

The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Yorkshire Tragedy, by Shakespeare

This is a *copyrighted* Project Gutenberg eBook, details below.

Title: A Yorkshire Tragedy

Author: Shakespeare

Release date: July 1, 2003 [EBook #4255]

Most recently updated: December 27, 2020

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY ***

The Project Gutenberg Etext of A Yorkshire Tragedy (#52 in our series by Shakespeare and Shakespeare Apocrypha)

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before distributing this or any other Project Gutenberg file.

We encourage you to keep this file, exactly as it is, on your own disk, thereby keeping an electronic path open for future readers. Please do not remove this.

This header should be the first thing seen when anyone starts to view the etext. Do not change or edit it without written permission. The words are carefully chosen to provide users with the information they need to understand what they may and may not do with the etext.

Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts

Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971

*****These Etexts Are Prepared By Thousands of Volunteers!*****

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get etexts, and further information, is included below. We need your donations.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a 501(c)(3) organization with EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-6221541

Title: A Yorkshire Tragedy

Author: William Shakespeare (Apocrypha)

Release Date: July, 2003 [Etext #4255]

[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]

[This file was first posted on December 19, 2001]

Edition: 10

Language: English

The Project Gutenberg Etext of A Yorkshire Tragedy

*****This file should be named 4255.txt or 4255.zip*****

This etext was produced by Tony Adam.

Project Gutenberg Etexts are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the US unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we usually do not keep etexts in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our etexts one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing. Please be encouraged to tell us about any error or corrections, even years after

the official publication date.

Please note neither this listing nor its contents are final til midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our sites at: <https://gutenberg.org> or <http://promo.net/pg>

These Web sites include award-winning information about Project Gutenberg, including how to donate, how to help produce our new etexts, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter (free!).

Those of you who want to download any Etext before announcement can get to them as follows, and just download by date. This is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext03> or
<ftp://ftp.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext03>

Or /etext02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. Our projected audience is one hundred million readers. If the value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour in 2001 as we release over 50 new Etext files per month, or 500 more Etexts in 2000 for a total of 4000+ If they reach just 1-2% of the world's population then the total should reach over 300 billion Etexts given away by year's end.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 4,000 Etexts. We need funding, as well as continued efforts by volunteers, to maintain or increase our production and reach our goals.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been created to secure a future for Project Gutenberg into the next millennium.

We need your donations more than ever!

As of November, 2001, contributions are being solicited from people and organizations in: Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

*In Progress

We have filed in about 45 states now, but these are the only ones that have responded.

As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states. Please feel free to ask to check the status of your state.

In answer to various questions we have received on this:

We are constantly working on finishing the paperwork to legally request donations in all 50 states. If your state is not listed and you would like to know if we have added it since the list you have, just ask.

While we cannot solicit donations from people in states where we are not yet registered, we know of no prohibition against accepting donations from donors in these states who approach us with an offer to donate.

International donations are accepted, but we don't know ANYTHING about how to make them tax-deductible, or even if they CAN be made deductible, and don't have the staff to handle it even if there are ways.

All donations should be made to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
PMB 113
1739 University Ave.
Oxford, MS 38655-4109

Contact us if you want to arrange for a wire transfer or payment method other than by check or money order.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been approved by the US Internal Revenue Service as a 501(c)(3) organization with EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-622154. Donations are tax-deductible to the maximum extent permitted by law. As fundraising requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fundraising will begin in the additional states.

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information at:

<https://www.gutenberg.org/donation.html>

If you can't reach Project Gutenberg, you can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>

Prof. Hart will answer or forward your message.

We would prefer to send you information by email.

****The Legal Small Print****

(Three Pages)

*****START**THE SMALL PRINT!**FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS**START***** Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you may distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

***BEFORE!* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT** By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

Please do not use the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread

public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] Michael Hart and the Foundation (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

INDEMNITY You will indemnify and hold Michael Hart, the Foundation, and its trustees and agents, and any volunteers associated with the production and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm texts harmless, from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm" You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as *EITHER*:

[*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does *not* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (*) and underline (_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Foundation of 20% of the gross profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation" the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return. Please contact us beforehand to let us know your plans and to work out the details.

WHAT IF YOU *WANT* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO? Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form.

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time,
public domain materials, or royalty free copyright licenses.

Money should be paid to the:

"Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact
Michael Hart at: hart@pobox.com

[Portions of this header are copyright (C) 2001 by Michael S. Hart and may be reprinted only when
these Etexts are free of all fees.] [Project Gutenberg is a TradeMark and may not be used in any sales
of Project Gutenberg Etexts or other materials be they hardware or software or any other related
product without express permission.]

*END THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS*Ver.10/04/01*END*

This etext was produced by Tony Adam.

Shakespeare, William. A Yorkshire Tragedy. Not So New as Lamentable and True. In C.F. Tucker
Brooke, ed., The Shakespeare Apocrypha (Oxford, 1918).

ALL'S ONE, OR, ONE OF THE FOUR PLAYS IN ONE, CALLED A YORK-SHIRE TRAGEDY AS IT WAS PLAYED BY THE KING'S MAJESTY'S PLAYERS.

Dramatis Personae.

Husband.

Master of a College.

Knight, a Justice of Peace.

Oliver,

Ralph,

Samuel, serving-men.

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

A little Boy.

SCENE I. A room in Calverly Hall.

[Enter Oliver and Ralph, two servingmen.]

OLIVER. Sirrah Ralph, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humor for the long absence
of her love—

RALPH. Why, can you blame her? why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe
makes so many fallings; viz., Mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of
them selves, and then tis Common you know for every man to take em up.

OLIVER. Mass, thou sayest true, Tis common indeed: but, sirrah, is neither our young master
returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

RALPH.

Neither of either, as the Puritan bawd says. Slidd, I hear
Sam: Sam's come, her's! Tarry! come, yfaith, now my nose
itches for news.

OLIVER.

And so does mine elbow.

[Sam calls within. Where are you there?]

SAM. Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion; I have rid him simply. I warrant his skin sticks to

his back with very heat: if a should catch cold and get the Cough of the Lungs I were well served, were I not?

[Enter Sam. Furnisht with things from London.]

What, Ralph and Oliver.

AMBO. Honest fellow Sam, welcome, yfaith! what tricks hast thou brought from London?

SAM. You see I am hangd after the truest fashion: three hats, and two glasses, bobbing upon em, two rebato wires upon my breast, a capcase by my side, a brush at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, and three ballats in my Codpiece: nay, I am the true picture of a Common servingman.

OLIVER.

I'll swear thou art. Thou mayest set up when thou wilt. There's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the news from London, Sam?

RALPH.

Aye, that's well said; what's the news from London, Sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

SAM.

Why, the more fool she; aye, the more ninny hammer she.

OLIVER.

Why, Sam, why?

SAM.

Why, he's married to another Long ago.

AMBO.

Yfaith, ye jest.

SAM. Why, did you not know that till now? why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you must note that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

RALPH.

Aye, that's true, for she bears the blows.

OLIVER. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years wages, my young mistress knew so much; she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

SAM. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her bed; why, he has consumed all, pawnd his lands, and made his university brother stand in wax for him—There's a fine phrase for a scrivener! puh, he owes more then his skin's worth.

OLIVER.

Is't possible?

SAM. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his wife whore as familiarly as one would call Mal and Dol, and his children bastards as naturally as can be.—But what have we here? I thought twas somewhat puld down my breeches: I quite forgot my two potingsticks. These came from London; now any thing is good here that comes from London.

OLIVER.

Aye, far fetcht you know.

SAM. But speak in your conscience, yfaith, have not we as good Potingsticks ith Country as need to be put ith fire. The mind of a thing's all, and as thou saidst e'en now, far fetcht is the best things for Ladies.

OLIVER.

Aye, and for waiting gentle women too.

SAM.

But, Ralph, what, is our beer sower this thunder?

OLIVER.

No, no, it holds countenance yet.

SAM. Why, then, follow me; I'll teach you the finest humor to be drunk in't; they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.

AMBO. Faith, that's excellent. Come, follow me: I'll give you all the degrees out in order.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another apartment in the same.

WIFE.

What will become of us? all will away.
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That Riot's child must needs be beggery.
Are these the vertues that his you did promise?
Dice, and voluptuous meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his bed with surfetts: Ill beseeming
The ancient honor of his house and name!
And this not all: but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
His fortunes cannot answer his expense:
He sits and sullenly locks up his Arms,
Forgetting heaven looks downward, which makes him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart,
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth:
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vext his money cannot make them last:—
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

[Enter Husband.]

HUSBAND.

Pox oth Last throw! it made
Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
I'm damnd, I'm damnd: the Angels have forsook me.
Nay, tis certainly true: for he that has
No coin is damnd in this world: he's gone, he's gone.

WIFE.

Dear husband.

HUSBAND.

Oh! most punishment of all, I have a wife.

WIFE.

I do intreat you as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

HUSBAND.

A vengeance strip thee naked! thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou!

[Exit.]

WIFE.

Bad, turnd to worse! both beggery of the soul,
As of the body. And so much unlike
Him self at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him.—

[Enter Husband again.]

He comes again.

He says I am the cause; I never yet
Spoke less then words of duty, and of love.

HUSBAND. If marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool! what meant I to marry to get beggars? now must my eldest son be a knave or nothing; he cannot live uppot'h fool, for he will have no land to maintain him: that mortgage sits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron. My second son must be a promoter, and my third a thief, or an underputter, a slave pander. Oh beggery, beggery, to what base uses dost thou put a man! I think the Devil scorns to be a bawd. He bears himself more proudly, has more care on's credit. Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!

WIFE.

Good sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.

HUSBAND.

Money, money, money, and thou must supply me.

WIFE.

Alas, I am the lest cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or Jewels,
Use to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As y'are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my self be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boys
You have been father to.

HUSBAND. Puh! Bastards, bastards, bastards; begot in tricks, begot in tricks.

WIFE.

Heaven knows how those words wrong me, but I may
Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
Oh, call to mind your lands already mortgage,
Your self wound with debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be ceasd upon; And—

HUSBAND.

Ha done, thou harlot,
Whom, though for fashion sake I married,
I never could abide; thinkst thou thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends,
Thou and thy bastards beg: I will not bate
A whit in humor! midnight, still I love you,
And revel in your Company. Curbd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom, that I flagd in money?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.

WIFE.

Be it so.

HUSBAND.

Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest,

[spurns her]

I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorst in bed till thou consent,
Thy dowry shall be sold to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

WIFE.

Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do
You shall command.

HUSBAND.

Look it be done: shall I want dust and like a slave
Wear nothing in my pockets but my hands
To fill them up with nails?

[holding his hands in his pockets]

Oh much against my blood! Let it be done.
I was never made to be a looker on,
A bawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs my self
And made em yield. I say, look it be done.

WIFE.

I take my leave: it shall.

[Exit.]

HUSBAND. Speedily, speedily. I hate the very hour I chose a wife: a trouble, trouble! three children like three evils hang upon me. Fie, fie, fie, strumpet and bastards, strumpet and bastards!

[Enter three Gentlemen hearing him.]

1 GENTLEMAN.

Still do those loathsome thoughts
Jar on your tongue?
Your self to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended! Those whom men call mad
Endanger others; but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own words do proclaim
Scandals unjust, to soil his better name:
It is not fit; I pray, forsake it.

2 GENTLEMAN. Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

3 GENTLEMAN. Let honest kindness sway so much with you.

HUSBAND.

God den, I thank you, sir, how do you? adieu! I'm glad to
see you. Farewell
Instructions, Admonitions.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.]

[Enter a servant.]

HUSBAND.

How now, sirra; what would you?

SERVANT. Only to certify you, sir, that my mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to London by her honorable uncle, your worships late guardian.

HUSBAND. So, sir, then she is gone and so may you be: But let her look that the thing be done she wots of: or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at home.

[Exit servant.]

[Enter a Gentleman.]

GENTLEMAN.

Well or ill met, I care not.

HUSBAND.

No, nor I.

GENTLEMAN.

I am come with confidence to chide you.

HUSBAND.

Who? me?

Chide me? Doo't finely then: let it not move me,
For if thou chidst me angry, I shall strike.

GENTLEMAN.

Strike thine own follies, for it is they deserve
To be well beaten. We are now in private:
There's none but thou and I. Thou'rt fond and peevish,
An unclean rioter: thy lands and Credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption.
I am sorry for thee: that man spends with shame
That with his riches does consume his name:
And such thou art.

HUSBAND.

Peace.

GENTLEMAN.

No, thou shalt hear me further:
Thy fathers and forefathers worthy honors,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends
It scarce can enter into mens beliefs,
Such dearth should hang on thee. We that see it,
Are sorry to believe it: in thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurld:
Thou and the devil has deceived the world.

HUSBAND.

I'll not indure thee.

GENTLEMAN.

But of all the worst:
Thy vertuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaimed a strumpet.

HUSBAND.

Nay, the, I know thee.
Thou art her champion, thou, her private friend,
The party you wot on.

GENTLEMAN.

Oh ignoble thought.
I am past my patient blood: shall I stand idle
And see my reputation toucht to death?

HUSBAND.

Ta's galde you, this, has it?

GENTLEMAN.

No, monster, I will prove
My thoughts did only tend to vertuous love.

HUSBAND.

Love of her vertues? there it goes.

GENTLEMEN.

Base spirit,
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful Honor
Of thine own bed.

[They fight and the Husband's hurt.]

HUSBAND.

Oh!

GENTLEMAN.
Woulst thou yield it yet?

HUSBAND.
Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

GENTLEMAN.
I hope nor nere shall do.

[Fight again.]

HUSBAND.
Have you got tricks? are you in cunning with me?

GENTLEMAN.
No, plain and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.

[Husband falls down.]

HUSBAND.
Hard fortune, am I leveld with the ground?

GENTLEMAN.
Now, sir, you lie at mercy.

HUSBAND.
Aye, you slave.

GENTLEMAN.
Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave.
You see my sword's not thirsty for your life,
I am sorrier for your wound then your self.
Y'are of a vertuous house, show vertuous deeds;
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleeds;
Much good has been expected in your life,
Cancel not all men's hopes: you have a wife
Kind and obedient: heap not wrongful shame
On her and your posterity, nor blame
Your overthrow; let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you.

[Exit.]

HUSBAND
Has the dog left me, then,
After his tooth hath left me? oh, my heart
Would fain leap after him. Revenge, I say,
I'm mad to be reveng'd. My strumpet wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my breast spit blood, but thou shalt bleed.
Vanquisht? got down? unable e'en to speak?
Surely tis want of money makes men weak.
Aye, twas that orethrew me; I'd nere been down else.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. The same.

[Enter wife in a riding suit with a servingman.]

SERVINGMAN.
Faith, mistress, If it might not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

WIFE.

I grant I had; but, alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly, as if his serious eye
Had numbered all his follies:
Knew of his mortgaged lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself withered with debts: And in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,
Guessing his kindness to me (as I smoothd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in form uglier then an unshaped Bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at Court, A good and sure relief
To all his stooping fortunes: twill be a means, I hope
To make new league between us, and redeem
His vertues with his lands.

SERVINGMAN. I should think so, mistress. If he should not now be kind to you and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the devil himself kept open house in him.

WIFE. I doubt not but he will now: prethe, leave me; I think I hear him coming.

SERVINGMAN.

I am gone.

[Exit.]

WIFE.

By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of usurers hands:
Now there is no need of sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his mind.—
Here comes my husband.

[Enter Husband.]

HUSBAND.

Now, are you come? where's the money? let's see the money.
Is the rubbish sold, those wiseakers your lands? why, when?
the money! where ist? powr't down, down with it, down with it:
I say powr't oth ground! lets see't, lets see't.

WIFE.

Good sir, keep but in patience and I hope
My words shall like you well: I bring you better
Comfort then the sale of my Dowrie.

HUSBAND.

Ha, whats that?

WIFE. Pray, do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hearing: my Uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild usage—for so I made it to him—has in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at Court of worth and credit, which so much overjoyed me—

HUSBAND. Out on thee, filth! over and over-joyed, [spurns her] when I'm in torments? Thou pollitick whore, subtiller then nine Devils, was this thy journey to Nuncke, to set down the history of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall I that Dedicated my self to pleasure, be now confind in service to crouch and stand like an old man ith hams, my hat off? I that never could abide to uncover my head ith Church? base slut! this fruit bears thy complaints.

WIFE.

Oh, heaven knows
That my complaints were praises, and best words

Of you and your estate: only my friends
Knew of our mortgaged Lands, and were possest
Of every accident before I came.
If thou suspect it but a plot in me
To keep my dowrie, or for mine own good
Or my poor childrens: (though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my self to calm your blood:
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish e'en Clemency affords:
Give me but comely looks and modest words.

HUSBAND.

Money, hore, money, or I'll—

[Draws his dagger.]

[Enters a servant very hastily.]

What the devil? how now? thy hasty news?

[To his man.]

SERVINGMAN.

May it please you, sir—

[Servant in a fear.]

HUSBAND. What? May I not look upon my dagger? Speak villain, or I will execute the point on thee:
quick, short.

SERVINGMAN. Why, sir, a gentleman from the University stays below to speak with you.

HUSBAND.

From the University? so! University—
That long word runs through me.

[Exit.]

WIFE.

Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?

[Wife alone.]

Had not this news stept in between, the point
Had offered violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery
Would show but little here: would scarce be seen
Amongst my miseries. I may Compare
For wretched fortunes with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferd,
A place of credit a base servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse, my pretty beggers?
I see how ruin with a palsy hand
Begins to shake the auncient seat to dust:
The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes: I can scarce see:
Thus grief will last; it wakes and sleeps with me.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Another apartment in the same.

[Enter the Husband with the master of the College.]

HUSBAND.

Please you draw near, sir, y'are exceeding welcome.

MASTER.

Thats my doubt; I fear, I come not to be welcome.

HUSBAND.

Yes, howsoever.

MASTER. Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain, and effectual; therefore, to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable: that hopeful young gentleman, your brother, whose vertues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

HUSBAND.

Hum, um, um.

MASTER. Oh, you have kild the towardest hope of all our university: Wherefore, without repentance and ameds, expect pondrous and sudden Judgements to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine Employments, might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, now by your careless courses cast in prison, which you must answer for, and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

HUSBAND.

Oh god! oh!

MASTER. Wise men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no man loves you, nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemn you: and take this from the vertuous affection I bear your brother; never look for prosperous hour, good thought, quiet sleeps, contented walks, nor any thing that makes man perfect til you redeem him. What is your answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate misery, or better hopes? I suffer, till I have your answer.

HUSBAND. Sir, you have much wrought with me. I feel you in my soul, you are your arts master. I never had sense til now; your syllables have cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.—Within there!

[Enter a servingman.]

HUSBAND.

Sir, Fill me a bowl of wine. Alas, poor brother,
Brus'd with an execution for my sake.

[Exit servant for wine.]

MASTER.

A bruse indeed makes many a moral sore
Till the grave cure em.

[Enter with wine.]

HUSBAND.

Sir, I begin to you, y'ave chide your welcome.

MASTER.

I could have wisht it better for your sake.
I pledge you, sir, to the kind man in prison.

HUSBAND.

Let it be so. Now, Sir, if you so please.

[Drink both.]

To spend but a few minutes in a walk
About my grounds below, my man here shall
Attend you.
I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht
Of a sufficient answer, and therein
My brother fully satisfied.

MASTER.

Good sir, in that the Angells would be pleased,
And the worlds murmurs calmd, and I should say
I set forth then upon a lucky day.

[Exit.]

HUSBAND. Oh thou confused man! thy pleasant sins have undone thee, thy damnation has beggerd thee! That heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women! gives our senses way to find pleasure, which being found confounds us. Why should we know those things so much misuse us?—oh, would vertue had been forbidden! we should then have proved all vertuou, for tis our blood to love that were forbidden. Had not drunkenness been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and Zany to a swine, to show tricks in the mire? what is there in three dice to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a round little table, and with the gentlemans palsy in the hand shake out his posterity thieves or beggars? Tis done! I ha dont, yfaith: terrible, horrible misery.—How well was I left! very well, very well. My Lands shewed like a full moon about me, but now the moon's ith last quarter, waning, waning: And I am mad to think that moon was mine; Mine and my fathers, and my forefathers—generations, generations: down goes the house of us, down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beggar, begs in me! that name, which hundreds of years has made this shiere famous, in me, and my posterity, runs out. In my seed five are made miserable besides my self: my riot is now my brothers jailer, my wives sighing, my three boys penury, and mine own confusion.

[Tears his hair.]

Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head?
Will not this poison scatter them? oh my brother's
In execution among devils that
Stretch him and make him give. And I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.
Slavery and misery! Who in this case
Would not take up money upon his soul,
Pawn his salvation, live at interest?
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throws of hell.

[Enter his little son with a top and a scourge.]

SON. What, ail you father? are you not well? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so: you take up all the room with your wide legs. Puh, you cannot make me afeard with this; I fear no vizards, nor bugbears.

[Husband takes up the child by the skirts of his long coat in one hand and draws his dagger with th' other.]

HUSBAND.

Up, sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

SON.

Oh, what will you do, father? I am your white boy.

HUSBAND.

Thou shalt be my red boy: take that.

[Strikes him.]

SON.

Oh, you hurt me, father.

HUSBAND. My eldest beggar! thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread, to cry at a great mans gate, or follow, good your honour, by a Couch; no, nor your brother; tis charity to brain you.

SON.

How shall I learn now my heads broke?

HUSBAND.

Bleed, bleed rather than beg, beg!

[Stabs him.]

Be not thy names disgrace:
Spurn thou thy fortunes first if they be base:
Come view thy second brother.—Fates,
My childrens blood
Shall spin into your faces, you shall see
How Confidently we scorn beggery!

[Exit with his Son.]

SCENE V. A bed-room in the same.

[Enter a maid with a child in her arms, the mother by her a step.]

MAID.

Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep:
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.
Hush, pretty boy, thy hopes might have been better.
Tis lost at Dice what ancient honour won:
Hard when the father plays away the son!
No thing but misery serves in this house.
Ruin and desolation, oh!

[Enter husband with the boy bleeding.]

HUSBAND.

Whore, give me that boy.

[Strives with her for the child.]

MAID.

Oh help, help! out alas, murder, murder!

HUSBAND.

Are you gossiping, prating, sturdy queane?
I'll break your clamor with your neck: down stairs!
Tumble, tumble, headlong!

[Throws her down.]

So!

The surest way to charm a womans tongue
Is break her neck: a politician did it.

SON.

Mother, mother; I am kild, mother.

WIFE WAKES.

Ha, whose that cried? oh me, my children!
Both, both, both; bloody, bloody.

[Catches up the youngest.]

HUSBAND.

Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

WIFE.

Oh my sweet husband!

HUSBAND.

Filth, harlot.

WIFE.

Oh what will you do, dear husband?

HUSBAND.

Give me the bastard.

WIFE.

Your own sweet boy!

HUSBAND.

There are too many beggars.

WIFE.

Good my husband—

HUSBAND.

Doest thou prevent me still?

WIFE.

Oh god!

HUSBAND.

Have at his heart!

[Stabs at the child in her arms.]

WIFE.

Oh my dear boy!

[Gets it from her.]

HUSBAND.

Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house!

WIFE.

Oh heaven!

[She's hurt and sinks down.]

HUSBAND.

And perish! now begone:

There's whores enow, and want would make thee one.

[Enter a lusty servant.]

SERVANT.

Oh Sir, what deeds are these?

HUSBAND.

Base slave, my vassail:

Comst thou between my fury to question me?

SERVANT.

Were you the Devil, I would hold you, sir.

HUSBAND.

Hold me? presumption! I'll undo thee for't.

SERVANT.

Sblood, you have undone us all, sir.

HUSBAND.

Tug at thy master!

SERVANT.

Tug at a Monster.

HUSBAND.

Have I no power? shall my slave fetter me?

SERVANT.

Nay, then, the Devil wrestles, I am thrown.

HUSBAND.

Oh, villain, now I'll tug thee,

[Overthrows him]

now I'll tear thee;
Set quick spurs to my vassail, bruize him, trample him.
So! I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled. Away, away;
Now to my brat at nurse, my suckling begger.
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

SCENE VI. Court before the house.

[The Master meets him.]

MASTER.
How ist with you, sir? me thinks you look
Of a distracted colour.

HUSBAND.
Who? I, sir? tis but your fancy.
Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you:
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

MASTER.
I shall be glad to see it: sir, I'll attend you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. The same as Scene V.

SERVANT.
Oh I am scarce able to heave up my self:
Ha's so bruizd me with his devilish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur,
A man before of easy constitution
Till now hell's power supplied, to his soul's wrong.
Oh, how damnation can make weak men strong.

[Enter Master, and two servants.]

SERVANT.
Oh, the most piteous deed, sir, since you came.

MASTER.
A deadly greeting! has he somde up these
To satisfy his brother? here's an other:
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

WIFE.
Oh, oh.

MASTER.
Surgeons, Surgeons! she recovers life.
One of his men all faint and bloodied.

1 SERVANT.
Follow, our murderous master has took horse
To kill his child at nurse: oh, follow quickly.

MASTER.
I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the town upon him.

[Exit Master and servants.]

1 SERVANT. Good sir, do follow him.

WIFE.
Oh my children.

1 SERVANT. How is it with my most afflicted Mistress?

WIFE.

Why do I now recover? Why half live?
To see my children bleed before mine eyes?
A sight able to kill a mothers breast
Without an executioner! what, art thou
Mangled too?

1 SERVANT.

I, thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him.
We struggled, but a fouler strength then his
O'er threw me with his arms; then did me bruize me
And rent my flesh, and robd me of my hair,
Like a man mad in execution;
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

WIFE.

What is it has beguild him of all grace
And stole away humanity from his breast?
To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants.

[Enter two guards.]

AMBO.

Sir, please you leave this most accursed place,
A surgeon waits within.

WIFE.

Willing to leave it!
Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood:
Murder has took this chamaber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. A high road.

[Enter Husband as being thrown off his horse,
And falls.]

HUSBAND.

Oh stumbling Jade, the spavin overtake thee,
The fifty disease stop thee!
Oh, I am sorely bruisde; plague founder thee:
Thou runst at ease and pleasure. Hart of chance!
To Throw me now within a flight oth Town,
In such plain even ground, sfoot, a man
May dice up on't, and throw away the Meadows.
Filthy beast.

CRY WITHIN.

Follow, follow, follow.

HUSBAND.

Ha! I hear sounds of men, like hew and cry:
Up, up, and struggle to thy horse, make on;
Dispatch that little begger and all's done.

KNIGHT.

Here, this way, this way!

HUSBAND.

At my back? Oh,
What fate have I? my limbs deny me go,

My will is bated: beggary claims a part.
Oh, could I here reach to the infants heart.

[Enter Master of the College, 3. Gentlemen, and others with
Holberds.]

[Find him.]

ALL.
Here, here: yonder, yonder.

MASTER.
Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous:
The Scythians or the marble hearted fates
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds
In their relentless natures, then these of thine:
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?

HUSBAND.
Why, he can have no more on's then our skins,
And some of em want but fleaing.

1 GENTLEMAN. Great sins have made him imprudent.

MASTER.
H'as shed so much blood that he cannot blush.

2 GENTLEMAN.
Away with him, bear him a long to the Justices;
A gentleman of worship dwells at hand;
There shall his deeds be blazed.

HUSBAND.
Why, all the better.
My glory tis to have my action known:
I grieve for nothing, but I mist of one.

MASTER.
There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. A room in the house of a Magistrate.

[Enter a knight with two or three Gentlemen.]

KNIGHT.
Endangered so his wife? murdered his children?

1 GENTLEMAN. So the Cry comes.

Knight.
I am sorry I ere knew him,
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honoured stock, and faira descent;
Til this black minute without stain or blemish.

1 GENTLEMAN. Here come the men.

[Enter the master of the college and the rest, with the prisoner.]

KNIGHT.
The serpent of his house! I'm sorry
For this time that I am in place of justice.

MASTER.

Please you, Sir.

KNIGHT.

Do not repeat it twice I know too much,
Would it had ne'er been thought on:
Sir, I bleed for you.

1 GENTLEMAN.

Your fathers sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous cruelty?

HUSBAND. In a word, Sir, I have consumd all, played away long acre, and I thought it the charitablist deed I could do to cussen beggery and knock my house oth head.

KNIGHT.

Oh, in a cooler blood you will repent it.

HUSBAND.

I repent now, that ones left unkild,
My brat at nurse. Oh, I would full fain have weand him.

KNIGHT.

Well, I do not think but in to morrows judgement,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of death remembers you;
To further which, take this sad voice from me:
Never was act played more unnaturally.

HUSBAND.

Thank you, Sir.

KNIGHT.

Go, lead him to the Jail:
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.

HUSBAND.

Come, come, away with me.

[Exit prisoner.]

MASTER.

Sir, you deserve the worship of your place.
Would all did so: in you the law is grace.

KNIGHT.

It is my wish it should be so.—Ruinous man,
The desolation of his house, the blot
Upon his predecessors honord name!
That man is nearest shame that is past shame.

[Exit.]

SCENE X. Before Calverly Hall.

[Enter Husband with the officers, The Master and gentlemen, as going by his house.]

HUSBAND. I am right against my house, seat of my Ancestors: I hear my wife's alive; but much endangered. Let me intreat to speak with her, before the prison gripe me.

[Enter his wife, brought in a chair.]

GENTLEMAN.

See here she comes of her self.

WIFE.

Oh my sweet Husband, my dear distressed husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting laws!
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding,

Now my soul bleeds.

HUSBAND.

How now? kind to me? did I not wound thee, left thee for dead?

WIFE.

Tut, far greater wounds did my breast feel:
Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel;
You have been still unkind to me.

HUSBAND.

Faith, and so I think I have:
I did my murthers roughly, out of hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast deviz'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds a piece; now glides the devil from me,
Departs at every joint, heaves up my nails.
Oh catch him new torments, that were near invented,
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed Angels,
In that pit bottomless; let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies,
To spread into a father, and in fury,
Makes him his childrens executioners:
Murder his wife, his servants, and who not?
For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.

WIFE.

Oh my repentant husband.

HUSBAND.

My dear soul, whom I too much have wrongd,
For death I die, and for this have I longd.

WIFE.

Thou shouldst not (be assurde) for these faults die,
I ft he law could forgive as soon as I.

HUSBAND.

What sight is yonder?

[Children laid out.]

WIFE.

Oh, our two bleeding boys
Laid forth upon the thresholds.

HUSBAND.

Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack.
Oh, were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your fathers eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murthers shoot upon my cheeks;
But you are playing in the Angels laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I feard:
Oh, twas the enemy my eyes so bleard.
Oh, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live.

WIFE.

It makes me e'en forget all other sorrows
And live apart with this.

OFFICER.

Come will you go?

HUSBAND.

I'll kiss the blood I spilt and then I go:
My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.
Farewell, dear wife, now thou and I must part,
I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart.

WIFE.

Oh stay, thou shalt not go.

HUSBAND.

That's but in vain, you see it must be so.
Farewell, ye bloody ashes of my boys!
My punishments are their eternal joys.
Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.

WIFE.

More wretched am I now in this distress,

[Exeunt Husband with holberds.]

Then former sorrows made me.

MASTER.

Oh kind wife,
Be comforted. One joy is yet unmurdered:
You have a boy at nurse; your joy's in him.

WIFE.

Dearer then all is my poor husbands life:
Heaven give my body strength, which yet is faint
With much expence of blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends,
To plead for pardon for my dear husbands life.

MASTER.

Was it in man to wound so kind a creature?
I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.
I must return with grief; my answer's set:
I shall bring news ways heavier then the debt.—
Two brothers: one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works,

by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

This particular work is one of the few individual works protected by copyright law in the United States and most of the remainder of the world, included in the Project Gutenberg collection with the permission of the copyright holder. Information on the copyright owner for this particular work and the terms of use imposed by the copyright holder on this work are set forth at the beginning of this work.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.