Her crimson colours, and these wither'd arms
Are dy'd in her heart blood.

Min. Most wretched villain!

Virginius. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you
One speaking organ to discourse her death,

It is too harsh an imposition
To lay upon a father. O, my Virginia!

Min. How agrees this? Love her, and murder her!

Virginius. Yes: give me but a little leave to drain
A few red tears, for soldiers should weep blood,
And I'll agree[1] them well. Attend me all.
Alas! might I have kept her chaste and free,
This life, so oft engag'd for ingrateful Rome,
Lay in her bosom: but when I saw her pull'd
By Appius' lictors to be claim'd a slave,
And dragg'd into a public sessions-house,
Divorced from her fore-spousals with Icilius,
A noble youth, and made a bondwoman,
Enforc'd by violence from her father's arms
To be a prostitute and paramour
To the rude twinings of a lecherous judge;
Then, then, O loving soldiers, (I'll not deny it,
For 'twas mine honour, my paternal pity,
And the sole act, for which I love my life;)
Then lustful Appius, he that sways the land,
Slew poor Virginia by this father's hand.

First Soldier. O, villain Appius!

Second Soldier. O, noble Virginius!

Virginius. To you I appeal, you are my sentencers:
Did Appius right, or poor Virginius wrong?
Sentence my fact with a free general tongue.

First Soldier. Appius is the parricide.

Second Soldier. Virginius guiltless of his daughter's death.

[1] I will show you that they agree (the French, *agréer*), or are an effect but too suitable to the cause.

Min. If this be true, Virginius (as the moan
Of all the Roman fry that follows you
Confirms at large), this cause is to be pitied,
And should not die revengeless.

Virginius. Noble Minutius,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too;
So most of you have, soldiers; why might not this
Have happen'd you? Which of you all, dear friends,
But now, even now, may have your wives deflower'd,
Your daughters slav'd, and made a lictor's prey?
Think them not safe in Rome, for mine liv'd there.

Roman. It is a common cause.

First Soldier. Appius shall die for't.

Second Soldier. Let's make Virginius general.

Omnes. A general! a general! let's make Virginius general!

Min. It shall be so. Virginius, take my charge:
The wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty,
That none but he that lost so fair a child,
Knows how to punish. By the gods of Rome,
Virginius shall succeed my full command.

Virginius. What's honour unto me? a weak old man,
Weary of life, and covetous of a grave:
I am a dead man now Virginia lives not.
The selfsame hand that dared to save from shame
A child, dares in the father act the same.
[*Offers to kill himself.*

First Soldier. Stay, noble general.

Min. You much forget revenge, Virginius.
Who, if you die, will take your cause in hand,
And proscribe Appius, should you perish thus?

Virginius. Thou ought'st, Minutius: soldiers, so ought you.
I'm out of fear; my noble wife's expir'd;
My daughter, of bless'd memory, the object
Of Appius' lust, lives 'mongst th' Elysian Vestals;
My house yields none fit for his lictors' spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison, Rome,
Have lands unrifled, houses yet unseiz'd,
Your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,
Prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.

First Soldier. We will by you, our noble general.

Second Soldier. He that was destin'd to preserve great Rome.

Virginius. I accept your choice, in hope to guard you all
From my inhuman sufferings. Be't my pride
That I have bred a daughter, whose chaste blood
Was spilt for you, and for Rome's lasting good. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter OPPIUS, *a* SENATOR, *and the* ADVOCATE.

Oppius.

IS Appius, then, committed?

Sen. So 'tis rumour'd.

Opp. How will you bear you in this turbulent state?
You are a member of that wretched faction:
I wonder how you 'scape imprisonment.

Adv. Let me alone; I have learnt with the wise hedge-hog,
To stop my cave that way the tempest drives.
Never did bear-whelp tumbling down a hill,
With more art shrink his head betwixt his claws,
Than I will work my safety. Appius
Is in the sand already up to th' chin,
And shall I hazard landing on that shelf?
He's a wise friend that first befriends himself.

Opp. What is your course of safety?

Adv. Marry, this:
Virginius, with his troops, is entering Rome,
And it is like that in the market-place
My lord Icilius and himself shall meet:
Now to encounter these, two such great armies,
Where lies my court of guard?[1]

Sen. Why, in your heels:
There are strange dogs uncoupled.

Adv. You are deceiv'd:
I have studied a most eloquent oration,
That shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
The cruelty of Appius.

Sen. Very good, sir:
It seems, then, you will rail upon your lord,
Your late good benefactor?

Adv. By the way, sir.

Sen. Protest Virginia was no bondwoman,
And read her noble pedigree?

Adv. By the way, sir.

Opp. Could you not, by the way, too, find occasion

[1] My refuge, guard, protection.

To beg Lord Appius' lands?

Adv. And by the way
Perchance I will; for I will gull them all
Most palpably.

Opp. Indeed you have the art
Of flattery.

Adv. Of rhetoric, you would say:
And I'll begin my smooth oration thus:
Most learned captains—

Sen. Fie, fie, that's horrible! most of your captains
Are utterly unlearned.

Adv. Yet, I assure you,
Most of them know arithmetic so well,
That in a muster, to preserve dead pays,[1]
They'll make twelve stand for twenty.

Opp. Very good.

Adv. Then I proceed;
I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
In this your observation, noble shake-rags:
The helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
But it shall serve to carouse sack and cider.
The rest within I'll study. [*Exit.*

Opp. Farewell, Proteus,
And I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
May shield thee from the whip and bastinado.
Now in this furious tempest let us glide,
With folded sails, at pleasure of the tide. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Dead pays*,—i. e. pay continued to soldiers who were really dead.—DYCE.

SCENE II.

Enter ICILIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, NUMITORIUS, *at one door, with* SOLDIERS; VIRGINIUS, MINUTIUS, *and others, at the other door.*

Icil. Stand!

Virginius. Make a stand![1]

Icil. A parley with Virginius.

Min. We will not trust our general 'twixt the armies,
But upon terms of hostage.

Num. Well advis'd:
Nor we our general. Who for the leaguer?

Min. Ourself.

Virginius. Who for the city?

Icil. Numitorius.

[*Minutius and Numitorius meet, embrace, and salute the generals.*

Num. How is it with your sorrow, noble brother?

Virginius. I am forsaken of the gods, old man.

Num. Preach not that wretched doctrine to yourself,
It will beget despair.

Virginius. What do you call
A burning fever? Is not that a devil?
It shakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a', wilt a'![2]
Give me some wine?

Num. O, it is hurtful for you.

Virginius. Why so are all things that the appetite

[1] The stage direction in the margin is "wine," importing that some was to be brought in.

[2] An exclamation to the devil whom he conceived to be shaking him.

Of man doth covet in his perfect'st health.
Whatever art or nature have invented,
To make the boundless wish of man contented,
Are all his poison. Give me the wine there: when?[1]
Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, say.
Now by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me
To pay my debts; and for the rest, no matter
Who scrambles for't.

Num. Here, my noble brother.
Alas! your hand shakes: I will guide it to you.

Virginius. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome, thou just palsy!
'Twere pity this should do me longer service,
Now it hath slain my daughter. So, I thank you:[2]
Now I have lost all comforts in the world,
It seems I must a little longer live,
Be't but to serve my belly.

Min. O, my lord,
This violent fever took him late last night:
Since when, the cruelty of the disease
Hath drawn him into sundry passions,
Beyond his wonted temper.

Icil. 'Tis the gods
Have pour'd their justice on him.

Virginius. You are sadly met, my lord.

Icil. Would we had met
In a cold grave together two months since!
I should not then have curs'd you.

[1] An exclamation of impatience.
[2] Numitorius puts a cup of wine to his mouth, of which he drinks.

Virginius. Ha! What's that?

Icil. Old man, thou hast show'd thyself a noble Roman,
But an unnatural father: thou hast turn'd
My bridal to a funeral. What devil
Did arm thy fury with the lion's paw,
The dragon's tail, with the bull's double horn,
The cormorant's beak, the cockatrice's eyes,
The scorpion's teeth, and all these by a father
To be employed upon his innocent child?

Virginius. Young man, I love thy true description:
I am happy now, that one beside myself
Doth teach[1] me for this act. Yet, were I pleas'd,
I could approve the deed most just and noble;
And, sure, posterity, which truly renders
To each man his desert, shall praise me for't.

Icil. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.

Virginius. You need not interrupt me: here's a fury[2]
Will do it for you! You are a Roman knight:
What was your oath when you received your knighthood?
A parcel of it is, as I remember,
Rather to die with honour, than to live
In servitude. Had my poor girl been ravish'd,
In her dishonour, and in my sad grief,
Your love and pity quickly had ta'en end.
Great men's misfortunes thus have ever stood,
They touch none nearly, but their nearest blood.
What do you mean to do? It seems, my lord,
Now you have caught the sword within your hand,
Like a madman you'll draw it to offend

[1] i. e. take me to task.
[2] Lays his hand on his breast.

Those that best love you; and perhaps the counsel
Of some loose unthrifts, and vile malecontents
Hearten you to it: go to! take your course.
My faction shall not give the least advantage
To murderers, to banquerouts, or thieves,
To fleece the commonwealth.

Icil. Do you term us so?
Shall I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?
He that would tame a lion, doth not use
The goad or wir'd whip, but a sweet voice,
A fearful[1] stroking, and with food in hand
Must ply his wanton hunger.

Virginius. Want of sleep
Will do it better than all these, my lord.
I would not have you wake for others' ruin,
Lest you turn mad with watching.

Icil. O, you gods!
You are now a general; learn to know your place,
And use your noble calling modestly.
Better had Appius been an upright judge,
And yet an evil man, than honest man,
And yet a dissolute judge; for all disgrace
Lights less upon the person than the place.
You are i' th' city now, where if you raise
But the least uproar, even your father's house
Shall not be free from ransack. Piteous fires
That chance in towers of stone are not so fear'd
As those that light in flax-shops; for there's food
For eminent ruin.

Min. O, my noble lord!

[1] Timid.

Let not your passion bring a fatal end
To such a good beginning. All the world
Shall honour that deed in him which[1] first
Grew to a reconcilement.

Icil. Come, my lord,
I love your friendship; yes, in sooth, I do;
But will not seal it with that bloody hand.
Join we our armies. No fantastic copy,
Or borrowed precedent will I assume
In my revenge. There's hope yet you may live
To outwear this sorrow.

Virginius. O, impossible!
A minute's joy to me would quite cross nature,
As those that long have dwelt in noisome rooms,
Swoon presently if they but scent perfumes.

Icil. To th' senate! Come, no more of this sad tale;
For such a tell-tale may we term our grief,
And doth as 'twere so listen to her own words—
Envious of others' sleep, because she wakes—
I ever would converse with a griev'd person
In a long journey to beguile the day,
Or winter evening to pass time away.
March on, and let proud Appius in our view,
Like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew. [*Exeunt.*

[1] For *who.*

SCENE III.

Enter APPIUS *and* MARCUS *in prison, fettered and gyved.*

Appius. The world is chang'd now. All damnations
Seize on the hydra-headed multitude,
That only gape for innovation.
O, who would trust a people!

Marcus. Nay, who would not,
Rather than one rear'd on a popular suffrage,
Whose station's built on avees[1] and applause?
There's no firm structure on these airy bases.
O, fie upon such greatness!

Appius. The same hands
That yesterday to hear me concionate,[2]
And oratorize, rung shrill plaudits forth
In sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn
Hurry me to this place of darkness.

Marcus. Could not their poisons rather spend themselves
On th' judge's folly, but must it needs stretch
To me his servant, and sweep me along?
Curse on the inconstant rabble!

Appius. Grieves it thee
To impart[3] my sad disaster?

Marcus. Marry doth it.

Appius. Thou shared'st a fortune with me in my greatness;
I hal'd thee after when I climb'd my state;
And shrink'st thou at my ruin?

[1] *Hail!*
[2] The Latin *concionor*, to harangue the public.
[3] To share, to take part in.

Marcus. I lov'd your greatness,
And would have trac'd you in the golden path
Of sweet promotion; but this your decline
Sours all these hoped sweets.

Appius. 'Tis the world right:
Such gratitude a great man still shall have
That trusts unto a temporizing slave.

Marcus. Slave! good. Which of us two
In our dejection is basest? I am most sure
Your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine;
Your conscience for a thousand sentences
Wrongly denounc'd, much more oppress'd than mine;
Then which is the most slave?

Appius. O, double baseness,
To hear a drudge thus with his lord compare!
Great men disgrac'd, slaves to their servants are.

Enter VIRGINIUS, ICILIUS, MINUTIUS, NUMITORIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, OPPIUS, *with* SOLDIERS.

Virginius. Soldiers, keep a strong guard whilst we survey
Our sentenc'd prisoners: and from this deep dungeon
Keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands
Would ruin this stone building, and drag hence
This impious judge, piecemeal to tear his limbs,
Before the law convince[1] him.

Icil. See these monsters,
Whose fronts the fair Virginia's innocent blood
Hath vizarded with such black ugliness,
That they are loathsome to all good mens' souls.

[1] *Convince*,—i. e. convict.

Speak, damned judge! how canst thou purge thyself
From lust and blood?

Appius. I do confess myself
Guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans.
Virginius, thou dost but supply my place,
I thine: fortune hath lift me to my chair,
And thrown me headlong to thy pleading-bar.
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee,
Shunning my rigour, likewise shun my fall;
And being mild where I show'd cruelty,
Establish still thy greatness. Make some use
Of this my bondage. With indifference
Survey me, and compare my yesterday
With this sad hour, my height with my decline,
And give them equal balance.

Virginius. Uncertain fate! but yesterday his breath
Aw'd Rome, and his least torved[1] frown was death:
I cannot choose but pity and lament,
So high a rise should have such low descent.

Icil. [2]He's ready to forget his injury:
O, too relenting age!—Thinks not Virginius,
If he should pardon Appius this black deed,
And set him once more in the ivory chair,
He would be wary to avoid the like,
Become a new man, a more upright judge,
And deserve better of the common-weal?

Virginius. 'Tis like he would.

Icil. Nay, if you thus begin,
I'll fetch that shall anatomize his sin. [*Exit.*

Num. Virginius, you are too remiss to punish

[1] *Torved*, stern, austere. [2] (Aside).

Deeds of this nature: you must fashion now
Your actions to your place, not to your passion:
Severity to such acts is as necessary
As pity to the tears of innocence.

Min. He speaks but law and justice.
Make good the streets with your best men at arms.

[*A shout.*

Valerius and Horatius, know the reason
Of this loud uproar, and confused noise.

[*Exeunt Val. and Hor.*

Although my heart be melting at the fall
Of men in place and office, we'll be just
To punish murd'rous acts, and censure lust.

Enter VALERIUS *and* HORATIUS.

Val. Icilius, worthy lord, bears through the street
The body of Virginia towards this prison;
Which when it was discover'd to the people,
Mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cries
Pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrowing eyes.

Hor. Here comes Icilius.

Enter ICILIUS *with the body of* VIRGINIA.

Icil. Where was the pity, when thou slewest this maid,
Thou would'st extend to Appius? Pity! See
Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence
Of yon stern murderer,[1] till she find revenge;
Nor will these drops stanch, or these springs be dry

[1] This alludes to an opinion commonly received at that time, that the murdered body bleeds in the presence of the murderer.—DILKE.

Till theirs be set a bleeding. Shall her soul,
(Whose essence some suppose lives in the blood,)
Still labour without rest? Will old Virginius
Murder her once again in this delay?

Virginius. Pause there, Icilius.
This sight hath stiffen'd all my operant powers,
Ic'd all my blood, benumb'd my motion quite.
I'll pour my soul into my daughter's belly,
And with a soldier's tears embalm her wounds.
My only dear Virginia!

Appius. Leave this passion;
Proceed to your just sentence.

Virginius. We will. Give me two swords. Appius,
grasp this;
You, Claudius, that: you shall be your own hangmen;
Do justice on yourselves. You made Virginius
Sluice his own blood, lodg'd in his daughter's breast,
Which your own hands shall act upon yourselves.
If you be Romans, and retain their spirits,
Redeem a base life with a noble death,
And through your lust-burnt veins confine[1] your breath.

Appius. Virginius is a noble justicer:
Had I my crooked paths levell'd by thine,
I had not sway'd the balance. Think not, lords,
But he that had the spirit to oppose the gods,
Dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict.
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor strage,[2]
Their common vengeance; poison in my cup,
Nor dagger in my bosom, the revenge

[1] Drive out, expel.
[2] *Strage*,—Latin, *strages*, "slaughter."

Of private men for private injuries;
Nay, more than these, not fear'd to commit evil,
And shall I tremble at the punishment?
Now with as much resolved constancy,
As I offended, will I pay the mulct,
And this black stain laid on my family,
(Than which a nobler hath not place in Rome,)
Wash with my blood away. Learn of me, Claudius;
I'll teach thee what thou never studied'st yet,
That's bravely how to die. Judges are term'd
The gods on earth; and such as are corrupt
Read me in this my ruin. Those that succeed me
That so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,
Appius that sinn'd, by Appius' hand shall fall.

[*Kills himself.*

Virginius. He died as boldly as he basely err'd,
And so should every true-bred Roman do.
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,
In his death forceth pity. Claudius, thou
Wast follower of his fortunes in his being,
Therefore in his not being imitate
His fair example.

Marcus. Death is terrible
Unto a conscience that's oppress'd with guilt.
They say there is Elysium and hell;
The first I have forfeited, the latter fear:
My skin is not sword-proof.

Icil. Why dost thou pause?

Marcus. For mercy: mercy, I entreat you all.
Is't not sufficient for Virginius' slain
That Appius suffer'd? one of noble blood,

And eminence in place, for a plebeian?
Besides, he was my lord, and might command me:
If I did aught, 'twas by compulsion, lords;
And therefore I crave mercy.

Icil. Shall I doom him?

Virginius. Do, good Icilius.

Icil. Then I sentence thus:
Thou hadst a mercy, most unmeriting slave,
Of which thy base birth was not capable,
Which we take off by taking thence thy sword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain,
And one bred from the rabble: both alike
Dar'd to transgress, but see their odds in death:
Appius died like a Roman gentleman,
And a man both ways knowing; but this slave
Is only sensible of vicious living,
Not apprehensive of a noble death:
Therefore as a base malefactor, we,
And timorous slave, give him, as he deserves,
Unto the common hangman.

Marcus. What, no mercy!

Icil. Stop's mouth:
Away with him! The life of the Decemviri
Expires in them. Rome, thou at length art free,
Restor'd unto thine ancient liberty!

Min. Of consuls; which bold Junius Brutus first
Begun in Tarquin's fall. Virginius, you
And young Icilius shall his place succeed,
So by the people's suffrage 'tis decreed.

Virginius. We marshal then our soldiers in that name
Of consuls, honour'd with these golden bays.

Two fair, but ladies most infortunate,
Have in their ruins rais'd declining Rome,
Lucretia and Virginia, both renown'd
For chastity. Soldiers and noble Romans,
To grace her death, whose life hath freed great Rome,
March with her corse to her sad funeral tomb!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. III.

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Invented and Written by Iohn Webſter Merchant-Taylor.

—Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

Printed at London *by* Nicholas Okes. 1624.

THE PAGEANT.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable productions of the Percy Society is the volume which contains *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, being collections towards a history of these annual celebrations, with specimens of the descriptive pamphlets published by the city poets. It forms volume X. of the Society's series, and is edited by Mr. Fairholt, whose taste and practical knowledge, as an artist, communicate such peculiar value to his productions as an author. "These pageants and their allusions," Mr. Fairholt points out, "connected themselves in no small degree with the history of the country and its political movements; and, shadowing forth, as they do, the opinions of the metropolis, they are worthy of more attention than may be at first imagined by persons who only know them through the expiring relics now yearly exhibited. The City Companies were a most important body in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and these pageants are very characteristic of their ancient state, and are valuable for the insight they give us of the tastes and manners of the metropolis during the periods when they were displayed." The term *pageant*, which has since been applied to designate the show itself, originally meant

the stage or scaffolding on which the show was exhibited. "The etymology of *pageant*," writes Mr. Collier (*Annals of the Stage*, ii. 151), "is by no means clear. Mr. Sharpe, in his 'Dissertation,' refers to all the authorities on the subject, and arrives at the conclusion that *pageant* is derived from the Greek πήγνυμι, in consequence of the pieces of timber of which it is composed being compacted together." "With regard to the Pageants performed at the Inauguration of the Chief Magistrates of the City of London," *vulgò* Lord Mayor's Shows, "they generally consist," states *Biographia Dramatica*, "of personifications of Industry, Commerce, the City of London, the Thames, and beings of the like kind, intermixed with heathen gods and goddesses; and seem to have afforded great delight to the rude and uncultivated understandings of those for whose entertainment they were intended." The earliest notice of a Pageant exhibited on Lord Mayor's Day, hitherto discovered, Mr. Fairholt identifies with the entry in Herbert, from the books of the Drapers' Company, of £13 4*s.* 7*d.* towards Sir Lawrens Aylmer's Pageant, in 1510. The same writer mentions, that, "in 1540, the Pageant of the Assumption, which had figured at the annual Show at the setting of the Midsummer watch in 1521-2, appears to have been borne before the Mayor from the Tower to Guildhall." "The first printed description of a Lord Mayor's Pageant known to exist (writes Mr. Fairholt), is an unique tract in the Bodleian Library, entitled, 'The Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixi, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, An. 1585, Oct. 29. Imprinted at London, by Edward Allde, 1585. 4to.' At the end are the words, 'donne by George Peele, Maister of Artes, in Oxford.' This is re-

printed in Mr. Dyce's edition of Peele's Works, together with the Pageant for 1591—*Discensus Astraeæ*—which was also the production of Peele." Mr. Fairholt's book contains a complete list of Lord Mayor's Pageants up to that of 1702, which, devised by Elkanah Settle, was "the last of a long line of these annual shows composed by a city poet and publicly performed." Six of the best Pageants—two by Dekker, one by Thomas Heywood, one by John Tatham, and two by Thomas Jordan—are reprinted by Mr. Fairholt, who has added illustrative notes of the greatest interest.

Of *The Pageant* by Webster there exists only one known copy; this was formerly in the possession of Mr. Heber, and it formed lot 1638 of the fourth part of his sale, where it was purchased, by Mr. Rodd, for £6 2*s.* 6*d.*, from whom it passed into the matchless collection of the Duke of Devonshire. The characteristic liberality of that nobleman enabled Mr. Dyce to print the fragment as an appendix to his issue of Webster's Works, and the same generous permission was, at once, accorded by His Grace to the present Editor.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY DESERVER OF THIS SO NOBLE

A CEREMONY THIS DAY CONFERRED UPON HIM,

JOHN GORE,

LORD MAYOR AND CHANCELLOR OF THE RENOWNED

CITY OF LONDON.

MY worthy Lord, these presentments, which were intended principally for your Honor, and for illustrating the worth of that worthy Corporation (whereof you are a member), come now humbly to kiss your Lordship's hands, and to present the inventor of them to that service which my ability expressed in this may call me to, under your Lordship's favour, to do you honor, and the city service, in the quality of a scholar; assuring your Lordship, I shall never either to your ear or table press unmannerly or impertinently. My endeavours this way have received grace, and allowance from your worthy

brothers that were supervisors of the cost
of these Triumphs; and my hope is, that they
shall stand no less respected in your eye,
nor undervalued in your worthy judg-
ment: which favours done to one born
free of your company, and your servant,
shall ever be acknowledged
by him stands
interested

To your Lordship in all duty,

JOHN WEBSTER.

MONUMENTS OF HONOR.

I COULD in this my Preface, by as great light of learning as any formerly employed in this service can attain to, deliver to you the original and cause of all Triumphs, their excessive cost in the time of the Romans: I could likewise with so noble amplification make a survey of the worth and glory of the Triumphs of the precedent times in this honorable city of London, that, were my work of a bigger bulk, they should remain to all posterity. But both my pen and ability this way are confined in too narrow a circle: nor have I space enough in this so short a volume to express only with rough lines and a faint shadow, (as the painters' phrase is,) first, the great care and alacrity of the right worshipful the Master and Wardens, and the rest of the selected and industrious committees, both for the curious and judging election of the subject for the present spectacles, and next

that the working or mechanic part of it might be answerable to the invention. Leaving, therefore, these worthy gentlemen to the embraces and thanks of the right honorable and worthy Pretor; and myself under the shadow of their crest, (which is a safe one,) for 'tis the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams, I do present to all modest and indifferent judges these my present endeavours.

I fashioned, for the more amplifying the show upon the water, two eminent spectacles, in manner of a Sea-Triumph. The first furnished with four persons; in the front, Oceanus and Thetis; behind them, Thamesis and Medway, the two rivers on whom the Lord Mayor extends his power, as far as from Staines to Rochester. The other show is of a fair Terrestrial Globe, circled about in convenient seats, with seven of our most famous navigators; as, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Furbisher, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Captain Thomas Cavendish, Captain Christopher Carlile, and Captain John Davis. The conceit of this device to be, that in regard the two rivers pay due tribute of waters to the seas, Oceanus in grateful recompense returns the memory of these seven worthy captains, who have made England so famous in remotest parts of the world. These two spectacles, at my Lord Mayor's taking water at the Three Cranes, approaching my Lord's barge; after a peal of sea-thunder from the other side the water, these speeches between Oceanus and Thetis follow.

OCEANUS AND THETIS.

THETIS.

What brave sea-music bids us welcome? hark!
Sure, this is Venice and the day Saint Mark,
In which the Duke and Senates their course hold
To wed our empire with a ring of gold.

OCEANUS.

No, Thetis, you're mistaken: we are led
With infinite delight from the land's head
In ken of goodly shipping and yon bridge;
Venice had ne'er the like: survey that ridge
Of stately buildings which the river hem,
And grace the silver stream, as the stream them.
That beauteous seat is London so much fam'd
Where any navigable sea is nam'd;
And in that bottom eminent merchants plac'd,
As rich and venturous as ever grac'd
Venice or Europe: these two rivers here,
Our followers, may tell you where we are;
This Thamesis, that Medway, who are sent
To yon most worthy Pretor, to present
Acknowledgment of duty ne'er shall err
From Staines unto the ancient Rochester.
And now to grace their Triumph, in respect
These pay us tribute, we are pleas'd to select
Seven worthy navigators out by name,
Seated beneath this Globe, whose ample fame
In the remotest part a' the earth is found,
And some of them have circled the globe round.
These, you observe, are living in your eye,
And so they ought, for worthy men ne'er die;
Drake, Hawkins, Furbisher, Gilbert, brave knights,
That brought home gold and honour from sea-fights,
Ca'endish, Carlile, and Davis; and to these
So many worthies I could add at seas
Of this bold nation, it would envy strike
I' th' rest a' th' world who cannot show the like:
'Tis action values honour, as the flint
Looks black and feels like ice, yet from within't

There are strook sparks which to the darkest nights
Yield quick and piercing food for several lights.

THETIS.

You have quicken'd well my memory; and now
Of this your grateful Triumph I allow;
Honor looks clear, and spreads her beams at large
From the grave Senate seated in that barge.
Rich lading swell your bottoms! a blest gale
Follow your ventures that they never fail!
And may you live successively to wear
The joy of this day, each man his whole year!

This show having tendered this service to my Lord upon the water, is after to be conveyed a-shore, and in convenient place employed for adorning the rest of the Triumph. After my Lord Mayor's landing, and coming past Paul's chain, there first attends for his honor, in Paul's church-yard, a beautiful spectacle, called the Temple of Honor; the pillars of which are bound about with roses and other beautiful flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of the King's Majesty's Arms on the top of the Temple.

In the highest seat, a person representing Troynovant or the City, enthroned, in rich habiliments: beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity, sit five eminent cities, as Antwerp, Paris, Rome, Venice, and Constantinople: under these, sit five famous scholars and poets of this our kingdom, as Sir Jeffrey Chaucer, the learned Gower, the excellent John Lidgate, the sharp-witted Sir Thomas More, and last, as worthy both soldier and scholar, Sir

Philip Sidney,—these being celebrators of honor, and the preservers both of the names of men and memories of cities above to posterity.

I present, riding afore this temple, Henry de Royal, the first pilgrim or gatherer of quartridge for this Company, and John of Yeacksley, King Edward the Third's pavilion-maker, who purchased our Hall in the sixth year of the aforesaid king's government. These lived in Edward the First's time likewise; (in the sixth of whose reign this Company was confirmed a guild or corporation by the name of Tailors and Linen-armorers, with power to choose a Master and Wardens at midsummer.) These are decently habited and hooded according to the ancient manner. My Lord is here saluted with two speeches; first by Troynovant in these lines following.

THE SPEECH OF TROYNOVANT.

History, Truth, and Virtue seek by name
To celebrate the Merchant-Tailors' fame.
That, Henry de Royal, this we call
Worthy John Yeacksley purchas'd first their Hall:
And thus from low beginnings there oft springs
Societies claim Brotherhoods of kings.
I, Troynovant, plac'd eminent in the eye
Of these, admire at my felicity
Five cities, Antwerp, and the spacious Paris,
Rome, Venice, and the Turk's metropolis.
Beneath these, five learn'd poets, worthy men
Who do eternise brave acts by their pen,
Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, More, and for our time
Sir Philip Sidney, glory of our clime:
These beyond death a fame to monarchs give,
And these make cities and societies live.

The next delivered by him represents Sir Philip Sidney.

To honour by our writings worthy men,
Flows as a duty from a judging pen;
And when we are employ'd in such sweet praise,
Bees swarm and leave their honey on our bays:
Ever more musically verses run,
When the loath'd vein of flattery they shun.
Survey, most noble Pretor, what succeeds,
Virtue low-bred aspiring to high deeds.

These passing on, in the next place my Lord is encountered with the person of Sir John Hawkwood, in complete armour, his plume and feather for his horse's chafforn[1] of the Company's colour, white and watchet.[2] This worthy knight did most worthy service, in the time of Edward the Third, in France; after, served as general divers princes of Italy, went to the Holy Land, and in his return back died at Florence, and there lies buried with a fair monument over him. This worthy gentleman was free of our Company; and thus I prepare him to give my Lord entertainment.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD'S SPEECH.

My birth was mean, yet my deservings grew
To eminence, and in France a high pitch flew:
From a poor common soldier, I attain'd
The style of captain, and then knighthood gain'd;
Serv'd the Black Prince in France in all his wars;
Then went t' the Holy Land, thence brought my scars
And wearied body, which no danger fear'd,
To Florence, where it nobly lies inteer'd:
There Sir John Hawkwood's memory doth live,
And to the Merchant Tailors fame doth give.

After him follows a Triumphant Chariot with the arms of the Merchant Tailors coloured and gilt

[1] *Chaffron*, or *champ-rein*,—armour for a horse's nose and cheeks. —HALLIWELL.

[2] Pale blue.

in several places of it; and over it there is supported for a canopy, a rich and very spacious Pavilion coloured crimson, with a Lion Passant: this is drawn with four horses (for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly). In the Chariot I place for the honour of the Company (of which records remain in the Hall), eight famous kings of this land, that have been free of this worshipful Company.

First, the victorious Edward the Third, that first quartered the arms of France with England; next, the munificent Richard the Second, that kept ten thousand daily in his court in check-roll: by him, the grave and discreet Henry the Fourth: in the next chairs, the scourge and terror of France, Henry the Fifth, and by him, his religious though unfortunate son, Henry the Sixth; the two next chairs are supplied with the persons of the amorous and personable Edward the Fourth, (for so Philip Commineus and Sir Thomas More describe him,) the other with the bad man but the good king, Richard the Third, for so the laws he made in his short government do illustrate him: but lastly in the most eminent part of the Chariot I place the wise and politic Henry the Seventh, holding the charter by which the Company was improved from the title of Linen-armorers into the name of Master and Wardens of Merchant Tailors of Saint John Baptist. The chairs of these kings that were of the house of Lancaster are gar-

nished with artificial red roses, the rest with white; but the uniter of the division and houses, Henry the Seventh, both with white and red; from whence his Royal Majesty now reigning took his motto for one piece of his coin, *Henricus rosas, regna Jacobus.*

The Speaker in this Pageant is Edward the Third: the last line of his speech is repeated by all the rest in the Chariot.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

View whence the Merchant Tailors' honor springs,
From this most royal conventicle of kings:
Eight that successively wore England's crown,
Held it a special honor and renown,
(The Society was so worthy and so good,)
T' unite themselves into their Brotherhood.
Thus time and industry attain the prize,
As seas from brooks, as brooks from hillocks rise:
Let all good men this sentence oft repeat,
By unity the smallest things grow great.

THE KINGS.

By unity the smallest things grow great.

And this repetition was proper, for it is the Company's motto, *Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt.*

After this Pageant, rides Queen Anne, wife to Richard the Second, free likewise of this Company; nor let it seem strange, for, besides her, there were two duchesses, five countesses, and two baronnesses free of this Society, seventeen princes and dukes, one archbishop, one and thirty earls,

(besides those made with noble Prince Henry,) one viscount, twenty-four bishops, sixty-six barons, seven abbots, seven priors or sub-priors; and with Prince Henry, in the year 1607, the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Nottingham, Suffolk, Arundel, Oxford, Worcester, Pembroke, Essex, Northampton, Salisbury, Montgomery, the Earl of Perth, Viscount Cranborne, barons the lord Evers, Hunsdon, Hayes, Burleigh, Mr. Howard, Mr. Sheffield, Sir John Harington, Sir Thomas Chaloner, besides states[1] of the Low-Countries, and Sir Noel Caroone their lieger[2] ambassador.

And in regard our Company are styled Brethren of the Fraternity of Saint John Baptist, and that the ancient Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem (to which now demolished house in Saint John's Street our Company then using to go to offer, it is recorded Henry the Seventh then accompanying them, gave our Mr. the upper hand), because these knights, I say, were instituted to secure the way for pilgrims in the desert, I present therefore two of the worthiest Brothers of this Society of St. John Baptist I can find out in history, the first, Amade le Grand, by whose aid Rhodes was recovered from the Turks, and the order of Annuntiade or Salutation instituted with that of four letters, FERT, signifying, *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit;* and the other, Monsieur Jean Valet, who defended Malta from the Turks' invasion, and expelled them from

[1] Personages of rank. [2] Resident.

that impregnable key of Christendom; this styled, Great Master of Malta, that, Governor of Rhodes.

Next I bring our two Sea-triumphs, and after that, the Ship called the Holy-Lamb, which brings hanging in her shrouds the Golden Fleece; the conceit of this being, that God is the guide and protector of all prosperous ventures.

To second this, follow the two beasts, the Lion and Camel, proper to the Arms of the Company; on the Camel rides a Turk, such as use to travel with caravans, and on the Lion, a Moor or wild Numidian.

The fourth eminent Pageant, I call the Monument of Charity and Learning; this fashioned like a beautiful Garden with all kinds of flowers; at the four corners, four artificial birdcages with variety of birds in them; this for the beauty of the flowers and melody of the birds to represent a Spring in Winter. In the midst of the Garden, under one elm-tree, sits the famous and worthy patriot, Sir Thomas White; who had a dream that he should build a college where two bodies of an elm sprang from one root, and being inspired to it by God, first rode to Cambridge to see if he could find any such. Failing of it there, went to Oxford, and surveying all the grounds in and near the University, at last in Gloster-Hall-garden he found one that somewhat resembled it;

upon which he resolved to endow it with larger revenue and to increase the foundation. Having set men at work upon it, and riding one day out at the North Gate at Oxford, he spied on his right hand the self-same elm had been figured him in his dream; whereupon he gives o'er his former purpose of so amply enlarging Gloster-Hall, (yet not without a large exhibition to it,) purchases the ground where the elm stood, and in the same place built the College of Saint John Baptist; and to this day the elm grows in the garden carefully preserved, as being, under God, a motive to their worthy foundation.

This I have heard Fellows of the House, of approved credit and no way superstitiously given, affirm to have been delivered from man to man since the first building of it; and that Sir Thomas White, inviting the Abbot of Osney to dinner in the aforesaid Hall, in the Abbot's presence and the hearing of divers other grave persons, affirmed, by God's inspiration, in the former recited manner, he built and endowed the College.

This relation is somewhat with the largest, only to give you better light of the figure: the chief person in this is Sir Thomas White, sitting in his eminent habit of Lord Mayor: on the one hand sits Charity with a pelican on her head, on the other, Learning with a book in one hand and a laurel-wreath in the other: behind him is the College

of Saint John Baptist in Oxford exactly modelled: two cornets,[1] which for more pleasure answer one and another interchangeably; and round about the Pageant sit twelve of the four and twenty Cities, (for more would have over-burthened it,) to which this worthy gentleman hath been a charitable benefactor. When my Lord approaches to the front of this piece, Learning humbles herself to him in these ensuing verses:

THE SPEECH OF LEARNING.

To express what happiness the country yields,
The poets feign'd heaven in th' Elysian fields:
We figure here a Garden fresh and new,
In which the chiefest of our blessings grew.
This worthy patriot here, Sir Thomas White,
Whilst he was living, had a dream one night,
He had built a college, and given living to't,
Where two elm-bodies sprang up from one root:
And as he dream'd, most certain 'tis he found
The elm near Oxford; and upon that ground
Built Saint John's College. Truth can testify
His merit, whilst his Faith and Charity
Was the true compass, measur'd every part,
And took the latitude of his Christian heart;
Faith kept the centre, Charity walk'd this round
Until a true circumference was found:
And may the impression of this figure strike
Each worthy senator to do the like!

The last I call the Monument of Gratitude, which thus dilates itself.

Upon an Artificial Rock, set with mother-of-pearl and such other precious stones as are found

[1] Trumpets.

in quarries, are placed four curious Pyramids, charged with the Prince's Arms, the Three Feathers; which by day yield a glorious show, and by night a more goodly, for they have lights in them, that at such time as my Lord Mayor returns from Paul's shall make certain ovals and squares resemble precious stones. The Rock expresses the riches of the kingdom Prince Henry was born heir to; the Pyramids, which are monuments for the dead, that he is deceased. On the top of this, rests half a Celestial Globe; in the midst of this hangs the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams; on either side of these, an Angel. Upon a pedestal of gold stands the figure of Prince Henry with his coronet, George, and Garter: in his left hand he holds a circlet of crimson velvet, charged with four Holy Lambs, such as our Company choose Masters with. In several cants[1] beneath sits, first, Magistracy, tending a Bee-hive, to express his gravity in youth and forward industry to have proved an absolute governor: next, Liberality, by her a Dromedary, shewing his speed and alacrity in gratifying his followers: Navigation with a Jacob's-staff and Compass; expressing his desire that his reading that way might in time grow to the practick and building, to that purpose one of the goodliest ships was ever launched in the river: in the next, Unanimity with a Chaplet of Lillies, in her lap a Sheaf of Arrows, showing he loved nobility and commonalty with an entire heart: next,

[1] Corners or niches.

Industry on a hill where Ants are hoarding up corn, expressing his forward inclination to all noble exercise: next, Chastity, by her a Unicorn; showing it is guide to all other virtues, and clears the fountain-head from all poison: Justice, with her properties. Then Obedience, by her an Elephant, the strongest beast, but most observant to man of any creature: then Peace sleeping upon a Cannon, alluding to the eternal peace he now possesses: Fortitude, a Pillar in one hand, a Serpent wreathed about the other; to express his height of mind and the expectation of an undaunted resolution. These twelve thus seated, I figure Loyalty, as well sworn servant to this City as to this Company; and at my Lord Mayor's coming from Paul's and going down Wood-street, Amade le Grand delivers this speech unto him:

THE SPEECH OF AMADE LE GRAND.

Of all the Triumphs which your eye has view'd,
This the fair Monument of Gratitude,
This chiefly should your eye and ear employ,
That was of all your Brotherhood the joy;
Worthy Prince Henry, fame's best president,
Call'd to a higher court of parliament,
In his full strength of youth and height of blood,
And, which crown'd all, when he was truly good.
On virtue and on worth he still was throwing
Most bounteous showers, where'er he found them growing;
He never did disguise his ways by art,
But suited his intents unto his heart;
And lov'd to do good more for goodness' sake
Than any retribution man could make.
Such was this Prince: such are the noble hearts,
Who, when they die, yet die not in all parts,
But from the integrity of a brave mind

Leave a most clear and eminent fame behind:
Thus hath this jewel not quite lost his ray,
Only cas'd up 'gainst a more glorious day.
And be't remember'd that our Company
Have not forgot him who ought ne'er to die:
Yet wherefore should our sorrow give him dead,
When a new Phœnix[1] springs up in his stead;
That, as he seconds him in every grace,
May second him in brotherhood and place.
Good rest, my Lord: Integrity, that keeps
The safest watch and breeds the soundest sleeps,
Make the last day of this your holding seat
Joyful as this, or rather, more complete.

I could a more curious and elaborate way have expressed myself in these my endeavours; but to have been rather too tedious in my speeches, or too weighty, might have troubled my noble Lord and puzzled the understanding of the common people: suffice it, I hope 'tis well, and if it please his Lordship and my worthy employers, I am amply satisfied.

[1] i. e. Prince Charles.—DYCE.

TO MY KIND FRIEND, MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY.[1]

THE sighs of ladies, and the spleen of knights,
The force of magic, and the map of fate,
Strange pigmy-singleness in giant fights,
Thy true translation sweetly doth relate;
Nor for the fiction is the work less fine:
Fables have pith and moral discipline,

Now Palmerin in his own language sings,
That till thy study mask'd in unknown fashion,
Like a fantastic Briton, and hence springs
The map of his fair life to his own nation;
Translation is a traffic of high price;
It brings all learning in one Paradise.

[1] Prefixed to the Third Part of Munday's translation of *Palmerin of England*, 4to. 1602.

A

MONVMENTAL COLVMNE

Erected to the liuing Memory of the euer-glorious HENRY, late *Prince of Wales.*

Virgil. *Oſtendent terris hunc tantum fata.*

By IOHN WEBSTER.

LONDON,
Printed by *N. O.* for *William Welby* dwelling in Pavls Church yard at the ſigne of the Swan 1613

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN.

THE person in whose honor this Monumental Column is raised, by the joint art of Cyril Tourneur, John Webster, and Thomas Heywood, was Prince Henry—worthy son of an unworthy father—who died in his nineteenth year, on the 6th of November, 1612, to the inexpressible grief of the whole nation.

The poem here reprinted forms a portion of a 4to. tract, the general title of which (in white letters on a black ground) runs thus:—

Three Elegies on the most lamented Death of Prince Henrie.

The first } *written by* { *Cyril Tourneur.*
The second } { *John Webster.*
The third } { *Tho. Heywood.*

London, Printed for William Welbie. 1613. 4to.

There is a copy in the British Museum.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ROBERT CARR,

VISCOUNT ROCHESTER, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONORABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

MY right noble lord, I present to your voidest leisure of survey these few sparks, found out in our most glorious Prince his ashes. I could not have thought this worthy your view, but that it aims at the preservation of his fame, than which I know not anything, (but the sacred lives of both their Majesties, and their sweet issue,) that can be dearer unto you. Were my whole life turned into leisure, and that leisure accompanied with all the Muses, it were not able to draw a map large enough of him; for his praise is an high-going sea that wants both shore and bottom. Neither do I, my noble lord, present you with this night-piece to make his death-bed still float in those compassionate rivers of your eyes: you have already, with much lead upon your heart, sounded both the sorrow royal and your own. O, that care should ever attain to so ambitious a title! Only here though I dare not say you shall find him live, for tha

assurance were worth many kingdoms, yet you shall perceive him draw a little breath, such as gives us comfort; his critical day is past, and the glory of a new life risen, neither subject to physic nor fortune. For my defects in this undertaking, my wish presents itself with that of Martial's

> O utinam mores animumque effingere possem!
> Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

Howsoever, your protection is able to give it noble lustre, and bind me by that honorable courtesy to be ever

Your Honor's truly devoted servant,

JOHN WEBSTER.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

THE greatest of the kingly race is gone,
Yet with so great a reputation,
Laid in the earth, we cannot say he's dead,
But as a perfect diamond set in lead,
Scorning our foil, his glories do break forth,
Worn by his Maker, who best knew his worth.
Yet to our fleshly eyes there does belong
That which we think helps grief, a passionate tongue:
Methinks I see men's hearts pant in their lips;
" We should not grieve at the bright sun's eclipse,
But that we love his light:" so travellers stray
Wanting both guide and conduct of the day:
Nor let us strive to make this sorrow old,
For wounds smart most when that the blood grows cold.
If princes think that ceremony meet
To have their corpse embalm'd to keep them sweet,
Much more they ought to have their fame exprest
In Homer, though it want Darius' chest:
To adorn which in her deserved throne,
I bring those colours which truth calls her own.

Nor gain nor praise by my weak lines are sought,
Love that's born free cannot be hir'd nor bought.
Some great inquisitors in nature say,
Royal and generous forms sweetly display
Much of the heavenly virtue, as proceeding
From a pure essence and elected breeding:
Howe'er truth for him thus much doth importune,
His form and virtue both deserv'd his fortune;
For 'tis a question not decided yet,
Whether his mind or fortune were more great.
Methought, I saw him in his right hand wield
A caduceus, in th' other Pallas' shield;
His mind quite void of ostentation,
His high-erected thoughts look'd down upon
The smiling valley of his fruitful heart;
Honour and courtesy in every part
Proclaim'd him, and grew lovely in each limb:
He well became those virtues which grac'd him.
He spread his bounty with a provident hand,
And not like those that sow th' ingrateful sand.
His rewards follow'd reason, ne'er were plac'd
For ostentation, and to make them last,
He was not like the mad and thriftless vine,[1]
That spendeth all her blushes at one time,
But like the orange-tree his fruits he bore,
Some gather'd, he had green, and blossoms store.
We hop'd much of him, till death made hope err:
We stood as in some spacious theatre,
Musing what would become of him, his flight
Reach'd such a noble pitch above our sight,

[1] A marginal note here is *simile.*

Whilst he discreetly wise this rule had won,
Not to let fame know his intents till done.
Men came to his court as to bright academies
Of virtue and of valour: all the eyes,
That feasted at his princely exercise,
Thought that by day Mars held his lance, by night
Minerva bore a torch to give him light.
As once on Rhodes, Pindar reports, of old
Soldiers expected 't would have rain'd down gold,
Old husbandmen i' th' country 'gan to plant
Laurel instead of elm, and made their vaunt
Their sons and daughters should such trophies wear,
Whenas the prince return'd a conqueror
From foreign nations, for men thought his star [1]
Had mark'd him for a just and glorious war.
And sure his thoughts were ours; he could not read
Edward the Black Prince's life, but it must breed
A virtuous emulation to have his name
So lag behind him both in time and fame;
He that like lightning did his force advance
And shook to th' centre the whole realm of France,
That of warm blood open'd so many sluices
To gather and bring thence six flower-de-luces; [2]
Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' flight;
Who found weak numbers conquer, arm'd with right;
Who knew his humble shadow spread no more
After a victory than it did before;
Who had his breast instated with the choice

[1] Here is another marginal note: *The Character of Edward the Black Prince.*
[2] The fleur-de-lys.

Of virtues, though they made no ambitious noise;
Whose resolution was so fiery still
It seem'd he knew better to die than kill,
And yet drew fortune as the adamant steel,
Seeming t' have fix'd a stay upon her wheel;
Who jestingly, would say, it was his trade
To fashion death-beds, and hath often made
Horror look lovely, when i' th' fields there lay
Arms and legs so distracted, one would say
That the dead bodies had no bodies left;
He that of working pulse sick France bereft;
Who knew that battles, not the gaudy show
Of ceremonies, do on kings bestow
Best theatres; t' whom nought so tedious as court sport;
That thought all fans and ventoys [1] of the court
Ridiculous and loathsome to the shade,
Which, in a march, his waving ensign made.
Him did he strive to imitate, and was sorry
He did not live before him, that his glory
Might have been his example: to these ends
Those men that follow'd him were not by friends
Or letters preferr'd to him; he made choice
In action, not in complemental voice.
And, as Marcellus did two temples rear
To Honour and to Virtue, plac'd so near
They kiss'd, yet none to Honour's got access
But they that pass'd through Virtue's, so to express
His worthiness, none got his countenance
But those whom actual merit did advance.
Yet, alas! all his goodness lies full low.

[1] *Ventoys* also means fans.

O, greatness! what shall we compare thee to?
To giants, beasts, or towers fram'd out of snow,
Or, like wax gilded tapers, more for show
Than durance? thy foundation doth betray
Thy frailty, being builded on such clay.
This shows the all-controlling power of fate,
That all our sceptres, and our chairs of state,
Are but glass-metal, that we are full of spots,
And that, like new-writ copies, t' avoid blots
Dust must be thrown upon us; for in him
Our comfort sunk and drown'd, learning to swim.
And though he died so late, he's no more near
To us than they that died three thousand year
Before him; only memory doth keep
Their fame as fresh as his from death or sleep.
Why should the stag or raven live so long,
And that their age rather should not belong
Unto a righteous prince, whose lengthen'd years
Might assist men's necessities and fears?
Let beasts live long, and wild, and still in fear,
The turtle-dove never outlives nine year.
Both life and death have equally exprest
Of all the shortest madness is the best.
We ought not think that his great triumphs need
Our wither'd taunts. Can our weak praise feed
His memory, which worthily contemns
Marble, and gold, and oriental gems?
His merits pass our dull invention.
And now, methinks, I see him smile upon
Our fruitless tears; bids us disperse these showers,
And says his thoughts are far refin'd from ours.

As Rome of her beloved Titus said,
That from the body the bright soul was fled
For his own good and their affliction:
On such a broken Column we lean on;
And for ourselves, not him, let us lament,
Whose happiness is grown our punishment.
But, surely, God gave this, as an allay
To the blest union of that nuptial day
We hop'd, for fear of surfeit, thought it meet
To mitigate, since we swell with what is sweet.
And, for sad tales suit grief, 'tis not amiss
To keep us waking, I remember this.
Jupiter, on some business, once sent down
Pleasure unto the world, that she might crown
Mortals with her bright beams; but her long stay
Exceeding far the limit of her day,—
Such feasts and gifts were number'd to present her,
That she forgot heaven and the god that sent her,—
He calls her thence in thunder, at whose lure
She spreads her wings, and, to return more pure,
Leaves her eye-seeded robe wherein she's suited,
Fearing that mortal breath had it polluted.
Sorrow, that long had liv'd in banishment,
Tugg'd at the oar in gallies, and had spent
Both money and herself in court delays,
And sadly number'd many of her days
By a prison calendar, though once she bragg'd
She had been in great men's bosoms, now all ragg'd,
Crawl'd with a tortoise pace, or somewhat slower,
Nor found she any that desir'd to know her,
Till by good chance, ill hap for us, she found,

Where Pleasure laid her garment: from the ground
She takes it, dons it, and, to add a grace
To the deformity of her wrinkled face,
An old court lady, out of mere compassion,
Now paints it o'er, or puts it into fashion.
When straight from country, city, and from court,
Both without wit or number, there resort
Many to this impostor: all adore
Her haggish falsehood; usurers from their store
Supply her, and are cozen'd; citizens buy
Her forged titles; riot and ruin fly,
Spreading their poison universally.
Nor are the bosoms of great statesmen free
From her intelligence, who lets them see
Themselves and fortunes in false perspectives;
Some landed heirs, consort her with their wives,
Who, being a bawd, corrupts their all spent oaths,
They have entertain'd the devil in Pleasure's cloaths.
And since this cursed mask, which, to our cost,
Lasts day and night, we have entirely lost
Pleasure, who from heaven wills us be advis'd
That our false Pleasure is but Care disguis'd.
Thus is our hope made frustrate, O, sad ruth!
Death lay in ambush for his glorious youth;
And, finding him prepar'd, was sternly bent
To change his love into fell ravishment.
O, cruel tyrant! how canst thou repair
This ruin, though hereafter thou should'st spare
All mankind! break thy dart and ebon spade,
Thou can'st not cure this wound which thou hast made.
Now view his death-bed, and from thence let's meet,

In his example, our own winding sheet.
There his humility, setting apart
All titles, did retire into his heart.
O, blessed solitariness! that brings
The best content to mean men and to kings:
Manna their fates, from heav'n the dove there flies
With olive to the ark, a sacrifice
Of God's appeasement; ravens, in their beaks,
Bring food from heaven; God's preservation speaks
Comfort to Daniel in the lion's den,
Where contemplation leads us happy men
To see God face to face; and such sweet peace
Did he enjoy amongst the various press
Of weeping visitants; it seem'd he lay,
As kings at revels sit, wish'd the crowd away,
The tedious sports done, and himself asleep,
And in such joy did all his senses steep,
As great accountants troubled much in mind,
When they hear news of their quietus sign'd.
Never found prayers, since they convers'd with death,
A sweeter air to fly in than his breath;
They left in's eyes nothing but glory shining;
And, though that sickness with her over-pining
Look ghastly, yet in him it did not so;
He knew the place to which he was to go
Had larger titles, more triumphant wreathes
To instate him with; and forth his soul he breathes,
Without a sigh, fixing his constant eye
Upon his triumph, immortality.
He was rain'd down to us out of heaven, and drew
Life to the spring; yet, like a little dew,

Quickly drawn thence: so many times miscarries
A crystal glass, whilst that the workman varies
The shape i' th' furnace, fix'd too much upon
The curiousness of the proportion,
Yet breaks it ere 't be finish'd, and yet then
Moulds it anew, and blows it up again,
Exceeds his workmanship, and sends it thence
To kiss the hand and lip of some great prince;
Or, like a dial, broke in wheel or screw,
That's ta'en in pieces to be made go true:
So to eternity he now shall stand,
New-form'd and gloried by the all-working hand.
Slander, which hath a large and spacious tongue,
Far bigger than her mouth to publish wrong,
And yet doth utter 't with so ill a grace,
Whilst she's a speaking no man sees her face;
That like dogs lick foul ulcers, not to draw
Infection from them, but to keep them raw;
Though she oft scrape up earth from good men's graves,
And waste it in the standishes of slaves,
To throw upon their ink, shall never dare
To approach his tomb, be she confin'd as far
From his sweet reliques as is heaven from hell:
Not witchcraft shall instruct her how to spell
That barbarous language which shall sound him ill.
Fame's lips shall bleed, yet ne'er her trumpet fill
With breath enough; but not in such sick air
As make waste elegies to his tomb repair,
With scraps of commendation, more base
Than are the rags they are writ on. O, disgrace
To nobler poesy! this brings to light,

Not that they can, but that they cannot write.
Better they had ne'er troubled his sweet trance:
So silence should have hid their ignorance;
For he's a reverend subject to be penn'd
Only by his sweet Homer and my friend.[1]
Most savage nations should his death deplore,
Wishing he had set his foot upon their shore,
Only to have made them civil. This black night
Hath fall'n upon 's by nature's oversight;
Or, while the fatal sister sought to twine
His thread and keep it even, she drew it so fine
It burst. O, all compos'd of excellent parts,
Young, grave Mecænas of the noble arts,
Whose beams shall break forth from thy hollow tomb,
Stain the time past, and light the time to come!
O, thou, that in thy own praise still wert mute,
Resembling trees, the more they are ta'en with fruit,
The more they strive to bow and kiss the ground!
Thou that in quest of man hast truly found,
That while men rotten vapours do pursue,
They could not be thy friends and flatterers too:
That despite all injustice would'st have prov'd
So just a steward for this land, and lov'd
Right for its own sake: now, O woe! the while
Fleet'st dead in tears, like to a moving isle.
Time was, when churches in the land were thought
Rich jewel-houses; and this age hath bought
That time again: think not, I feign; go view
Henry the Seventh's chapel, and you'll find it true,

[1] *His sweet Homer and my friend,*—i. e. Chapman, who dedicated his translation of Homer to Prince Henry.—DYCE.

The dust of a rich diamond 's there inshrin'd,
To buy which thence would beggar the West Inde.
What a dark night-piece of tempestuous weather
Have the enraged clouds summon'd together!
As if our loftiest palaces should grow
To ruin, since such highness fell so low,
And angry Neptune makes his palace groan,
That the deaf rocks may echo the land's moan.
Even senseless things seem to have lost their pride,
And look like that dead month wherein he died;
To clear which soon arise that glorious day,[1]
Which, in her sacred union, shall display
Infinite blessings, that we all may see
The like to that of Virgil's golden tree,
A branch of which being slipt, there freshly grew
Another, that did boast like form and hue.
And for these worthless lines, let it be said
I hasted till I had this tribute paid
Unto his grave: so let the speed excuse
The zealous error of my passionate muse.
Yet though his praise here bear so short a wing,
Thames hath more swans that will his praises sing,
In sweeter tunes, be-pluming his sad hearse,
And his three feathers,[2] while men live or verse.
And by these signs of love let great men know
That sweet and generous favour they bestow
Upon the Muses never can be lost;

[1] *To clear which soon, &c.*—An allusion to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613.—DYCE.

[2] The three feathers peculiar to the coronet of the Prince of Wales.

For they shall live by them, when all the cost
Of gilded monuments shall fall to dust:
They grave in metal that sustains no rust;
Their wood yields honey and industrious bees,
Kills spiders and their webs, like Irish trees.
A poet's pen, like a bright sceptre, sways
And keeps in awe dead men's dispraise or praise.
Thus took he acquittance of all worldly strife:
The evening shows the day, and death crowns life.

My *impresa* to your Lordship, a swan flying
to a laurel for shelter, the mot,
amor est mihi causa.

FINIS.

ODES.[1]

TRIUMPHS were wont with sweat and blood
be crown'd:
To every brow
They did allow
The living laurer, which begirted round
Their rusty helmets, and had power to make
The soldier smile, while mortal wound did ache.

But our more civil passages of state
(Like happy feast
Of inur'd rest,
Which bells and woundless cannons did relate)
Stood high in joy since warlike triumphs bring
Remembrance of our former sorrowing.

The memory of these should quickly fade,
(For pleasure's stream
Is like a dream,
Passant and fleet, as is a shade,)

[1] Prefixed to *The Arch's of Triumph, Erected in honor of the High and mighty prince James the first of that name King of England, and sixt of Scotland at his Maiesties Entrance an passage through his Honorable Citty and Chamber of London, upon the 15th Day of March*, 1603. *Invented and published by Stephen Harrison, Joyner and Architect and graven by William Kip.* 1604, folio.

Unless thyself, which these fair models bred,
Had given them a new life when they were dead.

Take then, good countryman and friend, that merit,
Which folly lends,
Not judgment sends
To foreign shores for strangers to inherit;
Perfection must be bold, with front upright,
Though Envy gnash her teeth, whilst she would bite.

JOH. WEBSTER.

TO HIS BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS HEYWOOD.[1]

Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis.

I CANNOT, though you write in your own cause,
Say you deal partially, but must confess
(What most men will) you merit due applause,
So worthily your work becomes the press.

And well our actors may approve your pains,
For you give them authority to play;
Even whilst the hottest plague of envy reigns,
Nor for this warrant shall they dearly pay.

[1] Prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

What a full state of poets have you cited
To judge your cause, and to our equal view
Fair monumental theatres recited,
Whose ruins had been ruin'd but for you!

Such men who can in tune both rail and sing,
Shall, viewing this, either confess 'tis good,
Or let their ignorance condemn the spring,
Because 'tis merry and renews our blood.

Be therefore your own judgment your defence,
Which shall approve you better than my praise;
Whilst I, in right of sacred innocence,
Durst o'er each gilded tomb this known truth raise,
Who, dead, would not be acted by their will,
It seems such men have acted their lives ill.

By your friend,

JOHN WEBSTER.

TO HIS INDUSTRIOUS FRIEND, MASTER HENRY COCKERAM.[1]

TO over-praise thy book, in a smooth line,
(If any error's in't,) would made it mine:
Only, while words for payment pass at court,
And whilst loud talk and wrangling make resort,
I' the term, to Westminster, I do not dread
Thy leaves shall 'scape the Scombri, and be read;
And I will add this as thy friend, no poet,
Thou hast toil'd to purpose, and the event will show it.

JOHN WEBSTER.

[1] Prefixed to *The English Dictionarie, or, an interpreter of hard English words, by H. C., Gent.* 1623.

END OF VOL III.

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