

Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'fy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Glo'ster Prisoner, and Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[they bind him.]

Reg. Hard, hard: — O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. — Villain, thou shalt find —

Glo. By the kind gods^a, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I'm your host;
With robber's hands, my hospitable favour
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, fir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick king?
Speak.

Glo. I've a letter gueffingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning —

^a By the kind gods is not here meant a general title given to all the 'gods, but this is intended as a particular appeal to those which were distinguish'd by the name of the Dii hospitales.

Reg.