

THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS
OF
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

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

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

A KING AND NO KING.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE

AND GRAY'S INN.

FOUR PLAYS IN ONE.

LONDON :
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCLIII.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>EMANUEL, king of Portugal.</p> <p>ISABELLA, his queen, daughter to the king of Castile.</p>		<p>FRIGOSO.</p> <p>RINALDO.</p> <p>Poet, Lords, Attendants, Spectators.</p>
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SCENE, Lisbon.

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

DIANA.

<p>MARTIUS, a Roman general.</p> <p>VALERIUS, his brother.</p> <p>SOPHOCLES, duke of Athens.</p> <p>NICODEMUS, a corporal.</p> <p>CORNELIUS, a sutler.</p>		<p>Gentlemen of Athens, Captains, Soldiers.</p> <p>DORIGEN, wife to SOPHOCLES.</p> <p>FLORENCE, wife to CORNELIUS.</p> <p>Ladies.</p>
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SCENE, Athens and its neighbourhood.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CUPID.

<p>RINALDO, duke of Milan.</p> <p>GERRARD, whose real name is</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">ALPHONSO,</p> <p>FERDINAND, whose real name is</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">ASCANIO,</p> <p>BENVOGLIO</p> <p>RANDULPHO</p> <p>States, Friar, Secretary, Guard, Executioner, Attendants.</p>	<p style="font-size: 2em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em; transform: rotate(-90deg);">his name.</p>	<p>CORNELIA, the disguised duchess of Milan.</p> <p>ANGELINA, wife to BENVOGLIO.</p> <p>VIOLANTE, her daughter.</p> <p>DOROTHEA, attendant on VIOLANTE.</p> <p>Nurse.</p>
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SCENE, Milan.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

DUKE of Anjou.	GABRIELLA, wife to LAVALL.
LAVALL, his nephew.	HELENA, daughter to MARINE.
MARINE.	CASTA, daughter to GENTILLE.
GENTILLE.	MARIA, attendant on Gabriella.
PEROLOT, his son.	Ladies.
Two Courtiers.	
SHALLOON, servant to LAVALL.	A Spirit.
States, Longaville, Lords, Attendants.	

SCENE, *Angiers.*

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

JUPITER.	BOUNTY.
MERCURY.	POVERTY.
PLUTUS.	HONESTY.
TIME.	SIMPLICITY.
ANTHROPOS.	HUMILITY.
DESIRE.	FAME.
VAIN-DELIGHT.	INDUSTRY.
PLEASURE.	LABOUR.
CRAFT.	THE ARTS.
LUCRE.	INDIANS.
VANITY.	

FOUR PLAYS,
OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,
IN ONE.

INDUCTION.

A Hall in the Palace. Scaffolds, crowded with Spectators.

Enter FRIGOSO. Noise within.

Fri. Away with those bald-pated rascals there! their wits are bound up in vellum; they are not current here. Down with those city-gentlemen! &c.^c out with those [cuckolds], I say, and in with their wives at the back-door^d!—Worship

^c *Down with those city-gentlemen! &c.*] “I do not know what the &c. here alludes to. Perhaps it was left to the actor to add similar exclamations according to his own discretion. [In all probability so: “&c.” is not uncommon in our early dramas.] ‘Cuckolds,’ in the next line [inserted by the Editors of 1778] is not to be found in the old folio[s], but a bar only indicates the omission of the word. So again Frigoso’s answer farther on is thus exhibited:—‘No, by my — do I not.’ To such an extent was the delicacy of the licensers carried; and so ludicrous was the contrast betwixt the gross improprieties they were compelled to retain, and the harmless expletives they thought themselves compelled to expunge!” WEBER.

^d *in with their wives at the back-door.*] “This was the common practice at the court-masques in King James’s time, and of course led to the most gross debaucheries. See *A Wife for a Month*, act ii. sc. 4. In Sir Edward Peyton’s *Divine Catastrophe of the Stuarts*, he thus reprehends the disgraceful consequences produced by these practices: ‘These bawdy transactions, [as] in a prospective glass, may bring nearer to our memories the fashion of Charles his reign, how sin was hatched from an egg to a dragon, to devour holiness of life; insomuch that the masks and playes at Whitehal were used onely for incentives

and place, I am weary of ye ; ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold on an ass's back. A man in authority is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out than under a bushel.—How now ! what's the matter ?

Enter RINALDO.

Who are you, sir ?

Rin. Who am I, sir ! why, do you not know me ?

Fri. No, by my [faith], do I not.

Rin. I am sure we dined together to-day.

Fri. That's all one : as I dined with you in the city, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding^c to you ; but as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

Rin. Nay, but look you, sir—

Fri. Pardon me : if you had been my bedfellow these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles ; this very talking with you is an ill example.

Rin. Pish, you are too punctual a courtier, sir ! Why, I am a courtier too ; yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Fri. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But hark you, signor Frigoso ; you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Fri. Hum—that's a good motive.

Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.

Fri. That's an excellent motive.

to lust : therefore, the courtiers invited the citizens wives to those shews on purpose to defile them in such sort. There is not a lobby nor chamber (if it could speak) but would verify this.' [p. 47. ed. 1652.] From the present and other old plays, it is however evident that the origin of the custom was not to be charged to King Charles's court, as it was equally prevalent in that of King James." WEBER. [qy. SIR W. SCOTT!]

^c beholding] See note, p. 181.

Rin. No, my sweet don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Fri. Why, that is the very motive of motives why I ought and will know thee; and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the arrantest or most foundered Castilian that followed our new queen's carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the play to-night.

Fri. That shall I, signor Rinaldo. But would you had come sooner! you see how full the scaffolds are; there is scant room for a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen, sit close, for shame! has none of ye a little corner for this gentleman?—I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day? you saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit husband for so gracious and excellent a princess, as his worthy mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughter, doth, in her very external lineaments, mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour, assure herself to be. And I protest, my dear don, seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed hymns and happy occasions¹ to this sacred union of Portugal and Castile, which have so wisely and mutually conjoined two such virtuous and beautiful princes as these are; and, in all opinion, like to multiply to their very last minute.

Fri. The king is entering: signor, hover hereabout, and as soon as the train is set, clap in to me; we'll stand near the state². If you have any creditors here, they shall renew bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight: but to touch the pommel of the king's chair, in the sight of a citizen, is better security for a thousand double ducats than three of the best merchants in Lisbon. Besides, signor, we will censure,³ not only the king in the play here, that reigns his two hours, but the king himself, that is to rule his life-time. Take my counsel. I have one word to say to this noble assembly, and I am for you.

¹ *occasions*] i. e. circumstances, occurrences.

² *the state*] i. e. the raised chair, or throne.

censure] See note, p. 355.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Fri. *Prologues are huishers bare*^b *before the wise ;*

Why may not, then, an huisher proloquise ?

Here's a fair sight ; and were ye oftener seen

Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and queen.

Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all

To Lisbon and the court of Portugal ;

Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights

Than preparations made for kings' delights.

We wish to men content, the manliest treasure ;

And to the women their own wish'd-for pleasure ! [Flourish.

Enter EMANUEL and ISABELLA, who seat themselves ; Lords and Attendants.

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
Never contention rise in either's breast,
But contestation whose love shall be best !

Isab. Majestic ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet ;
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Dost gild and dance upon these humble streams ;
Curs'd be my birth-hour and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay !
Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or another's face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a story but your own ;
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, only dissolv'd to you !

Eman. Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie ?
I look through this hour like a perspectiveⁱ,

^b *huishers bare*] i. e. ushers bare-headed.

ⁱ *perspective.*] Scot gives a minute account of the "Strange things to be doone by perspective glasses," part of which is as follows :—" But the woonderous

And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,
That our reciprocal affection breeds.
Thus, my white¹ rib, close in my breast with me,
Which nought shall tear hence but mortality.

Lords. Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them !

[*Flourish.*

Fri. Whist, signor ! my strong imagination shews me
Love, methinks, bathing in milk and wine in her cheeks. Oh,
how she clips him, like a plant of ivy !

Rin. Ay ; could not you be content to be an owl in such an
ivy-bush, or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt ?

Fri. Equivocal don, though I like the clipping well, I could
not be content either to be your owl, or your ox of the city.
[*Flourish.*] The play begins.

Enter Poet, as Prologue-speaker, with a garland^k.

Poet. Low at your sacred feet our poor Muse lays
Her and her thunder-fearless verdant bays.
Four several Triumphs to your princely eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death^l, and Time, do rise
From our approaching subject ; which we move
Towards you with fear, since that a sweeter love,
A brighter honour, purer chastity,
March in your breasts this day triumphantly
Than our weak scenes can shew : then how dare we
Present, like apes and zanies^m, things that be
Exemplified in you, but that we know
We ne'er crav'd grace which you did not bestow ? [Exit.

denises and miraculous sights and conceipts made and contained in glasse, do
farre exceed all other ; whereto the art perspective is verie necessarie. For it
sheweth the illusions of them, whose experiments be seene in diuerse sorts of
glasses . . . for you may haue glasses so made, as what image or fauour soeuer you
print in your imagination, you shall thinke you see the same therein. Others
are so framed, as therein one may see what others doo in places far distant," &c.
—*The Discou. of Witchcraft*, B. xiii. c. 19, p. 316, ed. 1584.

¹ *white*] "Was a very general epithet of endearment." WEBER. See note,
p. 156.

^k *a garland*] See note, vol. i. v.

^l *Death*] Seward, for the metre, printed "and *Death*."

^m *zanies*] i. e. buffoons, mimics.

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

SCENE I.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

Enter in triumph, with drums, trumpets, and colours, MARTIUS, VALERIUS, SOPHOCLES bound, NICODEMUS, CORNELIUS, Captains, and Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles ?

Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer :
I never waited yet on any man.

Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou art my^m slave ;
My blows have conquer'd thee.

Soph. Thy slave, proud Martius !
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own anatomy :
But look thee, Martius ; not a vein runs here,
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam,
And, like a spring-gardenⁿ, shoot his scornful blood

^m *art my*] Weber printed "martyr" !

ⁿ *Like a spring-garden, &c.*] "The last editors [of 1778], not comprehending the meaning of this passage, propose to amend it by reading *spring-gun* instead of *spring-garden* ; but they entirely mistake the allusion. It was the fashion formerly in improvements, where there was a command of water, to convey it in pipes in such a manner, that, when you trod on a particular spot, the water played upon you, and wet you severely : these were called *spring-gardens*. And I remember to have seen one of them at Chatsworth, about five-and-twenty years ago, which has probably given place by this time to more modern and elegant decorations ; such practical jokes being no longer in fashion. Spring-garden, which formerly made part of St. James's Park, was probably a garden

Into their eyes durst come to tread on him.
 As for thy blows, they did not conquer me ;
 Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
 And given thee blow for blow and wound for wound,
 And, till thou taught'st me^o, knew not to retire :
 Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong ;
 Thy blows, then, Martius, cannot conquer me.

Val. What is it, then ?

Soph. Fortune.

Val. Why, yet in that

Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.

Soph. Young sir, you err : if Fortune could be call'd
 Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,
 For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth ;
 But she but jests with man, and in mischance
 Abhors all constancy, flouting him still
 With some small touch of good, or seeming good,
 Midst of his mischief ; which vicissitude
 Makes him straight doff his armour and his fence,
 He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes :
 So from the very zenith of her wheel,
 When she has dandled some choice favourite,
 Given him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
 And all the various delicies^p of earth,
 That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
 She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

Mar. Art sure we have taken him ? is this Sophocles ?

of this kind. It is to this that Sophocles alludes : spring-guns would be a strange anachronism, and destroy both metre [according to the old arrangement] and sense. Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, in his description of Nonsuch, the villa of Henry VIII., says, 'There is, besides, another pyramid of marble, full of concealed pipes, which spirt upon all who come within their reach' [p. 84, ed. 1757]." MASON. "Such fopperies are still to be seen in continental gardens." WEBER. "Such a garden," says Nares, "is still [1822] to be seen at Enstone, in Oxfordshire." *Gloss.* in v.

^o *thou taught'st me*] "The context seems to require FATE taught me, or words to that effect." *Ed.* 1778. "This is a most needless alteration. Sophocles says simply, 'I never knew how to retire till I learnt it by thy example.'" WEBER,—who borrowed this note from Mason.

^p *delicies*] Generally written *delices*,—i. e. delights.—So the first fol. The modern editors give, with the sec. folio, "delicacies."

His fetter'd arms say, no ; his free soul, ay^p :
This Athens nurseth arts as well as arms.

Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine ;
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to-morrow :
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee ?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has : the man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favour least.

Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than the skies'
Breaks from his lips : I am amaz'd to hear ;
And Athens' words, more than her swords, do fear.—[*Aside.*
Slave Sophocles—

Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire^q,
And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit,
To gather all the valour of the Cæsars
Thy predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less^r, not^s pare
With all their swords one virtue from my soul :
How am I vassall'd, then ? Make such thy slaves
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.
Know, general, we two are chances on

^p *His fetter'd arms say, no ; his free soul, ay*] "Mason says we should transpose the affirmative and the negative in this line, because the question asked by Martius is, Whether he is a captive or not ? But the text is capable of receiving the following very poetical explanation, furnished by a friend, [Qy. Sir Walter Scott !], which proves the propriety of it at once : 'Is this Sophocles ! the illustrious Sophocles ! this ! the enslaved being before me !—Regarding his fetters only, I should say—No. But when I regard his 'free soul,' I hear it proclaim—Ay ! he, whose great soul looks down upon chains and captivity, is indeed Sophocles.' " WEBER (whose note I have somewhat shortened towards the end.)

^q *Slave Sophocles—*

Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire, &c. Old eds.,

"*Soph. Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou acquire,*" &c.

The necessary alteration now given was made by Seward, who also very unnecessarily changed "*acquire*" into "*aspire*." Mason offers some unhappy conjectures on the passage.

^r *go less*] "i. e. become less, be valued at less." WEBER. A wrong explanation : *go less* means properly—adventure a smaller sum (see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, III., 246), and here it seems to be equivalent to—shrink, quail.

^s *not*] Seward printed "nor"—rightly perhaps.

The die of Fate ; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee ; next, the throw¹
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.

Mar. Yet will I try thee more ; calamity
Is man's true touchstone. [*Aside.*]—Listen, insolent prince,
That dar'st condemn the master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her——

Soph. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. And then demolish Athens to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Dost thou deride me ?

Val. Kneel, ask Martius

For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still !

Soph. Kneel, and ask mercy ! Roman, art a god ?
I never kneel'd or begg'd of any else.
Thou art a fool ; and I will lose no more
Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears
Are foolish, like thy tongue. [Solemn music.

Enter DORIGEN, and Ladies bearing a sword and wreath.

My Dorigen !

Oh, must she see me bound ?

First Capt. There's the first sigh
He breath'd since he was born, I think.

Sec. Capt. Forbear,
All but the lady his wife !

Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my Dorigen !

Val. Turn but thy face,
And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, shalt live ; Athens shall stand,
And all her privileges augmented be.

¹ *next, the throw*] So the sec. folio. Weber gave, with the first folio, "*next thy throw.*" Seward, following his own devices, printed, "*and next throw.*"

Soph. 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my wife,—
Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one,—
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,
Commit profane idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown^a man!

Mar. Rough, stubborn cynic!

Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarser wale^t, fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my mere neglect hath rais'd in thee
A storm more boisterous than the ocean's;
My virtue, patience, makes thee vicious. [DORIGEN kneels.

Mar. Why, fair-ey'd lady, do you kneel?

Dor. Great general,
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot; speaks
Thus humbly that he may not. Listen, Roman;
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee Roman
To every nation, and whose deeds assure 't;
Behold a princess, whose declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after storms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,
To keep her husband's greatness unabated:
All which doth make thy conquest greater; for,
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize;
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be!
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.

Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when Jove
Did first incense him with rebellion.
Athens doth make women philosophers;
And, sure, their children chat the talk of gods.

^a *blown*] i. e. swelled with pride, insolent.

^t *wale*] i. e. texture, (properly,—the ridge of threads in the cloth.)

Val. Rise, beauteous Dorigen.

Dor. Not until I know

The general's resolution.

Val. One soft word

From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.

Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgment,
And the divine composure^u of his mind :
All which I therefore do ; and here present
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,
And be appeas'd ! let Sophocles still live !

Mar. He would not live.

Dor. He would not beg to live :
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, Martius ; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands ; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.

Mar. Scorn him now, then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends.—
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die, [*DORIGEN rises.*]
And by that sword thy lady honour'd me,
With which herself shall follow.—Romans, friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half Athens and my half of victory.

Captains. By [heaven], not we !

Nic. } We two will do it, sir.
Corn. }

Soph. Away, ye fish-fac'd rascals !

Val. Martius,
To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame^v,
Valerius thy brother shall for once
Turn executioner : give me the sword.—

^u *composure*] i. e. composition, frame.

^v *To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame, &c.*] "i. e. to dispel this great eclipse, which obscures thy fame [makes thy fame labour, like the moon in an eclipse], I, your brother, will act the part of executioner."
MASON.

Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou dar'st die.

Soph. Thou canst not : and, Valerius,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me
Than bid me kneel to Martius ; 'tis to murder
The fame of living men, which great ones do ;
Their studies strangle ; poison makes away ;
The wretched hangman only ends the play.

Val. Art thou prepar'd ?

Soph. Yes.

Val. Bid thy wife farewell.

Soph. No ; I will take no leave.—My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee ; prithee, haste !

Dor. Stay, Sophocles ! with this tie up my sight ;

[*SOPH. puts a scarf over her eyes.*

'tis to murder

The fame of living men, which great ones do ;

Their studies strangle ; poison makes away, &c.] " By making the first part of the sentence end at *strangle*, the following sense may be deduced from it. To make their fellow-creatures kneel to them, as great men frequently do, is worse than murdering them ; it renders them servile and slavish, debases them below the dignity of their nature, murders therefore their fame, and fetters and strangles their *studies*, i. e. the free exertions of their rational faculties. Whereas poison makes away or destroys a man without injuring his fame, or diminishing the dignity of his soul ; and the wretched despicable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the stage of this world. This sentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's next speech upon death." SEWARD.

" Probably we should point,

————— *which great ones do*

Their studies strangle.

The sense is, ' You will dishonour me less by killing me, than bidding me kneel to Martius. Great men exert themselves to murder the fame of the living ; which is greater cruelty than poison or hanging, which but concludes our misery.' " *Ed.* 1778 (where this pointing is given in the text).

" I should read,

'tis to murder

The fame of living men, when great ones do

Their studies strangle, &c.

and the meaning may possibly be this : that when great men, by their power, force others to depart from the principles they have formed, from their studies, they destroy their fame." MASON.

Weber adopted the alteration proposed by Mason. Amid so much uncertainty, I prefer following the old eds.

Let not soft nature so transformèd be,
 And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity,
 To make me see my lord bleed !—So ; 'tis well :
 Never one object underneath the sun
 Will I behold before my Sophocles.
 Farewell ! now teach the Romans how to die.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die ?

Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
 And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
 Is to begin to live ; it is to end
 An old stale weary work, and to commence
 A newer and a better ; 'tis to leave
 Deceitful knaves for the society
 Of gods and goodness : thou thyself must part
 At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
 And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.

Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus ?

Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
 To them I ever lov'd best ? Now I'll kneel ;
 But with my back toward thee : 'tis the last duty
 This trunk can do the gods.

[*Kneels.*

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
 Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth !—
 This is a man ! a woman !—Kiss thy lord,
 And live with all the freedom you were wont.—

[*SOPH. rises, takes the scarf off DORIGEN's eyes, and kisses her.*
 Oh, Love, thou doubly hast afflicted me,
 With virtue and with beauty ! Treacherous heart,
 My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
 Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

Val. What ails my brother ?

Soph. Martius, oh, Martius,
 Thou now hast found a way to conquer me !

Dor. Oh, star of Rome, what gratitude can speak
 Fit words to follow such a deed as this !

Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen !

Val. You are observ'd.

Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,

With his disdain of fortune and of death,
 Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me ;
 And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
 His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul :
 By Romulus, he is all soul, I think !
 He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyv'd :
 Then we have vanquish'd nothing ; he is free,
 And Martius walks now in captivity.

Soph. How fares the noble Roman ?

Mar. Why ?

Dor. Your blood

Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
 Have lost their splendour.

Mar. Baser fires go out

When the sun shines on 'em. I am not well ;
 An apoplectic * fit I use to have,
 After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.

Soph. Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends,
 Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great Roman,
 See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
 Do for himself, weep ! Martius, by the [gods],
 It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
 Under the body's weak infirmity.—
 Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
 And let thy care be tender.

Dor. Kingly sir,

I am your nurse and servant.

Mar. Oh, dear lady,

My mistress, nay, my deity !—Guide me, Heaven !—
 Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
 To change a Martius for a Sophocles.—
 Can't not be done, Valerius, with this boot † ?—
 Inseparable affection ever thus
 Colleague with Athens Rome !

Dor. Beat warlike tunes,

* *apoplectic*] Was altered to "epileptic" by Seward, who says, "to make a man accustomed to apoplectic fits, seems improper, since the third stroke is generally held fatal." † *boot*] "i. e. advantage." Ed. 1778.

Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more !

Soph. And Sophocles

Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn but cut out victory !

Captains. For ever be it thus !

[*Exeunt all except NICODEMUS and CORNELIUS.*]

Corn. Corporal Nicodemus, a word with you.

Nic. My worthy sutler Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus the Roman officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank ; the affairs of the empire are to be occupied.

Corn. Let the affairs of the empire lie a while unoccupied, sweet Nicodemus : I do require the money at thy hands which thou dost owe me ; and if fair means cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish. [Draws.

Nic. Put up, and live.

Corn. I have put up too much already, thou corporal of concupiscence ! for I suspect thou hast dishonoured my flock-bed, and with thy foolish eloquence and that bewitching face of thine drawn my wife, the young harlotry baggage, to prostitute herself unto thee. Draw, therefore ; for thou shalt find thyself a mortal corporal.

Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear ! I will rather descend from my honour, and argue these contumelies with thee, than clutch thee, poor fly, in these eaglet [talons²] of mine, or draw my sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio^a, a cocoloch^b,

² [*talons*] Seward printed "claws ;" and so his successors. The context would seem to shew that the omitted word must have been a harmless one ; and yet the mark of omission (a dash thus —) is the same here as in passages of the play which were undoubtedly mutilated by the licenser.

^a *besognio*] i. e. beggar, needy fellow.

^b *cocoloch*] Gifford says that "a couple of cockloches" in Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, act ii. sc. 2, "appears to mean a couple of silly coxcombs ; but the word is of rare occurrence in our old writers. It is pure French,—*Coqueluche*, a sort of spoiled child." Note on *Works*, l. 307. In a tract entitled *Bartholomew Faire*, 1641, 4to, I find : "on the other side, Hocus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbin in's hand, shewing his art of Legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockloaches." p. 4,—where the term is evidently equivalent to—simpletons.

as thou art. Thou shalt first understand, this foolish eloquence and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I protest, are merely natural) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent bawdy sonnet nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheep's eye to thy betrothed Florence.

Corn. Thou liest.

Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus born
To bear these braveries from a poor provant^c?
Yet, when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.

Corn. A [pox] o' your poetical vein! this versifying my wife has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's-head, no more standing on your punctilios and punkettos of honour, they are not worth a louse: the truth is, thou art the general's by-gamy^d, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knapsack, and thy ending will be halter-sack^e.

Nic. Methinks I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou art Martius the mad.

Corn. No more of your tricks, good corporal Leather-chops. I say, thou hast dishonoured me; and since honour now-a-days is only repaired by money, pay me, and I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends, then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth, my tears! Thou hast deflowered her, Tarquin! the garden of my delight, hedged about, in which there was but one bowling-alley for mine own private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leaped the hedge,

^c *provant*] Means properly, provender, provisions, and is here applied contemptuously to Cornelius, because he is a sutler.

^d *the general's by-gamy*] i. e. one who affords *by-game* to the general,—as seems to be proved by what immediately follows,—“that is, his fool.” Yet the Editors of 1778 and Weber print “bigamy”!

^e *thy ending will be halter-sack*] i. e. thy ending will be hanging: see note, p. 149.

entered my alley, and, without my privity, played thine own rubbers.

Nic. How long shall patience thus securely snore?
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,
This budding chin, or rosy-colour'd cheek,
This comely body, and this waxen^f leg,
Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?
By Cupid's [godhead] I do swear (no other^g),
She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grandmother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash^h it;
Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it,—
For well thou wott'st, though now my heart's commandress,
I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress.

Corn. Ay; she then came sweet to me; no part about her
but smelt of soap-suds; like a Dryadⁱ out of a wash-bowl.
Pray, or pay!

Nic. Hold!

Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pennyworths small?
was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, and thy
stoop^j filled like a tide? was not thy bed soft, and thy bacon
fatter than a dropsy? Come, sir.

Nic. Mars, then, inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our tragedian actors!—Honour pricks;—
And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks!
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high lavolta-fall^k;
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all!

[*They fight.*]

Enter FLORENCE.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born!—Why, gentlemen—

^f *waxen*] i. e. well made, as if it had been modelled in wax.

^g *By Cupid's [godhead] I do swear (no other)*] Seward chose to print,

“By Cupid's bow (I do swear by no other).”

The word “*godhead*” was inserted by the Editors of 1778, who, Weber says,
“filled up the hiatus properly”: decently, at any rate.

^h *dash*] i. e. splash, bespatter.

ⁱ *Dryad*] “Was probably a designed mistake for ‘*Naiad*,’ &c.” SEWARD.
Of course, it was.

^j *stoop*] See note, p. 221.

^k *lavolta-fall*] See note, p. 196. Old eds. “*Cavalto fall*.”

Corn. Messaline of Rome! away, disloyal concubine! I will be deafer to thee than thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachmas he owes me, thou arrant whore!

Flor. I know he is an hundred drachmas o' the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cornelius! Oh, my heart! o' my conscience, 'tis fallen thorow the bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet Didymus, if either of ye miskill one another, what will become of poor Florence? pacify yourselves, I pray!

Corn. Go to, my heart is not stone; I am not marble: dry your eyes, Florence.—The scurvy ape's-face knows my blind side well enough [*Aside*].—Leave your puling: will this content you? let him taste thy nether lip [*Nic. kisses her*]; which, in sign of amity, I thus take off again [*kissing her*]. Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.

Nic. Lily of concord! [*Exit FLORENCE.*].—And now, honest sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature as of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee with a project shall fully satisfy thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand, I am shortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art!

Nic. Renounce me else! For the sustenance of which worship (which worship many times wants sustenance), I have here the general's grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest.

Nic. Refuse me else to the pit!

Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourself! by your swearing, you should be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, sir, here's his hand; read it. [*Offers a paper.*]

Corn. Alas, I cannot!

Nic. I know that. [*Aside.*].—It has pleased the general to look upon my service. Now, sir, shall you join with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever, till Atropos do cut this simple thread.

Corn. No more, dear corporal; Sir Nicodemus that shall

be, I cry your worship's¹ mercy ! I am your servant, body and goods, moveables and immoveables ; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nic. A figment is a candid lie^m : this is an old pass. Mark what follows. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A rocky place near the city.*

Enter MARTIUS and two Captains.

Mar. Pray, leave me : you are Romans, honest men ;
Keep me not company ; I am turn'd knave,
Have lost my fame and nature. [*Exeunt Captains.*]

Athens, Athens,

This Dorigen is thy Palladium !
He that will sack thee must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword ;
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, subtle devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way !
Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not to field
Thy lady, that thou mightst have overcome ?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men,
(For that she knew he durst,) and not 'gainst Fate
Or deities ; what mortal conquers them ?
Insatiate Julius, when his victories
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopt the legend of his deeds,

¹ *worship's*] Old eds. "wishes." The alteration was made by Seward, who observes, "he calls him afterwards before Martius, 'his *worship* Sir Nicodemus'": and see a preceding speech of Nicodemus in the present scene, "For the sustenance of which *worship*," &c.

^m *a candid lie*] i. e. a white lie. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*a candied lie*" !

Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,
 And let her vanquish th' other half; and fame
 Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
 Shall I thus fall? I will not: no; my tears,
 Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
 He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter DORIGEN with Ladies.

Dor. Great sir, my lord commands me visit you;
 And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
 From some distaste of worthless entertainment.
 Will't please you take your chamber? how d'ye do, sir?

Mar. Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood
 Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore
 Of my weak virtue: my desire's a vane,
 That the least breath from her turns every way. [*Aside.*]

Dor. What says my lord?

Mar. Dismiss your women, pray,
 And I'll reveal my grief.

Dor. Leave me. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love itself
 Might be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.
 There is a secret strange lies in my breast,
 I will partake wi' you, which much concerns
 Your lord, yourself, and me. Oh!

Dor. Strange secrets, sir,
 Should not be made so cheap to strangers; yet,
 If your strange secret do no lower lie
 Than in your breast, discover it.

Mar. I will.

Oh! can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?

Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?

Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks: Alcides,
 That master'd monsters, was by beauty tam'd;
 Omphale smil'd his club out of his hand,
 And made him spin her smocks. Oh, sweet, I love you!
 And I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you;
 And yet I would not injure him.

Dor. Let go !

You hurt me, sir. Farewell.—Stay ; is this Martius ?
 I will not tell my lord : he'll swear I lie ;
 Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.
 How hast thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee
 Thus violate friendship, hospitality,
 And all the bondsⁿ of sacred piety ?
 Sure, thou but triest me, out of love to him,
 And wouldst reject me, if I did consent.
 Oh, Martius, Martius ! wouldst thou in one minute
 Blast all thy laurels, which so many years
 Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat ?
 Hath Dorigen never been written, read,
 Without the epithet of *chaste*, *chaste* Dorigen,
 And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,
 Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out ?
 When men shall read the records of thy valour,
 Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
 (Highly content yet) to this foul assault
 Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
 They shall throw down the book, and read no more,
 Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude
 That ravell'd the whole story^o, whose sound heart
 (Which should have been) prov'd the most leprous part.

Mar. Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy words
 Do fall like rods upon me ! but they have
 Such silken lines and silver hooks, that I
 Am faster snar'd : my love has ta'en such hold,
 That, like two wrestlers, though thou stronger be,
 And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after ;
 I must, or perish.

Dor. Perish, Martius, then !

ⁿ *bonds*] Old eds. "bounds."

^o *That ravell'd the whole story*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "Thou'st ravell'd the whole story." Mason proposed to read, "*That ravell'd thy whole story*,"—an alteration which Weber adopted. The text may be corrupted: but passages which can hardly be reconciled to grammar occur elsewhere in these plays.

For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,
 These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be remov'd,
 Made champion^p field, ere I so impious prove,
 To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love !

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen !

Dor. Amen,

From all you wolvisb Romans !

[*Exit.*

Val. Ha ! what's this ?—

Still, brother, in your moods ?—Oh, then, my doubts
 Are truths. Have at it ! I must try a way
 To be resolv'd^q.

[*Aside.*

Mar. How strangely dost thou look !
 What ail'st thou ?

Val. What ail'st thou ?

Mar. Why, I am mad.

Val. Why, I am madder. Martius, draw thy sword,
 And lop a villain from the earth ; for, if
 Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
 I'll hang myself : Valerius shall not live
 To wound his brother's honour, stain his country,
 And branded with ingratitude to all times.

Mar. For what can all this be ?

Val. I am in love.

Mar. Why, so am I. With whom ? ha !

Val. Dorigen.

Mar. With Dorigen ! how dost thou love her ? speak.

Val. Even to the height of lust ; and I must have her,
 Or else I die.

Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring traitor !
 On all the confines I have rid my horse,
 Was there no other woman for thy choice
 But Dorigen ? Why, villain, she is mine :

^p *champion*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*champain*." They were not aware that the other form of the word is very common in our early writers.

^q *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool ;
 'Tis I must have her, or I die.

Val. Oh, all ye gods,
 With mercy look on this declining rock
 Of valour and of virtue ! breed not up
 From infancy, in honour, to full man,
 As you have done him, to destroy !—Here, strike !
 For I have only search'd thy wound ; despatch !
 Far, far be such love from Valerius !
 So far, he scorns to live to be call'd brother
 By him that^r dares own such folly and such vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st ; but I do hate it : peace !
 If Heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
 And put a rattle in it, what can I do ?
 He that is destin'd to be odious
 In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter CORNELIUS and NICODEMUS.

Corn. If you do not back me, I shall never do't.

Nic. I warrant you.

Corn. Hum, hum——sir, my lord, my lord——

Mar. Ha ! what's the matter ?

Corn. Hum——concerning the odd fifty, my lord, an't
 please your generality, his worship Sir Nicodemus——

Mar. What's here ? a pass ? you would for Rome ? you
 lubbers !

Doth one day's laziness make ye covet home ?
 Away, ye boarish rogues ! ye dogs, away ! [*Strikes them.*]

Enter FLORENCE.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh^s !

Flor. How now, man ? are you satisfied ?

Corn. Ay, ay, ay ; a [pox] o' your corporal ! I am paid
 soundly ; I was never better paid in all my life.

Flor. Marry, the gods' blessing on his honour's heart !—
 You have done a charitable deed, sir ; many more such may

^r *that*] Omitted by Seward,—rightly perhaps.

^s *Oh, oh, oh*] Given in the old eds. to "*Wife*." This obviously necessary
 correction was made by Seward.

you live to do, sir! the gods keep you, sir, the gods protect you!
[Exit with CORNELIUS and NICODEMUS.]

Mar. These peasants mock me, sure.—*Valerius*,
 Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
 And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now
 Left me with this harsh vow,—sooner these rocks
 Should be remov'd than she would yield,) that I
 Was yet so loving, on her gift to die.

Val. Oh, Jupiter forbid it, sir, and grant
 This my device may certify thy mind!
 You are my brother, nor must perish thus:
 Be comforted. Think you fair Dorigen
 Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
 By skill could be remov'd, or by fallacy
 She made believe so?

Mar. Why, she could not choose;
 The Athenians are religious in their vows
 Above all nations.

Val. Soft; down yonder hill
 The lady comes this way: once more to try her;
 If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,
 Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,
 Who train'd me in the mathematics, I will
 So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
 Shall think this great impossibility
 Effected by some supernatural means.
 Be confident; this engine shall at least,
 Till the gods better order, still this breast.

Mar. Oh, my best brother, go! and for reward
 Choose any part o' the world, I'll give it thee. *[Exit VALERIUS.]*
 Oh, little Love*, men say thou art a god!
 Thou mightst have got a fitter fool than I.

Re-enter DORIGEN.

Dor. Art thou there, basilisk? remove thine eyes;
 For I am sick to death with thy infection.

* *Love*] Old eds., "Rome."—The alteration was made by Seward, who observes that the error perhaps arose from the compositor's eye having been caught by the words "all Rome" in the fifth line after.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me ! save him, lady,
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose mercy
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life !

Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honours ? No ; my vow is fix'd,
And stands, as constant as these stones do, still.

Mar. Then, pity me, ye gods ! you only may
Move her by tearing these firm stones away.

[*Solemn music. A mist arises ; the rocks seem to remove.*

Re-enter VALERIUS, habited like MERCURY.

Val. [sings.] Martius, rejoice ! Jove sends me from above,
His messenger, to cure thy desperate love :
To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be !
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield ! lest, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt¹.

[*Exit.*

Dor. What strange delusion's this ? what sorcery
Affrights me with these apparitions ?
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death.—
Hence, lewd magician ! dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust ? will they do miracles
To further evil ? or do they love it now ?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em.—Jupiter,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone
For being good, and blush when thou hast done !

[*Exit.*

Re-enter VALERIUS.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do !
Unless I could so draw mine honesty
Down to the lees to be a ravisher :
She calls me witch and villain.

¹ *They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.* [“i. e. they fix you a rock in this place, from whence the other rocks are taken away ; for that is the meaning of the word *exempt*, from the Latin *eximere*.” MASON.]

Val. Patience, sir ;
 The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,
 And ruminate on this strange sight.—Time decays
 The strongest, fairest buildings we can find :
 But still, Diana, fortify her mind ! [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of Sophocles.*

Enter SOPHOCLES and DORIGEN.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen ; for thou hast stood
 Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods and men,
 When rocks and mountains were remov'd.—These wonders
 Do stupify my senses. Martius,
 This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust ?
 Yet, were this truth, why weeps she ? Jealous soul,
 What dost thou thus suggest ? Vows, magic, rocks !—
 Fine tales !—and tears !—she ne'er complain'd before :
 I bade her visit him ; she often did,
 Had many opportunities—hum—'tis naught : oh !
 No way but this. [*Aside.*]—Come, weep no more ; I have
 ponder'd
 This miracle, the anger of the gods,
 Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius :
 He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
 Lest worse fates follow us. Go, keep thy oath ;
 For *chaste* and *whore* are words of equal length :
 But let not Martius know that I consent.—
 Oh, I am pull'd in pieces ! [*Aside.*]

Dor. Ay, say you so ?
 I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men,
 With all your valour and your learning, bubbles !— [*Aside.*]
 [*Kneels.*]

Forgive me, Sophocles !—yet why kneel I
 For pardon, having been but over-diligent,

Like an obedient servant, antedating
My lord's command ?

[*Rises.*

Sir, I have often and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleas'd with it ;
Whose gentle honourable mind I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You are sad, sir ! Martius loves me,
And I love Martius, with such ardency
As never married couple could : I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, sir, send for me ;
Till then, make use of your philosophy.

[*Exit.*

Soph. Stay, Dorigen !—Oh, me, inquisitive fool !—
Thou that didst order this congested heap,
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms
Forming it to this vast rotundity,
Dissolve it now ; shuffle the elements,
That no one proper by itself may stand !
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea ! Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done !

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Roman Camp before the city.*

*Enter MARTIUS, VALERIUS, Captains and Soldiers, with drums and
colours, on one side ; and DORIGEN with Ladies on the other.*

Dor. Hail, general of Rome ! from Sophocles,
That honours Martius, Dorigen presents
Herself to be dishonour'd. Do thy will ;
For Sophocles commands me to obey :
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love.

Mar. Never, Valerius, was I blest till now ;
Behold the end of all my weary steps,

The prize of all my battles ! Leave us, all ;
 Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin !
 In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.

Val. Can Martius be so vile ? or Dorigen ?

Dor. Stay, stay !—and, monster, keep thou further off !
 I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd
 To have gone on still on such terms as this.
 See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
 Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
 Whilst my chaste name lives to posterity.

[*Offers to stab herself.*]

Mar. [*kneeling.*] Live, live,—thou angel of thysex, forgive !—
 Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd
 Alive to heaven ; for thy corruption's
 So little that it cannot suffer death !
 Was ever such a woman ? Oh, my mirror,
 How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
 Which now I hate ! and when I next attempt thee,
 Let all the fires in the zodiac
 Drop on this cursèd head !

All. Oh, blest event !

Dor. Rise, like the sun again in all his glory
 After a dark eclipse !

Mar. Never, without
 A pardon.

Enter SOPHOCLES and two or three Gentlemen of Athens.

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourself.

Soph. Behold their impudence ! are my words just !—
 Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome
 Thy natural mother ! have I warm'd thee here
 To corrode even my heart ? Martius, prepare
 To kill me, or be kill'd.

Mar. Why, Sophocles,
 Then, prithee, kill me ; I deserve it highly ;
 For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods ;
 But am repentant now, and in best case
 To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh ;

Which, though (gods witness) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now :
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it !

Val. By the gods of Athens,
These words are true, and all direct again !

Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen !

Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good !

Dor. Rise, noble Roman.—Beloved Sophocles,

[*MARTIUS rises.*]

Take to thy breast thy friend !

Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife ! Heaven has not stuff enough
To make another such ; for, if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,
Oh, thou infinity of excellence !
Henceforth in men's discourse Rome shall not take
The wall of Athens as to-fore ; but when
In their fair honours we to speak do come,
We'll say, 'twas so in Athens and in Rome. [*Exeunt in pomp.*]

DIANA descends.

Diana. Honour, set ope thy gates, and with thee bring

My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen :

Let her[e] triumph with her her lord and friend^a,

Who though misled, still honour was their end. [*Flourish.*]

*Enter the Show of Honour's Triumph : a great flourish of trumpets
and drums within ; then enter a noise of trumpets^b sounding cheer-
fully ; then follows an armed Knight bearing a crimson banneret
in hand, with the inscription Valour ; by his side a Lady bearing*

^a Let her[e] triumph with her her lord and friend] Seward printed,

" Let her triumph with him, her lord and friend,"

and so his successors. They seem not to have perceived that the " friend " means Martius.

^b a noise of trumpets] i. e. a company, band of trumpeters.

a watchet * banneret, the inscription Clemency; next, MARTIUS and SOPHOCLES with coronets; next, two Ladies, one bearing a white banneret, the inscription Chastity, the other a black, the inscription Constancy; then DORIGEN crowned; last, a chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a person crowned, with a sceptre, on the top, in an antic scutcheon, is written Honour. As they pass over, DIANA ascends.

Rin. How like you it?

Fri. Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again! How many of our wives now-a-days would deserve to triumph in such a chariot?

Rin. That's all one; you see they triumph in caroches.

Fri. That they do, by the mass; but not all neither; many of them are content with carts. But, signor, I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.

Rin. What was't?

Fri. The Prologue, presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs^x to the king: a three-legged Prologue! 'twas monstrous.

Rin. 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legged one. Peace! the king speaks.

Eman. Here was a woman, Isabel!

Isab. Ay, my lord,

But that she told a lie to vex her husband;
Therein she fail'd.

Eman. She serv'd him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with soldiers and with scholars too.

Isab. In Martius clemency and valour shewn,
In the other courage and humanity;

* *watchet*] i. e. pale blue.

^x *legs*] "i. e. bows." Ed. 1778.

And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By Clemency and Valour.

Eman. Rightly observ'd ;
As she by Chastity and Constancy.
What hurt's now in a play, 'gainst which some rail
So vehemently ? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use, methinks : I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away :
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will ;
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still. [Flourish.

CUPID descends.

Cupid: *Stay, clouds ! ye rack * too fast. Bright Phæbus, see,
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity !
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affections fly not from his bow :
Produce the sweet example of your youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.* [Flourish.
[Ascends.

'gainst which some rail
So vehemently.] "In allusion to the puritans, who preached and wrote in the most venomous and inflammatory terms against the wickedness of stage-playing." WEBER. In the next line, "use" is a term borrowed from the puritans, who employed it in the sense of—practical application of doctrines.

* rack] i. e. move like vapour, or smoke : see note, p. 120.