

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN, MASSINGER PHILIP**

**BEAUMONT &
FLETCHER'S
WORKS (1 OF 10) -
THE CUSTOM OF
THE COUNTRY**

Francis Beaumont
Philip Massinger
John Fletcher

**Beaumont & Fletchers Works (1 of
10) – the Custom of the Country**

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Beaumont & Fletcher's Works (1 of 10) – the Custom of the Country:*

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Francis Beaumont Beaumont & Fletcher's Works (1 of 10) – the Custom of the Country

Persons Represented in the Play

Count Clodio, *Governour and a dishonourable pursuer of Zenocia.*

Manuel du Sosa, *Governour of Lisbon, and Brother to Guiomar.*

Arnoldo, *A Gentleman contracted to Zenocia.*

Rutilio, *A merry Gentleman Brother to Arnoldo.*

Charino, *Father to Zenocia.*

Duarte, *Son to Guiomar, a Gentleman well qualified but vain glorious.*

Alonzo, *a young Portugal Gentleman, enemy to Duarte.*

Leopold, *a Sea Captain Enamour'd on Hippolyta.*

Zabulon, *a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.*

Jaques, *servant to Sulpitia.*

Doctor.

Chirurgion.

Officers.

Guard.

Page.

Bravo.

Knives, *of the Male Stewes.*

Servants.

WOMEN.

Zenocia, *Mistress to Arnaldo, and a chaste Wife.*

Guiomar, *a vertuous Lady, Mother to Duarte.*

Hippolyta, *a rich Lady, wantonly in Love with Arnaldo.*

Sulpitia, *a Bawd, Mistress of the Male Stewes.*

* * * * *

The Scene sometimes Lisbon, sometimes Italy.

* * * * *

The principal Actors were *Joseph Taylor. Robert Benfeild. John Lowin. William Eglestone. Nicholas Toolie. Richard Sharpe. John Underwood. Thomas Holcomb.*

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Actus primus. Scena prima

Enter Rutilio, and Arnold[o].

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still?

Arn. 'Twould melt a Marble, And tame a Savage man, to feel my fortune.

Rut. What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty years,
And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fixt on any good and constant,
But what I made myself: why should I grieve then
At that I may mould any way?

Arn. You are wide still.

Rut. You love a Gentlewoman, a young handsom woman, I have lov'd a thosand, not so few.

Arn. You are dispos'd.

Rut. You hope to Marry her; 'tis a lawful calling
And prettily esteem'd of, but take heed then,
Take heed dear Brother of a stranger fortune
Than e're you felt yet; fortune my foe is a friend to it.

Arn. 'Tis true I love, dearly, and truly love, A noble, vertuous, and most beauteous Maid, And am belov'd again.

Rut. That's too much o' Conscience, To love all these would

run me out o' my wits.

Arn. Prethee give ear, I am to Marry her.

Rut. Dispatch it then, and I'll go call the Piper.

Arn. But O the wicked Custom of this Country, The barbarous, most inhumane, damned Custom.

Rut. 'Tis true, to marry is a Custom
I' the world; for look you Brother,
Wou'd any man stand plucking for the Ace of Harts,
With one pack of Cards all dayes on's life?

Arn. You do not Or else you purpose not to understand me.

Rut. Proceed, I will give ear.

Arn. They have a Custom In this most beastly Country, out upon't.

Rut. Let's hear it first.

Arn. That when a Maid is contracted
And ready for the tye o'th' Church, the Governour,
He that commands in chief, must have her Maiden-head,
Or Ransom it for mony at his pleasure.

Rut. How might a man atchieve that place? a rare Custom! An admirable rare Custom: and none excepted?

Arn. None, none.

Rut. The rarer still: how could I lay about me, In this rare Office? are they born to it, or chosen?

Arn. Both equal damnable.

Rut. Me thinks both excellent, Would I were the next heir.

Arn. To this mad fortune Am I now come, my Marriage is
proclaim'd, And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.

Rut. She's very young.

Arn. Yes.

Rut. And fair I dare proclaim her, Else mine eyes fail.

Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.

Rut. I cannot blame him then, if 'twere mine own case, I would
not go an Ace less.

Arn. Fye *Rutilio*, Why do you make your brothers misery Your
sport and game?

Rut. There is no pastime like it.

Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely Counsel, How to
avoid this blow, not to be mockt at, And my afflictions jeer'd.

Rut. I tell thee *Arnoldo*,

An thou wert my Father, as thou art but my Brother,
My younger Brother too, I must be merry.

And where there is a wench yet can, a young wench,

A handsome wench, and sooner a good turn too,

An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.

But you shall see Sir, I can change this habit

To do you any service; advise what you please,

And see with what Devotion I'll attend it?

But yet me thinks, I am taken with this Custom,

[Enter Charino and Zenocia.]

And could pretend to th' place.

Arn. Draw off a little; Here comes my Mistress and her Father.

Rut. A dainty wench! Wou'd I might farm his Custom.

Char. My dear Daughter,
Now to bethink your self of new advice
Will be too late, later this timeless sorrow,
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath cast on yo[u], my best *Zenocia*,
Be rul'd by me, a Fathers care directs ye,
Look on the Count, look chearfully and sweetly;
What though he have the power to possess ye,
To pluck your Maiden honour, and then slight ye
By Custom unresistible to enjoy you;
Yet my sweet Child, so much your youth and goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and Saint-like Modesty,
Have won upon his mild mind, so much charm'd him,
That all power laid aside, what Law allows him,
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly
For ever to be tyed your faithful Husband:
Consider my best child.

Zeno. I have considered.

Char. The blessedness that this breeds too, consider
Besides your Fathers Honour, your own peace,

The banishment for ever of this Custom,
This base and barbarous use, for after once
He has found the happiness of holy Marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one Beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage
Left him by lust and lewd progenitors.
All Virgins too, shall bless your name, shall Saint it,
And like so many Pilgrims go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.

Zeno. Good Father Hide not that bitter Pill I loath to swallow
In such sweet words.

Char. The Count's a handsome Gentleman,
And having him, y'are certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you:
Where if you fling your Love upon this stranger
This young *Arnoldo*, not knowing from what place
Or honourable strain of blood he is sprung, you venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares to nothing,
Nor are you certain of his faith; why may not that
Wander as he does, every where?

Zen. No more Sir;
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus,
Vertue is never wounded, but I suffer.
'Tis an ill Office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly: and believe your self too,

A weaker, to betray your innocent Daughter,
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heaven hates falshood.

Rut. A good wench, She sticks close to you Sir.

Zeno. His faith uncertain?

The nobleness his vertue springs from, doubted?
D'ye doubt it is day now? or when your body's perfect,
Your stomach's well dispos'd, your pulse's temperate,
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you Father,
One hour of this mans goodness, this mans Nobleness
Put in the Scale, against the Counts whole being,
Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life,
He could no more endure to hold weight with him;

Arnoldo's very looks, are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of vertue: he has my first love,
To him in sacred vow I have given this body,
In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench still.

Zeno. And till he fling me off, as undeserving, Which I
confess I am, of such a blessing, But would be loth to find it so—

Arn. O never;
Never my happy Mistress, never, never,
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,

One foot i'th' grave the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger, of more dreadful look than death,
What willing Martyrdom to crown me constant
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so Nobly great, no power can ruine;
Most blessed Maid go on, the Gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the Child of Heaven,
In their own goodness, must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

Zeno. I ask but you, a pure Maid to possess, And then they
have crown'd my wishes: If I fall then Go seek some better love,
mine will debase you.

Rut. A pretty innocent fool; well, Governour,
Though I think well of your custom, and could wish my self
For this night in your place, heartily wish it:
Yet if you play not fair play and above board too,
I have a foolish gin here, I say no more;
I'll tell you what, and if your honours guts are not enchanted.

Arn. I should now chide you Sir, for so declining
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,
And your own vertue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your Daughters thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tyed, and seek to give it.

Rut. To a wild fellow, that would weary her;
A Cannibal, that feeds on the heads of Maids,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the Devil,
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle,
To the rude claws of such a *Cat-a-mountain*?
You had better tear her between two Oaks, a Town Bull
Is a meer *Stoick* to this fellow, a grave Philosopher,
And a *Spanish Jennet*, a most vertuous Gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome Sir?

Rut. Though I confess
Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common Hangman,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already,
That he should glean the Harvest, sticks in my stomach:
This Rogue breaks young wenches to the Saddle,
And teaches them to stumble ever after;
That he should have her? for my Brother now
That is a handsome young fellow; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the business;
Or for my self that have a reputation,
And have studied the conclusions of these causes,
And know the perfect manage, I'll tell you old Sir,
If I should call you wise Sir, I should bely you,
This thing, you study to betray your child to,
This Maiden-monger. When you have done your best,
And think you have fixt her in the point of honour,
Who do you think you have tyed her to? a Surgeon,

I must confess an excellent dissector,
One that has cut up more young tender Lamb-pies—

Char. What I spake Gentlemen, was meer compulsion,

No Fathers free-will, nor did I touch your person
With any edge of spight; or strain your loves
With any base, or hir'd perswasions;
Witness these tears, how well I wisht your fortunes. [*Exit.*

Rut. There's some grace in thee yet, you are determined To
marry this Count, Lady.

Zen. Marry him *Rutilio*?

Rut. Marry him, and lye with him I mean.

Zen. You cannot mean that,
If you be a true Gentleman, you dare not,
The Brother to this man, and one that loves him;
I'le marry the Devil first.

Rut. A better choice And lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-
fellow, A cooler o' my conscience.

Arn. Pray let me ask you;
And my dear Mistris, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound, I am confident,
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you,

Nor to forget my faith, no state can wound you.
But for this Custom, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh at,
And modesty regarded as a may-game,
What shall be here considered? power we have none,
To make resistance, nor policie to cross it:
'Tis held Religion too, to pay this duty.

Zeno. I'll dye an *Atheist* then.

Arn. My noblest Mistris,
Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,
Say you did render up part of your honour,
For whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish;
Say for one night you entertain'd this monster,
Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this render?
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous;
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
And shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

Zeno. Who made you witty, to undoe your self, Sir?
Or are you loaden, with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burthen on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes *Arnoldo*?
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
D'ye think because a woman, I must err,
And therefore rather wish that fall before-hand
Coloured with Custom, not to be resisted?

D'ye love as painters doe, only some pieces,
Some certain handsome touches of your Mistris,
And let the mind pass by you, unexamined?
Be not abus'd; with what the maiden vessel
Is seasoned first, you understand the proverb.

Rut. I am afraid, this thing will make me vertuous.

Zeno. Should you lay by the least part of that love
Y'ave sworn is mine, your youth and faith has given me,
To entertain another, nay a fairer,
And make the case thus desp'rate, she must dy else;
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
Be not deceiv'd, these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born, my full *Antipathie*.

Empire and more imperious love, alone
Rule, and admit no rivals: the purest springs
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureness, and their coolness perish.
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed.
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, *Arnoldo*,
Than I can bring a whole heart pure and handsom.

Arnol. I never shall deserve you: not to thank you;
You are so heavenly good, no man can reach you:

I am sorrie I spake so rashly, 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have tryed a thousand women so, And 900, fourscore and 19 should ha' followed your counsel. Take heed o' clapping spurrs to such free cattell.

Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly, And wisely too, we expect no common danger.

Zen. Be most assur'd, I'le dye first.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Rut. An't come to that once,
The Devil pick his bones, that dyes a coward,
I'le jog along with you, here comes the Stallion,
How smug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act! pox on your kidneys;
How they begin to melt! how big he bears,
Sure he will leap before us all: what a sweet company
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness!
Plague of your chops, you ha' more handsome bitts,
Than a hundred honester men, and more deserving.
How the dogg leers.

Clod. You need not now be jealous, I speak at distance to your wife, but when the Priest has done, We shall grow nearer, and more familiar.

Rut. I'le watch you for that trick, baboon, I'le

Smoke you: the rogue sweats, as if he had eaten
Grains, he broyles, if I do come to the
Basting of you.

Arno. Your Lordship
May happily speak this, to fright a stranger,
But 'tis not in your honour, to perform it;
The Custom of this place, if such there be,
At best most damnable, may urge you to it,
But if you be an honest man you hate it,
How ever I will presently prepare
To make her mine, and most undoubtedly
Believe you are abus'd, this custome feign'd too,
And what you now pretend, most fair and vertuous.

Clod. Go and believe, a good belief does well Sir; And you
Sir, clear the place, but leave her here.

Arn. Your Lordships pleasure.

Clod. That anon *Arnoldo*, This is but talk.

Rut. Shall we goe off?

Arn. By any means,
I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her:
Besides, here's nothing due to him till the tye be done,
Nor dare he offer.

Rut. Now do I long to worry him: Pray have a care to the main
chance.

Zen. Pray Sir, fear not. [*Exit Ar. and Rut.*]

Clod. Now, what say you to me?

Zen. Sir it becomes The modestie, that maids are ever born with, To use few words.

Clod. Do you see nothing in me?

Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder

The common mould of men, come short, and want in?

Do you read no future fortune for your self here?

And what a happiness it may be to you,

To have him honour you, all women aim at?

To have him love you Lady, that man love you,

The best, and the most beauteous have run mad for?

Look and be wise, you have a favour offer'd you

I do not every day propound to women;

You are a prettie one; and though each hour

I am glutt'd with the sacrifice of beautie,

I may be brought, as you may handle it,

To cast so good a grace and liking on you.

You understand, come kiss me, and be joyfull,

I give you leave.

Zen. Faith Sir, 'twill not shew handsome; Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskil'd too In these alarms.

Clod. Learn then and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour pardon me, And take some skilfull one can hold you play, I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee maid I love thee,
Let that word make thee happie, so far love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will descend so low, to marry thee,
Me thinks I see the race that shall spring from us,
Some Princes, some great Souldiers.

Zen. I am afraid Your honour's couzen'd in this calculation;
For certain, I shall ne're have a child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. Because I must not think to marry you, I dare not Sir, the
step betwixt your honour, And my poor humble State.

Clod. I will descend to thee, And buoy thee up.

Zen. I'll sink to th' Center first.

Why would your Lordship marry, and confine that pleasure
You ever have had freely cast upon you?

Take heed my Lord, this marrying is a mad matter,
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartane fever find you.

If you wed me I must enjoy you only,
Your eyes must be called home, your thoughts in cages,
To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound,
The custom, that your youth was ever nurst in,
Must be forgot, I shall forget my duty else,
And how that will appear—

Clod. Wee'l talk of that more.

Zen. Besides I tell ye, I am naturally,
As all young women are, that shew like handsome,
Exceeding proud, being commended, monstrous.
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleas'd,
Unless it be with infinite observance,
Which you were never bred to; once well angered,
As every cross in us, provokes that passion,
And like a Sea, I roule, toss, and chafe a week after.
And then all mischief I can think upon,
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest,
I tell you what you'le finde, and in these fitts,
This little beauty you are pleased to honour,
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,
To such a vizard, ten to one, I dye too,
Take't then upon my death you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away fool, why dost thou proclame these To
prevent that in me, thou hast chosen in another?

Zen. Him I have chosen, I can rule and master,
Temper to what I please, you are a great one
Of a strong will to bend, I dare not venture.
Be wise my Lord, and say you were well counsel'd,
Take mony for my ransom, and forget me,
'Twill be both safe, and noble for your honour,
And wheresoever my fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
So vertuous and so fair.

Clod. You will not marrie me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour, be not angry At what I say,
I cannot love ye, dare not; But set a ransom, for the flowr you
covet.

Clod. No mony, nor no prayers, shall redeem that, Not all the
art you have.

Zen. Set your own price Sir.

Clod. Goe to your wedding, never kneel to me,
When that's done, you are mine, I will enjoy you:
Your tears do nothing, I will not lose my custom
To cast upon my self an Empires fortune.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this custom, cruel man. [*Ex.*

Clod. Your body will content me: I'le look for you. [*Ex.*

*Enter Charino, and servants in blacks. Covering the place
with blacks.*

Char. Strew all your withered flowers, your Autumn sweets
By the hot Sun ravisht of bud and beauty
Thus round about her Bride-bed, hang those blacks there
The emblemes of her honour lost; all joy
That leads a Virgin to receive her lover,
Keep from this place, all fellow-maids that bless her,
And blushing do unloose her Zone, keep from her:
No merry noise nor lusty songs be heard here,

Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy,
This is no masque of mirth, but murdered honour.
Sing mournfully that sad Epithalamion
I gave thee now: and prethee let thy lute weep.

Song, Dance. *Enter* Rutilio.

Rut. How now, what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?
This is more like a funeral.

Char. It is one,
And my poor Daughter going to her grave,
To his most loath'd embraces that gapes for her.
Make the Earles bed readie, is the marriage done Sir?

Rut. Yes they are knit; but must this slubberdegullion Have
her maiden-head now?

[*Char.*] There's no avoiding it.

Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must lose it.

[*Char.*] The bed Sir.

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
And 'twere but to a merry Cobbler, I could sit still now,
I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,
This universal rutter—fare ye well Sir;

And if you have any good prayers, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a remedie.

Char. I wish it, [*Exit Rut.* And all my best devotions offer to it.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Clod. Now is this tye dispatch'd?

Char. I think it be Sir.

Clod. And my bed ready?

Char. There you may quickly find Sir, Such a loath'd
preparation.

Clod. Never grumble,
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure,
It must and shall be done: give me some wine,
And fill it till it leap upon my lips: [*wine*
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,
The toy I must take pains for.

Char. I beseech your Lordship Load not a Fathers love.

Clod. Pledge it *Charino*,
Or by my life I'll make thee pledge thy last,
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect Virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my bloud beats alarms through my body,
And fancie high. You of my guard retire,
And let me hear no noise about the lodging

But musick and sweet ayres, now fetch your Daughter,
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements, out-blush damask Roses,
And dim the breaking East with her bright Crystals.
I am all on fire, away.

Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Zenocia with Bow and Quiver, an Arrow bent,
Arnoldo and Rutilio after her, arm'd.*

Zen. Come fearless on.

Rut. Nay an I budge from thee Beat me with durty sticks.

Clod. What Masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous Huntress, fairer far, and sweeter;
Diana shewes an Ethiop to this beauty
Protected by two Virgin Knights.

Rut. That's a lye, A loud one, if you knew as much as I do,
The Guard's dispers'd.

Arn. Fortune I hope invites us.

Clod. I can no longer hold, she pulls my heart from me.

Zen. Stand, and stand fixt, move not a foot, nor speak not,
For if thou doest, upon this point thy death sits.
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher,
Thou scum of noble blood, repent and speedily,
Repent thy thousand thefts, from helpless Virgins,

Their innocence betrayed to thy embraces.

Arn. The base dishonour, that thou doest to strangers,
In glorying to abuse the Laws of Marriage,
Thy Infamy thou hast flung upon thy Country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.

Clod. My Guard.

Arn. One word more, and thou diest.

Rut. One syllable

That tends to any thing, but I beseech you,
And as y'are Gentlemen tender my case,
And I'll thrust my Javeling down thy throat.
Thou Dog-whelp, thou, pox upon thee, what
Should I call thee, Pompion,
Thou kiss my Lady? thou scour her Chamber-pot:
Thou have a Maiden-head? a mottly Coat,
You great blind fool, farewell and be hang'd to ye,
Lose no time Lady.

Arn. Pray take your pleasure Sir, And so we'll take our leaves.

Zen. We are determin'd, Dye, before yield.

Arn. Honour, and a fair grave.

Zen. Before a lustful Bed, so for our fortunes.

Rut. *Du cat awhee*, good Count, cry, prethee cry, O what a
wench hast thou lost! cry you great booby. [*Exe.*]

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is she gone then, am I dishonoured thus,
Cozened and baffl'd? my Guard there, no man answer?
My Guard I say, sirrah you knew of this plot;
Where are my Guard? I'll have your life you villain,
You politick old Thief.

Char. Heaven send her far enough,

Enter Guard.

And let me pay the ransom.

Guard. Did your honour call us?

Clod. Post every way, and presently recover The two strange
Gentlemen, and the fair Lady.

Guard. This day was Married Sir?

Clod. The same.

Guard. We saw 'em. Making with all main speed to th' Port.

Clod. Away villains. [*Exit Guard.* Recover her, or I shall dye;
deal truly, Didst not thou know?

Char. By all that's good I did not. If your honour mean their
flight, to say I grieve for that, Will be to lye; you may handle me
as you please.

Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor, For thou
hast rob'd me villain of a treasure.

Enter Guard.

How now?

Guard. They're all aboard, a Bark rode ready for 'em, And now are under Sail, and past recovery.

Clod. Rig me a Ship with all the speed that may be,
I will not lose her: thou her most false Father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.

Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'l find me.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Manuel du Sosa, and Guiomar.

Man. I Hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me Madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no Uncles part in him,
And much I fear, the comfort of a Son
You will not long enjoy.

Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted, since his Fathers death,
(Peace to his soul) a Mothers prayers and care
Were never wanting, in his education.
His Child-hood I pass o're, as being brought up
Under my wing; and growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness, and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest Masters, and of greatest name
Of *Salamanca*, in all liberal Arts.

Man. To train his youth up. I must witness that.

Gui. How there he prospered to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general Scholar,

Being one of note, before he was a man,
Is still remembred in that *Academy*,
From thence I sent him to the Emperours Court,
Attended like his Fathers Son, and there
Maintain'd him, in such bravery and height,
As did become a Courtier.

Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him, my Nephew had been happy.
The Court's a School indeed, in which some few
Learn vertuous principles, but most forget
What ever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in practice, serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use, my Nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne're known
What's there in grace and fashion.

Gui. I have heard yet,
That while he liv'd in Court, the Emperour
Took notice of his carriage and good parts,
The Grandees did not scorn his company,
And of the greatest Ladies he was held
A compleat Gentleman.

Man. He indeed Daunc'd well;
A turn o'th' Toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness, and a strong back,
Will go far with a Madam: 'tis most true,
That he's an excellent Scholar, and he knows it;
An exact Courtier, and he knows that too;

He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.

Gui. Nor have I much reason, To grieve his fortune that way.

Man. You are mistaken,
Prosperity does search a Gentlemans temper,
More than his adverse fortune: I have known
Many, and of rare parts from their success
In private Duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly, wish'd they had fallen in them.
I need not write examples, in your Son
'Tis too apparent; for e're *Don Duarte*
Made tryal of his valour, he indeed was
Admired for civil courtesie, but now
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance,
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair Societies.

Gui. Would it were
In my weak power to help it: I will use
With my entreaties th' Authority of a Mother,
As you may of an Uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a Governour
To the great King in _Lisbon.

Enter_ Duarte *and his Page.*

Man. Here he comes. We are unseen, observe him.

Dua. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Dua. What saith the *Spanish* Captain that I struck, To my bold challenge?

Page. He refus'd to read it.

Dua. Why didst not leave it there?

Page. I did my Lord,
But to no purpose, for he seems more willing
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the sword; he knows too well,
That from your Lordship nothing can be got
But more blows, and disgraces.

Dua. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury
Is lost upon him; holds the Mask, appointed
I'th' honour of *Hippolyta*?

Page. 'Tis broke off.

Dua. The reason?

Page. This was one, they heard your Lordship
Was by the Ladies choice to lead the Dance,
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far

You would outshine 'em, gave it o're and said,
They would not serve for foiles to set you off.

Dua. They at their best are such, and ever shall be Where I
appear.

Man. Do you note his modesty?

Dua. But was there nothing else pretended?

Page. Yes,

Young Don *Alonzo*, the great Captains Nephew,
Stood on comparisons.

Dua. With whom?

Page. With you,

And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him,
Nor were your Lordship to contend with one
So far above you.

Dua. I look down upon him

With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave,
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires Ashes,
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
This is a Lord, he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one

Amongst the common route. Compare with me?
'Tis Gyant-like ambition; I know him,
And know my self, that man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,
Which his deserts have purchas'd, I could wish
My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen
Of lesser power, or that my provident Father
Had been like to that riotous Emperour
That chose his belly for his only heir;
For being of no family then, and poor
My vertues wheresoe'r I liv'd, should make
That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange self Love!

Dua. For if I studied the Countries Laws,
I should so easily sound all their depth,
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in most practice and esteem,
Should starve for want of Clients: if I travell'd,
Like wise *Ulysses* to see men and manners,
I would return in act, more knowing, than

Homer could fancy him; if a Physician,
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
That where I liv'd, *Galen* should not be nam'd,
And he that joyn'd again the scatter'd limbs
Of torn *Hippolytus* should be forgotten.
I could teach *Ovid* courtship, how to win

A *Julia*, and enjoy her, though her Dower
Were all the Sun gives light to: and for arms
Were the *Persian* host that drank up Rivers, added
To the *Turks* present powers, I could direct,
Command, and Marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not To rule your self, you would not
to a boy else Like *Plautus* Braggart boast thus.

Dua. All I speak, In act I can make good.

Gui. Why then being Master
Of such and so good parts do you destroy them,
With self opinion, or like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting
Nor to your self nor others, the use of them?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And those so rare perfections in my Son
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched Mother.

Man. You are too insolent.
And those too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a Pleurisie, and kill
That which should nourish vertue; dare you think
All blessings are confer'd on you alone?
Y'are grosly cousen'd; there's no good in you,
Which others have not: are you a Scholar? so
Are many, and as knowing: are you valiant?

Waste not that courage then in braules, but spend it
In the Wars, in service of your King and Country.

Dua. Yes, so I might be General, no man lives That's worthy
to command me.

Man. Sir, in *Lisbon*

I am: and you shall know it; every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all sexes.
And my authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my Nephew,
No longer shall protect you, for I vow
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger, rest assur'd on't.

Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
You owe a Mother, once more I command you
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
All that is mine, is yours, if not, expect
My prayers, and vows, for your conversion only,

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