

The Adventures of Five Hours

1662

Sir Samuel Tuke (d. 1674)

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Samuel Tuke had engaged on the Royalist side during the Civil War, fighting at Lincoln, Marston Moor and Colchester. During the Interregnum he resided abroad, and was prevented from becoming Secretary to the Duke of York (a position for which he was recommended by Queen Henrietta Maria) by the influence of Hyde. This was perhaps on grounds of religion, for by 1659 Tuke had become a Roman Catholic. Nevertheless, under Charles II (who stood as godfather to Tuke's son Charles), Tuke enjoyed favour and preferment. He was employed on a number of minor diplomatic missions to the French court, was knighted in 1664 and created Baronet the following year. Moreover, it was apparently Charles himself who suggested that Tuke might adapt a Spanish play, *Los Empeños de Seis Horas*, then thought to be by Calderon but now credited to Antonio Coello (*d.* 1652).

Contemporary response to the play and the personality of the playwright is captured in part by a number of entries in Pepys's diary. The first, for 8 January 1663, gives Pepys's response to the public première of *The Adventures of Five Hours* (Evelyn had seen rehearsals on 23 December 1662, and the play seems to have been first performed at Court on 15 December): 'the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw or think ever shall. And all possible, not only to be done in that time, but in most other respects very admittible and without one word of ribaldry. And the house, by its frequent plaudites, did show their sufficient approbacion.' The second, for 20 August 1666, expresses a startling aesthetic preference: 'reading *Othello*, *Moore of Venice*, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but having so lately read *The Adventures of five hours*, it seems a mean thing'

(and indeed five days before Pepys had praised Tuke's play as a work which 'the more I read the more I admire'). The third records a chance meeting on 15 February 1669: 'At the Change, I did at my bookseller's shop accidentally fall into talk with Sir Sam. Tuke about Trees and Mr. Evelings garden; and I do find him, I think a little conceited but a man of very fine discourse as any I ever heard almost – which I was mighty glad of.' Later that evening Pepys enjoyed another performance of *The Adventures of Five Hours*.

It is clear from circumstantial details that the play is set in the period of the Spanish Wars of Religion in the Netherlands, a conflict which at the time in England had for some assumed the proportions and dignity of a crusade, but which has now dwindled in significance until it provides the largely neutral backdrop to a series of romantic escapades. It would be a mistake to overlook the provocative shallowness of this; equally a mistake to assume that the play was shallow in every part. If Tuke wishes to mock the old-fashioned severity of Don Henrique, the play nevertheless is prepared to take seriously less hyperbolic notions of honour, and is itself most interesting when the passion of honour comes into conflict with the passion of desire. The focus of that ethical concern is the house, understood as the family, but also as the physical setting of the play. The secret door between houses is thus not merely a convenience of plot calculated to facilitate exciting stage business: it also resonates metaphorically. Houses, both architectural and familial, are necessarily and naturally porous to desire. Charles II's commissioning of the play reveals at once his desire to be gratified, his insight into himself, and (perhaps more unexpectedly) his shrewdness as a literary critic.

The Adventures of Five Hours

*Non ego Ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor.
Horat.¹*

To the Right Honorable, Henry Howard, of
Norfolk²

Since it is Your Pleasure (Noble Sir) that I should hold my Fortune from You; like those Tenants, who pay some Inconsiderable Trifle in lieu of a Valuable Rent, I humbly offer You this Poem in Acknowledgment of my Tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this Occasion to Publish my Sense of Your Favours, since it seems to me a kind of Ingratitude to be Thankful in Private.

It was bred upon the Terrace-Walks in Your Garden at *Aldbury*;³ and, if I mistake not, it resembles the Place where it was Brought up: The Plot is Delightful, the Elevations Natural, the Ascents Easie, without any great Embellishments of Art.

I design'd the Character of *Antonio* as a Copy of Your Steady Virtue; if it appear to those, who have the Honor to know You, short of the Original; I take leave to inform them, that You have not sat to me long; 'Tis possible, hereafter I may Gratifie my Country for their Civility to this Essay with something more worthy of Your Patronage, and their Indulgence.

In the Interim I make it my Glory to avow, That had Fortune been Just to me, She could not have Recompens'd the Loyal Industry of my Life with a more Illustrious Title, than that which You have been pleas'd to Confer upon me; of *YOUR FRIEND*. To which (as in Gratitude I am bound) I Subjoyn that of

*Your most humble Servant,
S. TUKE.*

The First Scene is the City of Sevil

The Prologue Enters with a Play-Bill in his hand, and Reads,

This Day being the 15th of *December*, shall be Acted a New Play, never Plai'd before, call'd *The Adventures of Five Hours*.

A NEW PLAY

Th'are i'the right, for I dare boldly say, 5
The English Stage ne'r had so New a Play;
The Dress, the Author, and the Scenes are New.
This ye have seen before ye'l say; 'tis true,
But tell me, Gentlemen, who ever saw
A deep Intrigue confin'd to Five Hours Law.⁴ 10
Such as for close Contrivance yields to none:
A Modest Man may praise what's not his own.
'Tis true, the Dress is his, which he submits
To those who are, and those who would be Wits;
Ne'r spare him Gentlemen, for to speak truth, 15
He has a per'lous Cens'rer been in's Youth;
And now grown Bald with Age, Doating on Praise,
He thinks to get a Periwig of Bays.⁵
Teach him what 'tis, in this Discerning Age
To bring his heavy Genius on the Stage; 20
Where you have seen such Nimble Wits appear,
That pass'd so soon, one scarce could say th'were here.
Yet after our Discoveries of late
Of their Designs, who would Subvert the State;
You'l wonder much, if it should prove his Lot, 25
To take all England with a Spanish Plot;
But if through his ill Conduct, or hard Fate,
This Forein Plot (like that of Eighty Eight)⁶
Should suffer Shipwrack in your Narrow Seas,
You'll give your Modern Poet his Writ of Ease;⁷ 30
For by th' Example of the King of Spain,
He resolves ne'r to trouble you again.

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT

He Addresses himself to the Pit

[This refers to the Authors purpose of Retirement, at that time when his Majesty recommended this Plot to him.]

As to a dying Lamp, one drop of Oyl
Gives a new Blaze, and makes it live a while;
So th'Author seeing his decaying Light,
And therefore thinking to retire from sight,

¹ **suffragia venor** 'I am not one who hunts after the votes of the fickle people' (Horace, *Ep.* Lix.37).

² **Henry Howard of Norfolk** Henry Howard (1628–84), sixth duke of Norfolk; F.R.S., 1666; allegedly good-natured, although of limited abilities and poor manners.

³ **Aldbury** Howard's villa in Surrey.

⁴ **Five Hours Law** reduced by Tuke from the six hours of Coello's *Los Empeños de seis horas* (1657).

⁵ **Periwig of Bays** the leaves of the bay laurel were traditionally made up into a wreath or coronet for a victor or poet.

⁶ **Eighty Eight** an allusion to the Spanish Armada of 1588, which was scattered by storms in the Channel.

⁷ **Writ of Ease** a certificate of discharge from employment.

Was hindred by a Ray from th'upper Sphere,
 Just at that time he thought to disappear,
 He chanc'd to bear his Majesty once say
 He lik'd this Plot: he staid; and writ the Play;
 So should Obsequious Subjects catch the Minds
 Of Princes, as your Sea-men do the Winds.
 If this Attempt then shews more Zeal, than Light,
 'T may teach you to Obey, though not to Write.

[He looking up and seeing the King starts. *He Kneels. He Rises.]

Ha! he is there himself. * Pardon my sight,
 My Eyes were dazzled with Excess of Light,
 Even so the Sun, who all things else displays,
 Is hid from us i' th' Glory of his Rays;
 Will You vouchsafe Your Presence? You, that were given
 To be our Atlas, and support our Heaven?
 Will You (Dread Sir) Your Pretious Moments lose
 To Grace the first Endeavours of our Muse,
 This with Your Character most aptly suits
 Even Heaven it self is pleas'd with the first Fruits.

DRAMMATIC PERSONÆ

Porcia.	Young Ladies
Camilla.	
Don Carlos.	A Kind Brother to Camilla.
Don Henrique.	A Severe Brother to Porcia.
Don Antonio Pimentel.	Contracted by the Mediation of Friends to Porcia before he saw her.
Don Octavio.	Secret Gallant to Porcia, but feigning to be in Love with Camilla.
Flora.	Waiting-woman to Porcia.
Ernesto. }	Servants to Don Antonio.
Sancho. }	
Diego.	Servant to Octavio.
Sylvio. }	Servants to Don Henrique.
Geraldo. }	
Pedro. }	

The Corigidor,⁸ and Attendants.

The Scene, Sevil

THE FIRST ACT

The Scene, Don Henrique's House

Enter Don Henrique, who is immediately follow'd by Sylvio.

Sylvio. Signior, *Don Carlos* is without.

Henr. Wait on him in.

Enter Carlos.

Car. Cozin, to me this day hath longer seem'd than usual,
 Since 'tis so far advanc'd without our seeing one another.

Henr. Me thinks so too; but you repair your Stay,
 By coming hither opportunely now;
 You have so often born with my Distempers,
 'Tis fit that once at least you should partake
 Of my Good humour.

Car. What ere the Cause may be (I'm sure) I joy
 In the Effect, and may it long continue.

Henr. I can inform you by experience now,
 How great a satisfaction 'tis to find
 A Heart and Head eas'd of a weighty care;
 For a Gentleman of my warm temper,
 Jealous of the Honour of his Family,
 (Yet never blemish'd) to be fairly freed
 From the Tuition of an Orphan Sister,
 Rich, Beautiful, and Young.

Car. You know, *Don Henrique*, that for divers
 years,
 Your Friend has been with the like Province
 charg'd,

A tender Sister, by our Parents will,
 (When they were call'd from all their Cares below)
 To mine committed; and though more expos'd
 Still to the world than yours; and (Sir) unless
 Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
 In the advantages that draw Pretenders;

Yet thanks to my Temper, Cozin, as well
 As to her Virtue, I have seen her grow
 Up from her Childhood, to her Dangerous Age,
 Without the least Disturbance to my rest;
 And when with equal Justice I reflect
 On the great Modesty and Circumspection
 Of lovely *Porcia*, I conclude, that you
 Might well have slept as Undisturb'd as I.

Henr. Sir, I complain not of my Sisters conduct;
 But you know well, young Maids are so expos'd
 To the Invasion of audacious men,
 And to the Malice of their envious Sex,
 You must confess the Confines of their Fame
 Are never safe till guarded by a Husband;
 The wisdom of Relations ought to use
 Preventions of all sorts; but dear *Carlos*,
 The Blemish once received, no Wash is good
 For stains of Honor, but th'Offenders blood.

Car. Y'are too severe a Judge of point of Honor.

Henr. And therefore having not long since
 receiv'd

The news, that *Don Antonio Pimentel*,

⁸ **Corigidor** the most powerful magistrate in a Spanish city, appointed directly by the king.

Is likely to be here this night from *Flanders*;
 To whom my Sister by *Velladas* means, 50
 (Our common Friend and Patron) is contracted;
 I will not close these eyes till I have seen
 Her, and my Cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.
Car. I find your travels, *Cozin*, have not cur'd you
 Of that innate Severity to Women, 55
 Which grows to be a National reproach
 Unto us all abroad; the world laments
 That miserable Sex amongst us here,
 Born onely to be honorable Prisoners;
 The more of Quality, the Closer kept; 60
 Which Cruelty is reveng'd upon our selves,
 Whilst by Immuring those whom most we Love,
 We sing and sigh onely to Iron Grates.
 As cruel is that over-cautious use,
 By Proxy to contract Parties Unknown 65
 To one another; this is onely fit
 For Sovereign Princes, whose high qualities
 Will not allow of previous interviews;
 "They sacrifice their Love to Publick good,
 "Consulting onely Interest and Blood. 70
 A custom, which as yet I never knew
 Us'd between persons of a Lower rank,
 Without a sequel of sad Consequence:
 Sir, understand me right; I speak not this
 By way of Prophecy; I am no stranger 75
 To *Don Antonios* great reputation,
 Which I believe so just, I no way doubt
 Your Sisters being happy in him.
Hen. *Don Carlos*, let us quit this Argument;
 I now am going to our noble friend 80
 And kinsman the *Corigidor*, to see
 If he will honor with his Company
 My Sisters Wedding; will you come along?
Car. Most willingly; as soon as I have brought
 My Sister hither, and left her with yours. 85
Henr. I have some business, *Cozin*, by the way,
 I'll go before, and wait you i'th' *Piazza*.⁹
 Your Servant, *Cozin*.

Henrique waits on him to the door.

Exit Carlos.

This Kinsman is my bosom friend, and yet
 Of all men living, I must hide from him 90
 My deep resentments of his Sisters scorn;
 That cruel Maid, to wound me to the Heart,
 Then close her Ears against my just complaints;
 But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,
 I may, by my Revenge upon my Rival 95
 Divert the Pain; and I will drive it home;

There's in Revenge a Balm, which will appease
 The present grief, and Time cure the disease.

Exit Henrique.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. My heart is so opprest, with fear and grief,
 That it must break, unless it find relief; 100
 The Man I love is forc'd to flie my sight,
 And like a *Parthian*,¹⁰ kills me in his flight:
 One whom I never saw, I must embrace,
 Or else destroy the honour of my race.
 A Brothers Care, more cruel than his Hate; 105
 O how perplex is my unhappy fate!

Enter Carlos and Camilla.

Car. *Cozin*, I thought my Sisters company
 Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon
 Your Brother in a visit.

Porc. Sir, you oblige me with a welcom favour; 110
 I rather should have stil'd it Charity,
 To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate } *Aside.*
 Has robb'd her of her self.

Cam. Me thinks, 'tis pitty that a wall should make
 The houses two, of friends so entirely one, 115
 As you, and I, and our two Brothers are.

Porc. If it be true, that Lovers live much more,
 There where they Love, than where they Breath,
 I'm sure

No walls can sever us, w'are still together.

Car. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit 120
 So sweet a Conversation; but, Sister,
 At my return, I'll wait upon you home.

Porc. For this night, *Cozin*, pray let her be mine,
 I beg it of you both.

Car. You may command, we are both yours. 125

Exit Carlos.

Porcia throws her self on Camillas neck.

Porc. My dear *Camilla*, how I long'd to have thee,
 Where freely breathing out my Grief, I might
 Some mitigation from thy Pitty find;
 "But since there's no true Pitty without Pain;
 Why should I Ease, by thy Affliction gain? 130

Cam. Ah *Porcia*! if Compassion Suffering be,
 And to Condole be Pain; my Destiny
 Will full revenge in the same kind afford;
 Should I, but my unequal'd griefs relate,
 And you, but equally participate. 135

Porc. If yours, as mine, from Love-disasters rise,
 Our Fates are more all'd than Families.

⁹ **Piazza** Italian for a town square (the equivalent Spanish term being *plaza*).

¹⁰ **Parthian** the inhabitants of Parthia, an ancient kingdom in

Western Asia, were renowned for their ability while fleeing to fire arrows on a pursuing enemy.

Cam. What, to our Sex, and blooming age can
prove
An anguish worthy of our Sighs, but Love?
Proc. 'Tis true, *Camilla*, were your fate like mine, 140
Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.
Cam. Let's tell our Stories, then we soon shall see,
Which of us two excells in Misery.
Porc. Cozin, agreed.
Cam. Do you begin then. 145

After a little pause.

Porc. You know, *Camilla*, best, how generously,
How long, and how discreetly, my *Octavio*
Hath serv'd me; and what trials of his faith
And fervour I did make, ere I allow'd
The least hope to sustain his noble Love. 150
Cozin, all this you know; 'twas in your House
We had our interviews; where you were pleas'd
To suffer feign'd addresses to your Self,
To cover from my watchful Brother's eyes,
The real passion which he had for me. 155
Cam. My memory in this needs no refreshing.
Porc. And how one Evening (O that fatal hour)
My Brother passing by *Don Carlos* house,
With his great Friend and Confident *Don Pedro*,
Did chance to see th'unfortunate *Octavio*, 160
At your Balcony, entertaining me,
Whom not believing there, he took for you;
Where mad with Jealousie, his cruel nature
(To which all Moderation is unknown)
Resolves to stamp all your Neglects of him, 165
In's suppos'd Rival poor *Octavio's* heart;
He, and his Friend both draw, *Octavio*
Retires, they assault him, who in's own defence
Does kill *Don Pedro*, and is forc'd to flee.
My Brother cruelly pursues him still, 170
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but *Octavio's* blood can quench;
Yet covering still his Rage and Jealousie,
With the resentment of *Don Pedro's* death.
Cam. Is this the sum of your sad story, *Porcia*? 175
Is this all?
Por. No, no, *Camilla*, 'tis the Prologue onely,
The Tragedy does follow; this Tyrant,
This cruel Brother, to th'Impetuous Laws
Of whose Tuition, our deceased Parents 180
My Person and my Fortune have condemn'd,
In his unjust Suspition restless grown,
(Which he to palliate Vice with Virtues name,
Does sense of Honor call) takes an Alarm,
And starts at every shadow; as if reproach 185
Attended all the actions of a Sister,
Though ne'r so Circumspect; and uses me,
As if the Honor of our Family
Were over-thrown for ever, should my Eyes,
Or Judgment, be but the least part allow'd 190

In making choice of him should be my Husband.
Therefore to frustrate all my hopes at once,
He has already marri'd me by Proxie,
To one in *Flanders*, whom I never saw,
Who is this very night expected here. 195
Cam. Is such a rigour possible, dear *Porcia*?
Por. Was ever Miserie like mine, *Camilla*?
Heightned to such extremes, past all relief?
If I acquaint my Brother with my Love
T'*Octavio*, the man he most does Hate, 200
I must expect the worst effects of fury;
If I endeavour to Forget *Octavio*,
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And fresh Disquiet gives; If I refuse
To marry, I am lost; If I obey, 205
I cast *Octavio* and my self away.
Two such Extremes of ill, no Choice admit,
Each seems the Worst; on which Rock shall I split?
Since if I marry, I cannot survive;
And not to marry; were to die alive. 210
Cam. Your Story (I confess) is strangely moving;
Yet if you could my Fortune weigh with yours,
In Scales of equal Sensibility,
You would not change your Sufferings, for mine.
Por. What can there be in Nature more afflicting, 215
Than a Divorce from th'Object of our Love,
For ever, to embrace the thing we Hate?
Cam. Have you not known that Object of your
Love?
And entertain'd the Person you esteem?
Have you not heard, and answered to his Sighs? 220
Has he not born his Part in all your Cares?
Do not you live, and reign within his heart?
Por. I doubt no more his Faith, than my hard
Fate.
Cam. But tell me, dearest *Porcia*, if I love
One, I ne'r shall see, and suffer as much 225
Without the Means of e'r expressing it,
As what I suffer is above expression;
If all my Sighs wander in fleeting Air,
And ne'r can reach his ears for whom they're
form'd;
If all my Passion, all my killing Cares, 230
Must be for ever to their Cause unknown;
If that their weight must sink me to my Grave;
Without one Groan that he can ever hear,
Or the least hope, that I should e'r obtain
By Pity Ease, or Cure by his Disdain: 235
If this the state of my Misfortune be,
Say, dearest *Porcia*, do you envie me?
Por. What over-cruel Laws of Decency
Have struck you dumb? have you misplac'd your
Love,
On such a Subject, as you dare not own? 240
Cam. No, the Cause is worthy of the Effect;
And though I had no Passion for his Person,

I were Ungrateful if I should not give
 The first place in my Heart to such high Merit.
Por. If he has been so Generous, to deserve 245
 Your Love, why are not you so Just, to let
 Him know it?
Cam. 'Tis impossible; Ah! that dismal word
 Does fully state the Difference of our Fortunes:
 You, in your first Adventure have been crost, 250
 But I, before I can set out am lost.
Por. Pray make me comprehend this Mystery.
Cam. 'Tis t'open my wounds afresh,¹¹ dear *Porcia*,
 But You must be obey'd . . .

After a little pause.

The *Conde de Onniate* being sent 255
Embassadour unto the *Emperour*;
 We having th' honor to be near ally'd
 To him, by his Lady, (who likewise went
 That Journey with her Husband) my Brother
 Was desir'd by her to make that Voiage; 260
 Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
 To let me stay behind, I was ingag'd;
 And treated by th' *Ambadress*, my Cozin,
 With more respect than I could ever merit.
Por. She's a Lady, fam'd for great Civility. 265
Cam. We had not pass'd much time i'th' *Emp'ror's*
 Court,
 When my dear Brother unexpectedly,
 By urgent business, was call'd back to *Sevil*;
 And in our return (too near a Garison
 Of th' Enemies) our Convoy was surpriz'd, 270
 And routed by a Party of their Horse.
Por. *Camilla*, you begin to raise my fears.
Cam. We Prisoners made, were hurri'd straight
 away
 To their Quarters, where my malicious Fate
 Made me appear too pleasing to the Eyes 275
 Of their Commander; who at first approach
 Pretends to Parly¹² in a Lovers style,
 Protesting that my Face had chang'd our Fortunes,
 And him my Captive made: But finding soon
 How little he advanc'd in his Design 280
 By Flattery, and his feign'd Submission;
 He shifts his Person, calls me his Prisoner,
 And swears my Virgin-Treasure was his Prize;
 And yet protests he had much rather owe it
 To my Indulgence, than his own Good Fortune; 285
 And so through Storms and Calms, the Villain still

Pursues his Course to his accursed End;
 But finding me inflexible to Threats
 As well as Fawnings, he resolves to use
 The last, and uncontroled Argument 290
 Of Impious Men in Power, Force.
Por. Ah poor *Camilla*, tell me, where was then
 Your Brother, at a time of such distress?
Cam. My Brother? he, alas, was long before
 Born away from me, in the first Incounter; 295
 Where having certainly behav'd himself
 As did become his Nation and his Name,
 Remain'd sore wounded in another House.
Por. Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this
 fright.
Cam. The Brute approaches, and by Violence 300
 Endeavours to accomplish his intent;
 I Heaven invoke, and strong Resistance make,¹³
 But with Unequal force, though Rage suppli'd
 Those Spirits, which my Fear had put to flight;
 Breathless at length with crying out, and striving, 305
 I spi'd a Dagger by the Villain's side,
 Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,
 With his own Arms I wound the Savage Beast;
 He, at the stroke, unseas'd me,¹⁴ and gave back;
 ("So Guilt produces Cowardice) then I 310
 The Dagger pointing to my breast, cri'd out,
 Villain, keep off, for if thou dost persist,
 I'll be my self both Sacrifice and Priest;
 I boldly now defie thy Lust, and Hate;
 "She that dares Choose to die, may Brave her Fate. 315
 Immediately the Drums and Trumpets sound,
 Pistols go off, and a great cry, To Arms,
 To Arms: The Lustful Satyr flies; I stand
 Fix'd with amazement to the Marble floor,
 Holding my Guardian Dagger up aloft, 320
 As if the Ravisher had threatned still.¹⁵
Por. I fancy thee, *Camilla*, in that brave posture,
 Like a noble Statue, which I remember
 To have seen, of the enraged *Juno*,
 When she had robb'd *Jove* of his Thunderbolt. 325
Cam. Freed from this Fright, my Spirits flow so
 fast
 To the forsaken Channels of my Heart,
 That those who by their orderly access
 Would have Supported life, by Throngs oppress.
 O're-charg'd with Joy, I fell into a Swoon; 330
 And what was done in this *Parentthesis*
 Is not within the Circle of my Knowledge.

¹¹ **open my wounds afresh** compare Virgil, *Aeneid*, I.ii.3–6, where *Aeneas* bemoans 'the grief you bid me to renew' when he complies with Dido's request that he should tell her the story of the fall of Troy.

¹² **Parly** or parley; to hold a discussion to establish the terms of an armistice.

¹³ **strong Resistance make**, quoted by Dryden in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*.

¹⁴ **unseas'd** released.

¹⁵ **threatened still** *Camilla's* posture and defiance here recall that of Lucrece, the wife of *Tarquinius Collatinus* raped by *Sextus*, the son of *Tarquin*, king of Rome. It is significant that the tragic precedent is invoked by Tuke, but not followed.

Por. Y'have rais'd me to a mighty Expectation;
Will the Adventure answer it, *Camilla?*

Cam. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes, 335
Think, dearest *Porcia*, how I was astonish'd,
To find there kneeling by my side, a Man,
Of a most noble Form, who bowing to me,
Madam, (says he) y'are welcome to the world;
Pardon, I pray, the Boldness of a Stranger, 340
That humbly sues t'you to Continue in it;
Or if You needs will Leave us, stay at least
Till I shall have Reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world,
For You with-drawn, this will a Desert seem, 345
And Life a Torment.

Por. High gallantry, Cozin, for a first Address.

Cam. 'Twas so Surprizing, that my Confusion
Check'd my Reply: but I suppose my Looks
Did speak the grateful Language of my Heart; 350
For I perceiv'd an Air of Joy enlighten
His manly Face; but, O! it soon was clouded,
By fresh Allarms; We heard the Soldiers cry,
Where's *Antonio*, th'Enemy is ralli'd,
And coming on to give a Second Charge; 355
He started up, and with a Meen, that mark'd
The Conflict 'twixt his Honor and his Love;
Madam, (says he) the Soul was never yet
With such Convulsion from the Body torn,
As I from you; but it must ne'r be said, 360
That *Don Antonio Pimentel* was seen
To Follow in Dangers those he ought to Lead;
And thus the Vanquish'd Conqueror Disappear'd,
Leaving that Image stamp'd upon my Heart, 365
To which I all the Joys must Sacrifice
Of the poor remnant of my wretched Life;
If properly to live I may be said,

She puts her Handkerchief to her Eyes.

When all my hopes of Seeing him are dead.

Por. What said you was his name, *Camilla?*

Cam. *Don Antonio Pimentel*, I told you. 370

Por. O Heavens! *Antonio Pimentel?*

Enter Henrique.

Hen. I'm pleas'd to find you Speaking of your
Husband.

Cam. What's that I hear? her Husband?

Aside.

Hen. Have you the Letter ready, I desir'd you
To write to him? I'll send a Servant with it, 375
To meet him on the way, 'twill shew Respect.

Por. You know my Obedience, Brother.

Hen. 'Tis well, Sister.

Enter Sylvio.

Sylv. Sir, here's a Servant of *Don Antonio*,
Newly alighted at the Gate; he's come 380
Post from his Master, charg'd with Letters for
You.

Hen. You ne'r could bring me a more welcom
News;
Call him in, *Sylvio*: Sister, you may
With-draw, and take this time to ask your Cozin,
How she likes my Choice of your Wedding-
Cloathes. 385

Por. My Wedding-Cloathes? Ah! miserable Maid!
The Heathen so to their Feign'd Deities
Adorn'd the Victims they did Sacrifice.

Exeunt Porcia & Camilla.

Enter Ernesto and Sylvio.

Ern. Signior, Don Antonio kisses your hands,
And sends me to present this Letter to you. 390

He gives a Letter to Don Henrique.

*Don Henrique opens it, and seeming to have
read it to himself, says,*

Hen. I'm glad you left him well; but yet me thinks,
He writes doubtfully of his being here
This night, as I expected.

Ern. His Letter, I suppose, declares his purpose.

Henr. I'll answer't, and dispatch you presently. 395
In the mean while go make him welcom, *Sylvio*.

*Exeunt Sylvio and Ernesto at one door,
and Henrique at the other.*

*Enter Sylvio, Ernesto, Geraldo, Pedro, with some Cups
of Chocolate.*

Sylv. Meethinks, Camerade, a soop¹⁶ of *Chocolate*
Is not amiss after a tedious Journey
Your Master's Health, Sir.

He drinks.

Ern. I'll do you reason, Sir. 400

Sylv. Pray how long is't, Brother, since you left
Spain?

Ern. 'Tis now five years, and upward, since I went
From *Sevil*, with my Master, into *Flanders*,
The King's Fencing-School; where all his Subjects,
Given to Fighting, are taught the Use of Arms, 405
And notably kept in breath.

Sylv. Your Master, I am sure, has got the Fame
To be a Per'lous man in that rough Trade.

Ern. He's a brave Soldier, Envy must confess it.

Pedr. It seems so i'faith, since meerly by the force 410
Of his great Reputation, he can take our Bright

¹⁶ soop sup.

Young Mistris so, without a Siege.

Ern. I hope she'l be Reveng'd on him ere long,
And take him too, by the force of her Wit,
And Beautie. 415

Pedr. S'has more than a Child's Portion, Sir, of
both,

I dare assure you.

Sylv. But, pr'ythee, Brother, instruct me a little
Tell me, what kind of Country is this *Holland*,¹⁷
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for. 420

Ern. Why, Friend, 'tis a huge Ship at Anchor,
fraught

With a sort of Creatures, made up of Turf,
And Butter.

Pedr. I pray, Sir, what do they drink in that
Country?

'Tis said, there's neither Fountains there, 425
Nor Vines.

Ern. This is the *Butler* sure by his apt question.

Aside.

Friend, they drink there a certain muddy Liquor,
Made of that Grain with which you feed your
Mules.

Pedr. What? Barley? can that Liquor quench their
thirst? 430

Ern. You'd scarce believe it did, had you but seen
How oft they drink.

Pedr. But, me-thinks, that should make them
drunk, Camerade.

Ern. Indeed most Strangers do think so, but they
Themselves believe it not, because they're so, 435
So often.

Ger. A Nation sure of Walking Tuns; the World
Has not the like.

Ern. Pardon me, Friend, there is but a great
Ditch

Betwixt them and such another Nation; 440
If these Good-fellows would but Joyn, and drink
That drie, i'faith they might shake hands.

Ger. Pr'ythee, Friend, can these Dutch *Borraccios*¹⁸
Fight?

Ern. They can do even as well, for they can Pay 445
Those that can fight.

Sylv. But where, I pr'ythee, do they get their
Money?

Ern. Oh, Friend, they have a Thriving Mystery;
They Cheat their Neighbouring Princes of their
Trade,

And then they Buy their Subjects for their
Soldiers. 450

Sylv. Me-thinks our Armies should beat these Dull
Fellows
Out of the World.

Ern. These Dull Fellows will sooner beat our
Armies

Out of their Country; Why, Friend, ready Mony
Will do much more, in Camps, as well as Courts, 455
Than a Ready Wit, I dare assure you.

Ger. What a Gods name could come into the
Heads

Of this People, to make them Rebell?

Ern. Why Religion, that came into their Heads
A Gods name. 460

Ger. But what a Devil made the Noble-men
Rebel?

Ern. Why that which made the Devil himself
Rebel,

Ambition.

Sylv. This is a pleasant Fellow; 465

Aside.

I find that you Soldiers do not want Wit.

Ern. But I find he wants Wit that is a Soldier.
Gentlemen, your Company's very good,
But I have business that requires Dispatch.

Pedr. Will you not mend your Draught¹⁹ before
you go? 470

Ern. I thank you, Sir, I have done very well.

Exeunt.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Por. Was e'r Misfortune like to mine, *Camilla*?

Cam. Was e'r Disaster, *Porcia*, like to mine?

Por. That I must never see *Octavio* more.

Cam. That I again must *Don Antonio* see, 475
Never to see him Mine.

Por. I, to be marri'd to the Man I Hate.

Cam. And I, to have the Man I Love, torn from
me.

Por. I am, by Robbing of my Friend, undone.

Cam. And I (alas) by Yielding, ruine both. 480

Por. Ye Powers, who these intangled fortunes
give,

Instruct us how to Die, or how to Live.

She weeps.

Cam. Cozin, when we should Act, then to
Complain,

Is Childishly to beat the Air in vain.

These Descants on our Griefs do but Perplex, 485
Let's seek the Remedy; You know, our Sex

¹⁷ **Holland**, the Dutch were the object of much English scorn in the later seventeenth century, and the two countries had been at war twice (1652-4 and 1665-7) in the twenty years preceding the writing of Tuke's play. For a comparison with the scorn Tuke puts in the mouths

of his characters, consider Andrew Marvell's "The Character of Holland".

¹⁸ **Borraccios** from the Spanish *borracho*, meaning 'drunk'.

¹⁹ **mend your Draught** i.e. quench your thirst.

This Honor bears from Men, in Exigents
Of Love, never to want Expedients.

Por. You have awaken'd me, give me your Veil,
Quickly, my Dearest, quickly; and You, *Flora*, 490

*Porcia takes off Camilla's
Veil and puts it on upon her self.*

Run and see if my Brother be settled
To the Dispatching of *Antonio's* Man.

Exit *Flora*.

Cam. What mean you, *Porcia*?

Por. If once my Brother be set down to write,
I may securely reckon one hour mine; 495

His Wits are onely in his Cholera quick
And his Hand ready in Revenge; he's so
Extravagantly Jealous, he distrusts
The Meaning of his own ill-chosen Words,
And so at length can hardly fix on any. 500

This Time I will make use of to go see
Octavio, and let him know that the last Term
Of all our Hopes is ready to Expire,

Unless his Wit, his Courage, and his Love,
Some quick Expedient find for our Relief. 505

Cam. Why, How, and Where d'you hope to speak
with him?

Por. In his own House, where he does lie
conceal'd,

'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Cam. Know you the way?

Por. Not very well, but *Flora's* a good Guide. 510

Enter *Flora* *hastily*.

Flo. O *Madam!* he's coming already.

Por. Ah spiteful Destiny! let us retire,
Cozin, into my Chamber.

Exeunt *Porcia* and *Camilla*.

Enter *Henrique* and *Ernesto*.

Henr. If you desire to speak with her, you may.

Ern. I should be very glad to tell my Master 515
That I have had th'Honour to see his Bride.

Henr. Where's your Lady, *Flora*?

Flo. She's in her Chamber, *Signior*.

Henr. Tell her, *Antonio's* Servant does desire
To do his Duty to her, ere he goes. 520

Exit *Flora*.

Friend, you will find her there, without a Veil,
In her Home Dress, but you are privileg'd
For this free Access, by your Relation.
Whilst you wait on her, I'll go end my Letter.

Exit *Henrique*.

Enter *Camilla*, *Porcia*, and *Flora*.

Por. If thou lov'st me, get him quickly away, 525
Before my Brother come, and give him this.

She gives *Flora* a Letter.
Ernesto addresses himself to
Camilla, seeing her without a Veil.

Ern. *Madam*, I have been bold to beg the Honor
Of Seeing you, to make my self more welcome
To my Lord, at my return.

Por. A rare Mistake, further it, dear *Camilla*. 530
Aside.

Who knows what Good this Error may produce?

Cam. Friend, in what state left you your Lord and
mine?

Ern. As happy as the Hopes of being Yours
Ought certainly to make him, *Madam*.

Cam. I would the Master were as easily deceiv'd. 535
Aside.

I pray present my Humble Service to him:

Flora, give him the Letter; Farewel.

Exeunt *Camilla*, *Porcia*, and *Flora*.

Ern. Now by my Life, she is a lovely Lady;
My Master will be ravish'd with her Form;
I hope the Bargain, which her Brother made, 540

By th'interposal of *Vellada's* Power,
(Though founded onely in Interest) may prove

As happy a Marriage, as any other
Made after th'Old fashion, chiefly for Love;
And that so rare a Beauty may have power 545

To bring him back to his right Wits again
From his wild Ravings on an unknown *Dame*,
Whom as he fancies (once upon a time)

He recover'd from a Trance, that is,
From a sound Sleep, to make him Dream e'r since. 550
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news.

Exit *Ernesto*.

Enter *Camilla*, *Porcia*, *Flora*.

Cam. My Melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the Formal²⁰ Fools mistake;
But tell me, did not I present your Pers'nage
With assurance? the way for both to thrive, 555
Is to make me your Representative.

Smiling.

Por. Most willingly, and I am confident,
When you, your Charms shall to his heart apply,

²⁰ **Formal** here signifying an absurd punctiliousness in folly.

You all your Rivals safely may defie.

Cam. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it. 560
But, Cozin, my Despairs are so Extreme,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a Dream.

Flo. Madam, do we go, or what d'you resolve on?

Por. I must resolve, I see, yet know not what.

Cam. Cozin, take heed, I am afraid you venture 565
Too much, your Brother cannot tarry long;
And, if returning, he should find you missing...

Por. Y'have reason, the opportunity is lost,
What is't a Clock, *Flora*?

Flo. I think near Eight, for the Clock struck seven, 570
Just as *Camilla* enter'd the Chamber.

Por. Quick then, *Flora*, fetch your Veil, you shall
carry

My Tablets to *Octavio*, there he'll find

The Hour and Place where I would have him meet.

Exit Flora.

Cam. 'Tis well resolv'd; but where do you design 575
Your Meeting?

Por. In the Remotest part of all the Garden,
Which answers²¹ (as you know) to my apartment;
And *Flora* has the Key of the Back-door.

Cam. As the Case stands, you choose the fittest 580
place.

Flora returns Veil'd.

Por. Cozin, I beg your patience whilst I write.

Porcia writes in her Tablets.

Cam. You, *Flora*, by this Accident may chance
To see your faithful Lover *Diego*.

Flo. He is a faithful Lover of himself,
Without a Rival, *Madam*. 585

Cam. Damsel, your Words and Thoughts do not
agree;

For could we see his Image in your Heart,
'T would be a fairer far, than ere his Glass
Reflected.

Flo. Madam, I am not yet so very Old, 590
That I should Dote.

Cam. Nor yet so very Young, but you may Love.
Dotage and Love are Cozin-germans, *Flora*.

Smiling.

Flo. Yes, when we Love, and are not lov'd again;
For else, I think, they're not so near a kin. 595

Aside. Porcia gives *Flora* the Tablets, having lock'd them.

Cam. I've touch'd a Nettle, and have stung my
self.

Por. Make haste, dear *Flora*.

Flo. Madam, I'll flie.

Should I not play my part, I were to blame, }
Since all my Fortune's betted on her game. } *Aside*
600

Madam, has *Octavio* the other Key

Belonging to the Tablets.

Por. Yes, yes, I pray make haste.

Exit Flora.

Let us retire, *Camilla*, a little Rest,

And Meditation, may new aids suggest. 605

THE SECOND ACT

The Scene, The City of Sevil

Enter Don Antonio and Sancho in Riding-Cloathes.

San. Sir, we are arriv'd in very good time.

An. I did not think it would have been so soon,
By an hour at least, but Lovers ride apace.
Why smile you, *Sancho*?

San. Faith at the Novelty of your Amours, 5
To fall in Love with one, you Scarcely saw,
And marry one, you Never saw; 'tis pretty:
But we poor Mortals have another Method.

An. Y' are very pleasant; this, *Sancho*, is the place, 10
Where I charg'd *Ernesto* to expect me,
Whom I sent before to my Brother-in-Law;
But with this Order, not to let him know,
That I intended to arrive this Evening:
Surprizes in Love-meetings render Men
More welcome, and have more of Gallantry. 15

San. Since you are here, Sir, earlier than you
thought;

Why might you not go shift you at the Post-house?²²
And be back here, before *Ernesto* come;
Howe're, 'tis better, that he wait for you,
Than you for him i'th'open Street. 20

An. 'Tis well thought on; come, let's to the Post-
house.

Exeunt.

Enter Don Octavio, and Diego.

Oct. Come, *Diego*, 'tis time to quit our Lurking-
holes,

And to begin our Chase.

Die. Of what, Sir? Bats, or Owls, now the Sun's
set?

Call you this making of Love? me-thinks, 'tis 25
More like making of War; marching all night
In Arms, as if we design'd to Beat up

²¹ Answers corresponds to.

²² Post-house an inn at which horses were kept for the use of travellers.

The Enemies Quarters.

Oct. Why would'st not thou venture as much for
Flora?

Die. No in good faith; I shall venture enough 30
If e'r I Marry her; I'll run no hazard,
(By my good-will) before-hand.

Oct. That's from your Fear, not Prudence, *Diego.*

Die. Sir, you may call it what you please, but I 35
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more Valiant Man, than I, whilst Danger
Does keep its Distance; but when sawcily
It presses on, then (I confess) 'tis true,
I have a certain Tenderness for Life,
That checks my Ardor, and enclines my Prudence 40
Timely to withdraw.

Oct. Your Style is wondrous civil to your self;
How you Soften that harsh word, call'd
Cowardice;

But the Danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my Friend, to Run away. 45

Die. It may be so, Sir, not to Vulgar eyes;
But I have such a piercing sight, that can
Discover Perils out of others Ken;
Which, they not seeing soon enough to Shun,
And forc'd t'Encounter; and then their struggling 50
Is, by th'unwarie world, taken for Courage.

Oct. You have more Light, *Diego*, I see, than Heat;
But I'll allow your Wit and Honesty
To come to Composition²³ for your want
Of Courage; though it be a Quality 55
I may have use of; but we lose our time.
Was ever Lover's Fate so rude as mine?
Condemn'd to Darkness, forc'd to hide my Head,
As well as Love? and to do me a Spight,
Fortune has Contradictions reconcil'd, 60
I am at once a Prisoner, and Exil'd.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. Me-thinks, *Ernesto* should not tarry long,
If not already come; *Sancho*, how call you
The Street there just before us? where you see 65
Yon Gentleman with his Cloak o're his face;
I have quite lost the memory of this place.

San. I am as much to seek, as you, Sir.

Ant. Let us go to him, *Sancho*, and enquire;
He has a notable good Meen;²⁴ me-thinks,
I ne'r saw an Air more like *Octavio's*. 70

Oct. Unless my eyes do very much deceive me,
'Tis *Don Antonio*; if it be he, *Diego*,

Octavio lets fall his Cloak from before his face.

There is no danger in his knowing us;

He ever was my faithful friend; 'Tis he.

Ant. You injure me, *Octavio*, to be so long 75
A knowing one, who is so intirely yours.

Oct. Your presence here, noble *Antonio*, was
They embrace.

So unexpected, that I hardly durst
Believe my eyes; When came you to this Town?

Ant. I am just now arriv'd. 80

Oct. I joy to see you here, but should have
thought

It likelier to have heard of you at Court,
Pursuing there the Recompences due
To your transcendent Merit.

Ant. That is no place for men of my Moralitie. 85

I have been taught, *Octavio*, to Deserve,
But not to Seek Reward; that does prophane
The Dignity of Virtue; if Princes
For their own Interests will not advance
Deserving Subjects, they must raise Themselves 90
By a brave Contempt of Fortune.

Oct. I'm glad to find in you some Seeds yet left
Of th'Antient Virtue; may they Fruit produce
Fit to Illustrate, and Instruct the Age.
Let me once more embrace you, Sir, Welcome, 95
Brave Leader.

Ant. Oh, you must spare your Servants, Sir.

Oct. He has not liv'd i'th'reach of publick Fame,
Who has not heard your noble Character;
This is my house, be pleas'd, Sir, to go in, 100
And make it yours; though truly at the present
I am in a very ill condition

To receive the Honor of such a Guest;
Having by an unlucky accident,
Been forc'd of late to keep my self conceal'd. 105

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but cannot yet
Receive that favour, for I here must stay
Expecting the Return of one, I sent
Before to town to my Brother-in-Law.

Oct. Have you a Brother-in-law in *Sevil*? 110
You surprize me much.

An. It is most true, *Octavio*, I come hither
A Marri'd man, as far as friends can make me.

Oct. Since it imports you not to miss your Servant,
Let us stay here without, untill he come; 115
And then go in, and rest your self a while.

But how go our publick Affairs in *Flanders*?

Ant. I left our Armies in a better state,
Than formerly.

Oct. And our brave *Vellada*²⁵ (I suppose) in great 120
Reputation.

²³ **come to Composition** to make up, or compensate for.

²⁴ **Meen** an archaic spelling for 'mien', therefore 'look' or 'bearing'.

²⁵ **Vellada** the Marques de Velada; presumably Gomez Davila, the second marques, d. 1616 (though neither he, nor his father, was a military commander during Spain's wars with the Netherlands).

Ant. The Honor of our Country, and the Terror
Of others; Fortune consulted Reason,
When she bestow'd such Favours upon him.
Oct. They say he did Wonders at the Relief 125
Of *Juliers*.
Ant. It was indeed a famous Action.
Oct. You'l much oblige me, if whilst you expect
Your Servant here, I might learn from your self
Some few particulars of your own Actions; 130
Fame speaks Loudly of them, but not Distinctly.
Ant. "Fame, like Water, bears up the Lighter
things,
"And lets the Weighty sink; I am not us'd
To speak in the First person; but if needs
You'l have a story to fill up the time, 135
I'll tell you an Adventure of mine own,
Where you'l find Love so intermixt with Arms,
That (I am confident) 'twill raise your wonder,
How being prepossess'd with such a Passion,
I should (upon Prudential motives onely) 140
Be engag'd (as now you find me) to Marry
A Lady whom I never saw.
Oct. The Person, and the Subject, Sir, do challenge
My best attention.

After a little pause.

Ant. The following Evening to that glorious Day; 145
Wherein our great *Vellada* gain'd such Fame,
Against the cautious *Nassaw*;²⁶ some Horse
Were sent from th'Armie, under my command
To cover the *Limbourg*²⁷ Frontiers, expos'd
To th'Enemies Inroads; scarce settled there, 150
I receiv'd intelligence, that a Party
Of theirs (about two hundred Horse) were come
That very Evening to a neighbouring Village,
Intending there to lodge; I instantly
Cause Sound to Horse, and march to their
Surprize 155
So luckilie, that by the break of day
Their Quarters were on fire.
Oct. You had been taught, Sir, by our wise
General,
That Diligence in Execution is
Even above Fortune, Mistris of Success. 160
Ant. They made but faint resistance; some were
slain,
Some perish'd in the flames, others escap'd,
Giving th'Alarm in Quarters more remote
To their Companions drown'd in Sleep and Wine;
Who, at the Out-cry, and the Trumpets sound, 165

Me-thinks I fancie starting from their Beds,
As pale and wan, as from their Dormitories
Those the last Trump shall rouze; differing in this,
That they awake to Live, but these to Die.
Oct. How Unsafe it is to be Secure! 170
Ant. Finding no more resistance, I made haste
To a lofty Structure, which I conceiv'd
To be the likeliest Quarter for their Chief;
Led thither by desire to rescue both;
Him, from the Soldier's rage; That, from the Fire. 175
Oct. A care most worthy of a gallant Leader.
Ant. But think, *Octavio*, how I was surpriz'd,
When, on the floor of a *Pavillion*,
Belonging to the Garden of that House,
I found a Woman of a Matchless Form, 180
Extended all along.
Oct. I easily can divine how such a Heart,
As harbours in the brave *Antonio's* breast,
May suffer at so Sad a Spectacle.
Ant. At the first sight I did believe her Dead; 185
Yet, in that state so Awful she appear'd,
That I approach'd her with as much Respect,
As if the Soul had animated still
That Body, which, though Dead, scarce Mortal
seem'd.
But as the Sun from our *Horizon* gone, 190
His Beams do leave a Tincture on the Skies,
Which shews it was not long since he withdrew;
So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those Vermillion Beams,
Which us'd t'irradiate that bright Firmament. 195
Thus did I find that distress'd Miracle,
Able to Wound a Heart, as if alive,
Uncapable to Cure it, as if dead.
Oct. I no more doubt your Pitty, than your
Wonder.
Ant. My Admiration did suspend my Aid, 200
Till Passion join'd to Pitty, made me bold;
I kneel'd, and took her in my arms, then bow'd
Her body gently forward; with which motion,
A Sigh stole from her; O th'ravishing sound!
Which being a *Symptom* of remaining life, 205
Made me forget it was a sign of Grief.
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes;
So breaks the Day; and so do all the Creatures
Rejoice, as I did, at the new born Light:
But as the *Indians*, who adore the Sun, 210
Are scorch'd by's Beams, ere Half his Race be
Run;
So I, who did adore her Rising Eyes,

²⁶ **cautalous Nassaw** 'cautalous' means both 'wary' and 'crafty'; 'Nassaw' is the family name of the House of Orange, the Dutch royal house; here it refers to William I, or the Silent (1533–84), and serves thereby to locate the action of the play to the Spanish/Dutch conflicts of the 1560s and 1570s.

²⁷ **Limbourg** a region in the southern Netherlands; repeatedly the site of European conflicts.

Found my self Wounded by those Deities.

Oct. How you have rais'd my Expectation!
Pray release me quickly.

Ant. From her fair hand a bloody Poniard fell,
Which she held fast during her Trance, as if
Sh'ad onely needed Arms whilst she did Sleep,
And trusted to her Eyes when she did Wake.

What I said to her, being a production

Of meer Extasie, I remember not;

She made me no Reply, yet I discern'd

In a Serener Air of her pale face,

Some Lines of Satisfaction mix'd with Fear.

Oct. Such looks in Silence have an Eloquence.

But pray go on.

Ant. Rais'd from the ground, and to her self
return'd,

I stept a fitting distance back; as well

To gaze upon that lovely Apparition,

As to express Respect; when at that instant

The Trumpets sound a Charge; my Soldiers crie,

Where is our Leader? where's *Antonio*?

My Love a while disputed with my Honor,

But that the longer settled Power o'r-came,

And fear of Future danger to her Person

Made me then seek the Present for my self;

I came up to my Troops, left in Reserve,

As they were ready to receive a Charge

From divers Squadrons of fresh Horse, who being

Quarter'd in Neighbouring Villages, had taken

Hotly th'Alarm, and came (though then too late)

In succour of their friends; Honor and Love

Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd

Beyond the Rules of Conduct, and receiv'd

So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.

Oct. How can this Story end!

Ant. My Soldiers beat th'Enemy, and brought me
off,

Where Surgeons quickly cur'd my Outward

Wounds,

But the remembrance of that *Heroine*,

My Inward Hurts kept bleeding still afresh;

Till by the business of the War constrain'd

To attend my Charge i'th'Army, my despair

Of ever finding her, concurring with

The powerful perswasions of *Vellada*,

I was at length even forc'd to an Engagement

Of Marriage with a Lady of this City,

Rich, Noble, and, as they say, Beautiful.

And so you have me here, come to Consummate

Those Nuptial Rites, to which my Interest,

And th'Importunity of Friends advice,

O're-rule my judgment, though against my heart.

Oct. A wonderful Adventure! but pray, Sir,

May I not take the liberty to ask you,

Who may this noble Lady be, to whom

The Fates have destin'd so much Happiness?

Ant. I have no Reserves for you, 'tis the Sister
Of...

*Enter Ernesto, and Octavio retires hastily, and covers his
face with his Cloak.*

Antonio nodding to Octavio.

It is my Servant, Sir.

Oct. Step to *Antonio*, *Diego*, and desire him

To send him off.

Ant. I will immediately; Well, *Ernesto*,

What good news? speak freely.

Diego goes to Antonio, and whispers.

Erm. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your Brother-
in-Law,

I thought you hardly could be there this night;

He kisses your hands, and bad me tell you,

That he expects your coming with impatience;

He charg'd me to present you with this Letter;

Th'other is from your beauteous Bride, a person

The most accomplish'd that I ever saw.

My being yours gave me the privilege

Of a Domestick, in the free admission

To see her in her Chamber-dress, without

A Veil, either to cover Faults, or hide

Perfections.

Ant. Tell me truly, is she so very handsom?

Erm. Handsomer far in my opinion, Sir,

Than all the *Bruxels* Beauties, which you call

The Finish'd Pieces;²⁸ but I'll say no more;

Let your own Eyes inform you; here's a Key

Of the Apartment, that's made ready for you;

A Lower Quarter, very nobly furnish'd,

That opens on *St. Vincent's* Street.

Ant. Give it me; and go you to the Post-house,

And take care that my things be brought from
thence.

Exit Ernesto.

Octavio, will you go along with me,

And be a Witness of my first Address?

Oct. Sir, you choose in me an Ill Companion

For Nuptial Joys, or any Happiness;

One, whose Misfortunes to such sad Extremes

Are heightened, that the very Mentioning

Of Happy hours serves onely to Imbitter

The memory of my Lost Joys.

Ant. So deep a sense of your Misfortunes, Sir,

Is prejudicial to your Self and Friends.

²⁸ **Finish'd Pieces** most perfect women.

Enter Flora in haste.

Flo. Where's your Master, *Diego*? 305
Die. There's some Ill towards, when this Bird
 appears.

Aside.

Do you not see him? y'have liv'd too long a Maid.
Flo. I have something to say to you in private, Sir,

Goes to Octavio.

That requires haste.

Oct. What new Accident brings you hither, *Flora*? 310
She draws Octavio aside, and puts up her Veil.

Flo. These Tablets will inform you, Sir, Farewell.

Die. Will you not stay for an Answer *Damsel*?

Flo. 'Tis a Command, not a Question *Diego*.

Die. Short, and Sweet, *Flora*.

Oct. Good *Flora* stay a Minute; I much fear 315
 It is some new Misfortune.

Die. Nay, Sir, you may be sure 'tis some Disaster,
 Else it would ne'r have come so Easily,
 And so Unsought for.

Bowing to Antonio.

Oct. Will you allow me for a Moment, Sir, 320
 To step into my House, and read a Letter.

Ant. I'll attend you in, and wait your leisure.

Exeunt all but Diego.

Die. These little black Books do more Devils
 raise,

Than all the Figures of the Conjurers.

What can this be? I have not seen this *Damsel* 325
 With so busie a face; but here she comes
 Already, 'twas a quick dispatch.

Enter Flora, and seems to go away in haste.

Die. A Word, *Flora*, or a kind Glance at least,
 What? grown cruel? *Diego* no body w'you?

Flo. This is no time for fooling. 330

Die. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well;
 Yet I'll perform the Honor of our Street,
 And bring you to the end on't.

Flo. I shall be well help up²⁹ with such a Squire;
 If now some wandering Knight should chance
 t'assault you, 335

To bear away your *Damsel*, what would you do?

Die. I'd use no other Weapon but a Torch;
 I'd put aside your Veil, show him your face,
 That, I suppose, would guard us both.

Flo. Why, d'you think it would fright him, *Diego*? 340

Die. Oh no, 'twould charm him, *Flora*.

Flo. Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without
 Engaging your known Valour.

Die. Faith you may so;

The face, dear *Flora*, defends all below. 345

Flo. Away, you Fool; Good-night to you.

Exit Flora.

Enter Octavio and Antonio.

Oct. What may this be? O my Malignant Fate!
 The Warning's short, yet she must be Obey'd;
 The hour draws near; I must go seek a Friend; *Aside*
 Her words seem to imply need of a Second; 350
 'Twere barbarous to engage *Antonio*
 Newly arriv'd, and come on such an Errand.

Noble *Antonio*, my confusion's great
 To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you;
 Th'occasion's indispensable. 355

Ant. I must not quit you, Sir, I know too well
 The Laws of Honor, to desert you now:
 When I my friend in such disorder see,
 And all the Marks that he is call'd to Danger,
 To leave him then... 360

Oct. It is a Summons from a Lady, Sir,
 Whom I have lov'd with Passion and Success;
 To meet her in her Garden presently:

All is propitious on her part and mine;
 But she's so Guarded by a Tyrant Brother, 365
 So Jealous naturally, and so Incens'd

By that new Accident I told you of,
 Which makes me a close Prisoner all the day;
 That to perswade you there no Danger is
 In this Adventure, were to abuse you; 370

But even for that reason I am bound
 Not to consent to the Imbarking you
 In an occasion that's so opposite
 To what you come for; *Antonio*, We must
 As well to Friends as to our Selves be just. 375

Ant. He ought not to pretend to Friendships
 name,

Who reckons not Himself and Friend the same.

Oct. Friendship with Justice must not disagree,
 That were to break the Virtue's Harmony.

Ant. Who in his Friends Distresses takes no part, 380
 His Friendship's onely in his Tongue, not Heart.

Oct. You from a life of Perils hither come
 To find a Nuptial Bed, not seek a Tomb.

Ant. My Friend ingag'd, it never must be said,
Antonio left him so to go to Bed. 385

Oct. Y'are marri'd, and expose what's not your
 own.

Ant. Wedded to Honor, that must yield to none.

Oct. I find, *Antonio*, you must still subdue.

Ant. I ow my Triumph to my Cause, not You.

²⁹ **help up** helped up, escorted.

Come, we lose time, your Mistris must not stay. 390
Oct. Who's so accompani'd, needs not fear his way.

Exeunt.

THE THIRD ACT

The Scene is Don Henrique's House

Camilla, Porcia, Flora *appear in a Balcone.*³⁰

Por. Come, Cozin, the hour assign'd approaches.

Cam. Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night.

Flo. And thanks to your Stars sufficiently dark.

Por. To the Clouds you would say, *Flora*, for Stars,

In this occasion, would not much befriend us. 5

Pray, Cozin, when *Octavio* shall arrive,
 Do you and *Flora* watch above with care;
 For if my cruel Brother should surprize us . . .

Cam. Let us alone to play the Sentinels.

Flo. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not 10

Suddenly return; for I heard him say,
 He'd pass th'Evening at the *Corigidors*;
 And thence, you know, he seldom comes home early.

Enter Antonio, Octavio, and Diego, with their Cloaks o'r their faces, and their Swords undrawn in their hands.

Ant. Is it not something early for Adventures
 Of this Nature? 15

Oct. 'Tis the Hour she appointed.

Ant. How dark 'tis grown o'th'sudden, there's not one

Star appears in all the Firmament.

Die. So much the better; for when I must fight, *Aside.*

I covet no Spectators of my Prowess. 20

Oct. Stay you here, *Antonio*, I'll step before,
 And give the Sign; when you here the door open,
 Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter at the other side of the Stage Henrique and Carlos.

Henr. The *Corigidors* is a pretty place.

Car. The Walks do so intice me, I always 25
 Wearie my self, before I can retire.

Henr. Indeed we have staid longer than we thought,

And therefore let's go home the shorter way;
 The back door of my Garden's here at hand.

Car. It will be better than to go about. 30

Above.

Por. Would he were come, I fear the Rising Moon
 Will give us little time.

Octavio knocks upon the Hilt of his Sword.

Por. I think I hear his usual Knock; Who's there?

Above in the Balcone.

Oct. 'Tis I.

Por. I hope y'are not alone. 35

Oct. No; here's *Diego* with me, and a Friend.

Por. 'Tis well; I'll open the door presently.

Porcia comes down.

Henr. Come; we are now hard by the Garden gate.

Oct. Let's to the door; sure she's there by this time;

Be not afraid *Diego*. 40

Die. Agree that with him that made me, who has
 Given me a Heart no bigger than my Thumb;
 Y'had as good command me not to Breath.

Oct. Come on; what art thou thinking on?

Die. That I see Company, or that my Fear does. 45

Oct. Y'are in the right; let's to avoid suspicion

The noise of a Lock.

Walk on at large,³¹ till they are out of distance.

Car. I think I heard your Garden door open.

Henr. I think so too; Ha! at this time o'th'night?
 What can be the meaning on't? 'Tis so. 50

Ant. They have open'd the door; 'tis time for me
 To follow, surely *Octavio* is gone in.

Antonio moves towards the door.

Por. What stay you for?

*Holding the door half open. He goes to draw his Sword.
 Setting open the door.*

Henr. What's that I hear? sure 'tis *Porcia's* voice.

Por. What mean you to stand there? come in, I say. 55

Henr. Hell and Furies!

Carl. Be patient, Sir, and you will make a clearer
 Discovery of your Affront.

Por. You may come in securely, *Octavio*;
 I have set those will watch my Brothers coming. 60

Ant. Madam, I am not *Octavio*.

Por. Not *Octavio*? who are you then? and who's
 That Shadow there?

Henr. I can hold no longer; I'm thy Chastiser,
Draws his Sword.

Vile Woman, and his Mortal Enemy. 65

³⁰ **Balcone** an Italianate version of the English 'balcon', meaning 'balcony'.

³¹ **at large** away.

Ant. Ha! my Mortal Enemy?

Henr. Yes, Villain; who ere thou art, thou shalt
pay

This Treacherie with thy Life.

Ant. Vain Man; who ere thou art, know, the Life
thou

Threaten'st, is Guarded by too good a Sword. 70

Carlos draws, and they all enter the Garden fighting.

Henr. Make fast the door.

To Carlos.

Henr. Thou art some desperate Villain hir'd to
murder.

*Octavio and Diego come to the door.
In the Garden.*

Ant. Hir'd by Friendship, and Honor's my Sallary.

A noise of fighting within.

Oct. That's *Antonio's* voice within the Garden;

Runs to the door and finds it shut.

What! the door shut! my Friend engag'd, and I 75
Excluded! cursed Fate! this Tree may help me
To climb o're; if not, I'll flie t'him.

He climbs up.

Die. You may do so; your noble Love has Wings,
And's ever Fledge;³² 'tis Molting time with mine;
Yet I'll up too; the hazards not in climbing, 80
Here I will sit, and out of dangers reach
Expect the Issue.

*The scene changes to a garden, out of which they
issue fighting*

Oct. Courage, brave Friend; you have *Octavio* by
you.

Ant. So Seconded, a Coward would grow firm.

Henr. What! is there more of your crue? then 'tis
time

To call for help; Ho! *Sylvio, Geraldo,
Pedro*, come forth, and bring out Torches with you. 5

Enter Sylvio with his Sword drawn.

They fight.

Sylv. Here am I, Sir; my Camerades will follow
As soon as they have lighted their Torches.

Ant. How I despise these Slaves *Octavio*,

In the Tree.

Having you by me!

Die. Their Swords do clatter bravely in the dark. 10

Sylv. I'm slain.

Sylvio falls.

Die. Good; that's *Sylvio's* voice; I have ow'd that
Fellow

A Good-turn this Twelve-month for a Mistake,
Breaking my Head, when he should have Broke a
Jeast;

Now he's paid. 15

*Henrique stepping back falls over Sylvio, and
loses his Sword, and Carlos runs in to him.*

Car. What! are you hurt?

Henr. No, onely I fell; Help me to find my Sword.

Oct. What? d'you give back? you do well to take
breath,

The Rising Moon appears in the Scene.

Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long,

Now that the Rising Moon lends us some light. 20

Porcia runs out to Octavio.

Por. O *Octavio!* let not this moment slip
To Free me from my cruel Brother's Fury,
Or never hope to see me any more
Amongst the living,

Octavio leads her away by the Arm.

Oct. Ah! Noble Maid, he that is once possess'd 25
Of such a Treasure, and safe-guards it not,
Let him live Wretched, and Detested Die;
Where's my brave Friend?

Ant. You have me by your side, lead off your
Mistris,

I'll secure your Retreat. 30

In the Tree, pointing to those who are going off.

Exeunt Octavio, Porcia, and Antonio.

Die. That doubtless is my Master, who victorious
Is bravely marching off with his fair Prize;
I'll down, and follow, inventing all the way
Some handsome Lie t'excuse my Cowardice;
Why liv'd not I five thousand years ago, 35
Being ne'r made for this damn'd Iron Age?³³

Diego comes down from the Tree, and follows Antonio.

Having help'd up Henrique.

Car. But whilst my care led me to succour you,

³² **Fledge** fledged (that is, equipped with the means of flight).

³³ **Iron Age?** alluding to a periodization of human history going
back as far as Hesiod (c. eighth century BC), in which a golden age of

innocence and happiness was succeeded by silver, bronze and heroic
ages, and finally the present Iron Age. It was a label which later
seventeenth-century writers frequently applied to their own time.

Our Enemies, I fear, are got away;
I heard the door open, and see none here,
Although the Night's much brighter grown than
'twas;

I'll follow, and trace the Villains if I can
To their Dens; mean while take care of your Sister;
And (pray) till my return be Moderate.

Henr. How! Moderation in this case! what ho!
Geraldo, Pedro, ah ye cursed Rogues,

Enter Servants with Torches.

Durst ye not shew your heads till they were gone?
Geraldo, light me in, whilst *Pedro* looks
To his hurt Companion; ah *Porcia!* *Porcia!*

*Exeunt Henrique and Geraldo; Pedro carries out Sylvio
fainting with his hurts.*

The Scene Changes to the City of Sevil

*Enter Octavio, Porcia, Antonio, and a little after Diego,
and after him Carlos.*

Pointing to Carlos.

Die. Sure, that's *Antonio* bringing up the Rere;
Sir, th'are but just before us; he bears her
Most gallantly away; lose not sight of me.
Car. This Fellow takes me for one of his Crew;
He will by his mistake help me to harbour 'em.³⁴

Exeunt.

Camilla and Flora appear in the Balcone.

The Scene changes to Don Henrique's House

Cam. Was there ever such a Disaster, *Flora?*
Sure, th'are all dead, so great's the Silence.

Flo. Madam, if I mistake not very much,
I heard your Brother's voice amongst 'em.

Cam. Ah! my dear Brother, how thy ill-plac'd
Friendship

Upon that Brutal Kinsman has abus'd
Thy Goodness; though my Natural affection
Moves me, *Flora,* to Pitty him in Danger,
Yet my Concernment for my Cozin *Porcia*
Does prevail at present; *Porcia, Porcia;*
No body answers.

Flo. Madam, let us go down into the Garden.

Cam. Take heed of that; 'twere to involve my self
In this unluckly Scandal; 'tis possible,
Affrighted with the Scuffle, she's return'd
Into her Quarter by the other door;
Let us hast thither.

They go down and enter upon the Stage. They go behind the door.

Flo. Oh! Madam, I see a Light, and *Don Henrique*
Coming this way with his Sword drawn, what shall
We do?

Cam. Peace; let us hide our selves behind the
door,

Till we discover his Intentions.

*Enter Henrique, and Geraldo with a Torch, and Pedro
with a Light; Henrique and Geraldo their Swords drawn.*

Pedr. Sir, I have search'd all the Rooms of the
House,

And cannot find her.

Henr. Base Infamous Woman; may be she's fled
To th' Quarter order'd for *Antonio.*

Pedr. That door is lock'd, his Servant has the Key.

Henr. Ah this unworthy Woman! thus to rob
A Brother of the Fruits of all his Care;

And cast this Stain on th' Honor of our House;
But if I ever get the Fugitive

Within my reach, I'll Sacrifice her Blood
To the Offended Spirits of my Ancestors.

Flo. Madam, d'you hear?

Cam. I, and tremble, *Flora.*

Henr. Call out for her Woman.

Pedr. *Flora, Flora.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. My good Angel Guard me; what would you
have Sir?

Henr. Where's your Mistris, Hussy?

Flo. She told me, Sir, 'bout half an hour since
She would go down into the Garden.

Exit Flora.

Henr. My Shame is certain; ah! the sad condition
Of us Men of Honor! how unequally
Our Crosses and our Comforts mingled are!

Our Orphan Sisters are no sooner grown
Above the Follies of their Childish Age;

During which Season Custom does exact
Our Watchful Caution over all their Actions;

But they are Grafted on some Stranger Stock,
Where they do change both their Aboads, and
Names

Without Reflexion in the least Degree
Of Gratitude, on those, who Pain'd themselves
To Cultivate their Youths; or else become

An Hourly Torture to us, whilst the best
Continu'd in our Care do never cease

To give the Fears at least of what I feel.
O unjust Heavens! why suffer you that they,
Who to our Joys of Life such Bubbles are,

³⁴ harbour 'em trace them to their lair, or 'harbour'.

Should add such Weight unto our Grievs, and
Care?

Ah *Porcia*, *Porcia*!

Enter Carlos.

Car. Cozin, I'm much mistaken, or I have
In very Little time made a Great Progress
Towards your Revenge; I come from harbouring
The Villains, who have done you this Affront.

Cam. It imports to be attentive now.

Henr. Oh, you revive me, may I but once enjoy
The Pleasure of my Revenge, though the next
Moment were the last Period of my Life,
I should depart contented; are the Villains
Within our reach?

Car. Be patient, Sir, and I'll inform you fully;
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd
Your flying Enemies, hoping the night
Grown somewhat Lighter, would enable me
(At a convenient distance) to discover
The place of their Retreat; one of their Partie,
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me
For one of his Camerades, bad me come on;
Saying his Master was but just before;
That he had born his Mistris bravely off.

We had not past above a Street or two,
Before he stopt, and at the second House
Beyond the Church in *St. Iago's* Street,
He enter'd, and desir'd me to follow him;
I making a stand, he grew suspicious,
And from my Silence guessing his Mistake,
He slipt into the House, and lock'd the door;
I having well observ'd the Street and House,
Return'd with speed to give you this account.

Flo. Oh, *Madam*, this is *Don Octavio's* House;
Without all doubt they've carri'd *Porcia* thither.

Cam. Peace, *Flora*, and listen to the sequel.

Henr. Come, Cozin; we loose time; call all my
Servants;

I will besiege the House; if they refuse
To render; I will reduce that Theater
Of my Shame to Ashes, and make their Fort
Both Theirs and its own Sepulchre; There are
Such Charms in Vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reserv'd for him, who form'd the Thunder.³⁵

Car. Have patience, Cozin, and consult your
Reason;

'Twill soon convince you, how Unpracticable
And Vain your Proposition is, 'tattempt
At this time of the night, within a City,
A House so Guarded, That, indeed, would prove

Very like Thunder, which the Clowd destroys 105
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing onely Noise.

60 What can the Issue be, but to Allarm
The Town; expose your Person, and your Fortune
To th'Rigour of the Law; publish your Shame;
And frustrate your Revenge for ever? 110

Henr. What! would you have me tarry till these
Villains,

65 Who have invaded my House; Affronted
My Person; Murder'd my Servant; and Robb'd
Me of a Sister; may evade my Vengeance?

Car. No; fear not that; let me alone to find 115
A certain way to hinder their escape;
I'll instantly to the *Corrigidors*,

70 And beg th'assistance of his Authority,
To secure these Criminals for the present,
That afterwards the Law may punish them. 120

Henr. A fine Proposal! why, Cozin, can you think
That I'll submit a Personal Injury
Unto a tame Decision of the Law?

75 And having been Affronted by the Sword,
To pray the Aid of the Long Robe,³⁶ and take 125
An Advocate for Second?

Car. Your Provocation's great, Resentment's just;
But, Cozin, the Greater they, the More you stand
In need of Moderation, and th'Advice

80 Of such a Friend, as you have always found me;
Nor can I e'r express it more than now,
In freely telling you, you must not suffer
Your Passion to Command in this Occasion;

85 "Passion, which wheresoever it contends
"To Govern most, there most Destroys its Ends. 135

Henr. Oh! how I hate your drie Moralitie!
To treat a Friend with Sentences, that's raging

90 In a Fever; you may as well pretend
To teach a Man to Sing his Part, that's stretch'd
Upon a Rack; no, Sir, I'll sooner die, 140
Than ere consent to publish my Disgrace,

Before I have Reveng'd it.

Car. 'Tis far from my intent; all my design
Is onely how we may Conceal your Shame,
Till we have got these Villains in our Power. 145

Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding Justice against those,

95 Who did assault your Person, and have slain
Your Servant; a most plausible pretence.

100 Will this content you? trust my Conduct Cozin;
Is not my Interest the same with yours?

Henr. Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste.

Car. Doubt not my diligence; by this I'll prove
Friendship has Fire, and Wings as well as Love.

³⁵ **Form'd the Thunder** the Bible frequently stipulates that vengeance is the prerogative of God, perhaps most familiarly at Romans 12: 19: 'for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord'.

³⁶ **the Long Robe** the legal profession.

Hen. If you could Flie, you'd move with too much
Leisure; 155
Ah tedious Minutes which Revenge does measure!

Exit Carlos.

Flo. Madam, y'have heard their mischievous design.
Cam. Yes, *Flora*, out of question *Porcia's* there;
And if they find her, she is lost for ever.
Flo. P'le try to Hinder it, though I were sure 160
To Perish in th'attempt; I am confident
The House at present is in such confusion,
I may run thither without being miss'd.
Cam. 'Tis well thought on; in th'interim I'l retire
To *Porcia's* Chamber. 165

Exeunt from behind the door.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Sir, *Don Antonio* is just now arriv'd.
Henr. Ha! what's that you say Sirrha?
Ger. That *Don Antonio*, Sir, your Brother-in-law
Is without, walking i'th'Hall, and bad me
Give you notice of it, shall he come in? 170
Henr. *Antonio* arriv'd! O Heavens! this
Circumstance
Alone was wanting to complete my Shame.
When he desires to See his Wife, shall I
My self inform so generous a Person
That she is Run away? where shall I find 175
A Heart, a Tongue, a Voice, or Breath, or Face
To utter this unparallel'd Disgrace?
Ger. What is your pleasure, Sir? *Don Antonio*
May think it long.
Henr. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell
him 180
You cannot find me; I will leave my House,
And the discovery of my Shame to Fate;
And any Censure rather undergo,
Than be Relater of my own Disgrace;
Till first I have my Honor's Ransom paid 185
In the Vile Blood of that perfidious Maid.

Exit Henrique.

Enter Antonio and Ernesto.

Ant. My Friend and his fair Mistris safely lodg'd,
And free from their Adventure; 'tis now fit
To mind my own Engagement; But *Ernesto*,
What can the meaning be of this indecent 190
Suffering me to remain without thus long
Upon my first Arrival? come, let's go on

Into the other Rooms.

Ern. I swear, Sir, I'm amaz'd at this great change;
'Tis not above two hours, since I found here 195
A numerous and well-order'd Family,
In all appearance, now I see the Pages
Boult out of the doors, then start back again
Into their holes, like Rabbits in a Warren;
The Maids lie peeping at the Garret windows, 200
Like th'Upper Tire of Ordinance³⁷ in a Ship;
All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess
What may have caus'd so strange an alteration;
But there I see the Servant you sent in.

Enter Geraldo.

Ant. Friend, where's your Master? 205
Ger. I cannot tell, Sir.
Ant. Where is his Sister?
Ger. In truth I know not, Sir; we Men-servants
Have little to do in the Ladies Quarters.

Exit Geraldo.

Ant. This looks but odly; are you sure *Ernesto*, 210
Y'have not misguid'd me to a wrong House?
Ern. If you are certain that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the same House
Wherein this afternoon I saw, and spoke with
Don Henrique and your Bride; by the same Token 215
There was a Lady with her in a Veil;
And this very Room is the Ante-chamber
To her Apartment.
Ant. I should be finely serv'd, if after all
This Negotiation, and a tedious Journey, 220
My Pains and Patience should be cast away
On some such wither'd *Sybil*³⁸ for a Wife,
As her own Brother is asham'd to show me.

Ernesto goes towards the door.

Ern. You'l soon be freed from that fear, Sir.
Ant. How so? 225
Ern. Because I see her in the Inner Room,
Lying along upon her Couch, and Reading;
Her face is turn'd the other way, but yet
Her Shape, and Cloathes assure me it is she.
Ant. Art sure 'tis she? 230
Ern. There are not many like her.
Ant. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'l venture in,
Without her Brother's help to introduce me.
Ern. She's coming this way, Sir.

Camilla Enters Reading.

Cam. Y'have reason, *Dido*, and 'tis well remarqu'd, 235

³⁷ **Upper Tire of Ordinance** the upper row (or 'tier') of cannon (or 'ordnance').

³⁸ **wither'd Sybil** in Greek and Roman mythology, the Sibyls were prophetesses, inspired usually by Apollo. The most famous, Herophile, asked of Apollo that she should live for as many years as she held grains

of sand, but forgot to ask at the same time for continued youth, and so became immensely aged. In Petronius, Trimalchio relates having seen the Cumaean Sibyl displayed in a jar, who, when asked by children what she wanted, replied 'I wish to die'.

“The Woman, who suffers her self to Love,
 “Ought likewise to prepare her self to Suffer;
 There was great Power in your Charms, *Aeneas*,
 T’enthral a Ladies heart at first approach,
 And make such early and such deep Impressions, 240
 That nothing, but her death, could ere deface.
 Alas! poor *Dido!*³⁹
Ant. What do I see; or do I waking dream?

Antonio seeing her, stands as if amaz’d.

Sure I am asleep; and ’tis a Vision
 Of her, who’s always present to my Thoughts; 245
 Who fearing my Revolt does now Appear
 To Prove and to Confirm my Constancy.
 When first I saw that Miracle, she seem’d
 An Apparition, here it must be one.

Ern. What fit of Frenzy’s this, Sir? why ’tis *Porcia*, 250
 A Lovely Living Woman, and your Bride.

Ant. The Blessing is too mighty for my Faith.

Ern. Faith! ne’r trouble your Faith in this
 occasion,

Approach her boldly, Sir, and trust your Sense.

Ant. As when we dream of some Transporting
 Pleasure. 255

And finding that we Dream we fear to Wake,
 Lest Sense should rob us of our Fancie’s Treasure,
 And our Delightful Vision from us take;
 Bless’d Apparition, so it fares with me.

That very Angel does once more appear, 260
 To whose Divinity long since I rais’d
 An Altar in my Heart, where I have Offer’d
 The constant Sacrifice of Sighs and Vows.

My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust ’em;
 Bliss above Faith must pass for an Illusion; 265
 If such it be, O let me sleep for ever
 Happily deceiv’d; but Celestial Maid,
 If this thy glorious Presence Real be,
 O let one word of Pitty raise my Soul
 From Visional Delights, and make me die 270
 With Solid Joy instead of Extasie.

Ern. ’Slife! he’s in one of his old Fits again;
 Why what d’you mean, Sir? ’tis *Porcia* her self.

Cam. I am that Maid, who to your Virtue owes
 Her Honor then, and her Disquiet since; 275
 Yet in my Pain I cannot but be Pleas’d
 To find a Stronger Passion justifi’d
 By Obligation; I may avow the Fire,
 To which both Love and Gratitude conspire.

Ant. Incomparable Creature! can it be? 280

That having Suffer’d all, which mighty Love
 Did e’r inflict, I now should be repaid
 With fuller Joys, than Love could ever give;
 Fortune to make my Happiness complete,
 Has joyn’d her Power, and made me find a Bride 285
 In a Lost Mistris, but with this Allay,
 Of leaving me no Means my Faith to prove,
 Since Chance anticipates the Hopes of Love.

Cam. The Servant’s Error has misled the Master,
 He takes me too for *Porcia*, bless’d Mistake;
 Assist me now Artful Dissimulation;
 But how can that consist with so much Passion? } 290
Aside

’Tis possible the Sense of my Distress’d
 Condition might dispose a Gentle heart
 To take Impressions then, which afterwards 295
 Time, and your Second Thoughts may have

Destroy’d;

But can a Constant Passion be produc’d
 From those Ideas Pitty introduc’d?

Let your Tongue speak your Heart, for should
 y’abuse me,

I shall in time discover the Deceit; 300
 You may Paint Fire, *Antonio*, but not Heat.

Ant. *Madam* . . .

Cam. Hold; be not too Scrupulous, *Antonio*;
 Let me Believe it, though it be not True;
 For the chief Happiness, poor Maids receive, 305
 Is when our Selves we happily Deceive.

Ant. If, since I first those Conquering Eyes
 beheld,

You have not reign’d Unrival’d in my Heart;
 May you Despise me now you are my Own,
 Which is, I think, all Curses summ’d in one. 310

But may your Servant, *Madam*, take the boldness
 To ask, if you have ever thought of him?

Cam. A Love, so founded in a Noble Heart,
 Has need of no Remembrancer, *Antonio*;
 You know your self too well; those of your Trade 315
 Have skill to Hold, as well as to Invade.

Ant. Fortune has lifted me to such a Height
 Of Happiness, that it may Turn my Brain,
 When I look down upon the rest o’ th’ world.
 What have I now to wish but Moderation 320
 To Temper, and to Fix my Joys?

Cam. I yield as little t’you, noble *Antonio*,
 In Happiness, as Affection, but still
Porcia must do as may become your Bride,
 And Sister to *Don Henrique*, in whose absence 325
 A longer Conference must be excus’d.

³⁹ **poor Dido!** in the *Aeneid*, Dido queen of Carthage, is loved and then left by *Aeneas* as he pursues his destiny to found Rome. On his departure, she committed suicide. These lines do not appear to be a translation of any of Dido’s words in the *Aeneid*. In their linkage of love and suffering, however, they seem close to the sentiment of Ovid’s *Heroides*, VII. 189–90: ‘nec mea nunc primum feriuntur pectora telo; /

ille locus saevi vulnus amoris habet’ (‘Nor does my heart now for the first time feel a weapon’s thrust; it already bears the wound of cruel love’). Alternatively, and according to the conventions of the time, the inverted commas may either indicate lines that may be omitted in performance, or serve to mark out a *sententia* (or moral maxim).

And so I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have staid untill *Don Henrique* came, }
His presence would have marr'd my whole } *Aside*
design.

Exit Camilla.

Ant. Where Beauty and Discretion so combine, 330
'Tis Heaven, me-thinks, to find that Treasure
mine.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Sure *Don Antonio*, having long ere this
Found out th'infamous Flight of my vile Sister,
Will be retir'd to meditate Revenge
Upon us both: ah Curse! he is there still; 335
I'll slip away; but, O Heavens! 'tis too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Ant. How, *Don Henrique!* avoid your Friend? that's
come

So long a Journey t' embrace you, and cast
Himself at the feet of your fair Sister? 340

Henr. Noble *Antonio*, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find
My House in such Disorder, so unfit
The Honor to receive of such a Guest.

Ant. 'Tis true, *Don Henrique*, I am much surpriz'd 345
With what I find; I little did expect
Your Sister *Porcia* should have been . . .

Henr. Oh Heavens! I'm lost, he has discover'd all.

Aside.

'Tis not, *Antonio*, in a Brothers power
To make a Sister of a better Paste, 350
Than Heaven has made her.

Ant. In your case specially; for out of doubt,
Heaven never made a more Accomplish'd
Creature.

Henr. What means the Man?

Ant. I come just now from Entertaining her: 355
Whose Wit, and Beauty so excell all those
Of her fair Sex, whom I have ever known,
That my Description of her would appear
Rather Detraction, than a Just Report
Of her Perfections.

Henr. Certainly he mocks me; he never could }
Have chosen a worse Sufferer of Scorn; } *Aside*
But I will yet contain my self awhile }
To see how far he'll drive it; Say you, Sir,
That you have Seen, and Entertain'd my Sister? 365

Ant. Yes, *Don Henrique*; and with such full
Contentment,

So rais'd above Expression, that I think
The Pains, and Cares of all my former Life
Rewarded with Excess, in the Delight
Of those few Minutes of her Conversation; 370
'Tis true, that Satisfaction was abridg'd

By her well-weigh'd Severity; to give me
A greater Pleasure in the Contemplation
Of her discreet Observance of the Rules
Of Decency; not suffering me, though now 375
Her Husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a Happiness, you being absent.

Henr. I am confounded; but I must dissemble }
My Astonishment, till I can unfold } *Aside.*
The Mystery; }
She might have spar'd that Caution, }
But I suppose you'll easily Forgive } 380
An Error on the Better side.

Ant. Sir, I have seen so much of her Perfections
In that short Visit, I shall sooner doubt 385
All Definitions in Morality,
Than once suppose her capable of Error.

Henr. This Exposition makes it more Obscure:

Aside.

I must get him away. Sir, is't not time
I bring you to your Chamber? it is late, 390
And I believe that you have need of Rest.

Ant. I should accept your offer, were I not
Oblig'd, as late as 'tis, to see a Friend
Before I go to Bed.

Henr. I'll wait on you, Sir, if you'll give me leave. 395

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir; but can't consent
To give you so much trouble; I'll return
Within an hour at farthest.

Henr. When e'r you please; y'are wholly Master
here.

Ant. I never saw a man so Discompos'd, 400
Aside.

What e'r the matter is.

Ernesto, I must make a step to see
A Friend near hand; bid *Sancho* follow me;
And stand you in my Chamber till I come.

Exeunt Antonio, Ernesto.

Henrique waits on him to the door.

Henr. Your Servant, Sir; this sudden Salley hence 405
At this time of the night, and newly arriv'd
From a long Journey, does imbroil me more.
But now I will not long be in Suspense;
I'll to my Sister's Chamber.

Enter Carlos as Henrique is going into Porcia's Chamber.

Car. Ho *Don Henrique*, there is haste requir'd; all's 410
Prepar'd, and if the Quarrie lodg'd shall prove
Worthy of our own Swords, we may employ them;
If not, the Sword of Justice shall revenge
Our Injuries; for the *Corrigidor*
Is ready with a Band of Serjeants. 415

Henr. Speak softly; *Don Antonio* is arriv'd,
And some of his may over-hear us.
Carl. That's very unlucky, but does he know
That *Porcia's* missing?
Henr. I think not yet. 420
Carl. Come, let's away; we have no time to lose.
Henr. Pray stay awhile; I labour with a Doubt
Will burst me if not clear'd before I go.
Carl. What Cozin! will you loose an Opportunity
Never to be recover'd? are you mad? 425
Will you permit the Villains to escape,

He pulls him.

And laugh at us for ever? come away.

Exit Carlos.

Henr. Well, I must go; and let time make it out;⁴⁰
"The worst Estate of Human Life is Doubt.

THE FOURTH ACT

The Scene is Don Octavio's House

Enter Octavio angrily pushing Diego, and Porcia following.

Oct. Villain, thou hast undone us, cursed Villain;
Where was thy Soul, had Fear quite Banish'd it?
And left thee not one grain of common Sense?
Porc. Was there ever so fatal an Accident?
Oct. Why, Traitor, did'st thou not let me know it, 5
As soon as we were come into the House?
Die. What would y' have done if ye had known it
then?
Oct. I would have sally'd out, and Kill'd the
Rogue,
In whose Power thou hast put it to Destroy us;
Can it be doubted, but that long ere this 10
He has acquainted *Henrique* where we are?
From whose black Rage we must immediately
Expect to encounter all the pernicious
Effects of Malice, back'd by Seeming Justice;
Curse on all Cowards! better far be serv'd 15
By Fools, and Knaves: they make less dang'rous
Faults.
Die. Am I in fault, because I'm not a Cat?⁴¹
How could I tell i'th'dark whether that Rascal
Was a Knight Errant, or a Recreant Knight?
I thought him one of us, and true to Love; 20
Were it not for such Accidents as these
That mock Man's Fore-cast, sure the Destinies
Had ne'r been plac'd amongst the Deities.

Oct. Peace, cowardly Slave; having thus plaid the
Rogue,
Art thou Sententious⁴² grown? did I not Fear 25
To Stain my Sword with such Base Blood, I'd let
Thy Soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

Aside.

Die. Why then a thousand Thanks to my Base
Blood
For saving my Good Flesh.
Oct. Pardon, my dearest Mistris, this Excess 30
Of Passion in your presence.
Por. What shall we do *Octavio?* we are lost
For ever; if we should stay here, my Brother
Will be upon us instantly. Alas!
My own Life I value not *Octavio*, 35
Where yours, my Better life; such hazard runs;
But O my Honor! O my Innocence!
Expos'd to Scandal; there's my deepest Sense.⁴³
Oct. Though the Complexion of your Brother's
Malice

Resemble Hell, it is not Black enough 40
To cast a Stain upon your Virgin Whiteness.
As Contraries compar'd set off each other,
The Sister's Brightness will expose the Brother.

Por. O my *Octavio!* he is still my Brother.
But what do you resolve to do? 45

Oct. I must resolve and suddenly, but what
I swear I know not, there have been such Turns
In my Misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Por. You must determine, time wastes *Octavio*.
Oct. If I should lead you through the Streets, and
meet 50

Th'inquisitive Justice, I daring not
T'avow my self upon the other score
You know of, you might that way be in danger;
*To Diego.

We must not venture't; *Run Rascal, and fetch
A Chair⁴⁴ immediately. 55

Die. A pretty Errand at this time o'th' night;
These Chair-men are exceedingly well natur'd,
Th'are likely to obey a Servant's Orders
After ten a clock.

Exit Diego.

Oct. Ye Powers above, why do ye lay so great 60
A Weight on Human Nature, and bestow
Such an Unequal Force to bear our Loads?
After a long pursute through all those Storms,
Which Hell-bred Malice, or the Power of Fate

⁴⁰ **make it out** unravel or clarify it; cf. *Twelfth Night*, II.ii.40-41.

⁴¹ **Cat?** allegedly able to see in the dark.

⁴² **Sententious** given to pronouncing (usually vapid) moral generalizations, or *sententiae*.

⁴³ **There's my deepest Sense** that is what concerns (or touches) me most deeply.

⁴⁴ **Chair** an enclosed chair for carrying one person, supported by two horizontal poles borne by two porters.

Could ever raise, t'oppose a Noble Love;
To be at length possess'd of the Rich Mine,
Where Nature seem'd to have lodg'd all her
Treasure;

And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a Trial for my tir'd Patience
To sustain; I cannot bear it.

Por. My Sense of this Misfortune Equals yours,
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To Heavens Decrees; such Resignation
'Tis possible, their Justice may induce
The mischief to divert, though ne'r so near.

Oct. Ah *Porcia* to part with you!
Por. Loose not your self with me, though we are
for'd

To Separate, yet we are not Divorc'd.
Oct. Whilst our Souls act by Organs of the
Sense,

'Twixt Death and Parting there's no difference.
Por. Consult your Reason, then you will comply;
Making a Virtue of Necessity.

Oct. Ah lovely Maid, 'twas not allow'd to *Jove*⁴⁵
To hold at once his Reason, and his Love.

Enter Diego.

Die. The Chair is come, Sir, just as I expected.

Oct. Where is it?

Die. Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd
At New Cut,⁴⁶ and will not leave their Game,
They swear, for all the *Dons*⁴⁷ in *Sevil*.

Oct. A curse upon these Rogues! I'll make 'em
come,
Or put some of 'em in a condition
To be carri'd themselves.

Octavio runs out.

Die. *Madam*, though I was never yet Unkind
To my own Person, I am so much troubled
At the Disquiet my Mistake has brought you,
That could I do it conveniently, i'faith,
I could even cudgel my self.

Por. Away Buffon,⁴⁸ is this a time for fooling?

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. Where is my noble Friend *Octavio*?

Die. Did you not meet him at the door, Sir?

Ant. No.

Die. He went out just as you came in.

Addresses himself to Porcia.

Ant. *Madam*, I might have gone to Bed, but not
To Rest, without returning to enquire

65 Anew of Yours, and of my Friends Condition; 105
And once more offer you my Service.

Por. I take the boldness in *Octavio*'s absence
To return his with my most humble Thanks
For your late generous Assistance of us,
And for this new Addition to our Debt. 110

70 *Ant.* *Madam*, though I have not the Happiness
To be Known to you, yet my constant Friendship
With *Octavio* is of an antient Date;
And all Occasions where I may express
The Fervour of it, are most welcome to me. 115

Enter Flora in great haste.

Flo. O *Madam* . . . I'm out of breath with running.

Por. What Accident, *Flora*, brings you hither?

Flo. A sad one, *Madam*, and requiring haste,
To give you timely notice on't; *Don Carlos*,
Assisted by the light o'th' Rising Moon, 120

And by a Mistake of some of your Train,
Has Trac'd you to this House, and in my hearing,
Inform'd your Brother of the Place, and Manner
Of your Retreat, who is now coming hither
Accompani'd with the *Corrigidor*, 125
To seize on whomsoever shall be found
Within these Walls, upon pretence of Murder.

Por. O cruel Accident!

Flo. *Madam*, make haste, get out at the back door;
Or you will certainly be met withall. 130

Por. How vile a Creature am I now become!
For though in my own Innocence secure,
As to my self, t'others I shall appear
Some wicked Woman, that has sold her Honor
To purchase Infamy. 135

Flo. They'l instantly be here.

Por. O that *Octavio* should just now be absent!
But to expect till he return were madness.

Ant. Y'have reason, *Madam*, and if you dare trust
Your Person to the Conduct of a Stranger, 140
Upon my Honor, Lady, I'll Secure you,
Or Perish in th'Attempt.

Por. Generous Sir, how shall a wretched Maid,
Abandon'd by her Fate to the pursute
Of an Inhumane Brother, e'r be able 145
Either to Merit, or Requite your Favours?

Ant. *Madam*, they're more than Paid in the
Admission,

And your Acceptance of them will transfer
The Obligation, making me the Debtor.

Por. To your Protection I resign my self, 150
With equal Gratitude and Confidence.

Ant. Come *Madam*, there is no time to be lost;
Diego, find out your Master presently,

⁴⁵ **Jove** another name for Jupiter; in Roman mythology, the chief of the gods.

⁴⁶ **New Cut** a card game.

⁴⁷ **Dons** English slang term for the Spaniards.

⁴⁸ **Buffon** clown.

And tell him, that the Danger not allowing
Our Stay till his Return, I shall convey 155
His Mistris safely to a Nunnerie.

Por. And *Flora*, stay you here to bring me word,
What he resolves to do in this our desp'rate
Condition.

Exit Diego.

Flo. *Madam*, I shall. 160

Going out returns.

Ant. But stay; I swear I'd like to have committed
A foul Mistake; the Monastery Gates
Will not be open'd at this time of Night,
Without a strict Inquiry into the Cause;
Besides, 'tis possible, that once Lodg'd there, 165
She may be out of my Friends Power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence if it be known.
Lady, I have thought better on't; I shall
Conduct you to my Brother-in-law's house;
A Person of such Quality, and Honor, 170
As is fit to engage in your Protection;
And there my Wife may have the Happiness
T'accompany you, and pay the Offices
Due to your Virtue, and distress'd Condition:
And going to a House that's so much mine, 175
Make account,⁴⁹ *Madam*, 'tis to your own Home.

Turning to Sancho.

Sancho, stay you here to attend *Octavio*,
And guide him the next way to my Apartment;
Here is the Key; I shall have little use on't,
Having left *Ernesto* waiting for me there. 180
One word more, *Sancho*; let *Octavio* know
'Tis my advice that he come in a Chair;
He by that means may scape Examination,
Should he be met with.

Por. *Flora*, I pray do you continue here, 185
And if by any accident *Octavio*
Should hindred be from coming after us,
Observe his Motions, and where he Fixes;
Then return home; and I shall find some way
Of sending to you to inform my self. 190

Flo. I shall not fail t'observe your Orders, *Madam*.

Ant. *Madam*, I'm ready to wait on you.

Por. Ah cruel Brother! ah my dear *Octavio*!
O how perverse, and rigorous is my Fate!
Thus to torment me betwixt Love and Hate. 195

Exeunt Antonio, Porcia.

San. 'Tis no small Compliment my Master makes

Your Ladie, and her Gallant, at this time
O'th'night to quit his Brother-in-laws, and leave
So fair a Bride as *Porcia* all alone.

Flo. What? is his Mistris's name *Porcia* too? 200

San. Yes; and if she has but as fair a Hand-maid
As your self, I shall soon forget my Damsel
In the *Low-countries*.

Flo. If your *Low-country* Damsels resemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget first; 205
But I believe that you are safe enough;
I have not heard such Praises of their Wit,
But that we may suppose they have good Memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my Master yet return'd?

Flo. No. 210

Die. Well; now have we an Honorable Cause
To wear the Beadles Livery;⁵⁰ faith, *Flora*,
If your tender Sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh Discipline, how prettily
Would the Beadles Crimson Lace show upon 215
Thy white back.

Flo. 'Twon't do so well as on a darker ground;
'Twill suit much better with your Tawney hide.

San. I pray, Camerade, is it the Mode in *Sevil*
To be Whip'd for Company? 220

Die. Oh! a well-bred Soldier will ne'r refuse
Such a Civility to an old Friend;
This is a new way of being a Second,
To shew your Passive Courage.⁵¹

San. We Soldiers do not use to show our Backs. 225

Die. Not to your Enemies; but, Sir, the Beadle
Will prove your Friend, for your Blood being
Heated

With your long Journey, Breathing of a Vein⁵²
Is very requisite.

San. Would to Heaven that I were in the Camp
again; 230

There we are never stript till we are dead.

Enter Octavio, and the Chair-men appear at the door.

Oct. Be sure you stir not thence till I return.

To the Chair-men.

Sirrha, where's *Porcia*?

Die. She's fled away i'th'dark, with a Young man
Of your acquaintance. 235

Oct. Rascal, leave your fooling.

Die. There's none i'th' case, Sir, 'tis the wisest
thing

⁴⁹ **Make account** reckon.

⁵⁰ **Beadles Livery** the beadle was a parish officer charged with keeping order, and empowered to chastise with blows; his 'livery' (in the sense of the distinguishing dress of his followers) was therefore the marks left by the blows.

⁵¹ **Passive Courage** a euphemistic phrase for cowardice.

⁵² **Breathing of a Vein** bleeding, a process in which a vein was opened (or 'breathed') and a quantity of blood drawn off, was a common medical procedure in the early modern period.

She ever did, had she staid your return.
 She would have fall'n into those very Clutches,
 In which you will immediately be grip'd,
 Unless you make more haste: *Flora* is come
 With all possible speed, to let you know
 Th'are coming with the Justice to lay hold
 Of all within this House, upon pretence
 Of a most horrid Murder; be quick, Sir;
 And save your self. She's safe in a Nunnerie;
 Conducted thither by *Antonio*;
 Where, poor Lady, she's dropping for you now
 More Beads, perhaps, than Tears.
Oct. Peace Screech-Owl;⁵³ Fire consume that
 Tongue of thine.
 What saist thou Villain? in a Nunnerie?
Porcia in a Nunnerie? O Heavens! nothing
 But this was wanting to make me Desperate;
 What hope's there left ever to get her thence,
 After such Accidents as these made Publique?
 Ah *Flora*, is it true that my dear *Porcia*
 Is gone into a Monastery?
Flo. Once, Sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and *Diego* sent
 To give you notice on't; but afterwards
 He being gone, they chang'd their Resolutions:
 There's one can tell you more . . .

Pointing to Sancho.

San. My Master bad me stay to let you know
 He has convey'd her to his own Apartment,
 In his Brother-in-laws House, a person
 So eminent in Quality, and Credit,
 That the ingaging him in her, and your
 Protection, Sir, may much avail you both;
 Besides, she'l have the pleasure there of being
 Very well treated by my Master's Bride.
 There he'l expect you, Sir, and does advise
 Your coming in a Chair, to avoid Question
 In case of any Encounter.
Flo. And my walking by, Sir, as an Attendant,
 Will pass you without scruple for a Lady.
Oct. I'l take his counsel, he's a generous Friend.
 Come Chair-men, away. *Pray, friend, do you
 guide us.

*To Sancho.

Die. Up with your Burden Beasts, and fall forth-
 with
 To your Half-Trot.

Exeunt.

*The Chair is carri'd over the Stage,
 Diego, Sancho, and Flora follow.
 A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow.*

*Enter Carlos, the Corrigidor, and Serjeants, pursuing
 Sancho, Flora and Diego.*

Die. This is one of *Don Cupid's* pretty Jeasts.
 W'are struck upon a Shelf before we could
 Put out to Sea.

Flo. Oh, we are undone *Diego!*

Car. You find, Sir, my Conjectures not ill
 grounded.

To the Corrigidor.

Cor. What are you, Sirrha?

Die. A Living Creature, very like a Man,
 Onely I want a Heart.

Cor. Y'are pleasant, Sir, pray Heaven your mirth
 continue.

Who is that Woman with the Veil?

Die. Let her answer for her self, sh'has a Tongue,
 Set it but once a going, and she'l tell
 All that she knows, and more.

Cor. Make her discover her face.

One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her Veil.

Car. Hold Friend; Cozin, if it should be *Porcia*,
 'Twere not fit to expose her here.

Cor. 'Tis very well consider'd, go you to her,
 And speak to her in private.

Carlos goes towards Flora.

Flo. 'Tis I Sir, *Flora*, who being commanded
 By my Lady . . .

Carl. Speak softly prithee *Flora*, 'tis enough;
 I understand the rest, and pittty her;

Bid her sit still i'th 'Chair, I'l do my best
 To save her from the Fury of her Brother.

Flo. He thinks 'tis *Porcia* there, a good Mistake,
 It may secure *Octavio* for the present
 From the hands of this rude Rabble; *Sit still,

*To Octavio in the Chair.

They take you for my Mistris Sir, I'l follow
 The Chair, and have a watchful Eye on all
 Occasions, that may further your Escape.

Car. We have found our wandring *Nymph*.

Cor. Is it *Porcia* her self?

Car. No, 'tis her Woman *Flora* following
 The Chair, wherein they were conveying her
 To some other place.

Cor. We arriv'd luckily, had we but staid
 A moment longer, they had all been fled.

Ser. Will you have us see, Sir, who's in the Chair?

Cor. Forbear Fellow! *Her own Folly's
 punishment

*To Carlos.

⁵³ **Screech-Owl** the call of the screech-owl was taken for a sign of imminent doom and evil omen.

Enough t'a Woman of her Quality,
 Without our adding that of Publique shame.
Carl. 'Twas luckily thought on, when you oblig'd 320
Don Henrique to expect us at your House;
 For had he come, and found his Sister thus,
 'Thad not been possible to have restrain'd
 His Passion from some great Extravagance.
Cor. I could not think it fit to let him come; 325
 For one of such a Spirit could ne'r brook
 The sight of those had done him these Affronts,
 Without invading those strict Rules, which might
 Render his Life obnoxious to the Laws.
 'Tis better that a business of this nature, 330
 (Chiefly 'twixt Persons of such Quality)
 Should rather be reduc'd by Mediation
 (If it be possible) to some fair Agreement,
 Than to a publique Trial by the Law,
 Or, which is worse, some Barbarous Revenge. 335

Looking upon Diego.

Carl. This Fellow (if I am not much mistaken)
 Is *Don Octavio's* Man.
Cor. Who do you belong too, Friend?
Die. To no body, Sir.
Cor. Do not you serve? 340
Die. Yes Sir, but my Master is not himself.
Cor. Take his Sword from him Serjeant.

The Serjeant goes to take away his Sword.

Die. *Diego* disarm'd by any other hand
 Than by his own? know Friend, it is a Weapon
 Of such dire Execution, that I dare not 345
 Deliver it, but to the hands of Justice.

*The Corrigidor receives the Sword, and
 gives it to one of his Serjeants.*

Signior, pray call for it, when you come home,
 And hang't up in your Hall, then under-write,
 This is bold *Diego's* Sword; O may it be
 Ever from Rust, as 'tis from Slaughter free. 350
Cor. Thou art a Fellow of a pleasant humour.
Die. Signior, I never pain my self for Love,
 Or Fame, or Riches, nor do I pretend
 To that great subtilty of Sense to Feel
 Before I am Hurt, and for the most part 355
 I keep my self out of Harms way.
Carl. The Definition of a Philosopher.
Cor. Come, leave your fooling Sirrha, where's
 your Master?
Die. I am afraid we are not to be parted.
Cor. Whom do you mean? 360

Die. My Master, my Self, and the Fool your
 Worship
 Mentions, for sure one that had any Wit,
 Would never serve a Lover Militant;
 He had better wait upon a Mountebank,⁵⁴
 And be run through the Body twice a week 365
 To recommend his Balsom.⁵⁵
Cor. This Fellow's an Original.
Die. But of so ill a hand,⁵⁶ I am not worth
 The hanging up, Sir, in my Masters room,
 Amongst the worst of your Collection. 370

Enter Serjeants with two Foot-men, and two Maid-servants.

Serj. An't please your Worship, we have search'd
 the House,
 From th'Cellars to the Garrits, and these are all
 The living Cattel⁵⁷ we can find.
Cor. Friends take a special care of that same
 Varlet,
 And the Waiting-woman; we'll find a way 375
 To make them tell the Truth, I warrant you.
Flo. O *Diego!* must we be Prisoners together?
Die. Why, that's not so bad as the Bands of
 Wedlock, *Flora.*
Cor. Come, let's away; but whither to convey
 her . . .
 To her own House certainly were not fit, 380
 Because of her incensed Brother.
Carl. If you approve it, Cozin, I'll carry her
 To mine; for since we seek (if possible)
 The business to compose, she will be there
 With much more Decency, and Satisfaction, 385
 And less expos'd to Censure of the World,
 Being in a Kinsmans House, and having there
 My Sister to accompany her.
Cor. This business cannot be in better hands,
 Than yours; and there I'll leave it, and bid you 390
 Good-night.

As the Corrigidor goes out.

Carl. Your Servant Cozin, I wish you well home.
 Cozin, you may be pleased to take your Serjeants
 Along with you; there are without two Servants
 Belonging to *Don Henrique*, they'l suffice 395
 To guard our Prisoners, and with far less notice.
Cor. Come Serjeants, follow me.

To the Footmen and Maids.

Carl. Well, you may go about your business,
 Friends,
 I'll not be troubled with ye; I am glad

⁵⁴ **Mountebank** a swindler or charlatan, especially one who used theatrical means to deceive his victims.

⁵⁵ **Balsom** medicinal ointment.

⁵⁶ **so ill a hand** so unskilful.

⁵⁷ **Cattel** livestock, here of course used metaphorically.

We did not find *Octavio* here; though I
Might unaffected Ignorance pretend,
I would not bring him (though by chance) t'his
End.

Exeunt Servants.

San. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And since there is no notice taken of me.
I'll fairly steal away, and give my Master
Account of this Misfortune.

Exit Sancho.

Car. Take up the Chair, and follow me.

They take up the Chair.

Die. A Lovely Dame they bear, 'tis true, she's
something
Hairie, but that's a sign of Strength.

Carl. Make haste, I long to let *Don Henrique*
know,
That his lost Sister is by my dexterity
Recovered, and I hope to find some means
To calm his Furie, and to repossess
My Cozin *Porcia*, and (if't be possible)
Octavio of his good Graces. Come away.

The Chair is carri'd off.

Die. How like an Ass he'll look, when op'ning the
Shell,
His Worship finds within so rough a Kernel.

Exeunt omnes.

The Scene Changes to *Don Antonio's* Apart-
ment in *Don Henrique's* House

Enter Antonio and Porcia.

Ant. Madam, banish all your Fears, your are now
Safe in this House; be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I shall bring some Lights, and acquaint *Porcia*
With th'Honor she receives in entertaining
So fair a Guest.

Por. Who is't you say you will advertise Sir?

Ant. My Wife *Porcia*; have but a little patience,
And she shall wait upon you.

Exit Antonio.

Por. Is her name *Porcia* too? I pray Heaven send
her
A better Fate than her distressed Names-sake.
O *Octavio*! O Love! how dear do you
Cost me! where am I brought? what House is this?
What with my Fears, and Darkness, I have lost
All my measures; I can't so much as guess
What Quarter of the Town it is w'are in,
For to avoid th'Encounter of my Brother,

And his Revengeful Train, we have been forc'd
To make so many Turnings, I am Giddy.
But thanks to Providence I have this comfort,
That I am in a place out of his reach.

Enter Antonio with two Lights, and sets them on the Table.

Ant. Madam, my Wife will presently attend you.
Pardon I pray my absence for a moment.

Exit Antonio.

Por. Now I begin to hope my Sighes, and Tears,
Have in some sort with the just Heavens prevail'd
At length to free me... *But what do I see!

**Looking about her.*

Am I awake, or is it an Illusion?
Is not this my Brother's House? Is not this
The Quarter joining to my own Apartment?
There is no room for Doubt, and my Misfortunes
Are always Certain; Miserable Creature,
That I should be thus Bandi'd up and down
From one Hazard t'another, greater still.
Ah cruel Heavens! what have I ever done
To deserve this lasting Persecution?

But how came I here? brought by *Octavio's* friend,
Upon whose Virtue I did so relie
That I my Brothers Malice durst defie.
Can he betray me? sure I am in a Dream.
But if *Octavio*... O vile Suspition!
Octavio false? no, Truth and He are one.

'Tis possible his Friend may guilty be;
But to what end so base a Treacherie:
And if Perfidious, how could he be his Friend.
I am confounded with the various forms
Of my Misfortunes, Heightned still the more,
The less I can their Hidden Cause explore.
This onely's evident, that I must flic
Immediately this fatal place; But why
Struggle I thus with Fate? since Go, or Stay,

She weeps.

Death seems alike to wait me every way.

Enter Antonio and Camilla.

Aside.

Cam. I wonder much what Lady this can be
Antonio mentions.

Ant. Pardon, my dearest Mistris, the Liberty
Which I so early take; but I presume
Such is your Generous Tenderness to those,
Whose sad Misfortunes, not their Faults, have
driven

Into Distress, that you will think your self
Oblig'd to him, who gives you the occasion
To exercise those Virtues which do Visit

Others, but Reside with you; This fair Lady . . . 60
 But she will best relate her own sad Story;
 Whilst I seek out *Don Henrique*, and engage him
 Both to Protect and Serve her with his Credit.

Exit Antonio.

*Upon Camilla's approach Porcia
 takes the Handkerchief from her Eyes.*

Cam. Ha! what's that I see? stay, stay *Antonio*.

She runs after Antonio.

It is not fit *Don Henrique*, . . . but he's gone, 65
 And we are lost for ever.

Por. O Heavens! is this *Antonio*, the same Man
 To whom I am Betroth'd? then my Destruction
 Is inevitable.

Cam. Are you an Apparition? or are you 70
Porcia her self? speak, that when y'have said it
 thrice

I may not yet believe you.

Por. You well may Doubt even what you See

Camilla;

Since my Disasters are so new, and strange,
 They sever Truth from Credibility. 75

Cam. How is it possible you should be here?

Por. I know not how, onely of this I'm sure,
 I have not long t'expect the dismal end
 Of my sad Tragedy; since 'tis evident
 The Person that hath led me to this Place, 80
 This fatal Place, is the abus'd *Antonio*;
 Who with my Cruel Brother has conspir'd
 To take away my wretched life, and chose
 This Scene as fittest for their Cruelty
 And thus, strange Fate! (through ignorance betraid) 85

I have Protection sought from the same Partie,
 Whom I have Injur'd, and have made my Husband
 Th'onely Confident of his own Affront:
 Who to accomplish his too just Revenge,
 As well upon my Family, as Person, 90
 Gives me up to be Murder'd by my Brother.
 So whilst I'm branded as a Faithless Bride,
 He'l be detested as a Parricide.⁵⁸

Cam. Prodigious Accident! but wert thou blind
 Not to know thine own House unhappy *Porcia*? 95

Por. Alas, how could I in so dark a Night,
 In such Confusion, and so full of Fear?

Besides, he brought me in by the Back way,
 Through his own Quarter, where was neither Light,
 Nor any Creature of the Family. 100

Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the steps

Of this your strange Adventure, yet dear Cozin,
 Your case (as I conceive) is not so desperate.
Por. "We easily perswade our selves to hope
 "The things we wish; but Cozin, my condition 105
 Will not admit Self-flattery, and what
 Can you propose to temper my Despair?

Cam. Don't you remember, how this very
 Evening
Antonio's Man finding me in your Quarter
 Without a Veil (you having put on mine) 110
 That he appli'd himself to me, and I
 By your command, your Person did assume?

Por. Yes very well.

Cam. The Master since has by the Man's Mistake
 Been happily led into the same Error, 115
 And I not disabus'd him yet, in hopes
 It might produce Advantage to us both.

Por. Oh! he has spoken with my Brother since,
 Who sure has Undeceiv'd him long ere this.
 No, without doubt they having found themselves 120
 Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

Cam. How Cozin can that be? if *Don Antonio*
 In your Protection has engag'd himself,
 And is *Octavio's* Friend. 125

Por. Cozin, if you impartially reflect
 On the Affront which I have done *Antonio*,
 You will not wonder much if he recede
 From the scarce-troden Path of rigid Honor
 To meet with his Revenge; and to that end
 Proceeds thus cautelously,⁵⁹ and does feign 130
 Not to know me, that he may disavow
 Both to *Octavio*, and to all the world,
 Th'Infamy of Betraying a poor Maid
 To loss of Life and Honor.

Cam. Misfortunes make you rave; this vile
 Suspition 135
 Is inconsistent with *Antonio's* Fame:
 You may as well believe that Nature will
 Reverse the order of the whole Creation,
 As that *Antonio*, a Man, whose Soul
 Is of so strong, and perfect a Complexion,⁶⁰ 140
 Should ere descend to such a slavish Sin.

And if we had the leisure, I could give you
 Such reasons to convince you of your Error,
 That you would easily acknowledge it.

Aside.

Por. I had forgot her near Concernments for 145
Antonio. Pardon and Pity me *Camilla*;
 My mind is by Afflictions made so Weak,

⁵⁸ **detested as a Parricide** parricide is the crime of killing one's father; a crime apparently so incredibly loathsome to the Romans that they originally made no provision in their legal code for how it was to be punished.

⁵⁹ **cautelously** warily or craftily; cf. n. 26 above.

⁶⁰ **perfect a Complexion** so well-balanced a mixture (of the four humours thought to make up the human personality).

I'm ready to believe Impossibilities.

Cam. I Pitty thee with all my heart; but Cozin,
If *Antonio* not knowing you, nor your
Relations, should chance to find your Brother,
And him inform of what has pass'd, and that
He has convey'd the distress'd Partie hither,
He'l presently imagine it is you;
And then (I fear) 'twill be impossible
(Though he should interpose with all his power)
To stop the Torrent, or divert his Rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid Parricide, which (though too late)
It may be he himself would execrate.

Por. There's too much ground for what you fear
Camilla.

But if we could secure our selves this night,
There were some hopes that we to morrow may
Engage both *Don Antonio*, and your Brother
To find out some Expedient to redeem me
From this deplorable condition.

Cam. Were you onely in pain for your Security
This night, I know an easie Remedy
For that.

Por. Which way my Dearest?

Cam. Why what does hinder us from making
use

(On this occasion) of the secret Door,
By which (you know) you have so often past
Into our House (upon more pleasing Errands?)
By this we shall these Benefits obtain;
Of Safety from your Brothers present Fury,
And time to try if *Carlos*, and *Antonio*
May be ingag'd to mediate in this Business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable, as you
Imagine.

Por. I conceive you Cozin; Fool that I was,
To think a Heart once Conquer'd by your Eyes
Should e'r become another Virgin's Prize.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. So late; a Guest in's House; that's come
so far; } 185
On such a Business; and not yet come home? } *Aside.*
There's something in't I cannot comprehend. }
I cannot, *Madam*, yet find out your Brother,
But sure 'twill not be long ere he return.
Then I'l acquaint him with the Accident
Has made his House this Ladie's Sanctuary.
Por. Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see
He takes my Cozin for *Don Henrique's* Sister; } *Aside.*
O bless'd Mistake so luckily continu'd! }
Cam. I am by his permission Mistris here,
And since that I am pleas'd Sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the Account

Of her sad Story.

Ant. Yes, *Madam*, as to th'Excuse, but 'twere fit
He knew it too, that we might serve our selves
Of his Credit in this Ladie's Protection.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Though I did promise the *Corrigidor* }
Not to stir from his House, till his return, }
Yet I could not obtain it of my self; } *Aside.*
I'm so impatient to unfold the Riddle } 205
Of *Don Antonio's* seeing of my Sister,
And entertaining her in her own Lodgings; }
I shall not now be long i'th' dark. *O Heavens!

**He sees her.*

'Tis she her self, and *Camilla* with her:
Were all my Servants mad, or all agreed
T'abuse me, in affirming she was fled?
But *Don Carlos*, was he mad too, to swear
That he had trac'd her to an other House?
Certainly I, or they must be Possess'd;
Or some Inchantment reigns within these Walls.

Ant. O here comes *Don Henrique*, I'l now acquaint
him

With your sad Story *Madam.*

Cam. I fear we are undone.

Ant. *Don Henrique* . . .

Por. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder
him . . . 220

Ant. Here's a Lady with your Sister *Porcia* . . .

Henr. Yes, Sir, I see who 'tis.

Ant. Since you know her Sir, you will the eas'lier
Excuse my boldness.

Henr. Boldness, in what Sir? 225

Ant. To have been th'occasion of your finding her
Here, with your Sister, at this time of night.

Henr. Lord Sir, what do you mean?

Ant. Truly there was a Necessity in it,
Which will, I hope, excuse my Intercession
With you in her behalf. 230

Por. Now all comes out.

Henr. I understand you Sir, she does desire
To pass this night with *Porcia*, to assist her
In ordering her Nuptial Ceremonies:
Let her stay here a God's name. 235

Por. If he does not dissemble, my Condition } *Aside.*
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd. }

Ant. I hope you'l pardon this great Liberty;
So early a Confidence will need it, Sir. 240

Henr. 'Tis more than enough Sir, that you desire
it,
Th'Occasion too does justifie her stay.

Ant. 'Tis most true Sir, the Occasion did inforce
me

Thus boldly to presume upon your Friendship.

Henr. Ha'done for Heavens sake, is it a Novelty 245

Think you for *Porcia*, and her *Cozin-Germin*⁶¹
To pass a Night together?

Ant. Is she so near a Kinswoman of his?
Strange Inadvertence in her not to tell me
Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first. } *Aside.*
I'd made fine work on't had I told him all. } 250

Looking on the Ladies.

Henr. She knows I owe her many a Good-turn
Upon *Octavio's* score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.

Por. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms? 255

Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Henr. Since 'tis so late, pray give the Ladies leave
To retire to their Chambers; Go in Sister.

Ant. My Brothers Words, and his Behaviour } 260
Imply some Mystery; I must be silent } *Aside.*
Till I discover more. }

Por. Let us be gone, w'are lost if we stay here;
I'm confident he counterfeits this *Calm*
To disguise his Revenge, until *Antonio*, 265

And the rest of the House are gone to Bed.

Cam. But we shall ne'r be able to get out
Whilst they continue in the outward Rooms.

Por. Yes, by the Garden-dore, but I'm afraid
'Tis shut. 270

Cam. No; now I think on't, *Flora* went that way,
And left it open.

Por. Come, lett's be gone; I hope Heaven does
ordain

Ease by that Door which first let in my Pain.

Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.

Ant. I'll onely make a step Sir, to my Lodging, 275
And then return to you immediately.

Henr. Pray give me leave to wait on you.

Ant. I humbly thank you Sir, I know the way,
And shall not stay above a Moment from you.

Henr. Y'are Master here, Sir. 280

Ant. I'll now go see whether my Servant *Sancho*
Has brought *Octavio* to my Apartment,
As I directed him.

Exit Antonio.

Henr. Heavens! was there ever so strange a
Mystery!

Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with 285
Had convey'd *Porcia* away, and when I come
To seek her in the House I find her missing,
To second this, her Waiting woman *Flora*
Tells me that she went down, about that time,

Into th'Garden; *Antonio*, not long after, 290
Affirms that he both saw, and entertain'd her
In her own Apartment, where I now find her,
And *Camilla* with her: What can this be?
These sure are Riddles to pose an *Oedipus*;⁶²
But if by my own Sense I am assur'd 295
My Honor's safe, which was so much in doubt,
What matter is it how 'tis brought about.

THE FIFTH ACT

The Scene is Don Carlos's House

Enter Diego, Flora, and Geraldo accompanying the Chair,
grooping as i'the dark.

Ger. Dame *Flora*, and Signior *Diego*, go in there.
And you my Friends, set down the Chair i'th'door;
And when the Party's enter'd, pull it to;
'Twill lock of 'tself; that done, you may be gone:
There's Mony for you; I'll go fetch a Candle. 5

Exit Geraldo.

Diego, and Flora go in, and the Chair being
set in the door, Octavio goes out into
the room, the Chair-men clap to the door,
and go away.

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora, at another door.

Oct. What! put in all alone here i'the dark!

Grooping as i'th'dark.

And the door shut upon me! *Diego, Flora.*

Die. Here am I Sir, and *Flora* too, unless
My Sense of feeling fails me.

Oct. I can't conjecture where we are; I durst not 10
So much as peep out of the Chair, since *Flora*
Gave me the warning; but where e'r I am,
'Tis better far than in the Serjeants hands.

Flo. Though now i'th'dark, I know well where we
are:

I have too often walk'd the Streets, *Octavio*, 15
From your House hither, upon *Cupid's* Errands,
Not to know the back door of *Carlos's*
Apartment; 'tis there I am sure w'are now.

Oct. Curse on thee; *Flora!* had'st thou lost thy wits
Not to let me know it sooner! think'st thou 20
I should have tamely suffer'd them to bring me,
Like a poor Bird shut in a Cage, t'a place,
Where I must look for nothing but Destruction.

Die. A Gypsie told me by my Palm long since,
A sour-fac'd Damsel should be my destruction. 25

Flo. Suspend a while your Apprehensions, Sir;

⁶¹ **Cozin-Germin** the son or daughter of one's uncle or aunt.

⁶² **Oedipus** in Greek mythology, the man who solved the

riddle of the Sphinx. The subject of two tragedies by Sophocles, *Oedipus the King* and *Oedipus at Colonus*.

You may escape before the Candles come;
The door was wont to open on this side;
If not, I have another way in store.

Octavio goes to the door.
Striving to open the door.

Oct. *Flora*, I cannot make the Lock go back. 30

Ger. unlocks it on the other side, and coming in with a Candle, meets with Octavio, and starting back and stumbling lets the Candle fall, then running out again locks fast the door.

Die. Nay then, i'faith, w'are fast; I heard him give
The Key a double Turn.

Diego takes up the Candle.

Here's a fair Trial for your Maiden breath,
Flora blow't in again, let's owe your Mouth
More Light, than yet your Eyes could e'r impart. 35
Flo. Light's cast away on such an Owl as you;
But yet I'll trie.

*Flora blows the Candle in.*⁶³

Die. Thanks, gentle *Flora*, to your Virgin Puff;
'Tis a Strong breath that can o're-come a Snuff.

Aside.

But I had rather 't had been let alone: 40
If I must needs be slain, unless it were
Behind my back, I'd have it i'the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

Oct. What must we do *Flora*? all my hope's in you.

Flo. There is yet room for Hope; there's a Back-
stairs 45

Beyond that inner Chamber, that goes down
Into the Garden, if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is easie.

Oct. Come, let's lose no time; prethee guide us
Flora.

Exeunt.

The Scene changes to Don Henrique's House

Enter Don Henrique.

Henr. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my Honor
Less Desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from *Porcia* a Confession
Of the whole Truth, before she goes to bed;
She's in her Chamber now, unless by new 5
Enchantments carried thence.

As he is going towards Porcia's Chamber, Enter Carlos in haste.

Carl. I can't imagine what should make *Don Henrique* }
Quit the *Corrigidors* till we return'd: }
One of his Servants tells me he's come home. } 10
O here he is; now shall I raise a storm }
Which (if we do not take a special care) } *Aside.*
Will scarce b'allaid without a shower of Blood; }
Yet I must venture't, since it so imports }
Our Friendship, and the Honor of our House. }

Happiness is a stranger to Mankind, 15
And like to a Forc'd Motion, it is ever
Strongest at the beginning, then Languishing
With time, grows weary of our company;
But to Misfortunes we so subject are,
That like to Natural motion they prove still 20
More Vigorous in their Progress.

Henr. What means this Philosophical Preamble?

Carl. You'l know too soon I fear.

Henr. *Don Carlos*, I am now so well recover'd 25
From all m'Inquietudes, that for the future
I dare defie the Malice of my Stars
To cause a new Relapse into Distemper.

Carl. Cozin, I'm so surpriz'd with this great
change,

That my Confusion does suppress my Joy; 30
But since y'are so much Master of your Passions,
I'll spare my *Ethicks*, and proceed to give you
In short the Narrative of our success;

The *Corrigidor* (as we did expect
Forward to serve you in th' Affair I mention'd)
Was pleas'd to go along with me in person, 35
With a strong Band of Serjeants, to the place,

Where I attended by your Servants led him:
Cozin, 'twas there; it wounds my heart to speak it;
And I conjure you summon all your Patience:

'Twas there I found . . . 40

Henr. Whom Cozin did you find? for since I'm
sure

You found not *Porcia* there; my Concernments
In your Discoveries are very unlikely
To discompose me.

Carl. I would to Heaven we had not found her
there. 45

Henr. What's that you say, Cozin, my Sister there!

Carl. Yes Sir, your Sister.

Henr. My Sister! that's good i'faith: ha, ha, ha.

Carl. Why do you laugh? is the Dishonor of
Your Family become a Laughing Matter? 50

This is a worse Extreme, me-thinks than t'other.

⁶³ **blows the Candle in** makes the candle flame up by blowing gently on the wick.

Henr. How can I choose but Laugh to see you
Dream;
Awake for Heavens sake; and recall your Senses;
Porcia there said you?
Carl. Yes Sir, *Porcia* I say; your Sister *Porcia*;
And which is more, 'twas in *Octavio's* House. 55
Henr. Why sure y'are not in earnest, Cozin.
Carl. As sure as you're alive I found her there.
Henr. Then you transport me, Sir, beyond all
patience:
Why Cozin, if she has been still at home, 60
Antonio seen, and entertain'd her here,
Accompani'd by *Camilla*; if even now
I left them there within; Is't possible
You should have found her in *Octavio's* House?
To be here, and there too, at the same time, 65
None sure but *Janus* with his double face
Can e'r unfold this Mystery.
Carl. Sir, let me advise you; Abuse not your self:
I tell you positively I found her there:
And by the same Token, her Waiting-woman 70
Flora was there attending her.
Henr. *Flora!* dear Cozin, do not still persist
Thus to affirm impossibilities.
Carl. Sure you are making some Experiment
Upon my Temper, and would fain provoke 75
My Patience to some such high Disorder,
That I should ne'r hereafter have the face
When you are in your Fits to play the *Stoick*.
Henr. Cozin, I swear to you upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour, 80
Since I did speak with *Porcia*, and your Sister
In that very Apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my Sister's Chamber.
Carl. And Sir, I swear to you upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour, 85
Since I left *Porcia* carried in a Chair
From *Don Octavio's* House, your man *Geraldo*
Conducting the Chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By *Flora*, whilst I came to find you out 90
T'acquaint you, Sir, with this displeasing news:
But fit for you to know as soon might be.
Henr. This Question, Cozin, may be soon
decided;
Pray come along, her Chamber's not far off.
Carl. And my House is but the next door, let's in.
Henr. You'l quickly find your Error. 95
Carl. And you'l as soon be Undeceiv'd; but stay,
Here comes your Servant, whom I left to Guard
her;
He'l instantly convince you of the Truth.

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. O Sir!
Henr. What brings you hither *Geraldo*? 100
Ger. O Sir, I bring you such rare news, your
Enemy,
Your Enemy *Octavio* . . . I'm out of breath.
Henr. What does the Varlet mean?
Ger. Sir, I suppose *Don Carlos* has inform'd you
That he left me to see your Sister *Porcia*, 105
With *Flora*, and *Diego Octavio's* Man
Safely convey'd t'his House.
Carl. See now *Don Henrique*, who was i'the Right.
Ger. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into *Don Carlos's* Anti-chamber; 110
Porcia in the same Chair which brought her thither;
And for more safety made the door be lock'd;
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch a Light.
Henr. As sure as Death this Madness is Infectious;
My Man is now in one of *Carlos's* Fits. 115
Ger. Returning with a Light a moment after,
No sooner open'd I the door, but Heavens!
Who should I see there standing just before me
In the same place where I left *Porcia*, but
Octavio, your Enemy *Octavio*. 120
Henr. Here is some Witch-craft sure; what can
this mean?
Ger. Amaz'd at th'sight, I let the Candle fall;
And clapt the door to; then I double-lock'd it,
And brought away the Key.
Carl. But how could he get in, if you be sure 125
You lock'd the door, when you went out for Lights?
Ger. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after, but of this I'm sure,
That there I have him now, and safe enough.
Carl. I am sorry for it. 130

[*Aside.*

Henr. Let's not, *Don Carlos*, now perplex our
selves
With needless Circumstances, when? and how?
Those Queries are too Flegmatick⁶⁴ for me;
If the Beast be i'th'Toil⁶⁵ it is enough;
Let us go seize upon him; he must die. 135

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Good Brother, what unhappy Man is he,
Whom you so positively doom to death?
I have a Sword to serve you in all occasions
Worthy of you, and me.
Henr. His intervening, *Carlos*, is unlucky, 140
How shall we govern our selves towards him

⁶⁴ **Flegmatick** cold, sluggish, self-possessed; qualities supposed to result from having a preponderance of phlegm in the bodily humours.

⁶⁵ **i'th'Toil** a net into which hunted game is driven, in order to be more easily killed.

In this Affair? so unfit for his knowledge?

Carl. *Antonio* is a Man of shining Honor;
But having such a share in this Affront,
If once he know't, I am afraid he'l bring } *Aside.*
Fuel, not Water to *Don Henrique's* Fire. } 146

To *Henrique*.

Don Henrique, you must suddenly resolve
What answer to return, he's not a Man
To be put off with any slight Pretences;
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an Action, 150
As bears th'appearance rather of Cruelty,
Than Honor, and you know, *Antonio* needs
No fresh Occasions to support his Name;
"Who Dangers seek, are indigent of Fame.

Ant. I find my coming hath disorder'd them,
There's something they would fain conceal from } *Aside.*
me; } 155

All here is discompos'd, what er's the matter.

Carl. Perhaps 'twere better to suspend a while
The Execution of your just Revenge:
Time, and mature weighing of Circumstances, 160
Never did harm in Actions of this Nature;
Where one has still the Party in his Power.

Henr. A Curse on your Tame Proposition *Carlos!*

Carl. "He, who the Rules of Temperance
neglects,
"From a Good Cause may produce Vile Effects. 165

To *Antonio*.

Henr. I doubt not of your kind Concurrence, Sir,
In all the near Concernments of a Person
Alli'd to you as I am; but Noble Brother,
It were against the Laws of Hospitality,
And Civil Prudence to engage a Guest 170
(Newly arriv'd after so long a Journey)
In an occasion, Sir, of Blood, and Hazard.

Ant. If such be the occasion, I must then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a Sword,
Which must not be excluded from your Service; 175
I'm sure you are too Noble t'employ yours
In any Cause not justifi'd by Honor;
But I confess there are Affronts so great,
And heightned by such odious Circumstances,
As do release us from the usual Forms 180
Of Generous Revenge; and set us free
To tak't on any Advantage.

Henr. Though with Regret I see, Sir, I must yield
To your excess of Generosity;
This onely I shall say to satisfie 185
Your just Reflections; that my Resentments
Are grounded on Affronts of such a Nature,
That as nothing but the Offender's Life
Can e'r repair them, so as to the Forms

Of taking that Revenge, they can't admit 190
Of the least scruple.

Ant. Honor's my Standard; and 'tis true, that I
Had rather Fall, than Blush for Victory;
But you are such a Judge of Honor's Laws,
That 'twere Injurious to suspect your Cause. 195
Allow me, Sir, th'honor to lead the way.

Exit Antonio and Henrique.

Carl. If *Porcia* be there too, (as I believe)
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal Tragedy;
But should she not be there; yet 'tis too much
For such a Heart as mine, through ignorance 200
To have betraid a Gentleman, though Faulty,
Into such Cruel hands; I must go with them;
But so resolv'd, as in this Bloody strife
I'l salve⁶⁶ my Honor, or I'l lose my Life.

Exit Carlos.

The Scene changes to *Carlos's* House

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora with a Candle.

Flo. O the unluckiness! I vow t'you Sir,
I have scarce known that door e'r lock'd before.

Oct. There's no Remedy *Flora*, I am now
At the Mercy of my Enemies.

Die. Having broken into another's Ground, 5
'Tis just i'faith, you should be put i'th'Pound.

Oct. The Tide of my ill Fate is swoln so high,
'Twill not admit encrease of Miserie;
Since amongst all the Curses there is none 10
So wounds the Spirit, as Privation.

For 'tis not where we Lie, but whence we Fell,
The Loss of Heaven's the greatest Pain in Hell;
When I had sail'd the doubtful Course of Love,
Had safely gain'd my Port, and far above 15
My Hopes, the precious Treasure had secur'd,

For which so many Storms I had endur'd;
To be so soon from this great Blessing torn,
That's hard to say, if 'twere first Dead, or Born,
May doubtless seem such a transcendent Curse,
That even the Fates themselves could do no 20
worse;

Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since Fortune, not my Fault caus'd my Disgrace;
But now my Eyes unto the Earth are bent,
Conscious of meriting this Punishment,
For trusting a fond Maid's Officious Care, 25
My Life, and Honor's taken in this Snare;
And thus I perish on this unseen Shelf,
Pursu'd by Fate, and False unto my self.

He pulls out his Tablets.

⁶⁶ salve preserve.

Flora, when I am dead, be sure that you
 These Tablets give to *Porcia*; there she'll find, 30
 That to th'Extremest Moment of my Life
 I constantly pursu'd those Noble Ways,
 Which might Deserve her, though I could not
 Have her.
 Give me the Candle.

*Octavio sets the Candle on a Table,
 and sits down as to write in his Tablets.*

Die. A double Curse upon all Love in earnest, 35
 All Constant Love; 'tis still accompani'd
 With strange Disasters; or else ends in that
 Which is the worst of all Disasters Marriage.

Flo. Sure you could wish that every body living
 Had such a Soul of Quick-silver, as yours, 40
 That can fix no where.

Die. Why 'twould not be the worse for you, dear
Flora,

You then might hope in time to have your Turn,
 As well as those, who have much better Faces.

Flo. You, I presume Sir, would be one o'th'latest 45
 Which I should hear of, yet 'tis possible
 That one might see you, before you should be
 welcom.

Die. She has Wit, and good Humor, excellent
 Ingredients to pass away the time;
 And I have kindness for her Person too, 50
 But that will end with Marriage, and possibly
 Her good Humor; for I have seldom known
 The Husband, and the Wife make any Musick,
 Though when asunder they can play their parts;
 Well, friend *Diego*, I advise you to Look 55
 Before you Leap, for if you should be Coupled
 To a Yoak instead of a Yoak-fellow,
 'Tis likely you may wear it to your Grave.
 Yet, honest *Diego*, now I think on't better,
 Your Dancing, and your Vaulting days are done, 60
 Faith all your Pleasures are three Stories high,
 Th'are come up to your Mouth, for you are now
 For Ease, and Eating, th'onely Joys of Life,
 And there's no Cook, nor Drie-Nurse like a Wife.

Flora over-hears him.

Flo. I could find Reasons too for Matrimony, 65
 A Stale Maid is a horrible reproach,
 I must confess it; and a Waiting-woman
 Does onely change a Mistris for a Master;
 I may quit her, 'tis true, but not my Husband,
 And on the other side she may quit me, 70
 And turn me off, when old, and good for nothing.

A Husband's bound to keep me still; In fine,
 For ought I can perceive the Scales are Equal,
 I may throw Cross and Pile,⁶⁷ which Life I'd have,
 The Single Begger, or the Marri'd Slave; 75
 But heark! the Door within, from whence we came
 Is newly open'd, or my Ears deceive me.
Die. Methoughts I heard it too, let us peep in.

They look into the next Room, and start back.

O Sir, w'are lost, I see two Female-Giants

Runs to Octavio.

Coming most terribly upon us. 80

Oct. Away you troublesome Fool.

*Enter Camilla and Porcia, the one with a Key,
 the other with a Candle.*

Por. I'm confident no body saw us pass
 From th'other House.

Cam. However, let's go through my Brother's
 Quarter,

And open the Back-door into the Street; 85
 'Tis good in all Events t'have a Retreat
 More ways, than one.

Por. O Heavens! our surest is cut off, the Wind

A door claps behind, and both look back.

Has clapt that door to thorough which we came.

Cam. The Accident's unlucky, 'tis a Spring-lock, 90
 That opens onely on the other side.

Por. Let's on the faster, and make sure of th'other.
Octavio here!

*Octavio hearing them starts
 up with the Tablets in's hand.*

Oct. *Porcia* in this place! may I trust my Senses,
 Or does my Fancy create these *Chimeras*?⁶⁸ 95

Die. Either we Sleep, and Dream extravagantly;
 Or else the Fairies govern in this House.

Flora runs to Porcia.

Flo. Ah! dearest Mistris, you shall never make me
 Quit you so again.

Por. But can that be *Octavio*? 100

Oct. I was *Octavio*; but I am at present
 So much astonish'd, I am not my self.

Cam. What can the meaning of this Vision be?

Octavio approaches Porcia.

Oct. My dearest *Porcia*, how is't possible
 To find you in this place, noble *Antonio* 105
 Having so generously undertaken

⁶⁷ **Cross and Pile** 'cross' and 'pile' are the two opposite sides of a coin; hence, to throw cross and pile is to toss a coin.

⁶⁸ **Chimeras?** in Greek mythology, the chimera was a fire-

breathing female monster, made from the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent; hence, a fabulous beast.

Your protection?

Por. Did he not yours so too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd

Than I, to sure destruction; I am loath
110 To say 'tis he, who has Betraid us both.

Oct. *Antonio* false? it is impossible.

Die. It is too evident.

Oct. Peace Slave; he is my Friend, of Noble
Blood,

Whose Fame's above the Level of those Tongues,
115 That Bark by Custom at the brightest Virtues,
As Dogs do at the Moon.

Por. "How hard it is for Virtue to suspect.

Ah *Octavio!* we have been both deceiv'd;
120 This vile *Antonio* is the very Man,

To whom my Brother without my Consent,
Or Knowledge has Contracted me in *Flanders*.

Oct. *Antonio* the Man to whom y'are Contracted,
Porcia the Bride whom he is come to Marry?

Por. The very same.
125

Oct. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?

Por. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it;
But those Few hours such Wonders have
produc'd,

As surpass all Belief, and do require
130 More time, than your unsafe Condition here
Will allow us to make you understand it.

Cam. Dear Friends, I cannot blame your
Apprehensions,

Nor your Suspicion of *Antonio's* Friendship:
But I am so possess'd with the Opinion
135 Of his great Virtue, that I shall as soon
Believe Impossibilities, as his
Apostacie from Honour.

Oct. What's her Concernment in *Antonio, Porcia?*

Por. O, that's the strangest part of our sad Story;
And which requires most time to tell you.
140

*A Blaze of Light appears at the
Window, and a noise within.*

Por. See, *Flora*, at the Window, what's that Light,
And Noise we hear.

Flora goes to the Window.

Flo. O Madam! we are all undone, I see
Henrique, Carlos, and their Servants with Torches
145 All coming hither, and which is wonderful,
Antonio leading them with his Sword drawn.

Cam. Thou dream'st, distracted Wench; *Antonio*
false?

It is impossible.

*Camilla runs to the
Window, and turning back says,*

All she has said is in appearance true,
There's sure some hidden Mystery which thus
150 Abuses us; for I shall ne'r believe

Antonio can transgress the Rules of Friendship.

Oct. Friendship's an Empty Name, made to
Deceive

Those, whose Good Nature tempts them to believe;
155 There's no such thing on Earth, the best that we
Can hope for here is faint Neutrality.

Por. Ye Powers above! what pleasure can ye take
To Persecute Submitting Innocence?

Oct. Retire, dear *Porcia*, to that inner Room,
160 For should thy cruel Brother find thee here,
He's so revolted from Humanity,

He'l mingle thine, with my Impurer Blood,
Por. That were a kind of Contract; let him come;
We'l meet at once Marriage, and Martyrdom.

Oct. Soul of my Life retire.
165

Por. I will not leave you.

Oct. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thy self;
For they can murder onely half of me,
Whilst that my better part survives in thee.

Por. I will die too, *Octavio*, to maintain,
170 That different Causes form the same Effects;
'Tis Courage in you Men, Love in our Sex.

Octavio takes hold of her to lead her away.

Oct. Help me *Camilla*.

Cam. You must be rul'd, your Presence will
increase

Your Brother's Fury, and *Octavio's* Danger.
175

Por. That Argument is Irresistible.

*They retire to the other Room,
and Octavio waits on them to the door.*

Taking Flora by the hand.

Die. Nay if you are at that, the Devil take
The hindmost; 'tis for your sake, dearest *Flora*,
I shun these Honorable Occasions.

As he goes out with Flora, turning to Octavio.

Having no Weapon, Sir, 'tis fit that I
180 March off with th' Baggage.⁶⁹

Exeunt Diego, Flora.

Oct. I'm now upon the Frontiers of this Life,
There's but one step to Immortality;
And though my cruel fortune has allow'd me
185 No other Witness of my Tragick end,
But my Inhumane Murderers; yet my Death
Shall not Disgrace either my Life, or Love;
To th'other World this Honor I will bear,
That as I still have Liv'd, and Lov'd, so I

⁶⁹ th' Baggage the baggage train (of an army).

Encounter Death with the same Constancy. 190

Enter Antonio, Henrique, Carlos, and Geraldo, with their Swords drawn, Antonio before the rest.

Ant. Where is the Man whose Insolence, and Folly

Has thus misled him to Affront my Friend?

Oct. Here is the Man thou seek'st, and he, whom thou

So basely hast Betraid.

Octavio draws.

Ant. Oh Heavens! what is't I see? it is *Octavio* 195
My Friend.

Oct. Not thy Friend, *Antonio*; but 'tis *Octavio*,
Who by thy Perfidie has been betraid
To this forlorn Condition; but vile Man,
Thou now shalt pay thy Treachery with thy Life. 200

Octavio makes at Antonio.

Ant. Hold *Octavio*; though thy Injurious Error
May transport thee, it shall not me beyond
The Bounds of Honor; Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing less, than what I find, *Octavio*
In this place. 205

Henr. What pause is this, *Antonio*? all your Fervour
In the Concernments of your Friend, reduc'd
To a tame Parly⁷⁰ with our Enimy?
Do all the Promises, you have made to me,
T'assist my just Revenge, conclude in this? 210

Oct. Do all the Promises you have made to me,
T'assist my Virtuous Love, conclude in this?

Hen. Where is your wonted Bravery? where your
Kindness

To such a near Allie?

Oct. Where is your former Honor? where your
Firmness 215

To such an antient Friend?

Aside.

Ant. What course shall my Distracted Honor steer
Betwixt these equal, opposite Engagements?

Henr. What, demur still? nay then I'll right my self.

*Henrique makes at Octavio,
Antonio turns on Octavio's side.*

Ant. Wh'attaques *Octavio* must pass through me. 220

Aside.

Carl. I must lay hold on this Occasion.
Good Cozin, I conjure you to restrain
Your Passion for a while, there does lie hid
Some Mystery in this, which once unfolded,

May possibly produce the Means of making 225
That Reconcilable, which now seems Desp'rate.

Henr. Sweetly propos'd, Sir, an Accommodation?

Think'st thou my Anger's like a Fire of Straw,
Onely to Blaze, and then expire in Smoak?

Think'st thou I can forget my Name, and Nation, 230

And Barter for Revenge, when Honor Bleeds?

His Life must pay this Insolence, or mine.

He makes at Octavio again, Antonio interposes.

Ant. Mine must protect his, or else perish with
him.

Henr. Since neither Faith, nor Friendship can
prevail,

'Tis time to trie what proof you are, *Antonio*, 235

Against your own near Int'rest; Know, that Man,

Whom you protect against my just Revenge,

Has seconded his Insolence to me

By foul Attempts upon my Sister's Honor;

Your *Porcia*'s Sir, if this will not enflame you. 240

[*Porcia endeavours to come out, Camilla holds her.*

Por. This Injury's beyond all Sufferance.

Carl. To what excess of Folly does our Rage

Aside.

Transport us Men! this most Important Secret,
Which Tortures could not have made him discover,
He (onely to advance his blind Revenge) 245

Has now unforc'd declared to that Person,

From whom, of all men living, he ought most

To have conceal'd it.

Oct. How! I attempt your Sister's Honor *Henrique*?

The Parent of your black Designs, the Devil, 250

Did ne'r invent a more malicious Falshood;

'Tis true, that I have serv'd the Virtuous *Porcia*,

With such Devotion, and such Spotless Love,

That, though Unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd

To recompence my Passion with Esteem: 255

By which, she has so chain'd me to her Service,

That here I vow either to Live her Prize,

Or if I Die, to fall Loves Sacrifice.

Ant. O Heavens! what's that I hear? thou blessed
Angel

Guardian of Honor, I do now implore 260

Thy powerful assistance to preserve

That Reputation, which I hitherto

By Virtuous Actions have maintain'd unblemish'd;

In vain, *Don Henrique*, you design to change

My Resolutions; it must ne'r be said, 265

That Passion made *Antonio* recede

From the strict Rules of Honor; Sir, I tell you,

Nothing can make me violate my first

⁷⁰ Parly see n. 12 above.

Engagement.

Henr. Nay, then thou shalt Die too, Perfidious
Man; 270

Ho! *Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido.*

*Enter Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido, with their Swords drawn,
and joy'n with Henrique, Carlos interposes.*

Carl. For Heaven's sake, Cozin, draw not on your
self

The horrid Infamy of Assasinating
Persons of Noble Blood by Servile Hands.

Henr. Do you Defend them too? Kill'em I say. 275

Ant. Retire *Octavio*, I'l sustain their shock.

Oct. *Octavio* retire?

Ant. Trust me you must, they will surround us
else;

Through that narrow Passage they'l Assail us
With less advantage. 280

*They retire fighting off the Stage. Henrique
and his Men pursuing them, and Carlos
endeavouring to stop Don Henrique.*

Henr. What d'ye give back, ye Men of mighty
Fame?

Ant. *Don Henrique*, you shall quickly find 'tis
Honor,

Not Fear makes me retire.

Exeunt.

*Enter presently Antonio and Octavio at another door,
which Antonio bolts.*

Ant. Now we shall have a breathing while at
least

Octavio, and time to look about us; 285
Pray see yon other door be fast.

*Octavio steps to the door where they went out, and
Henrique bounces at the door they came in at.*

Henr. *Geraldo*, fetch an Iron Bar to force

Within.

The door.

Camilla and Porcia peep out.

Cam. Heaven has heard our Prayers; th'are both
safe here.

Por. Let's go to 'em *Camilla.* 290

Cam. 'Tis better to stay here a while, and hearken
What Resolution of themselves they take.

Antonio goes to both the doors to see if they be fast.

Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wish.

Oct. What do you mean, Generous *Antonio*?

Ant. To Kill thee now my Self, having perform'd 295
What Pre-engagement did exact from me

In your Defence 'gainst Others; my Love now
Requires its Dues, as Honor has had his;
There's no Protection for you from my Sword,
But in your Own, or in your frank renouncing 300
All Claim to *Porcia*; She is so much mine,

That none must Breathe, and have the Vanity
Of a Pretender to her whilst I Live.

Oct. My Claims to *Porcia* I shall ne'r renounce,
But still assert them by all noble ways: 305

Yet, Sir, this hand shall never use a Sword
(Without the last Compulsion) 'gainst that Man,
Who has so much Oblig'd me; no *Antonio*,
You are securely Guarded by the Favours,
You have conferr'd upon me. 310

Ant. Sir, let not your pretended Gratitude
Enervate your Defence; 'tis not my custom
To serve my Friends with Prospects of Return;
I therefore, Sir, do freely here acquit you
From all the Obligations, you are pleas'd 315
To own from me.

Oct. You may, Sir, if you please, forbear to add
New Favours to my' account; but you can never
Substract those, which are past; and till that Debt
Be fully paid, I shall not dare t'appear 320
I'th' Lists⁷¹ against so Generous a Creditor.

Ant. Your Scruples are ill grounded; 'twas *Octavio*
(My ancient Friend) whom I design'd to Serve;
Not that Disloyal Man, who has invaded
My Honor, and my Love; "'Tis the Intent 325
"Creates the Obligation, not th'Event.

Oct. I call those Powers, who both Discern, and
Punish,

To witness for me, that I never knew
You e'r pretended to *Don Henrique*'s Sister,
Before I came within these fatal Walls: 330

This I declare, onely to clear my self
From th'Imputation of Disloyalty,
And to prevent the Progress of your Error.

Ant. How can I think you should speak Truth to
me,

Who am a Witness y'have been False to her, 335
To whom, you now profess so high Devotion.

Oct. I false to *Porcia*: take heed, *Antonio*,
So foul an Injury provokes too much;
But, Sir, I must confess I owe you more,
Than the Forgivness of one gross Mistake. 340

Ant. Rare Impudence! I must not trust my Senses.

Oct. If we cannot adjust this Competition,
Let us our Fortunes, not our Passions charge

⁷¹ **P'th'Lists** the lists were the enclosed area in which a tournament would take place; hence, a place of single combat.

With this our breach of Friendship.

Ant. Leave your Discourses, and Defend your
self; 345

Either immediately Renounce all Claims
To *Porcia*; or this must speak the rest.

Shaking his Sword.

Oct. Nay, then, this must Reply. *They fight.*

*They without bounce at the door,
as if they were breaking it open.*

Por. Why do I doubt? there is no means to save
him
From the present danger, but by another, 350
Perhaps as great, but something more remote;
I'll do't.

*Whilst they fight, Porcia breaks from Camilla,
and unbolts the door, then runs back into her place.*

*Enter Henrique, Carlos, Leonido, Geraldo, with their
Swords drawn.*

Hen. What's this! *Antonio* fighting with *Octavio*!
This Bravery is excessive, Gallant Friend;
Not to allow a share in your Revenge 355
T'him, who's most concern'd; he must not die
Without some Marks of mine.

*Henrique makes at Octavio,
and Antonio turns to Octavio's side.*

Ant. Nay, then my Honor you invade anew,
And by Assaulting him, Revive in me
My Pre-engagements of Protecting him 360
Against all others.

Hen. Why were not you *Antonio* fighting with
him?

Were you not doing all you could to Kill him?
Ant. *Henrique*, 'tis true; but finding in my breast
An equal strife 'twixt Honor, and Revenge; 365
I do in just compliance with them both
Preserve him from your Rage, to Fall by mine.

Carl. Brave Man, how Nicely he does Honor
weigh!

Justice her self holds not the Scales more Even.

Henr. My Honor suffers more as yet than yours, 370
And I must have my share in the Revenge;
Either he must renounce all Claims to *Porcia*,
Or Die immediately.

Ant. It is agreed: that he must Doe, or Die:
But by no other hand, than mine. 375

Oct. Cease your Contention, and turn all your
Swords

Against this Breast; whilst *Porcia* and I have
breath,

She must be mine, there's no Divorce but Death.

Henr. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst

Antonio. Kill the Slave, kill him, I say. 380

*Henrique makes at him,
and Carlos endeavours to interpose.*

Carl. For Heaven's sake hold a Moment; certainly
There's some Mistake lies hidden here, which
clear'd,

Might hinder these Extremes.

*Henrique and his Servants press
Antonio and Octavio.*

Cam. These Errors must be clear'd, before they
grow
Too fatal, but I fear your Brother's fury 385
Will not admit of Reason.

Por. I'm sure I'll try, though it should cost my life.

Enter Porcia and Camilla from the Inner Room.

Por. Don Henrique.

Cam. Antonio, Carlos.

Por. Octavio. 390

Hear us but speak. } *Camilla and Porcia together.*

Henr. Ha! how came she here?

Carl. Did not I tell you that she was brought
hither

By my Directions? you would not believe me.

Henr. But how then could *Octavio* come hither? 395

Carl. Nay, that Heaven knows; you heard as well
as I

Your Man's Relation.

Henr. Ah thou vile Woman! that I could destroy
Thy Memory with thy Life.

Ant. Hold, Sir, that must not be. 400

He offers to run at Porcia, Antonio interposes.

Henr. What may not I do Justice upon her
Neither?

Ant. No Sir; although I have not yet the Honor
To know who she's, I have this night engag'd
My self, both to Secure, and Serve her.

Carl. He knows not *Porcia*; who was i'the right 405
Don Henrique, You, or I?

Henr. He not know *Porcia*? whom not an hour
since

I saw, and spoke with, entertaining her
In his Apartment; sure we are Enchanted,
And all we see's Illusion. 410

Cam. Allow me, *Henrique*, to dispell these Charms;
Who is't, *Octavio*, you pretend to? speak.

Oct. You might have spar'd that Question; since
none

Knows so well as you, 'Tis *Porcia* I adore.

Ant. *Porcia*'s my Wife; Disloyal Man thou Di'st. 415

Offers to make at Octavio.

Cam. Hold Sir; which is the *Porcia* you claim too?

Ant. Can you be'n doubt of that? you know too well

The Conquest, that you made so long ago
Of my surprized heart in *Flanders*.

Carl. Conquest! Surpris'd! *Flanders!* what can this mean? 420

Henr. New Riddles every moment do arise,
And Mysteries are born of Mysteries.

Cam. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near
an end;

Cozin, it belongs to you to finish it.

Por. To free you from that Labyrinth, *Antonio,* 425

In which a slight Mistake, not Rectifi'd,
Has involv'd us all; know, th'suppos'd *Porcia,*
Whom you so long have lov'd, 's the true

Camilla.

Cam. And you, *Don Henrique,* know, *Octavio*
Has always been your Sister's faithful Lover; 430
And onely Feign'd a Gallantry to me,
His real Passion to Disguise from you.

Ant. *Generous *Octavio.*

**Octavio and Antonio run to one another and embrace.*

Oct. Brave *Antonio,* how happy are we both!
Both in our Loves, and Friendships! 435

Ant. Man's Joys do ne'r to their Perfection rise,
Till when by Crosses heightned, they surprize.

Cam. *This, my dear Brother, is that brave
Commander,

**Camilla takes Antonio by the hand and
leads him to Don Carlos.*

To whom you owe your Life, and Liberty;
And I much more, the safety of my Honor. 440

Carl. Is this the Gallant Leader, who rescu'd us
With so much Valour from th'Enemy's hands?

Cam. The very same.

Carl. If you knew him so well, why did not you
Acquaint me with it sooner? 'twas a fault

Camilla. 445

Drawing Carlos aside.

Cam. Alas, my dearest Brother, Gratitude
Conspiring with the Graces of his Person,
So soon possess'd him of my Heart, that I
Despairing e'r again to see him; and
Asham'd of such a Visionary Love, 450
Durst never trust my Tongue with my own
Thoughts.

Carl. 'Tis enough.

Don Carlos presents Camilla to Antonio.

Take here from me the Hand of her, whose Heart
Heaven, and your Merits have long since made
yours

Without my Knowledge; may her Virtue pay 455
Some part of that, which we both owe to yours.

Ant. Here with your leave, and hers I seal the
Vows

*Antonio takes Porcia's hand, and kisses it
with great respect.*

Of my Eternal Faith unto you both.

Carl. But let's take heed, *Antonio,* lest whilst we
Are Joying in our mutual Happiness, 460
Don Henrique's scarcely yet compos'd Distemper
Revive not, and Disorder us afresh:

I like not his Grim Posture; you know well
After a Tempest, though the Wind be laid,
There often does remain for a good while 465
A dangerous Agitation of the Waves;
He must not yet be trusted with himself.

Ant. 'Tis well thought on, let us go to him.

*Octavio holding Porcia by the hand
advances towards Henrique.*

Oct. Here with Respect we wait the Confirmation
Of Heaven's Decrees from your Indulgence, Sir. 470
This Lady your Incomparable Sister,

Can witness that I never did invade
Your Passion for *Camilla,* and *Pedro's* death
Happen'd by your mistaken Jealousie;
The Causes of your Hate being now remov'd, 475
'Tis just, *Don Henrique,* the Effects should cease.

Henr. I shall consult my Honor.

Carl. You cannot take a better Counsellor
In this Case, than you Own, and Sister's Honor;
What, to secure them both, could have been
wish'd 480

Beyond what Fate hath of it self produc'd?

Henr. "How hard it is to Act upon Constraint.
That, which I could have Wish'd, I now would
Flie;

Since 'tis obtruded by Necessity.

Ant. Noble *Don Henrique,* make account of me 485
To be as truly yours by this Alliance,
As if a Brother's Name subsisted still.

Aside.

Henr. I must consent, I see, or worse will follow.
"He is a Fool who thinks by Force, or Skill
"To turn the Current of a Woman's Will. 490

Since fair *Camilla* is *Antonio's* Lot,
I *Porcia* yield to *Don Antonio's* Friend.
Our Strength, and Wisdom must submit to Fate.
Stript of my Love, I will put off my Hate.
Here, take her hand; and may she make you, Sir, 495
Happier, than she has done me.

*Henrique takes Porcia by the hand and gives her to
Octavio. They all embrace, but Henrique coldly.*

Enter Diego and Flora from the inner Room.

Flo. Had such Disorders e'r such a Come-off?
Me-thinks 'twould make a Rare Plot for a Play.
Die. Faith *Flora*, I should have the worst of that;
For by the Law of Comedy 'twould be
My Lot to Marry you. 500
Oct. Well thought on, *Diego*, though spoken in
Jest;
We cannot do, I think, a better thing
In Earnest, than to make them Two Joyn Hands.
What say'st thou to it, *Flora*? 505
Flo. Indeed I have had so many Frights this night,
That I am e'n afraid to lie alone.
Die. Give me thy Hand *Flora*, it is a Bargain;

Diego takes her by the hand.

I promise thee, dear Spouse, I'll do my best
To make thee first Repent this Earnest Jeast. 510
Flo. That time shall trie.
Carl. Since this last happy Scene is in my House,
You'l make Collation with me ere we part.
An. }
Oct. } Agreed, agreed, agreed.
Die. Sir, you had best make haste, else what you
call 515
Collation, may prove a Breakfast, for 'tis
Near twelve a Clock.
Ant. Thus end the Rare Adventures of Five
Hours;
As sometimes Boisterous Storms in Gentle
Shours.

THE EPILOGUE

*Diego comes stealing in, and is follow'd by Henrique,
who stays at the Door, and Listens.*

Die. Come Gentlemen!
*Let the Dons, and Monsieurs say what they will;
For our parts, we are for Old England still.
Here's a fine Play indeed, to lay the Scene
In three Houses of the same Town, O mean!* 5
*Why we have several Plays, where I defy
Th' Devil to tell where the Scene does lie:
Sometimes in Greece, and then they make a step
To Transilvania, thence at one Leap
To Greece again: this shows a ranging Brain,* 10
*Which scorns to be confin'd t' a Town in Spain*⁷²
Then for the Plot;
The possible Adventures of Five Hours;

*A copious Design, why'in some of ours
Many of th' Adventures are impossible,* 15
*Or if to be atchiev'd, no Man can tell
Within what time; this shows a rare Invention,
When the Design's above your Comprehension:
Whil'st here y'are treated with a Romance Tale,
And a Plot cover'd with a Spanish Veil.* 20
As for the Style;
*It is as easie as a Proclamation,
As if the Play were Pen'd for th' whole Nation.
None of those thundring Lines, which use to crack
Our Breaths, and set your Wits upon the Rack.* 25
*Who can admire this Piece, or think it good;
There's not one Line, but may be understood.
The Raillerie;
As innocent, as if't had past the Test
Of a full Synod: not one Baudy Jeast;* 30
*Nor any of those Words of Double Sense,
Which makes th' Ladies, to show their Innocence,
Look so demure; whil'st by a simp'ring Smile,
The Gallant shows he understands the Style.
But here you have a Piece so subtly Writ,* 35
*Men must have Wit themselves to find the Wit:
Faith that's too much; therefore by my consent,
We'l Damn the Play.
Henr. Think'st thou, Impertinent,* [Pointing to the Pit.
That these, who know the Pangs of bringing forth 40
*A Living Scene, should e'r destroy this Birth.
You ne'r can want such Writers, who aspire
To please the Judges of that Upper Tire.
The Knowing are his Peers, and for the rest
Of the Illiterate Croud (though finely drest)* 45
*The Author hopes, he never gave them cause
To think, be'd waste his Time for their Applause.
You then (most equal Judges) freely give
Your Votes, whether this Play should Die, or Live.*

The Epilogue at Court

W'hav pass'd the Lords, and Commons; and are come 50
*At length, Dread Sir, to bear Your Final Doom.
'Tis true, Your Vassals, Sir, may Vote the Laws,
Their Sanction comes from Your Divine Applause.
This Shining Circle then will all sit Mute,
Till one pronounce from you, Le Roy le Veut.*⁷³ 55

[FINIS.]

⁷² **confin'd t' a Town in Spain** an allusion to the unity of place, a tenet of neo-classical dramatic theory which stipulated that the action of a play should be set in one place.

⁷³ **Le Roy le Veut** the king wills it.

