

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Anthonio and Panthion.*

*Ant.* TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him?

*Pant.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men of slender reputation  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet;  
And did request me to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home;  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being try'd, nor tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time;  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

*Pant.* I think, your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pant.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither;  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear