

F/F
F/F
M/M
M/F
M/M
M/M

A New Way to Pay Old Debts by Philip Massinger
M/M UA, QS

II, iii.

PHILIP MASSINGER

1373

No, I'll be furnished something like
myself, 50
And so farewell. For thy suit touching
Knave's Acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine.

MAR. I thank your worship.—
Exit Wellb[orn].

How [I]¹ was cozened in the calcula-
tion
Of this man's fortune! My master
cozened too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing
men,
For that is our profession! Well, well,
Master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature and fit again
to be cheated,
Which, if the Fates please, when you are
possessed
Of the land and lady, you, sans question,
shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.

*Walk by, musing.*²

Enter Overreach.

OVER. [*To a Servant within.*] Sirrah,
take my horse. 60
I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a
mile,
And exercise will keep me from being
pursy.
Ha! Marall! Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to
do
Some outrage on himself, and now he
feels
Compunction in his conscience for 't.
No matter,
So it be done.—Marall!

MAR. Sir.

OVER. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

MAR. Never better, sir.

OVER. Has he hanged or drowned himself?

MAR. No, sir, he lives—

Lives once more to be made a prey to
you, 70

A greater prey than ever.

OVER. Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and
briefly.

¹ Added by Cruickshank.

² Matthews' reading; original reads *masing*.

MAR. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

OVER. With him? What lady?

MAR. The rich Lady Allworth.

OVER. Thou dolt! How dar'st thou speak
this?

MAR. I speak truth;

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you, sir. We dined with her
ladyship,

I thank his worship.

OVER. His worship!

MAR. As I live, sir,
I dined with him at the great lady's
table,

Simple as I stand here, and saw when she
kissed him, 80

And would at his request have kissed
me too;

But I was not so audacious as some
youths are,

And dare do anything, be it ne'er so
absurd,

And sad after performance.

OVER. Why, thou rascal,

To tell me these impossibilities!

Dine at her table? And kiss him? Or
thee?

Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have
oft flew open,

Ten times attempted, since her hus-
band's death,

In vain to see her, though I came—a
suitor? 90

And yet your good solicitorship and
rogue Wellborn

Were brought into her presence, feasted
with her!

But that I know thee a dog that cannot
blush,

This most incredible lie would call up
one

On thy buttermilk cheeks.

MAR. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my
belly.

OVER. You shall feel me, if you give not
over, sirrah.

Recover your brains again, and be no
more gulled

With a beggar's plot, assisted by the
aids

Of serving-men and chambermaids, for
beyond these 100

- Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit¹
you
From my employments.
- MAR. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I
offered Wellborn—
(*Aside.*) I would give a crown now I
durst say "his worship"—
My nag and twenty pounds.
- OVER. Did you so, idiot?²
Strikes him down.
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
- MAR. Will your worship kill me?
- OVER. No, no; but drive the lying spirit
out of you.
- MAR. He's gone.
- OVER. I have done then. Now,
forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady, 110
Know my Lord Lovell dines with me
tomorrow.
Be careful naught be wanting to receive
him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her
up;
Though they paint her, so she catch the
lord I'll thank 'em.
There's a piece for my late blows.
[Gives money.]
- MAR. (*Aside.*) I must yet suffer.
But there may be a time—
- OVER. Do you grumble?
- MAR. No, sir. *[Exeunt.]*
- ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA.
[The country near Overreach's house.]
Lovell, Allworth, Servants.
- Lov. Walk the horses down the hill. Some-
thing in private
I must impart to Allworth. *Exeunt servi.*³
- ALL. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watch-
ing,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands [to]
serve 'em,
What dangers, though ne'er so horrid
shapes,
- Nay, death itself, though I should run
to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness,
suffer!
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me.
- Lov. Loving youth, 10
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you have
trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her
dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have
found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard⁴ your modesty with a
blush for 't)
More zealous in your love and service
to me
Than I have been in my rewards.
- ALL. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
- Lov. Such your gratitude calls 'em; 20
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged tem-
per
As some great men are taxed with, who
imagine
They part from the respect due to their
honors
If they use not all such as follow 'em,
Without distinction of their births, like
slaves.
I am not so conditioned; I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compelled to
serve me.
- ALL. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged. You
have been 29
More like a father to me than a master.
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
- Lov. I allow it;
And, to give you assurance I am pleased
in 't,
My carriage and demeanor to your mis-
tress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
- ALL. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are
tempted.—O!
- Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be
doubtful of me?
- ¹ Release, discharge.
² Emended by Coxeter. Original reads *I doe*.
Cf. V, i, 215.
³ Servants.
⁴ Adorn.