

BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN

THE LITTLE
FRENCH
LAWYER: A
COMEDY

John Fletcher
Francis Beaumont
The Little French
Lawyer: A Comedy

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The Little French Lawyer: A Comedy:

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Francis Beaumont The Little French Lawyer: A Comedy

THE Little French Lawyer. A COMEDY

Persons Represented in the Play

Dinant, *a Gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretended to love Lamira.*

Cleremont, *a merry Gentleman, his Friend.*

Champernell, *a lame old Gentleman, Husband to Lamira.*

Vertaign, *a Noble-man, and a Judge.*

Beaupre, *Son to Vertaign.*

Verdone, *Nephew to Champernell.*

Monsieur La Witt, a wrangling Advocate, or the Little Lawyer.

Sampson, *a foolish Advocate, Kinsman to Vertaign.*

Provost.

Gentlemen.

Clients.

Servants.

WOMEN

Lamira, *Wife to Champernell, and Daughter to Vertaign.*

Anabell, *Niece to Champernell.*

Old Lady, *Nurse to Lamira.*

Charlotte, *Waiting Gentlewoman to Lamira.*

The Scene France.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.

John Lowin.

John Underwood.

Robert Benfield.

Nicholas Toolie.

William Egleston.

Richard Sharpe.

Thomas Holcomb.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima

Enter Dinant, a[n]d Cleremont.

Din. Disswade me not.

Clere. It will breed a brawl.

Din. I care not, I wear a Sword.

Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off, let that direct your arm,
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.

Din. Why would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not Stoicks, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in Lackies,
Peasants, and Tradesmen, not in men of rank
And qualitie, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,

For the honour of our Country, and our Prince,
Pours it self out with prodigal expence
Upon our Mothers lap, the Earth that bred us
For every trifle; and these private Duells,
Which had their first original from the *Fr[enc]h*
(And for which, to this day, we are justly censured)
Are banisht from all civil Governments:
Scarce three in *Venice*, in as many years;
In *Florence*, they are rarer, and in all
The fair Dominions of the *Spanish* King,
They are never heard of: Nay, those neighbour Countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet—

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late Kings,
For the lie, wearing of a Mistris favour,
A cheat at Cards or Dice, and such like causes,
Have lost as many gallant Gentlemen,
As might have met the great *Turk* in the field
With confidence of a glorious Victorie,
And shall we then—

Din. No more, for shame no more,
Are you become a Patron too? 'tis a new one,
No more on't, burn't, give it to some Orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise,

With such a one it might do well, and profit
The Curat of the Parish, but for *Cleremont*,
The bold, and undertaking *Cleremont*,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his *Cleremont*, is absurd,
And meer Apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why if thou hast forgot thy self, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well Sir, well.

Din. But yesterday, thou wast the common second,
Of all that only knew thee, thou hadst bills
Set up on every post, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties;
And as to save the charges of the Law
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels:
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engag'd thy self: This goodly calling
Thou hast followed five and twenty years, and studied
The Criticisms of contentions, and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? certain this night

Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Cler. Yes, Sir,
I have seen fools, and fighters, chain'd together,
And the Fighters had the upper hand, and whipt first,
The poor Sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not, what I will be is resolv'd on.

Din. Why then you'l fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me.
Some kind of wrongs there are which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words.

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?

Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk, and from an enemy
I think much less.

Din. There's some hope of thee left then,

Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?

Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy presence
See me o'recharg'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall my self first.

Din. Would'st thou endure thy Mistris be taken from thee,
And thou sit quiet?

Cler. There you touch my honour,
No French-man can endure that.

Di[n]. Pl— upon thee,
Why dost thou talk of Peace then? that dar'st suffer
Nothing, or in thy self, or in thy friend
That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this Gentleman
For wearing stammel Breeches, or this Gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this mans taking up a common Wench
In raggs, and lowsie, then maintaining her
Caroach'd in cloth of Tissue, nor five hundred
Of such like toys, that at no part concern me;

Marry, where my honour, or my friend is questioned,
I have a Sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a Rascals throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.

Din. Thou art of a fine Religion,
And rather than we'll make a Schism in friendship
I will be of it: But to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair *Lamira*?

Cler. Too well Sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship, that's too good a name,
Your slave-like services, your morning musique;
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight,
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers,
How then you triumph'd?
Here was love forsooth.

Din. These follies I deny not,
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me,
But my reward for this—

Cler. As you deserv'd,
For he that makes a goddess of a Puppet,
Merits no other recompence.

Din. This day friend,
For thou art so—

Cler. I am no flatterer.

Din. This proud, ingratefull she, is married to
Lame *Champernel*.

Cler. I know him, he has been
As tall a Sea-man, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a legg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from *Marseilles*: you are tame,
Pl— on't, it mads me; if it were my case,
I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet but now
You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession,
And 'twas enjoyn'd me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one,
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new Tally, Foot do any thing,
I'le second you.

Din. I would not willingly
Make red, my yet white conscience, yet I purpose
In the open street, as they come from the Temple,
(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,

And do it boldly.

[*Musick playes.*]

Cler. Were thy tongue a Cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy, they come, upon 'em.

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is fine fidling.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, *Nurse*, Beaupre,
Verdone. *An Epithalamium.*

SONG at the Wedding

Come away, bring on the Bride
And place her by her Lovers side:
You fair troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you Virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus

Hymen, fill the house with joy,

*All thy sacred fires employ:
Bless the Bed with holy love,
Now fair orb of Beauty move.*

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.

Verta. This is strange rudeness.

Din. 'Tis courtship, ballanced with injuries,
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dy
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour; first to ye my Lord,
The Father of this Bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.

Champ. How? to her grave?

Dina. Be patient Sir, I'll speak of you anon
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune:
You that are rich, and but in this held wise too,
That as a Father should have look'd upon
Your Daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth, and heat of blood requir'd
In lawfull pleasures, than the parting from
Your Crowns to pay her dowr: you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,

As if you were assur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you, in this choice? in what
Deserve I your contempt? my house, and honours
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And not to praise my self, the City ranks me
In the first file of her most hopefull Gentry:
But *Champernel* is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold: and add to that, he's old too,
His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your Family; Here was providence,
I grant, but in a Nobleman base thrift:
No Merchants, nay, no Pirats, sell for Bondmen
Their Country-men, but you, a Gentleman,
To save a little gold, have sold your Daughter
To worse than slaverie.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh language was delivered to
An old man, but my Father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design, let me alone,
To answer him, or any man.

Verd. You presume
Too much upon your name, but may be couzen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindfull of my service,
For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost, and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been, you to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form,
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgement to distinguish, when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made your self,
And but your self have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
But you will say, you serv'd your Fathers pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust commands of Parents
Are not to be obey'd, or that you are rich,
And that to wealth all pleasure else are servants,
Yet but consider, how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the possession.

Champ. You Sir know
I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how: you'l come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this Souldier will not lie,
But answer truly, this rich cloth of Arras
I made my prize in such a Ship, this Plate

Was my share in another; these fair Jewels,
Coming a shore, I got in such a Village,
The Maid, or Matron kill'd, from whom they were ravish'd,
The Wines you drink are guilty too, for this,
This *Candie* Wine, three Merchants were undone,
These Suckets break as many more: in brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears, and grones of such as were the owners.

Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false.

Verta. Let losers talk.

Din. Lastly, those joyes, those best of joyes, which *Hymen*
Freely bestows on such, that come to tye
The sacred knot be blesses, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable you shall never taste of.
This Marriage night you'l meet a Widows bed,
Or failing of those pleasures all Brides look for,
Sin in your wish it were so.

Champ. Thou art a Villain,
A base, malitious slanderer.

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No, he is not worth a blow.

Champ. O that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees,
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me.

Verta. Pray you have patience.

Lamira. This day I am to be your Sovereign,
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am my self, nor you:
Away, dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace more than the fire of glorious War,
And like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires labours, that, as I am now,
Were gathering Bees, and fill'd their Hive, this Country
With brave triumphant spoils, censure our actions?
You object my prizes to me, had you seen
The horror of a Sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies blood, which straight
Like oyle pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;
My Deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The lowdest thunder, and the desperate fools
That Boorded me, sent, to defie the tempests

That were against me, to the angrie Sea,
Frighted with men thrown o're; no victory,
But in despite of the four Elements,
The Fire, the Air, the Sea, and sands hid in it
To be atchiev'd, you would confess poor men,
(Though hopeless, such an honourable way
To get or wealth, or honour) in your selves
He that through all these dreadfull passages
Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it stil'd
By the base name of theft.

Din. This is the Courtship,
That you must look for, Madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with:
Your tongue is sound good Lord, and I could wish
For this young Ladyes sake this leg, this arm,
And there is something else, I will not name,
(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her)
Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs
With your best blood: help me once noble anger,
(Nay stir not, I alone must right my self)
And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters: O that noble wounds
[*Falls.*

Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jear me too?
I got these, not as you do, your diseases
In Brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in Taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more,
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to Sea; you are *French-men* only,
In that you have been laied, and cur'd, goe to:
You mock my leg, but every bone about you,
Makes you good Almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your Sword.

Cler. Or turn it to a Crutch, there't may b[e] usefull,
And live on the relation to your Wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine vertue 'tis in a young Lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a Surgeon
To teach her to roul up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a Pultess, and endure the scent
Of oils, and nasty Plasters.

Verta. Fie Sir, fie,
You that have stood all dangers of all kinds, to
Yield to a Rivalls scoffe?

Lamira. Shed tears upon
Your Wedding day? this is unmanly Gentlemen.

Champ. They are tears of anger: O that I should live
To play the woman thus! All powerfull heaven,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again,
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their folies, and ill manners, and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verdo. You shall have satisfaction.
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beaup. I say no more, you have a Brother, Sister,
This is your wedding day, we are in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be Laws in *Paris*, look to answer
This insolent affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em for heavens sake; for my part I know not
Nor care not what they are. Is the[re] ought else
That you would say;

Din. Nothing, I have my ends.

Lamira weeps, I have said too much I fear;
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears. [*Exeunt Dinant, and*
Cleremont.

Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my Nephew.

Verdo. If I fail in't
Ne'r know me more, Cousin *Beaupre.*

Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life, thou shalt not find
I am decrepit; in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant, and believe me,
For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young mans ardour,
And in all circumstances of a Husband,
Perform my part.

Lamira. Good Sir, I am your servant,

And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undoe the knot, that by the Church is tyed.
Only I would beseech ye, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my vertues,
For so you have pleas'd to stile my innocent weakness,
That what hath pass'd be[t]ween *Dinant* and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts, or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you,
You think I will be jealous; as I live
Thou art mistaken sweet; and to confirm it
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt,
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lamira. I'll use this liberty
With moderation Sir.

Beaup. I am resolv'd.
Steal off, I'll follow you.

Champ. Come Sir, you droop;
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your Son in Law.

Verta. Sir, you teach me

The language I should use; I am most happy
In being so near you. [Exeunt Verdone, and
Beaupre.

Lamira. O my fears! good nurse
Follow my Brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurs. I will be carefull Madam. [Exit Nurse.

Champ. Between us complements are superfluous,
On Gentlemen, th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter, 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to our selves, or to our Nuptial feast. [Exeunt.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'r fear't.

Din. What sport I prethee?

Cler. Why we must fight, I know it, and I long for't,
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young *Verdone*, *Beaupre* look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They are both brave fellows
Tri'd and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be lost;

They will play up to a man, and set him off.
When e're I go to the field, heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or, Coward,
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot,
The Coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting Nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,
You ne'r think on the danger.

Cler. Why 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at Supper,
And drinking hard; mischief comes there unlook'd for,
I am sure as suddain, and strikes home as often,
For this we are prepar'd.

Din. *Lamira* Loves
Her Brother *Beaupre* dearly.

Cler. What of that?

Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words, that little hope is left me,
E're to enjoy what (next to Heaven) I long for,
Is taken from me.

Cer. Why what can you hope for,

She being now married?

Din. Oh my *Cleremont*,

To you all secrets of my heart lye open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoe're
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no farther wrong me. I am a *French-man*,
And for the greater part we are born Courtiers,
She is a woman, and however yet,
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen Chastity, time and opportunitie
May work her to my ends, I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em: now her marriage,
In probabilitie, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there? pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust?

Din. Too near,
But prethee chide me not.

Cler. Not I, goe on boy,
I have faults my self, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from: for her Marriage,
I do esteem it (and most batchellors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now,
Whether I have the gift of prophecie.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. Monsieur *Dinant*,
I am glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I am at your service.

Verd. Good Monsieur *Cleremont*, I have long wish'd
To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes Sir.

Beaup. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud, to have had the honour
To call you Brother, but my Fathers pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know no man lives,
That can command his passions, and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
You were pleas'd to use to my Father and my Sister,
He's old and she a woman, I most sorrie
My honour does compel me to entreat you,
To do me the favour, with your sword to meet me

A mile without the Citie.

Din. You much honour me.
In the demand, I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beaup. O Sir you teach me what to say: the time?

Din. With the next Sun, if you think fit.

Beaup. The place?

Din. Near to the vineyard eastward from the Citie.

Beaup. I like it well, this Gentleman if you please
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my friends behalf I will attend him.

Verd. You shall not miss my service.

Beaup. Good day Gentlemen. [*Ex.* *Beaup.*
and Verd.

Din. At your Commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your servants.
I think there is no Nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies throats with complement,
And such fine tricks as we do: If you have

Any few Prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind and use 'em, for my self,
As I have little to lose, my care is less,
So till to morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions; and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a Castle.

Din. Thou art all honour,
Thy resolution would steel a Coward,
And I most fortunate in such a Friend;
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me, reputation take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second Love.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lamira, Charlotte.

Lami. Sleeps my Lord still, *Charlotte*?

Char. Not to be wak'd.
By your Ladiships cheerfull looks I well perceive
That this night the good Lord hath been
At an unusual service, and no wonder
If he rest after it.

Lamira. You are very bold.

Char. Your Creature Madam, and when you are pleas'd
Sadness to me's a stranger, your good pardon
If I speak like a fool, I could have wisht
To have ta'ne your place to night, had bold *Dinant*
Your first and most obsequious servant tasted
Those delicates, which by his lethargie
As it appears, have cloy'd my Lord.

Lamira. No, more.

Char. I am silenc'd, Madam.

Lamira. Saw you my nurse this morning?

Charl. No Madam.

Lamira. I am full of fears.
Who's that?

[*Knock within.*]

Charl. She you enquir'd for.

Lamira. Bring her in, and leave me.
Now nurse what news?

[*Exit Charlote.*]

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O Ladie dreadfull ones.
They are to fight this morning, there's no remedie.

I saw my Lord your Brother, and *Verdone*
Take horse as I came by.

Lamira. Where's *Cleremont*?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lamira. Where's *Dinant*?

Nurse. There's all the hope, I have staid him with a trick,
If I have done well so.

Lamira. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,
Your Ladship laid your command upon him,
To attend you presently, and to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestowed on me: he waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him,
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lamira. Have you learnt the place,
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes 'tis where
The Duke of *Burgundie* met *Lewis* th' eleventh.

Lamir. Enough, I will reward thee liberally,
[*Exit Nurse.*

Goe bring him in: full dear I loved *Dinant*,
While it was lawfull, but those fires are quench'd
I being now anothers, truth forgive me
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on
To guard a Brothers safetie.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now your pleasure,
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
What ever you command.

Lamira. You speak, as if
You did repent it, and 'tis not worth my thanks then,
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.

Lamira. Why I am still *Lamira*,
And you *Dinant*, and 'tis yet in my power,
I dare not say I'le put it into act,
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lami. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it, or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.

Din. Name that danger
Be it of what horrid shape soever Ladie
Which I will shrink at; only at this instant
Be speedie in't.

Lamira. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to day, do you start at that?
Not with my Brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no *Helens* beauty to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended, if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience,
There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lamira. Why, foolish man,
Dare you sollicite me to serve your lust,

In which not only I abuse my Lord,
My Father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit,
From whom? the giddy multitude; but mankind
Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose,
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write my self a coward,
'Tis better be no man.

Lamira. This will not do;
Why, I desire not, you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my Brothers life with yours,
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly,
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lamira. For you, my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpets name.

Din. O that I knew the wretch!

Lamira. I will not name him,
Nor give you any Character to know him;

But if you dare, and instantly ride forth
At the west port of the City, and defend there
My reputation, against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear *Dinant*,
To satisfie, (though sure I think I shall)
What ever you desire, if you denie this,
Be desperate, for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you say?

Lamira. Only two hours.

Din. I were no Gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it; this favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. *[Exit.*

Lamira. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My Brother safe, which was the mark I shot at. *[Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Cleremont, as in the field.

Cler. I am first i'th' field, that honour's gain'd of our side,
Pray Heaven I may get off as honourable,
The hour is past, I wonder *Dinant* comes not,
This is the place, I cannot see him yet;
It is his quarel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'r knew him yet, but to his honour
A firm and worthy Friend, yet I see nothing,
Nor Horse nor man, 'twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him last.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. You are well met *Cleremont*.

Verdo. You are a fair Gentleman, and love your friend Sir.
What are you ready? the time has overta'ne us.

Beaup. And this you know the place.

Cler. No *Dinant* yet?

Beaup. We come not now to argue, but to do;
We wait you Sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet Gentlemen,
We have day enough: is't possible he comes not?
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my Friend come, walk but a turn or two,
'Twill not be long.

Verd. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight Gentlemen,
And fight enough, but a short turn or two,
I think I see him, set up your watch, we'l fight by it.

Beaup. That is not he; we will not be deluded.

Cler. Am I bob'd thus? pray take a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air; by that time, Gentlemen—

Verd. Come draw your Sword, you know the custome here
Sir,
First come, first serv'd.

Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practised so, I do not hold it honest;
What honour can you both win on me single?

Beaup. Yield up your Sword then.

Cler. Yield my Sword? that's Hebrew;
I'll be first cut a p[iec]es; hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old Gentleman?

Gent. Yes indeed am I, Sir.

Cler. And wear no Sword?

Gent. I need none, Sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now such a foolish courtesie.
You see these Gentlemen?

Gent. You want a second.
In good Faith Sir, I was never handsom at it,
I would you had my Son, but he's in *Italy*,
A proper Gentleman; you may do well gallants
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy,
The Gentleman may do his Country—

Cler. Now I beseech you, Sir,
If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon.

There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verd. You see your fortune,
You had better yield your Sword.

Cler. Pray ye stay a little.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine honestie, you shall be fought with;
Well, *Dinant*, well, these wear swords and seem brave fellows.
As you are Gentlemen, one of you supply me.
I want a Second now to meet these gallants,
You know what honour is.

1 Gent. Sir you must pardon us,
We goe about the same work, you are ready for;
And must fight presently, else we were your servants.

2 Gent. God speed you, and good day.

[*Exit Gent.*

Cler. Am I thus Colted?

Beaup. Come either yield—

Cler. As you are honest Gentlemen,

Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune,
And if I fight not like a man—Fy *Dinant*,
Cold now and treacherous.

Enter Monsieur La-writ, within.

La-Writ. I understand your causes.
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses,
Will you make me mad, have I not all the parcells?
And his Petition too, about Bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses, what will you have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted;
And tell your Master, as I am a Gentleman,
His Cause shall be the first, commend me to your Mistris,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of Farthingales
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation: bid my wife send me some puddings;
I have a Cause to run through, requires puddings,
Puddings enough. Farewel.

Cler. God speed you, Sir.

Beaup. Would he would take this fellow.

Verd. A rare Youth.

Cler. If you be not hastie, Sir.

La-writ. Yes, I am hastie,
Exceeding hastie, Sir, I am going to the Parliament,
You understand this bag, if you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your Fees.

Cler. 'Faith, Sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no Parliament.

La-writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you,
'Tis a Sword matter, Sir.

La-writ. I am no Cutler,
I am an Advocate, Sir.

Beaup. How the thing looks?

Verd. When he brings him to fight.

Cler. Be not so hastie,
You wear a good Sword.

La-writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a Sword—

Cler. I must entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part
Against these Gentlemen, I want a second;
Ye seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La-writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarels, Sir, know best to satisfie.

Beaup. This is some sport yet.

Verd. If this fellow should fight.

La-writ. And for any thing I know, I am an arrant coward,
Do not trust me, I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try, you are mistaken: walk on Gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.

La-writ. Are ye mad Gentleman?
My business is within this half hour.

Cler. That's all one,
We'll dispatch within this quarter, there in that bottom,
'Tis most convenient Gentlemen.

Beaup. Well, we'll wait, Sir.

Verd. Why this will be a comick fight, you'l follow.

La-writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.

[*Ex.* Beaupre, Verdone.]

Cler. Away, away,

I know you can: I like your modesty,

I know you will fight and so fight, with such metal,

And with such judgement meet your enemies fury;

I see it in your eye, Sir.

La-writ. I'll be hang'd then;

And I charge you in the Kings name, name no more fighting.

Cler. I charge you in the Kings name, play the man,

Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you,

I'll make you dance, do you see your fiddlestick?

Sweet A[d]vocate thou shalt fight.

La-writ. Stand farther Gentleman,

Or I'll give you such a dust o'th' chapps—

Cler. Spoke bravely,

And like thy self, a noble Advocate:

Come to thy tools.

La-writ. I do not say I'll fight;

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-writ. If I do fight;

I say, if I do, but do not depend upon't,
And yet I have a foolish itch upon me,
What shall become of my Writings?

Cler. Let 'em ly by,
They will not run away, man.

La-writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight, I cannot fight, my Causes—

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes,
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La-writ. Hum, say you so? if I should
Be such a coxcombe to prove valiant now—

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La-writ. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;

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