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A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE PASSIONATE LOVER BY LODOWICK CARLELL.

Rice University, Ph.D., 1963
Language and Literature, general

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A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE PASSIONATE LOVER

BY LODOWICK CARLELL

by
Gene Stephenson Ewton

A THESIS SUBMITTED
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Thesis Director's signature:

Houston, Texas
May, 1963
PREFACE

Lodowick Carrell was a Cavalier dramatist, one of the group of playwrights assembled around the court of Charles I. He was born in 1602, of a Scottish border family, but came to London as a young man to begin a long and successful career as a courtier. Traditionally, his family had been servants of the royal sport, and it was in this tradition that Carrell followed, becoming royal huntsman, keeper of the bows, and gamekeeper, as well as groom of the privy chamber. In 1636 he was awarded a coveted position as Keeper of Richmond Park. Although the period before the revolution was the high point of Carrell's career, he retained his public offices during the Commonwealth, and after the Restoration, was in the royal service until his death in 1675.

Carrell's dramatic activity was closely connected with his political career. Of his six plays, the first, Osmond the Great Turk, was written during the reign of James I, and is heavily royalist in tone. His last play, in 1664, was a translation of Corneille's Heraclius, peculiarly appropriate to the time in that it deals with the restoration of a monarch to his rightful throne.

Carrell's most characteristic plays, however, were written in the years between 1629 and 1639. At that time, court drama had the strong support of King Charles, and the
influence, even stronger, of Queen Henrietta Maria. It was the king who encouraged courtiers to write, but the taste reflected in the lengthy romance, overblown rhetoric, and préciosité of Cavalier drama is the queen's. Carlell wrote four plays in the Cavalier vein: *The Deserving Favourite, Arviragus and Philicia, The Passionate Lovers,* and *The Fool Would be a Favourite.* All were quite popular, and were produced many times at court. Their popularity, however, did not outlive the specialized audience for which they were intended, and though some were printed as late as the 1650's, only *Arviragus and Philicia* was ever revived, and that no later than 1673. Besides his plays, Carlell wrote only some occasional poetry.

*The Passionate Lover* is a typical Cavalier romance. It was written sometime before 1638, and consists of two parts, of five acts each. There are indications that the plot was suggested by none other than King Charles himself, while the characterization and rhetoric betray the feministic influence of the queen. Though performed frequently in the 1630's, it was not printed until 1655, which issue, in quarto and octavo, has remained the only edition, and is therefore the basis of the present critical edition.

The purpose of this edition has been, through a collation of several copies and a secondary examination of several more, the establishment of a definitive text. Much attention has, of course, been given to matters of correction and emendation and to the organization of textual apparatus.
However, a short historical and critical introduction, and a few explanatory notes, have been supplied.

Because *The Passionate Lover* was written when English drama was undergoing the great transition from the characteristically Elizabethan to the typically Restoration, and because of its special relation to the fashionable world of the early seventeenth century, it is hoped that this edition will be of use not only to the general student of the drama, but to the historian of the drama and the historian of ideas as well.

Thanks are due to Professor Carroll Camden, whose insight and cooperation have been invaluable in the development of this thesis; and to Professor Wilfred S. Dowden and Professor Niels C. Nielsen, whose suggestions and encouragement have been most helpful; and to Professor Alan D. McKillip, whose memory was at my disposal.
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INTRODUCTION

Lodowick Carlile: 1. The Biographical Record

Ancestry: Lodowick Carlile\(^1\) was a member of the Brydekirk branch of the Scottish family, Carlisle of Annandale. From the time of the earliest record in 1170, the Carlisles figured in events of historical importance; in the decades preceding the birth of Lodowick, they were particularly active in border warfare.

The Brydekirk branch traces its beginnings to the late 15th century, when Adam, the son of the younger brother of the first Lord Carlyle, was granted a charter to the lands of Brydekirk. Lodowick's father was Herbert of Brydekirk, called "H Robbie," buried in 1632 as "Robert Carlyle." His mother was Margaret Cunningham.\(^2\)

Even during Lodowick's lifetime, the Carlisles had a reputation for violence and lawlessness. For instance, in 1616, an attempt was made by the King's advocate to arrest Elizabeth Carlyle for debt. He was immediately

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\(^1\)The name is spelled variously "Carrell," "Carlisle," "Carlile," "Carliel," (Lodowick's own spelling), and was probably pronounced "Carlyle," as is familiar to us in the name of the family's most famous member, Thomas Carlyle. "Carlile" is adopted here because, being the form on the title pages of the plays, it is the form used in almost all literary histories and bibliographies.

\(^2\)Charles H. Gray, Lodowick Carlile: His Life, A Discussion of His Plays, and "The Deserving Favourite," (Chicago, 1905), pp. 14-18. Gray's work has been particularly helpful in the preparation of this outline, for he had access to the privately printed Collections for a History of the Ancient Family of Carlisle of Nicholas Carlisle (London, 1822), unpublished manuscript notes of members of the family, and church and parish registers.
set upon by several armed clansmen, including Lodowick's father and his uncle Alexander, but at least survived to register his complaint.\(^3\)

1602 Birth of Lodowick Carlell.\(^4\)

1617 Royal visit to Dumfries, near Blydekirk. The King was entertained by several of Lodowick's relatives and connections, and there is speculation that at this time, he took the boy with him back to London.\(^5\)

1621 Official communication:

Nov. 11. Royston. George (Marquis of) Buckingham to Lord Cranfield in favour of Lodowick Carlell, applying for the wardship of one Walter Mildmay, his son, if the mother do not compound within the time limited: the King favours him.\(^6\)

Walter Mildmay was the eldest son of the deceased Sir Thomas Mildmay, old enough to testify before the Privy Council when the case was tried,\(^7\) so the implications suggested by the wording of this letter should probably be disregarded. The securing of wardships was a profitable business in the 17th century, and it is likely


\(^4\)See marriage license, below p. vii.

\(^5\)Gray, pp. 26-27. Gray also suggests that Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lennox and Richmond, was Carlell's godfather and patron, pp. 22-23.


\(^7\)Ruoff, p. 10.
that Carrell was merely taking advantage of it.  

1622 Transcript by Malone from Sir John Astley:

Item 6 Sept., 1622, for perusing and allowing of a new play called Osmond the Great Turk, which Mr. Hemmings and Mr. Rice affirmed to me the Lord Chamberlain gave order to allow of it because I refused to allow at first, containing 22 leaves and a page. Acted by the King's players ... 20s.  

The play was later printed as Carrell's; the entry is the first known record of his dramatic activity.

1626 Marriage license:

July 11, 1626, William Palmer, Gent., of St. James' Park, alleges the marriage of Lodwicke Carlile, Esq., Bach 24, & Joane Palmer dau. of said William, 20; at St Faith's, London.  

1627 Carrell appointed Keeper of the Queen's Hounds and other minor offices.  

Appointments in such capacity would appear to have been traditional in Carrell's family. His uncle, Alexander Carrell, was Yeoman of the Privy Harriers.  

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9Gerald Bades Bentley, The Jacobean and Caroline Stage, III, Plays and Playwrights (Oxford, 1956), p. 119. No attempt will be made to include here the stage and publication history of all Carrell's works, but only items relevant to his personal career.  


12Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of James I, 1619-1627, OXXXI, June 28, 1622.
and his father was a Royal Huntsman.\textsuperscript{13}

\textbf{Official communication:}

Windsor, 16th July 1629. Letter from his Majesty anent hounds. Charles R. Right, etc. Being informed by Ludovick Carlell, our servant, how that in the tyme of our lait deere father of worthie memorie order was given for dredging of good hounds within sax myles of Dumfreis, Lochmaben, and the town of Annand, and for restraining the killing of haires with gunnes and gray hounds within the saids bounds; and we being no less willing that the lyke course should be taken now for preserving the game there, our pleasure is that yow call before yow Herbert Carllill, his father, who (as we ar informed) was cheefelie entrusted to see that order put in execution, and after yow have informed your selffes by him of what hes beene formerlie doen in that purpose in the tyme of our lait father and how far at this tyme yow may lawfullie and convenientlie proceed heirin, that accordinglie yow give order to the most sufficient men in those parts for seing the saids abuses restrained. Whiche recommending to your care we bid yow farewell. Frome our Court at Windsore the 16th of July 1629.\textsuperscript{14}

\textbf{Title page:}

The Deseruing Favorite. As it was lately Acted, first before the Kings Maiestie, and since publilely at the Black-Friars. By his Maisies Servants. Written by Lodovvico Carllill, Esquire, Gentle-man of the Bovves, and Groom of the King and Queenes Priuie Chamber. At London . . . 1629.\textsuperscript{15}

This is the first publication of a play of Carllill's. In

\textsuperscript{13}Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of James I, 1625-1625, OLIX, March 4, 1624. Ruoff (pp. 5-6) ascribes to Herbert a long stanzaic poem, Britains Glorie; or an Allegorical Dreme with the Exposition thereof . . . conceived and written by Robert Carllill, Gent. for love and honor of his King and Country, 1619, and sees in its politic use of moderate literary gifts a further parallel between father and son.


\textsuperscript{15}Bentley, III, 115.
the dedication to Thomas Carey, "Sonne to the Earle of Monmouth," and Mr. William Murray, "my very noble and approved Friends, ... both of the Bed Chamber to his Maistie," Carlell makes an apologetic reference to his own "knowne want of Learning."\textsuperscript{16}

\textbf{1629} Record of payment in the queen's book of household expenses to Carlell as groom of the privy chamber and as master of the bows and stringhounds.\textsuperscript{17}

\textbf{1631} Record of payment to Carlell as groom of the privy chamber, as huntsman and master of the bows, for keeping the hounds, and to the use of Thomas Hughson, yeoman-harrier.\textsuperscript{18}

\textbf{1631} Dedication of Thomas Dekker's \textit{Match Me In London}:

To the Noble Lour, (and deservedly beloved) of the Muses, Lodowick Carlell, Esquire, Gentleman of the Bowes, and Groome of The King, and Queenes Privy-Chamber. --- That I am thus bold to sing a Dramatick Note in your Hare, is no wonder, in regard you are a Chorister in the Quire of the Muses. Nor is it any Over-daring in me, to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier; Roman Poets did so to their Emperours, the Spanish, (Now) to their Grandi'es, the Italians to thir Illustrissimoes, and owne Nation, to the Great-ones. I have beene a Priest in Apollo's Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and above mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes. Are they set Ill! Pardon them; Well! Then receive them. Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, speakes our Language in the Court of England; yet have you wrought as great a wonder,


\textsuperscript{17}Alfred Harbage, \textit{Cavalier Drama} (New York, 1936), p. 95.

\textsuperscript{18}\textit{Exchequer Accounts}, Bundle 438, Nos. 11, 13, 15; Bundle 439, No. 3, cited in Gray, pp. 28-29.
For the Nine sacred Sisters, by you, are (There) become Courtiers, and talke with sweet Tongues, Instructed by your Delian Eloquence. You have a King to your Master, a Queene to your Mistresse, and the Muses your Play-fellowes. I to them a Servant: And yet, what Duty soever I owe them, some part will I borrow to waite upon you, And to Rest

Ever, So devoted. Tho: Dekker.19

We have no record to indicate that Dekker's play was performed at court.

1632-1633 Records of payment to Carlell as groom of the privy chamber, huntsman, master of the bows, for keeping the hounds, and to the use of Hughson, yeoman harrier.20

1634 Entry in the Account-Book of Sir Humphrey Mildmay:
"To a Newe play Called the spartan Lady . . . "21
A Stationer's Register entry of 1646 identifies the play as Carlell's, but it is now lost.

1635 Carlell appointed gentleman of the bows in ordinary to the King.22

1635 Record of payment to Carlell as groom of the privy chamber, huntsman, and master of the bows, and to the use of Hughson, yeoman harrier.23

1635 Letter of Charles, Prince Palatine, to the Queen of Bohemia:

21Bentley, II, 676.
22Harbage, p. 95.
The King sate yesterday at Van Dyke's for the Prince of Orange, but y^r Mat^v hath forgate to send me the mesure of the picture; his house is close by Blake Friers, where the Queene saw Lodwick Carlile's second part of Arviragus and Felicia acted, wch is hugely liked of every one, he will not fail to send it to your mat^v. 24

1636 Carlell appointed one of two keepers of the royal deer park at Richmond. Warrant of Charles I for payment:

unto our trusty and well beloved Lodowicke Carlile and Humphrey Rogers or their assignes the Summe of one hundred Pounds of lawfull money of England for provision of Pease, tares and haye for the red and fallow Deere in our great Parke at Richmond. 25

1637 Warrant to pay:

unto Lodowicke Carlisle Esqr one of the keepers of Richmont parke the like fee of 50l. per an: to commence from Lady day, 1636, and to be continued during pleasure; subscribed and Procured ut supra. Abra. Williams. 26

1637 Record of payment of £75 to Carlell for providing equipment necessary for a dramatic entertainment. 27

1637 Record of payment of £100 to Carlell for "an Entertainiment which her Majesty was minded to make at Denmark House & many things necessary to furnish the same." 28


27 Hunter, Chorus, p. 92.

The entries recorded above may indicate that at this time, Carlell turned his attention to the production of masques.

1638 First notice of *The Passionate Lover*, in a list of plays acted at court by the King's company. In the prologue to the second part of this play Carlell gives a little biographical information:

High labour'd lines you may expect from those
Whose pleasure is their studies: Most here knows
This Author hunts, and hawks, and feeds his Deer,
Not some, but most fair days throughout the yeer.
Such rude dull heavy Scenes expect you then,
As after suppers vapours from his pen.

(Part II, Prolo. 1-6)

We have few records of Carlell's activities during the interregnum, but he seems to have remained in England, and continued to hold office. Though he did not participate in the fighting, he aided the King's cause by depositing £1,500 in the royal exchequer.29

1649 Official records:

**Die veneris the 4o of January 1649** . . . That my Lord Pembroke be desired to send to Mr Caerlisle, and to deal with him, to put such persons into the employment of keeping St James Parke as shall be approved of by his Lordship.

**Die Lunae the 7th January 1649** . . . That the business of the complaint made against Mr Lodowike Caerlisle, his Deputy now in St James Parke bee referred to the determination of the Earle of Pembroke.30

In 1649, the House of Commons turned over to the city of London Richmond Park, recommending that the keepers be

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29 See Gray, Appendix C, for a petition of Carlell's niece Eleanor in 1698, claiming payment of the debt.

retained in their positions while in good standing. It would appear that Carlile kept his office, which was officially renewed upon the Restoration.\textsuperscript{31}

\textbf{1660} Record of:

Grant to Lodowick and John Carlisle of the office of Keeper of the House or Lodge and the Walk at Petersham, within the great park, near Richmond.\textsuperscript{32}

\textbf{1661} Record of:

Grant to Lodowick Carlisle and Joan his wife of an annuity of £200.\textsuperscript{33}

However Carlile was soon to sell his keepership, possibly out of financial necessity.

\textbf{1663} Record of:

Warrant for a grant, with survivorship, to Thomas Panton and Bernard Grenville, of the office of Keeper of the Lodge and Walk at Petersham in Richmond Park, on surrender in their behalf by Ludowick and James Carlisle.\textsuperscript{34}

Grant to Thos. Panton and Bernard Grenvill, on surrender of Lodowick and James Carlisle, of the keepership of Petersham lodge and walk, in the Great Park near Richmond.\textsuperscript{35}

\textbf{1664} Record of:

Note of an exchange to be made in the lives of Lodowick and Jas. Carlisle for those of Col. Thos.

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\textsuperscript{31}Gray, pp. 39–40.

\textsuperscript{32}Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles II, 1660–61, XVI, September, 1660.

\textsuperscript{33}State Papers, 1660–61, XXIX, January 1661, (Docquet Book, p. 80).

\textsuperscript{34}State Papers, 1663–64, LXIX, March 1663.

\textsuperscript{35}State Papers, 1663–64, LXX, March 31, 1663.
Panton and Rob. White, in the keepership of a walk in the New Park. 36

Warrant to pay to Ludowick Carlisle £150, being three years' arrears of his fee for keeping the King's house and walk at Petersham, in Richmond Park, co. Surrey, due on the surrender of his office. 37

Throughout the rest of his life, Carlell had to petition the government for payment of money due him. 38

1664 Title page:

Heraclius Emperour Of the East. A Tragedy. Written in French by Monsieur de Corneille. Englishrd [sic.] by Lodowick Carlell, Esq.; ... 39

According to the "Author's Advertisement," this translation was prepared for the players, but at the last minute another version was accepted instead. 40

1664 A poem of Carlell's was prefixed to the second edition of Samuel Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours. 41

1666 A poem of Carlell's was prefixed to Sir William Killigrew's Siege of Urbin. 42

1668 A satirical poem was printed in Alexander Brome's collection, Songs and Other Poems, ridiculing The Passionate Lover:

36 State Papers, 1663-64, XCVI, April, 1664, No. 102.
37 State Papers, 1663-64, XCVI, June 6, 1664.
38 Ruoff, p. 33.
39 London, 1664.
40 Heraclius, sig. A2v-A3v.
41 This poem is reprinted in Ruoff, p. 35.
42 The poem is reprinted in Ruoff, p. 38.
XLIV. On a Comedy called The Passionate Lover.

Though I ne'r saw this Play, nor e'r did know
The Author well, nor love with passion so
To be a name for Terence Comedia, Hecaton-
But do suppose who e'r the lover be, timorumenos.
That's really such as the Post writ,
He'd have less love, if he had more wit.
Yet as th' old Topers, when their drinking's gone,
Do love to sit, and see the work go on:
And as old men when their performance fails,
Can clap their wings with telling smilty tales:
So though we've lost the life of playes the stage,
If we can be Remembrancers to th'age.
And now and then let glow a spark in print,
To tell the world there's fire still lodg'd i' th flint,
We may agen b'enlightned once and warm'd,
Men can't be civil till they be inform'd.
Walk wisely on: Time's changeable, and what
Was once thrown down, is now again reacht at.
And we may see pleasure and honour crown
The Stage, when inconsistent Tubs kick down.43

1671 The disposition of the hereditary New Park by Carrell
in favor of a great-nephew, Adam Carrell.44

1672 Entry in the Treasury Minute Book by the Queen Mother:
Lodowick Carlisle to be remembered.45

1673 Arviragus and Philicia revived, with a new prologue
by Dryden.46

1675 August 13, a record of:

Warrant for swearing Gervas Price to be Gentleman
of the Bows in reversion after Lodowick Carlile,
who is very dangerously sick without hope of
recovery, Price having by the King's special

43Songs and Other Poems, by Alexander Brome, Third

44Gray, Appendix A

45Book of the Treasury, IV, May 13, 1672, cited in
Ruoff, pp. 33-34.

appointment performed the duty of Gentleman ef [sic.] the Bows with constant diligence and attendance, but without any benefit, for above 20 years past, and having long been promised the said office when it should become void. 47

1675 August 21, buried at Petersham, "Lodowicke Carlile gentleman." 48 He was survived by his wife Joan, a daughter-in-law, a son-in-law, and five grandchildren. 49

1675 September 25, Carrell's will proved before Kenelm Digby. The money due him from the King was to be divided, half to pay his debts, the other half to go to his wife. 50

1675 October 16, record of:

Warrant for a grant to Gervas Price of the office of Gentleman of the Bows, for his life, with the yearly fee of £58. 5s., Lodowick Carlile, the late Gentleman, being now dead. 51

1675 In Edward Phillips's Theatrum Postarum Anglicanorum, Carrell was cited as

... the author of diverse formerly not unesteemed, and not yet totally forgotten Tragi-comedies; ... 52

1679 At Petersham:

47 Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1675-76, August 15, 1675.

48 Gray, p. 43.

49 Gray, Appendix E, a reprint of Joan Carrell's will, dated Dec. 3, 1677.

50 Gray, Appendix D.

51 State Papers, 1675-76, October 16, 1675.

Mrs. Johan Carlisle Widow of St. Martyn's in the fields buried Feb. 27 1678/9. 53


To Mr. Robert Baron we may add Lodovico Carlisle, as much about the same time, and of like equal esteem having written some not yet totally forgotten Plays, ... all which shew him (though not a Master) yet a great Retainer to the Muses. 54

1691 Gerard Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*:

Lodowick Carrell, Esq; This Gentleman flourished in the Reigns of King Charles the First and Second. He was an Ancient Courtier, being Gentleman of the Bows to King Charles the First, Groom of the King and Queen's Privy-chamber, and served the Queen-Mother many years. His plays (which are Eight in number) were well esteem'd of, and most of them appeared on the Stage, at the Private-house in Black-friars, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Stage in those days. 55

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53 Gray, p. 43.


Court drama in the reign of Charles I developed largely in response to the interests of the Queen; its distinguishing characteristics may be traced directly to her influence upon fashionable taste.

As a girl in France, Henrietta Maria had been an enthusiast of *preciosité*, the Platonic love code found in d'Urfé's *Astrée*. A second enthusiasm had been for amateur theatricals, which were popular at the French court, and in which she had participated. Consequently, upon becoming Queen in England, she established a *coterie* of Platonic love, and began to interest herself in the drama.

Henrietta Maria was not the first English queen to patronize court drama. Under the influence of Queen Anne, the masque had achieved brilliant development earlier in the century. But Henrietta Maria went a step further. In 1626, she and her ladies-in-waiting participated in a pastoral at court, and in 1633, acted in a play especially written for them by Walter Montague, *The Shepherd's Paradise*.

Because of popular outcry, the queen's active participation in drama was thereafter curtailed, but court playwrights tried all the more to cater to her taste. It is in this respect that *The Shepherd's Paradise* is significant, for it is in Montague's play that the refinements of *preciosité*, so popular with the queen, were first incorporated into the drama. *Preciosité* was grafted onto the romance or pastoral

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1Alfred Harbage's book remains the most fascinating and thorough introduction to cavalier drama.
plot, the characters became mere personifications of Platonic attitudes, and the play itself an excuse for Platonic debate. This formula became characteristic of Cavalier drama, serving as a model for Killebrew, Suckling, Cartwright, Habington, numerous lesser figures, and Lodowick Carlell.

Certain other typical features are apparent. Probably as a direct result of their close connection with the circle of royal ladies, the plays are feministic in tone, and almost completely free of coarser elements and low comedy. The characters speak an elaborate abstract rhetoric, which rises at impassioned moments to bombast.\(^2\) Many of the plays, The Passionate Lover included, are written in a rhythmic prose which is usually printed to look like blank verse.\(^3\) They seem to have been intended for a grotesquely exaggerated kind of acting; frequently Carlell's lines call for violent gestures.\(^4\) This poetic and histrionic crudity may be an

\(^2\) Though préciosité was supposed to purify language as well as love, its effect in English seems to have come somewhat short of even the low level of success such attempts to limit poetic language usually attain.

\(^3\) Often called "compositor's blank verse." It is interesting to note in this connection that of the four of Carlell's plays printed for Humphrey Moseley, three are set as verse and the fourth, Osmond, as prose, though they seem similarly. The three seem to have been set by the same compositor, the fourth, by someone else.

\(^4\) For instance, in The Passionate Lover, Selina says, as she and Cleon are about to drown, apparently clutching at her eyes:

\[\ldots\text{I set the ship}\
\text{On fire, only to be reveng'd on thee,}\
\text{Not hoping such a happiness as this,}\
\text{With these to behold thy false heart blood.}\
\text{(Part II, V.iv.35-38)}\]
indication of the fact that verbal subtlety would have been lost on the French queen; certainly the unbelievable length of some of the plays is related to her tireless enthusiasm for dramatic entertainment.

Caroline romance has much in common with the tragicomedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is similar in plot and atmosphere, and is drawn from the same sources in late Greek romance. However there are important differences, as for instance in dramatic structure and characterization, which can be traced to the fact that Beaumont and Fletcher were writing for the popular stage, an audience that demanded action, humor, and "good theater," while Caroline romance was written for the court and reflected its special interests.

Just as Cavalier drama differs from the tragicomedy that preceded it, it differs from the masculine and metrically regular heroic play that was to follow. These differences are usually attributed to the French influence, though sometimes to the point of obscuring the basic continuity of drama before and after the Restoration.

Carlell's success as a dramatist seems to have been due to a knack for satisfying current taste, combined with an efficiency in tending to details long enough to get a coherent play written. He was no poet; nor could the rambling stories he adapted have been any help in developing a sense of form. But he is scrupulous in small matters. Motives are specified to an absurd degree: in The Passionate
Lover, soldiers cannot prevent a duel between Clarimant and Agenor because Clarimant has made them swear beforehand that they would obey him; in all the plays, ridiculous vows are taken seriously as a matter of course.

Except in his comic sequences, Carrell is quite lacking in originality. His thought is a shallow mixture of royalist sentiment, love-and-honor convention, and préciosité. His imagination is limited, his plays repetitious in plot and incident; if they display a certain charm, it is the charm of a frantically unreal world.

Lodowick Carrell: 3. The Plays

The following six\(^1\) of Carrell's plays are extant: The Deserving Favourite, printed in 1629 and again in 1659; Arviragus and Philicia, in two parts, printed in 1639; The Passionate Lover, in two parts, printed in 1655; The Fool Would Be a Favourit; or, The Discreet Lover, printed in 1657; Osmond the Great Turk; or, The Noble Servant, printed in 1657; and Heraclius, Emperour of the East, the translation from Corneille, printed in 1664.

A seventh play, The Spartan Ladies, is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, September 4, 1646. It is also listed in Humphrey Moseley's catalogue at the end of an edition of two plays of Middleton in 1657, and as early as 1634 in Sir Humphry Mildmay's Diary.\(^2\) This play is now

\(^1\)Or eight, if we accept Langbaine's numbering of the two-part plays.

\(^2\)Bentley, III, 124.
believed to be lost, though there has been a suggestion that the references are merely to an alternate title for The Deserving Favourite, the plot of which at least warrants such speculation. 3

The plays were all printed for Humphrey Moseley with the exceptions of Heraclius, printed for John Starkey, the early edition of The Deserving Favourite, for Mathew Rhodes, and Arviragus and Philicia, by John Norton for John Crook and Richard Sergier. 4 Written for the entertainment of the court, they were played frequently by the King's Men during the years preceding the Interregnum. 5

No conclusive chronology of composition has been established for Carlell's plays, but thematic evidence as well as dates of performance would suggest that Osmond preceded the tragi-comedies. Of these, The Deserving Favourite was probably the first and one of the two-part plays the last. 6

The Deserving Favourite is available in the modern edition of Charles H. Gray. 7 The source he suggests is a novel by Don Alonzo del Castillo Solorzano, La Duquesa de Mantua, which, however, later commentators consider more

3Ruoff, p. 73.
5Bentley, III, 113-124.
6Harbage, p. 100, discounts the 1622 record of Osmond as that of another play, and considers The Deserving Favourite to be the earliest.
The plot deals with the rivalry of Lysander and a powerful but virtuous Duke, "the Favourite," for the love of Clarinda, a situation complicated by the machinations of "faithful Iacomo," the most Iago-like of all Carrell's villains. The action includes such typical romance devices as rape, abduction, and the intervention of a hermit figure.

The Deserving Favourite is perhaps the most charming of Carrell's plays. The atmosphere is sylvan. The characters are delicately drawn but individualized, and they are spared the oppressive conscience which plagues so many of Carrell's personages. Dramatically, there are some exciting moments, as when Lysander pretends to propose adultery to Clarinda, to prejudice her against him in favour of the Duke, and when the King pretends to the last that he would not have his sister marry beneath her rank.

One sequence is noteworthy, coming as it does from the pen of the royal huntsman and gamekeeper. Cleonarda is setting out for her morning sport:

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8 Ruoff, pp. 56-57. According to Ruoff, it has long been assumed that Carrell's sources were Spanish, on the evidence of the passage in Dekker's dedication: "Glad will it make me, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, speakes our Language in the Court of England." (See above, ix) This, he points out, refers not to Carrell's use of Spanish sources, but to the "King of Spain" who is a character in Match Me in London, for the production of which Dekker in his dedication is trying to enlist Carrell's support. Ruoff further suggests that had Carrell known Spanish, he surely would not have attempted French when he turned to translation in his old age (though no evidence disqualifies him from having known both).
Mariana: Why will you course among the bushes
       Gerard the Keeper would have brought you
 To a fairer course; but you will never let
 Him goe along.

Cleonarda: I hate to have a tutor in my sport,
 I will finde and kill my Game my selfe;
 What satisfaction is't to me if by anothers skill
 I purchase any thing?\(^9\)

Arviragus and Philicia is available in the modern edition
of James Ruoff.\(^10\) Though Langbaine suggested Geoffrey of Mon-
mouth's Historia Regum Britanniae as the source, the editor
found there only the proper names.\(^11\) Though the true source
has yet to be identified, it seems to have been literary,
for Carrell, in the Epilogue to Part I speaks of having
read it:

\[
\begin{align*}
   &\text{The Author . . . having read} \\
   &\text{Thus farre the story, and a few teares shed} \\
   &\text{With sad Philicia, long'd to know the rest.}\(^{12}\)
\end{align*}
\]

The plot is similar to that of The Passionate Lover, dealing
with the efforts of a Prince to gain his rightful throne.

The Fool Would Be a Favourite: Or The Discreet Lover is
available in the Berkshire Series, edited under the auspices
of Allardyce Nicoll.\(^13\) The main title is actually the theme

\(^9\)Gray, ll. 1107-1114.
\(^{10}\)Op. cit.
\(^{11}\)Ruoff, pp. 151-152.
\(^{12}\)Ruoff, p. 333, ll. 11-13.
\(^{13}\)Allardyce Nicoll, ed., The Fool Would Be a Favourite:
Or The Discreet Lover, by Lodowick Carrell, The Berkshire
Series, III, 1926. For one which attempts to correct "obvious
printer's errors," this is a peculiarly careless edition.
Innumerable "obvious printer's errors" have apparently escaped
the editorial eye, some so serious as mis-assigned speeches.
(See for instance p. 65, ll. 11-14, which are surely spoken
by Philanthus, not Agemor, who in any case would not have
been given two consecutive speeches.)
of the comic underplot, which is only loosely connected with
the main plot, but is one of the best things Carrell did.
In a truly humorous sequence, two courtiers "sell" Young
Gudgen a place at court. The climax is a play-within-a-play
put on for the benefit of the serious characters, in which
Gudgen, as a haughty lady, is courted by his serving man
in flowery fashion, almost in counterpoint to the wooing of
"The Discreet Lover."

The Tragedy of Osmund the Great Turk, or the Noble Servant,
is available in the Berkshire Series edition of Allardyce
Nicoll. The source is Knolle's History of the Turks (1603) Osmond
is a curious contrast to Carrell's more romantic plays.
The theme is the "public" theme of a servant's loyalty to
his ruler and a ruler's duty to his people. It is closer
to Elizabethan exotic tragedy than the heroic drama of
Dryden, and shows little evidence of the préciosité which
so pervades the romances. The characters act from personal,
non-idealistic motives; the effect is intimate rather than
grandiose, the atmosphere sultry.

The translation Heraclius, Emporer of the East, A Tragedy, from
Corneille's play of the same name, was Carrell's last
dramatic effort. Because another translation was accepted
by the players after Carrell's had been submitted, it was

\[\text{References:}\]
15 Ruoff, pp. 45-46.
16 London, 1664.
published but never produced. There has been no modern edition.

Carrell's choice was politic, as may be seen from the plot summary in the Author's Advertisement, indirectly addressed to the Queen Mother and the King:

... the subject of it is the restoration of a gallant Prince to his just inheritance, many years after the unjust and horrid murder of a saint-like Father, and this by the courage and prudence of one, who seem'd in the vulgar eye to go another way. Yet I know those who look'd upon all his actings when most violent, to be like that of a Geer-falcon, who though she seems not to eye the Hern, but works a contrary way, 'tis but to gain the wind, by which advantage she makes her self the master of her design. All this, if I mistake not, is a just parallel. 17

The translation follows Corneille closely, not line for line or even speech for speech, but scene for scene, so that the careful structure and strict unities of the original are maintained. Furthermore, Carrell achieves an extremely regular rimed pentameter as his rendering of the alexandrines; the total effect is quite a departure from his earlier work. As faithfully as he follows his source, however, the precision and subtlety of Corneille fails to carry over, and is supplanted in the translation by the standard language of love and honor.

17 *Heraclius*, sig. A3v.
The Passionate Lover: 1. Title

Although the title-page and several of the running titles carry the words "The Passionate Lovers," the head title and initial Stationers' Register entry is The Passionate Lover. Greg held the latter to be authorial and the former more likely to be the hasty construction of an editor or publisher; he listed the play accordingly.

Internal evidence supports his view. The play is not about a pair of "passionate lovers," but about one emotional young man wooing a rather cold young lady who first refuses him out of loyalty to his brother, and finally accepts him out of gratitude. As the epilogue puts it:

Perhaps you rather think she was too nice
That such a flame no sooner thaw'd her ice.

(Part II, Epil. 9-10)

However, a case can be made that a plural title might refer not just to one pair of lovers, but to the several sets, who in turn might take definition from their varying relationships to "passion."

Early references to the play are fairly well divided between the two alternatives. "The Passionate Lovers" is usually found where the title might have been heard but not seen, as in the actor's listings, (see below, Section 5), or where perhaps read hurriedly, as in the later SR entries (see below, Section 6). Alexander Brome, who had apparently seen the printed edition but not the play itself, wrote his poem on The Passionate Lover.
The Passionate Lover: 2. Love and Passion

The Court affords little News at present, but there is a Love call'd Platonic Love, which much sways there of late; it is a Love abstracted from all corporeal gross Impressions and sensual Appetites, but consists in Contemplations and Ideas of the Mind, not in any carnal Frution. This Love sets the Wits of the Town on work; and they say there will be a Mask shortly of it, whereof Her Majesty and her Maids of Honour will be part.

James Howell, 1634

The Passionate Lover is perhaps Carlell's most elaborate response to the courtly enthusiasm for Platonic love. His characters are not completely representative Platonic lovers; for one thing, his plot demands that they marry. However Clarimant, who for the entire play devotes himself to a love "impossible of satisfaction," approaches the ideal, and all the serious characters betray some influence of the fashion.

One of the aspects of Platonic love emphasized by Carlell is its religious pattern. Women are not merely loved; they are worshipped as deities. Cleon, for instance, says of his love for Clorinda:

... let me be a King first; and then to offer
Up myself to my great Deity,
Brings no dishonor to her shrine.

(Part I, II.11.58-60)

Later, of course, he brings perhaps a bit of dishonor "to her shrine" by attempting to rape her. More consistently,

Clarimant calls Clorinda "divine" (Part I, III.i.163), his "Saint," (l. 150), and accuses himself of blasphemy for questioning her judgment (l. 152). Later, he challenges Agenor to a duel because

... the Deity [Clorinda] that I adore's prophan'd,
Contempt and scorn thrown on her:
If by a feeble arm she right herself,
It more does manifest her power;
However I shall fall, since hers, a happy
Sacrifice. (Part I, V.i.115-120)

The disguised Clorinda then dissuades him with the argument that only a priest may offer sacrifice, and Clarimant, whose devotion has not yet been accepted by her, is therefore unqualified (Part I, V.i.121ff.).

Carlell even includes certain semi-miraculous incidents, as when Agenor, on first seeing Austella, believes the sky turns dark (Part I, III.v.134), or when Clarimant's wounds bleed at Clorinda's touch (Part II, III.iii.36).

In addition to endless monologues on the excellence of the loved and the unworthiness of the lover, certain other topics are introduced which were popular subjects for discussion among the devotees of Platonic love. One of these was the question of "second love," that is, whether it was possible for a Platonic lover to love more than once. Clarimant, for instance, despairs of Clorinda's turning to him even though Agenor has married, saying:

... dare I think
That she can do an act imperfect
To admit a second love?
(Part II, V.ii.35-37)

Another popular topic of controversy was the question of
jealousy. According to Platonic theory, no question of jealousy could arise in ideal love. Though a lady might admit many lovers, she was to encourage only one, and he, in turn, would prove unworthy, if jealous. Thus when Agenor discovers Clarimant's love for Glorinda, he struggles with his natural reaction:

... What do I feel!
Can the dear name of Rival trouble me?
Yes, with the addition that he is my brother.
But whither am I falling? Assist me Reason,
Let me but weigh my Mistresses unequall'd beauty,
And her greater merit, and that must prove
Both his excuse, and my assurance.
(Part I, II.i.38-44)

Selina, who tries to get Cleon to marry her "to quiet some jealousies," and eventually kills him for his falsehood, is amazed that Glorinda has no desire to revenge herself on Agenor. Glorinda, however, answers:

If thou hadst ever truly loved,
Thou couldst not ask me such a question.
(Part II, I.iv.48-50)

It is possible from even so preliminary examination to see that Carrell's use of Platonic love elements is not arbitrary, but rather, related to characterization. Glorinda and Clarimant are devoted to the ideals of Platonic love, while Cleon and Selina represent its antithesis. Just as their attitudes are anti-Platonic, so their relationship is grounded in the physical and is, moreover, emotionally false.

Further examination reveals even more clearly that Carrell is working in a pattern. For while the villainous Cleon and Selina represent one sort of anti-Platonism, the
humorous Glindor represents another. Glindor's love is frankly sensual, and he scorns to call it anything else. He assures Selina that he will not "blow the candle out with sighs;" he thinks

... that Frincely pattern is scarce worth
The following.

(Part I, I.ii.50-51)

He flies Cupid's darts, and refuses to

... make these she-gossips think themselves
Our Deities, who by creation rather are our slaves.

(Part II, III.iv.11-12)

The place of Agenor and Austella in this scheme, however, is even more interesting. Agenor is a military man; it may be no accident that for him love is not a religion but a "monarchy" (Part I, III.vi.76). His misdemeanor as a lover is his betrayal of Clorinda, for which, however, he suffers no ill consequences.

Carlell describes the attraction between Austella and Agenor, quite elaborately, in conventional seventeenth century terms, as the result of the meeting of their eyes (Part I, III.vi.90ff.). And with both Clorinda and Austella, Agenor plays the part of a sensual lover, albeit as gracefully and politely as could be imagined. When Clorinda, in typical Platonic fashion, argues

... the mind being the noblest part,
I'st not enough if that be happy?

(Part I, I.iii.99-100)

Agenor asks "Where are the joys of Love?" and answers

It rests not sure
Alone in being beloved, but in possession.

(Part I, I.iii.159-160)
When Austella is similarly reluctant after her marriage, Agenor would "instruct her to Bed." She answers:

I believe that our imaginations
Far exceeds the touch of our sense.
(Part I, IV.1.94-95)

The significant thing is, however, that she is acting on her father's instructions, and is actually "melting."
In other words, Carrell has cast Austella and Agenor, not as Platonics at all, but as an ordinary pair of "dull, sublunary lovers."

If the somewhat scanty historical evidence is to be accepted, the play's correct title is the singular version, The Passionate Lover. If so, then Clarimant is that lover. Certainly his prominence as a passionate young man and a perfect lover, the only character in whom both these attributes are combined for the duration of the play, warrants the appellation. However the role of passion is much deeper and more complex than its identification with Clarimant alone might imply, and justifies a thorough examination.

The word "passion" occurs many times in The Passionate Lover, illustrating almost every conceivable shade of its meaning. One of the most obvious, though not the most frequent, of these meanings, is "physical desire." Selina forgives Oleon for tying her to a tree and abandoning her while attempting to rape Clorinda, saying she is not ignorant "How far our passions may transport, aided by hope to attain our ends" (Part II, I.1.5-6). Clorinda, adjusting
to the fact that Agenor has married, says

I am no Rival; 'tis sin with passion
To affect you now, since lawfully anothers right.
(Part I, IV.iv.96-97)

On a more general level, Clorinda compliments Cleon as being a man who has succeeded in "the subduing every . . . passion" (Part I, II.i.153), meaning, it would seem, the impulsive, the non-rational. Clarimant too speaks of passion in this sense, bewailing his inability to steer a straight course:

. . . to what cross actions
Doth our passions move? I flie from what I wish . . .
(Part I, II.i.69-70)

"Passion" can mean "anger," as when the Old King turns against Agenor (Part I, I.i.129) or when the Prince of Aquitain flies in a rage, threatening to kill Clarimant, and Clorinda says

. . . I forgive this passion the cause
That it proceeds from love to me . . .
(Part II, IV.iii.111)

. . . You should stay long enough
Without a wife, you are so passionate.
(Part II, IV.iii.141)

When Clarimant's wounds bleed at Clorinda's touch, Austella says:

These drops express his passion, and your power . . .
(Part II, III.iii.37)

meaning perhaps love or perhaps suffering. Passion can mean "an outburst of emotion," as when Austella makes Clorinda weep, then asks what "mov'd this passion" (Part II, II.i.49). Clorinda, fearing her tears have given away her disguise,
says "the weakness of my passion hath discovered me" (l. 57).

Carlell of course uses "passion" to mean "love," as when the disguised Clorinda says

Love! I honour all the sex, yet never knew
That passion for a woman . . .  (Part II, II.i.11)

or when Austella says that she

. . . must make known a Ladies passion . . .  (Part II, II.i.25)

It may also mean, however, "infatuation:"

His love appears none of those sickly passions
Which time can triumph over; . . .  (Part II, III.v.37)

and it may mean "inclinations:"

Finding this Ladies passions
Strong to Clarimant . . .  (Part II, IV.iii.131)

When Clorinda is kind to Clarimant in order to deceive Cleon, Clarimant is prompted to say that when he sees her "look and speak / With passion," he wishes he were "the object of that passion" (Part I, II.i.231-234); he probably means "affection," as does Agenor when he tells Austella he has loved "since the first minute I saw the object of my passion" (Part I, III.vi.62).

Passion may also mean "overpowering emotion." When Clarimant sees Clorinda kidnapped, he leaps into the sea,

Transported by his passion. . . .  (Part II, IV.i.13)

Selina says of Clorinda, grieving for Agenor:

Now her sorrows and her passions
Are so rais'd, the heart's transparent . . .  (Part I, III.ii.110)

And when Clarimant proposes a duel with Agenor, Austella
tries to prevent it, saying that Clarimant is young and

... by the glory
Of his passion hath lost much of his reason.
(Part I, V.vi.89)

Although their variousness almost defies generalization, the overall sense conveyed by these uses of the word "passion" is a certain emotional intensity. Yet to recognize this multiplicity of meaning is not to deny the importance of "passion" as a thematic principle in the play. For though "passion" may have different meanings for different characters, or even different meanings at different times for the same character, its role in the play's development is constant. Just as Platonic love is a touchstone by which character may be judged, so passion is a touchstone of motive and action.

There are three sets of lovers in The Passionate Lover: Clarimant and Clorinda, Agenor and Austella, Cleon and Selina. There is also the set formed by Olinda and the Prince of Aquitaine, who enter the action at the same time and function as a pair, even though their relationship deteriorates as the play progresses. In addition to these basic groups, there is the transitional pairing of Clorinda and Agenor, and a number of pairings which remain hypothetical, the frustrated attempt of one character or another to change his position.

The action of the play concerns precisely these "passages of love," the steps which lead to the rapprochement or alienation of each pair of lovers. And it is each of these steps,
each movement of a character away from one grouping and
toward another, that action is motivated by passion;
conversely, without passion little would happen in the play
at all.

The quality of passion, of course, varies from character
to character. Cleon is subject only to base passions, the
Prince of Aquitain only to anger, while the passions of
Clorinda and Clarimant are tempered by their nobility of
character and "true love." Yet it is worth noticing that
in almost every case, "passion" refers to an emotion
doomed to frustration, misguided, false, or incurring some
guilt, descriptive of a character wanting or doing something
he should not want or do. Conversely, where a step which
itself incurs no guilt is taken in response to a character's
passion (as Austella's love or Agenor, or Clorinda's of
Clarimant), no additional passion is experienced.

When the play opens, Cleon is paired with Selina and
Agenor with Clorinda; the mainspring of the action is Cleon's
attempt to move out of position because of his political
ambition and concommitant passion for Clorinda. Cleon tells
Clorinda he is in love, and she tells him he has subdued
"every other passion;" later, when he attempts to rape her,
both she and Selina speak of his "passion." Significantly,
whenever Cleon's passion is referred to, it is always his pas-
-son for Clorinda; and it is precisely this passion which
motivates him throughout the play.
Perhaps only coincidentally, at this time Cleon has wrought Agenor's father to an unjust anger against him. His "heat of passion," the indirect result of Cleon's passion, causes Agenor to revolt and go into exile. At any rate, it is at the same time that the passions begin to arise which lead to the establishment of the two other basic relationships.

Clarimant, who has been wooing Clorinda in order to help maintain the secrecy of her love for Agenor, "makes known his passion" to her. As might be predicted, a passion for Clorinda is the only passion he is ever attributed with; again, it is his only motivation. At this stage, his passion appears to be totally without hope of requital, even blameworthy because of his brother's prior claim. But Clarimant is incapable of base desires, and is content to love Clorinda platonically even long after she might have reasonably been expected to return his love. His passion does, however, drive him to somewhat extravagant actions in her behalf, such as challenging his brother to a duel, and jumping into the sea in a futile attempt to rescue her from Cleon.

We may note at this point that after Clarimant is assured of Clorinda's love, he is never again described as "passionate;" further, that the only time Clorinda shows "passion" for him is when she feigns it, to deceive Cleon. Their true relationship is established, not in passion, but in mutual love.

The pairing of Agenor and Austella is another action motivated by passion. Agenor sees Austella, talks to her,
and declares his love, "a glorious passion sure, if but
consider'd / From yourself the object." (Part I, III.v1.70-71.)
In conformity with the pattern, there is guilt involved,
for to marry Austella, Agenor must betray Clorinda. His
royalty, however, seems to be some excuse. Austella for-
gives him because he is her husband, and Clorinda, because
he is made of fine metal that "admits of an allay." Again,
after he has won Austella's heart, there is no more talk of
passion, but of love.

The development of these basic relationships from the
broad outline of the plot; however, many subsidiary rela-
tionships develop out from them, all following the same
pattern of motive and action. Clorinda's passions are
directed toward Agenor. When he leaves the court, she feels
great anxiety for him, her "passions are raised," and she
follows him. All too soon, she discovers the futility of
her hopes, yet continues to serve him, in the disguise of
a boy. Her passion continues as long as she maintains
her false position. Finally, in an outburst of weeping,
it betrays her to Austella.

Austella, on the other hand, having become suspicious of
the disguised Clorinda, attempts to test her by pretending
to be false to Agenor, offering her affection to the "boy."
As might be predicted, even this feigned "passage of love"
is described as "passion;" and to multiply complexities,
Clorinda in disguise answers that love is a "passion" she
never knew for a woman.
Olinda's affection for Clarimant, developing after Olorinda has finally accepted him, is probably purely functional, to the end that Olorinda can confuse the Prince of Aquitain without really lying. Yet it is still referred to as "passion." And the wicked Prince of Auitain, who kidnaps Olorinda and is motivated throughout the final act by a desire to force her to marry him, at that very point turns "passionate."

Perhaps the meaning of passion as a motivational factor in connection with guilt and falseness is obscured at first by the very fact that it works in Carrell's "good" characters as well as the "bad." But in a play which would otherwise appear totally superficial, its role is revealed as a welcome vein of complexity.

The Passionate Lover: 3. The Source

The immediate source of The Passionate Lover, according to the "Epilogue to the King," was a story told Carrell by Charles I:

If what hath been presented to your sense
You do approve, thank your own influence;
Which moving in the story that you told,
Infus'd new heat into a brain grown cold.
Thus far our hopes: But now just fears begin,
For much that is left out, for more brought in;
But since all change was to the better meant,
Although we fail, yet pardon for th'intent.
(Part I, Epil. 1-8)

This account is plausible in the light of the king's interest in the drama, his occasional participation in censorship, and the instance of his furnishing the plot
for Shirley's Gamester.  

The nondramatic antecedents of The Passionate Lover are to be found in a group of romantic tales which were fashionable reading matter in the early seventeenth century. Such tales as the Lysandre et Caliste of Vital d'Audiguier, the Argenis of John Barclay, and the Polixene of François de Molière, were close imitations of late Greek romances. They were extremely popular at the time Carilell was writing, in the years between the heyday of the pastoral (Diana, the Arcadia, Astrée) and the full development of the French heroic romance or roman de longue haleine (Polexandre, Le Grand Cyrus).  

These tales served as the principal source for Cavalier dramatic plots, yet not in the usual sense. Harbage says:

The Greek romances . . . and imitations of them . . . must be viewed in composite when one discusses the sources of Cavalier plays. So close is the resemblance among all the romances and all the plays that it is dangerous to assert that any particular romance is the source of any particular play.  

The cavalier dramatist worked within the general framework of romance, employing stock themes, stock characters, stock situations and attitudes, yet varying endlessly the details of plot and incident:

In contrast with the Elizabethan playwright, who appropriated material boldly, the Cavalier

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1 Bentley, III, 222; IV, 795; V, 110.
2 Harbage, p. 29.
3 Harbage, p. 30.
playwright seems furtive. Yet this impression is unfair to him. Following almost subconsciously his composite sources, he felt indeed that he was being highly original. So testifies many a deprecatory, self-conscious, and, at the same time, assertive and even querulous prologue. He was, of course, being only pious, ingenious — and indescribably repetitive.  

Accordingly, while no single source for The Passionate Lover can be determined, we need only turn to the romances for numerous parallels, not to mention an indefinable but unmistakable identity of atmosphere.

Carlell's proper names can be found everywhere: the setting "Burgone and Neustrea" in the "Burgundy" of Lisander and Calista, the "Burgundy" and "Neustria" of Astrée; the characters Olinda, Clarinda, and Lucidor in the Olinda, Clarinda, and Lucidon of Lisander and Calista, Selina in the Selinissa of Argenis, Cleon, Clindor, and the Druid in Astrée.

For a few purely illustrative parallels in plot and incident, we may choose for examination Vital d'Audiguier's A Tragi-comical History of Our Times, Under the Borrowed Names of Lisander and Calista.  

The Passionate Lover and Lisander and Calista are similar in general outline. In both, there is the usual conflict of the hero's love for his lady with a masculine loyalty — in Clarimant's case, to his brother, in Lisander's, to his friend. Both heroes prove themselves worthy by long and faithful service. Both heroines are torn between their loyalty to

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4 Harbage, p. 55.

5 (London, 1635), tr. anon.
their first love and a sense of obligation to their new suitor. Both, under the strain of circumstance, go out in disguise as a boy. Both pledge that if they could give themselves to any, it would be to their new lover, and both in the end make this promise good.

There are several points at which character, motivation, and situation are almost identical in the two works. For instance, Lysander is motivated first by ambition, then by love,⁶ while Agenor says:

Power, and her dear Embraces, are alike
The objects of my soul: . . . (Part I, I.iii,184-5)

The fathers of Lysander and of Austella are likewise similarly constituted, for it is said of the one, approving a match

. . . himselfe knowing the quality of her person, and her great estate (a consideration which at this day, especially with old men, doth extraordinarily worke). . . .⁷

and of the other:

. . . his years
Make him incapable to feel our fires:
Titles and riches only please old age, . . .
(Part I, V.i.56-58)

Lisander wishes his wounds would never heal while Calista is tending them,⁸ and when Clorinda dresses his, Clarimant says

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⁶d'Audiguier, p. 2.
⁷d'Audiguier, p. 46.
⁸d'Audiguier, p. 62.
. . . may they be long
A healing, if still this application will continue.
(Part II, III.iii.32-33)

And the long sequence in which Lisander solicits Calista's aid in winning his mistress, both knowing he refers to her, is strikingly similar to the scene in The Passionate Lover in which Cleon adopts the same device to reveal his love for Clorinda (Part I, II.11.108-165).

The Passionate Lover: 4. Date

The first record of The Passionate Lover is in a list of plays acted by the King's company at court, a performance of the first part at Somerset house on July 10, 1638. As earlier records exist for all Carrell's other plays, this notice has been taken to indicate that The Passionate Lover is late, possibly the last play.

Such a hypothesis is supported by Carrell's own words in the prologue to The Passionate Lover, in which he declares his intention to retire from dramatic activity:

Would you not ask, Why then does he write Plays,
Since now great Wits strive for Dramatick bays?
Pardon what's past: That way now counted wit,
Although enjoin'd, he'll deal no more in it:
Since dying to the Stage, his last request
Is, that you would not like the worst Scenes best.
(Part II, Prol., 7-12)

The years 1637-38, between the first recorded performances of Arviragus and Philicia in 1635-36 and the actors' bill

9d'Audiguier, pp. 50-51.

of 1638, have generally been accepted as the date of composition. Harbage prefers 1638, suggesting that because the performance on July 10 was of Part One only, followed on December 18 and 20 by a production of the whole play, the second part was incomplete at the time of the first performance. 11

These assumptions, however, have been recently questioned by Mr. Ruoff, who holds instead that the play was written between the years 1629 and 1634. 12 He first points out that Carlell's declaration of retirement is unreliable not only because such declarations were conventional, but because Carlell himself makes exactly the same claim in the prologue to the second part of Arviragus and Philicia:

Such we should blush to please, but the Discreet
Our Author laies his Labours att their feete
And wishes they may finde a full content
In this his last work, where all his Ink is spent. 13

Eliminating this justification for regarding The Passionate Lover as Carlell's last play, Ruoff then turns to evidence which he interprets as setting the latest possible date of composition and first performance at 1634. In Part One of The Passionate Lover, III.vi.2, and again V.i.190, one of the unnamed characters, "a lady," has been given the speech prefix "Thom." This abbreviation does not resemble the name of any character in the play, and is taken by Ruoff as the


13Ruoff, Arviragus and Philicia, p. 334.
abbreviation of the name of an actor who appeared in the play, perhaps entered on a prompter's copy which later became the printer's copy. Such entries are usually abbreviations of last names rather than first names, and accordingly a listing may be found in Bentley\textsuperscript{14} of a King's Company actor named James Thompson, who took female roles, and was actually recorded as having played in Carrell's Deserving Favorite.

If the speech prefix is indeed the abbreviation of an actor's name, and if James Thompson is that actor, the The Passionate Lover must have been written by 1634, since James Thompson was buried in St. Giles Churchyard on December 13 of that year. Ruff goes on to suggest 1629, the year of the first recorded performance of The Deserving Favorite, as the lower limit for the date of composition of The Passionate Lover. The upper limit he sets somewhere before 1634, during which year he envisions Carrell as engaged in the composition of the lost Spartan Ladies, first recorded May 1.\textsuperscript{15}

\textbf{The Passionate Lover: 5. Stage History}

According to the title page of 1655, The Passionate Lover was "twice presented before the King and Queens Majesties at Somerset-House, and very often at the Private House in Black-Friars, with great Applause, By his late Majesties

\textsuperscript{14}Bentley, II, 599-600.

\textsuperscript{15}Bentley, III, 24.
Servants." A list of plays acted by the King's Company at court in 1638-39 records several performances:

At Sumerset-house the 10th of July & our day . . .
lost at our house m' Carlels play the first part of
the passionate lovers
At the Coopit the 18th of desember m Carlels play agayne
the first part of . . . The passionate lovers.
At the Coopit the 20th of desember the 2d part of . . .
The passionate lovers.
At the Coopit the 27 of desember the 2d part agayne of
the passionate lovers. 16

Inigo Jones designed scenes and costumes for the play, of
which two sketches have been preserved in the Chatsworth
collection. They are described by Simpson and Bell as
follows:

Part II. Scene I. Very rough ground planted with
groups of young trees. A hollow lane leads down-
wards on the right. Rocky cliffs in the distance
to left. Inscribed, "The Wood 6 Scene (The first
scene; struck out) The wood a shutter in ye 2d
part of Mr. Lodovicks play."

A Druid. Whole length, advancing to left, the
head in profile. Long beard, and hair crowned with
wreath of oak leaves. Long, straight, sleeveless
garment made of rough fur, reaching to knees. Bare
arms, legs, and feet. Pouch, clung on baldric, at
his side. He holds a knife in his right hand.
Inscribed, "Druide Mr Carliles Play 1638."

The Passionate Lover: 6. The Text

The Passionate Lover (Greg, Bibliography, no. 750-751) 18
was first officially recorded August 7, 1641, in a list

16 Adams, 76-77.

17 Percy Simpson and C.F. Bell, ed. Designs by Inigo
Jones for Masques and Plays at Court (Oxford, 1924), p. 118.

18 Greg, II, 859-860.
issued by the Lord Chamberlain as one of the King's Company plays which the printers were forbidden to publish without permission. It was first entered in the Stationers' Register September 4, 1646, in a list of forty-nine King's Company plays, for Robinson and Mozeley as "The Passionate Lover, 1st & 2nd parts, by Mr. Carlile." On January 30, 1673, "Carlile, Passionate Lovers, halfe," was transferred from the estate of Humphrey Robinson to John Martyn and Henry Herringman, and on August 21, 1683, "Cartill, Passionate Lover" was transferred from the widow of John Martin to Robert Scott.20

In 1655, "The Passionate Lovers, A Tragi-Comedy. The First and Second Parts . . . Written by Lodowick Carlell, Gent.," was printed for Humphrey Moseley, perhaps by Thomas Newcombe.21 In 1656, it was advertised by Moseley in a list of "playes lately Printed" as "The Passionate Lovers in two parts, by Mr. Lodowick Carlel." There have been no subsequent editions.

The 1655 edition appeared in two issues, an octavo and a quarto. Both were printed from the same setting of type, the signatures being altered and the pages reimposed. Sometimes such simultaneous issues were made because the play was to be included as part of an octavo series as well as being

20Greg, III, 73, 75.
21Greg, II, 860.
offered singly in quarto (see Greg, *Biblio-raphy*, no. 474) however no such explanation offers itself in the present case.

Greg's suggestion that of the two issues, the octavo was the original, is based on an analysis of signature errors in the quarto, where U₂ is printed as X₂, and, in some copies, T₂ as S₂. Since both S-T and U-X correspond to single sheets in the octavo, it may be surmized that the errors occurred as the printer assembled four quarto forms from two octavo forms.

An examination of corrections and press variants in the text tends to bear out this hypothesis. Except for a few corrections which occur only in the quarto (p. 139, signature, p. 154, catchword)²² all the uncorrected forms are octavo, with alterations apparently made during the printing of the octavo, and carried through the printing of the quarto.

The only printer's correction of a substantive misreading is the alteration of "the intent" to "th' intent," (p. 86, Octavo sig. G⁵v, Part I, Epil. 8). This error seems to have been caught very early, as it appears in only one of the octavos examined, in which also occurs the single instance of a misprint, "Agenoa" for "Agenor," (p. 55, Octavo sig. B⁴r, Part I, IV.11.12), and of a semi-substantive variant in which a comma is inserted after the word "real," (p. 91,

²² subtree for "S₂" on inner T and "Clar:" for "Glo" on inner X. Curiously enough, the Folger quarto was the only one examined in which inner X was corrected; it was also the only one in which inner T was uncorrected.
Octavo sig. G6⁷, Part II, I.1.56), both also corrected in other copies.

These two corrected forms, however, are bound in several copies of the octavo with what appears to be an uncorrected form, in which "heatt" is printed for "heart," (p. 71, Octavo sig. F4⁷, Part I, V.ii.17). This error does not occur in the copy in which inner G and inner E are uncorrected, not does it occur in any of the quartos. It may be that some uncorrected sheets of inner F were bound later than the correct sheets, or, since purely typographical, the error may have been made during the process of printing, and later corrected.

At any rate, the pattern of corrections indicates clearly that the octavo preceded the quarto. Further evidence is the appearance in all quarto copies of certain typographical features absent in the octavos. These include the tilting of lines (p. 113, Quarto sig. Q¹⁷, Part II, II.iv.72-73), the slipping of letters ("this," p. 3, Quarto sig. B2⁷, Part I, I.1.58, "nothing", "husband," p. 4, Quarto sig. B2⁷, Part I, I.1.69-70), the shifting of letters ("Treas on," p. 41, Quarto sig. G¹⁷, Part I, III.ii.11), and the turning of letters (turned "e" in running title, p. 41, Quarto sig. G¹⁷, inverted query p. 125, Quarto sig. B3⁷, Part II, III.iv.100), all of which are evidence of such disturbance of type as might occur in reimposition of pages.²³

²³ The Folger Quarto is again singular in that it lacks tilting in outer E present in all other quartos ("must" and "firmness," p. 125, Part II, III.v.124-125).
As has been discussed above, the speech prefix "Thom," possibly the abbreviation of an actor's name, may be taken as an indication that the manuscript used for printer's copy was a prompter's copy. Further evidence for this may be seen in the fact that the text is very good, almost free from substantive errors, suggesting some sort of transcript rather than the author's foul papers.

It seems unlikely that Carlell himself had anything to do with the printed edition. The dedication is by a former actor, Alexander Gough, who claims responsibility for the publication. The corrections do not appear to be authoritative; in fact, being almost entirely typographical, they could have been made without reference to the printer's copy. Even the substantive alteration of "the intent" to "th'intent" could easily have been the printer's sophistication of an uneven line of verse.

The present edition is based on a collation of four copies of the play, and a secondary examination of eight more. The Folger octavo, apparently the "earliest" issue, served as copy text, and was collated with the British Museum octavo, the Folger quarto, and the Huntington quarto. Also examined were the Yale, Princeton, Newberry, Huntington, and Library of Congress octavos, and the Yale, Texas, and University of Pennsylvania quartos, all on film.

\(^{24}\text{xlv.}\)

\(^{25}\text{Bentley, II, 446-7.}\)
The principles on which this text is based are for the most part those outlined by Fredson Bowers for a critical old-spelling edition in his introduction to *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*. The objective of such an edition is to present a text as nearly authoritative as possible, while eliminating the reproduction of meaningless errors and inconsistencies.

The copy text was followed carefully; emendations were made only when necessary and were drawn, wherever possible, from variant readings in the other copies. Old spelling, of course, has been retained, and punctuation altered as little as possible.

Certain features of the purely formal presentation of the text have been silently regularized typographically. For instance, speech prefixes have been standardized, and within the text itself, faulty punctuation at the ends of speeches has been normalized. Nowhere, however, has a significant change been made without due notation.

Missing act and scene headings have been added, and a few stage directions introduced, in brackets. Lines have been numbered within each scene. Page numbers of the 1655 edition have been included in brackets in the right hand margins; this rather than signature because the pagination in both quarto and octavo is the same.

The apparatus to the text consists of interleaved

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26 Cambridge, 1953, I, ix-xviii.
explanatory notes, notation of substantive emendation, and a supplementary list of emendations of accidentals. By substantive emendations are meant those which affect the meaning of a passage; by accidental, those which are typographical but which are part of the text itself and should therefore be recorded.

The title page photograph was made from a film of the quarto owned by the University of Texas Library.

The matter of the few significant press variants has been dealt with above, so only a listing of uncorrected forms will be given:

Inner E and inner G uncorrected - Folger octavo.


Inner T uncorrected - Folger quarto.

Inner X uncorrected - Huntington, Yale, Texas, and University of Pennsylvania quartos.
THE
PASSIONATE
LOVERS,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

The First and Second Parts.

Twice presented before the King and
Queens Majesties at Somerset-House,
and very often at the Private House in
Black-Friers, with great Applause.

By his late Majesties Servants.

Written by
LODOWICK CARLELL, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be
sold at his shop at the sign of the Prince's Arms
in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1655.
TO THE

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

MARY

Duchess of

RICHMOND and LENOX.

Madam,

I humbly offer Your Grace the last sacrifice of this nature that is in my power, having only a hope that it may be receiv'd by You with that favour as when it was formerly presented. And so, Madam, I only dare to appear in an address to You, as others to their Altars, who by sacrifices get pardon for their defects, if not advance their devotions. This was to your Sex indeed a peculiar offering, whilst all either gave as much Passion to their Adorers, or wist their Beauties great enough to do it: your Graces excellencies alone have been by all admirers esteem'd at so great and just a value, as to create, and not reward mens passions. This with as just a reverence I present to you, hoping for this Romantique passion such an entertainment as none durst expect for real ones; your severity would deny a reception to those, which your charity may grant to this: And believe, he that attempts all ways to express his respects and duty, has more then Fortune will give him leave to shew, The unhappy condition at this time of

MADAM,

The most humble of all
your Graces most obliged
Servants,

ALEX. GOUGHE.
THE

Names and Characters of
the Persons.

King of Burgony.

Agenor
Clariment
Oleon
Sanor
Stremon

} His sons.

} Three Lords disaffected to the Prince Agenor.

Lucidor, a Lord
Sindor, a Captain

} Friends to Agenor.

Merchant.

Captain.

Souldiers.

Glorinda, the Kings Niece.

Selina, her Woman.

King of Neustrea.

Prince of Aquitain

} Suitors to Austella.

Two other Princes

Lords.

A Druid.

Sailors.

Austella, the Kings daughter.

Olinde, her Sister.

[Philant]
[Strato]

[A Lady]

The Scenes

BURGONY.

NEUSTREA.
THE

Passionate Lover,

FIRST PART.

ACT. I. Scæn. 1.

Enter Lucidor, and Clindor, and a Captain, (severally.)

Lu. Well met, Clindor.

Cl1. I would it were so.

Lu. Why, what misfortune is happened, man?

Cl1. A pox on Fortune, she ne'er was friend of mine; and now the wars are at end, there's no way left for men of merit to supply themselves: But cou'd I catch that Beldam by the foretop, I would so lug her Ladiship.

[2]

Lu. Thou mistakest, And threatnest Opportunity: 'tis she that hath a lock before, and bald behind; but Fortune is a Mighty Goddess, and must be reverenc'd.

Cl1. A Quean, a Strumpet by this hand; and she you talk of is her Bawd; they pickt my pockets with a pair of Dice, giving the money to a Sot, that scarce knew how to tell it when he had won it.
1.1.5 War. "The plot of the typical [Cavalier] play . . . will present us with a background of political and military strife among two or three neighboring states. In the plays, the states may be those of central Europe or even of the British Isles, but usually the ultimate source of the theme is suggested . . . Whatever the geographical location or era portrayed, a Mediterranean atmosphere lingers . . ."


In *The Passionate Lover*, the realities of history and geography are suspended. Setting is specified only to the extent of establishing an atmosphere of war in distant times and foreign lands. The scene is the state of "Burgony" (probably a spelling of "Burgundy") and later "Neustria." Mention is also made of "Lassent, in Germany," "Aquitain," and a fortress island, "Gires." The "wars" to which Clindor refers have just been completed, against certain unidentified princes. Later, trouble is to develop between Burgony and Neustria over "the staying of ships of treasure, and the Isle of Gires."

In so far as there were states of "Burgony" and Neustria with any geographical reality, they were provinces of France. It is interesting to note that although they were primarily inland, and certainly had no coast in common, much of the play's important action takes place at sea. When Agenor escapes by boat, Cleon counsels the King, ordering a servant:

> With all speed make to the shore, and see what course
> They hold: if he sir should go into Neustria
> . . . . . . . . . no doubt much danger
> Threatens . . .

When Clarimant makes war on Neustria, the Prince of Aquitain comes to the rescue with a fleet, and most of the final act takes place on one of his ships.

Though historically these states had little political reality before the time of Charlemagne, the romance is set in a vague era apparently representing a pre-Christian antiquity in which "gods" are worshipped in "temples" with "sacrifice."

Only the most superficial aspects of this religion are mentioned; as with history and geography, no more is given than is needed to create an atmosphere. Classical gods and goddesses are often named, but the reference is usually more literary than religious. But though their faith is unspecified, the characters are pious, and show a commendably Christian deference to the will of the gods. In fact at one point, a most un-classical suggestion is made, by Strato:

> The best way to appease the Gods
> When we have done amiss, is to confess;
> Then mercy follows, or our blows wound less.

*(Part II, V.iv.25-27)*
Bawd The sequence is a progression of proverbs. In Lear, the Fool speaks of

Fortune, that arrant whore,
(II.iv.52)

and Captain Goodlack in Massinger's Fair Maid of the West, of

Opportunity,
She's the best bawd.
(Act I)

The proverb "Catch time (opportunity) by the forelock, for she is bald behind" may be found in Pettie's Pallace of Pettie His Pleasure (ed. Gollancz, London, 1908, II, 185):

... take tyme in tyme, let not sluppe occasion, for it is bauld behynde, it cannot be pulled back agayne by the hayre.

The Passionate Lover has several other proverbial references to fortune, as when Lucidor attempts to cheer Agenor with such optimism as could be derived from the popular image of fortune:

... yet sir consider, the hand of fortune
That presses you thus low, may as she turns
The wheel, raise you agen;
(Part I, III.iii.3)

or when Cleon, whose projects have begun to fail, takes refuge in the thought that "Fortune favors fools:"

Fortune! thou enemy to wit and industry,
How I could curse thy deity, and this same giddy Prince,
That by his new affection gives thee power
To ruine my well-laid plots!
(Part II, IV.ii.1-4)
Lu. That was ill luck.

Oli. To lose a months pay in a night, now when I'm not
Never like to see another muster, nor hope of booty:
0 I could eat these fingers!

Lu. Lose not thy patience, and then thy monies loss
Will not afflict thee.

Oli. Pray will ye lend me 20 Crows; and keep it for
me.

Lu. Keep what?

Oli. My patience.

Lu. Thou hast none.

Oli. To what end then was your grave advice,
My great Foolosopher! stand by.

Enter Senor and Stremon.

Sen. Believe me, if the insolencie of these Commanders
That are come back with the Prince be not restrain'd, this
This Court, best ordered in the world,
Will grow to Barbarism and shame our Nation,
Chiefly us that should keep all in form.

Str. My Lord, take heed whilst you too much study
A regularity, you not forget the proper time:
The Court is yet a kind of Camp, a place of free
access,
In which the Prince is as the Sun,
Whose cheerful rays give life to all.

Oli. Will't please your Lordship to buy a Virtue of me?

Sen. Sure I believe 'tis a very beggerly one.

Oli. Your Lordship's a witch; 'tis Patience indeed.
The beggars virtue; you shall have it for 20 crowns.

Sen. Sirra, this sawciness may in time
Procure you the beggers punishment
To exercise your virtue, a whip.

Oli. Hum, a whip!

Lu. Your Lordships reply was by much too harsh
For harmless merriment, and argues you
Of a proud dogged nature.
nI.i.23 Crownes Coins worth five shillings each.

nI.i.35 time Apparently a proverbial phrase meaning "don't miss the forest for the trees."

nI.i.37 the Prince is as the sun "The 'roi soleil' is one of the most persistent of all Elizabethan commonplaces." E.M.W. Tillyard, The Elizabethan World Picture (London, 1943), p.83. The image is frequent in The Passionate Lover, especially when problems of rivalry for the throne develop. Cleon, trying to persuade father and son to make war on each other, uses it almost euphemistically, to soften his suggestions, saying to the one

There's but few Nations that adore the setting sun,
The braver spirits do attend his rise,
And hope to mount with him aloft...
(Part I, I.i.195-197)

and to the other

Out of that cloud ere long he means to break
Forth gloriously; the world, sir, cannot admit
More than one sun; and he's resolved to shine,
Though nature suffer in it...
(Part I, I.i.118-121)

nI.i.42 beggar's virtue Just as much of the humor of the character of Olindor is achieved through a use of jest-book sequences, so much of the homeliness of his speech is achieved through the use of proverbs. Patience was, proverbially, the beggar's virtue; compare Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, (v.1.):

Patience, the beggar's virtue
Shall find no harbour here.

The whip, (I. 44), was all too literally the beggar's punishment; see A.V. Judges, The Elizabethan Underworld (London, 1930), xxxii ff., for an account of the notorious "whipping clauses" and other Tudor legislation concerning vagrants.
Sen. Pray teach not me to speak, my Lord,
Until I go about to teach you how to fight.

Lu. I would your formal Lordship wore a sword,
    I should most gladly learn.

Sen. I do not want when I intend to wear one.

Lu. Certain you do, pray put it on against
    I see you next, let this remember you.

Sen. What insolence is this?

Clu. My Lord fight with him, or by this hand
    Ye have got my patience, and you shall pay me for't.

Sen. How now you base Rascal!

Enter Agenor, Cleon, and Attendants.

Age. Who's that he calls so?

Lu. One, sir, that I have seen do bravely in the wars.

Age. The attribute was very course. Sir, you must know those whom I call fellows
    In arms, and who for you and me, and all
    Have spent their bloods, must meet with better
    Recompence then contumelious words. [4]
    'Tis such as you that bid into my Father's ears
    A thousand tales, contract his bounties into nothings
    Or little to any soldier; and this not as good hus-
    bands
    For your master, but your selves, that your shares
    May be greater.

Sen. I hope your Highness will on better knowledg
    Change this hard opinion.

Cle. I dare engage my self, your Highness
    May absolutely dispose my Lord.

Age. Since you esteem him as a friend, I should not
    Be displeased to have cause to believe it.

Cle. The occasion is only wanting, Sir.

Age. Well my Lord, if it prove so, I know how
    To reward those that serve me. Go Lucidor
    And enquire if my Father be ready yet.

Sen. If it please your Majesty, I shall.
formal  Precise, ceremonious, rigorously observant of forms. Cf. The Taming of the Shrew, III.1.61:

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait, . . .

course  Variant spelling of "coarse."

contumelious  Scornfully insolent. Cf. I Henry VI, I.iv.39:

Salisbury: Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Talbot: With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
Age. You forget, my Lord,
That title is only due to my Father.

Oli. To whom he had so great a mind to make complaint,
That he forgot himself.

Age. Let him complain: Those that are mine I will secure.

Oli. Who are not such, deserve not your protection.

Age. There, share that purse betwixt you; I'll go.
Be to night at my chamber at 9 a clock: now leave us.


Lu. What say you now to the old Beldam? is she not kind?

Oli. She durst do no other.  

Exeunt, manent Agenor, Cleon.

Cle. Sir, as I told you, upon my knowledge
Your Father is possest with a belief
That your late victories and custom of commanding
In the Army, hath made you quite forget
How to obey; and Sir, to humble you, your greatest Captains
Do receive daily affronts.

Age. My Captains! even my self do feel their injuries.  
My needful bounty's censured prodigality,
My courtesie insinuations; and all
What I have ever learnt for good or commendable
Turn to my prejudice: Nothing, I see,
Can please my Father, or free me from suspition,
Unless I prove my self or base, or foolish.

Cle. The present affairs, sir, of this Kingdom
Call for a man both wise and valiant:
Such I must say you are; nor is this needful truth
Thus timely urged, to be esteemed a flattery,
Though spoken to your self. Your father, sir, was what you are;
But now time and infirmities have brought him
Near to what we truly might call dotage
In a meaner man. And is it reasonable
You should stand by an idle looker on,
Whilst his weak or false Conncellors and he
Make peace or war with foreign States,
Dispose of government and Offices at home,
Not on the best deserver, but the greatest briber,
II.1.93 Beldam i.e., Fortune.
Or such a Lord's particular friend or kinsman.

Age. Truth is, I do appear now at home of no esteem:
Even these Princes lately made subject
By my sweat and blood, no one of their Ambassadors
Makes any particular address to me.

Ole. 'Twere madness if they should,
The certain way to miss their ends; no sir,
Your younger brother Clariment is the known
Powerful Advocate for favors from the King;
And for the Prince himself, and power,
Are both laid prostrate at the feet
Of his fair Cousin the Lady Clorinda.

Age. Does she not deserve to be obeyed?

Ole. Doubtless no Virgin lives that equals her in
merit:
And yet 'tis possible the Prince may have
Another end besides her personal worth,
Which makes him court her.

Age. What end?

Ole. You know, sir, at least must needs have heard
Her ancestors have been pretenders to this Crown,
And time hardly wears out the right of Princes.

Age. 'Tis true, hardly where right;
But a pretension not then prosperous,
Neither lives but to shame the undertakers memory.1
But were it otherwise in this particular,
I durst trust my brother, indeed any,
For I know his love to me is firm.

Ole. Sir, 'tis a noble confidence in you,
Nor would I seek to change that quiet peace
That lodges in your mind, for a worse guest,
suspicion.
But if I do not freely speak my fears,
I shall be guilty of a treason to my Prince
And friend. Your brother, sir, fosters ambitious
hopes;
And howsoe'er you slight Clorinda's title,
That is their chiefest nourishment.

Age. It is impossible.

Ole. If I should tell you, some believe your father
Holds what I have said, is conscious that he
Does keep the Crown by wrong, and so would
undertakers One who undertakes a task or enterprise; here, one who undertakes to gain the crown.
Cf. I Henry VI, V.i.117, Suffolk speaking to Margaret:

I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand.
By a marriage set all strait; this would exact
A greater faith then you, I know, can yet allow.

Age. 'Tis true, for this implies my disinheriting,
The falsehood of my brother, nay something more
Then this, which I may chance one day to tell you
freely:
But now I live curbed in my person,
May my thoughts pent up, when I would ease
My heart by uttering them.

Ole. Enlarge your self each way.

Age. Oh I must not.

Ole. Then I will for you. My grief to see my Country
Lose the advantage of your best of years
For action, makes me speak plain and home,
Though to the hazard of my head, if you dislike
The counsel; nor will I put you upon danger,
And not share it with you?

Age. What is't you mean? I am confident you love me.

Ole. As I do happiness, which is included
in your knowledge of my faith and love.

Age. Speak then.

Ole. In short 'tis this:
Propose a war in Germany, raise a great Army,
Live there a King, since here you cannot.

Age. My father never will consent.

Ole. Where's that Souli'dier or Commander, will not obey
Your summons?

Age. To raise an Army, my Father not allowing it,
Were treason; which once proclaim'd, would startle
The most resolute.

Ole. Scarce a man, if you should on the contrary
Make known what your intents were for your Countries
Honor and profit.

Age. But in the mean time should they seise my person?

Ole. But in the mean time should you seise your
Fathers person, which is sure much easier to do.
There's but few Nations that adore the setting sun;
The braver spirits do attend his rise,
And hope to mount with him aloft.
[Act I, Scene ii]

Cle. Two hands upon one scepter; men will interpret
Violence; however since 'twas ordain'd in one,
If violence at all, let it be powerful in effect:
The happy issue then may change the attribute
To providence care of the present and the future
state.

Age. It is an affair of a high consequence,
Frays see me in the morning, I must take time
To think —

Exit.

Cle. Do Prince, 'tis my desire, since thought
Must make that poison work, I have distill'd
Into thy soul; the compounds are so strong
And operative, that it must cause destruction
To thy self, father, or brother, if not all.
But soft: much time, and many dangers
Must be past, ere I can hope to touch that happy
Period; the part I long have acted
Must be still maintain'd; a seeming faithful
Servant to the father and his sons,
By each believ'd so tender of their safeties
And their honour, as if I had no sense
Of what concern'd the other two.
The grounds thus laid, and mutual jealousies growing
In each, I am secured from a discovery
By any general conference of theirs:
Nay, should an intimacy hold, as 'tis not like,
Betwixt the brothers, yet am I still secure
By their own nobleness, scorning to tell Counsels
The secrets of an Enemy, much less reveal these of a
friend,
Which when I do, I shall no other but my self betray;

Exit.

[Act I, Scene ii]

Enter Clindor, Selina.

Cle. Nay Lady, if you flie, being so able to defend,
I shall suspect you have an ambush here:

[Dangles a trinket.]
I'll make good this ground, proud of my purchase;
I know 'tis of such value, that the restoring
Will press you to another party.
Sel. Why think you so? To lose your company withall,
    Will make the loss of any thing I have about me insensible.

Oli. Make good your word; change but your maidenhead
    For this; and if I ever trouble you again —

Sel. O insolence! can you believe that such a jewel
    Is reserv'd for you? you may as well by your small
    Single valor hope to surprise the strongest fort.

Oli. May perhaps sooner, Lady; may be you
    Know the first impossible.

Sel. I know 'tis impossible you should be other
    Then a rude Soldier.

Oli. True, whilst you are an uncivil Lady.
    'Tis wisdom to frame our selves like to the company
    We wish to keep.

Sel. Indeed I must confess you put upon me in this
    seeming
    Censure, a mighty obligation: your words imply as
        much;
    As if I would be wicked, you for conformity
    Would be so too; in troth I do not doubt it:
    But that you can as well conform yourself to better
    Images, is that I have no reason to believe.

Oli. From these your hard opinions, yet in a milder
    phrase
    Exprest, judge charitably, that my disrespect
    Is likewise lessening: And certain, Lady,
    So many beauties as shew themselves about your
    Person, were gifts the Gods repented of,
    Which made them place a soul whose pride might tel
    the world
    It was a goodly Temple built to shew their power,
    But not to share their adoration.

Sel. I see you are an experienc'd Soldier,
    And are not without stratagems, making your
    Battery on the weakest side. You praise this beauty
    Of my person, and dispraise my mind:
    That too for what we almost hold a vertue, (pride)
    Grant us but fair, what'e're we seem, it is
    Impossible we shou'd be angry.

Oli. No more of these ingenious confessions, Lady,
    Lest I become Apostate from my old religion,
    And believe there may be other beauties in your sex
    Then what the eye surveys.
Sel. I am wondrous sorry if I have said any thing
To gain your good opinion.

Enter Clarimant and Clarinda.

Oli. O fear not, Lady, I am not so much taken yet
To trouble you with lamentable verses,
Or blow the candle out with sighs: breaking my buttons
After a full meal, 's the highest I can reach to: I
Assure you,
Methinks that Princely pattern is scarce worth
The following. The King!

Enter Old King, Cleon, Senor, Stremon, [Attendants].

0.K. I see you lose no opportunity to become
Gracious with the Ladies, I like it well;
Your brother's more unnatural, and courts the men.

Cle. The men of action, sir, he does indeed.

0.K. The men of turbulences and ambition:
But I shall check his and their haughty spirits.

Cle. Let what you do, sir, be with moderation,
He's of a fierce nature, and can ill endure
Reproof, however just.

0.K. Fierce nature! shall I observe a boy?
I am his father and his King; and what he fails
In duty to the one, the other shall inforce him
To confess and satisfie.

Cle. 'Tis just indeed.

0.K. And being so, I must not fear to let him know
His faults.

Enter Agenor and Lucidor.

Now sir, what would you with us?

Age. I must not hope, sir, you will grant the suit
I come to move, until I see your brow more calm.

0.K. If you mislike these looks, remove the cause.

Age. Perhaps it is not, sir, in me, but in your self:
There are some waters where the billows rise
Though no cross winds do blow; Earthquakes are in
Another kind the same, the causes dark,
And yet not more then are your groundless distastes
From whence this tempest grows,
Earthquakes The cause of earthquakes was of course a subject for endless speculation. Almost no writer on natural history failed to express an opinion, and almost no two agreed. John Swan, in his Speculum Mundi; or A Glass Representing the Face of the World, (Cambridge, 1635), pp. 229-230, gives a partial summary in working up to his own view:

The Romans, in times past, commanded by publick edict, that prayers and supplications should be made in time of an earth-quake: but they must call upon no god by name, as on their other holy-dayes, for fear they mistook that god unto whom it belonged.

And the most ancient of the Grecians called Neptune the shaker and mover of the earth; because they supposed that the cause proceeded from the fluctuations and flowings of waters up and down in the hollow places under ground.

Others thought that the shaking proceeded from the downfalls of subterranean dens or caves; and that sometimes whole mountains sunk in, and they caused the trembling.

But by that which I said before in the generation of windes, it appeareth, that what it is, which is the' cause of windes above the earth, is also the cause of trembling and shaking in the earth. For when it happeneth that aire and windie spirits or Exhalations be shut up within the caverns of the earth, or have such passage as is too narrow for them, they then striving to break their prisons, shake the earth.
O.K. Your words explain your actions, and your actions
     From both you do conclude my weakness,
     And your innocence from fault.

Age. The latter is, and still hath been my study:
     Shew me wherein, sir, I have err'd,
     In what I have deserved your hard opinion:
     Till when I would not, sir, by asking pardon
     Create a guilt.

O.K. I know you rather do expect that I should sue to you,
     And I will do it. Pray give me leave to be
     A King some few years more; you know
     I shall not trouble you when your turn comes.

Clo. Dear servant, I find my self not well.

Cla. Heaven forbid! ..

     Exeunt Clorinda, Clarimant.

Age. Sir, I do find your age is wrought upon
     By some unworthy men, who for their own ends
     Keep me from that interest nature and reason
     Ought to yield me in your love; which since
     I cannot hope from you by my true service,
     (Still misinterpreted) I scorn to seek
     To gain it by a flattery of them.

O.K. I know those whom I favour,
     Are for that cause the object of your hate.
     And 'tis not strange, that having forfeited
     Much of your own obedience, you should mislike
     Their faithfulness.

Age. I see, sir, 'tis in vain to plead a cause
     Already judg'd against me: Cunning
     Weighs down my interest in your blood.
     I came, sir, with a hope to obtain some suits
     For others, which now reason commands me to let fall,
     And rather beg what I am only likely to obtain.

O.K. What's that, I pray?

Age. Your leave, sir, to retire
     My self, to free your Majesty
     And me both from disturbance.

O.K. You ask and grant your self, 'tis well.

     Exeunt Agenor, Lucidor, Clindor.
Cle.

Sir, that retirement he intends,
Grows not from duty, but ambition.
Out of that cloud ere long he means to break
Forth gloriously; the world, sir, cannot admit
More than one Sun; and he's resolved to shine,
Though nature suffer in it.

O.K.

It was still my fear, you have no other proofs
But your conjecture.

Cle.

I would I had not, sir; but such my love is to
your Majesty,
That to preserve the Royal stem, I must not fear
To hazard breaking a corrupted branch.
At more convenience I shall inform you.

Exeunt King, Cleon, Attendants.

Sen.

The King is old and sickly, inconstant by
nature;
And we must, whilst this heat of passion lasts,
Work for our safety by the Princes ruines.
If he should come to reign, our power, if not our
lives,
Is at end; but both are likely to be safe
And prosperous under his brother Clarimant,
Who is of a soft and gentle nature,
Apt to be governed.

Str.

Especially when it shall appear
We have both will and power to serve him
In attaining to the Crown.

Sen.

Perhaps Lord Cleon does resolve the same,
And he's a man of power and blood; we being join'd
How can we miss our end,
Since the whole Court does on us three depend?

Exeunt.

[ACT I, Scene iii]

Enter Clarimant and Clorinda.

Cle.

Dear Lady, do not welcom sadness thus:
Trust me, it is an ill mannered guest,
And seldom leaves us; though we grow weary
Of its company, and wish it gone.

Cle.

Not to be sensible when there is cause,
Would shew stupidity.
Ola. Wise men affirm there is no cause of sorrow
But for offending heaven.

Ola. These strengths of mind you Men enjoy,
Are certain to our weaker sex denied.

Ola. Alas, but I am none of those;
For if you grieve, I cannot be exempted.

Ola. Would I had kept my troubles to my self then!
I would not have them grow by being guilty
Of infecting you.

Ola. A sympatheie with you for what concerns my self,
Though it be grief to me, is pleasing.

Ola. I must not say so much for you;
And yet this is the only time I ever wisht
Your absence: pray sir be pleased to leave me
To my self.

Ola. And 'tis the only time I ever durst seem
Disobedient; be but your self, and I will leave you;
But whilst you are in bondage,
A prisoner to your grief, I must not.

Ola. Ye are cruel in your kindness, sir,
And tie me faster: A ransom of my tears
Being plentifully paid, perhaps may free me;
And whilst you stay, shame bars me from the trial.

Ola. I would not see you weep; for if your tears
Were shed in vain, it would call in question
My religion, as having paid my vows
To powers insensible.

Ola. Take heed, sweet Prince, you do not jest your self
Into idolatry, and over-act that part you personate,
To please a brother; that were a guilt
Neither your tears nor mine can expiate.

Ola. I fear your warning comes too late for me.

Ola. I hope I understand you not.

Ola. You do not Lady, nor I my self,
For I have spoke I know not what; shame forces
An obedience, which your commands could not.
All peace of mind wait on you.

Enter Agenor.

[Age.] Stay brother, whither so fast? I came to seek
you,
Stay —

Cla. Not for the world, and pray henceforth
    Let us not injure truth. Exit.

Age. What means this?

Cla. My Lord, I know not well, some discontent.

Age. Are we alone? is there no other eye but that of
    Heaven beholds us?

Cla. None that I know.

Age. Blest opportunity! still I am fearful; for your sake
    I would not have our loves discover'd now by chance
    Which with such art and care hath been so long
    Conceal'd from all men but my brother.

Cla. I would it had been so from him too, sir.

Age. Why, do you fear he will discover us?

Cla. O no sir, but —

Age. But what?

Cla. The gods were witness enough for me, sir,
    'Twere my glory, were it known; if in your fortune
    But a slave, I should with joy proclaim to all
    The world what your interest were in me:
    But for your sake, considering how your father
    Frowns already, I scarce dare to my self
    Whisper the joy of being yours.

Age. My father! let not that trouble you,
    We will be free as he ere long, and our commands
    Better obeyed.

Cla. O speak not again my fears! how sir? better
    obeyed!

Age. By those that love me, and will live and die
    with me.

Cla. Die with you, sir! why should that come in
    question?

Age. Only as an expression of my friends affection.
But sir, were all men what they seem,
That which I fear you do intend, is that
Which heaven cannot approve; take heed of disobe-
dience, sir.

Why doest thou plead against thy self, against
thy joyes
And mine? Now as I am, I dare not look on these
Bright eyes, the comforts of my life, nor touch this
hand,
These lips, nor speak but by the assistance
Of my brother.

This is a freedom, sir, modesty could not allow
Did we oft meet; and as it is, do not again
Expect it.

Why, dearest, are you so nice? you do not love
me:
Your hand you will not sure refuse me.

I shall, sir, if you presume upon an opportunity.

You never did deny that favor to my brother
As my substitute.

It is confest, and that in publike too,
More willingly I there would grant him any modest
Favor, then here to you in private.

That's strange.

Do we not often give those praises to a person
Absent, which modesty would make us blush
To speak unto himself?

It seems I must be only favored by attorney.

Not so; the mind being the noblest part,
Isn't not enough if that be happy?

Yes, if it could subsist without a body;
Which since it cannot, dearest mistres, if you'll
be just,
The beauties of your person must in some measure
Satisfie the flames that they create.

Offers to kiss her.
hI.i.ii.98 attornay See also l. 150, "Would you stay longer, if you loved me less?" and compare the delightful treatment of a similar plight by Thomas Campion (The Second Booke of Ayres, 1613):

Though your strangesesse frets my hart,
Yet may not I complaine:
You perswade me 'tis but Art
That secret love must faine.
If another you affect,
'Tis but a shew t'avoid suspect,
Is this faire excusing? 0 no, all is abusing.

When another holds your hand,
You sweare I hold your heart:
When my Rivals close doe stand,
And I sit farre apart,
I am neerer yet than they,
Hid in your bosome, as you say.
Is this faire excusing? 0 no, all is abusing.

Would my Rival then I were,
Or els your secret friend:
So much lesser should I feare,
And not so much attend.
They enjoy you ev'ry one,
Yet I must seeme your friend alone.
Is this faire excusing? 0 no, all is abusing.
Sir, I believe you will not think 'tis a forc'd modesty
That I put on; though I should tell you I am not pleas'd
As all to be alone with you, yet how much
I do love you, it were in vain to speak.
That love enjoins, as you will keep your faith
To me, not to disturb the quiet of your Father
And this Kingdom, likely to be yours;
Do not expect to find them faithful in the time
To come, to whom you shall teach falshood
By your own example.

Happily I have no such design; we are ingrate
To fortune and to Love, in spending this happy
Opportunity on any other subject
Then what may tend unto his-glory.

I see, Sir, I must leave you, or my modesty.

Dear do not frown; pardon those faults
Your beauties and my love engage me in.

Should I grant that for an excuse sufficient,
Where should we find a guilty or immodest person,
Since all immoderate desires do find a beauty
In their object, which promises a pleasure
By enjoying? My love, then yours is of a purer
Kind, and fit it should, as growing from
A nobler cause, your greater merit:
Be witness heaven, I never yielded yet
To any thought or motion, wherein your happiness
Had not precedence.

Should I pretend to what you do appropriate,
The greatest love, 'twould shew presumption.
Yet here I offer what you dare not perform
To me, a free unlimited disposing
Of my person and my will.

I take you at your word; and though your
Humble servant, as a Mistress do impose
These two commands: Be modest in your love,
And patient in your expectation of a Crown;
Let all things be mature and ripen'd to perfection,
Then they are sweet and lovely; but on the
Contrary, many infirmities accompany
Abortive births, seldom or never lasting.

She offers to go away.

Sure you will not leave me thus.
Clo. Yes sir, I must,
The greatness of my love commands me,
Remember your promise.

Age. You do express it strangely;
Would you stay longer, if you loved me less?

Clo. With much more confidence. I tremble, sir, lest
Some unwelcome person should find us here
Alone; if there were company with whom you
Might discourse, I should stand by and hear you
With delight, look on you with much more:
Now apprehension of discovery takes away
All pleasure from me.

Age. If we must ever live with this constraint upon
us,
Where are the joys of love? It rests not sure
Alone in being beloved, but in possession.
He that desairs in love, hath a more happy fate
Then I: You do not love me sure; what have I
More then words to build my faith upon?
If you have pitty in you, be more kind,
Or free me from my last engagement.

Clo. Not for a million.

Age. Trust me, I shall not hold my self sufficiently
Obliged, unless I seal my promise on your lip.

Clo. He that will break his word, no other tie
Can hold him.

Age. Yet never any fearful Creditor,
(Such you appear to be) refused an Obligation.

Clo. This is the last you ever as a Mistress
Shall receive from me.

Age. May your last words prove happily prophetick!

Clo. Think on your promise, sir.

Age. I do; so sweet was the engagement,
That whilst I think on it, even then
It prompts me to the breaking, the only way
For to attain a greater bliss in her. Promises
Made in prejudice of Love, I should be most profane
To keep; nor can she be offended, however fear
And modesty in her forbid me to attempt.
Power, and her dear Embraces, are alike
The objects of my soul: shall danger then make me
retire?
Characters in *The Passionate Lover* frequently express their relationships and interchanges in terms of commerce. Note Austella, who must refuse to consummate her marriage, but offers Agenor a kiss as "interest on what I owe." (Part I, IV.i.149) Legal terminology is also prominent; see Part I, II.i.245ff.
No, danger thrusts me on, and tells me there's no safety
But in arms, which well employed, cancels my fault
Unto my father, and smooths Clorinda's brow:
She cannot be so cruel to herself to frown
On disobedience that presents a Crown. Exit.

ACT. II. Scæn. i.

Enter Clarimant.

Clas. O Fool! for ever thou hast forfeited thy bliss,
She never will endure to hear thee speak,
Or look upon her more. What falsehood
Must she think me guilty of? I am so sensible
Of my offence, that though she would admit me,
I durst never see her more: How poor a value then
Bears life!

Enter Agenor with a Picture.

[Age.] Brother!

Clas. Ha!

Age. How strangely you are alter'd!

Clas. You do not erre sir, I was not wont to be thus sad.

Age. Nor do I hope you will continue long so;
Your grief may prove infectious, pray shake it off,
You shall not else keep company with my Clorinda.

Clas. I never will, sir.

Age. How, brother?

Clas. This sadness will not leave me.

Age. Come, by all our interests I conjure you
Speak freely what troubles you.

Clas. Then sir, in short, you have undone me.

Age. It dearest brother.

Clas. Yes, you: Did you not enjoin
That I should make in publike address to your
Mistress,
By which received opinion you might be freer
In your love?

Age. Had you engaged me in the like,
I whose with joy have done it.

Ola. My care was such to do it to the life,
That I am really become what I did personate;
Are not you then the cause that I am miserable?

Age. What do I hear! can there be truth in this?
If it be so, speak it again.

Ola. 'Tis that I never must deny,
I love her more than I do life.

Age. Or faith, or honour, do you not?

Ola. Sure I believe nothing with her can stand in
competition long.
Yet I will never see her more.

Age. It is not fit you should. What do I feel!
Can the mere name of Rival trouble me?
Yes, with the addition that he is my brother.
But whither am I falling? Assist me Reason,
Let me but weigh my Mistresses unequal’d beauty,
And her greater merit, and that must prove
Both his excuse, and my assurance.

Ola. I fear, sir, you are angry; Not that I value
Any danger, but that I would not have you so unjust.

Age. Trust me I am not, brother,
I will admit you as a friendly Rival:
Make her incessant once, and I shall gladly quit
her.

Ola. Had you so mean a thought of her or me,
It were an injury I could not suffer.

Age. Come, come, upon my life I have not.
Some business, brother, of the highest importance
Commands me from you, perhaps from Court ere long:
And that I may assure you of my love and trust,
Carry from me this Picture to my dearest Mistress.

Ola. Sir, I beseech you pardon me; I would not see
her

36 competition] competition 0
When I may avoid it; there's too much danger
In the object.

Age. Remember she's your Brothers Mistress, that
will protect you.

Ola. I never did forget, pray send it by some other.
       Offers the Picture back.

Age. I shall believe you do indeed intend to woo
My mistress from me, since you refuse to appear to
her
My friend and messenger.

Ola. Sir, I will do it; but henceforth never misdoubt
The strengths you hold upon me; for I in it
Do break a resolution equal to a vow.

Age. Farewell. Exit.

Ola. How hard a fate is mine! to what cross actions
Doth our passions move? I flie from what I wish;
Yet to assist another's flame, I grant what
To my own I had denied. Oh no, it is not thus;
For every action rightly weighed, it will be found,
Our own advantage is the proper center
Where all lines meet: For if I truly apprehended
A discontent from seeing her, I should not sure
Have yielded to the enforcement of my brother.
No, 'tis with me as with those men who are
By nature strongly tempted to some lust,
Pleas'd in the sin, yet grant me guilt,
Only alleadging for excuse, They must. Exit.

[ACT II, Scene ii]

Enter Cleon and Selina.

Cleo. Sweet Selina, it is not now that I shall need
To make a declaration of my love,
You long have known the engagement of my heart.

Sel. My Lord, my obligations are so great,
That you may justly claim the utmost of my power
Toward the accomplishment of your desires.

Cleo. I have been too unthankful to so true a friend;
But be assured that thou shalt have my best
Of fortunes with me; in the mean time wear this
To keep me in thy memory.
       [Offers her a trinket.]

Sel. It needs not sir, I have already too many testi-
monies
Of your favor, to forget.

Ole. When was Prince Clarimant with thy Lady?

Sel. When was he not? I fear, sir, her affection
To him is so rooted, that it will grow for ever.
Yet I have used those arts you taught me,
And some female practices of mine, but all in vain.
But sir, despair not, since as yet you never
Did make known your love to her; and were she of
My mind, she soon would make a difference
Bewitch a boy, a child, and such a man as you.

Ole. Friendship doth blind thee, more than love does me:
The frost I wear upon my looks, will keep
My fire from kindling in her breast;
Whilst equal youth and beauty in the Prince
Gives nourishment unto a mutual flame.

Sel. Aside. I hope it will —

Ole. Yet prithee say that I would speak with her,
And have a care none overhear our conference.

Sel. My Lord, I shall endeavour it; she's now in the

[Exit Selina.

Ole. It is not love alone unto the Princess person,
I know I cannot be so faithless to my own designs,
No, 'tis her interest to the Crown engages me
As much as does her beauty or her wit:
And yet she holds by those, when I do see,
Or hear her speak, great power upon me.
But I must watch my flame, no spark let fall
That may give any light of my affection to her,
In a third person I must try her.
Since she's of humane race, a woman to her mother,
Whether from her be not derived some seeds
Of the first female weaknesses, ambition and [23]
Inconstancy; which if I find, I'll nourish them,
And in their growth my hopes; but if I see
Such powerful charm no alteration move,
She claims my adoration, cures my love.

[Enter Olorinda, Selina.

She comes, be firm my resolution,
The splendor of her eyes is powerful; already
My designs meet with confusion: Love gives the lye
To my ambition, triumphs o're my discretion,
And tells me that a Crown's an aery nothing
Compared with the possessing of her personal
Beauty: what wonders will the magick of
Her tongue perform?

Olo. What means this?

Ole. 'Tis best I should at once profess my love,
And in her scorn receive a glorious death —
Stay, let me be a King first; and then to offer
Up my self to my great Deity,
Brings no dishonor to her shrine.

Olo. My Lord, did you not desire to speak with me?

Ole. Madam, I did; and the affair is of such weight,
That though I had consulted with my self before,
I durst not utter it without a second thought,
And none but your dear self to hear it.

Olo. Leave us. Exit Selina.

Ole. Madam, amongst those many whom your perfections
Have devoted to your service, though not so happy
As with others to express my zeal,
There's none, without exception I dare speak it,
Would sooner undertake, or hazard more to serve you.
This if you can believe, I dare enlarge my self:
If not, I must be satisfied with this expression.

Olo. My Lord, if I be not mistaken, you are a friend
To those whom all know I do value highly; that,
Were I ignorant of your own worth,
Is argument enough for my esteem and trust.

Ole. I here do call the Gods to witness,
That all my study, all my friendship tends to your
advantage:
Nor is the Prince at all considerable to me,
But as he is your servant; but for your sake
I wish he were the Monarch of the world.
For, how so much perfection can be ordain'd
To bless a Subjects bed, comes not within
The compass of my faith; and Prince Clarimant
Is never like to be a King.

Olo. To what tends this?

Ole. But had your love been plac'd upon his brother,
As his is upon you, ere long your beauties
Might have found their proper foil, a Crown,
To set them off as a bright constellation, there
All eyes might lock on you with wonder
And delight; but in a Subjects name, your glories
Are obscured.
Olo. [Aside.] Either the Prince, as being his friend, 
Hath made discovery to him of our loves, 
Or he hath found cause to suspect.

Ole. Madam, I see what I have spoke, begets your 
trouble.

Olo. I must confess it, sir; can it do less, 
When I shall hear a person of your merit, 
A friend as you profess, perswading me 
To quit my faith for the vain expectation 
Of a Crown.

Ole. Madam, the Crown will soon be his, as certain 
As he loves you, and both as certain as I live.

Olo. It is impossible that Prince Agemor he should 
love, 
And never speak his passion.

Ole. No more then it was in me. [25]

Olo. How sir, in you?

Ole. Madam, I will confess a secret to you, 
I burn with a more zealous consuming fire 
Then ever yet was kindled in a mortals breast; 
Have often seen my Mistress, spoke to her, 
Had opportunities alone, as now with you; 
Yet such was my respect to her, I never durst 
Express my passion: Then, Madam, from the purity 
Of my affection, judge of the Prince, 
And reward his sufferings.

Olo. [Aside.] I must try him. [To him.] Can this be 
possible?

Ole. Jove strike me with his thunder, 
If what I now have said, be not a truth.

Olo. My Lord, if it be thus, I shall at least find 
pitty 
For his sufferings: my best of wishes too 
For your success in love.

Ole. Would you be pleas'd, when I shall let you know 
Her name, to be my advocate? I cannot doubt 
My happiness.

Olo. [Aside.] Sure he means me. [To him.] — Alas, my 
Lord, what you desire 
I should perform for any worthy person, 
Much more for you since what I shall perswade 
Must tend for certain to her happiness.
Cle. [Aside.] Can I ask more? she courts me to discover.

Enter Selina.

Sel. Divinity's Lady,
The Prince your servant desires admittance.

Cle. [Aside.] Hell take him! [To Clarinda.] Madam, be pleas'd to grant me The honor of your hand as an assurance Of your promis'd favor.

Cle. If you believe I have the power to serve you In your love, name but the time and person, I am ready to assist you, were it this minute.

Cle. I should too much presume upon your favor, The Prince your servant being so near attending.

Cle. Do not mistake sir, he may stay.

Cle. [Aside.] Why am I fearful? [To her.] Dare I believe my self so happy, That you would miss the Prince's company a minute, To pleasure me?

Cle. Yes by my life, two minutes; nor is't in me Near curiosity to know the loves of others, But that I held my self obliged no longer To be ignorer of one whose worth and beauty Hath the force to ad your conquest to Lov's triumph, Yours who have been still observed victorious In the subduing every other passion. To force an inclination, is an act of power, Where every common beauty can subdue the amorous.

Cle. Not to have yielded homage here, had been a flat Rebellion, since all hearts are a tribute due To her perfections; which justice will enforce you To confess, when you know how much she doth Resemble you.

Cle. [Aside.] 'Tis plain he loves, rather would have me think so. [To him.] My Lord, your last words give me cause to doubt, Not so much your attaining, as the over-value Of the purchase; and that I may not have a less esteem Of you, I must confess I do not wish to know her now.

Enter Selina and Clarimant.

Sel. Madam, the Prince!
"Ole. [Aside.] How shall I understand this dark Enigma?  
Hope, or despair? 'tis time must clear it.

"Olo. Sir, I presume to have that interest in you,  
You will not be offended at your stay.  
For the injury, name your own satisfaction.  

"Ola. So kind,  
Madam, to me who have no other merit  
But obedience, how can there be an injury?

"Olo. In this unjust acknowledgment, much modesty  
appears:  
How winning must your words and actions be,  
When they are accompanied with truth?

"Ola. That only must be truth with me,  
Which you are pleas'd to have so; I will not own  
A faculty that prompts me to a contradiction:  
Yet never could I yield to my own praise,  
But as I am dignified in being your creature.

"Olo. In being so absolutely mine, you make me richer  
In my own esteem, then all additions which the world  
Can yield besides.

"Ole. [Aside.] This Lady can dissemble; but with whom she  
does so,  
I am yet to learn. [To her.] It is not fit I should  
disturb  
This harmony; the God of love is hovering  
Not far off, delighted with the musick  
Of these melting accents: For I, a profligate opposite  
To all his sweetness, have forfeited my manners by my  
stay.

"Olo. Not so, my Lord. [Aside.] The excess of kindness  
I have shewed Prince Clarimant,  
Must clear all suspicion in this Lord,  
If he had any, that I love Agenor.

"Ole. Sir, be happy in this Princess to my wish,  
Which hath a latitude as great as you can  
Think. Your Father by my means (if I may boast  
A service to my Princely friend) highly approves  
The match. —  
All happiness attend you both. Exit.

169-171 Sir . . . satisfaction] assigned to Cleon in  
continuation of preceding speech in O.
Ole. How fortune mocks me!

Olo. Struck with a sudden sadness, sir! Selina,
    Call for my servants, I'll go to Court. Exit Selina.
    Have you any service to command me, sir?

Ola. Madam, I see you fain would change the Scene:
    How soon are you weary of his company,
    To whom just now you did profess so much?

Olo. Not weary, sir, but yet I hope
    That you have not forgot to whom
    All those professions were intended.

Ola. Yet they were spoke to me, the words accompanied
    With proper accents, your eyes, to speak Loves lan-
        guage;
        And here before Lord Oleon with more perswasive
        Eloquence then ever.

Olo. 'Tis true, it makes me almost blush to think
    How much I courted you; Heaven knows
    I could not for the world have spoke
    Or lookt so on your brother; the reason was,
    I feared that Oleon did suspect whom I did
    Love indeed.

Ola. And you to ozen him, used me so overkindly,
    At first I doubt not but you laid the plot
    Of thus disguising your affection.

Olo. You speak as if you did repent the obligation
    You have laid upon your brother and my self.

Ola. Do you esteem it one?

Olo. A great one, sir, believe.

Ola. Heaven knows I not repent it then;
    But can you think that when you look and speak
    With passion, whoever hears must not be moved,
    And in despight of duty wish
    Though dare not hope, that he were the object
    Of that passion.

Olo. Oh misery!

Ola. How could I then, to whom they were addrest,
    Having withall a sympathie of blood,
    But find joy as a brother, at first no more,
    Which warranted for just, at last that pleasure
    Ere I was aware betrayed to me a deeper
And more peculiar sense of happiness in you.

Olo. Add not that vanity unto your falsehood,
    To hope from me a common estimation after this.

Ola. Add not injustice to your cruelty,
    To hate where you should pity: The injunction
    Did proceed from you, you are the first
    And the immediate cause, that I am miserable:
    Which makes me often doubt, since it proceeds from
    you,
    Whether it be a crime or no: When I shall find it
    Such, you shall not need to frown or threaten
    Punishment by hating me, once confident you do,
    Without a cause I know you cannot,
    I will inflict more, then happily you will wish
    I should.

Olo. The Judge and the accused so near allied,
    As we are to our selves, no crime is great enough
    For punishment.

Ola. Madam, you much mistake; I cannot be the Judge,
    That am the Plaintiff: for who does, at least justly
    Can, complain of injury but I? How is my love,
    Since a requital is not in my wish, a wrong
    To you or to my brother?

Olo. No! why did you by complaining
    Make me know your passion?

Ola. Now you have named my guilt,
    Alas I find I have too much approved that law
    Which says, no man is bound to be his own accuser.
    You are the proper Judge, truth speaks in you,
    Let your severest consure fall, and by the Gods
    I am your faithful Executioner.

Olo. Then——

Ola. Stay, first receive this Picture of my happy
    Brother,
    Sent from himself, the occasion of your trouble,
    Now, I speak not this in my excuse,
    To raise your pitty up against your justice;
    For I at last was pleas'd in the employment.
    Nay, now profess to you and all the world,
    Whilst I have life, I shall adore you.

Olo. And must I sentence you then,
    Like to a desperate person that hath done
    Some wickedness so great, for which the happiness
    Of sorrow is denied.
IIIi]

Oro. You must for what concerns my loving you.

Ole. Then hear a sentence proper to the guilt:
Your eyes and tongue, which did betray your vertue,
Must never meet in me their objects more.

Ole. Misery! never to look or speak to you,
Is that my doom?

Olo. It is justly inflicted.

Ole. I not dispute; but shall it never be revok'd?

Olo. It is from me inviolate by all the Gods;
You may to morrow break it, and I look you should.

Olo. I must confess, what ere I do resolve,
Tis not unlike I should.

Olo. I thought no less. She offers to go.

Ole. But Madam, I will never see to morrow,
Death is more welsom then to disobey you.

Olo. Hold sir.

Ole. How long?

Olo. Sure you are not in earnest.

Ole. Not in earnest! death could have brought no pain
Like this; I see I did so well dissemble once,
That I am thought to do so still.
This is an injury so great, it frees me
From disobedience. Offers his sword agen upon himself.

Olo. Oh hold, as you doe love me.

Ole. As you do hate me, let me die.

Olo. No, you mistake,
Or would by death frustrate your punishment.
If you were dead, no longer should remain
The sense of your offence, or my just hatred
For it: Live to be sorry, that way expiate
Your guilt, I do not say your punishment.
But if you kill yourself on this occasion,
Making me accessory to your murder,
I call the Gods to witness I will revenge it
By making you like guilty of your Brothers death,
For I will never see him more: how horrid
Should I look drest in a scarlet robe
Dyed in your blood.

Ola. All these are trifles, whilst your (just)
Yet most hard sentence rests upon me,
Never to see you more.

Ola. Would vertue could permit to make your noble
sufferings less;
Your love might be received, and yet your person
Never gain access.

Ola. 0 cruel pitty!  

[ACT II, Scene iii]

Enter Oleon with a Letter and Papers.

Ola. reads. "Meet Me with all the forces you can
Raise, at Lassent on the frontiers of Germany; the
Implomtion you then shall know."  

[Aside.] — As I could wish.  
[Aloud] You Powres, why should I be thought a person
Capable of his temptktion? but there's no help,
He that hath lost his own vertue, may well expect
To make another false. The Rocks, whose constancie
Denies an entrance to the beating waves,
Though they want motion, yet in their firmness
Seem to take revenge by casting the attempting
Billows with disperst drops upon the movers.

Fauc: So though all motion be denied
Against the person of the Princes, from reverence
To the Father, yet here I may revenge
My injuries, and manifest the vanity of his design
In this dispersion.

Tears the Letter.

O.K. Hold, hold, why do you tear the paper?

He takes up same.

Ola. What do you mean sir? 'twas but a trivial Note,
Howe'rr the impertinencie of the Sender
Moved me.

O.K. A trivial Note! can thy faith stile that so,
Wherein my safety is concern'd?

Ola. How sir, your safety!
O.K. Come, come, dissemble not; we will be both reveng'd.

Ole. Reveng'd, on whom?

O.K. On my false Son: No more I say,
For know, your tenderness hath trencht upon your faith,
I must know every circumstance,
Dare not hide it from me.

Ole. Remember, sir, he is your son, your heir,
A Prince in whom your peoples hopes and joyes are fixt:
Lay these close to your heart to move your pitty;
And then what my unhappy memory contains
Of what was writ.

O.K. Nay, if a Counsellor suspect his memory,
His Princes safety at the stake, 'tis fit he trust
His own care, I'll gather these.

Gathers the papers.

Ole. Your pardon, Royal sir; you shall know every
Circumstance: but sir, remember still
How dear your son is to your people,
Lose not their love by cruelty to him.

O.K. Not dearer sure to them then you.

Ole. Nay, then this be my witness of the contrary —
So, read til it kill all nature in thee,
And corrupt thy brain,
Such loss to him must prove my greatest gain.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. Scene. 1.

Enter Agenor (with a Paper), Lucidor.

Aga. All these you say are ready.

Ins. All on my knowledg, there's no other fear,
But that your troops will be too full. Might I have
Given advice, ere this you had been gone;
There's danger in your stay, so many flock hither
From the Court, your house is no way able
To contain them, and some no doubt that come
As Spies.

Age. To morrow early I'll be gone, I must this night
Bid farewell to my dearest Mistress: —— Now.

Enter Glindor.

[Gl.] O sir, I have rid; my horse fell dead just at
the door:
You are betrayed, sir, proclaim'd a Traitor,
Your Fathers Guard I overtook.

Age. Where?

Gl. By this time they are at the gates.

Lu. O heavens! my fears are fain upon us.

Age. What's to be done?

Gl. Let us make good the gates against them.

Age. There's none dares touch my person.

Lu. Believe it not sir, there is no safety:
Your Fathers jealousies are wrought to a strange
Height, and those whom you least suspect
I fear conspire your ruine, to advance
Your brother to the Crown.

Age. Who do you mean?

Lu. Lord Gleon.

Age. It is impossible.

Gl. I saw Prince Clarimant and him together;
And Gleon's words were to the Captain of the guard,
Bring him alive or dead.

Lu. Sir, be advised, there is no safety
In the Kingdom for you, until this storm blow over.

Age. What, shall I flie?

Lu. Rather then fall. I know there's thousands
Will live and dye with you, but here they are not.

Enter Lord.
III1,III11]

[Luc.] The Guard, Sir, do approach the house on every side.

Cl1. Make sure the gates.

Lu. That will not do't; fire soon will open them.

Within a crying:

Down with them, Fire the gates.

Lu. Hark!

Age. Let's force our passage through them. Exeunt.

They clash their swords within.

[ACT III, Scene ii]

Enter Clindor, and four Guards.

Cl1. My friends, this care is needless; why do you hold me? I am not mad.

L. Mad, sir, we do not think it.

Cl1. Nor can I swim, I do assure you.

L. What then?

Cl1. Then you are sure I cannot scape your hands, as the Prince did.

L. No sir, we'll look to you for that: Bring him away before the King.

Cl1. Before the King! of what will you accuse me?

L. For being accessory of the Prince's flight.

Cl1. O'tis well, then we'll ev'n hang for company.

L. For company!

Cl1. Even so, if I be accessory, you let him scape.

L. Why, could we help it, when he leapt into the river?

Cl1. Had your zeal been so hot to serve the King, as you do now make shew of,
You would have dows'd in over head and ears.

2. What, drown our selves?

Ol. Yes, any thing in zeal: My zeal to justice
shall hang all you and my self
Too, for in my conscience we deserve it; what, shrink
for a little water?

1. He tells us true, our fault will be esteem'd as
great as his.

Ol. Come, come along my friends, we must before the
King.

1. Very pretty.

Ol. You will not find so, when my most noble
Lord Cleon shall with the King
Judge of your actions.

1. Well Captain, we acquit you; I find indeed
We should be fools to accuse each other.

Ol. Speak for you selves, etc.

Enter Old King, Clarimant, Cleon.

O.K. Urge nought in his excuse, he's a bold Traitor,
And he shall know his birth is no excuse
For desobedience.

Cle. Sir, I dare pawn my life, my brother never did
Nor does intend ill to your Royal person.

O.K. If it were so, am not I wounded in my Ministers?

Enter Captain.

This natural tenderness of thine, a Brothers,
Condemns him most unnatural to me a Father.
Now speak, is the Traitor coming to assault us?

Capt. No sir, but he is scap'd our hands.

Cle. How? scap'd!

Capt. He resolutely made his passage through us,
And we pursuing to take him, he with Lucidor
Leapt into the river, and swam to a small pinace
Of his own, that always lay there for his
Pleasure, in which they are put to sea.

Cle. With all speed make to the shore, and see what
course
They hold: if he sir in despair should go into Newstree.
With whose King you now have difference
About the staying of your ships of treasure,
And the Isle of Gires, no doubt much danger
Threatens your self and State; to prevent which,
Straight raise an Army, and make Prince Clarimant
Your General, that being in readiness,
You may prevent any attempt Agemor
Or the enemy can make against you.

O.K. Be all things ordered by thy faith and judgment,
Thy care must be my preservation,
I do commit all power into thy hands:
Hearken to him, my dearest Clarimant,
In what he shall advise thee; my age
And griefs, I find, will quickly wear me out.
I'll to my chamber: Give order, careful,
Faithful Oseon.

Ose. Rexunt King, Clarimant, and others.

Ole. Yes, I shall be careful to take order,
An order with you all, Father and sons.
Now my designs work prosperously;
Only the late discovery that Selina made,
Does trouble me; Agemor, not Clarimant,
My Rival, is by her beloved; but all
Do love Clorinda; yet now Agemor's gone,
She happily may change her love to Clarimant,
Who in opinion now stands fairest for the Crown:
Rather I hope by this she hates him
As the cause of all Agemor's misery:
So far Selina is by me instructed
To insinuate, whom I of late have wrought
To a belief that I do love her person,
But Clorinda's quality and title,
As being those steps by which I hope to ascend
The throne — See where she comes! speak my sweet
Agent; how moves our plot?

Enter Selina, with a Letter seal'd and writ out.

Sel. Not well, too fast I fear.

Ole. As how?

Sel. Obeying your directions, my Lady hath contracted
So much hatred against Prince Clarimant,
She scarcely can endure to hear him named,
Resolves never to see him more.

Ole. Is not this well? 'tis all as I could wish.
III.11.62 order Here is an interesting play on the word "order." The King tells Oleon to "give order," meaning "to command." Oleon then shifts to the phrase "take order," meaning "take steps or make arrangements," then to the more explicit phrase "to take an order with (someone or something)," meaning "to treat, deal with, manage."
Sel. Thus far 'tis true; but now Agenor's gone,
She so much apprehends the importunity
Of Prince Clarimant's affection, that she's resolved
Past all persuasion, in a disguise
To seek for Agenor, which if she find,
She satisfies her love, however cures her fears.

Cle. My cunning hath undone me:
Thus chance oft triumphs over wisdom.
But what? there is some remedy in every ill —
Let me think in what disguise: soft, may she not
With you dissemble, as you with her?
And she does yet love Clarimant, and not Agenor.

Sel. No, I have that here does assure me
She hates Prince Clarimant.

Cle. What is't, a Letter? O let me see it!

Sel. By no means sir, you cannot close it
But the Prince will find it hath been broken.

Cle. You do not know my skill.

Sel. I need not trust it, upon my life I'll tell you
Every word that it contains, she read it to me.

Cle. May then I fear she did abuse you,
All Lovers are dissemblers, and she I fear
Is a cunning one.

Sel. What she hath done, I know not;
But now her sorrows and her passions
Are so rais'd, the heart's transparent.

Cle. There may be greatest art.

Sel. Such broken sighs, and floods of tears,
Agenor's name still call'd upon,
Gives me assurance of her love to him.

Cle. Change but the name, the griefs may still be
Counterfeit: I sigh and vow Clarinda,
Instructed by ambition; but yet my heart
Is more Selina's. kisses her.

Sel. Well, my Lord, you may abuse me.
Ola. Frethees let me see the Letter.

Sel. The words are few, and I can write them down:
   Pray sir do not desire what may undo
   My credit with my Lady, which truth is,
   I do only value, as it may advance your ends.

   Enter Clarimant.

Ola. The Prince! Make shew as if you only
   Did of me enquire for him.

Sel. My Lord!

Ola. There, Lady, is Prince Clarimant, whom you
   Enquire for — [Aside.] If he do read it here, I
   shall
   Observe his action.

Sel. From Clorinda this, accompanied with all misfortunes.

Ola. How?

Sel. Pardon the duty of a servant.

Ola. Stay, Lady.

Sel. I must receive no answer.

   Exit.

Ola. Since from her hand, however I receive it
   Thus —
   Kisses it.

Ola. Certain she hath abused Selina:
   He kist the paper, as knowing the inside
   Differs from the superscription.

Ola. reads. "Of Lovers most injurious, of Brothers
   falsest,
   Of all Mankind the worst! Yet know I wish now
   What before I only griev'd for, that Clarimant
   Should love Clorinda, may it be to madness;
   If less, only because the sense of torment
   May be more, in which alone I can expect
   A diminution of that grief, which by thy means
   I suffer. — Thine everlasting enemy, Clorinda;"
   So long my Saint! O you Gods, do I deserve this?
   Yes, I do, for she like you is just;
   And we blaspheme, when we in thought repine,
   As not conceiving how, though certainly
   We have offended; my guilt is clear,
   'Tis crime enough to be the accidental cause
   Of misery to her.
III.11.150 so long i.e., "You who were so long my saint are now my enemy."
[ACT III, Scene iii]

Enter Agenor and Lucidor (disguis'd.)

Lu. Though you have lost your Country for the present, All your hopes dash'd in the minute of your greatest Expectation; yet sir consider, the hand of fortune That presses you thus low, may as she turns The wheel, raise you again.

Age. Never, oh never! 'tis not the hand of fortune, But my guilt that bears me down; Justice, The justice of the Gods lies heavy on me, Treason and disobedience, till now I never Found their weight.

Lu. I know not, sir, what you call Treason: Though what you did intend, succeeded not, I hold your fortune to be better now Than in your fath'ers Court; you are safe in this Country, and your own disposer, neither of which I take it was allowed you there.

Age. Why do you injure truth, and seek to lessen My foul faults? Think not to make my grief Diminish so; rather express your friendship In yielding as I do; so shall you quickly Be inform'd that our crimes are so great, No punishment can be too much; and I have now No joy, but in this burden of my sorrows.
[ACT III, Scene iv]

Enter Two.

1. Make haste, make haste; sure we shall come too late.

Age. Let's leave the street. Exeunt.

[ACT III, Scene v]

Enter (with all the glory can be) King, Austella, three Princes, Lords, Ladies, Sister, and People.

K. Daughter, this is the day
   Wherein you have full power
   To dispose my Kingdom, nay more,
   Your self.

Au. This freedom, sir, of choice, which custom
   And your Majesty allows, is that wherein
   My bondage will consist; nay, all this
   Glorious troop appear to me no other
   Then if they came with joy to see me
   Put into the grave alive.
past fifteen Fourteen was the popular age for the marriage of girls; fifteen was not unusual. See the discussion in Carroll Camden's *Elizabethan Woman* (Houston, 1952), pp. 93-94.
K. How, daughter!

Au. Many Virgins, sir, that have been forc'd to
    Marry those they did not love, have rather
    Chosen death as the less evil.

K. I understand you not; call you this force,
    Where the election's absolutely free?

Au. I grant, sir, I am free to choose;
    But if I would not chuse at all, does not
    The same constraint still rest upon me?
    Pardon, great Princes, whose expectation
    To enjoy me and a Crown, have drawn you
    From your Countries: you are all indifferent
    In my eye, nor does my knowledge of your merits
    Which I confess is great, persuade that in
    The choice of any one I shall be happy:
    And where the wife is discontented, the husband sure
    If he have real worth, cannot be pleas'd.

K. From the knowledge of the liberal power
    The law allows, and the necessity of a successor,
    You cannot but have often thought on this days
    Ceremony: Let not a fain'd modesty,
    Or be it real, prevail above your duty and your
    reason:
    The ripeness of your years may justly challenge
    All delight; and here a Husband, and the assurance
    Of a Crown attend you.

    She weeps.

    If these do make you weep,
    What can cause joy in woman? Since you are
    My daughter, I dare not think that you have plac'd
    Your love on any man you are ashamed to name.

Au. The Gods are witness, sir, I never saw that
    person
    Yet, whom I thought worthy to exchange
    My heart with; but custom, sir, and you impose
    On me the prostitution of my love perhaps to one,
    Who, weren't not for the Crown I bring,
    May even with that addition will happily refuse me.

1 Pr. Refuse you, Madam!

2 Pr. He must not sure be mortal,
    That dare aspire a greater happiness.

3 Pr. The Gods have left heaven for mortals,
    Then here there never was a greater cause.

Au. Princes, these words do fitly wait upon
forc'd The reference, of course, is to the arranged marriages customary in Elizabethan times. A typical outburst against this practice is to be found in Lyly's *Mother Bombie* (I, iii. 296-305):

Parents in these daies are grown pievish, they rocke their children in their cradles till they sleepe, and crosse them about their bridals till their hearts ake. Marriage among them is become a market, what will you give with your daughter? what Joynter will you make for your sonne? And many a match is broken off for a penie more or lesse, as though they could not afford their children at such a price, when none should cheapen such ware, but affection, and none buy it but love.

There was even in 1604 a popular play on the subject, written by George Wilkins and entitled *The Miseries of Inforst Marriage*. 
The action you are now engag'd in:
I do not doubt you should refuse me,
But I perhaps may choose one whose affection
Is already given; how miserable am I then?
Since there to be refused, were the less mischief,
For his acceptance only grants a perjur'd
And ambitious husband.

K. How vain are these excuses, since the custom
And my age inforce a choice.

Au. Like one condemned I beg for mercy:
Cross not the course of nature; even beasts, sir,
Do not couple till they were.

K. Plead not the rights of nature, since those you
wrong
By thus refusing marriage: On your posterity
Depends the safety of my State, and I nor can
Nor will dispence with what custom and law
Appoint.

Au. The law doubtless was made in favor of
The daughter, to make her happy in a free
Choice, which almost never is allowed to Princes;
But where like privileges are, if not demanded,
They're not inforse: Some Countries where the
Book's allowed to save the forfeit life
For theft, 'tis but if asked; so when a Virgin
Saves a life, and gains a husband,
Yet have they in those offers been refused,
And death embrac'd by the delinquent.
Then wonder not that I, a Princess, to miss
A husband, which being inforse'd I needs must hate,
Do that which common persons have perform'd.
My seeming disobedience set against
Their forfeit life, Justice will force
These Princes, and your sacred Majesty confess
That I have reason on my side, however will
And custom plead for you.

K. Fond Austella, too late I fear thou wilt repent
This pride of soul; it is no other cause
Makes thee thus peevish: My Lords, you ear.

[They talk apart.]

Au. Ha! what object meets mine eyes? sure there is
Something like a charm that works upon me;
Can this be natural? fee Austella,
Consider these Princes had no power;
Let not a glance then of a stranger's eye
Kindle an amorous fire about thy Virgin heart.

Age. The Princess eyes are first upon me,
The book of the law. Austella refers to the commonly held belief that a virgin might save a man from the gallows by offering to marry him, a practice usually known as "begging." See Thomas Nabbes Covent Garden, II.iii:

Spruce: I fear nothing but death and the Gallowes; from which you may save me.
Susan: As how? the meanes.
Spruce: Begg me, I say beg me. Let not my good parts be made unusefull by an untimely turne at Tyburne.

Editor Bullen (Marston's Works, III, 190-191), suggests that the belief may be traced back to the ancients, and cites a passage in Plutarch which tells us that "a vestal virgin, accidentally meeting a criminal on his way to execution, was entitled by law to give him life and liberty." In more recent times, Browning seems to have made use of the tradition in the amusing poem "Muckle-Mouth Meg."
And they are glorious ones, believe me friend.

1 Pr. Sir, we are all agreed; the honour to be your Son in law, which thus we still may be, Is that we covet.

K. Know Austella, since you refuse the privileges Of your birth, and thus neglect my safety And the State; that reason which you so much plead Invests your sister with all those privileges Which once belong'd to you.

Au. Ah me! that I had sooner seen, or never.

Sist. My sister, sir, will be better advis'd, I know.

Au. I wish, sir, I had not so far transgressed; But do your pleasure.

K. My pleasure, dearest Austella, is to make thee yet 110 What nature did ordain thee, if thou wilt chuse A husband.

Au. I shall sir, so you will promise What the law requires upon your part.

K. 'Tis vain to make a second promise, With the Crown I took that Oath.

Au. These Princes and all that hear me, know that I Can chuse but one; I hope none will repine Since for my self I chuse.

1 Pr. None dares be so unjust to question the actions 120 Of a Goddess, such all true Lovers Ever should esteem their Mistress.

Au. Sir, in obedience to your royal will, I am resolved to give away my self —— Stay —— pause Austella —— It is no less: How rash, how fatal may that bounty prove! Shall the deceitfullest of all my senses Be more powerful than reason, duty, Or my resolution? No, no, my eyes, Though as a woman I receive with joy The beams which you convey, yet as a Princess On whom depends the good of others, Reason and vertue ought to sway me more.

Age. Is't not extremely dark upon the sudden?

Lu. Just as it was.

Age. O friend, I am undone for ever!
Daughter, why do you hold us all upon the Rack
Of expectation?

In an affair of so high consequence
Blame me not, sir, though I advise. Were you to give 140
away
A Kingdom, you would do so. I shall not only, sir,
Do that, but likewise take from many,
Especially these Princes, a Kingdom, and your
Daughter;
And yet to balance all these discontents,
Please but one person.

Yes, dearest Austella, your self in your free
choice
Of him whoe're he be.

You encourage me; but I, sir, from my care
Of these your subjects for whom I am to chuse
A King, as well as for my self a husband, 150
Humbly desire the Ceremonial part
Of this days custom may be dispence'd with;
And where the manner was to praise the Gods
For him was chosen son in law, and so successor
To the Crown, you now would with more reason
And a righter set devotion go to the Temple,
And invoke those heavenly powers to inspire me
With their wismons in my election, which I wil make
At my return.

I know not how I, or these Princes, or these
people
Can refuse you a request so just and pious,
Tending $o all our goods. —— Set forward to the
Temple. Exeunt.

[ACT III, Scene vi]

Enter people passing over by degrees, (talking.)

Enter Austella and a Lady.

Are not those strangers I sent for, come?

Madam, they wait your pleasure.

Wait! why did you suffer it? OK bring them in,
Yet stay.

What contradiction's here?

How hard a part necessity hath thrust upon me!
nIII.vi.2 Thom. See Introduction, xlv.
Time, till for this cause, I never wisht
Thy motion slower; desire them enter.  Exit Lady.

Enter Agenor, Lucidor.

Age. 0 you Gods, was this the Lady that sent for us?

Au. Noble strangers, for such your looks do promise,
    I took the boldness to send for you to know
    A truth, which from our natives, or my fathers
Subjects, 'tis not like I shall, since all are apt
Still to approve the customs of their Nation.

Au. Madam, when you are pleas'd to make me and my son
Know your demands, so far as our abilities inform,
Truth shall not suffer.

Au. Say you the same, sir?

Age. 'Twere alike vain as to dissemble with Divinity,
    Not to speak truth to you.

Au. What I demand, is, how you do approve
    Those actions of which you were late witnesses?

Age. I must esteem that Kingdom made happy
    By a custom, where their prosperity
    And future bliss depends on your election,
Who have no doubt the care of heaven to govern
What you do, as well as 'tis express
    In the harmonious compasing of your person.

Au. This flattery makes me despair to find
    That truth which I expected, and you promis'd.
Yet necessity does urge me to demand
A bolder question: What Country do you hold
Produces the greatest beauties?

Age. Madam, this Kingdom, even this place contains
    More then the world besides.

Au. These words methinks fall from your tongue,
    As if you had been taught by Love to speak
    Hyperboles: You have a Mistress, I perceive.

Age. Ah me!

Au. Speak, have you not?

Lu. She loves you, on my life.

Au. Oh I fear.
Lu. What mean you sir?
    Madam, I know the Prince.

Au. How sir?

Lu. The Prince of Love I mean, Queen Venus Child,
    Had never any power yet o're my son,
    The war hath ever been his Mistress.

Au. [Aside.] How gladly would I flatter my desires
    With a belief of something even above my hopes!
    [To them.] The words were strangely broken and abrupt,
    Is he your father, sir?

Age. Madam, you are the first that ever seem'd to
    doubt it.

Au. I must confess I do: withall, whate'r he says,
    I must believe you are a Lover.

Age. Madam, one truth's in both; the latter
    I will swear, or seal it with my blood.

Au. How sir?

Age. That I do love.

Au. How long have you domm so?

Age. Since the first minute that I saw the object
    Of my passion.

Au. I must increase your wonder at the strictness
    Of my examination: Hath many days past
    Since your passion first took birth?

Age. Though it may seem an arrogance approaching
    Madness; yet truth, which you enjoin,
    And all must reverence, forces me say
    The sun hath never set, since my affection
    Rise; a glorious passion sure, if but consider'd
    From yourself the object.

Au. Me! Know you to whom you speak?

Age. I know you are the daughter of a King,
    So to be reverenc'd: but I obey a power
    That aws all scepters; your beauty Hath erected
    In my heart a greater monarchy, and that commands
    Me, fear cast by, here prostrate at your feet,
    Acknowledging my subjection.     Kneels.

Au. [Aside.] Ye Gods, teach me to husband all my joys:
    Although encouraged, he that dares thus profess
nIII.vi.70 Rise Pronounced here with a short "i."
His love to me, must have a soul above the Common rank: [To him.] why do you kneel?

Age. You are my destiny, give life or death.

Au. So were you mine; time bars all ceremony now, At once receive all happiness that I can give you.

Age. If this be real, I shall contemn addition; Are we not in a pleasing dream? is all this truth?

Lu. All certainly, if she be flesh and blood: Ere long I hope you'll be resolv'd.

Au. Let none take notice of our conference, I must in publique chuse you:
If but my Father then my act approve, None ever was so happy in their love. Exeunt.

ACT. IV. Scaen. 1.

Enter King, three Princes.

1 Pr. Sir, we are injur'd past all sufferance, And shall return back to our Countries The scorn of all the world.

K. Princes, I had no power to force the affection Of my daughter.

1 Pr. Your daughter never durst have made a choice So much to our dishonor, had you not been Before acquainted with it.

2 Pr. Or when she had, would he have given consent, But that it was his plot?

K. Let not my patient bearing of your slander Make you believe I fear your angers, Though united; yet that I may give you all Satisfaction possible, the Gods be witness with me I knew not her intent before, nor had I power To hinder when the choice was made: You saw Your selves, the people, as if inspired to his Advantage whom my daughter chose, with strange Unheard of acclamation did express their joy.

3 Pr. I wonder what they saw to be delighted with, Some of our persons are as promising as his.

K. They saw one like themselves, a common person chosen,
And that begot their joy and friendship.
Know Princes, though in honour I am bound to observe
Fairly my promise to content my subjects,
Not all your discontents, if join'd, make up one half
Of mine: but if you hold your selves disgrac'd
By such a Rival, am not I more, both in his present
Interest, and future expectation of my Crown?
But now to manifest in publike our discontent,
Will no ways suit the present joys attending
Hymen's rights; but you shall find your honours
Something righted by what I shall perform.

[Music within.]
This musick speaks the Brides approach to bed,
We must be wanting in no outward ceremony
Custom commands. ____ Now all retire, and leave
This happy man to enjoy a pleasure
Which the Gods may envy; these Princes do, I am sure.

Enter Agenor, Austella, Sister, Ladies,
Lucidor.

1 Pr. This Gentleman deserves so much, he is above
our envy.

2 Pr. Some Prince disguis'd, without all doubt.

3 Pr. Most mighty Monarch, we subscribe to your high
birth,
Fate did ordain us humble vassals to attend your
triumph.

Age. That this divinest Lady judg'd me worthy,
Does raise me really to what your scorns
Do throw upon me; and were this time and place
Proper to right my self, the boldest of you
I would make seal with his blood, I were in worth
His equal, however I do boast no title.

Lu. Well spoke; h'as coll'd the Princes blood.

Au. I hope, sir, you'll remember he is my husband,
So your son, in that at least an equal to these
Princes.
But happily their injuries take birth
From your express dislike: If so, let all
Your anger fall where it is only due, on me:
Yet Royal sir, remember you forc'd me chuse
A husband, and Love instructed 'twas only he
Could make me happy.

K. Why, daughter, are your joys disturb'd?
Do you believe you and my Kingdom
Music was an important part of the 17th century marriage celebration. Not only was there music during the ceremony itself, but also a musical procession to church, music during the festivities, sometimes a cacophonous serenade at night, and an aubade to awaken the couple the next morning. See John Cordy Jeaffreson, *Brides and Bridals*, (London, 1872), I, 252-261. The King's statement here may be taken as a rare notice of music's role in the organization of the day's activities.

subscribe  Submit, yield.
Bore so small a value with these Princes,
That they could part with all their hopes
And not be moved? Their murmuring proves but
A foil to set you off with greater lustre;
So raise your husband to an extasie of joy,
Since he a private man possesses that which Princes
Grieve to miss.

1 Fr. Madam, the King hath spoken what we had
Else allsedged in our excuse.

K. 'Tis time all should retire, and leave them
To the accomplishment of their full joys: [To her.] Remember what I injoin'd.

 Exeunt all but Agenor and Austella.

Au. Were not my faith strong in your happy
Influence, a sadness now might give some little
Check to my full joys. It reaches not so high as sadness,
Only some thoughts that crost my fancie.

Age. Madam, the Ladies of this Court are enemies
To Hymen's rights; else sure they would have staid
To undress you; all Brides that I have seen
Were in an instant ready for their bed,
So many busie hands about them.  

Au. Perhaps our customs in that point do differ,
Yet you must grant we are no enemies to Love.

Age. If so, you were ingrate, since that great Deity
In your fair sex, bath plac'd his glory, power,
And all his sweetness: which when you freely do
Dispence to those that honour you, you pay
To him the proper sacrifice.

Au. I do not understand what sacrifice you mean.

Age. I would instruct you to bed, bright Queen of
Love!
All other attributes come short; the zealous ardor
Of my heart commands me stile you so.

Au. Mine to you enjoins me study how to keep
Your flame (in which I glory) pure and high;
And I believe that our imaginations
Far exceeds the touches of our sense.

72-74 Were . . . joys] assigned to Agenor 0.
busie hands The customs Agenor is familiar with are those of 17th century England. Following the wedding dinner and festivities, the bride withdrew and was prepared for bed by the bridesmaids. They were then joined by the groom and the rest of the party in the nuptual chamber, at which time a posset was drunk, and, amid merriment, the company retired. See John Brand, Observations on Popular Antiquities, (London, 1900), 345-422, especially p. 402.
Age. Be not deceived; if this, and this, beget delight,
  Which, if you love, it must; can an increase diminish joy?

Au. No more; I must not trust to demonstration.
  My faith grew by discourse.

Age. I find you had a woman to your Tutor;
  But know, this Logick is the properest for Love,
  Yet this is not the fittest School to teach it in:
  To bed; and if you do not there confess
  Our loves and joys receive increase,
  For ever banish me your sight.

Au. Neither my love nor duty can admit that,
  Since you are my husband.

[54]

Age. Not going to bed, both point to it.

Au. You willingly mistake; I mean, both do forbid
  Our separation.

Age. Then sure they do conclude the contrary:
  Some dearest, make me no longer languish;
  You are an excellence so great,
  You can no more receive addition by difficulty,
  Then a rich pendant Diamond by a Foil.\n
Au. But yet a while I must be worn so,
  You cannot have me naked.

Age. I know you will not be so cruel.

Au. If there be any, Love be my witness
  My heart does harbor none but to my self.

Age. Take heed; the witness whom you call must
  As a Judge condemn you; that Deity
  And Hymen both are injured, you tempt
  Their power to shew a judgment on you:
  But they I fear are partial, making me only feel
  Their rage; no, I blaspheme, and they are just
  In punishing my pride, that could believe
  I merited so great a bliss.

Au. I melt at this, yielding undoes us both:
  I must not stay, dear sir good night.

Age. An ill and everlasting one,
  If thus you leave me.

Au. What shall I do?
foil  Another instance of the ubiquitous Renaissance image of the jewel and the foil. Compare I Henry IV, I.ii.236-239 for a worthy example:

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
Enter Lady.

[Lady.] Madam, the King hath sent to see if yet you be at rest.

Age. Ha!

Au. Tell him I now am going to my chamber --- 'Twas well, I had been lost else.

Age. Is't even so? this silence speaks me miserable, From what a pitch of happiness am I fain! [55]

Au. Sir, on my knees I beg a pardon for which soever You condemn; never was heart then mine More full of love and duty.

Age. I must not doubt it, but yet ---

Au. Lay by all fears, and let your dreams assure you Of my faith; ere long, by this, and [Kisses him.] this, reality Shall crown your wishes: Pardon me modesty, I in these kisses only do bestow, Rather but pay interest for what I owe. Exit.

Age. There is division in me; if ever any heart Did at an instant feel both joy and sorrow, Sure then I do: No, it is impossible, How near soever they appear (consider'd) there's succession: Though this last instant I enjoy'd much bliss, Yet now I am displeas'd for what I miss. Exit.

[ACT IV, Scene 11]

Enter Cleon, Clorinda, Selina, ([all] disguis'd).

Cle. Madam, the last of whom I did demand, Assured me in two hours we might reach the City; The Forrest is but narrow, as they say, The way not hard to find.

Cle. But trust me I am weary, I can walk no further till I rest.

Cle. You cannot find a fitter place then this, My sister and I will watch a distance from you Whilst you sleep.

Cle. Indeed I find I need it; my grief and travel Hath wasted much my spirits. Yet since for thee Agenor, I should rejoice in't, though my pains Were greater. Lies down.
Cle. She does begin to fall asleep,
    Sister, let's walk a little further.

Sel. With you whither you please. [56]

Enter Cleon and Selina.

Cle. Hear me, thou fool, with that attention
    As thou wouldst do a God that should in speech
    Declare his pleasure to thee.

Sel. What means this?

Cle. Thou know'st my love unto the Princess,
    And I know thine to me hath made thee fondly
    Hinder all those opportunities I had to enjoy her.
    But now take heed; my passion raised by
    These delays unto that height, it knows
    No limits: If thou shalt speak, or call
    From where I bind thee by all that can be sworn by,
    Those sounds direct this dagger to thy heart.

Sel. O you Gods, can so much cruelty
    Dwell in your breast? sure Love admits no such
    Companion; I was a fool that ever could
    Believe it.

Cle. I shall not greatly study to attain
    Your good opinion: [Aside.] If by persuasion
    I attain my wishes from the Princess,
    Then this shall live; but if I must use force,
    Then she must dye, she has a tongue. [Exit Cleon and Selina.

    Wind a Horn within; then enter Cleon.

Cle. There's some a hunting in the Forrest;
    But by the cry, they make quite from us.

Clo. O save me, save me heaven!

Cle. Dear Madam, what affrights you?

Clo. I had a fearful dream;[41]
    My heart beats hard to find a passage out,
    As if there were no safety in this miserable
    Habitation.

Cle. What Prince that lives would not receive it
    Gladly, and give you his to undergo your fears?
    All I dare say, being your servant, is,
    Danger shall pierce my heart, before it reach to you.
Here Carlell toys with the tradition of the prophetic or supernatural dream, used, to cite the most obvious example, to such striking effect by Shakespeare in *Julius Caesar* (II.11.75-81). See William Vaughan, *Directions for Health, Naturall and Articiall*, (London, 1628), p. 163:

Supernatural dreames are placed in the middest, betweene the divine dreames and the naturall, for they may happen without being precisely sent from God, and their cause comes not onely by the sole deprivation of humours, as naturall dreames doe, while the body reposeith, and which being often times holpen by the inspiration of some good Angell or Genius, does represent by such Dreames, things which commonly come to pass.
Olo. I know it shall; full well thou hast discharged 50
  By thy unwearied care and pains, all that thy sister
  Promis'd me in thy behalf.

Olo. Madam, there's none that serve so truly 55
  As where love is to pay the wages.

Olo. Love! what do you mean by that?
  I understand you not.


Olo. Ha! much less by this; my wonder is increas'd,
  Shall I believe my eyes, or ears?

Olo. Madam, I am to claim a promise: 60
  Behold the truest and most afflicted Lover
  That ever beg'd relife, kneeling before you.

Olo. I must confess my promise was to assist you
  In your love; but then, as now, most ignorant
  Who was your Mistress.

Olo. He is not worthy to be held a Lover,
  That makes his flame glair in the publike eye,
  Troubles the world with complaints: Let such a one
  Reap scorn from her he loves, and a cheap pitty
  From his hearers. If I must fall through your
  Disdain, (for know you are the Saint of my devotion)
  A silent grave shall be more glorious in my esteem,
  If you in private shed one tear,
  Then all the trophies whining Poets
  Or repentant love ever adorn'd a hearse with.

Olo. Your words alone would vanish into common air, n
  If not made solid by your action.

Olo. It is some happiness to gain belief,
  Add but your pitty.

Olo. My Lord, you have all that's possible for me to  [58]
  give,
  Since I have but one heart.

Olo. But if that heart be sent you back,
  You may again dispose it: You see the Prince
  Careless of your commands, hath rashly through
  Ambition lost himself, but first he forfeited
  His obedience to his Mistress; for you confess this
  day,
  You did enjoin a double temperance
  Unto his love, and his ambition.
IV.11.76 common air i.e., into thin air.
Olo. For him, as for my self, I must interpret
The irregularity of his actions
To grow from his unlimited affection:
And though I grieve the sad effects, his flight
And my pursuit, I must not love him less;
The power he aimed at, was but to make him self
More capable to serve me.

Ole. The same end, Madam, hath directed all my
actions,
Which you I hope will grant, when I have set
The Crown of Burgony upon your head,
Your right, this arm shall prove against the world.
Clariment now, for the old King is dead,
Usurps that scepter, the Merchant whom we
Travel'd with assured me.

Olo. All your discourses have strange wonders in
them.

Ole. Madam, why are you sad at that which should
Rejoice you? What though no subject but my self
Allow your claim? when I am known your servant
And your General, the Boy will be contented
With the Principality of Cyraia,
Rather than venture losing all.
And certain, Madam, 'tis more glorious,
And should be more content to you to make a King,
Then to be made a Queen, at least to wander
Seeking one to do it, who happily
Hath found another that he more esteems.

Olo. I can no longer bear thy falshoods,
Even thy disguises do discover thee.

Ole. To be the faithfulllest of all your servants,
Lady.

Olo. The falsest that the sun beholds; touch me not
I command thee. — Ho Selina, where are thou?

Ole. She will not answer you, I am engaged.
[Aside.] I read disdain and anger in her eyes,
Perswasions will not do, I must try other means.

Olo. [Aside.] I was to blame to speak so bitterly,
How much his looks are changed! — Selina!

Ole. In vain you call: Madam, I see neither my
sufferings past,
Your promise, or present tender of my service,
Have power to gain your good opinion.
At least consider where you are, give me not cause
By your unkindness, back to reflect upon my own
Advantage, your happiness forgot. I tender you once
more
A servant and a husband: Acceptance
Makes me equal to a God in happiness;
If you deny, 'tis in my power to take
A sweet revenge.

Olo. Revenge, my Lord! I know not what you mean.

Ole. Certain you do suspect, but I'll inform you
fully —
Sure you forget your sex; else you would rather give
Then have me force a pleasure from you.

Offers to embrace her.

Olo. How, Villain!

Ole. Come Madam, you are mine; I must return kisses,
[60]
Embraces for those frowns; nor art, nor force
Can free you from me.

Olo. Unhand me: Can you believe to scape heavens
justice
After an act so foul?

Ole. So foul! so fair:
Yes, often I do hope to do the same.

She offers to draw his sword.
'Twas well attempted; but now it shall assist
The owner: Yield, or I'll pierce that
Unrelenting heart.

Olo. Traitor, thou darest not. She spits at him. 160

Ole. 'Tis true, not kill you, had you done me wrongs
Above what mankind ever suffered:
You cannot move me otherwise then to
Infinity of love; yield but consent,
And be a sharer in my joy.

Olo. Villain, think of the punishment that does
attend thee
Rather, from the just Gods: yet kill me,
And I will pray to heaven for mercy on thee.

Ole. Your beauty, and my love, both plead against you;
But you may think me cold to talk thus long,
We must remove into a thicker place.

Olo. Help, help you Gods! murder, treason, help! 170

Exeunt.
spits An unusual action for a play of this time. Compare Measure for Measure, II.1.85-86:

... as

she spit in his face, so she defied him.
[ACT IV, Scene iii]

Enter Agenor.

It is impossible this Bore can escape,
Having so many wounds; sure I shall track him
By his blood.

Within, Clo. Help, oh help! Traitor!

Age. Ha! 'tis sure a woman's voice.

[ACT IV, Scene iv]

Enter Agenor, Cleon, Clorinda.

Age. Rude slave, how canst thou injure so much
sweetness?

Cle. I must not speak, but do.

Clo. O heavens, 'tis he! guard him, you powers.

Cle. Hold, oh hold, and hear me!

Clo. O my dear Lord, believe not ough he says.

Age. Ha! what voice?

As Agenor turns, Cleon thrusts at him.

Villain, and Traitor both!

[Agonor stabs him.]

Cle. Oh —

Clo. Are you not hurt?

Pardon you Powers, whom I so oft blasphemed
In my despair. Deliverance! and by this hand!

0 my joys, you grow too fast upon me.

Age. 'Tis she, the too much injured Clorinda:

Why should I know her, that have so much
Forgotten my self and vertue? 0 my shame!

Clo. Why hang you down your head? these unbefitting
clothes
Nor you nor I should blush at,
Since love did both provide and put them on.

Age. Your love to me?

Clo. Ha — My love to you! you cannot think
My heart is capable of other love.
Age. I wish I could,  
For then my falsehood had been so much less.

Clo. Dear sir, what is it in me that offends your  
eyes?  
This face, if it have less of beauty,  
Yet even that loss, since caus'd by sorrow  
For your misfortunes, merits from you more love.

Age. Nor face, nor habit, dearest Clorinda --- but --

Clo. But what? strangely unkind!

Age. Oh here, receive this sword, rip up my breast,  
And see what's written in my heart; there,  
There thou shalt find the cause of this distraction.

Clo. No jealousie, I hope, nor apprehension  
That I have suffer'd rape, my person so  
Become unworthy of your love: If either way  
Defiled, I should not dare to approach thus near you.

Age. Then pardon me, divinest Maid, this seeming  
coldness,  
That only grows from my respect to injured vertue.

Clo. How sir! what are you guilty of?  
Be it an offence committed against me,  
Pardon your self with promise of amends,  
And I will seal it on this Princely hand,  
That gave so late life to my dying honor.

Age. O do not touch that hand,  
It was too active in your wrongs.

Clo. Ha! O my fears! I dare not question more,  
And yet I must, my torment cannot well be greater;  
Your hand, this hand; speak, oh speak!

Age. What?

Clo. This hand which you so often have approacht  
With trembling reverence, mine; this hand  
Which to your letters set, assured the free gift  
Of your heart to me, hath not presumed to give it  
To another sure.

Age. O yes, this hand hath instrumentally bequeath'd  
My heart unto another, with all the ceremonial  
Rights of marriage.

24-26 This ... love.] assigned to Agenor O
Act IV. Scene 4.

Ophelia: Married! Oh me! pain, danger, and disgrace, Fruits of a faithful love; behold your recompence. Weeps.

0 men, false men! — Why then these tears? rather revenge:
Such wrongs cry loud, and make a feeble arm
Like mine, heavens instrument of justice.

Ager: Strike where you please; but if you will be just,
Here, this is the seat of falsehood, here dwells
The traitor.

Ophelia: But here the miserable — Offers to kill herself.

Ager: 0 dearest Ophelia, add not unto my breach
Of faith, the guilt of murder; for your sweet innocence
Could know no spot, but as by me infected.

Ophelia: Why do you make shews of repentance,
And yet persist in injures? You seem to grieve
For having made me wretched, yet force me
To continue miserable.

Ager: 'Tis to prevent your misery and mine, that I restrain you:
You had wont to enjoin and teach me temperance,
Remember that.

Ophelia: 0 bid me not remember; 'tis loss of memory
Alone can ease my torments; and 'tis a study,
Since you will have me live, that I must practise.

Ager: Live, and live happily, or else I never can do so:
Live as my friend, my dearest sister.

Ophelia: That is a title, had nature framed me such,
I had been happy in. Your brother now, or kinsman,
For I have lost my modesty so far,
Ever to take a woman's habit; and whilst I so forget my sex, I likewise may forget part of my grief.

Ager: Then as my friend, I will communicate my fortunes
To you; where you will find, though nothing
Worthy of a pardon, yet something near a fair
Excuse, if Beauty and a Crown bear estimation.

Olo. I know you mean your wife: 0 me, why did
I name her? Be not so weak, my resolution:
I shall discover who I am; so move her hate
Or scorn, and then you will repent my being
Near you.

Age. I know I never shall.

Olo. I am no Rival; 'tis sin with passion
To affect you now, since lawfully another's right.
This temperance I shall endeavour, however
I will do no wicked office, or seek to make
Appear her vertue, or her beauty less,
Since they are your excuse, my satisfaction grows
From their excess.  

Exeunt.

ACT. V. Scæn. 1.

Enter King (reading a Letter) three Princes,
Lords, Austella.

Au. To force me chuse a husband, yet bar the rights
Of marriage! But I must bear it, since my Father
And my King esteem 't fit.

1 Pr. What is the number of the Kings army, sir?

K. Ten thousand Horse.

2 Pr. What Foot?

K. None that appears, but doubtless they are coming
After: Princes, you may now manifest your love
To me and to my daughter, by raising forces
To assist me in this need.

3 Pr. You have a powerful enemy, and doubtless
By some injury highly incens'd.

K. Rather his power far exceeds mine;
'Tis that which makes me crave assistance from you:
My daughter, although married, is yet a Virgin;
'Tis possible, in time, that she may prove a widow:
These arguments may witness to you
I dislike her choice.

1. Pr. Indeed she looks as if she were not pleas'd.
2 Pr. But shall we credit this? lay he not with her?

K. Not by my honor; perhaps he never shall,
Though all were carried formally to please the
people,
Who are enamour'd of him now, more then
My daughter is.

2 Pr. Sir, though I cannot think there's likelihood
That any of us should ever enjoy your daughter,
Yet I will promise what assistance I can give.

2 Pr. The like do I, and for that cause we'll take
Our leaves.

K. I rather thought you would have writ for forces,
And with your personal assistance and advice
Help to secure this City.

1 Pr. So we should lose ourselves to no purpose:
The King will suddenly with his Troops of horse,
If his design lie hither, appear before the walls,
And close us in: where if we leave you now,
We may return hereafter to your rescue.

K. I dare not force, although I would perswade
You.

All 3. Lady, we wish much happiness,
Till we return to serve you. Exit Princes.

K. Now thou fond girl, thou mayst perceive what
Thou hast done to chuse a husband of the common
Rank; these Princes might have been a bulwark
To defend against the powerful foe:
Whate'r they seem, they for thy sake
Will now prove enemies, I fear.

Au. If you have done no wrong, sir, why should you
Fear? This King, whom you believe comes to
Invade, hath his dependance from the Gods,
And they can change or overturn all his designs.

K. Thus thou didst ever speak with piety
And wisdom, which made me in thy choice
Expect a worthy son in law.
Enter Agenor.

But thou hast brought shame and disgrace upon me.
Exit.

Au. The Gods give this allay unto my joy,
Nv.1.51 designs One of the many expressions of royalist sentiment to be found in Carlell. This statement, really a restatement of the theory of the divine right of kings, may be compared to similar passages in Beaumont and Fletcher. See the final triumph of Philaster:

   . . . Let princes learn
      By this to rule the passions of their blood;
      For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.
        (v.v.215-217)

Carlell emphasizes particularly the physical sacrosanctity of monarchs, as when Agenor says

   There's none dares touch my person . . .
        (Part I, III.1.19)

or when Clarimant says

   O brother, the Crowns of Princes
   Are things to which we owe a reverence,
   Not to be us'd in sport; what are their
   Sacred persons then?
        (Part I, v.vi.27-30)
Lest in possessing you, I should contemn
Their happiness. Weeps.

Age. My dearest Mistress, (for by that title I must
call you) —
He that does give you cause to weep,
Could have no other privilege but that of
Father, to defend his heart from shedding
Crimson drops: But since it is your will,
I must with patience hear yours, and my
Injuries.

Au. Alas, my Lord, consider his years
Make him incapable to feel our fires:
Titles and riches only please old age,
And with those favors Princes often die. n

Age. But yet his memory, methinks, might tell
Him by looking upon you, what his desires
Were when he married; and certain, Madam,
You have little of your mother in you,
That can obey so cold a precept,
Where heaven allows too, only man forbids.

Au. But yet that man's my Father and my King.

Age. Remember that my interest in what is just
Exceeds both these: pardon the violence of
My desires, which makes me urge this truth,
Since it arises from your beauties: but haply
You do repent your choice, won by your
Fathers threats or promises.

Au. Although unkind, yet I must grant you
Not unjust, in this suspition. Those sparks
Which quickly grow a flame, do oft
As hastily extinguish; perhaps you know
This by experience, that you so quickly
Find my guilt, indeed before it had a being,
But what you may instruct me to hereafter
By your example.

Age. No more, fair soul, I only urg'd it
To obtain that which your Father bars me from,
Your bed; we must not differ thus, being one:
And yet such gentle quarrels only divide us
So, as to behold the beauty of each others
Love, progres at last the proper cement
Of a true affection.

Au. Upon a reocnilement, friends (they say)
nV.1.69 die i.e., often Princes die when their titles and riches are gone.
Are ever kindest: What is't you can deny
Me then?

Age. Nothing that's in my power to grant.

Au. Tell me your name and country, my dear husband.

Age. When I do really possess that title,
By this kiss I will.

Au. Are we not married?

Age. But I am ashamed to tell my name or quality,
And yet my wife a maid: When I do know you
Perfectly, you shall do me.

Au. Now you are wanton, and I do not love you:
But where's the pretty youth you promis'd me?

Age. He will not tell you who I am, believe me.

Au. Well, I'll not ask; pray you let me see him.

Age. You shall; he waits without, — [To Clor.] remember
That she knows not who I am.

Enter Clorinda [disguised as a boy].

[Clor., aside.] A lovely beauty! what majesty dwells in
her eye,
How earnestly she looks upon me!
He hath not sure betray'd me to her scorn.

Au. I never saw so sweet a Youth;
That blush becomes him strangely.

Age. Mistress, I here present a Kinsman to you,
One that hath given such testimonies
Of his love to me, I never shall forget.

Au. You cannot speak that goodness, which his looks
Not promise; however the tye that is
Betwixt you, does oblige me.

Clor. [Aside.] I am betrayed, and she does know me.

Au. Are you not well sir?

Clor. Madam, I have a grief of a sad nature
Does oppress me.

Au. Of body, or of mind?
Olo. Of both; and if I not express it, my heart will burst.

Age. What can this mean?

Olo. Looking upon your beauty, and considering Your happy fortune, ay me! the very posture You are now in adds to my affliction: Oh I am sick!

Age. [Aside.] Fond man, what have I done?

Au. Call for some Cordial.

Olo. No Madam, now it needs not; the qualm begins To pass, perhaps you wonder, Madam, That the love betwixt you two should move This passion.

Au. Indeed I think it strange, unless you do believe That he hath made a choice unworthy of him.

Olo. By all the Gods, I never saw a Lady yet That I could think each way so excellent; And for your love to him, no story's known That equals your affection.

Au. What might the cause then be of your distemper?

Olo. I had an only sister, which of all the world I loved, And she was sued to by many Princes, One above her far in birth, but more in merit, At least she thought so; such power hath vows And shews of service. I oft have known them sit As you do now; their hands fast join'd, their eyes First upon either, their sighs with all the eloquence Of love, vowing an everlasting constancie; But O false Agenor!

Age. [Aside.] Lost for ever!

Olo. So was he call'd; he soon forsook her for another Mistress.

Au. 'Twas not the Prince of Burgonie, that loved your sister?

Olo. Yes, he that loved, and left her and his faith for ever.

Au. It was no wonder, he betray'd his Father; But certainly some heavy punishment attends him Wheresoe'r he is.
Olo. Perhaps he wanders up and down, to make more
women
Wretched.

Au. He's too much hated, to return back to his
Country.

Age. [Aside.] Oh misery!.

Olo. Madam, I by my sister was enjoin'd to seek him
Through the world.

Age. [Aside.] Now she discovers all.

Au. Whither?

Age. I know the story; he hath told it,
And made me strangely sad: Trust me, I am much
Displeas'd that you should hear it, for that cause;
The King too I know will wonder where you are.

Au. Let him, I needs must hear the rest —
And did you ever find the perjur'd Prince?
— Sit down again.

Olo. Madam, I think I shall discover him.

Age. [Aside.] It were as good he did himself.

Olo. I heard what Country he was fled to,
Who in his company.

Au. What Country's made unhappy by so base
A burden? yet I have heard his person
Promis'd much, a handsom man.

Olo. Madam, trust me my sister had in him
All outward arguments that might produce
A passion; only you know there was no faith
Within; yet there was written in his face
All nobleness, which I dare say you will confess,
I have his picture.

Age. Nay then —

Au. What mean you?

Age. I would not see a Piece, where Nature
Is so much disgrac'd.

Olo. Good heavens, what have I done with it?
I lookt on it this day.
Age. [Aside.] O you Gods, what mercy's this she shews me!

Enter Lady.

Thom. The King calls for you.

Clo. Sure, Madam, I have left it at my chamber.

Au. I pray you find it, I must see it.

Clo. Yes Madam: [Aside.] Alas, you need it not that have
The substance: Justice commands this should remain
with me;
True shadow, real misery.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, Scene 11]

Enter Clarimant, Clindor, Merchant, Captain, and Soldiers.

Cla. If what you have inform'd me be not truth,
Expect to suffer death; for on your word
I have alter'd my design, given the King
Time to gather men into the City; so as if now
He will be obstinate, he may endure a siege
Some days.

Mar. With pardon sir, there can be no great inconvenience
By what I did inform; the Herald you have sent
Will soon return with answer to your demand.
But for your Brother's marriage to the Princess
Austella, there were so many witnesses of that,
My testimony will ere long be useless.

Cla. Good heavens, can it be possible? my brother
married,
And not unto Clorinda? False Agenor!

Clo. She may be dead, sir.

Cla. Ha! what sayst thou, Screech-owl? That thought
Begets a fear that chills my heart;
One way or other there is death sure: Leave me,
All leave me! [Exeunt all but Clarimant.
I see no way for comfort; the least of mischief
Is to have a Traitor to my brother:
But rather be Agenor false, then she be dead:
In him our sex is only stain'd; in her the joy
And excellence of both is lost for ever.
Heaven could not be so cruel: Vertue and all pure thoughts
V.1.205 True shadow, real misery. The figure depends on the Platonic distinction between substance and shadow. "Substance" was not the physical form of a person or thing, but rather its essential nature. Therefore Astella has the "substantial" Agenor, while Clorinda has the picture, the physical form, the "shadow." What Clorinda has that is "real," then, or "substantial," is misery.

V.11.16 Screech-owl. A name for the barn owl, supposed to be an evil omen, so applied to a bearer of evil tidings, or one who presages misfortunes. See Dekker, London Triumphing:

Let Bats and Skreech-Owles murmure at bright Day,
While Prayers of Good-men Guid Thee on the way.
Works, (London, 1673), III. p. 244.
Now by her happy influence are gathering strength,
I know it by myself; and should she fall
Unripened for the grave, the Gods losing in her
Their brightest image, must likewise want
Much of their adoration: If she were dead;
He that so soon can love again, may, she alive,
As well forget his faith: Then she thus injured
May reflect a comfortable beam on me.
Vain and irrational hopes! his breach of faith
Were equal to her death; and dare I think
That she can do an act imperfect,
To admit a second love? But powerful time! —
No time can make me cease to be his brother.
Yet even beyond all these, if I remain my self
There is no hope, since her injunction was,
That I should never see, or speak to her:
And even since that upon mistakes, degrees of hatred
Are increas'd; my griefs summ'd up, my miseries
Are such, as they do leave no comfort
But in their abundance, whose weight must quickly
Press me to the grave.
These miracles do only grow from love,
That grief in their excess should comforts prove.

[ACT V, Scene iii]

Enter King.

Avarice, thou bane of man, that steal'st into
Our souls with promises of happiness,
But ever pay'st us with disturbance!
The same in its effect is Pride, that sets
A gloss upon our selves and actions,
And throws contempt on others more deserving.
Covetous to keep a treasure, made me detain
What I unjustly stood possess of:
Ambition made me use with scorn and injury
My daughters husband, even whilst he was in birth,
Although unknown, that which I wisht, a Prince;
And now when I do know his blood and value,
Fear of this storm that hovers o're my head
Must force me to deliver him up to his brother,
Although he be in birth that brothers King.
0 you just Powers! thus do you make the
Breaches of your laws for our own covetous
And ambitious ends, the proper instruments
To execute your wrath by.

Enter Agenor, Austella, (severally.)

Most noble Prince,
The injuries that I have done to you and Justice,
Humbles me thus low upon my knees
To beg your pardon.

Au. Ay me! this scorn exceeds all former wrongs.

Age. Sir, what you intend by this, I know not;
   But well I know the posture cannot suit you:
   You are my Father, sir, 'tis not your cruelty
   Or injustice shall make me fail in duty;
   The sense of my first breach that way
   Still dwells within me: Rise sir, I do beseech you.

K. I would not till you pardon.

Au. Alas sir, why do you mock us thus?
   For all our injuries must be the same,
   How'r you strive for to divide us.

K. No, Austella, these tears be witness of
   My real sorrow: The Gods inspired thee
   When thou chose this worthy Prince.

Au. How sir?

K. But found me too unworthy of a beam of light
   Till now; that knowledg proves my greatest curse,
   Since our misfortunes are remediless.

Au. You have too soon, sir, rob'd me of the joy
   To know he is a Prince, by this expression
   Of your fears for something that's to come;
   But sir, in this you were indeed the faulty person.

Age. I fear I shall be found such.

Au. Could you conceal such joys from me?
   But I must pardon you all faults,
   You are a Prince, I dare not chide you.

Age. Upon your hand let me express my thanks:
   But will you freely pardon for what I have
   Conceal'd?

Au. Gladly I do.

Age. You will not sure.

Au. Be your doubts clear'd by this.          Kisses him.

K. Daughter, you grant what you should beg:
   Let that inform you who your husband is,  A Letter.
   My injuries to him, and our misfortunes.

Au. Still your conclusions fright me: Good sir read
it your self,  
Or rather in some gentler circumstantial way  
Inform what it expresses.

K. First know, this paper does contain the Kings  
Demands, who with his Army hath now inclos'd  
The City, which how we can deny or grant — —

Au. Pray read sir.

K. reads. "Your own injustice hath drawn me into your  
Country;  
Yet I take so kindly the alliance you have contracted  
With my brother Agenor — — "

Au. Agenor!

K. reads. "That if you will deliver up the Isle of  
Ceris belonging  
To my Crown, and my Brother to me alive, I will quit  
Your Country, well satisfied with my charge; but if  
in  
Any part of this you fail of an exact performance,  
To morrow I hope to make my own conditions.  
Be advised by him, who appearing your worst enemy,  
May in this councel prove your greatest friend — —

Clarimant."

Au. Oh Agenor!

Age. Now can you pardon?

Au. Now can I die; O fate, where have you plac'd my  
love?

Age. Do you repent? I ne'r was false to you,  
Nor ever can be.

Au. Let not my Father hear; I must forgive,  
You are my husband.

K. I cannot blame your sorrow; your fortune does  
command  
A plenteous showre, in which I willingly could bear [75]  
a part,  
If reason did not tell me counsell and advice  
Better becomes my quality: I mean not counsell  
From my self to you, but that we all advise  
Since equally concern'd, what's to be done.  

Age. Methinks justice and reason both chalkt out the  
way  
Of your proceeding.
K. As how, dear son?

Au. Too late, sir, from your heart you yield that attribute.

K. Austella, thy reproof is just.

Age. With pardon, sir, it is not; all the fault is mine,
And justice bids me bear the punishment.
Yield sir to all my brother Clarimant desires,
Since by his speedy unexpected coming
Your forces nor supplies from others can be useful. 100

K. The treasure and the Isle most willingly I will surrender,
(Would it pleas'd heaven we all were there!
'Gainst that no forces could prevail.)
But to deliver you, that by your death
He may secure himself, first let destruction
Seise on me, already ripen'd for the grave.

Age. My brother, sir, did ever love me.

K. Perhaps so as his brother; but now you are
His King in justice, but self-respects will point you
Out the object of his fear, not of his reverence. 110

Age. He cannot be so impious to kill me.

Au. You shall not trust him.

Age. Consider then what hazard all must run,
The lives of thousands, a Kingdoms utter ruine.

K. Alas, 'tis true.

Age. You may perish too, but in my hazard all
Are safe; 'twere madness to dispute it further. [76]

Au. What safety, and you lost?

Age. No loss, if you consider truly what I merit:
You are a Virgin yet; I freely give you back
Your vows; justly you might revoke them
As not intended to a perjured person,
Such you now find I was.

106 My . . . me.] assigned to King 0, as part of speech continuous from 101 to 110.
Au. But such I hope you are not now to me.

Age. Think me such if I miscarry,
      'Twill make your grief the less.

Au. But my guilt more in that suspicion:
      Did I not think you loved me, yet duty
      Does command me share in all that you can suffer:
      But confident your heart is here, till death,
      Nor then, I must not leave you.

K. The glory of the action makes you too partial
      To your selves; we must dispute this further
      With my Council.

Au. In vain you will dispute, if you intend to part
      What heaven hath join'd, which rules both power
      and art.  

[ACT V, Scene iv]

Enter Philant and Strato.

Phi. Well, I perceive that we shall lose a noble
      Prince:
      How happy had we been in his succession!

Stra. Without all doubt the King his brother
      Will soon by policie or force destroy him;
      Possession of a Crown will kill all natural
      Respects of blood.

Phi. But why then should we not resist?
      Justice hath a strong arm.

Stra. Yet in apparent dangers, fear still overcomes
      Our faith and courage; but here's impossibility:
      Our City, though great and populous, hath but poor
      walls:
      The Kings army, now his Footmen likewise
      Are come up, are not without a miracle
      To be resisted.

Phi. But was't not most dishonorable to invade us
      Without proclaiming war?

Stra. To speak to you the truth, it was but justice:
      Did not our King detain a mass of treasure
      To which he had no right?

Phi. 'Tis true, --- but ---
Viv,Vv]

Str. But what? Come, come, all unjust actions
However they seem profitable for the present,
Involve a curse within them; which when we find,
We must not lay the blame on others:
The best way to appease the Gods
When we have done amiss, is to confess;
Then mercy follows, or our blows wound less. Exeunt.

[ACT V, Scene v]

Enter Clindor and Soldiers.

1 So. Think you they will surrender the treasure,
And yield Agenor to our King, or bide the brunt
Of war?

Cl. I'll tell thee what I fear, and what I wish;
And if thou dost not so, thou art an ass.

1 So. Well, speak.

Cl. I fear they will surrender, I wish they would
not:
O Lads, might we but come to one assault,
We should be Lords, we that do venture blows;
Where in these Treaties we are sure to have
The worst on't: If peace be the conclusion,
Would I had been employed upon the Treaty.

1 So. Why, what wouldst thou have done?

Cl. Heard no reason, nor offer'd any: the first
condition
Should have been, that all the handsom young
Women and maids in the City should have come
Stark naked to have known our pleasure;
Then the rich men with their jewels and bags
Of mony; then the King with a rope about his neck.

1 So. Stay there.

Cl. That may be your period, 'tis not mine:
Then for the Prince Agenor __________

1 So. What of him?

Cl. Nothing but good, I love him well,
He was a stirring youth, and bountiful,
But yet not like our King: were the people not
So base, he should (might I advise) be left Viceroy
to govern, and I to govern him.
Vv, Vvi]

1 So. In my conscience should our King shew him that favour,
Thou would'st persuade him to rebell against his brother.

Oli. By this light I think I should, I love to be in action strangely.

1 So. That love may chance to bring you to a preferment
You have courted long, and in my conscience well deserve'd:
Others that were less worthy when Agenor fled,
I saw advance'd.

Oli. I understand you now, you are a bitter Rascal;
And here's my hand, if ere there be more broils,
For this thy kind remembrance I'll cut thy throat.

1 So. I thank you sir, I'll look for't. Exeunt.

[ACT V, Scene vi]

Enter Clarimant, Captains, Attendants, Soldiers.

Oli. See all things order'd as I gave command:
I long to see the perjur'd Traitor,
That I may do a justice
To my Fathers ghost, and injur'd Mistress.

Enter Olindor.

[Oli.] The King, his daughter Austella are coming,
With your brother Prince Agenor.

Oli. Traitor Agenor! It seems they mean
To bear him company in death: Attend them in ——
Do all just as I direct.

Enter Agenor, Austella, King, Lucidor.

Age. Brother, you see the advantage of your power
Forces this visit.

Oli. 'Twill prove to you a sad one: Seise the Rebel.

Capt. In the dead and living Kings names we do arrest you.

Age. And I in my own name, your King
In justice, command you hold.

Au. O sir! She kneels.
Vvl]

Ola. Rise, Madam; your intercession must not interpose
   In this, alone of power to save the lives
   Of many Princes.

Au. [Aside.] Just heaven, he's taken!
   This was the mischief I fear'd.

Ola. No Madam; justice alone commands me to surrender
   This where it is due.

The Captains put the Crown on Agenor's head.

Omnes. Long live Agenor, King of Burgonia.

K. This is not real, sure.

Age. What mockery is this?

Ola. O brother, the Crowns of Princes
   Are things to which we owe a reverence,
   Not to be us'd in sport; what are their
   Sacred persons then?

Au. Let me fall down and worship:
   What a strange God-like race of men
   These pair of Brothers are!

Ola. Madam, I must not suffer that which I am
   Infinitely pleas'd with, since it expresses
   Your excess of love unto my brother.

Age. I am confounded with such unexpected
   Courtesie, that I am lost in all acknowledgment
   That may express the power that you
   Must ever hold upon me.

Ola. What I have done, justice commanded from me:
   If not, my love hath still been such to you
   My brother, that had I been the Monarch
   Of the earth, your power should have been equal.

K. This action is so noble, that it does make
   Us more your servants then all force could effect,
   You have subdued our minds.

Ola. You set so high a price on Justice,
   That you confirm my resolution;
   Though from the actions I must do,
   Will seemingly arise my proper smart.

Age. Command our fortunes, and our lives.

[80]

20 Au.] Age. 0
Ola. The hazard of your life is that I must demand.

Age. As how to be imploved?

Ola. In taking mine.

Age. Yours! what do you mean?

Ola. To kill you, if you cannot me:
   I must not live, knowing whom you have injured,
   And not endeavor to revenge.

Age. You cannot be in earnest sure:
   If so, look here.

Ola. Could you behold the Image in my heart,
   In the true splendor that it wears;
   You would not bid me view another object,
   Excellent I confess, if not compared.

Age. Brother, if you thus press me,
   I shall forget all you have done;
   Since there's no benefit so great, but may be
   Cancell'd by the doer.

Ola. I wish what I have done, had in it all
   That could oblige, that I did love you more,
   If possible, that you were nearer to me
   Then a brother, since all degrees of interest
   Serve but like steps to raise the glory of my love
   And justice higher. ——
   Chuse which you please ——

This; the time and place? He offers 2 swords.

Age. Be witness heaven, with what unwillingness:
   Yet since you, Honour and love engag'd engage me:
   I'll offer to my Goddess (lest she suspect my zeal)
   A much loved Brothers blood.

Au. O Soldiers! will you suffer thus the worlds Glories
   To eclipse themselves?

Ola. Madam, in vain you urge;
   I did before engage them by an oath,
   Whatever I commanded, to obey me.

Au. Cannot my prayers or tears? O dear my Lord!
   Your brother's young, and by the glory
   Of his passion, hath lost much of his reason:
   Consider what a mischief even victory
   Must prove to either.

Age. Necessity enforces me to accept the combat.
Love and honour  The well known formula of Restoration heroic drama of course had its roots in the Caroline period. D'Avenant's play by this name was written in 1634; both he and Carlell were probably adept at establishing catchwords to suit popular taste. (D'Avenant changed his title twice before arriving at Love and Honour.) See also l. 107, "love and my fate," a related formula.

At this stage of dramatic development, love and honor are not in conflict, but rather run parallel; they are descriptive of the flavor of the play, but have no structural function.

Glory  Exaltation, splendor.
All circumstance consider'd, how more then base,
Ingrate, must I appear? how dull a sense
Shall I express of your perfections,
To hear another magnified above you?

Au. If I with that dispence, who can complain?

Age. Such dispensations makes your value more,
And so adds to the justice of my cause.

Enter Clorinda.

Au. To you I turn then: Will you needs end
An action so gloriously begun, in blood?
A brothers murder, or your own? What you have done, [82]
Shewed you a Demigod, eclipsing all
That story hath recorded: but such an end
As you design, will cast you from the height
Of all your glory, and leave you to posterity
A hated name.

Cla. If so, yet still I stand engaged: Love, and my
fate
Appoint this way to shew the ardure of my flame,
Which by no common action could be witness'd.
To that you urge, add this: I know I am
Inferior to my brother in skill and strength;
Yet what to others have been bars in combats,
To me prove arguments impulsive.
In short, the Deity that I adore's prophan'd,
Contempt and scorn thrown on her:
If by a feeble arm she right herself,
It more does manifest her power;
However I shall fall, since hers, a happy
Sacrifice.

Clo. Hold! rather a wretch prophane, and most
Injurious to that Deity, to whom thy false
And counterfeit devotion seems directed.

Cla. 0 you Gods! Grant thy self mad, rather
Prove such; or by what's dearest to me,
I'll pierce thy heart.

Clo. Do so.

Cla. Ha!

Clo. [Aside.] I shall be known.

Cla. [Aside.] Have I not seen a face resembling this?

Clo. Does the guilt with which I justly tax you,
Abate your rage? let Gods and men hear what
I urge, nay, your own conscience be a Judge;
And if I then be found injurious, kill me;
No hand is fitter to give conclusion
To my misery.

Ola. How am I lost! this is no time for talk:
Soldiers, remove him.

Olo. Hear me!

Ola. Away with him.

Olo. By what you hold the dearest, I conjure you
Hear me! Deny that, and so make good
All I accuse you of. — [Aside.] This is some hope
He knows me not.

Ola. If I consent, by the same power
You may command me cease the combat.

Olo. I swear the contrary.

Ola. Be brief then; and for this interruption,
Soldiers, I conjure you by your oath
To kill him when the combat's ended,
My innocence acquits you from his blood.

Olo. Answer me then, you that pretend your self
So great a Votary to Love, and friend to
Justice: Is't lawful for any who is not
A Priest, to offer sacrifice?

Ola. None may.

Olo. What warrant for your present action then,
To sacrifice your brother, or your self?
If you alledge, your love must know
No limits, are you not then prophanes?
But grant your youth and folly this;
That love that's so irregular, pays a devotion
Sure; but where? Not to a Mistress, but vain-glory
And self-conceit. Your Mistress sure hath no less
Power with you, you think, then that of Kings
Over their subjects: Who dare make war
Without commission from his Prince?
You cannot boast one from your Mistress;
When if she be that excellence which you pretend,
'Tis not unlike she wishes well to him
Whom you would punish as her enemy:
Sure she hath cause to hate you for presumption,
Hypocrisy and treason: All which, if well consider'd [84]
By an impartial Judge, appear to be the
Groundwork of your present action.

Cla. [Aside.] 'Tis she; for who could else so powerfully
    Condemn me?

Clo. What I have spoke, is in my own defence,
    Who am till now unknown, a brother
To the injured person; and had there been
    A wrong resented by those that were concern'd,
So far as blood might expiate, my sword
    Of yours in justice had precedence.

Cla. [Aside.] She would not have me know her: [To her.]
    I must confess
Your former words have made so deep impression
    In me, by sometime touching upon truth,
That here the difference with my brother ends.
    But what you last urg'd concerning the
Precedence of a Brothers sword, I am so far
    From granting; that if my reason
Cannot alter your opinion, my sword shall force you
To deny it, when time doth better fit.

Clo. Most gladly.

Cla. [Aside.] In how poor things does she and Fortune
Give me power to serve her!

K. Most excellent Prince! how much we all do owe
    You for our present happiness!

Age. For me, I hold my Crown, my life, nay more,
    Possession of my fair Austella.

K. Since by the mercy of the Gods, the storm
That hung over our heads threatening blood
    And ruine, is thus removed; let us with joyful
Hearts haste to the Temple, and there by
    Hecatombs of sacrifice express our thanks.

Clo. Whilst I
    That cause this joy, prepare to die.

Cla. O thou great Deity, observe her scorn!
    ?What I have done, was fore-design'd by thee:
Revenge! but let her punishment prove love of me.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
V. vi. 179  **brother** Carleil is usually meticulous in specifying motive and ordering his plot; we may wonder here why he did not devote more attention to the implications for the succession question of a "brother" to Olorinda.

V. vi. 204  **Hecatombs** A great public sacrifice (properly of a hundred oxen) among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and hence extended to the religious sacrifices of other nations. (See the description early in the third book of the Odyssey.)
Epilogue, to the King.

If what hath been presented to your sense
You do approve, thank your own influence;
Which moving in the story that you told,
Infus'd new heat into a brain grown cold.
Thus far our hopes: But now just fears begin,
For much that is left out, for more brought in;
But since all change was to the better meant,
Although we fail, yet pardon for th'intent.
Such sweet indulgence from good natures fall,
But the strict Critick will for censure call.

We would please both; and since we want the art,
Sir, stay the sentence till the second Part: Kneels.
Such favour oft your piety lets fall
Upon delinquents no less criminal.
Stay! even in policie your grant is fit;
Hope quickens, what despair makes dull, the wit:
Nay, could our Author some new arts display,
Yet this condemn'd, you'll slight the second Play.

8 th'intent]0(c); the intent 0(u)
PROLOGUE.

High labour'd lines you may expect from those,
Whose pleasure is their studies: Most here knows
This Author hunts, and hawks, and feeds his Deer,
Not some, but most fair days throughout the yeer.
Such rude dull heavy Scenes expect you then,
As after suppers vapours from his pen.
Would you not ask, Why then does he write Plays,
Since now great Wits strive for Dramatick bays?
Pardon what's past: That way now counted wit,
Although enjoin'd, he'll deal no more in it:
Since dying to the Stage, his last request
Is, that you would not like the worst Scenes best.
If this desire injurious seem to some,
I wonder not: Divers to Plays do come,
Not to be pleas'd, unless the Play be bad;
So what th'ingenious like, doth make them sad:
We tax not here their judgment or their wit,
But that so much ill nature's join'd with it.
Others there be, which like the Austrian rage,
Wits empire tyes alone to those they grace:
Nay, so opinion'd of themselves they be,
They'll praise things most absurd; and when they see
Those whose simplicity admires their wit,
To do the same, they laugh at them and it.
'Tis not these Bugbears that do haunt the Stage,
Should fright an Author; since 'tis plain, this Age
Hath more clear Judgments when was ever known:
But most Apollo's beams break from the throne,
And with a double sweetness doth invite
All that have gifts in Verse or Prose, to write.
Which he would still, but that his period's past;
For sure you'll find this Play worse then the last.
“Prol. 1.20 grace Carlllel has perhaps taken a tactful means of indicting those whose "eyes sparkle" with what they have "revived with their own breath" (*King John*, IV.i.114ff.). It is a curious stone to have been thrown by a man whose glass house was a play sponsored by the King; but perhaps his position was above reproach, since his "Austrian" was a royal one.

“Prol. 1.25 Bugbears A bugbear was an imaginary terror. Of the 1565 translation of Grazzini's *La Spiritata* ("The girl possessed by the devil") as *The Bugbears*. 
THE

Passionate Lover,

SECOND PART.

ACT. I. Scene I.

Enter Oleon and Selina.

Sel. My Lord, be confident, thus chang'd, there's none can know you.

Cle. But dare I hope thou hast forgiven me?

Sel. The mercy that you shewed in unbinding me, May well assure you; nor am I ignorant How far our passions may transport, aided by hope To attain our ends.

Cle. But now the current of my love runs in the proper Channel, and shall ever center here, a tribute justly due Unto the ocean of thy love: Why did I fondly dream There was a happiness exceeding this? Kises her. 10

Sel. Your kindness was so great, so unexpected, That I am now more yours then ever: I never must Forget the pains you took in coming to unbind me, Creeping upon you hands, all smear'd in blood, 'Twas well you scap'd with life.

Cle. aside. Thanks to my privy coat; had I expir'd In such a pious action, yet so I acarcely had Deserv'd forgiveness, much less this sweet continuance Of your love, sure to be valued far above Olorinda's hate, Whose interest to a Crown made her In my ambitious eye appear more beautiful;
I.1.16  Privy coat  A coat of mail worn under the ordinary dress. Compare Othello, V.1.24-26, as Cassio is attacked by Roderigo:

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine.
But now, reason commands her yield to thee
Precedence in my heart.

Sel. How easily we give belief to what we wish!

Cle. Though the Gods know how all my love is cancell'd,
Justly turn'd hate to her; yet love and gratitude to
thee
Commands me to attempt the Crown of Burgonia,
Offer'd into my hands.

Sel. As how offer'd?

Cle. I count it offer'd, when it appears in reason
Within the reach of our endeavours: Of ours, I say,
Mark me, my Queen, in thee it lies to rule me
And a scepter.

Sel. It is fit the honor of your love should render me
Conformable to your desires: name me the way:
To this your happiness, so mine.

Cle. The seeming pious Druid here our Host,
I have discover'd to have been a Mountebank
Physitian; yet now disguis'd, esteem'd by all
This Country a holy and most sacred person,
With whom the Gods are conversant here in this solitary
Melancholy Grove. By him with gold corrupted,
I doubt not to affect revenge against Agenor
For this would most basely given me:
Dispatch his brother Clarimant; nay even Clorinda
(As witness of my love to thee) shall likewise bleed.
This done, and this is in thy power to effect,
Is not the Kingdom of Burgonia mine
By right of blood?

Sel. 'Tis certain, they remov'd, you are the next.

Cle. Consider then, my dear Selina, what 'tis to be a
Queen.

Sel. A Queen!

Cle. Take but these thoughts into thy soul,
And there's no action difficult or dangerous:
But we have only shadows to encounter with,
The issue real pleasures.

Sel. I must yield; dispose me, sir, which was you please.

real pleasures]0(c); real, pleasures 0(u)
One of an order of men among the ancient Celts of Gaul and Britain, who, according to Caesar were priests or religious ministers and teachers, but who figure in native Irish and Welsh legend as magicians, sorcerers, soothsayers, and the like. (The English use follows the Latin sources, whence it was derived, rather than native Celtic usage.) NED. Carrell's use of the word is not atypical, for though his druid is a fraud, he sets himself up as a holy man, not as a magician.

Alexander Ross, in *A View of all Religions in the World*, (Cross-Keyes-Court in Little-Britain, 1672), p. 149, gives an interesting contemporary account:

... the ancient Britains, ... with the Gauls had the same Religion and Priests, called Druids, from the Oaks, under which they used to teach and sacrifice; for they expounded all religious mysteries, taught the youth, decided controversies and suits in Law, ordained rewards and punishments; and such as obeyed not their decrees, they excommunicated, ...
I, I.ii]

Cle. That resolution does already crown thee.

Sel. I would not have you think it is my ambition,
   But my love engages me; but yet I fear.

Cle. What can you doubt?

Sel. Swear sir by the immortal Gods,
   To make me privy to all your actions;
   And when you have attain'd the Crown, to marry me,
   So to remove some jealousies.

Cle. I do by all that's sacred; nothing but death
   Shall part us; this kiss be farther witness —

   [Enter Druid.]

   O sir, you are welcome! what news?

Drui. I have no leisure now to tell you:
   I must disguise to entertain some curious
   And devout people.
   [Exit Druid.]

Cle. He every day goes to the City
   In a several shape, so to enable himself
   To appear more knowing here: I wonder much
   None of the Court are so zealous to visit him,
   At least to know their fortunes,
   For he delivers oracles as from the Gods.

Sel. No doubt there are; but now the present time
   Affords so much discourse of other peoples
   Fortunes, that they neglect the knowledg
   Of their own.

Cle. To know the fate of others,
   Does often give a light to ours:
   At least let us be diligent, whose industry
   Can only make us happy: Perform but carefully
   That which I shall impart,
   And thou shalt have a Crown to crown thy art.
   [Exeunt.

[ACT I, Scene ii]

   [Enter King, Prince, and Attendants.]

K. Most noble Prince! though you may well believe
   The forces you have brought unto my aid
   I shall not use, yet I must ever be ambitious
   To requite that love which caus'd your diligence;
   Nay, I shall think my happiness defective,
Although great, till fortune point some way
Wherein I may express my gratitude to you.

Pr. Most royal Sir! fortune hath been to me
Auspicious, more then had I proved Austela's
Choice; and this expression you have made,
Imboldens me to let you know wherein.

K. Sir, I beseech you name it.

Pr. Know sir, not my ambition to enjoy your Kingdom,
Could so far blind my judgment, but that I ever
Found your younger daughter Olinda, in herself,
The more deserving love, especially from me.
I would not, sir, say more, lest I should seem
To boast a happiness which merit never can attain
But by infinity of service, and much suffering.

K. Indeed I did observe, whilst you were in my Court,
You much more did converse with her then with Austela,
Who ever was reserved. If Olinda's affability
Have gain'd your good opinion, your courtship hers,
It is a happiness beyond which I dare not expect.
If it be less then this, and that by the freedom
Of her humor you believe your interest greater
Then indeed it is; yet there will only be
Better occasion for my love to shew it self.

Pr. My actions shall ever witness for me
How I prize your royal favour. Exeunt.

[ACT I, Scene iii]

Enter Olindor and 1.

1. Did you not lately murmur against peace,
Cryed up was as the only blessing?

Ol. Yes, I did so.

1. I scarce remember your sword did ever purchase
Such gay Caparisons.

Ol. I see thou art a very simple Fellow:
This is the harvest of the war; the King
Whom we did terrifie, made Presents unto us
Commanders: If thou canst shew me where Soldiers
Are made much of in cold blood, then I will
Magnifie thy mouldy mistress, Peace:
Till then, Bellona, thou art my Patroness.

I.ii.9 Austela's] spelled with one "l" frequently in Part II.
nI.iii.5 Caparisons Equipment, outfit, dress. Cf. Rosalind in *As You Like It*, speaking of her disguise:

... dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?

(III.ii.205)


I.iii]

1. Thou talkest as if thou hadst done some mighty
Matters; and yet I fear thou art a Coward.

Oli. I love you, sir, too well to let you suffer
Such a grief as fear, for me: Draw.

1. Draw! are you mad? or is your wit so great
To spoil
Your memory? were not two shot to death that were
Seen fighting?

Oli. Very pretty, you grow valiant to abuse me,
Because their valor found a punishment.
The Prince! Justice, sir, I beseech you.

Enter Clarimant and Attendants.

Ola. For what, or against whom?

Oli. He told me, sir, he thought I was a Coward.

Ola. Perhaps you have given him cause to think so.

Oli. Better and better! But sir, may men speak all
they think?

Ola. Why not? I do so, and never will again
Dissemble.

Oli. But may I, sir?

Ola. Yes, so it be not blasphemy or treason.

Oli. How, sir, do you distinguish treason?

Ola. Look what the Law says.

Oli. Pox on the Law!

Ola. How?

Oli. I cry your Highness mercy; I had forgot the Law was so
Near kin to you: This scurvy fellow has made me mad.

Ola. You would not live without law.

Oli. No, I beseech your Highness grant me the Law.

Ola. Most willingly.

Oli. The law of Arms, sir, and let him prove me a Coward
Before your Highness, and see how I will defend my
self.

He draws.
law of Arms Clindor refers to the laws of
duelling, the established code of duellists, the law
of the duello. Cf. Twelfth Night, III.iv.169, when Fabian
is commenting on Sir Andrew's weak challenge:

A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.
Ola. I know not how in justice I can pardon this
   Unless I do pronounce you mad.

Oli. I do beseech your Highness do so.

Ola. Sure you are mad.

Oli. Then I may kill this Rascal, and your law cannot
   Hang me.        Offers to strike.

Ola. Bind him, to prevent mischief.

Oli. Any thing to save my honor; let me not have my
   hands
   Loose, wear a sword, and be call'd Coward!

Ola. He did but think so.

Oli. Let him not think aloud then in my hearing.

Ola. Come, I will end the difference; I do pronounce
   You are no Coward, and him a fool for thinking so.
   Be friends.

Oli. Not with a fool; you shall excuse me sir.

Ola. Be gone, and leave me:        Exeunt Clindor, etc.
   Why do I give this intermission to my sorrows?
Glorinda's pleas'd I should be miserable:
   Since in no other way, in that I will content her.
   But this obedience yields a satisfaction;
   And satisfaction fits not perfect sufferings,
   Which she the perfectest of creatures feels:
   I can no more admit to be less miserable
   Then my Mistress, then I could be content to be
   More happy; is there no way to change my fate
   With hers?  O no, her torment rises from the
   Falsehood of her Lover, where she had plac'd her joys:
   Mine, in the not attaining of a Love
   Where I dare not pretend to merit:
   I am a happy man, if by comparison I judge.

        Enter Agenor, Austella.

Age. Still alone, dear brother!

Au. Most noble sir, why do you thus retire your self
   From those who know no satisfaction
   Greater then your company?  I must pretend

49 Loose,] Loose; 0
The interest of a sister now; you shall not
Hide your passion, nor the cause from me,
I know 'tis love.

Cla. Madam, it is confess: But since despair
Is, and must ever be the only issue of my love,
I would not have those I esteem
Engaged with me in misery.

Au. Can you be so unjust to your own merits
To despair?

Cla. So just to her perfections.

Au. If not a judge of this, at least make me
Your Advocate: yet all my eloquence
Will rest in shewing her the happiness
That she refuses.

Cla. Madam, she is not capable of any increase,
She's dead to me and all mankind.

Au. How mean you? by a figure, or dead indeed?

Age. I'll take her off from this discourse,
Lest she discover Clorinda in disguise. [Aside.]
Dear Austella, in vain you strive to comfort him
That can know none, his Mistresse dead.

Au. Rather in vain I strive to know what both
Resolve to hide from me: It was not curiosity, sir,
But a desire to serve you: That belief
Will speak my pardon. Exit.

Age. I fear she is displeas'd.

Cla. Reason hath too much power over her soul
To be displeas'd without a cause: I hold her
Every way so perfect, that I durst make
A full discovery, crave her assistance;
But then Clorinda would more justly hate.

Age. O brother, speak no more of hate; it is impossible,
If ever she did love me. You have my Intrust,
But much more prevailing must your unequal'd merit
Prove.

Cla. Merit! dear brother, it is impossible:
Since what I have done, or shall ever do,
Grows from her influence upon me.

Age. I see that I am yet to learn what it is
To be a perfect Lover.
ÍI.iii.91 figure i.e., "of speech."

ÍI.iii.107 Intrust Probably "interest," meaning "support" as well as "share." According to the NED, however, the spelling is a variant not of "interest" but "entrust," a meaning not wholly unrelated here.
Cla. Rather you have not practis'd what you know.

Age. Brother, I must confess it is my shame,
Though not my grief, since my inconstancie
Hath made me but more happy.

Cla. How!

Age. Frown not: I mean more happy,
As my inconstancie leaves you Glorinda free;
And if she prove averse to your desires,
Her constancie to me admits of a just censure,
Not applause.

Cla. If you believe you have a power in her
After your breach of faith, such as may aid me
In my love; she is not that perfection
That I adore, and by such yielding
Could not make me happy.

Age. Then you propose a love without a possibility
Of satisfaction.

Cla. Yes, if it suit not with her excellence:
The Gods sometimes appoint us such sad fates,
That 'tis our duty to pursue and glory in our misery.

Age. I see a miracle must make you happy:
Be not displeas'd that I invoke the Deity
In your behalf; and Brother, know that those
Who would be held the most devout,
Esteem things just and worthy, because they do
Proceed from a divine power; not that they are
Agreeing to our faith, or understanding.

Cla. Brother, what you would undertake in my behalf
Becomes your love to offer, but not mine to accept.
A person truly humbled by sense of his unworthiness,
Sure dares not hope: And to admit an Advocate,
Supposes that; may merit in himself, or in the
Intercessor; or which is worse, an easiness
To be overcome with words. Any of this
Is such impiety my love cannot be guilty of:
Her being his perfection, all things great or good,

Glorinda nam'd, in that is understood.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, Scene iv]

Enter Prince, and Olinda.

Pr. Dear Lady, let me know how I have lost
Your favour.
I.iii.151 Apparently because of the requirement of rime, Carlell's end couplets are frequently confusing and sometimes frankly ungrammatical (see III.v.127-128, Part II). The point here seems to be that because Clorinda is the standard and source of the perfection of Clarimant's love, it is bound to be flawless.
Ol. First let me know why you believe you ever had it?

Fr. When I was here a suitor to your sister, you did not then look with such scorn upon me.

Ol. Be so again to any other, and I will give you cause to think me every whit as kind. Here you discourse of Love; express a sense of what you do profess to suffer by way of Martyrdom, perhaps accompanied with a sad sigh or two.

Fr. And can you yet be crueler? when you your self have caus'd a nobler passion then what I made But shew of to Austela.

Ol. It seems then you can counterfeit.

Fr. I must confess; but yet —

Ol. Nay spare excuses: As I live, I like you the better for it; and if you love me now, know this to comfort you; We only can agree in being dissemblers. Offers to go. [99]

Enter Clorinda and Selina, (as in discourse.)

Most noble sir! methinks my Genius Should have inform'd me the happiness of your approach; And yet 'tis fit I leave you now, But there does stay my best of wishes. Exit.

Sel. She had like to have said, her heart: Alas poor Lady, how love does fool thee!

Fr. It must be so; this stranger is the cause Of her neglect to me: With what unwillingness She parted from him! I will not, cannot suffer This second affront; I shall become the scorn Of all men. Exit, and justles Clorinda.

Clo. What means this! But why, Selina, when I call'd, Came you not to help me?

Sel. Alas, Madam, I was fast.

Clo. Could you so quickly be so sound asleep?

Sel. Weary with travel. But, Madam, what said Agenor, (The King I now must call him) when he perceived
I. iv]

It was Lord Cleon, his trusted friend,
That he had slain?

Clo. He does not know it yet, nor ever shall:
For since his passion to me procured his death,
His faults be buried with him: Besides; I know
It would have been no little torment to Agenor
To find such falsehood.

Sel. Is it possible that you can yet consider him,
Otherwise then to revenge his falsehood?

Clo. If thou hadst ever truly loved,
Thou couldst not ask me such a question: Clarimant!
I must not stay.

Enter Clarimant.

Cla. Sir, though you have hitherto found means to
avoid me,
Yet having now the opportunity,
I needs must press you to a short discourse,
And such a one as will require the absence
Of your servant.

Clo. I must obey necessity: Leave me.

Sel. Is it possible he does not know her? Exit Selina.

Cla. I see you wear a sword, and make no question
But you know, or think you do, how to maintain
With it the assertions of your tongue.

Clo. In what?

Cla. Is it possible that you can ask? yet since I must,
I will refresh your memory, and whet my own revenge
By repetition. You, as a brother, did pretend
You had more interest to right Clorinda's wrongs,
Then I her servant.

Clo. And proved it, did I not?

Cla. In part the oratory of your tongue prevail'd,
And I condemn'd my self; but honor forc'd me
Make appeal unto my sword, and there you must
Orcome me too, before I quit so dear a cause. Draws.

Clo. Truth told me then, and bids me still maintain
That I am most concern'd in what Clorinda suffers.

Cla. Your resolution pleases above expression:
Which forces me an enemy to beg the favour
To kiss that hand, though it may prove to me
An instrument of death.

Clo. Keep off; I dare not trust a reconciled foe,
Much less an enemy profest. Imploy your sword,
Whose force I fear less then the impoison'd flattery
Of your tongue.

Cla. Then guard your self, your breast lies open.

Clo. You shall not find it so, if you dare strike.

Cla. Alas it is too true; you have a guard which I
Can never force; and since invisible, it is fit I
yield;
Here to confess my self overcome, is to triumph.
But if you hold your victory your shame, which much I
fear,
Then purge that stain with my heart-blood,
A sacrifice most justly due to your disdain.

Clo. A Cowards blood can have no vertue in it.

Cla. Stay.

Clo. Imploy your sword then, and nobly take revenge
Upon your enemy: I swear, that act
Will with me raise you to the highest estimation.

Cla. O Clorinda! that word pronounc'd,
Think what you do enjoin me.

Clo. I fear'd before you knew me,
But thought it fitter to practise the masculine part
I am to play, with you, then with another:
Perhaps with some I have to do, where my
Discovery is my ruine. Thus much, confident
Of your esteem, I dare discover.

Cla. What musick's in these words!

Clo. Trust me, Prince Clarimant, I am much pleas'd
To see you.

Cla. Madam, assure me that I do not dream.

Clo. Believe me every sense is free,
Only your joy is too much rais'd.

Cla. Too much! when you speak to me, and not in anger.
Olo. Contain your self; for know 'tis in your power
To make me happy.

Ola. In mine! witness you Gods
There is no bar betwixt you and your wish.

Olo. None but your will.

Ola. My will! That, and my other faculties
Were ever yours.

Olo. Swear it.

Ola. By all that's sacred, it is and ever shall be so;
For you can will nothing but what is just
And noble.

Olo. My will then is, to which yours must assent,
That you do kill me.

Ola. How!

Olo. A miserable life consider'd, death is the happiness
Opposed: That you must give me, or be perjur'd.

Ola. That Clarimant should kill Clorinda!
Self-murder is esteem'd the highest guilt,
And yet this doubles it: I am deluded
By some spirit; for what proportion
Bears this imposition to your excellent sweetness?

Olo. It bears proportion to my sorrows.

Ola. Could death be granted as your only remedy,
Yet that my hand should give it!

Olo. Those servants are esteem'd the truest,
That do the last and greatest offices of duty.
Having no love to pay your vows of service,
My gratitude proposed this as your recompence.

Ola. O heavens! was ever gratitude so cruel!

Olo. Will you not then obey me, nor your oath?
Is this the fruit of all your protestations?

Ola. Is not my will the same with yours?
You would not live, nor I then.

Olo. Kill me, and then do what you please.

Ola. The same say I; kill me, and then do what you please.

Olo. Your vow was not to echo my desire,
But to obey what I enjoin.

Cla. It is true, in what was just and noble.

Clo. Is it not so to relieve a friend distrest? Your oath past too?

Cla. No friend will ask, for shame, That help he does refuse to give.

Clo. The guilt remains with the first breach, and that was yours.

Cla. Alas, you press what no example yet came near, To kill that person that I value more Then all the world.

Clo. No doubt brave Brutus servant lov'd his Master; Yet kill'd him, being commanded.

Cla. Perhaps he was his slave, and gain'd his Freedom by it.

Clo. And shall not you do so? A freedom from the bonds Of Love, the Tyrant-master that I flie. But did not Herod Doom to death in one his Wife and Mistress, Lest any other should enjoy her? And this caused from excess of Love.

Cla. Unto himself. As I dare never hope To be so happy to have his interest, So I shall never fear his punishment. Kneels.

This is that posture which my former vows Best suit withall: Nor am I humbled thus, To beg for pity to myself, but you, Divine Clorinda! who ought to be As far from thought of punishment, As you are free from guilt.

Clo. False perjur'd man! I can be free from neither, Whilst I stay here. [Exit.]

Cla. O Misery! was ever man so wretched! In the performing what she should command, I still have plac'd my only hopes of merit: Sure fate did never yet to any Lover Put so hard a part, To disobey, or pierce his Mistress heart. [104] Exit.
I.iv.157 commanded The reader will of course recall Shakespeare's treatment in Julius Caesar, V.iv.7-9. The incident may be found in North's Plutarch, as one of two alternative accounts of Brutus's death. Clarimant's conjecture (l. 158) would appear to be groundless.

I.iv.162 Herod The story of the jealous Herod, who executed his beloved wife Mariamne, may be found in Josephus. (See Thomas Lodge's translation, The Lamentable and Tragical Historie of the Wars and Utter Ruine of the Jewes, London, 1602, Book I, xvii, 589-590.)
ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Austela, Clorinda.

Au. Come sir, you must not be so sad:
Sure there is some strange sympathie betwixt
Prince Clarimant and you.

Clo. No sympathie at all, if he have any cause
Of grief; mine's meerly natural.

Au. I find you dissemble with me:
Your griefs have such resemblance, that knowing his
Is Love, I am assured yours is the same.

Clo. Love! I honour all the sex, yet never knew
That passion for a woman.

Au. I must confess that you have in your self
So much of beauty, that looking in your glass,
It is not like you should be taken with another's form:
But yet take heed, the gods may punish pride.

Clo. To be such, is a punishment so great,
The Gods can add no more.

Au. The interest you have in the King, hath made me
Study your content: I find my sister loves you;
And what her blushes will not let her speak,
I must.

Clo. If she herself should tell me so, it were fit for
me
To think she said it to make sport, knowing
My own unworthiness.

Au. How slow soever you are of belief,
I must make known a Ladies passion to you
Every way your equal.

Clo. I have not seen that person, sure.

Au. What do you think of me?

Clo. You! as of the soul of all perfection,
And only worthy him you do enjoy.

Au. I must not think my beauty worth esteem:
For, gaining him, there is a conquest, which obtained,
Deserves a triumph. That blush shews you conceive me.

Clo. Madam, it is impossible I should understand
A speech so disagreeing to that character
I had received.
II.1]

Au. It will be unjust to value me the less
     For my esteem of you.

Clo. Of me!

Enter Agenor.

Au. Know, gentle Youth, not all the tyes of duty
    Have power to bar me the expressions of love,
    That grows from such perfections as the world
    Never knew: Hide not that lovely face,
    Which even the King beholding, must excuse me.

Age. [Apart.] Thou lyest, false woman.

Clo. O Agenor! I never wisht thee half so miserable.

Au. Why do you turn away? What, weep! Is my love
    Such an injury? Or if some word have past my lips,
    That mov'd this passion, my lips shall satisfie
    By taking off these tears.

Age. I can endure no more:
    Just heavens, how my inconstancie is punisht! Exit.

Au. Clear up those Suns, and let them gently shine
    upon me,
    Or I am lost for ever! Not moved with all my Court-
    ship,
    Continue thus unkind, insensible of a Queens love,
    And I shall think you are no man.

Clo. [Aside.] The weakness of my passion hath discover'd me:

    [To her.] Madam, such an excess of happiness
    To be thus favour'd by you, produc'd this passion;
    Tears are as well the effect of joy as sorrow.

Au. [Aside.] A woman, I am confident! Now I can read it
    In her face. [To her.] Sir, I accept of your excuse,
    But then you must forgo this sadness.

Clo. Madam, all other thoughts but the consideration
    Of your favour, are henceforth banish't.

Au. I yet am something doubtful of your professions,
    You may confirm me.

Clo. As how?

Au. Sure you have a Mistress, some in the Court
    That you do love.
II.1,II.11]

Clo. None, trust me.

Au. Then you do love the King so much, that you hate me
   For my inconstancie, you may forgive it, I know he will;
   He thinks it is no vice, rather a vertue,
   To have choice of Mistresses. — Why do you sigh?
   [Aside.] This touches; [To her.] nay, now you break
   your promise.

Clo. Madam, I am not well.

Au. Will you rest your self upon my bed?
   I'll call the King, then you will be well,
   It is he must cure you, Lady.

Clo. Lady! 0 my heart —  
   Swoons.  [107]

Au. What have I done? ho, some Cordial quickly!
   Help —  
   Enter two Women.

[1.] Madam, he recovers.

Au. Lay him upon my bed, gently for heavens sake!
   Exit women and Clorinda.

In this discovery I my end obtain,
But make provision for my future pain.
Such fruit our jealousies produces still:
Better not know, then know the worst of ill.  Exit.

[ACT II, Scene ii]

Enter Clindor and a Gentleman.

Cl. Pray you sir, shall I make bold to ask a question?

Gent. A dozen, if you please.

Cl. You are courteous. Why was the King sent for by the
   Queen in such haste?

Gent. I must not tell you that.

Cl. Perhaps you cannot.

Gent. I cannot, sir, be ignorant.

Cl. 0, wondrous easie; perhaps the King knew not
   The cause himself.

Gent. It may be so; Kings know not all things.
II.i1,II.i11]  

O11. You do, it seems.

Gent. Seem, sir!

O11. Nay, be not angry; you promis'd largely.

Gent. I promis'd nothing.

O11. 'Tis true; and nothing I expect. So fare you well.

Gent. Remember, sir, I only gave you leave to ask.

O11. 'Tis true, I cry you mercy:  
Then I may ask one question more.

Gent. You may ask anything.  

O11. Do you not think I had ill luck  
To find a man so overwise for my Informer.

Gent. Troth sir —

O11. You need not answer, I am already  
Satisfied.

Gent. I see you know not me,  
You are a shallow fellow.

O11. And you so deep a puddle,  
No plummet can find the bottom;  
You have no ground, sir: So fare you well,  
My cautious Monsieur.  

[Exeunt.  30

[ACT II, Scene iii]

Enter Agenor and Clorinda.

Age. O dear Clorinda! how powerfully thy beauties  
Now present themselves, and every minute gather strength  
By these thy sufferings! What cause hast thou and I  
To curse my base inconstancy?

O1o. How sir! are you so ingrate to heaven,  
That for your sake favour'd that vice so far,  
To give it the reward of vertue, happiness?  
And that so great in your Austela,  
That all men else are poor compared.

Enter Austela [unobserved].

Age. My Austela!
Au. [Aside.] It is well I am denied then.

Age. Did she not court you as a man?  
The heart she took from me, though you could not  
Receive, your sex denying Entertain,  
Is yet so tainted in the tender of it,  
That I for ever must repent the change  
I made: O Florinda! would this hand  
When it was joind in hers, had rotted off.

Clo. Do you believe to cure inconstancie  
And breach of faith, by new inconstancie?  
I see it was a vice dwelt in your blood.

Age. It is no inconstancie, to cast an eye back  
On your vertue, too late instructed  
By present misery.

Clo. It is enough; this does express how miserable  
You might have been: But know your happiness is  
perfect.  
The Queen prompted by jealousie, the fruit of  
Ardent,love, suspected me a woman,  
And your former Mistress, and took this way of  
courting me  
To be assured.

Age. Your vertue bids you make this fair construction.  

Austela approaches.

Clo. She comes! her sight begets new trouble;  
Would I had changd this habit for my winding-sheet.

Au. Sir, I am glad to find my chamber can afford you  
So good company.

Clo. Absence at any rate! I must be gone:  
Your Majesties pardon.  
Exit.

Au. It seems you have cured him.

Age. You made him sick; had I not reason?  
It is fit I remedy your errors.

Au. You have so many of your own,  
It will take your time up.

Age. But there's one especially that troubles me.

Au. You would change a wife, would you not?

Age. Do your thoughts prompt you to that question?
II.iii,II.iv]

Au. It is time when you deny me.

Age. There was a time I might.

Au. Had your hand rotted off, the present trouble
   Had been saved: You are an unconstant man;
   Which granted, both are miserable.

Age. Both are no less in being jealous,
   Which you must grant you are.

Au. Having such cause, love could not be without it.

Age. But having certainty that vertue is gone,
   Love ceasing, ends that trouble.

Au. The object of our guilt, shall be our Judge.

Age. I doe not understand your riddle: who do you mean?

Au. One, that to me cannot be partiall: your Mistress.

Age. Your servant.

Au. Yes, Clorinda.

Age. But do you think that you stand clear in honor?

Au. You cannot hope it sure; but there's the more
   For me to pardon: Come, all your passages of love
   Are plain; yours, and your brother Clarimants.
   Perswade Clorinda that I think her still a man,
   Lest modesty make her forsake the Court,
   And both use means to make her love your brother.
   These little quarrels, where the hearts are good,
   The body of our Love keeps firm, like letting blood.

[ACT II, Scene iv]

Enter Clindor, and l.

l. Come, thou shalt lend me ten Crowns;
   As I am an honest man, Ile pay thee.

Clid. Gain that opinion with me first:
   You see the Money's ready.

l. Why, thou hast known me long,
   Did I ever deceive thee?

Clid. No, for I ever took thee for a Shark:
   A Fellow, too, that would abuse me
   In my poverty, in words.
II.iii.63 passages of love An interchange of amorous relations.

II.iv.7 Shark Perhaps used in the current sense, but probably here more precise. "A worthless and impecunious person who gains a precarious living by sponging on others, by executing disreputable commissions, cheating at play, and petty swindling, a parasite." NED
II.iv]

1. It was but in Merriment; I swear I ever
   Loved thee truly.

C11. Yes, and I will requite it; I know that mony
    Would but dull your Wit, spoil Industry:
    I finde it by my self, that care keeps close
    My Purse.

1. Refuse a Comrade a little Coyn:
   Tis poor.

C11. But yet the custome of the Rich, and things
    Must be proportion'd to our Fortune.

1. 'Tis well Fortune and you are friends;
    That makes you proud.

C11. I have a sense of her great benefits, I were a
    Fool else.

1. Well! I may live to repay this scorn.

C11. Yes, sooner then the Money you would borrow;
    Which makes me ask no Bond.

1. Come, prethee supply me, and leave fooling.

C11. Spare your own pains, Sir, you have done enough.

1. As I am clad, I am not fit for any honest company.

C11. Nor cloath'd in Scarlet trust me.

1. You are a base Fellow: the Tide may turn.

C11. O admirable fruit of poverty! Valour infus'd I
    vow:
    Yet remember, Friend, quarrels are dangerous.

1. Tell me of danger — [Threatens.]

C11. I cry, you mercy, Sir; I had forgot you were poor.
    Nay, if you be outrageous, I must leave you.

1. We shall meet agen.  Exit.

C11. Yes, no doubt on't; how calm and temperate
    Will Money make one: a man might almost pull me
    By the Nose, yet I not angry; such admirable satis-
    facts — Here. — —
Enter Selina.

This Youth I have seen oft, had a strange
Mind to talk to him; yet still the brat avoids me.
Stay my pretty knave, shall I borrow a word or two?

Sel. On good security you will ask no more.

Cli. Why, is your Mistress staying for you in the Lobby?

Sel. If she were, what would you give to supply my room?

Cli. I do believe what ever it were she would repay the sum.

Sel. O fie! you look not like an Amorist; that face
would fright her.

Cli. A martial one: Adonis was not alwayes favourite,
Mars had his turn.

Sel. Were you that Deity? your reign is out.

Cli. But I can prove a Jupiter, and court your Mistress
in a shower
Of gold; and that, I take it, in all times is powerful
More then your face.

Sel. Descend, descend, and shew yourself a simple Mortal,
Else I shall leave you.

Cli. Tell me first what Country you are of;
My mind gives me I have seen that face.

Sel. You have a foolish mind that does abuse you,
So fare you well.

Cli. And so have you a foolish tongue that does betray you;
A certain coy disdainful look too, that stiles you woman.

Sel. How sir! you shall find me masculine; take that.

Cli. This cannot hide you; confess your sex and name,
Or by this light I will untruss your points,
And then you know what follows.

Sel. Sir, you in this restraint preserve my modesty,
It was my desire that you should know me:
I dare not say you are the cause of this disguise,
Yet you may think your pleasure.
II.iv]

Oli. Now by this light have I mind to beat thee
As a man, for all the scorns thou hast put upon me:
For as a woman I am sure thou wilt abuse me,
Especially if thou pretend'st to love me.

Sel. Your scorn's so just, that I must suffer it.

Seems to weep.

Oli. How! let's see; no moisture! spare, spare your Linen, good Selina.

Sel. Oh whither shall I flie to hide my shame!

Oli. Ev'n to your mask and petticoat: Carry your bum A little out, you will need no Fardingale'n a while.

Sel. Alas sir you mistake, I have no other burden But my sorrows; from those you only can deliver me.

Oli. Bar marriage, and I will be your midwife: Where lie you?

Sel. As you have honour in you, do not discover me, Hereafter you shall know.

Exit Clindor.

Enter Clorinda (with a paper) and Olinda.

Clo. Madam, having received such testimonies Of your favor, I could not leave the Court Even in civility, till I had kist your fair hand.

O1. What sad things do you utter! It is not possible, You do but fright me sure.

Clo. Necessity enforces; for I shall leave behind That which I value far above my self.

O1. Does the King and Queen know what you do intend? [114]

Clo. They must not.

O1. Your resolution is full of cruelty; That though you do oblige me by imparting it, Yet I must fail your trust, and give them notice.

Clo. For your own sake you must not: this paper, I being gone, will let you know a secret That concerns your happiness, and by my stay You will be miserable.

O1. Alas, that is impossible:
To have your company, includes all joys.
Fardingale Clindor means, of course, "drop your disguise." The mask was an oblong piece of velvet or other silk, having holes for eyes, used to protect a lady's complexion from the sun and shield her from public gaze. It was as characteristic a piece of feminine attire as the petticoat. The bum and fardingale were padded and hooped petticoats. "The theory that the farthingale was invented to conceal the misdemeanours of a Spanish princess is presumed to be one of the legends which invariably spring up to account for the more surprising elements of fashion, but it is certainly true that the device was known as a cache-enfant in the sixteenth century." Graham Reynolds, "Elizabethan and Jacobean," Costume of the Western World, ed. James Laver, (London, 1952), P. 9. See also M. Channing Linthicum, Costume in the Drama of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries, (Oxford, 1936), p. 272.
Clo. Since you esteem it so, if I live I will return.

Ol. How soon?

Clo. In a short time; but if you read this paper
Yet this two days, when I come back you have my curse.
Weep not dear Lady, yield me the honor
Of your hand.

Enter Prince.

Ol. O me most wretched! you shall not go,
I die if you thus leave me.

Clo. Alas I must.

Pr. Madam, I cannot chuse but wonder
To see you court a Boy thus.

Ol. My wonder is greater at your arrogance
And ignorance, to tutor me, and slight a person
Then your self more worthy.

Pr. What's this?

Clo. From him I may receive that death I seek:
Defend your self.

Ol. Ah me! help, help! oh! help Prince Clarimant,
The gentle Youth is hurt.

Enter Clarimant.

Cla. Hurt! 0 heavens, grant me a little space.

Clarimant fights with the Prince, beats him off,
returns wounded, and kneels to Clarinda.

Clo. Why this to me?

Cla. To ask your pardon, that he lives
That drew that precious blood.

Clo. I grieve your hurt, yet thank you not for
interposing.

Enter Agenor and Attendants.

[Age.] My Brother wounded! speak, by whom? A Surgeon,
quick.

Sel. The Prince of Aquitain.
Age. Make after, seise him:  
    Dear Clarimant, how is it with you?

Cla. Well; happy to die for such a cause.

Au. You Gods extend your pitty: O dear Glorinda!  
    Pour some balm into his wounds.

Age. One word from you may clear his fainting spirits.

Cla. Heaven knows I wish his life more then mine own.

Age. We must do more then wish.

Cla. Although my reason tells me that I owe my thanks  
    To your despair, yet the sound comforts me:  
    O there bestow your cure! my cure lies there.

Au. Thou soul of Lovers, in thee dwells such truth,  
    Well may thy merit save our faithless Youth.

Exeunt.

ACT.III. Scæn.i.

Enter King, Agenor.

Age. Is there no news? what is become of this rude  
    Prince?

K. You need not seek for him; his wounds and his disgrace  
    Are punishment enough.

Age. My reason now does tell me so; but had my brothers  
    Wounds prov'd mortal, no corner of the earth  
    Should hide him from my revenge.

K. I cannot chuse but grieve the sad accident;  
    Yet know I am oblig'd in honor, he coming  
    To my rescue with such a powerful Fleet,  
    To look with less severity upon his fault:  
    Besides, which happily you know not,  
    I gave him leave to be a suiter to my daughter.

Age. His punishment would be so great to see Glorinda,  
    As herself whom he would then have wounded  
    As his rival, that I confess I wish him here.  
    Besides, those of his Fleet, or he scaping to  
    That, may do some sudden mischief.

K. He cannot be so base, your fears are needless.  

Exeunt.
II.iv.136 clear Cleanse, remove, purge.

II.iv.143 Youth Austella would appear to be saying that though Clarimant despairs of life and requital of his love, yet the power of the affection he bears for Clorinda may save him.
[ACT III, Scene ii]

Enter Clorinda and Austela.

Clo. Madam, in modesty I could no longer
Wear the habit of a man, once known a woman:
But humbly I beseech you on my knees,
As you respect the honor of our sex,
When you return, to licence my departure
From the Court; since misery and discontent
Dwells here, though I were circled in
With all those honors you or the King can grant.

Au. I must confess I am made happy by your misery,
And therefore hold my self oblig'd to study always 10
For your satisfaction: But know, besides this tye,
I have so great opinion of your merit,
Hold it so far to exceed mine, that I am confident
The Gods reserve for you a greater blessing then
Agemor,
A person taint'd in his faith.

Clo. Although your own, I must not suffer
Such an undervalue of the King, whose worth is such,
So far exceeding all, that it admits of an allay.
Here it was no so, rather addition; 20
A change produc'd by such perfection,
Is not to be esteem'd inconstancie, but wisdom.

Au. It is not now, rather hereafter that I shall return
This argument upon your self: Now let us go do
What charity enjoins.

Clo. That and my duty forces me to attend you. Exeunt.

[ACT III, Scene iii]

Enter Clarimant and Clindor.

Cl. How is it with your Highness?

Cla. O too well, Clindor: my outward wounds
Heal much too fast, since these within do fester.

Cl. Well sir, you little know what service I may do you.

Cla. I know thou hast and wilt be careful of my health.

Cl. But sir, I mean that I can serve you in your love.

Cla. O Clindor, speak no more; thou troublest me. [118]
III.111]

Cla. Will it trouble you to let you know Clorinda's here?

Cla. Here! where?

Cla. Not in this room, but in this Country, nay in this Court.

Cla. Alas I know it, and so by this does all men.

Cla. But do they know Selina's here in habit of a man?

Cla. Yes, yes.

Cla. But yet they do not know she is in love with me, most desperately too.

Enter two Surgeons.

Cla. Nor dost thou know it, fool, she does abuse thee.

Cla. She dares not; by this light I will beat her. —

The Surgeons, sir, are come to dress you.

Cla. Must I be drest?

Enter Austela, Clorinda, and Olima.

Cla. The Queen your sister! Clorinda, as I live, sir.

Cla. 0 fool, thou lyest; it is impossible —

Can it be she?

Au. Brother, how is it with you now?

Cla. So well, that I could kiss that sword that made these

Wounds; for I by them receive a benefit

Which I durst never hope.

Au. Come, I must dress your wounds; no common hand

Is fit to touch you. I know this Lady will apply

One plaister, since for her sake you did receive

These wounds.

Cla. Led by your example, I am compell'd to follow. [119]

Cla. You Gods, what happiness is this! may they be long

A healing, if still this application will continue.

23 how is it with] how is with 0
Au. Pray not against your self, heaven is offended,
Granting your request, I fear; for if I not mistake,
They bleed afresh. Fair Clorinda,
These drops express his passion, and your power.

Clo. I grieve for both, and know no remedy so good
As a perpetual absence.

Clo. Know dear Clorinda, it was a thankful heart
That sent those few drops forth to kiss your hand
For so great favours: your cruel resolution
Sends them back, their errand scarce perform'd:
For see, I bleed no more; but know withall
'Tis the destruction of the fountain; the coldness
Of despair must quickly freeze all motion.

Au. I owe a reverence to that blood upon this hand;
0 let me kiss it as a most sacred relique
Of the truest Lover the sex did ever boast. Offers to weep.
That spot, Clorinda, you may wipe away,
But never shall the memory of him
Whom you thus cruelly do murder
By disdain.

Clo. Madam, free from that guilt, I cannot apprehend
A punishment. The Gods are just; they be my witness
If I had happiness to give, I should prefer
This Prince before my self; But I am such a pece
Of earth, so sunk beneath all joys,
That should I yield what he can ask,
Yet I must lie like lead upon his heart.

Au. Yet for the present, sure,
It is fit you speak comfort to him.

Clo. Comfort from me! 'tis contradiction
To my being, who am made up of misery.

Au. Pray come near, and speak to him.

Clo. I am so careful, that I would not hurt him.

Au. Brother, be confident her rigor cannot last,
I shall persuade her to relent.

Clo. 0 Madam, you mistake; she only hath the beauties
And not the weaknesses usually depending on her sex:
Her resolutions have their ground from reason ever,
And know no change till it command.
How can she then esteem the less deserving brother
Worthy her love, when he that most deserved
Foully betrayed her? Life could only prove
No curse, if I might be assur'd she would
Forgive the injury she suffers by the trouble
Of my love; to hope her pitty of my torments,
Is much above my faith.

Cleo. Madam, too long we have disturb'd the Prince;
Our absence would be more conducing to his health.

Au. There is a care his merits methinks should command
Over your gratitude: which that you not apply,
Too late you may repent.

Cleo. I so much wish his health and happiness,
That I will ever pray that he may never find
Disquiet thought, and to my prayers likewise add
My latest counsel: Forget Clorinda, and make her
happy.

Cleo. Forget Clorinda, and make her happy!
How can I understand this cruel sentence?

Au. Waste not your spirits, sir; I think I understand
her,
And it shall not be long ere I procure her
To explain herself.

Cleo. You are the comfort of my love, and life.

Exeunt.

[ACT III, Scene iv]

Enter Prince, Cleon.

Pr. What do I owe my stars that did direct me
To this place, where I find safety for my person,
Cure for my wounds, and such a friend who chalks me
Our a way to all I can desire on earth!

Cleo. Follow my counsel, and be constant in it,
You are the master of your wish.

Pr. Constant! can there be other ends propos'd
Powerful to change me? Revenge for my disgrace;
And the possession of the Kingdom I aim'd at
In Austela, now to prove mine with one I more esteem. 10
The fair Clinda. But how when this is done,
I ever can requite your pains?

Cleo. It pays it self; and to secure you more
Of my intention and performance,
Know I am not the man I have appeared,
But one whom both revenge and love does likewise
Animate.
Enter Druid.

\[\text{My Instrument returns:}\]
\begin{align*}
\text{When we have heard what's his intelligence,} \\
\text{I will lay my self more fully open,} \\
\text{And we'll conclude how to pursue what we design.} \\
\text{What is thy news, good sir?}
\end{align*}

**Druid.** As you could wish.

**Ole.** We'll hear't within.

**Exeunt.**

\[\text{[ACT III, Scene v]}\]

Enter Clorinda and Selina.

**Clor.** A man so holy and so knowing, sayst thou,
That can give comforts to all griefs,
Call back the peace that is fled from any mind?

**Sel.** Certainly, Madam, the spirit of the Gods
Dwells in him, or rather he is a God descended
I am confident, had you but once discours'd with him,
You would not be thus sad.

**Clor.** O fool! the Gods themselves have not a cure for me
But death: If he their substitute would give me that,
Then I would visit him most gladly. Prethee leave me.

**Sel.** Well Madam, I grieve you have not faith
To trust my words. My words! nay, all the City
Speaks him wonderful for sanctity and knowledg.

**Clor.** Well, perhaps I will see him: Prethee now leave me.

**Sel.** Alas Madam, I cannot, whilst you are thus sad.

**Clor.** I am not so, thou but deceivest thy self;
Or if I be, company makes me worse.

**Sel.** Madam, since I must, yet still my duty
Presses you to receive this comfort.

**Clor.** Well, be gone, I will think on it. **Exit Selina.**
Why do I trifle time out thus, when every hour
I feel a torment more then death can be?
Besides, if I were gone; from the impossibility
To enjoy me, Prince Clarimants affection

21 good sir?] good? 0
An agent. Note Cleon's arrogance, here, and when he tells Selina to hear him "as [she] would a God that should in speech / Declare his pleasure . . ." (Part I, IV.ii.17-19).
Might abate; and yet when I consider,
His love appears none of those sickly passions
Which time can triumph over; since I believe it such,
Where is my gratitude to see him languish?
Nay, to see him die? die of those wounds
That he for me received? I never can forget
His blood fresh streaming from his wounds
At my approach; that faithful witness of his joy,
More worthy of belief, then if a thousand tongues
Or pens should be implored: I find my self
More wretched now than ever, fitter to die;
For if I live, I to my own shall add
His sufferings too: And yet methinks that should be
Pleasing: To grieve for him, is to discharge
Part of that debt I owe; I would not be ungrateful:
Live then Clarinda, till thou find'st some way
To make him happy. No, it is impossible,
Since I cannot be so; yet I may seem content,
And by that seeming give him real blessing:
And see, fortune presents an object that confirms my hopes
It may be done, at least I will endeavour.

Enter Clarinda.

01. Dearest Clarinda! not less dear, because a woman;
   For such perfections in a man I solely could not
   Have possesst, my own defects barring that happiness:
   But as a woman sure, none can pretend
   With greater merit to your favour;
   All my wants supplied by my firm love,
   Which cannot know another object then your fair self.

01o. I must esteem my self most happy
   In the continuance of your love,
   Rather your friendship; for all affection
   Is from us proper to the better sex.

01. Which sure is ours, you being a woman.

01o. Your sister will not grant you that,
   Whose example you ought to follow, in acknowledging
   Love and superiority due to the men,
   Especially such men as the King Agenor
   And his more worthy brother Clarimant.

01. These words of Clarimant, if heard,
   Would cause a general joy through all the Court:
   But he himself must know his happiness by degrees,
   Lest the excess again disturb his health;
   Since your last visit he is miraculously recover'd.
Clorinda here descends from Platonism to discuss a more practical domestic philosophy. Her remark echoes the injunctions of numerous tracts on marriage popular in the seventeenth century. William Gouge, in his treatise *Of Domesticall Duties*, (London, 1622, p. 269) entitles a complete section "Of an husbands superiority over a wife, to be acknowledged by a wife." Of this there were two parts:

1. That she acknowledge her husband to be her superior.
2. That she respect him as her superior.

The acknowledgement was in turn twofold:

- Generall of any husband.
- Particular of her owne husband.

Gouge follows these stipulations with a number of proofs of the superiority of husbands, and a series of admonitions for those who think otherwise.
You attribute to me what is more justly due
Unto the King and Queen's, may your sweet conversation.
Methinks you four would be most aptly join'd;
Two brothers and two sisters, whose perfections
All the world cannot equal.

Dear Glorinda, I must not understand you;
Or if I do, you have a mean opinion
Of my Judgment, less of my Constancie,
Which did but now profess my heart for ever only yours.

I take for granted that your heart is mine,
Which I express in that I would dispose it,
And so would do my own, if I had any:
But know that what I once do give, I never reassume;
Or if I had a heart, could that be worthy Clarimant
Another had despised?

What now you speak to me, expresses your respect to him,
And so must not displease; for I confess
His merits are so great, that in his happiness
All that love vertue must be sharers:
But I beseech you do not entertain a thought
That you can breed a change in him or me.
Dear Glorinda, your vertue and your beauty
Is the object of our Loves; such a conformity
As may arise from that, betwixt Prince Clarimant
And me, is only fit.

I for my part do ask no more, but that your lines
Of love do meet in me: ^But reason in him,
Friendship in you may give me power in time
To tie a happy knot; this hope the Gods inspire me with.

Take heed, they needs must be offended with you
For a hope that is so unjust.

Dare you refer your self unto their sentence?
I dare do any thing that you think fit;
But this I know you cannot.

Heaven knows that I desire it.

But do not hope it, when two wills oppose you.

Yet when the Gods shall give their sentence,
Your will and Clarimant's, if all your vows be true,
Must then submit to mine.
III.v.95 *lines of love* Perhaps a figure of speech from chiromancy. There are abundant references to the "line of life;" cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, II.ii.169:

Go to, here's a simple line of life: . . .
III. v, III. vi

Ol. Should we grant our obedience, how have the Gods, 
            Or can they unto us declare their will?

Olo. That great Deity that did infuse 
        A reasonable soul into us mortals, 
        Intron'd that Reason as a King to govern
        All our actions. But beyond this I am inform'd, 
        Nor is it possible but you must know it, 
        That here without the City in a sacred Grove, 
        There lives a man so pious, and so knowing
        The will of heaven, that all men in distress
        Or doubt repair to him, and find a happy issue 
        Of their troubles.

Ol. It is most true, his fame is great: 
    If curiosity do move you to go visit him, 
    I gladly will attend you; but since I have resisted 
    What you commanded, dear Olorinda, 
    No mortal man must change me.

Olo. I love this firmness in you; the fitter you 
    Will prove hereafter for Olorinda's affection. 
    In hearts of wax, Love easily impressions make, 
    But those of diamonds hardly new forms take.  

Exeunt.

[ACT III, Scene vi]

Enter Agenor and Clindor.

Age. Clindor, I make no doubt your joy is not the least 
        To see your Master thus recover'd of his wounds.

Oli. Faith sir, his outward wounds are pretty well; 
        But there's a foolish shaft sticks in his heart. 
        The little Archer should be whipt for shooting 
        Soldiers, 
        What has he to do with us?

Age. He aims still at the noblest marks.

Oli. But those, sir, that are wise, wear privy coats, 
        And then his darts prove but burbots, and drop down 
        At our feet: And is not that, sir, better then by our 
        whining 
        Or in verse or prose, make these she-gossips think 
        themselves 
        Our Deities, who by creation rather are our slaves.

Age. I see thou art an enemy to Love.

Oli. Just as to Idleness: why are we not in arms? 
        Methinks there is now a brave occasion.
III.vi.9 Burbolts Variant spelling of "birdbolts," blunt-headed arrows used for shooting birds.
Age. How? we have no enemies.

Cl. Let's make some then: But sir, you have a cause
Of just revenge against that base Prince which hurt
your Brother:
Let's fall upon his Country, they say a rich one,
And he no doubt lies here obscured to do some
mischief:
At least let us seize upon his ships here in the
road.\[127\]

Age. It were dishonorable:
He came to the assistance of the King my father,
And for his sake I rather do desire his friendship,
However he appears not to receive it.

Cl. That shews his hatred; he may be in his Country
Raising forces to invade your Kingdom in your
absence;
Prevent him sir, and seize on his; it is a shame,
sir,
To lie here hugging a wife, wasting your best of
youth
On poor delights.

Age. Thou knowest not what it is to be rich in pleasure.

Cl. Yes, to have mony purchas'd by my sword.

Age. Is it not as well to have it without blows?

Cl. Not by the half: If your Majesty should give me
now
A thousand crowns, in the mind I am in,
I swear I scarce would give you thanks for it.

Age. Well Clindor, I had such an intention; but since
I see
It will be no more acceptable, it shall be reserv'd
for some other.

Cl. Your Majesty, if you please, may lend me such a
sum:
At the first City taken by assault, I shall pay it.

Age. The war is so distant from my thoughts,
So long I cannot spare it.

Cl. Nay, as you please sir, I am full.\[127\]

Age. Able to lend me, are you not? I am a stranger
here,
And may need gold.
i.n.III.vi.21  road  i.e., a roadstead, where ships may lie at anchor.

i.n.III.vi.43  full  Abounding in wealth; amply supplied with means, also in weaker sense, having sufficient for one's needs. See Philippians 4:18 "I have all and abound. I am full."
III. vi, III. vii]

Ol. Make haste, sir, back to Burgonia, your credit's good there:
And to say truth, I wonder why you stay so long;
Your subjects will believe you have forgot them,
Your fathers death, sir, left things much unsettled.

Age. Olindo, I thank you for your care; 'tis worth my thought,
And shall be worth to you the thousand crowns we spake of,
Nor shall you pay so much as thanks to me:
Only be careful of my brother; he is full of melancholy,
For which I know no better cure then your company.

Ol. He shall not stir a foot without me:
But this same foolish love does trouble us; A little Bout, sir,
In the field, War, war would cure us all. Exeunt.

[ACT III, Scene vii]

Enter Clarimant and Clorinda.

Cla. Divine Clorinda! how quickly is my joy
To see you here, lost by the cruelty of your commands!
All your neglect was just; but now to bid me
Cease to love you, nay to impose a new affection,
It is such a studied tyrannie, that I in this particular
To Gods and men may justify my disobedience To Clorinda.

Clo. I must not hope that any argument
That I have used can be of equal force
With her pretensions; if they want power,
'Tis vain to plead it further: but henceforth
Be assured I never shall impose any command
Upon you, nor will I ever see you more,
If with convenience I may avoid you.

Cla. Stay, you cannot think it is possible
I should obey you.

Clo. I think you will not rather; so fare you well. [129]

Cla. O stay! was ever man so wretched?
May I not be allowed some time to try
If I can be unconstant?

Clo. Yes.
Cla. How long?

Clo. Two or three days.

Cla. Oh! years, years will not do it, sure not an age,
I cannot suffer such a thought: To pierce my heart
Is much more easie; O give me leave to do that
Rather; then you shall see your character
So deeply print there, that not Glorinda's self
Can ere deface it, not by this injury.
Although the greatest that ever yet was offer'd
To a faithful love.

Clo. Tears from those manly eyes! it is not fit I urge
it more:
But know withall it is impiety in you
To hope I ever can be yours:
For though no contract past betwixt me
And the King your brother, I hold my self
Unfit to be another's wife; my vows of being
Ever his, are sure in heaven recorded.
Think seriously of this; but withall be assured
That person does not live to whom I hold
My self so much obliged as to Prince Clarimant:
The Gods grant you much peace,
Nay greater happiness then they permit me to bestow.  
Exit Glorinda.

Cla. Thunder and musick in one voice; despair and joy!
Yet reason bids me hope from her last word:
The heart that pities once, may love afford.  Exit.

[ACT III, Scene viii]

Enter Glorinda, Selina.

Clo. Selina, I am now resolved to see this
Holy man; and if he be what you relate,
Hereafter I shall credit you. Prince Clarimant
And fair Glinda too will go along:
Let it be order'd so, if possible,
That none take notice of our going.

Sel. That may with much ease be effected: Some hours
As in the morning he wholly dedicates
To his devotions, and does admit of none to visit him:
But persons of your quality are not obliged to any
rule.

Clo. It falls out happily; be ready then to guide us.
Sel. Madam, I shall not fail; and if you find him not
above
What you expect, for ever banish me your favor.  \textit{Exeunt.}

[\textit{ACT III, Scene ix}]

\textbf{Enter King, Austela.}

K. \textit{Austela.} I much wonder why this
Unhappy Prince appears not.

Au. Doubtless, sir, he is shipt; the sense of his
disgrace
Will hinder him for ever appearing in this Court.

K. Why should you think so? his action was not such
As you would make it; although \textit{Glorinda}
Were a woman, he knew it not, but as a rival
In your sisters love did wound her.

Au. That is true, sir; it is not that which I alledge
In his disgrace, but that he with such odds
Could not defend himself from \textit{Glarimant}.

K. It was his misfortune, and not want of courage,
Nor can I think that he consented
To that assistance which his servants gave:
However I must value him a friend,
For such he shewed himself in my distress;
Nor shall he suffer in my Kingdom, if it lie
In my power to serve him.

Au. I am not, sir, to counsel you: but for my part
The little knowledge I had of him, does make me wish
Never to see my sister married to him;
And I am confident, if not inforc'd,
She never will receive him for a husband.

K. It is not come to that: I rather fear
His wounds were mortal; and should he thus be lost
And no accompt given of his life or death,
It might be prejudicial to my honor,
All neighbor Princes would avoid my Court for ever.

Au. It were no loss, if they were all like him.

K. Daughter, I find you are so partial for your
Husbands brother, that you forget my interest quite.

Au. I cannot be so sever'd by a husband,
As to forget a loving father: My sisters good
Obliges to speak thus much, for whom
I must believe Prince Clariment would prove
A nobler husband then this Prince
You so much seem to favour.

K. It is true; but his affection's settled on Clorinda
   sure,
   Never to be altered.

Au. You know not, sir, what time may do;
   Clorinda's self labours to make Prince Clariment
Change his affection to my sister: For her,
   She vows never to marry, as having lost Agenor
Whom she loved. This I both gather by mine
   Own observance, and likewise know it from my sister,
   To whom Clorinda hath in part express as much.

K. Things standing so, I must confess, if honor
   And my word engag'd permit, I quickly should consent.

Au. You would have reason. I know Agenor
   So much loves his brother, that he might be persuaded
   After your death to live here, and leave the govern-
   ment
   Of Burgonie to Clariment.

K. It were a high point of state, could it be so,
And we should aptly pay the care we owe
   Unto this Kingdom. That State is much more happy
Where the Prince himself remains,
   Then howsoever govern'd by a Substitute.

Au. Add to this, what happiness it were for me
   To live here in that Kingdom, which I
   By your favour brought my husband.

K. My dear Austela, I rejoice in thy instruction:
   My daughter and my Tutor, to thy clear
   Judgment I leave the managing of this affair.

[ACT III, Scene x]

Enter Oleon and Druid.

Dru. Will you not let them see my art?

Ole. No, no, it were a loss of time.

Enter Prince and Sailors.

Pr. On peril of your lives keep close, till you be
call'd.
Cle. Speak not of calling;  
As soon as you perceive them once entred  
This thicket, break forth and seise them:  
If any men come in their company,  
Unless they yield, kill them; whilst we convey  
Away the Ladies to the ship. Where lies the Boat?  
Who guides to that?

Sail. Fast by here in a Creek.

Pr. But why should not we rather let them come  
Unto his Cell? then we might better seise them.  

Cle. Oh by no means! he must remain here still  
In the same reputation, untill by poison  
Or some other way the King Agenor be dispatcht;  
And then come to receive a dukedom  
For thy recompence, — [Aside.] or else a halter.

Dru. Doubt not, I will deserve it.

Pr. My mind misgives me that they will not come.

Cle. Oh fear it not; both love and curiosity  
Advance their steps, either of which  
Hath power to make young people run:  
The boy that brings them, hath his interest too:  
I judge it near the time.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. I see them coming.

Cle. Stand close.

Enter Selina, Clorinda, Clarimant, Olinda, Olindor.

Sel. Madam, it is but a little farther  
Within the Wood.

Oli. Whilst they enquire for Oracles,  
I'll talk with you: [Aside.] It is a notable witty  
rogue —  
The place methinks invites.

Enter Sailors [and withdraw fighting with  
Olindor and Clarimant].

Cle. Traitors!

Clo. Help, help, you Gods!

Pr. Make good against them.
III.x, IV.1]

Ola. Lose no time.  
Exit Prince, Cleon, Clorinda, Olinda.

Enter Clarimant and Clindor.  
In the fight [the] Sailors are kill'd.

Ola. O Clindor, that we had wings!  
Exeunt.

ACT. IV. Scæn. i.  [134]

Enter King, Agenor, Austela, and Attendants.

K. 'Tis strange that they should be so long returning, 
It is not a mile without the City.

Age. It seems they find a pleasing entertainment.

Enter Clindor (wounded.)

Au. 0 my heart! what object's this!

Age. Clindor, what mean these wounds?

Oli. To kill me, sir, I think; and if they do, 
It matters not, life hath with me no value: 
Your Brother's lost.

Age. How lost?

Oli. Surpris'd by the base Prince of Aquitain, 
As they were going to see the holy Druid.

Au. 0 heavens! and whither carried?

Oli. To his Fleet that lies here in the Road. 
Prince Clarimant and I, when we had kill'd 
Those that opposed us, pursued to overtake them, 
But came just as they put their Barge from shore: 
The Prince not considering his wounds, 
Transported by his passion, leaps into the sea, 
And swam after the Boat; but you may think 
In vain, although he could have reach't it.

Age. And so was drown'd!

Oli. Not drown'd, but perhaps worse: 
Whether moved by the Ladies prayers, or that they 
might not 
Lose the profit of his ransom, or with more cruelty [135] 
To make an end of him, I know not which; 
I saw them take him up into the Boat, 
Having disarm'd him first.
IV.1, IV.11]

_Age._ He's lost, he's lost!
Just Gods grant me revenge upon the Traitor,
And after punish me which way you please for all my ills.

_Oth._ The hope of that revenge is my excuse to outlive
My master: Think what you are to do.

_Age._ Thou counsell'st well.
O sir, your help! what is to be done?

_K._ I am so distracted with the accident — —

_Age._ Lend me your power.

_K._ Most willingly.

_Age._ Furnish such ships with all speed possible
As are not so; such as be ready, clap men aboard
Them strait: For me, were there but one,
By all the Gods, with that I will attempt their rescue.

_Au._ Then I must go along.

_Age._ You!

_Au._ Yes, I.

_Age._ Let some watch on the shore, and see if the Admiral join's sail, what course he holds.

_I._ That shall be my employment; but be assured sir,
Whilst the wind keeps where it is,
They cannot pass into the Main.

_K._ _Age._ Continue good heaven, and grant your aid! _Exeunt._

[ACT IV, Scene ii]

_Enter_ Cleon.

Fortune! thou enemy to wit and industry,
How I could curse thee deity, and this same giddy Prince,
That by his new affection gives thee power
To ruine my well-laid plots! But I unjustly
Do complain of both: _Glorinda's_ beauty
Is my fate, all my disasters take from her
Their being; I will forget her, tear her from my heart:
nIV.1.45 Admiral i.e., the flagship.
But then I overthrow the groundwork
Of my great design; no Kingdom,
Nor no happiness without Glorinda.

Enter Selina.

Sel. How! no happiness without Glorinda!

Gle. No happiness without Glorinda dye,
You know her title to the Crown of Burgonya
Takes place of mine.

Sel. And why then does she live?

Gle. It is a question I may better ask,
I gave you poison to dispatch her.

Sel. Rather a Cordial to comfort her, see,
I dare take the rest.

Gle. Hold, dear Selina!

Sel. Dear Selina! False perjurd man, have I from love
To thee, attempted wickedness so great,
That horror strikes my soul to think upon it;
And after all cast off like a scorn'd property,
Your work perform'd?

Gle. This jealousie does set a greater value on thee:
Come, I will open to thee all my heart;
To make my title strong, I must be married
To Glorinda.

Sel. You must!

Gle. Hear me with patience,
I mean in policie it were fit:
But to secure your fears, before that pass,
The Priest shall secretly joyn us together,
Which disanuls a second marriage.

Sel. If this be real that you speak,
Perform it now betwixt our selves,
And call the Gods to witness.

Gle. Our hearts already have consented,
What needs there more?

Sel. It is even so; I left nothing undone
To the last circumstance, that you desired;
Gave Clarimant, Glorinde, and the Princess
Glinde into your hands. But I perceive
Where your heart's first, and I was strangely fool'd,
That ever could believe again.
Ole. I like not this, dear Selina,
If you consider well, you have no ground
For jealousy from me. The Prince, within whose
power
We at the present are, neglects his former Mistress, 50
Makes all addresses, in my judgment, to Clorinda.

Sel. In this you more confirm me, that you still
Do love Clorinda: since jealousy makes you
Imagine that for which there is no ground;
Or if this Prince like you should prove unfaithful,
Can it be thought Clorinda can be moved
To love again, that had no sense of all
Prince Clarimant hath done or suffer'd for her sake?

Ole. But she is within his power; and what time
Or force may work! nay, if you will observe,
You'll find she shews no great aversion to him.

Sel. Lend me your eyes, I cannot see it else.

Ole. No more; be confident, Selina, I am what I was.

Sel. Yes, I am confident,
False as the Fiends, too late I find it.

Enter Prince, Clorinda, Olinda, Attendants. [138]

Fr. Most noble Oleon!

Olo. Ha! Oleon?

Fr. Lend me your help, to let these Ladies know
Nothing but service is intended.

Ole. What mean you sir? [Aside.] she must not know me. 70

Olo. Oleon: Did you not call him Oleon?

Fr. No, Madam.

Olo. Sure you did.

Fr. Then I mistook.

Ole. Oleander is my name, a servant to your beauty
Lady, and this fair Princess; whose merits
Are so great, that by your selves consider'd,
May well assure of all observance,
Especially from this noble Prince your servant.

Olo. I must confess sir, I believe him every way
So worthy, that I much grieve fortune allotted
Him no other way then force to gain
Possession of his Mistress. Come, Madam, be not sad;
A noble husband makes a large amends
For less of friends or country; nor are they lost
But for the present.

Ol. I know not how (Ciorinda) you may value him;
But I must tell him plainly, his actions
Speak him base and treacherous.

Fr. Madam, I shall not so much grieve to find you
Cruel, since this fair Lady not condemns me.

Clo. You shall in nothing, sir, oblige me more,
Then by your using Clariment with courtesie:
Although your enemy, he is my friend;
A nearer interest tho' he most deservingly
Hath sought, my inclination never could allow him.

Fr. I shall forget my wounds receiv'd from him;
Neglect all opportunity to take revenge,
If it may be to you a satisfaction.

Clo. Your noble usage of him whilst he is your
prisoner,
At last may turn to your advantage:
Your peace will be the easier made with both the
Kings;
May, without doubt this fair Princess
Would easily be granted to you
In exchange for him.

Ol. Me in exchange! first I will be wedded to my grave.

Fr. Lady, I shall not press you much:
Your pride and scorn darkens your beauty,
Whilst courtesie sets off what in this Lady
Needs no foil.

Clo. It is so.

Clo. I see you are a Courtier, sir, and know how
To oblige those who have power to assist your wishes:
Your favorable opinion of me, engages my
Best performance with my dearest friend
To make her yours; this coyness shall not last,
Leave me to win her for you.

Fr. If you be pleas'd to hold me worthy, I shall not
Study to maintain a meaner happiness.

Clo. He is taken past recovery.
IV.ii, IV.iii]

Fr. Ladies, we dare not longer bar you
   The happiness to enjoy your selves.
   Dispose of all things freely in this ship,
   Were it the Empire of the world, most
   Excellent Glorinda, your power were still the same.

Ole. I know you borrow but my name,
   The power intended here; and so she must
   Conceive it.

Fr. Sir, let me crave some conference with you. [140]

Ole. Command that boy straight from them,
   As you respect your happiness:
   I'll give you reason for it.         Exit Prince, Cleon.

Sel. O Madam! Whispers.

L. Sir, you must go with me.

Sel. What mean you?

L. The Prince would speak with you.     Exeunt.

[ACT IV, Scene iii]

Enter Clarimant.

Can I yet live, and know Glorinda prisoner,
Subject to all the injuries of power,
And I incapable to serve her? I am not so;
My hands are free, only my heart is slaved
Under misfortune. Were my love such as justly
Might arise from so miraculous a cause,
The ardor of my flame would prompt my heart
And hand to find some way to set her free,
And take revenge upon the treacherous Prince.
But I do find the cause of all this deadness:
My thoughts are active, but there wants
Her favorable influence upon me.
O me! what do my fears suggest!
My eyes and ears, those traitors to my peace,
I will not trust your base intelligence;
You are but the servants of my fear, and not my
reason:
Can injuries or importunity prevail
To make her love this Prince; where love and service
On my part procured but frowns? O yes,
It may be so; there is a cruelty in Love,
By which that Deity does magnifie it self:
Reason or merit must pretend no share
In the free bounties of a heart that Love inclines.
Enter Olorinda.

[Cl.] Prince Clarimant!

Cla. Ha!

Clo. Why are you so amazed?

Cla. What light breaks from that cloud,
And with the sudden brightness dazzles my sense!
My happiness is such, O speak again,
That by two witnesses my joys may be confirmed.

Clo. Why are you thus disturb'd? you oft have seen me.

Cla. But never thus, never thus unexpectedly,
When I despair'd the happiness.

Clo. Had fortune been so envious to deny an opportunity,
As I confess this hardly was attain'd,
To give you thanks for the last testimony of your love;
Yet reason, and the estimation you do hold of me,
Might well assure you I could not but resent it
Highly.

Cla. O heavens!

Clo. You are sad; does this acknowledgment offend you?

Cla. Offend me, dear Olorinda! 'tis such a joy
As justly might transport me from my self:
But when I do consider all my merit was but intention
And that I can do nothing real in your service,
The sense of my misfortune sinks me down low as despair.

Clo. The Gods themselves in what we owe to them,
Do not require above what they enable us
To act; much less is due to me,
Who rather am your debtor; which to acquit in part
I chiefly came to clear any suspicion
You might have conceived from my kind usage
Of this traitor Prince; yet know if you believed me
Guilty, it was a crime I can as hardly pardon
As your too much love.

Cla. The last is such a guilt as every minute multiplies;
And though you cruelly condemn it, such is yet
The riches of my soul.
Clo. But if you wish, as you profess, my happiness
And satisfaction, temper it so, that I may pay the
like;
The affections of a brother to a sister I will allow
you.

Cla. In this you do so far exceed my hopes or merit,
That it were ingratitude not to acknowledge
A bounty infinitely great: But since that
Sisterly affection does not debar you
From conferring a greater happiness upon some other,
A happiness which I must burst with envy to behold:
Nay, curse whom you so bless, you do but raise me
high,
To throw me down with greater violence.

Clo. To cure this fear, the Gods be witness,
No others interest ever shall exceed Prince Clarimant's.

Cla. Nor shall their happiness then, by this fair hand.

Clo. But if beyond this you but hope, you injure me
And vertue. —— So peace dwell with you.

Cla. Alas, already you forget your promise;
You wish peace, and remove it from me,
Would any sister do so to a brother?

Clo. Yes, to preserve herself and him:
Were we discover'd, you were lost.
The Prince which my unhappy beauty hath surprized
Neglects Olinda, and certainly does fix his thoughts
On me: With him, as far as honor would permit,
I have dissembled, entertain'd his flame
With no dislike; by which you are preserv'd as yet,
And not ill used: But this stol'n visit
Would to him express more kindness
Then he must think I have for you ——
I hear some entering the Cabin ——
Heaven! it is the Prince.

Enter Prince, Cleon, and Sailors.

[Pr.] Who have we here? Death seize him,
And throw him overboard. —— They seise him.

Clo. O heavens! what art can save him?

Cla. O for a sword!

Clo. Dare you presume to speak of love to me,
And do an act so base? The mere intent, 
Wore you not rooted here, would cancel all your interest.

Pr. My interest!

Olo. But if you value my respect so little, 
And your own promise for his noble usage, 
Yet wisdom bids you not forget the advantage 
That his life may bring more then his death.

Ola. She tells you true; remember why we did at first 
Preserve him to make our peace, should not our plot 
Take on Agemor.

Pr. Take him away and bind him.

Olo. Why sure he cannot fly; To leap into the sea, 
Were to perform himself that which you threaten.

Pr. Remove him hence however.

Ola. Fortune! that gives this man this power.

Pr. I look upon him as a hated rival, away with him.

Exit with Clarimant.

Olo. Come, I forgive this passion, the cause 
That it proceeds from being love to me, 
The error too that you are in is punishment enough.

Pr. [Aside.] Though I suspect all for dissembled, 
Yet I am pleas'd to hear her; what was my error?

Olo. A gross mistake of this stolne visit, 
And yet love was my grand errand.

Pr. Where's my mistake then?

Olo. Patience, and hear me: You thought Olinda 
Once did love you, and you were not mistaken; 
She did so till she knew the Prince: 
You found her alter'd; and of me mistaking 
The true cause, were jealous. Now by the Gods, 
If I have truth, she loves the Prince.

Pr. And so I fear do you.

Olo. By way of gratitude; but for affection, 
Heaven witness with me I loved another: 
Yet where I find distrust and disrespect, 
Such as you have exprest, I am no longer bound.
Ole. [Aside.] Infinite cunning!

Olo. But to proceed: Finding this Ladies passions
Strong to Clarimant, my obligations great,
By way of gratitude, I thought my self obliged
To make him happy in Olinnda's love,
And doubt not to effect it, though I must blush to
say so.
I found some arguments besides that prest me
To this undertaking; for were their hearts so first
On other, your peace with both the Kings were quickly
made,
And you stood free to make a new election:
Yet were all women of my mind,
You should stay long enough without a wife, you are
so passionate.

Pr. Most excellent Olorinda, pardon the rashness of
your servant,
Who henceforth yields himself for ever to be dispos'd
Of by your.

Olo. Well, if I find so, I never was ungrateful.

Exit Prince and Olorinda.

Ole. How with a twin'd thred does she ride the Ass,
And turns him how she please! but when I consider,
It is no wonder, she hath a depth of policie
Which all my art could never fathom: True,
Blinded by my love, I could not reach her aims:
But stood I free, she wanting the advantage
Of loves power upon me, how poor and shallow
Were the arts of all the sex? But as it is,
Fortune hath given this silly Prince
The power to crush me into nothing;
Breaks his contract with me touching Olorinda,
Which was the soul of all my undertaking.
Is there no was to right my self? yes,
This could revenge my wrongs on him,
But then I perish in the act, and leave Olorinda
To be enjoy'd by Clarimant: that most not be,
No, ere my Rival shall so happy prove,
I to my hate will sacrifice my love.

Exit.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cleon, Clorinda, Prince (following.)

Cleo. Sir, pardon this disturbance of your thoughts.

Cleo. Your presence rather, fairest Lady,
      May rectifie any disorder,
      Since you are all a harmony of sweetness.

Cleo. Sir, I perceive your power great with this noble
      Prince,
      And I believe so much a friend to him,
      That he would hearken to your counsel:
      If you would join with reason, and so perswade him
      To set Prince Clarimant and the Princess at liberty,
      I think it were an act would shew much friendship
      To him, and for your self gain what reward
      You would desire from both the Kings.

Cleo. I have observed, most beautiful Clorinda, [146]
      Such an excess of nobleness in you,
      I scarcely dare express what I would undertake
      To serve you; but then you really
      Must let me know all your desires.

Cleo. [Aside.] It is Cleon.

Cleo. Lady, dare you adventure to speak your wishes?

Cleo. I have done so.

Cleo. That Clarimant and the Princess should be
      Delivered, I do believe is your desire:
      But is that all? are you pleas'd to be here?

Cleo. Why should I not? am I not nobly used?

Cleo. I know those who are wicked fear not
      To break an oath; but such whose heart
      Is fill'd with virtue, as I am sure yours is,
      Would not be perjur'd for the world.

Cleo. To what tends this?

Cleo. That you do swear not to discover
      What I shall propose touching your service.

Cleo. You need not doubt, if it do suit
      With what I have express is my desire.

Cleo. My end shall be the same, their liberty and
      yours,
Though happily our ways to that may differ.

Cleo. My liberty!

Cle. Yes, yours the most desired:
    Swear, and then hear what I propose.

Cleo. I do, so far as vertue binds.

Cle. That tye all men have on you.

Cleo. If your intents be fair, why will you ask
    A stronger obligation then?

Cle. I dare not speak my thoughts without an oath.

Cleo. [Aside.] What can he mean? — [To him.] I swear
    never to speak
    Of that you shall propound; [Aside.] nor need I,
    Since the Prince does overhear.

Cle. Then know, I am not ignorant how you dissemble
    With this treacherous Prince, whom you
    And all the world must hate.

Cleo. [Aside.] This will undo me; [To him.] I hate the
    Prince!

Cle. Yes, Lady, deadly; yet less then I.

Pr. [Aside.] 'Tis well.

Cle. All for your sake; and for that noble Prince,
    If you consent, this hand, if Clarimant's
    Be not more able to effect it,
    Shall take revenge, and right our general wrongs.

Cleo. I do complain of none;
    If I did, how could this be effected?

Cle. With ease; nay more, it is not impossible,
    The deed done, to escape to shore in the ship-boat,
    Into which the Prince and you, the night assisting,
    May get before.

Prince discovers.

[Pr.] It is impossible; you are deceiv'd —
    A Guard there! Enter Guard and Sailors.
    Seise the Villain.

Cleo. How? what mean you sir? All that I spoke

63 Prince discovers.] Enter Prince.0
Was but to let you see how she abused you,  
And this the plot that Clarimant and she had laid:  
You know, upon your life depends my happiness.

Pr. Mine in thy death;  
This cunning cannot save you, Cleon.

Cle. Nor do I wish it should,  
If you indeed believe me guilty.

Pr. Bind him, I will have thee tortur'd limb from limb,  
Till thou confess all truth.

Clo. Let me intreat, sir, for his life,  
However I am by him accused.

Pr. For hating me; which I have too much reason  
To believe is truth.

Clo. How can you think so?  
Did I not place you to overhear him?

Pr. But knew not what he would deliver.  
See Clarimant fast bound; and (Madam)  
My cabin this night shall be thy chamber.

Clo. [Aside.] Perhaps my death-bed: Lost for ever!  
Exeunt.

[ACT V, Scene ii]

Enter Selina (bound.)

0 you just Gods! how all my treasons  
Against my sweet and innocent Mistress are return'd  
Upon my head! Prince Clarimant, I am thy murdless,  
To the fair Olinda, by my means betray'd:  
O horror! what will my torments be for this  
Hereafter in the other world? All this  
For love of thee false Cleon have I done,  
Thy cursed brain gave birth to all my plots:  
Is this the Crown thou mad'st me fondly hope for?  
And shall I die without revenge? revenge!  
My hands fast bound, there's nothing left that I can  
Reach thee with but curses, fruitless curses.  
He shall live happy, gain a Kingdom and Olinda.  
By her a Kingdom: why should I pitty her then?  
It is she that is the ground of all my misery,  
His love to her makes me thus wretched:  
For Clarimant, he may hereafter marry with Olinda,  
All but my self may yet be happy:  
Must I alone die wretched, contemn'd and scorn'd?  
Why do I longer live, my guilt and miseries so great?
You Gods, or Fiends, remove me from this miserable
Earth, and let me feel new punishments,
If punishments there be hereafter,
These they cannot exceed: how sweet were yet
Revenge! O for revenge, that Cleon's heart
Were in my hand! false Cleon's! --- no way. Exit.

[ACT V, Scene iii]

Enter Clarinda, Olinda.

Clo. O dearest Olinda, what are the miseries
That we are fall'n into! Thinking to rid my self
Of a false Villain, I have brought ruine
On us all; no art can help us now.
Oh the hard choice! to marry with this traitor
Prince; or Clarimant must die.

Ol. It were better you consent to marry with the
Prince,
Then that Prince Clarimant should suffer;
Let not him die however.

Clo. I know your love to Clarimant
Makes you perswade me thus: and I would quickly
yield,
Did not my oath to Clarimant forbid;
But would kill my self ere go to bed.

Ol. I must confess I love the Prince,
Be not offended that I say so;
It was your persuasian first: since, I have seen
Such noble actions, as raises him so far
Above all other men, that they appear
Not worthy of a thought: And yet my love
And estimation of your vertue's such,
I gladly would submit, nay much rejoice
To such merits join'd.

Enter Prince, Clarimant (bound) and Guard.

Pr. Clarimant, behold your Judge: for know, Clarinda,
This minute you must give consent to marry me,
And go to bed; or else immediately his head
Goes off.

Clo. A cruel choice!

Ol. Base man! canst thou expect to scape the hand
Of justice, after such cruelty?

Pr. It is not from you, Madam, that I expect
An answer: Speak Clorinda, give your sentence;  
For by the Gods there is no way but one of these.

Clg. O Clariment!

Cle. Heavens, can you suffer  
What you have made so excellent, to be thus  
Miserable?

Pr. These lamentations boot not:  
Speak Lady, I can admit of no delay.

Clg. What can I say?

Pr. No! strike off his head then.

Clg. Oh hold!

Pr. Speak, are you mine?

Clg. Say, Clariment.

Cle. Madam, to me death will be ease,  
Since I have liv'd to see you injured thus,  
And have not power for to revenge it.

Pr. Are you resolved?

Cle. To suffer what thy barbarous nature can inflict.

Within [a crying]: O help! fire, fire!

Pr. What cry is that?

Within [a crying]: Quench, quench the fire.

Enter 1.

[1:] 0 sir, we are all undone! the fire hath taken  
Amongst the Cabins, past all hope of extinguishing.

Enter 2.

[2:] Flie, flie! the ship, the cordage is a fire:  
For all the water we can bring, it still increases.

Pr. What, burn in the sea! slaves, quench the flames.

2. The Sailors, sir, descend into the Boat:  
Make sure of that, and reach your other ships,  
The only means of safety.

Pr. Hell and confusion!
Nv.111.54  cordage  i.e., the rigging.
2. There's none obey command; but each man looks
   To his own safety.

Ola. O heavens! must then Clorinda perish!

Fr. Make sure of the Long-boat for me: Some one kill
   Olen,
   Or rather let him perish in the flames.
   My wounds receiv'd from Clarimant, I will revenge
   My self. Offers to kill.

Ola. O sir, if you have hope in me!

Fr. It is true; he shall not die yet,
   But the Gods hereafter shall not save him,
   Though they thus crost my wishes now: Come Lady,
   I will take care of you.

Ola. We must not part.

Fr. I mean it not; there may be use of her,
   Nay for your sake bring Clarimant along.

Ola. 'Tis for thine own, false Prince.

Fr. But look well to him.

Ola. You Gods!
   Your powerful justice in these flames is shown,
   Preserve Clorinda, and your mercy's known. Exeunt.

[ACT V, Scene iv]

Enter Sailor (with a casket.)

Gracious fire! the element of water never yet
Afforded me so much: this I can swim to shore
With; yet the wind blows high; but to the
Shoreward I may escape; if not, why so
Whoever finds my body, shall give me thanks.

Enter Selina (her hands bound.)

Sel. O gentle Sailor, untie my hands!

Sail. A pretty boy; come, — It will not do,
   My knife: so, canst swim?

Sel. Oh no.

Sail. Then get some board or pack: I fear I shall be
   Drown'd, I am so well natur'd on the sudden.
sudden The sailor means, of course, that he was counting on being saved for hanging; see The Tempest I.1.62-64:

He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

The whole shipwreck sequence seems to owe much to Shakespeare; compare particularly the sailor in this scene with the drunken Stephano.
No use of this — 

Enter Cleon (hands bound.)

Cleon. Just heavens!

Selina. True, Cleon; never so manifest.

Cleon. Gentle Selina, unbind my hands.

Selina. I were ingrate else, Cleon: you did as much for me.

Cleon. And would do more; any thing; unbind me, Sweet, I'll swim with thee upon my back to shore.

Selina. You cannot swim, I am sure you shall not.

Cleon. No creature living better; I oft have swam two leagues For pleasure: O delay not, the fire approaches.

Selina. But will you marry me, and make good all your promises?

Cleon. By the Gods I will.

Selina. Sure you will agen deceive me.

Cleon. Never, by my hopes.

Selina. [Aside.] The only time you ever yet spoke truth — You shall not: yet still thy heart is false.

Cleon. It is not; quick unbind me, gentle Selina.

Selina. Well, for once I'll try what your heart holds.

Cleon. Blest Selina! She wounds him. O cruel! yet spare me

Dear Selina.

Selina. Yes, when I see your heart, or blood come from it.

Cleon. 0 witch, devil!

Selina. I am to thee so: What policie can now defend? Know to thy greater torment, I set the ship On fire, only to be reveng'd on thee, Not hoping such a happiness as this, With these to behold thy false heart blood.

Cleon. 0 that my eyes could look thee dead!
Sel. I will see them closed, my dearest husband,  
   It is my duty.

Ole. First we'll to sea together.

Sel. Since we must —  Exeunt, fall as into the sea.

[Act V, Scene v]

Enter Prince, Clarimant, Clorinda, Olinda, Sailors.

1 Sail. It were best to enter further within the wood:  
   A boat made after us when we forsook the ship.

2 Sail. Some Fisherman, that to avoid the storm,  
   Put to the shore.

Pr. Let the winds blow and split, since we are  
   Here: Fire, air, and water have oppos'd my wishes;  
   Kind mother Earth grant what they have denied.  
   But why should I intreat, that may command  
   All my desires? Once more, Clorinda,  
   I propose the choice; say, shall he die,  
   Or will you make me happy, who loves you  
   More then he?

Cla. Traitor thou lyest: He that truly loves Clorinda,  
   Would give some noble testimony: Unbinde my hands,  
   And by my death, as a worthy Rival,  
   Win her from me: I ask no sword,  
   Only the freedom of my hands; but if thy coward heart  
   Think that too much, take all these to assist.

Pr. You need not pull death faster on you  
   By injurious words; it is ready,  
   Speak Clorinda, or he dies.

Cla. Hold, and give me leave to speak a few sad words. [154]  
   Dear Clarimant, I know to save your life,  
   And yield my self another, were such a choice  
   You never could allow, since to the miserable  
   Life is a burden: Could my death  
   Make you happy, the Gods be witness  
   I would lay it down with joy.  
   Our fates I find are one; the merit of your love  
   And sufferings for my sake is such,  
   That I should hold my self ingrate,  
   Did I not grant you any thing.  
   That I might think might comfort you in death.

Cla. But shall I dare to speak my wishes?

Cla. More then dare; I do enjoin it.
The speech is reminiscent of Lear's "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks," (III.ii.1-9), not only in tone, but in its orientation to the four elements.
Ola. There is a happiness would make my death
My triumph.

Olo. I understand you. Here! alas that I should give
My hand to Clarimant, and he not able
To receive it! Our hearts may yet be join'd
For ever, and only by these miseries
They could have been.

Pr. Is this the fruit of my delay,
To hear my Rival courted?

Offers to kill Clarimant, Olorinda steps
between, and Olinda hinders it.

Olo. Know tyrant, 'tis the same,
One stroke dispatches both.

Gla. Strike here then, villain.

Ol. Devil, dost thou believe there are no Gods?

Enter Agenor, Olindor.

Age. Olindor, this way I saw them enter.

Oli. I am out of breath, sir.

Pr. Ha, who are these?

Oli. See sir, the traitor Prince.

Gla. Unbind me, dear Olorinda.

Agenor and Olindor fight with the Prince, then drive
off the Sailors and follow them: Clarimant kills the
Prince. Then

Enter Agenor (wounded) and Olindor.

Gla. O dearest brother, how is it with you?

Age. Well, Clarimant, never so well.

Olo. By all that's good, you never in my eye
Lokt half so lovely as now: yet till this day
I never could have said I lov'd another better
Then your Majesty.

Age. If it be Clarimant, my joys are then compleat.

Ol. It is he, sir; who could else deserve it?
Age. How favourable are the Gods unto the vertuous!
   How just to wicked men! How glad will my Austela be
   Of this, who with the King will straight be here?
   They from the shore beheld your ship, when it
   Took fire, saw you put off from it,
   And watch'd your landing certainly.

Cla. Know you what Bark it was
   That follow'd us at sea?

Age. I was in that, and Olindor,
   Some twenty with me to watch the ship,
   Till other Vessels were prepared:
   So swift she was of sail, that all the Fleet
   Could not have hurt us. —— See, the King!

    Enter King, Austela, Attendants.

Au. What happiness? all safe?

K. Welcom again, my dearest.

Age. Let's lose no time; delay were now ingratitude:  [156]
   See, a Temple close by prompts us
   To the performance of two duties:
   The burial of this unhappy Prince;
   But chiefly to render thanks unto the Gods.
   Deliverance so great, alacrity commands
   In giving thanks: that done, we'll join your hands.

Cla. It were folly now to deny the ceremonial,
   The real part already past.

Cla. 0 dear Olorinda!
   'Twere vain to think words could my joys express,
   Rais'd from despair to such a happiness.    Exeunt.

FINIS.
A singularly shameless statement of the doctrine of poetic justice which was to receive so much critical attention in the next century.
Epilogue.

First, Ladies, unto you I am addrest,  
As those who judge of Lovers actions best:  
If Clarimant your suffrages hath gain'd,  
Our Author hath his chiefest and obtain'd.

Now Sirs to you ——  
Sure here's no Lover will Clorinda blame  
For gratitude, since you must hope the same:  
Perhaps you rather think she was too nice,  
That such a flame no sooner thaw'd her ice:  
Our Author hopes she did but her just part;  
He nobly woo'd, she timely gave her heart:  
To both the sexes we prefer this sute;  
Ere you give sentence, with your selves dispute:  
If then condemn'd, to whom should we appeal,  
But to that Prince that pardons faults of zeal?  
If then condemn'd, 'twere pride to make appeal,  
Yet there remains a pardon in our zeal.
Emendations of Accidentals

Part I

I.i

4 she . . . mine;] She . . . mine; 0 printed as two lines beside ornamental initial.
45 a] A 0
62 One,] 0(c); One 0(u)

I.iii

123 person,] person. 0

II.ii

27 Sel. Aside.] will---Aside. 0
81 the] the the 0
119 him,] him; 0
144 Dare] dare 0
161 so,] so, 0
192 Lord . . . The] Lord; the 0
204 Court,] Court, 0
252 cannot,] cannot; 0
259 am,] am am 0
260 Can,] Can 0
317 Execut] printed after 316 in 0.

II.iii

1-3 "Meet . . . know."] quotation marks added.

III.i

1 Paper,) Paper 0 (stage direction.)
35 with,) with with 0
38 Within . . .:] follows 39 0

III.ii

1 Guards,) Guard, 0 (stage direction.)
47 Cires,) Cires; 0
85 wish,) wish? 0
142-149 "Of . . . Olorinda:"] quotation marks added.
150 So,) Olar. So 0

IV.1

25 subjects,) subjects; 0
99 more; . . . demonstration,) more, . . . demonstration, 0
109 bed,) bed, 0

IV.ii

12 Agenor,) 0(c); Agenoe 0(u).
128 the,) the the 0
148 Offers, . . . her,) follows 149 0
161 wrongs,) wrongs 0
IV.iv
6 Villain... both!] printed as second line, beside
stage direction 0.

V.iii
20 Enter... ] follows 23 0.
66-68 "Your... Agenor... "] Quotation marks added.
70-77 "That... Clarimont."] Quotation marks added.

V.v
23 1 So. ] 1. 0

Part II
I.iii
127 love,] love; 0

I.iv
71 Draws] draws.0
165 himself. As] himself, as 0
170 myself,] Q; myself 0

II.i
62 face. Sir,] face, sir. 0

II.iii
4 inconstancie!] inconstancie? 0
31 Austela approaches] Ent. Austel. 0
33 winding-sheet] written on two lines 0; hyphen
retained here on MED authority.
61 honor?] honor. 0

II.iv
6 thee?] thee. 0
45 Why,] Why 0
124 0:... space.] printed as separate line beside
stage direction.

III.iv
1 Prince, Oleon] Prince Oleon 0 (stage direction.)
17 My... returns:] printed as separate line 0.

III.v
128 over,] over, 0

IV.ii
131 Prince] Princes 0

IV.iii
25 Clar. Ha!] printed with 24 0.

V.iii
49 Within] follows fire. 0
51 Within] follows fire. 0