



*Sayles*

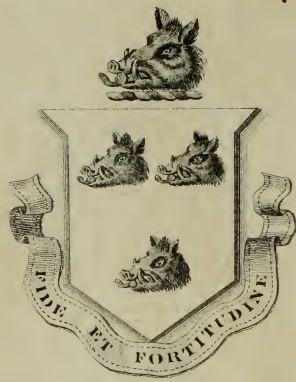
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THE  
ENGLISH  
TRAVELLER.

AS IT HATH BEENE

Publikely acted at the COCK-PIT

*in Drury-lane:*

By Her Maiesties seruants.

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*Written by* THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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*Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare*——

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*First Edition.*



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LONDON,

Printed by *Robert Raworth*: dwelling in Old Fish-street,  
neere Saint *Mary* Mandlins Church. 1622. 33.



## Dramatis Personæ.

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<i>Geraldine.</i>	Two yong Gentlemen.
<i>Dalauill.</i>	The husband.
<i>Olde Wincott</i>	A yong Gentlewoman.
<i>His wife</i>	Sister to the wife.
<i>Prudentilla</i>	A parasiticall seruing-man.
<i>Reignald</i>	A countrey seruing-man.
<i>Robin</i>	A riotous Citizen.
<i>Lionell</i>	A Whore.
<i>Blanda</i>	A Bawde.
<i>Scapha</i>	A Spend-thrift
<i>Rioter</i>	His Companions.
<i>Two Gallants</i>	Seruant to Olde Wincott.
<i>Roger the Clowne</i>	Companions with Blanda.
<i>Two prostitutes</i>	A Merchant father to yong Lionell.
<i>Olde Lionell</i>	To Olde Lionell.
<i>A Seruant</i>	Father to yong Geraldine.
<i>Olde Mr. Geraldine</i>	
<i>An Vsurer</i>	
<i>and his man.</i>	
<i>A Gentleman</i>	Companion with Dalauill.
<i>Besse</i>	Chambermaid to Mistris Wincott.
<i>A Tauerne Drawer.</i>	
<i>Master Ricott</i>	A Merchant.
<i>The Owner of the house,</i>	supposed to be possesst.

149.589  
 May. 1873





TO THE RIGHT  
WORSHIPFULL  
Sir HENRY APPLETON,  
Knight Barronet, &c.

NOBLE SIR,

**H**Or many reasons I am induced, to present this Poem, to your fauourable acceptance; and not the least of them that alternate Loue, and those frequent curtesies which interchangably past, betwixt your selfe and that good old Gentleman, mine vnkle (Master *Edmund Heywood*) whom you pleased to grace by the Title of Father: I must confesse, I had altogether slept (my weaklines and bashfullnesse discouraging mee) had they not bin waken'd and animated, by that worthy Gentleman your friend, and my countreyman, Sir *William Eluish*, whom (for his vnmerited loue many wayes extended towards me,) I much honour; Neither Sir, neede you to thinke it any vnderualuing of your worth, to vndertake the patronage of a Poem in this nature, since the like hath beene done by Roman *Lalius*, *Scipio*, *Mecenas*, and many other mighty Princes and Captaines. Nay, euen by *Augustus Caesar* himselve, concerning whom *Ouid* is thus read, *De tristi: lib. 2.*

# The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*Inspice ludorum sumptus Auguste tuorum  
Empta tibi magno, talia multa leges.  
Hæc tu spectasti, spectandaque sæpe de desti  
Maiestas adeo comis ubique tua est.*

So highly were they respected in the most flourishing estate of the Roman Empire; and if they haue beene vilefied of late by any Separisticall humorist, (as in the now questioned *Histrion-mastix*) I hope by the next Terme, (*Minerua assistente*) to giue such satisfaction to the world, by vindicating many particulars in that worke maliciously exploded and condemned, as that no Gentleman of qualitie and iudgement, but shall therein receiue a reasonable satisfaction; I am loth by tediousnesse to grow troublesome, therefore conclude with a gratefull remembrance of my seruice intermixt with Miriads of zealous wishes for your health of body, and peace of minde, with superabundance of Earths blessings, and Heauens graces, euer remaining;

Yours most obseruant,

*Thomas Heywood.*

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To

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## To the Reader.

**R**EADER thou hast of this Play beene an audientour? there is lesse apology to be used by intreating thy patience. This Tragi-Comedy (being one reserued amongst two hundred and twenty, in which I haue had either an entire hand, or at the least a maine finger, comming accidentally to the Presse, and I hauing Intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should passe as filius populi, a Bastard without a Father to acknowledge it: True it is, that my Playes are not exposed unto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Workes, (as others) one reason is, That many of them by shifting and change of Companies, haue beene negligently lost, Others of them are still retained in the hands of some Actors, who thinke it against their peculiar profit to haue them come in Print, and a third, That it neuer was any great ambition in me, to bee in this kind Volumniouly read. All that I haue further to say at this time is onely this: Censure I intreat as fauourably, as it is exposed to thy view freely. euer

*Studios of thy Pleasure and Profit,*

Thomas Heywood.



## The Prologue.

**A** Strange Play you are like to haue, for know,  
We vse no Drum, nor Trumpet, nor Dumbe show;  
No Combate, Marriage, not so much to day,  
As Song, Dance, Masque, to bumbaste out a Play;  
Yet these all good, and still in frequent vse  
with our best Poets; nor is this excuse  
Made by our Author, as if want of skill  
Caus'd this defect; it's rather his selfe will:  
will you the reason know? There haue so many  
Beene in that kind, that Hee desires not any  
At this time in His Sceane, no helpe, no straine,  
Or flash that's borrowed from an others braine;  
Nor speakes Hee this that Hee would haue you feare it,  
He onely tries if once bare Lines will beare it;  
Yet may't afford, so please you silent sit,  
Some Mirth, some Matter, and perhaps some wit.

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# THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

*Actus primus. Scena prima.*

*Enter young Geraldine and master Dalawill.*

*Dal.*



H friend, that I to mine owne Notion  
Had ioyned but your experience; I have the  
Theoricke, But you the Practicke.

*Y. Ger.* I perhaps, haue scene what you  
haue onely read of.

*Dal.* There's your happinesse.

A Scholler in his study knowes the starres,  
Their motion and their influence, which are fixt,  
And which are wandering, can decipher Seas,  
And giue each severall Land his proper bounds;  
But set him to the Compasse, hee's to seeke,  
When a plaine Pilot can, direct his course  
From hence vnto both th'Indies; can bring backe  
His ship and charge, with profits quintuple.  
I haue read Ierusalem, and studied Rome,  
Can tell in what degree each City stands,  
Describe the distance of this place from that,  
All this the Scale in every Map can teach,  
Nay, for a neede could punctually recite  
The Monuments in either; but what I  
Haue by relation onely, knowledge by trauell  
Which still makes vp a compleat Gentleman;  
Prooves eminent in you.

*The English Traveller.*

Call boldly heere, and entertaine your friends,  
As in your owne possessions, when I see't,  
He say you loue me truely, not till then ;  
Oh what a happinesse your Father hath,  
Farre above mee, one to inherit after him,  
Where I (Heauen knowes) am childlesse.

*Y. Ger.* That defect

Heauen hath supplied in this your vertuous Wife,  
Both faire, and full of all accomplishments,  
My Father is a Widower, and heerein  
Your happinesse transcends him.

*Wife.* Oh Master Geraldine,

Flattery in Men's an adiunct of their sex,  
This Countrey breeds it; and for that, so farre  
You needed not to haue trauell'd.

*Y. Ger.* Truth's a word,

That should in every language relish well,  
Nor haue I that exceeded.

*Wife.* Sir, my Husband

Hath tooke much pleasure in your strange discourse  
About Ierusalem and the Holy Land ;  
How the new Citie differs from the old,  
What ruines of the Temple yet remayne,  
And whether Sion, and those hills about,  
With these Adiacent Toynes and Villages,  
Keepe that proportioned distance as wee read :  
And then in Rome of that great Piramis  
Reared in the Front, on foure Lyons Mounted,  
How many of those Idoll Temples stand,  
First dedicated to their Heathen gods,  
Which ruined, which to better vse repayred,  
Of their Pantheon, and their Capitoll,  
What Structures are demolish't, what remaine.

*Winc.* And what more pleasure to an old mans eare,

That neuer drew, saue his owne Countries aire,  
Then heare such things related. I doe exceed him  
In yeeres, I must confesse, Yet he much older  
Then I in his experience.

*Prud.* Master Geraldine,

May I bee bould to aske you but one question,

The which I'de be resolu'd in.

*Y. Ger.* Any thing, that lies within my knowledge.

*Winc.* Put him too't,

Doe Sister, you shall finde him (make no doubt)

Most pregnant in his answer.

*Prud.* In your travells

Through France, through Sauoye, and through Italy,

Spaine, and the Empire, Greece and Palestine,

Which breeds the choicest beauties.

*Y. Ger.* Introath Lady,

I neuer cast on any in those parts

A curious eye of censure, since my Travell

Was onely aynd at Language, and to know;

These past me but as common obieets did,

Scene, but not much regarded.

*Prud.* Oh you strive

To expresse a most vnheard of modestie,

And seldome found in any Traveller,

Especially of our Countrey, thereby seeking

To make your selfe peculiar.

*Y. Ger.* I should be loath

Professe in outward shew to be one Man,

And prooue my selfe another.

*Prud.* One thing more,

Were you to marry, You that know these clymes,

Their states and their conditions, out of which

Of all these countries would you chuse your wife.

*Y. Ger.* Ile answer you in brieft, (as I obserue)

Each severall clime for obieet, fare, or vse,

Affords within it selfe, for all of these

What is most pleasing to the man there borne;

Spaine, that yeelds scant of food, affords the Nation

A parsimonious stomach, where our appetites

Are not content but with the large excesse

Of a full table; where the pleasing'ft fruits

Are found most frequent, there they best content;

Where plenty flowes, it askes abundant Feasts;

For so hath prouident Nature dealt with all;

So in the choyce of Women, the Greeke wantons

Compel'd beneath the Turkish slavery;

*The English Traveller.*

Vassaile themselves to all men, and such best  
Please the voluptious, that delight in change;  
The French is of one humor; Spaine another,  
The hot Italian hee's a straine from both,  
All pleased with their owne nations, even the Moore,  
Hee thinks the blackest the most beautifull;  
And Lady, since you so farre taxe my choyce,  
He thus resolve you; Being an English man,  
Mong' st all these Nations I have seene or tri'd,  
To please me best, heere would I chuse my bride.

*Prn.* And happy were that Lady, in my thoughts,  
Whom you would deine that grace too.

*Wife.* How now Sister,  
This is a fashon that 's but late come vp,  
For maids to court their husbands.

*Winc.* I would wife  
It were no worse, vpon condition,  
They had my helping hand and purse to boote,  
With both in ample measure; oh this Gentleman,  
I loue, nay almost doate on.

*Wife.* Ya'ue my leaue,  
To giue it full expression.

*Winc.* In these armes then,  
Oh had my youth bin blest with such a sonne,  
To haue made my estate to my name hereditary,  
I should haue gone contented to my graue,  
As to my bed; to death, as to my sleepe;  
But Heauen hath will in all things, once more welcome,  
And you sir, for your friends sake.

*Dal.* Would I had in mee,  
That which he hath, to haue clam'd it for mine owne,  
How eu'èr, I much thanke you.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Winc.* Now sir, the newes with you.

*Clo.* Dancing newes sir,  
For the meat stands piping hot vpon the dresser,  
The kitchin 's in a heat, and the Cooke hath so bestir'd himselfe,  
That hee 's in a sweate. The Iacke plaies Musicke, and the Spits  
Turne round too 't.

*Winc.* This fellowes my best clocke,  
Hee still strikes trew to dinner.



*Clo.* And to supper too fir, I know not how the day goes with you, but my stomacke hath stricke twelue, I can assure you that.

*Winc.* You take vs vnprovided Gentlemen,  
Yet something you shall finde, and wee would rather  
Giue you the entertaine of househo'd guests,  
Then complement of strangers, I pray enter. *Exeunt. Master Clo.*

*Clo.* Ile stand too 't, that in good hospitality, there can be nothing found that 's ill, he that 's a good house-keeper, keepes a good table, a good table, is neuer without good stooles, good stooles, seldome without good guests, good guests, neuer without good cheere, good cheere, cannot bee without good stomackes, good stomackes, without good digestion, good digestion, keepes men in good health, and therefore all good people, that beare good minds, as you loue goodnesse, be sure to keepe good meat and drinke in your houses, and so you shall be called good men, and nothing can come on 't but good, I warrant you. *Exit.*

*Actus Primus. Scena Secundus.*

*Enter two seruing-men Reignald and Robin.*

*Reig.* Away you Corridon.

*Rob.* Shall I bee beate out of my Masters house thus?

*Reig.* Thy Master, wee ate Lords amongst our selues,  
And heere we Liue and Reigne, Two yeeres already  
Are past of our great Empire, and wee now  
Write, Anno Tertio.

*Rob.* But the old man liues,  
That shortly will depose you.

*Reig.* Ith' meane time,  
I, as the mighty Lord and Seneshcall  
Of this great house and castle, banish thee,  
The very smell ath' kitchin, bee it death,  
To appeare before the dresser, *Rob.* And why so?

*Reig.* Because thou stink' st of garlike, is that breath  
Agreeing with our Pallace, where each Roome,  
Smells with Muske, Ciuit, and rich Amber-greece,  
Alloes, Cassia, Aromaticke-gummes,  
Perfumes, and Pouders, one whose very garments  
Scent of the fowlds and stables, oh fie, fie,  
What a base nastic rogue tis.

*Rob.* Yet your fellow.

*Reig.* Then let vs puta Cart-Horse in rich trappings,  
And bring him to the Tilt-yard.

*Rob.* Pranke it, doe,  
Waste, Ryot, and Consume, Misspend your Howres  
In drunken Surfets, lose your dayes in sleepe,  
And burne the nights in Reuells, Drinke and Drab,  
Keepe Christmasse all yeere long, and blot leane Lent  
Out of the Calender; all that masse of wealth  
Got by my Masters sweat and thrifty care,  
Hauooke in prodigall vses; Make all flie,  
Pow'r't downe your oylie throats, or send it smoaking  
Out at the tops of chimnies: At his departure,  
Was it the old mans charge to haue his windowes  
Glisten all night with Starres? his modest House  
Turn'd to a common Stewes? his Beds to pallats  
Of Lusts and Prostitutions? his Buttiey hatch  
Now made more common then a Tauernes barre,  
His Stooles that welcom'd none but ciuill guests,  
Now onely free for Pandars, Whores and Bawdes,  
Strumpeters, and such.

*Reig.* I suffer thee too long,  
What is to me thy countrey; or to thee  
The pleasure of our Citie? thou hast Cowes,  
Cattell, and Becues to feed, Oues and Bones,  
These that I keepe, and in this pasture graze,  
Are dainty Damofellae, bonny Girles;  
If thou be't borne to Hedge, Ditch, Thrash and Plough  
And I to Reuell, Banquet and Carrowse;  
Thou Pessant, to the Spade and Pickaxe, I  
The Battoone and Steeetto, thinke it onely  
Thy ill, my good, our seuerall lots are cast,  
And both must be contented.

*Rob.* But when both our seruices are questioned.

*Reig.* Looke thou to one,  
My answere is prouided.

Enter *T. Lionell.*

*Rob.* Farewell Musk-Cat.

*Exit.*

*Reig.* Adu good Cheefe and Oynons, stuffe thy guts  
With Specke and Barley-pudding for digestion,  
Drinke Whig and sowre Milke, whilest I rince my Throat,  
With Burdeaux and Canarie. *T. Lio.* What was hee?

Reig. A Spie Sir,

One of their Hindes oth' countrey, that came prying  
To see what dainty fare our kitchin yeelds,  
What Guests we harbour, and what rule we keepe,  
And threats to tell the old man when he comes;  
I thinke I sent him packing.

*Y. Lio.* It was well done.

Reig. A whorson-Iack-an-apes, a base Baboone,  
To insinuate in our secrets.

*Y. Lio.* Let such keepe, the Countrey where their charge is.

Reig. So I said Sir.

*Y. Lio.* And visit vs when we command them thence,  
Not search into our counsels.

Reig. 'Twere not fit.

*Y. Lio.* Who in my fathers absence should command,  
Saue I his only sonne?

Reig. It is but iustice.

*Y. Lio.* For am not I now Lord?

Reig. *Dominus fac totum.*

And am not I your Steward?

*Y. Lio.* Well remembered,

This night I haue a purpose to bee Merry,  
Iouiall and Frolicke, how doth our cash hold out?

Reig. The bag's still heauy.

*Y. Lio.* Then my heart's still light.

Reig. I can assure you, yet tis pritty deepe,  
Tho scarce a mile to th' bottome.

*Y. Lio.* Let mee haue

to Supper, Let mee see, a Ducke

Reig. Sweet Rogue.

*Y. Lio.* A Capon

Reig. Geld the Rascall.

*Y. Lio.* Then a Turkey

Reig. Now spit him for an Infidell.

*Y. Lio.* Greene Plover, Snite,  
Partridge, Larke, Cocke, and Pheasant.

Reig. Nere a Widgin?

*Y. Lio.* Yes, wait thy selfe at Table.

Reig. Where I hope your selfe will not be absent.

*Y. Lio.* Nor my friends.

*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* Wee haue them then in plenty.

*Y. Lio.* Caviare, Sturgeon, Anchoues, pickle Oysters : Yes,  
And a Potato Pie ; besides all these,  
What thou think'st rare and costly.

*Reig.* Sir, I know

What's to be done ; the stocke that must be spent,  
Is in my hands , and what I haue to doe,  
I will doe suddenly.

*Y. Lio.* No Butchers meat,  
Of that, beware in any case.

*Reig.* I still remember,

Your father was no Grasier, if he were,  
This were a way to eate vp all his Fields,  
Hedges and all.

*Y. Lio.* You will be gone sir.

*Reig.* Yes, and you are ith' way going.

*Exit.*

*Y. Lio.* To what may young men best compare themselves ?

Better to what, then to a house new built ?

The Fabricke strong, the Chambers well contriu'd,

Polisht within, without, well beautif'd ;

When all that gaze vpon the Edifice,

Doe not alone commend the workemans craft,

But either make it their faire president

By which to build another , or at least,

Wish there to inhabite : Being set to sale,

In comes a slothfull Tenant, with a Family

As lasie and debosht ; Rough tempests rise,

Vntile the rooffe, which by their idlenesse,

Left vnrepaired, the stormy showres beat in,

Rot the maine Postes and Rafter, spoile the Roomes,

Deface the Seelings, and in little space,

Bring it to vtter Ruine, yet the fault,

Not in the Architector that first reared it,

But him that should reaire it : So it fares

With vs yong men ; Wee are those houses made,

Our Parents raise these Structures, the foundation

Laid in our Infancy ; and as wee grow

In yeeres, they strine to build vs by degrees,

Story on story higher ; vp at height,

They couer vs with Councill, to defend vs

From stormes without : they polish vs within.

*The English Traveller.*

With Learnings, Knowledge, Arts and Disciplines;  
All that is nought and vicious, they sweep from vs,  
Like Dust and Cobwebs, and our Roomes concealed,  
Hang with the costliest hangings; Bout the Walls,  
Emblems and beautious Symbols pictured round;  
But when that lasie Tenant, Loue, steps in,  
And in his Traine, brings Sloth and Negligence,  
Lust, Disobedience, and profuse Excesse;  
The Thrift with which our fathers tiled our Roofes,  
Submits to every storme and Winters blast,

*Enter Blanda a Whore, and Scapha a Bawde.*

And yeelding place to every riotous sinne,  
Gives way without, to ruine what's within:  
Such is the state I stand in.

*Bla.* And how doth this Tire become me?

*Sca.* Rather aske, how your sweet carriage,  
And Court behaviour, doth best grace you, for Louers regard,  
Not so much the outward habit, as that which the garment covers.

*T. Lio.* Oh heer's that Haile, Shower, Tempest, Storme, and Gust,  
That shatter'd hath this building; Let in Lust,  
Intemperance appetite to Vice; withall,  
Neglect of every Goodnesse; Thus I see,  
How I am sincking in mine owne disease,  
Yet can I not abide it.

*Bla.* And how this Gowne? I prethee view mee well,  
And speake with thy best Iudgement.

*Sca.* What doe you talke of Gownes, and Ornaments;  
That haue a Beautie, pretious in it selfe,  
And becomes any thing.

*T. Lio.* Let me not liue, but she speaks nought but truth,  
And ile for that reward her.

*Bla.* All's one to mee, become they mee, or not,  
Or bec I faire, or fowle, in others eyes,  
So I appeare so to my Lionell,  
Hee is the glasse, in whom I iudge my face,  
By whom in order, I will dresse these curles,  
And place these Jewels, onely to please him,  
Why do'st smile.

*Sca.* To heere a Woman, that thinks her selfe so wise, speake so  
foolishlie, that knowes well, and does ill.

*The English Traveller.*

*Bla.* Teach me wherein I erre.

*Sca.* He tell thee Daughter; In that thou knowest thy selfe to bee beloued of so many, and settest thy affection, only vpon one; Doth the Mill grinde onely, when the Wind sits in one corner? Or Shippsonely Saile, when it's in this, or that quarter? Is hee a cunning Fencer, that lies but at one Guard? Or he a Skilfull Musician, that plaies but on one String? Is there but one way to the Wood? And but one Bucket that belongs to the Well? To affect one, and despise all other, becomes the precise Matron, not the Prostitute; the loyall Wife, not the loose Wanton: Such haue I beene; as you are now, and should learne, to Saile with all Windes; defend all Blowes, make Musicke with all Strings, know all the wayes, to the Wood, and like a good traouelling Hackney, learne to drinke of all Waters.

*T. Lio.* May I miscarry in my Blandaes loue;  
If I that old damnation, doe not send  
To Hell, before her time.

*Bla.* I would not haue you Mother, teach me ought,  
That tends to iniure him.

*Sca.* Well looke too 't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leasure, as I haue done; Thou see'st, heeres nothing but Prodigallity and Pride, Wantoning, and Wasting, Rioting, and Reuelling, Spoyling, and Spending, Gluttony, and Gormondising, all goes to Hauocke, and can this hold out? When he hath nothing left, to helpe himselfe, how can he Harbour thee? Looke at length, to Drinke from a dry Bottle, and feed from an emptie Knap-sacke, looke too 't, 'twill come to that.

*T. Lio.* My parsimony shall begin in thee,  
And instantly, for from this houre, I vow,  
That thou no more shalt Drinke vpon my cost,  
Nor taste the smallest Fragment from my Board;  
Hee see thee starue ith' street first.

*Sca.* Live to one man? a least, thou may'st aswell, tie thy selfe to one Gowne; and what Foole, but will change with the Fashion, Yes, doe, Confine thy selfe to one Garment, and vse no Varietie, and see how soone it will Rot, and turne to Raggs.

*T. Lio.* Those Raggs, be thy Reward; Oh my sweet Blanda,  
Onely for Thee, I wish my Father dead,  
And neere to Rouse vs from our Sweet delight;  
But for this Hag, this Beldam, shee whose backe,  
Hath made her Items, in my Mercers Bookes,  
Whose rauencous Guts, I haue Stuffed with Delicates,

*The English Traveller.*

Nay euen to Surfit ; And whose frozen Blood,  
I haue Warmed with Aquauitæ; Be this day  
My last of Bounty, to a Wretch Ingrate,  
But vnto Thee, a new Indenture Sealed,  
Of an affection fixt, and Permanent,  
Ile lone thee still, bee 't but to giue the lye,  
To this old Cancker'd Worme.

*Bla.* Nay, be not angrie.

*Y. Lio.* With thee, my Soule shall euer be at peace,  
But with this loue seducer, still at Warre.

*Enter Rioter and two Gallants.*

*Sca.* Heere me but speake.

*Y. Lio.* Ope but thy lips againe, it makes a way,  
To haue thy Tongue pluck'd out.

*Rio.* What all in Tempest ?

*Y. Lio.* Yes, and the Storme, raised by that Witthes Spells,  
Oh 'tis a Damn'd Inchantresse.

*Rio.* What 's the businesse ?

*Bla.* Onely some few words, slipt her vnawares,  
For my Sake, make her peace.

*Rio.* You charge me deeply,  
Come Friend, will you be Moou'd at womens Words,  
A man of your knowne iudgement ?

*Y. Lio.* Had you but heard,  
The damn'd Erronious Doctrine that shee taught,  
You would haue iudg'd her to the Stake.

*Bla.* But Sweet heart,  
Shee now Recants those Errours, once more Number her  
Amongst your Household seruants.

*Rio.* Shall she beg, and be denyed ought from you ?

*Bla.* Come this Kisse, Shall end all former quarells.

*Rio.* 'Tis not possible,  
Those Lippes should moue in vaine, that two wayes plead ;  
Both in their Speech, and Silence.

*Y. Lio.* You haue preuail'd,  
But vpon this Condition, noway else,  
Ile Sentence her, as shee hath Sentence'd thee;  
But with some small Inuersion, *Rio.* Speake, how 's that ?

*Bla.* Not too seuer, I prethee, see poore wretch,  
Shee at the barre, stands quaking.

*The English Traueller.*

*Y. Lio.* Now, hold vp? *Rio.* How man, how?

*Y. Lio.* Her hand, I meane; And now il'e sentence thee,

According to thy Councell given to her:

Saile by one Winde; Thoa shalt, to one tune Sing,

Lie at one Guard, and Play but on one String,

Hencefoorth, I will Confine thee to one Garment,

And that shall be a cast one, Like thy selfe

Iust, past all Wearing, as thou past all Use,

And not to be renewed, til't be as Ragged,

As thou art Rotten. *Bla.* Nay sweet.

*Y. Lio.* That for her Habbit.

*Sca.* A col'd Sute, I haue on't.

*Y. Lio.* To prevent Surfit,

Thy Diet, shall bee to one Dish confin'd,

And that too Rissed, with as vncleane hands,

As ere were laid on thee.

(*Drinke.*

*Sca.* What hee scants me in Victuals, would he but alow mee in

*Y. Lio.* That shall be the refuse of the Flagons, Iacks,

And Snuffes, such as the nastiest Breathes shall leaue;

Of Wine, and Strong-water, neuer hope,

Hencefoorth to Smell. *Sca.* Oh me, I Faint already.

*Y. Lio.* If I fincke in my State, of all the rest,

Be thou excused, what thou propos'd to her,

Beldam, is now against thy selfe decreed,

Drinke from drie springs, from empty Knap-sacks feede.

*Sca.* No burnt Wine, nor Hot-waters. *She Swounds.*

*Y. Lio.* Take her hence.

*Bla.* Indeede you are too cruell.

*Y. Lio.* Yes to her,

Onely of purpose, to be kind to thee;

Are any of my Guests come?

*Rio.* Feare not Sir,

You will haue a full Table. *Y. Lio.* What, and Musicke?

*Rio.* Best Consort in the Citie, for sixe parts.

*Y. Lio.* Wee shall haue Songs then?

*Rio.* Bith' eare. *Whispers.*

*Y. Lio.* And Wenches? *Rio.* Yes bith' eye.

*Bla.* Ha, what was that you said?

*Rio.* We shall haue such to beare you company,

As will no doubt content you.



*The English Traveller.*

*T. Lio.* Enter then :

In Youth there is a Fate, that swayes vs still,  
To know what 's Good, and yet pursue what 's Ill. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter old Master Wincott, and his Wife.*

*Winc.* And what 's this Dalauill ?

*Wife.* My apprehension,  
Can giue him no more true expression,  
Then that he first appeares, a Gentleman,  
And well conditioned.

*Winc.* That for outward shew ;  
But what in him haue you obserued else,  
To make him better knowne ?

*Wife.* I haue not Eyes,  
To search into the inward Thoughts of Men,  
Nor euer was studied in that Art,  
To iudge of Mens affection by the face ;  
But that which makes me best opinion'd of him,  
Is, That he 's Companion, and the Friend  
Beloued of him, whom you so much commend,  
The Noble Master Geraldine.

*Winc.* Thou hast spoke,  
That which not onely crownes his true desert,  
But now inflates him in my better thoughts,  
Making his Worth, vnquestioned.

*Wife.* Hee pretends  
Loue to my sister Pru. I haue obseru'd him,  
Single her out, to priuate conference.

*Winc.* But I could rather, for her owne sake, wish  
Young Geraldine would fixe his thoughts that way,  
And shce towards him; In such Affinity,  
Trust me, I would not vse a sparing hand.

*Wife.* But Loue in these kindes, should not be compell'd,  
Forc'd, nor Perswaded ; When it freely Springs,  
And of it selfe, takes voluntary Roote,  
It Growes, it Spreads, it Ripens, and brings forth,  
Such an Vsurious Crop of timely Fruit,  
As crownes a plentious Autume. *Enter Clowne.*

*Winc.* Such a Haruest,

I should not be th' vngladdest man to see,  
Of all thy sisters friends : Now, whence come you ?

*Clo.* Who, I Sir, From a Lodging of Lardgesse, a House of Hospitality, and a Pallace of Plenty ; Where there 's Feeding like Horses, and Drinking like Fishes ; Where for Pints, w'are serued in Pottles; and in stead of Pottle-pots, in Paites; in stead of Siluer-tanckards, we drinke out of Water-tanckards ; Clarret runs as freely , as the Cocks; and Canarie, like the Conduits of a Coronation day ; Where there 's nothing but Feeding and Frollicking; Caruing in Kissing; Drinking, and Dauncing; Musicke and Madding; Fidling and Feasting.

*Winc.* And where, I pray thee, are all these Reuels kept ?

*Clo.* They may be rather called Reakes then Reuels ; As I came along by the doore, I was call'd vp amongst them ; Hee-Gallants, and Shee-Gallants, I no sooner look'd out , but saw them out with their Knives, Slashing of Shoulders, Mangling of Legs , and Lanching of Loynes, till there was scarce a whole Limbe left amongst them.

*Winc.* A fearefull Massacre.

*Clo.* One was Hacking to cut off a Necke, this was Mangling a Brest, his Knife slip from the Shoulder , and onely cut of a Wing , one was picking the Braines out of a Head , another was Knuckle deepe in a Belly, one was Groping for a Liuer , another Searching for the Kidneyes; I saw one plucke the Sole from the Body ( Goose that she was to suffer 't ) another prickt into the Breast with his one Bill , Woodcocke to indure it.

*Wife.* How fell they out at first ?

*Clo.* I know not that, but it seemes, one had a Stomacke, and another had a Stomacke ; But there was such biting and tearing with their teeths , that I am sure , I saw some of their poore Carcassies pay for 't.

*Winc.* Did they not send for Surgeons ?

*Clo.* Alas no, Surgeons helpe was too late ; There was no stitching vp of those Wounds, where Limbe was pluckt from Limbe ; Nor any Salve for those Scarrs, which all the Plaitter of Paris cannot Cure.

*Winc.* Where grew the quarrell first ?

*Clo.* It seemes it was first Broacht in the Kitchin ; Certaine creatures being brought in thither , by some of the House ; The Cooke being a Colloricke fellow, did so Trowse them and Tosse them, so Plucke them and Pull them, till hee left them as naked as my Naile, Pinioned some of them like Fellons ; Cut the Spuries from others of their

Heeles; Then downe went his Spits, Some of them he ranne in at the Throat, and out at the Back-side; About went his Basting-Ladle, where he did so besawce them, that many a shrode turne they had amongst them.

*Wife.* But in all this, How did the Women scape?

*Clo.* They fared best, and did the least hurt that I saw; But for quietnesse sake, were forc'd to swallow what is not yet digested, yet every one had their share, and shee that had least, I am sure by this time, hath her belly full.

*Winc.* And where was all this hauocke kept?

*Clo.* Marry Sir, at your next neighbours, Young Master Lionell, Where there is nothing but Drinking out of Dry-Fats, and Healing in Halfe-Tubs, his Guests are fed by the Belly, and Beggars serued at his Gate in Baskets; Hee's the Adamant of this Age, the Daffadill of these dayes, the Prince of Prodigallity, and the very Cæsar of all young Citizens.

*Winc.* Belike then, 'twas a Massacre of meat, not as I apprehended?

*Clo.* Your gravity hath gest aright; The chiefest that fell in this Battell, were wild Fowle and tame Fowle; Pheasants were wounded in stead of Alfareffe, and Capons for Captaines, Anchoues stood for Antians, and Cauiare for Corporals, Dishes were assaulted in stead of Ditches, and Rabbits were cut to pieces vpon the rebellings, some lost their Legs, whil'st other of their wings were forc'd to flie; The Pioner vndermind nothing but Pie-crust; And ——— (tience;

*Winc.* Enough, enough, your wit hath plaid too long vpon our pa-  
*Wife.* it grieues me much both for the yong and old man, the one,  
Graces his head with care, endures the parching heat and biting cold,  
The terrours of the Lands, and feares at Sea in trauell, onely to gaine  
Some competent estate to leaue his sonne;  
Whiles all that Merchandise, through Gulfes, Crosse-Tides,  
Pirats and Stormes, he brings so farre; Th' other  
Heere Shipwrackes in the Harbour.

*Wife.* Tis the care of Fathers; and the weakenesse  
Incident to youth, that wants experience.

*Enter Y. Geraldine, Dallauill, Prudentilla, laughing.*

*Clo.* I was at the beginning of the Battell,  
But heere comes some, that it seemes  
Were at the rising of the dead Carcasses;  
For by their mirth, they haue had part of the Spoile.

*The English Traveller.*

*Winc.* You are pleasant, Gentlemen, what I entreat,  
Might be the Subject of your pleasant sport,  
It promiseth some pleasure?

*Prud.* If their recreation  
Bee, as I make no question, on truth grounded,  
'twill beget sudden laughter.

*Wife.* What's the Project?

*Dal.* Who shall relate it.

*Winc.* Master Geraldine, if there be any thing can please my Eare,  
With pleasant soundes, your Tongue must be the Instrument,  
On which the String must strike. *Dal.* Bee't his then.

*Prud.* Nay heare it, 'tis a good one.

*Wife* Wee intreat you, Possesse vs oth' Nouell,

*Winc.* Speake, good Sir.

*T. Ger.* I shall then, with a kind of Barbarisme,  
Shaddow a least, that askes a smother Tongue,  
For in my poore discourse, I doe protest,  
'twill but loose his luster.

*Wife* You are Modest.

*Winc.* Howeuer speake, I pray; For my sake doo't?

*Clo.* This is like a hastie Pudding, longer in eating, then it was  
in making.

*T. Ger.* Then thus it was, this Gentleman and I,  
Past but iust now, by your next Neighbours house,  
Where as they say, dwels one Young Lionell.

*Clo.* Where I was to night at Supper.

*Winc.* An vnthrift Youth, his Father now at Sea.

*T. Ger.* Why that's the very Subiect, vpon which  
It seemes, this Iest is grounded, there this Night,  
Was a great feast.

*Clo.* Why so I told you, Sir.

*Winc.* Bee thou still dumbe, 'tis hee that I would heare.

*T. Ger.* In the height of their Carowling, all their braines,  
Warm'd with the heat of Wine; Discourse was offer'd,  
Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea; when suddenly,  
Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceiues  
The Roome wherein they quafft, to be a Pinnace,  
Moouing and Floating; and the confused Noisc,  
To be the murmuring Windes, Gusts, Marriners;  
That their vnstedfast Footing, did proceed

*The English Traveller.*

From rocking of the Vessell: This conceiv'd,  
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,  
And to looke out for safety, she saith one  
Vp to the Main-top, and discover; Hee  
Climbes by the bed post, to the Teaster, there  
Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempest towards;  
And wills them if they'le save their Ship and lines,  
To cast their Lading over-board; At this  
All fall to Worke, and Hoyste into the Street,  
As to the Sea, What next come to their hand,  
Stooles, Tables, Tressels, Trenchers, Bed-steds, Cups,  
Pots, Plate, and Glasses; Heere a fellow Whistles,  
They take him for the Boat-swaine, one lyes strugling  
Vpon the floore, as if he swome for life,  
A third, takes the Base-violl for the the Cock-boate,  
Sits in the belly on 't, labours and Rowes;  
His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid;  
A fourth, bestrides his Fellowes, thinking to scape  
As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe,  
Still fumbling on a gitterne.

*Cl.* Excellent Sport.

*Winc.* But what was the conclusion?

*T. Ger.* The rude multiude,

Watching without, and gaping for the spoyle  
Cast from the windowes, went bith' eares about it;  
The Constable is called to Attone the broyle,  
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,  
Of eminent Ship-racke; enters the house, and finds them  
In this confusion, They Adore his staffe,  
And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee  
Comes with his Tritons, (so they cal'd his watch)  
To calme the Tempest, and appease the Waues;  
And at this point, wee left them.

*Cl.* Come what will, ile steale out of Doores,  
And see the end of it, that's certaine. *Exit.*

*Winc.* Thanks Master Geraldine, for this discourse,  
Introath it hath much pleased mee, but the night  
Begins to grow faste on vs, for your parts,  
You are all young, and you may sit vp late,  
My eyes begin to summon mee to sleepe,

*The English Traveller.*

And nothing 's more offensive vnto Age,  
Then to watch long and late.

*Y. Ger.* Now good Rest with you.

*Dal.* What saies faire Prudentilla? Maids and Widdows,  
And wee young Batchelors, such as indeed  
Are fore'd to lie in Solitary beds,  
And sleepe without disturbance; wee methinks,  
Should desire later houres; when Married Wines,  
That in their amorous armes, hug their delights;  
To often wakings subiect; their more hast,  
May better bee excused.

*Prud.* How can you,  
That are as you confesse, a single man,  
Enter so farre into these Misticall secrets  
Of Mariage, which as yet you neuer proued.

*Dal.* There 's Lady, an instinct innate in man,  
Which prompts vs to the apprehensions  
Of th' vses wee were borne to; Such we are  
Aptest to learne; Ambitious most to know,  
Of which our chiefe is Mariage.

*Prud.* What you Men  
Most meditate, wee Women seldome dreame of.

*Dal.* When dreame Maids most? *Prud.* When thinke you?

*Dal.* When you lie vpon your Backs, come come, your Eare. *Exit*

*Y. Ger.* Wee now are left alone. ( *Dal. and Prud.*

*Wife.* Why say wee be who should be ieaalous of vs?  
This is not first of many hundred Nights,  
That wee two haue bene priuate, from the first  
Of our acquaintance, when our Tongues but clipt  
Our Mothers-tongue, and could not speake it plaine,  
Wee knew each other; As in stature, so  
Increast our sweet Societic; Since your trauell,  
And my late Mariage, Through my Husbands loue,  
Mid-night hath beene as Mid-day, and my Bed-chamber,  
As free to you, as your owne Fathers house,  
And you as welcome too 't.

*Y. Ger.* I must confesse,  
It is in you, your Noble Courtesie,  
In him, a more then common confidence,  
And in this Age, can scarce find president.

*The English Traveller.*

*Wife.* Most true, it is withall an Argument,  
That both our vertues are so deepe impress  
In his good thoughts, hee knowes we cannot erre.

*T. Ger.* A villaine were hee, to deceiue such trust,  
Or (were there one) a much worse Carracter.

*Wife.* And sheno lesse, whomeither Beauty, Youth,  
Time; Place, or opportunity could tempt,  
To iniure such a Husband.

*T. Ger.* You deserue, euen for his sake, to be for euer young;  
And hee for yours, to haue his Youth reuew'd;  
So mutuall is your trew coningall Loue; Yet had the Fates so pleas'd

*Wife.* I know your meaning,  
It was once voyc'd, that wee two should haue Maicht,  
The World so thought, and many Tongues so spake,  
But Heauen hath now dispos'd vs otherwayes;  
And being as it is, (a thing in me,  
Which I protest, was neuer wisht, nor sought)  
Now done, I not repent it.

*T. Ger.* In those times,  
Of all the Treasures of my Hopes and Loue,  
You were th' Exchequer, they were Stor'd in you;  
And had not my vnfortunate Trauell crost them,  
They had bin heere reserued still.

*Wife.* Troath they had,  
I should haue beene your trusty Treasurer.

*T. Ger.* Howeuer let vs Loue still, I intreat:  
That, Neighbour-hood and breeding will allow;  
So much the Lawes Diuine and Humaine both,  
Twixt Brother and a Sister will approue;  
Heauen then forbid, that they should limit vs  
Wish well to one another.

*Wife.* If they should not,  
Wee might proclaime, they were not Charitable,  
Which were a deadly sin but to conceiue.

*T. Ger.* Will you resolue me one thing?

*Wife.* As to one, that in my Bosome hath a second place,  
next my deere Husband.

*T. Ger.* That's the thing I craue,  
And onely that, to haue a place next him.

*Wife.* Presume on that already, but perhaps,

*The English Traueller.*

You meane to stretch it further.

*T. Ger.* Onely thus farre,  
Your Husbands old, to whom my Soule doth wish,  
A Nesters age, So much he merits from me ;  
Yet if ( as prooffe and Nature daily teach )  
Men cannot alwayes liue, especially  
Such as are old and Crazed ; Hee be cal'd hence,  
Fairely, in full maturity of time,  
And we two be referu'd to after life,  
Will you conferre your Widow-hood on mee ?

*Wife.* You aske the thing, I was about to beg ;  
Your tongue hath spake mine owne thoughts.

*T. Ger.* Vow to that. *Wife.* As I hope Mercy.

*T. Ger.* 'Tis enough, that word  
Alone, instates me happy; Now so please you,  
Wee will diuide, you to your priuate Chamber,  
I to find out my friend.

*Wife.* Nay Master Geraldine, one Ceremonie rests yet vnperform'd,  
My Vow is past, your oath must next proceed,  
And as you couet to be sure of me,  
Of you I would be certaine. *T. Ger.* Make ye doubt ?

*Wife.* No doubt; but Loue's still Icalous, and in that  
To be excused; You then shall sweare by Heauen,  
And as in all your future Acts, you hope  
To thriue and prosper; As the Day may yeeld  
Comfort, or the Night rest, as you would keepe  
Entire, the Honour of your Fathers house,  
And free your Name from Scandall and Reproach,  
By all the Goodnesse that you hope to enioy,  
Or ill to shun — *T. Ger.* You charge me deeply Lady.

*Wife.* Till that day come, you shall reserue your selfe  
A single man; Conuerse nor company  
With any Woman, Contract nor Combine,  
With Maid, or Widow; which expected houre,  
As I doe wish not haste, so when it happens,  
It shall not come vnwelcome; You here all, Vow this.

*T. Ger.* By all that you haue said, I sweare,  
and by this Kisse Confirme.

*Wife.* Y'are now my Brother,  
Burthen, my second Husband.

*Exeunt.*



*The English Traveller.*

*Enter Y. Lionell, Rioter, Blanda, Scapha, two Gallants, and two Wenches, as newly wak'd from sleepe.*

*Y. Lio.* Wee had a stormy night on 't.

*Bla.* The Wine still workes,

And with the little rest they haue tooke to night,  
They are scarce come to themselves.

*Y. Lio.* Now 'tis a Calme,

Thankes to those gentle Sea-gods, that haue brought vs  
To this safe Harbour; Can you tell their names?

*Sca.* He with the Painted-staffe, I heard you call Neptune.

*Y. Lio.* The dreadfull god of Seas,

Vpon whose backe neere stucke March flees.

1. *Gall.* One with the Bill, keepes Neptunes Porpoises,  
So *Ouid* sayes in 's *Metamorphosis*.

2. *Gall.* A third the learned Poets write on,  
And as they say, His name is Triton.

*Y. Lio.* These are the Marine gods, to whom my father  
In his long voyage prayes too; Cannot they  
That brought vs to our Hauen, bury him  
In their Abisse? For if he safe ariue,  
I with these Sailors, Syrens, and what not,  
Am sure heere to be shipwrackt. 1. *Wen.* Stand vp stiffe.

*Rio.* But that the ship so totters: I shall fall.

1. *Wen.* If thou fall, Ile fall with thee.

*Rio.* Now I sincke,

And as I diue and drowne, Thus by degrees,  
Ile plucke thee to the bottome. *They fall.*

*Y. Lio.* Amaine for England, See, see,

*Enter Reignald.*

The Spaniard now strikes Saile. *Reig.* So must you all.

1. *Gall.* Whence is your ship, from the *Bermoothes*?

*Reig.* Worse, I thinke from Hell:

We are all Lost, Split, Shipwrackt, and vndone,

This place is a meere quick-sands. 2. *Gall.* So we feared.

*Reig.* Wher 's my young Master?

*Y. Lio.* Heere man, speake, the Newes?

*Reig.* The Newes is, I, and you — *Y. Lio.* What?

*Reig.* Shee, and all these — *Bla.* I?

*Reig.* We, and all ours, are in one turbulent Sea

Of Feare, Dispaire, Disaster and mischance swallowed:

Your father, Sir —

*The English Traveller.*

*Y. Lio.* Why, what of him? *Reig.* He is, Oh I want breath.

*Y. Lio.* Where? *Reig.* Landed, and at hand.

*Y. Lio.* Vpon what coast? Who saw him?

*Reig.* I, these eyes.

*Y. Lio.* Oh Heauen, what shall I doe then?

*Reig.* Aske ye me what shall become of you, that haue not yee  
Had time of studdy to dispose my selfe;

I say againe, I was vpon the Key,

I saw him land, and this way bend his course;

What drunkard's this, that can out sleepe a storme

Which threatens all our ruines? Wake him.

*Fla.* Ho, Riotes, awake.

*Rio.* Yes, I am wake;

How dry hath this Salt-water made me; Boy,

Giue me th' other Glasse.

*Y. Lio.* Arise, I say,

My Fathers come from Sea.

*Rio.* If he be come, Bid him be gone againe.

*Reig.* Can you trifle at such a time, when your Inventions,  
Brains, Wits, Plots, Deuices, Stratagemes, and all

Should be at one in action? each of you

That loue your safeties, lend your helping hands,

Women and all, to take this drunkard hence,

And to bestow him else where.

*Bla.* Lift for Heauens sake.

*They carry him in.*

*Reig.* But what am I the neerer, were all these

Conuey'd to sundry places and vnseene;

The staine of our disorders still remaine,

Of which, the house will wirnesse, and the old man

Must finde when he enters; And for these

*Enter againe.*

I am here left to answere: What is he gone?

*Y. Lio.* But whither? But into th' selfe same house

That harbours him; my Fathers, where we all

Attend from him surprisall.

*Reig.* I will make

That Prison of your feares, your Sanctuary;

Goe get you in together. *Y. Lio.* To this house?

*Reig.* Your Fathers, with your Sweet-heart, these and all;

Nay, no more words but doo't.

*Bla.* That were to betray vs to his fury.

*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* I haue 't heere,  
To Baile you hence at pleasure ; and in th' interim,  
Ile make this supposed Goale, to you, as safe  
From th' iniur'd old mans iust incensed spleene,  
As were you now together ith' Low-Countreyes,  
Virginia, or ith' Indies.

*Bla.* Present feare,  
Bids vs to yeeld vnto the faint beliefe  
Of the least hoped safety. *Reig.* Will you in ?

*Omn.* By thee we will be counsell'd. *Reig.* Shut them fast.

*Y. Lio.* And thou and I to leaue them ? (pany,

*Reig.* No such thing, for you shall beare your Sweet-heart com-  
And helpe to cheere the rest.

*Y. Lio.* And so thou  
Meanest to escape alone ?

*Reig.* Rather without,  
Ile stand a Champion for you all within ;  
Will you be swai'd ? One thing in any case  
I must aduise ; The gates boulted and lockt,  
See that 'mongst you no liuing voyce be heard ;  
No not so much as a Dog to howle,  
Or Cat to mewe, all silence, that I charge ;  
As if this were a meere forsaken house,  
And none did there inhabite. *Y. Lio.* Nothing else ?

*Reig.* And though the old man thunder at the gates  
As if he meant to ruine what he had rear'd,  
None on their liues to answere.

*Y. Lio.* 'Tis my charge ;  
Remaines there nothing else ?

*Reig.* Onely the Key ; for I must play the goaler for your durance,  
To bee the Mercurie in your release.

*Y. Lio.* Me and my hope, I in this Key deliuer  
To thy safe trust.

*Reig.* When you are fast you are safe,  
And with this turne 'tis done : What fooles are these,  
To trust their ruin'd fortunes to his hands  
That hath betray'd his owne ; And make themselues  
Prisoner to one deserues to lie for all,  
As being cause of all ; And yet something prompts me,  
Ile stand it at all dangers ; And to recompence

*The English Traveller.*

The many wrongs vnto the yong man done :  
Now, if I can doubly delude the old,  
My braine, about it then ; All 's husht within,  
The noise that shall be, I must make without ;  
And he that part for gaine, and part for wit,  
So farre hath trauell'd, striue to foole at home :  
Which to effect, Art must with Knauery ioyne,  
And smooth Dissembling meet with Impudence ;  
He doe my best, and howsoere it prooue,  
My praise or shame, 'tis but a seruants loue.

*Enter old Lionell like a ciuill Merchant, with Water-men,  
and two seruants with Burdens and Caskets.*

*Old Lio.* Discharge these honest Sailors that haue brought  
Our Chests a shore, and pray them haue a care,  
Those merchandise be safe we left aboard :  
As Heauen hath blest vs with a fortunate Voyage,  
In which we bring home riches with our healthes,  
So let not vs prooue niggards in our store ;  
See them paid well, and to their full content. *1. Ser. I shall Sir.*

*Old Lio.* Then returne : These speciall things,  
And of most value, weele not trust aboard ;  
Meethinkes they are not safe till they see home,  
And there repose ; where we will rest our selues,  
And bid farewell to Trauell ; for I vow,  
After this houre, no more to trust the Seas,  
Nor throw mee to such danger.

*Reig.* I could wish  
You had tooke your leaue oth' Land too.

*Old Lio.* And now it much reioyceth me, to thinke  
What a most sudden welcome I shall bring,  
both to my Friends and priuate Family.

*Reig.* Oh, but how much more welcome had he beene,  
That had brought certaine tidings of thy death.

*Old Lio.* But soft, what 's this ? my owne gates shut vpon me,  
And barre their Master entrance ? Whose within there ?  
How, no man speake, are all asleepe or dead, *Knocks aloud.*  
That no soule stirres to open ?

*Reig.* What madde man 's that, who weary of his life,  
Dares once lay hand on these accursed gates ?

*Old Lio.* Whose that ? my seruant Reignald.

*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* My old Master,

Most glad I am to see you ; Are you well Sir ?

*Old Lio.* Thou see'st I am.

*Reig.* But are you sure you are ?

Feele you no change about you ? Pray you stand off.

*Old Lio.* What strange and v unexpected greetings this,  
That thus a man may knocke at his owne gates,  
Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,  
And no man giue him entrance ?

*Reig.* Said you Sir ;

Did your hand touch that hammer ?

*Old Lio.* Why, whose else ?

*Reig.* But are you sure you toucht it ?

*Old Lio.* How else, I prethee, could I haue made this noise ?

*Reig.* You toucht it then ? *Old Lio.* I tell thee yet I did.

*Reig.* Oh for the loue I beare you,

Oh me most miserable, you, for you owne sake,

Of all aliue most wretched ; Did you touch it ?

*Old Lio.* Why, say I did ?

*Reig.* You haue then a sinne committed,

No sacrifice can expiate to the Dead ;

But yet I hope you did not.

*Old Lio.* 'Tis past hope,

The deed is done, and I repent it not.

*Reig.* You and all yours will doo't. In this one rashnes,

You haue vndone vs all ; Pray be not desperate,

But first thanke Heauen that you haue escapt thus well ;

Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,

And tempt your fate no more ; Command your seruants

Giue off and come no neerer, they are ignorant,

And doe not know the danger ; therefore pity

That they should perish in't ; 'Tis full seuen moneths,

Since any of your house durst once set foot

Ouer that threshold.

*Old Lio.* Prethee speake the cause ?

*Reig.* First looke about, beware that no man heare,  
Command these to remooue.

*Old Lio.* Be gone. *Exit Seruants.* Now speake.

*Reig.* Oh Sir, This house is growne Prodigious,  
Fatal, Disasterous vnto you and yours.

*The English Traveller.*

*Old Lio.* What Fatall? what Disasterous?

*Reig.* Some Host that hath beene owner of this house,  
In it his Guest hath slaine; And we suspect  
'Twas he of whom you bought it.

*Old Lio.* How came this  
Discouer'd to you first?

*Reig.* Ile tell you Sir,  
But further from the gate: Your sonne one night  
Suppt late abroad, I within; Oh that night,  
I never shall forget; Being safe got home,  
I saw him in his chamber laid to rest;  
And after went to mine, and being drowsie,  
Forgot by chance, to put the Candle out;  
Being dead asleepe; Your sonne affrighted, calls  
So loud, that I soone waken'd; Brought in light,  
And found him almost drown'd in fearefull sweat;  
Amaz'd to see't, I did demand the cause:  
Who told me, that this murdered Ghost appeared,  
His body gasht, and all ore-stucke with wounds;  
And spake to him as followes.

*Old Lio.* Oh proceed, 'tis that I long to heare.

*Reig.* I am, quoth he,  
A Trans-marine by birth, who came well stored  
With Gold and Jewels, to this fatall house;  
Where seeking safety, I encounter'd death:  
The couetous Merchant, Land-lord of this rent,  
To whom I gaue my life and wealth in charge;  
Freely to enioy the one, rob'd me of both:  
Heere was my body buried, here my Ghost  
Must euer walke, till that haue Christian right;  
Till when, my habitation must be here:  
Then flie yong man, Remooue thy family,  
And secke some safer dwelling: For my death,  
This mansion is accurst; 'Tis my possession,  
Bought at the deere rate of my life and blood,  
None enter here, that aymes at his owne good.  
And with this charge he vanisht.

*Old Lio.* Oh my feare,  
Whither wilt thou transport me?

*Reig.* I Intreat keepe further from the gate, and flie.

*The English Traveller.*

*Old Lio.* Flie whither? Why doest not thou flie too?

*Reig.* What need I feare, the Ghost and I am friends.

*Old Lio.* But Reignald.

*Reig.* Tush, I nothing haue deserued,  
Nor ought transgress: I came not neere the gate.

*Old Lio.* To whom was that thou spakest?

*Reig.* Was't you Sir nam'd me?

Now as I liue, I thought the dead man call'd,  
To enquire for him that thunder'd at the gate  
Which he so dearely pai'd for: Are you madd,

To stand a fore-seene danger? *Old Lio.* What shall I doe?

*Reig.* Couer you head and flie; Lest looking backe,  
You spie your owne confusion.

*Old Lio.* Why doest not thou flie too?

*Reig.* I tell you Sir,  
The Ghost and I am friends.

*Old Lio.* Why didst thou quake then?

*Reig.* In feare lest some mischance may fall on you,  
That haue the dead offended; For my part,  
The Ghost and I am friends: Why flie you not,  
Since here you are not safe? *Old Lio.* Some blest powers guard me.

*Reig.* Nay Sir, ile not forsake you: I haue got the start;  
But ere the goale, 'twill aske both Braine and Art. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter old Master Geraldine, Y. Geraldine, Master  
Wincott, and Wife, Dalauill, Prudentilla.*

*Winc.* We are bound to you, kind Master Geraldine,  
For this great entertainement; Troath your cost  
Hath much exceeded common neighbour-hood:  
You haue feasted vs like Princes.

*Old Ger.* This, and more  
Many degrees, can neuer counteruaile  
The oft and frequent welcomes giuen my sonne:  
You haue tooke him from me quite, and haue I thinke,  
Adopted him into your family,  
He staies with me so seldome.

*Win.* And in this,  
By trusting him to me, of whom your selfe

*The English Traveller*

May have both use and pleasure, y<sup>e</sup> are as kind  
As money'd men, that might make benefit  
Of what they are possess'd, yet to their friends  
In need, will lend it gratis.

*Wife.* And like such,  
As are indebted more then they can pay;  
Wee more and more confesse our selues engaged  
To you, for your forbearance.

*Prud.* Yet you see,  
Like Debtors, such as would not breake their day;  
The Treasure late receiued, wee tender backe;  
The which, the longer you can spare, you still  
The more shall binde vs to you.

*Old Ger.* Most kind Ladies,  
Worthy you are to borrow, that returne  
The Principall, with such large use of thanks.

*Dal.* What strange felicitie these Rich men take,  
To talke of borrowing, lending, and of vse;  
The vsurers language right.

*Winc.* Y<sup>e</sup> au'e Master Geraldine,  
Faire walkes and gardens, I haue praised them,  
Both to my Wife and Sister.

*Old Ger.* You would see them,  
There's no pleasure that the House can yeild,  
That can be debar'd from you; prethee Sonne,  
Be thou the Visier to those Mounts and Prospects  
May one day call thee Master.

*Y. Ger.* Sir I shall; Please you to walke.

*Prud.* What Master Dalauill,  
Will you not beare vs company.

*Dal.* 'Tis not fit  
That wee should leaue our Noble host alone,  
Be you my Friends charge, and this old man mine.

*Prud.* Well, bee 't then at your pleasure. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Dalauill and Old Geraldine.*

*Dal.* You to your Prospects, but there's proiect heere  
That's of another Nature; Worthy Sir,  
I cannot but approue your happinesse,  
To be the Father of so braue a Sonne,  
So euery way accomplish't and made vp



In which my voice is least; For I alas,  
Beare but a meane part in the common quier,  
When with much lowder accents of his praise,  
So all the world reports him.

*Old Ger.* Thanke my Starres,  
They haue lent me one, who as he alwayes was,  
And is my present ioy; If their aspect  
Be no wayes to our goods Maleuolent,  
May be my Future comfort.

*Dal.* Yet must I hold him happie aboue others,  
As one that Solie to himselfe inioyes;  
What many others aime at; But in vaine.

*Old Ger.* How meane you that? *Dal.* So Beautifull a Mistresse.

*Old Ger.* A Mistresse, said you?

*Dal.* Yes Sir, or a Friend,  
Whether you please to stile her.

*Old Ger.* Mistresse? Friend?

Pray be more open languag'd.

*Dal.* And indeed,

Who can blame him to absent himselfe from home,  
And make his Fathers house but as a grange,  
For a Beautie so Attractiue? Or blame her,  
Huging so weake an old Man in her armes,  
To make a new choice, of an equall youth,  
Being in him so Perfect? yet introath,  
I thinke they both are honest.

*Old Ger.* You haue Sir,  
Possess me with such strange fancies.

*Dal.* For my part,  
How can I loue the person of your Sonnes,  
And not his reputation? His repaire  
So often to the House, is voyct by all,  
And frequent in the mouthes of the whole Countrey,  
Some equally addicted, praise his happinesse;  
But others, more Censorious and Austere,  
Blame and reprocue a course so disolute;  
Each one in generall, pittie the good man,  
As one vnfriendly dealt with, yet in my conscience,  
I thinke them truly Honest. *Old Ger.* 'Tis suspitious.

*Dal.* True Sir, at best; But what when scandalous tongues

*The English Traveller.*

Will make the worst? and what good in it selfe,  
Sullie and staine by fabulous mis-report;  
For let men liue as charie as they can,  
Their liues are often questioned; Then no wonder,  
If such as giue occasion of suspition,  
Be subiect to this scandall: What I speake,  
Is as a Noble Friend vnto your Sonne;  
And therefore, as I glory in his Fame,  
I suffer in his wrong; for as I liue,  
I thinke, they both are honest.

*Old Ger.* Howsoeuer, I wish them so.

*Dal.* Some course might be deuil'd,  
To stop this clamor ere it grow too wrancke;  
Lest that which yet but inconuenience seemes,  
May turne to greater mischief; This I speake  
In Zeale to both, in soueraine care of him  
As of a Friend; And tender of her Honour,  
As one to whom I hope to be allyed,  
By Marriage with her Sister.

*Old Ger.* I much thanke you,  
For you haue cleerely giuen me light of that,  
Till now I neuer dreamt on.

*Dal.* 'Tis my Loue,  
And therefore I intreat you, make not mee  
To be the first reporter.

*Old Ger.* You haue done  
The office of a Noble Gentleman,  
And shall not be so iniur'd.

*Enter againe as from Walking Winc. Wife, Y. Ger. Prud.*

*Winc.* See Master Geraldine,  
How bold wee are, especially these Ladies  
Play little better then the theeues with you,  
For they haue robb'd your Garden.

*Wife.* You might Sir,  
Better haue term'd it saucenes, then theft;  
You see we blush not, what we tooke in priuate,  
To weare in publicke view.

*Prud.* Besides, these cannot  
Be mist out of so many; In full fields,  
The gleanings are allow'd.

*Old Ger.* These and the rest,  
Are Ladies, at your service.

*Winc.* Now to horse,  
But one thing ere wee part, I must intreat;  
In which my Wife will be ioynt suter with me,  
My Sister too. *Old Ger.* In what I pray.

*Winc.* That hee  
Which brought vs hither, may but bring vs home;  
Your much respected Sonne.

*Old Ger.* How men are borne,  
To woe their owne disasters?

*Wife* But to see vs  
From whence he brought vs Sir, that 's all.

*Old Ger.* This second motion makes it Palpable:  
To note a Womans cunning; Make her husband  
Bawde to her owne laciuous appetite,  
And to Solicite his owne shame.

*Prud.* Nay Sir,  
When all of vs ioyne in so small a suit,  
It were some iniurie to be deni'd.

*Old Ger.* And worke her Sister too; What will not woman  
To accomplish her owne ends: But this disease,  
Ile seeke to Phisicke ere it grow too farre:  
I am most sorrie to be vrg'd sweet Friends,  
In what at this time I can no wayes grant;  
Most, that these Ladies should be ought deni'd,  
To whom I owe all Service, but occasions  
Of weighty and important consequence,  
Such as concerne the best of my Estate,  
Call him aside; excuse vs both this once,  
Presume this businesse is no sooner ouer,  
But hee 's at his owne freedome.

*Winc.* 'Twere no manners  
In vs to vrge it further, wee will leaue you,  
With promise Sir, that he shall in my will,  
Not be the last remembered.

*Old Ger.* Wee are bound to you;  
See them to Horse, and instantly returne,  
Wee haue Employments for you. *T. Ger.* Sir I shall.

*Dal.* Remember your last promise.

*The English Traveller.*

*Old Ger.* Not to doo 't, I should forget my selfe :

If I finde him false

To such a friend, be sure he forfeits me ;

In which to be more punctually resolu'd,

I haue a proiect how to sift his soule,

How 'tis enclin'd; whether to yonder place, *Enter Y. Geraldine.*

The cleare bright Pallace, or blacke Dungeon : See,

They are onward on the way, and hee return'd.

*Y. Ger.* I now attend your pleasure.

*Old Ger.* You are growne perfect man, and now you float

Like to a well built Vessell ; 'Tweene two Currents,

Vertue and Vice; Take this, you steere to harbou'r ;

Take that, to eminent shipwracke.

*Y. Ger.* Pray your meaning.

*Old Ger.* What fathers cares are, you shall neuer know,

Till you your selfe haue children, Now my studdy,

Is how to make you such, that you in them

May haue a feeling of my loue to you.

*Y. Ger.* Pray Sir expound your selfe; for I protest

Of all the Languages I yet haue learn'd,

This is to me most forraine.

*Old Ger.* Then I shall ;

I haue liued to see you in your prime of youth

And height of Fortune, so you will but take

Occasion by the forehead ; to be briefe,

And cut off all superfluous circumstance,

All the ambition that I ayme at now,

Is but to see you married. *Y. Ger.* Married Sir.

*Old Ger.* And to that purpose, I haue found out one,

Whose Youth and Beauty may not onely please

A curious eye; But her immediate meanes,

Able to strengthen a state competent,

Or raise a ruined Fortune.

*Y. Ger.* Of all which,

I haue beleue me, neither need nor vie ;

My competence best pleasing as it is ;

And this my singularity of life,

Most to my mind contenting.

*Old Ger.* I suspect, but yet must prooue him further ;

Say to my care I adde a Fathers charge;

And couple with my counsell my command ;  
To that how can you answer ?

*Y. Ger.* That I hope :  
My duty and obedience still vnblam'd,  
Did neuer merit such austeritie ;  
And from a father neuer yet displeas'd.

*Old Ger.* Nay, then to come more neere vnto the point ;  
Either you must resolute for present marriage,  
Or forfeit all your interest in my loue.

*Y. Ger.* Vn-say that language, I intreat you Sir,  
And doe not so oppresse me ; Or if needs  
Your heauy imposition stand in force,  
Resolue me by your counsell ; With more safety  
May I infringe a sacred vow to heauen,  
Or to oppose me to your strict command ?  
Since one of these I must.

*Old Ger.* Now Dalauill,  
I finde thy words too true.

*Y. Ger.* For marrie, Sir, I neither may, nor can.

*Old Ger.* Yet whore you may ;  
And that 's no breach of any vow to Heauen :  
Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall sinne ;  
Asperse the honour of a noble friend ;  
Forfeit thy reputation, here below,  
And th' interest that thy Soule might claime aboue,  
In yon blest City : These you may, and can,  
Wich vntoucht conscience : Oh, that I should liue  
to see the hopes that I haue stor'd so long ;  
Thus in a moment ruin'd : And the staffe,  
On which my old decrepite age should leane ;  
Before my face thus broken : On which trusting,  
I thus abortiuely, before my time,  
Fall headlong to my Graue. *Falls on the earth.*

*Y. Ger.* It yet stands strong ;  
Both to support you vnto future life,  
And fairer comfort.

*Old Ger.* Neuer, neuer sonne :  
For till thou canst acquit thy selfe of scandall,  
And me of my suspicion ; Heere, euen heere,  
Where I haue measur'd out my length of earth ;

*The English Traveller.*

I shall expire my last.

*Y. Ger.* Both these I can :

Then rise Sir, I intreat you; And that innocency,  
Which payson'd by the breath of Calumnie, cast you thus low,  
Shall, these few staines wipt off, with better thoughts erect you.

*Old Ger.* Well, Say on.

*Y. Ger.* There's but one fire from which this smoake may grow;  
Namely, the vnmatcht yoake of youth; And  
In which, If euer I occasion was,

Of the smallest breach; The greatest implacable mischief  
Adultery can threaten, fall on me;

Of you may I be disauow'd a sonne;  
And vnto Heauen a seruant: For that Lady,

As she is Beauties mirror, so I hold her  
For Chastities examples: From her tongue,

Neuer came language, that ariued my eare,  
That euen censurious *Cato*, liu'd he now,

Could mis-interpret; Neuer from her lips,  
Came vnchaste kisse; Or from her constant eye,

Looke sauouring of the least immodesty: Further — (form'd,  
*Old Ger.* Enough; One onely thing remaines, which on thy part per-

Affures firme credit to these thy protestations.

*Y. Ger.* Name it then.

*Old Ger.* Take hence th' occasion of this common fame;  
Which hath already spread it selfe so farre,

To her dishonour and thy preiudice, From this day forward,  
To forbear the house: This doe vpon my blessing.

*Y. Ger.* As I hope it, I will not faile your charge.

*Old Ger.* I am satisfied. *Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore an Usurer and his Man, at the other, Old  
Lionell with his seruant: In the midst Reignald.*

*Reig.* To which hand shall I turne me; Here's my Master  
Hath bin to enquire of him that sould the house,

Touching the murder; Here's an Usuring-Rascall,  
Of whom we haue borrowed money to supply

Our prodigall expences; Broke our day,  
And owe him still the Principall and Use:

Were I to meet them single, I haue braine  
To oppose both, and to come off vnscarr'd;

But if they doe assault me, and at once.  
Not *Hercules* himselfe could stand that odds.

*The English Traveller.*

Therefore I must encounter them by turnes ;  
And to my Master first : Oh Sir, well met.

*Old Lio.* What Reignald; I but now met with the man,  
Of whom I bought you house.

*Reig.* What; did you Sir ?  
But did you speake of ought concerning that  
Which I last told you ?

*Old Lio.* Yes, I told him all.

*Reig.* Then am I cast : But I pray tell me Sir,  
Did he confesse the murder ?

*Old Lio.* No such thing; Most stiffely he denies it. (swoot

*Reig.* Impudent wretch; Then serue him with a warrant, let the Of-  
Bring him before a Iustice, you shall heare  
What I can say against him ; Sfoot deni 't :

But I pray Sir excuse me, yonder 's one  
With whom I haue some businesse ; Stay you here,  
And but determine what 's best course to take,  
And note how I will follow 't. *Old Lio.* Be brieft then.

*Reig.* Now, If I can aswell put off my Vse-man,  
This day, I shall be master of the field.

*Vsu.* That should be Lionells man.

*Man* The same, I know him.

*Vsu.* After so many friuolous delaies,  
There 's now some hope. He that was wont to shun vs,  
And to absent himselfe, accoasts vs freely ;  
And with a pleasant countenance : Well met Reignald,  
What 's this money ready ?

*Reig.* Never could you  
Haue come in better time.

*Vsu.* Where 's your master, yong Lionell, it something troubles me,  
That hee should breake his day.

*Reig.* A word in priuate,

*Vsu.* Tush, Priuate me no priuates, in a word,  
Speake, are my moneys ready ?

*Reig.* Not so loud.

*Vsu.* I will be louder yet ; Giue me my moneys,  
Come, tender me my moneys.

*Reig.* We know you haue a throat, wide as your conscience ;  
You need not vse it now, Come — get you home.

*Vsu.* Home ?

*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* Yes, home I say, returne by three a Clocke,  
And I will seee all cancell'd.

*Vsu.* 'Tis now past two, and I can stay till three,  
Ile make that now my businesse, otherwayes,  
With these lowd clamors, I will haunt thee still;  
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.

*Reig.* This burre will still cleaue to me; what, no means  
To shake him off; I neere was caught till now:  
Come come, y'are troublesome.

*Vsu.* Preuent that trouble,  
And without trifling, pay me downe my cash;  
I will be fool'd no longer.

*Reig.* So so so.

*Vsu.* I haue beene still put off, from time to time,  
And day to day; these are but cheating tricks,  
And this is the last minute ile forbear  
Thee, or thy Master: Once againe, I say,  
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.

*Reig.* Pox a this vse, that hath vndone so many;  
And now will confound mee.

*Old Lio.* Hast thou heard this?

*Ser.* Yes Sir, and to my grieffe.

*Old Lio.* Come hither Reignald.

*Reig.* Heere Sir; Nay, now I am gone.

*Old Lio.* What vse is this?

What Principall hee talkes of? in which language  
Hee names my Sonne; And thus vpbraideth thee,  
What is 't you owe this man?

*Reig.* A trifle Sir,

Pray stop his mouth; And pay 't him.

*Old Lio.* I pay, what?

*Reig.* If I say pay 't him; Pay 't him.

*Old Lio.* What 's the Summe?

*Reig.* A toy, the maine about five hundred pounds;  
And the vse fiftie.

*Old Lio.* Call you that a toy?

To what vse was it borrowed? At my departure,  
I left my Sonne sufficient in his charge,  
With surplus, to defray a large expence,  
Without this neede of borrowing.



*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* 'Tis confest,

Yet stop his clamorous mouth; And onely say,  
That you will pay 't to morrow.

*Old Lio.* I passe my word.

*Reig.* Sir, if I bid you doo 't; Nay, no more words,  
But say you'le pay 't to morrow.

*Old Lio.* Ieafst indeed; but tell me how these moneys were bestowed?

*Reig.* Safe Sir, I warrant you.

*Old Lio.* The Summe still safe,

Why doe you not then tender it your selues?

*Reig.* Your eare sir; This summe ioyn'd to the rest,  
Your Sonne hath purchast Land and Houses.

*Old Lio.* Land, do'st thou say?

*Reig.* A goodly House, and Gardens.

*Old Lio.* Now ioy on him,

That whil't his Father Merchandis'd abroad,  
Had care to adde to his estate at home:

But Reignald, wherefore Houses?

*Reig.* Now Lord Sir,

How dull you are; This house posselt with spirits,  
And there no longer stay; Would you haue had  
Him, vs, and all your other family,  
To liue, and lie ith' streets; It had not Sir,  
Beene for your reputation.

*Old Lio.* Blessing on him,

That he is growne so thiftie.

*Vsu.* 'Tis strooke three,

My money's not yet tender'd.

*Reig.* Pox vpon him,

See him discharged, I pray Sir.

*Old Lio.* Call vpon me

To morrow Friend, as early as thou wilt;

Ile see thy debt defraid.

*Vsu.* It is enough, I haue a true mans word. *Exit. Vsurer and man.*

*Old Lio.* Now tell me Reignald,

For thou hast made me proud of my Sonnes thrift;  
Where, in what Countrey, doth this faire House stand.

*Reig.* Neuer in all my time, so much to seeke;

I know not what to answer.

*Old Lio.* Wherefore studdiest thou?

*The English Traveller.*

Use men to purchase Lands at a deere rate,  
And know not where they lie?

*Reig.* 'Tis not for that;

I onely had forgot his name that sould them,  
'Twas let me see, see. *Old Lio.* Call thy selfe to minde.

*Reig.* Non-plust or nener now; Where art thou braine?

O Sir, where was my memory; 'Tis this house  
That next adioynes to yours,

*Old Lio.* My Neighbour Ricots.

*Reig.* The same, the same Sir; Wee had peniworths in't;  
And I can tell you, haue beene offer'd well  
Since, to forsake our bargaine.

*Old Lio.* As I liue,

I much commend your choice.

*Reig.* Nay, 'tis well seated,

Rough-cast without, but brauely lined within;  
You haue met with few such bargaines.

*Old Lio.* Prethee knocke,

And call the Master, or the seruant on't;  
To let me take free view on't.

*Reig.* Puzzle againe on Puzzle; One word Sir,

The House is full of Women, no man knowes,  
How on the instant, they may be imploy'd;  
The Roomes may lie vnhanesome; and Maids stand  
Much on their cleanness and huswiferie;

To take them vnprovided, were disgrace,  
'Twere fit they had some warning; Now, doe you

Fetch but a warrant, from the Iustice Sir;  
You vnderstand mee. *Old Lio.* Yes, I doe.

*Reig.* To attach him of suspected murder, Ile see 't seru'd;

Did he deny 't? And in the intrim, I  
Will giue them notice, you are now ariu'd,  
And long to see your purchase.

*Old Lio.* Councell'd well; And meet some halfe houre hence.

*Reig.* This plunge well past,

All things fall euen, to Crowne my Braine at last. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dalauill and a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Where shall we dine to day?

*Dal* At th' Ordinarie.

I see Sir, you are but a stranger heere;

*The English Traveller.*

This Barnet, is a place of great resort;  
And commonly vpon the Market dayes,  
Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,  
A friendly meeting; Some about affaires  
Of Consequence and Profit; Bargaine, Sale,  
And to conferre with Chap-men, some for pleasure,  
To match their Horses; Wager in their Dogs,  
Or trie their Hawkes; Some to no other end,  
But onely meet good Company, discourse,  
Dine, drinke, and spend their Money.

*Enter Old Geraldine and Yong Geraldine.*

*Gent.* That's the Market, Wee haue to make this day.

*Dal.* 'Tis a Commoditie, that will be easily vented:

What my worthy Friend,

You are happily encounter'd; Oh, y' are growne strange,

To one that much respects you; Troath the House

Hath all this time seem'd naked without you;

The good Old Man doth neuer sit to meat,

But next his giuing Thankes, hee speaks of you;

There's scarce a bit, that he at Table tastes,

That can digest without a Geraldine,

You are in his mouth so frequent: Hee and Shee

Both wondering, what distaste from one, or either,

So suddenly, should alianate a Guest,

To them, so deerey welcome.

*Old Ger.* Master Dalauill,

Thus much let me for him Apologie;

Diuers designes haue throng'd vpon vs late,

My weaknesse was not able to support

Without his helpe; He hath bin much abroad,

At London, or else where; Besides 'tis Terme;

And Lawyers must be followed, seldome at home,

And scarcely then at leasure.

*Dal.* I am satisfied,

And I would they were so too, but I hope Sir,

In this restraint, you haue not vs'd my name?

*Old Ger.* Not, as I liue.

*Dal.* Y'are Noble — Who had thought

To haue met with such good Company; Y'are it seeme

But new alighted; Father and Sonne, ere part,

*The English Traveller.*

I vow weele drinke a cup of Sacke together:  
Phisicians say, It doth prepare the appetite  
And stomacke against dinner.

*Old Ger.* Wee old men,  
Are apt to take these courtesies. *Dal.* What say you Friend?

*Y. Ger.* Ile but enquire for one, at the next Inne,  
And instantly returne. *Dal.* 'Tis enough. *Exit.*

*Enter Bessie meeting Y. Geraldine.*

*Y. Ger.* Bessie: How do'st thou Girl?

*Bess.* Faith we may doe how we list for you, you are growne so  
Great a stranger: We are more beholding  
To Master Dalauill, Hee's a constant Guest:  
And howsoere to some, that shall bee namelesse,  
His presence may be gracefull; Yet to others —  
I could say somewhat.

*Y. Ger.* Hee's a noble fellow,  
And my choice friend.

*Bess.* Come come, he is, what he is; and that the end will prooue.

*Y. Ger.* And how's all at home?

Nay, weele not part without a glasse of wine,  
And meet so seldome: Boy, *Enter Drawer.*

*Drawer* Anon, anon Sir.

*Y. Ger.* A Pint of Clarret, quickly. *Exit Drawer.*

Nay, sit downe: The newes, the newes, I pray thee;  
I am sure, I haue beene much enquir'd of  
Thy old Master, and thy young Mistris too.

*Bess.* Euer your name is in my Masters mouth, and sometimes too  
In hers, when she hath nothing else to thinke of:  
Well well, I could say somewhat. *Enter Drawer.*

*Drawer* Heere's your wine Sir. *Exit.*

*Y. Ger.* Fill Boy: Here Bessie, this glasse to both their healths;  
Why do'st weepe my wench?

*Bess.* Nay, nothing Sir. *Y. Ger.* Come, I must know.

*Bess.* Introath I loue you Sir,  
And euer wisht you well; You are a Gentleman,  
Whom alwayes I respected; Know the passages  
And priuate whisperings, of the secret loue  
Betwixt you and my Mistris; I dare sweare,  
On your part well intended: But — *Y. Ger.* But what?

*Bess.* You beare the name of Land-lord, but another

*The English Traveller.*

Inioyes the rent ; You doate vpon the shadow,  
But another he beares away the substance.

*Y. Ger.* Bee more plaine.

*Bess.* You hope to inioy a vertuous widdow-hood ;  
But Dalauill, whom you esteeme your friend,  
Hee keeps the wife in common.

*Y. Ger.* Y' are too blame,  
And Bessè, you make me angry ; Hee 's my friend,  
And she my second selfe ; In all their meetings,  
I neuer saw so much as cast of eye  
Once entertain'd betwixt them.

*Bess.* That 's their cunning,

*Y. Ger.* For her ; I haue beene with her at all houres,  
Both late and early ; In her bed-chamber,  
And often singly vs her'd her abroad :  
Now, would she haue bin any mans aliue,  
Shee had bin mine ; You wrong a worthy Friend,  
And a chaste Mistris, y' are not a good Girle ;  
Drinke that, speake better of her, I could chide you,  
But I'le forbearè ; What you haue rashly spokè,  
Shall euer heere be buried.

*Bess.* I am sorry my freenessè should offend you,  
But yet know, I am her Chamber-maid.

*Y. Ger.* Play now the Market-maid,  
And prethee bout thy businesse.

*Bess.* Well, I shall—— that man should be so fool'd. *Exit.*

*Y. Ger.* Shee a Prostitute ?

Nay, and to him my troath plight, and my Friend ;  
As possible it is, that Heauen and Earth  
Should be in loue together, meet and kisse,  
And so cut off all distance : What strange frensie  
Came in this wenches braine, so to surmise ?  
Were she so base ? his noblensse is such,  
He would not entertaine it for my sake :  
Or he so bent ? His hot and lust burnt appetite  
Would be soone quencht, at the meere contemplation  
Of her most Pious and Religious life.  
The Girle was much too blame ; Perhaps her Mistris  
Hath stir'd her anger, by some word or blow,  
Which she would thus reuenge ; Not apprehending

*The English Traveller.*

At what a high price Honour's to be rated ;  
Or else some one that enuies her rare vertue,  
Might hire her thus to brand it ; Or, who knowes  
But the yong wench may fixe a thought on me ;  
And to divert me from her Mistris loue,  
May raise this false aspersiō ? howsoever, *Enter Clo. with a letter.*  
My thoughts on these two columnes fixed are,  
She's good as fresh, and purely chaste as faire.

*Clo.* Oh Sir, you are the Needle, and if the whole County of Middlesex had bin turn'd to a meere Bottle of Hay, I had bin inioyn'd to haue found you out, or neuer more return'd backe to my old Master : There's a Letter Sir.

*T. Ger.* I know the hand that superscrib'd it well ;  
Stay but till I peruse it, and from me  
Thou shalt returne an answer.

*Clo.* I shall Sir : This is Market-day, and heere acquaintance commonly meet ; and whom haue I encounter'd ? my gossip Pint-pot, and brim full ; nay, I meane to drinke with you before I part, and how doth all your worshipfull kindred ? your sister Quart, your pater-Pottle, (who was euer a Gentlemans fellow) and your old grandfier Gallon ; they cannot chuse but be all in health, since so many healthes haue beene drunke out of them : I could wish them all heere, and in no worse state then I see you are in at this present ; howsoever gossip, since I haue met you hand to hand, I'le make bould to drinke to you — Nay, either you must pledge me, or get one to doo't for you ; Doe you open your mouth towards me ? well, I know what you would say ; Heere Roger, to your Master and Mistris, and all our good friends at home ; gramercy gossip, if I should not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to Grasse, and stand no more at Liuey : And now in requitall of this courtesie I'le begin one health to you and all your society in the Celler, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hogsheed, Bartholomew Butt, and little master Randall Rundlet, to Timothy Taster, and all your other great and small friends.

*T. Ger.* Hee writes mee heere,  
That at my discontinuance hee's much grieu'd,  
Desiring me, as I haue euer tender'd  
Or him or his, to giue him satisfaction  
Touching my discontent; and that in person,  
By any private meeting.

*Clo.* I Sir, 'tis very true; The Letter speaks no more

*The English Traveller.*

Then he wisht me to tell you by word of mouth.

*T. Ger.* Thou art then of his councell ?

*Clo.* His Priuy and please you.

*T. Ger.* Though neere so strict hath bin my fathers charge,

A little I'le dispense with 't, for his loue ;  
Commend me to thy Master, tell him from me,  
On Munday night (then will my leasure serue )  
I will by Heauens assistance visit him.

*Clo.* On Munday Sir :

That 's as I remember, iust the day before Tuesday.

*T. Ger.* But 'twill be midnight first, at which late houre,  
Please him to let the Garden doore stand ope,

At that I'le enter, But conditionally,  
That neither Wife, Friend, Seruant, no third soule  
Saue him, and thee to whom he trusts this message,  
Know of my comming in, or passing out :  
When, tell him, I will fully satisfie him  
Concerning my foret absence.

*Clo.* I am something obliuious ; Your message would bee the true-  
lier deliuered if it were set downe in blacke and white.

*T. Ger.* I'le call for Pen and Incke,  
And instantly dispatch it.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Reignald.*

*Reig.* Now impudence, but steele my face this once,  
Although I neere blush after ; Heere 's the house,  
Ho, whose within ? What, no man to defend *Enter Mr. Ricot.*  
These innocent gates from knocking ?

*Ric.* Whose without there ?

*Reig.* One Sir that euer wisht your worships health ;  
And those few houres I can find time to pray in,  
I still remember it.

*Ric.* Gramercy Reignald,  
I loue all those that wish it : You are the men  
Leade merry liues, Feast, Reuell, and Carowse ;  
You feele no tedious houres ; Time playes with you,  
This is your golden age.

*Reig.* It was, but now Sir,

*The English Traveller.*

That Could is turned to worse then Alcamy,  
It will not stand the test; Those dayes are past,  
And now our nights come on.

*Ric.* Tell me Reignald, is he return'd from Sea?

*Reig.* Yes, to our griefe already, but we feare  
Hereafter, it may prooue to all our cost's.

*Ric.* Suspects thy Master any thing?

*Reig.* Not yet Sir;

Now my request is, that your worship being  
So neere a Neighbour, therefore most disturb'd,  
Would not be first to peach vs.

*Ric.* Take my word;

With other Neighbours make what peace you can,  
I'll not be your accuser.

*Reig.* Worshipfull Sir;

I shall be still your Beads-man; Now the businesse  
That I was sent about, the Old Man my Master  
Claiming some interest in acquaintance past,  
Desires (might it be no way troublesome)  
To take free view of all your House within.

*Ric.* View of my House? Why 'tis not set to Sale,  
Nor bill vpon the doore; Looke well vpon't:  
View of my House?

*Reig.* Nay, be not angry Sir,

Hee no-way doth disable your estate;  
As farr to buy, as you are loath to sell;  
Some alterations in his owne hee'd make,  
And hearing yours by worke-men much commended,  
Hee would make that his President.

*Ric.* What fancies

Should at this age possesse him; Knowing the cost,  
That hee should dreame of Building.

*Reig.* 'Tis suppos'd,

He hath late found a Wife out for his Sonne;  
Now Sir, to haue him neere him, and that neerenesse  
Too, without trouble, though beneath one rooffe,  
Yet parted in two Families; Hee would build  
And make what's pickt, a perfitt quadrangle,  
Proportioned iust with yours, were you so pleased,  
To make it his example.



*The English Traveller.*

*Ric.* Willingly; I will but order some few things within,  
And then attend his coming. *Exit.*

*Reig.* Most kind Cox-combe,  
Great *Alexander*, and *Agathocles*,  
*Cesar*, and others, have bin Fam'd, they say,  
And magnified for high Facinerous deeds;  
Why claime not I, an equall place with them?  
Or rather a presedent: These commanded  
Their Subiects, and their seruants; I my Master,  
And euery way his equalls, where I please,  
Lead by the nose along; They plac'd their burdens  
On Horses, Mules, and Camels; I, old Men  
Of strength and wit, loade with my knauerie, *Enter Old Lionell.*  
Till both their backs and braines ake; Yet poore animalls,  
They neere complaine of waight; Oh are you come Sir?

*Old Lio.* I made what haste I could.

*Reig.* And brought the warrant? *Old Lio.* See heere, I hau 't.

*Reig.* 'Tis well done, but speake, runs it  
Both without Baile and Maineprize?

*Old Lio.* Nay, it carries both forme and power.

*Reig.* Then I shall warrant him;  
I haue bin yonder Sir,

*Old Lio.* And what sayes hee?

*Reig.* Like one that offers you  
Free ingresse, view and regresse, at your pleasure;  
As to his worthy Land-lord. *Old Lio.* Was that all?

*Reig.* Hee spake to me, that I would speake to you,  
To speake vnto your Sonne; And then againe,  
To speake to him, that he would speake to you;  
You would releafe his Bargaine.

*Old Lio.* By no meanes,  
Men must aduise before they part with Land;  
Not after to repent it; 'Tis most iust,  
That such as hazzard, and disburse their Stockes,  
Should take all gaines and profits that accrew,

*Enter Mr. Ricot againe walking before the gate.*

As well in Sale of Houses, as in Barter,  
And Traficke of all other Merchandize.

*Reig.* See, in acknowledgement of a Tenants duty,  
Hee attends you at the gate; Salute him Sir.

*The English Traveller.*

*Old Lio.* My worthy Friend.

*Ric.* Now as I live, all my best thoughts and wishes  
Impart with yours; in your so safe returne;  
Your servant tels me, you have great desire  
To take suruiew of this my house within.

*Old Lio.* Bee 't Sir, no trouble to you.

*Ric.* None, enter bouldly;  
With as much freedome, as it were your owne.

*Old Lio.* As it were mine; Why Reignald, is it not?

*Reig.* Lord Sir, that in extremity of grieffe,  
You'le adde vnto vexation; See you not  
How sad hee 's on the suddaine, *Old Lio.* I obserue it.

*Reig.* To part with that which he hath kept so long;  
Especially his Inheritance: Now as you loue  
Goodnesse, and Honesty; torment him not  
With the least word of Purchase.

*Old Lio.* Councell'd well;  
Thou teachest me Humanitie.

*Ric.* Will you enter?  
Or shall I call a servant, to conduct you  
Through euery Roome and Chamber?

*Old Lio.* By no meanes;  
I feare wee are too much troublesome of our selues.

*Reig.* See what a goodly Gate? *Old Lio.* It likes me well.

*Reig.* What braue caru'd poasts; Who knowes but heere,  
In time Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie;  
And I be one oth' Seriants.

*Old Lio.* They are well Caru'd.

*Ric.* And cost me a good price Sir; Take your pleasure,  
I haue businesse in the Towne. *Exit.*

*Reig.* Poore man, I pittie him;  
H'ath not the heart to stay and see you come,  
As 'twere, to take Possession; Looke that way Sir,  
What goodly faire Baye windowes? *Bayes.*

*Old Lio.* Wondrous stately.

*Reig.* And what a Gallerie, How costly Seeled;  
What painting round about?

*Old Lio.* Every fresh obiect to good, adds betternesse.

*Reig.* Tarrast-aboue, and how below supported; doe they please you?

*Old Lio.* All things beyond opinion; Trust me Reignald,

*The English Traveller.*

I'll not forgoe the Bargaine, for more gaine  
Then halfe the price it cost me.

*Reig.* If you would? I should not suffer you; Was not the  
Money due to the Usurer, tooke vpon good ground,  
That prou'd well built vpon? Wee were no fooles  
That knew not what wee did.

*Old L.* It shall be satisfied.

*Reig.* Please you to trust me with 't, I'll see 't discharged.

*Old Lio.* Hee hath my promise, and I'll doo 't my selfe:  
Neuer could Sonne haue better pleas'd a Father,  
Then in this Purchase: Hie thee instantly  
Vnto my house ith' Countrey, giue him notice  
Of my arriue, and bid him with all speede  
Poaste hither.

*Reig.* Ere I see the warrant seru'd?

*Old Lio.* It shall be thy first businesse; For my Soule  
Is not at peace, till face to face, I approue  
His Husbandrie, and much commend his Thrift;  
Nay, without pause, be gone.

*Reig.* But a short iourney;  
For hee's not farre, that I am sent to seeke:  
I haue got the start, the best part of the Race  
is runne already, what remaines, is small,  
And tyre now, I should but forfeit all.

*Old Lio.* Make haste, I doe intreat thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Clo.* This is the Garden gate; And heere am I set to stand Centinell,  
and to attend the comming of Young Master Geraldine: Master Da-  
lauill's gone to his Chamber; My Mistresse to hers; 'Tis now about  
Mid-night; A Banquet prepared, bottles of Wine in readinesse, all the  
whole Houshold at their rest; And no creature by this, honestly stir-  
ring, sauing I and my Old Master; Hee in a bye Chamber, prepared of  
purpose for their priuate Meeting; And I heere to play the Watch-

*Enter Young Geraldine.*

man, against my will; Chauelah, Stand; Who goes there?

*Y. Ger.* A Friend. *Clo.* The Word?

*Y. Ger.* Honest Roger.

*Clo.* That's the Word indeed; You haue leaue to passe freely  
Without calling my Corporall.

*Y. Ger.* How goe the affaires within?

*The English Traveller.*

*Clo.* According to promise the businesse is compos'd, and the servants dispos'd, my young Mistris repos'd, my old Master according as you propos'd; attends you if you bee expos'd to giue him meeting; Nothing in the way being interpos'd, to transpose you to the least danger: And this I dare be depos'd, if you will not take my word, as I am honest Roger.

*Y. Ger.* Thy word shall be my warrant, but secur'd  
Most in thy Masters promise, on which building;  
By this knowne way I enter.

*Clo.* Nay, by your leaue, I that was late but a plaine Centinell,  
Will now be your Captaine conductor: Follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Table and Stooles set out; Lights: a Banquet, Wine.*

*Enter Master Wincott.*

*Winc.* I wonder whence this strangeness should proceed,  
Or wherein I, or any of my house,  
Should be th' occasion of the least distaste;  
Now, as I wish him well, it troubles me; *Enter Clow. and Y. Ger.*  
But now the time growes on, from his owne mouth  
To be resolu'd; And I hope satisfied:  
Sir, as I liue, of all my friends to me  
Most wishedly, you are welcome: Take that Chaire,  
I this: Nay, I intreat no complement;  
Attend — Fill wine.

*Clo.* Till the mouthes of the bottles yawne directly vpon the  
floore, and the bottomes turne their tayles vp to the feeling; Whil'st  
there's any blood in their bellies, I'le not leaue them.

*Winc.* I first salute you thus.

*Y. Ger.* It could not come  
From one whom I more honour; Sir, I thanke you.

*Clo.* Nay, since my Master begun it, I'le see 't goe round  
To all three. *Winc.* Now giue vs leaue.

*Clo.* Talk you by your selues, whilst I find something to say to  
this: I haue a tale to tell him shall make his stony heart relent. *Exit.*

*Y. Ger.* Now, first Sir, your attention I intreat;  
Next, your beliefe, that what I speake is iust,  
Maugre all contradiction.

*Winc.* Both are granted.

*Y. Ger.* Then I proceed; With due acknowledgement  
Of all your more then many curtesies:  
Y'au'e bin my second father, and your wife.

*The English Traueller.*

My noble and chaste Mistris; All your seruants  
At my command; And this your bounteous Table,  
As free and common as my Fathers house;  
Neither gainst any, or the least of these,  
Can I commence iust quarrell.

*Winc.* What might then be  
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting  
Your selfe from such as loue you?

*T. Ger.* Out of many,  
I will propose some few: The care I haue  
Of your (as yet vnblemisht) renoune;  
The vntoucht honour of your vertuous wife;  
And (which I value least, yet dearly too)  
My owne faire reputation.

*Winc.* How can these, in any way be questioned?

*T. Ger.* Oh deare Sir,  
Bad tongues haue bin too busie with vs all;  
Of which I neuer yet had time to thinke,  
But with sad thoughts and griefes vspeakeable:  
It hath bin whisper'd by some wicked ones,  
But loudly thunder'd in my fathers eares,  
By some that haue malign'd our happinesse;  
(Heauen, if it can brooke slander, pardon them)  
That this my customary comming hither,  
Hath bin to base and forded purposes:  
To wrong your bed; Iniure her chastity;  
And be mine owne vndoer: Which, how false?

*Winc.* As Heauen is true, I know 't.

*T. Ger.* Now this Calumny  
Ariuing first vnto my fathers eares,  
His easie nature was induc'd to thinke,  
That these things might perhaps be possible:  
I answer'd him, as I would doe to Heauen;  
And cleer'd my selfe in his suspicious thoughts,  
As truly, as the high all-knowing Iudge  
Shall of these stains acquit me; which are meere  
Aspersions and vntruthes: The good old man  
Possess't with my sincerity, and yet carefull  
Of your renoune, her honour, and my fame;  
To stop the worst that scandall could inflict;

*The English Traveller.*

And to prevent false rumours, charges me,  
The cause remoov'd, to take away the effect;  
Which onely could be, to forbear your house;  
And this vpon his blessing: You heare all.

*Winc.* And I of all acquit you: This your absence,  
With which my loue most cauell'd; Orators  
In your behalfe. Had such things past betwixt you,  
Not threats nor chidings could haue driven you hence:  
It pleads in your behalfe, and speakes in hers;  
And armes me with a double confidence,  
Both of your friendship, and her loyalty:  
I am happy in you both, and onely doubtfull  
Which of you two doth most impart my loue;  
You shall not hence to night.

*T. Ger.* Pray pardon Sir.

*Winc.* You are in your lodging.

*T. Ger.* But my fathers charge.

*Winc.* My coniuration shall dispence with that;  
You may be vp as early as you please;  
But hence to night you shall not.

*T. Ger.* You are powerfull.

*Winc.* This night, of purpose, I haue parted beds,  
Faining my selfe not well, to giue you meeting;  
Nor can be ought suspected by my Wife,  
I haue kept all so priuate: Now 'tis late,  
I'le steal vp to my rest; But howsoeuer,  
Let's not be strange in our writing, that way dayly.  
We may conferre without the least suspect,  
In sight of all such base calumnious tongues;  
So, Now good-night sweet friend.

*T. Ger.* May he that made you  
So iust and good, still guard you. Not to bed,  
So I perhaps might ouer-sleepe my selfe,  
And then my tardy wakeing might betray me  
To the more early household; Thus as I am,  
I'le rest me on this Pallat; But in vaine,  
I finde no sleepe can fasten on mine eyes,  
There are in this disturbed braine of mine  
So many mutinous fancies: This, to me,  
Will be a tedious night; How shall I spend it?

*The English Traveller.*

No Booke that I can see? no company?  
A little let me recollect my selfe;  
Oh, what more wihht company can I find,  
Suiting the apt occasion, time and place;  
Then the sweet contemplation of her Beauty;  
And the fruition too, time may produce,  
Of what is yet lent out? 'Tis a sweet Lady,  
And every way accomplisht: Hath meere accident  
Brought me thus neere, and I not visit her?  
Should it arive her eare, perhaps might breed  
Our lasting separation; For 'twixt Lovers,  
No quarrell's to vnkindnesse; Sweet opportunity  
Offers preuention, and imites me too't;  
The house is knowne to me, the staires and roomes;  
The way vnto her chamber frequently  
Trodden by me at mid-night, and all houres:  
How ioyfull to her would a meeting be,  
So strange and v unexpected; Shadowed too  
Beneath the vaile of night; I am resolu'd  
To giue her visitation, in that place  
Where we haue past deepe vowes, her bed-chamber:  
My fiery loue this darkenesse makes seeme bright,  
And and this the path that leades to my delight.

*He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.*

And this the gate vntoo't; I'll listen first,  
Before too rudely I disturbe her rest:  
And gentle breathing; Ha? shee's sure awake,  
For in the bed two whisper, and their voyces  
Appeare to me vnequall; — One a womans —  
And hers; — Th' other should be no maids tongue,  
It beares too big a tone; And harke, they laugh;  
(Damnation) But list further; 'Tother sounds —  
Like — 'Tis the same false periur'd traitor, Dalauill,  
To friend and goodnesse: Vnchast impious woman,  
False to all faith, and true coniugall loue;  
There's met, a Serpent and a Crockadell;  
A Synon and a Circe: Oh, to what  
May I compare you? — But my Sword,  
I'll aet a noble execution,  
On two vnmatcht for sorded villanie: —

*The English Traveller.*

I left it in my Chamber, And thanks Heauen  
That I did so; It hath prevented me  
From playing a base Hang-man; Sinne securely,  
Whilst I, although for many, yet lesse faults,  
Striue hourelly to repent me; I once loued her,  
And was to him intir'd; Although I pardon,  
Heauen will find time to punish, I'le not stretch  
My iust reuenge so farre, as once by blabbing,  
To make your brazen Impudence to blush;  
Danne on, reuenge too great; And to suppress  
Your Soules yet lower, without hope to rise,  
Heape Ossa vpon Pelion; You haue made mee  
To hate my very Countrey, because heere bred;  
Neere two such monsters; First I'le leaue this House,  
And then my Fathers; Next I'le take my leaue,  
Both of this Clime and Nation, Travell till  
Age snow vpon this Head: My passions now,  
Are vnexpressable, I'le end them thus;  
Ill man, bad Woman, your vnheard of trecherie,  
This vniust censure, on a Iust man giue,  
To seeke out place, where no two such can liue. *Exit.*

*Enter Dalauill in a Night-gowne: Wife in a Night-  
tyre, as conuincing from Bed.*

*Dal.* A happy Morning now betide you Lady,  
To equall the content of a sweet Night.

*Wife.* It hath bin to my wish, and your desire;  
And this your comming by pretended loue  
Vnto my Sister Pri. cuts off suspicion;  
Of any such conuerse 'twixt you and mee.

*Dal.* It hath bin wisely carried.

*Wife.* One thing troubles me.

*Dal.* What's that my Dearest?

*Wife.* Why your Friend Geraldine,  
Should on the sudden thus absent himselfe?  
Has he had thinke you no intelligence,  
Of these our puiate meetings.

*Dal.* No, on my Soule,  
For therein hath my braine exceeded yours;  
I studding to engrosse you to my selfe,  
Of his continued absence haue bin cause;



*The English Traveller.*

Yet hee of your affection no way icalous,  
Or of my Friendship — How the plot was cast,  
You at our better leasure shall partake;  
The aire growes cold, haue care vnto your health,  
Suspitious eyes are ore vs, that yet sleepe,  
But with the dawne, will open; Sweet retire you  
To your warme Sheets; I now to fill my owne,  
That haue this Night bin empty.

*Wife.* You aduise well;

Oh might this Kisse dwell euer on thy Lips,  
In my remembrance.

*Dal.* Doubt it not I pray,

Whilest Day frights Night, and Night pursues the day :  
Good morrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Reignald, Y. Lionell, Blanda, Scapha, Rioter,  
and two Gallants, Reig. with a Key in his hand.

*Reig.* Now is the Goale deliuerie; Through this backe gate  
Shift for your selues, I heere vnprison all.

*T. Lio.* But tell me, how shall we dispose our selues?

Wee are as farre to seeke now, as at the first ;  
What is it to repreeue vs for few houres,  
And now to suffer, better had it bin  
At first, to haue stood the triall, so by this,  
Wee might haue past our Pennance.

*Bla.* Sweet Reignald. *T. Lio.* Honest rogue.

*Rio.* If now thou failest vs, then we are lost for euer.

*Reig.* This same sweete Reignald, and this honest rogue,  
Hath bin the Burgesse, vnder whose protection  
You all this while haue liu'd, free from Arrests,  
But now, the Sessions of my power's broake vp,  
And you expos'd to Actions, Warrants, Writs;  
For all the hellish rabble are broke loose,  
Of Seriants, Sheriffes, and Baliffes. *Om.* Guard vs Heauen.

*Reig.* I tell you as it is; Nay, I my selfe  
That haue bin your Protector, now as subiect  
To euery varlets Pestle, for you know  
How I am engag'd with you — At whose suit fir.

*Om.* Why didst thou Start.

*All Start.*

*Reig.* I was afraid some Catchpole stood behind me,  
To clap me on the Shoulder.

*The English Traveller.*

*Rio.* No such thing; Yet I protest

Thy feare did fright vs all.

*Reig.* I knew your guilty consciences.

*T. Lio.* No Braine left?

*Bla.* No crotchet for my sake?

*Reig.* One kisse then Sweete,

Thus shall my crotchets, and your kisses meete.

*T. Lio.* Nay, tell vs what to trust too.

*Reig.* Lodge your selues

In the next Tauerne, ther 's the Cash that 's left,

Goe, health it freely for my good successe;

Nay, Drowne it all, let not a Teaster scape

To be consum'd in rot-gut; I haue begun,

And I will stand the period.

*T. Lio.* Brauely spoke.

*Reig.* Or perish in the conflict.

*Rio.* Worthy Reignald.

*Reig.* Well, if he now come off well, Fox you all;

Goe, call for Wine; For singlie of my selfe

I will oppose all danger; But I charge you,

When I shall faint or find my selfe distrest;

If I like braue *Orlando*, winde my Horne,

Make haste vnto my rescue. *T. Lio.* And die in't.

*Reig.* Well hast thou spoke my noble Charlemaigne,

With these thy Peeres about thee.

*T. Lio.* May good Speede

Attend thee still.

*Reig.* The end still crownes the deede.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Old Lionell, and the first Owner of the House.*

*Own.* Sir sir, your threats nor warrants, can fright me;

My honestie and innocency 's knowne

Alwayes to haue bin vnblemisht; Would you could

As well approue your owne Integrity,

As I shall doubtlesse acquit my selfe

Of this surmised murder.

*Old Lio.* Rather Surrender

The price I paid, and take into thy hands

This haunted mansion, or I'le prosecute

My wrongs, euen to the vtmost of the Law,

Which is no lesse then death.

*The English Traveller.*

*Own.* I'll answere all  
Old Lionell, both to thy shame and scorne;  
This for thy Menaces.

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Clo.* This is the House, but where 's the noyse that was wont to be  
in 't? I am sent hither, to deliuer a Noate, to two young Gentlemen  
that heere keepe Reuell-rout; I remember it, since the last Massacre o  
Meat that was made in 't; But it seemes, that the great Storme tha  
was raised then, is chaste now; I haue other Noates to deliuer, one to  
Master Rycott — and — I shall thinke on them all in order; My  
Old Master makes a great Feast, for the parting of young Master Ge  
raldine, who is presently vpon his departure for Trauell, and the bette  
to grace it, hath inuited many of his Neighbours and Friends; When  
will be Old Master Geraldine — his Sonne, and I cannot tell how  
many; But this is strange, the Gates shut vp at this time a day, belike  
they are all Drunke and laid to sleepe, if they be, I'll wake them, with  
a Murraine.

*Knockes.*

*Old Lio.* What desperate fellowe 's this, that ignorant  
Of his owne danger, thunders at these Gates?

*Clo.* Ho, Reignald, Riotous Reignald, Reuelling Reignald.

*Old Lio.* What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend,  
To touch that Hammers handle?

*Clo.* What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend,  
To aske me such a question?

*Old Lio.* Nay, stirre not you?

*Own.* Not I; The game begins.

*Old Lio.* How doest thou, art thou well?

*Clo.* Yes very well, I thanke you, how doe you Sir?

*Old Lio.* No alteration; What change about thee?

*Clo.* Not so much change about me at this time,

As to change you a Shilling into two Teasters.

*Old Lio.* Yet I aduise thee Fellow, for thy good,  
Stand further from the Gate.

*Clo.* And I aduise thee Friend, for thine owne good, stand not be  
twixt mee and the Gate, but giue me leaue to deliuer my errant; Ho  
Reignald, you mad Rascal.

*Old Lio.* In vaine thou thunder 'st at these silent Doores,  
Where no man dwels to answere, sauing Ghosts,  
Furies, and Sprights.

*Clo.* Ghosts; Indeed there has bin much walking, in and about th  
House after Mid-night.

*Old Lio.* Strange noyse oft heard.

*The English Traveller.*

*Clo.* Yes, terrible noise, that none of the neighbours could take any rest for it, I have heard it my selfe.

*Old Lio.* You heare this; Heere's more witnessse.

*Own.* Very well Sir.

*Old Lio.* Which you shall dearely answer— whooping.

*Clo.* And hollowing. *Old Lio.* And shouting.

*Clo.* And crying out; till the whole house rung againe.

*Old Lio.* Which thou hast heard?

*Clo.* Oftner then I have toes and fingers.

*Old Lio.* Thou wilt be depos'd of this?

*Clo.* I'll be sworne too 't, and that 's as good.

*Old Lio.* Very good still; Yet you are innocent:

Shall I intreat thee friend, to avouch as much

Heere by, to the next Justice.

*Clo.* I'll take my souldiers oath on 't.

*Old Lio.* A souldiers oath, What 's that?

*Clo.* My corporall oath; And you know Sir, a Corporall is an office belonging to a souldier.

*Old Lio.* Yet you are cleere?

Murder will come to light. *Enter Robin the old serving-man.*

*Own.* So will your gullery too.

*Rob.* They say my old Master's come home; I'll see if hee will turne me out of doores, as the young man has done; I have laid rods in pisse for some-body, scape Reignald as hee can, and with more freedom then I durst late, I bouldly now dare knocke. *Robin knocks.*

*Old Lio.* More mad-men yet; I thinke since my last voyage, Halfe of the world's turn'd franticke: What do'st meane, Or long'st thou to be blasted?

*Rob.* Oh Sir, you are welcome home; 'Twas time to come Ere all was gone to hauocke.

*Old Lio.* My old servant? before I shall demand of further business, Resolue me why thou thunder'st at these doores, Where thou know'st none inhabits?

*Rob.* Are they gone Sir? 'Twas well yet they have left the house behind; For all the furniture, to a bare bench, I am sure is spent and wasted.

*Old Lio.* Where's my sonne, That Reignald poasting for him with such speed, Brings him not from the Country?

*The English Traveller.*

*Rob.* Countrey Sir?

'Tis a thing they know not; Heere they Feast,  
Dice, Drinke, and Drab; The company they keepe,  
Cheaters and Roaring-Ladds, and these attended  
By Bawdes and Queanes: Your sonne hath got a Strumpet,  
On whom he spends all that your sparing left,  
And heere they keepe court; To whose damn'd abuses,  
Reignald giues all encouragement.

*Old Lio.* But stay stay;

No liuing soule hath for these sixe moneths space  
Heere enter'd, but the house stood desolate.

*Rob.* Last weeke I am sure, so late, and th' other day,  
Such Reuells were here kept.

*Old Lio.* And by my sonne?

*Rob.* Yes, and his seruant Reignald.

*Old Lio.* And this house at all not haunted?

*Rob.* Saue Sir with such Sprights. *Enter Master Ricott.*

*Own.* This Murder will come out.

*Old Lio.* But see, in happy time heere comes my  
Neighbour of whom he bought this mansion; He I am sure  
More amply can resolue me: I pray Sir,  
What summes of moneys haue you late receiued  
Of my young sonne?

*Ric.* Of him? None I assure you.

*Old Lio.* What of my seruant Reignald?

*Ric.* But deuise

What to call lesse then nothing, and that summe  
I will confesse receiud.

*Old Lio.* Pray Sir, be serious;  
I doe confesse my selfe indebted to you,  
A hundred pound.

*Ric.* You may doe well to pay 't then, for heere 's witness  
Sufficient of your words. (you,

*Old Lio.* I speake no more then what I purpose; Iust so much I owe  
And ere I sleepe will tender.

*Ric.* I shall be as ready to receiue it, and as willing,  
As you can bee to pay 't.

*Old Lio.* But provided,  
You will confesse seuen hundred pounds receiued  
Before hand of my sonne?

*The English Traveller.*

*Ric.* But by your favour ;  
Why should I yeeld seven hundred receiv'd  
Of them I never dealt with ? Why ? For what ?  
What reason ? What condition ? Where or when  
Should such a summe be paid mee ?

*Old Lio.* Why ? For this bargaine : And for what ? This house ;  
Reason ? Because you sold it : The conditions ? Such  
As were agreed betweene you : Where and When ?  
That onely hath escapt me.

*Ric.* Madnesse all,

*Old Lio.* Was I not brought to take free view thereof,  
As of mine owne possession ?

*Ric.* I confesse;

Your seruant told me you had found out a wife  
Fit for your sonne, and that you meant to build ;  
Desir'd to take a friendly view of mine,  
To make it your example : But for selling,  
I tell you Sir, my wants be not so great,  
To change my house to Coyne.

*Old Lio.* Spare Sir your anger,  
And turne it into pity ; Neighbours and friends,  
I am quite lost, was neuer man so fool'd,  
And by a wicked seruant ; Shame and blushing  
Will not permit to tell the manner how,  
Lest I be made ridiculous to all ;  
My feares are to inherit what 's yet left ;  
He hath made my sonne away.

*Rob.* That 's my feare too.

*Old Lio.* Friends, as you would commiserate a man  
Depriu'd at once, both of his wealth and sonne ;  
And in his age, by one I euer tender'd  
More like a sonne then seruant : By imagining  
My case were yours, haue feeling of my griefes,  
And helpe to apprehend him ;  
Furnish me with Cords and Fetters,  
I will lay him safe in Prison within Prison.

*Ric.* Weele asist you.

*Rob.* And I.

*Clo.* And all ;

But not to doe the least hart to my old friend Reignald.

*The English Traveller.*

*Old Lio.* His Leggs will be as nimble as his Braine,  
And 'twill be difficult to seize the flave,

*Enter Reignald with a Horne in his pocket: they withdraw behind the Arras.*

Yet your endeavours, pray peace, heere hee comes.

*Reig.* My heart mis-gives, for 'tis not possible  
But that in all these windings and indents,  
I shall be found at last: I'll take that course  
That men both troubled and affrighted doe,  
Heape doubt on doubt, and as combustions rise,  
Try if from many I can make my peace,  
And worke mine owne atonement.

*Old Lio.* Stand you close,  
Be not yet seene, but at your best advantage  
Hand him, and bind him fast: Whil't I dissemble  
As if I yet knew nothing.

*Reig.* I suspect  
And find there's trouble in my Masters lookes;  
Therefore I must not trust my selfe too farre  
Within his fingers.

*Old Lio.* Reignald? *Reig.* Worshipfull Sir.

*Old Lio.* What sayes my sonne ith' Countrey?

*Reig.* That to morrow,  
Early ith' morning, heele attend your pleasure,  
And doe as all such dutious children ought;  
Demand your blessing Sir. *Old Lio.* Well, 'tis well.

*Reig.* I doe not like his countenance.

*Old Lio.* But Reignald? I suspect the honesty  
And the good meaning of my neighbour heere,  
Old master Ricott; Meeting him but now,  
And having some discourse about the house,  
He makes all strange, and tells me in plaine termes,  
Hee knowes of no such matter.

*Reig.* Tell mee that Sir?

*Old Lio.* I tell thee as it is:  
Nor that such moneys, tooke vp at vse, were euer tender'd him  
On any such conditions.

*Reig.* I cannot blame your worship to bee pleasant,  
Knowing at what an vnder-rate we bought it, but you euer  
Were a most merry Gentleman.

*The English Traveller.*

*Lio.* (Impudent slave)

But Reignald, hee not onely doth denie it,  
But offers to depose Himselfe and Seruants,  
No such thing euer was.

*Reig.* Now Heauen, to see to what this world 's growne too.  
I will make him —

*Old Lio.* Nay more, this man will not confesse the Murder.

*Reig.* Which both shall deereley answer; You haue warrant  
For him already; But for the other Sir,  
If hee denie it, he had better —

*Old Lio.* Appeare Gentlemen,  
Tis a fit time to take him.

*Softly.*

*Reig.* I discouer the Ambush that 's laid for me.

*Old Lio.* Come neerer Reignald.

*Reig.* First sir resolute me one thing, amongst other Merchandize  
Bought in your absence by your Sonne and me,  
Vee ingroft a great comoditie of Combes,  
And how many sorts thinke you?

*Old Lio.* You might buy  
Some of the bones of Fishes, some of Beasts,  
Box-combes, and Iuory-combes.

*Reig.* But besides these, we haue for Horses Sir,  
Mayne-combes, and Curry-combes; Now Sir for men,  
Vee haue Head-combes, Beard-combes, I and Cox-combes too;  
Take view of them at your pleasure, whil' st for my part,  
thus bestow my selfe.

*They all appeare with Cords and Shackels,  
Whilest hee gets vp.*

*Clo.* Well said Reignald, nobly put off Reignald,  
ooke to thy selfe Reignald.

*Old Lio.* Why dost thou climbe thus?

*Reig.* Onely to practice  
The nimbleness of my Armes and Legges,  
Are they prooue your Cords and Fetters.

*Old Lio.* Why to that place?

*Reig.* Why? because Sir 'tis your owne House; It hath bin my Har-  
bour long, and now it must bee my Sanctuary; Dispute now, and  
le answere.

*Own.* Villaine, what deuilish meaning had' st thou in 't,  
to challenge me of Murder?



*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* Oh fir, the man you kil'd is aliv at this present to iustifie it :  
I am , quoth he, a Trans-marine by birth——

*Ric.* Why, challenge me receipt of Moneys, and to giue abroad,  
That I had sold my House ?

*Reig.* Why? because fir,  
Could I haue purchast Houses at that rate,  
I had meant to haue bought all London. (nald.

*Clo.* Yes, and Middlesex too, and I would haue bin thy halfe Reig-

*Old Lio.* Yours are great,

My wrongs insufferable; As first, to fright mee  
From mine owne dwelling, till they had consumed  
The whole remainder of the little left;

Besides, out of my late stocke got at Sea,  
Discharge the clamorous Vsurer; Make me accuse

This man of Murder; Be at charge of warrants;  
And challenging this my worthy Neighbour of

Forswearing Summes hee neuer yet receiued;

Foole mee , to thinke my Sonne that had spent all,

Had by his thrift bought Land ; I and him too,

To open all the secrets of his House

To mee, a Stranger; Oh thou insolent villaine,

What to all these canst answer? *Reig.* Guiltie, guiltie.

*Old Lio.* But to my Sonnes death, what thou slaue ?

*Reig.* Not Guiltie.

*Old Lio.* Produce him then; Ith' meane time, and ——

Honest Friends, get Ladders.

*Reig.* Yes, and come downe in your owne Ropes.

*Own.* I'le fetch a Peece and shoote him.

*Reig.* So the warrant in my Masters pocket , will serue for my Mur-  
der; And euer after shall my Ghost haunt this House.

*Clo.* And I will say like Reignald,  
This Ghost and I am Friends.

*Old Lio.* Bring faggots, I'le set fire vpon the House,  
Rather then this indure.

*Reig.* To burne Houses is Fellony, and I'le not out  
Till I be fir'd out; But since I am Besieged thus,  
I'le summon supplies vnto my Rescue.

*Hee findes a Horne.* Enter Young Lionell, Rioter,  
two Gallants Blanda, &c.

*Y. Lio.* Before you chide, first heere mee, next your Blessing,

*The English Traveller.*

That on my knees I begge; I haue but done  
Like mis-spent youth, which after wit deere bought,  
Turnes his Eyes inward, torrie and ashamed;  
These things in which I haue offended most,  
Had I not prooued, I should haue thought them still  
Essentiall things, delights perdurable;  
Which now I find meere Shaddowes, Toyes and Dreames,  
New hated more then earst I doated on;  
Best Natures, are soonest wrought on; Such was mine;  
As I the offences, So the offenders throw  
Heere at your feete; to punish as you please;  
You haue but paid so much as I haue wasted,  
To purchase to your selfe a thrifty Sonne;  
Which I from hencefoorth, Vow.

*Old Lio.* See what Fathers are,  
That can three yeeres offences, fowle ones too,  
Thus in a Minute pardon; And thy faults  
Vpon my selfe chastise, in these my Teares;  
Ere this Submission, I had cast thee off;  
Rise in my new Adoption: But for these—

*Clo.* The one you haue nothing to doe withall, here's his Ticket for  
his discharge; Another for you Sir, to Summon you to my Masters  
Feast, For you, and you, where I charge you all to appeare, vpon his  
displeasure, and your owne apperils.

*Y. Lio.* This is my Friend, the other one I loued,  
Onely because they haue bin deere to him  
That now will striue to be more deere to you;  
Vouchsafeth their pardon.

*Old Lio.* All deere, to me indeed, for I haue payd for 't soundly.  
Yet for thy sake, I am atton'd with all; Onely that wanton,  
Her, and her Company, abandon quite;  
So doing, wee are friends.

*Y. Lio.* A iust Condition, and willingly subscrib'd to.

*Old Lio.* But for that Villaine; I am now deuising  
What shame, what punishment remarkable,  
To inflict on him.

*Reig.* Why Master? Haue I laboured,  
Plotted, Contriued, and all this while for you,  
And will you leaue me to the Whip and Stockes;  
Not mediate my peace. *Old Lio.* Sirra, come downe.

*The English Traveller.*

*Reig.* Not till my Pardon's sealed, I'll rather stand heere  
Like a Statue, in the Fore-front of your house  
For euer; Like the picture of Dame Fortune  
Before the Fortune Play-house.

*T. Lio.* If I haue heere  
But any Friend amongst you, ioyne with mee  
In this petition,

*Clo.* Good Sir, for my sake, I resolued you truely  
Concerning Whooping, the Noyse, the Walking, and the Sprights,  
And for a need, can shew you a Ticket for him too.

*Own.* I impute my wrongs rather to knauish Cunning,  
Then least pretended Malice.

*Ric.* What he did,  
Was but for his Young Master, I allow it  
Rather as sports of Wit, then iniuries;  
No other pray esteeme them.

*Old Lio.* Euen as freely,  
As you forget my quarells made with you;  
Rais'd from the Errours first begot by him;  
I heere remit all free; I now am Calme,  
But had I seiz'd vpon him in my Spleene —

*Reig.* I knew that, therefore this was my Inuention,  
For Pollicie's the art still of Preuention.

*Clo.* Come downe then Reignald, first on your hands and feete, and  
then on your knees to your Master; Now Gentlemen, what doe you  
say to your inuiting to my Masters Feast.

*Ric.* Wee will attend him.

*Old Lio.* Nor doe I loue to breake good company;  
For Master Wincott is my worthy Friend, *Enter Reignald.*  
And old acquaintance; Oh thou crafty Wag-string,  
And could'st thou thus delude me? But we are Friends;  
Nor Gentlemen, let not what's heere to past,  
In your least thoughts disable my Estate;  
This my last Voyage hath made all things good,  
With surplus too; Be that your comfort Sonne:  
Well Reignald — But no more.

*Reig.* I was the Fox,  
But I from hencefoorth, will no more the Cox —  
Combe, put vpon your pate.

*Old, Lio.* Let's walke Gentlemen

*Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Old Geraldine, and Young Geraldine.

*Old Ger.* Sonne, let me tell you, you are ill aduised;  
And doubly to be blam'd, by vndertaking  
Vnneccessary trauell; Grounding no reason  
For such a rash and giddy enterprife:  
What profit aime you at, you haue not reapt;  
What Nouelty affoords the Christian world,  
Of which your view hath not participated  
In a full measure; Can you either better  
Your language or experience? Your selfe-will  
Hath onely purpose to deprive a father  
Of a loued sonne, and many noble friends,  
Of your much wisht acquaintance.

*T. Ger.* Oh, deare Sir,  
Doe not, I doe intreat you, now repent you  
Of your free grant; Which with such care and study,  
I haue so long, so often laboured for.

*Old. Ger.* Say that may be dispens'd with, shew me reason  
Why you desire to steale out of your Countrey,  
Like some Malefactor that had forfeited  
His life and freedome; Heere 's a worthy Gentleman  
Hath for your sake invited many guests,  
To his great charge, onely to take of you  
A parting leaue; You send him word you cannot;  
After, you may not come: Had not my vidence,  
Almost compulsion, driuen you to his house,  
Th'vnrkindnesse might haue forfeited your loue,  
And raced you from his will; In which he hath giuen you  
A faire and large estate; Yet you of all this strangenesse,  
Show no sufficient ground.

*T. Ger.* Then vnderstand;  
The ground thereof tooke his first birth from you;  
'Twas you first charg'd me to forbear the house,  
And that vpon your blessing; Let it not then  
Offend you Sir, if I so great a charge  
Haue striu'd to keepe so strictly.

*Old Ger.* Mee perhaps,

*The English Traveller.*

You may appease, and with small difficulty,  
Because a Father ; But how satisfie  
Their deare, and on your part, vnmerited loue ?  
But this your last obedience may salue all :  
Wee now grow neere the house.

*Y. Ger.* Whose doores, to mee,  
Appeare as horrid as the gates of Hell :  
Where shall I borrow patience, or from whence ?

*Enter Wincott, Wife, Ricott, the two Lionells, Owner,  
Dalauill, Prudentilla, Reignald, Rioter.*

To giue a meeting to this viperous brood,  
Of Friend and Mistris.

*Winc.* Y' aue entertain'd me with a strange discourse  
Of your mans knauish wit, but I reioyce,  
That in your safe returne, all ends so well :  
Most welcome you, and you, and indeed all ;  
To whom I am bound, that at so short a warning,  
Thus friendly, you will deigne to visit me.

*Old Lio.* It seemes my absencē hath begot some sport,  
Thanke my kind seruant heere.

*Reig.* Not so much worth Sir.

*Old Lio.* But though their riots tript at my estate,  
They haue not quite ore-throwne it.

*Winc.* But see Gentlemen, these whom we most expected,  
come at length ; This I proclaime the master of the Feast,  
In which to expresse the bounty of my loue,  
I'le shew my selfe no niggard.

*Y. Ger.* Your choise fauours,  
I still taste in abundance.

*Wife* Methinks it would not mis-become me Sir,  
To chide your absence ; That haue made your selfe,  
To vs, so long a stranger.

*Hee turnes away sad, as not being minded.*

*Y. Ger.* Pardon mee Sir,  
That haue not yet, since your returne from Sea,  
Voted the least fit opportunity,  
To entertaine you with a kind salute.

*Old Lio.* Most kindly Sir I thanke you.

*Dal.* Methinks friend,  
You should expect greene rushes to be strow'd,

After such discontinuance.

*Y. Ger.* Mistris Pru,

I haue not seene you long, but greet you thus,

May you be Lady of a better husband

Then I expect a wife.

*Winc.* I like that greeting :

Nay, enter Gentlemen; Dinner perhaps

Is not yet ready, but the time we stay,

Weele find some fresh discourse to spend away.

*Exeunt.*

*Munet Dalanill.*

*Dal.* Not speake to me ? nor once vouchsafe an answer,

But sleight me with a poore and base neglect ?

No, nor so much as cast an eye on her,

Or least regard, though in a seeming shew

Shee courted a reply ? twixt him and her,

Nay him and mee, this was not wont to be ;

If she haue braine to apprehend as much

*Enter Young Geraldine and Wife.*

As I haue done, sheele quickly find it out :

Now as I liue, as our affections meete,

So our conceits, and shee hath singled him

To some such purpose : I'le retire my selfe,

Not interrupt their conference.

*Exit.*

*Wife* You are sad Sir.

*Y. Ger.* I know no cause.

*Wife* Then can I shew you some ;

Who could be otherways, to leaue a Father

So carefull, and each way so prouident ?

To leaue so many, and such worthy Friends ?

To abandon your owne countrey ? These are some,

Nor doe I thinke you can be much the merrier

For my sake ?

*Y. Ger.* Now your tongue speakes Oracles ;

For all the rest are nothing, 'tis for you,

Onely for you I cannot.

*Wife* So I thought ;

Why then haue you bin all this while so strange ?

Why will you trauell ? suing a diuorce

Betwixt vs, of a loue inseperable ;

For heere shall I be left as desolate

*The English Traveller.*

Vnto a frozen, almost widdowed bed ;  
Warm'd onely in that future, stor'd in you ;  
For who can in your absence comfort me ?

*Y. Ger.* Shall my oppressed sufferance yet breake forth  
Into impatience, or endure her more ?

*Wife* But since by no perswasion, no intreats,  
Your setled obstinacy can be swai'd,  
Though you seeme desperate of your owne deare life,  
Haue care of mine, for it exists in you.

Oh Sir, should you miscarry I were lost,  
Lost and forsaken ; Then by our past vowes,  
And by this hand once giuen mee, by these teares,  
Which are but springs begetting greater floods,  
I doe beseech thee, my deere Geraldine,  
Looke to thy safety, and preserue thy health ;  
Haue care into what company you fall ;  
Travell not late, and crosse no dangerous Seas ;  
For till Heauens blesse me in thy safe returne,  
How will this poore heart suffer ?

*Y. Ger.* I had thought  
Long since the Syrens had bin all destroy'd ;  
But one of them I find suruiues in her ;  
Shee almost makes me question what I know,  
An Hereticke vnto my owne beliefe :  
Oh thou mankind's seducer.

*Wife* What ? no answer ?

*Y. Ger.* Yes, thou hast spoke to me in Showres,  
I will reply in Thunder ; Thou Adultresse,  
That hast more poyson in thee then the Serpent,  
Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,  
The Deuill.

*Wife* To whom speakes the man ?

*Y. Ger.* To thee, falsest of all that euer man term'd faire ;  
Hath Impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin,  
It cannot blush ? Or sinne so obdur'd thy heart,  
It doth not quake and tremble ? Search thy conscience,  
There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues  
To speake as loud as mine doth.

*Wife.* Saue from yours,  
I heare no noise at all.

*Y. Ger.* I'll play the Doctor

To open thy deafe eares; Munday the Ninth  
Of the last Moneth; Canst thou remember that?  
That Night more blacke in thy abhorred sinne,  
Then in the gloomie darknesse; That the time.

*Wife.* Munday?

*Y. Ger.* Wouldest thou the place know? Thy polluted Chamber;  
So often, witnessse of my sin-lesse vowes;  
Wouldest thou the Person? One not worthy Name,  
Yet to torment thy guilty Soule the more,  
I'll tell him thee, That Monster Dalauill;  
Wouldest thou your Bawd know? Mid-night, that the houre;  
The very words thou spake? Now what would Geraldine  
Say, if he saw vs heere? To which was answered,  
Tush hee's a Cox-combe, fit to be so fool'd:  
No blush? What, no faint Feauer on thee yet?  
How hath thy blacke sins chang'd thee? Thou *Medusa*,  
Those Haires that late appeared like golden Wyers,  
Now crawl with Snakes and Adders; Thou art vgly.

*Wife.* And yet my glasse, till now, neere told me so;  
Who gaue you this intelligence?

*Y. Ger.* Onely hee,  
That pittying such an Innocencie as mine,  
Should by two such delinquents bee betray'd,  
Hee brought me to that place by miracle;  
And made mean eare witnessse of all this.

*Wife.* I am vndone.

*Y. Ger.* But thinke what thou hast lost  
To forfeit mee; I not withstanding these,  
(So fixt was my loue and vnurterable)  
I kept this from thy Husband, nay all cares,  
With thy transgressions smothering mine owne wrongs,  
In hope of thy Repentance.

*Wife.* Which begins thus low vpon my knees.

*Y. Ger.* Tush, bow to Heauen,  
Which thou hast most offended; I alas,  
Saue in such (Scarce vnheard of) Treacherie,  
Most sinfull like thy selfe;  
Wherein, Oh wherein, hath my vnspotted and vnbounded Loue  
deser'd the least of these? Sworne to be made a stale



*The English Traveller.*

For terme of life; And all this for my goodnesse,  
Die, and die soone, acquit me of my Oath,  
But prethee die repentant; Farewell euer,  
'Tis thou, and onely thou hast Banisht mee,  
Both from my Friends and Countrey.

*Wife.* Oh, I am lost.

*Sinkes downe.*

*Enter Dalauill meeting Young Geraldine going out.*

*Dal.* Why how now, what 's the businesse?

*Y. Ger.* Goe take her vp, whom thou hast oft throwne Downe,  
Villaine.

*Dal.* That was no language from a Friend,  
It had too harsh an accent; But how 's this?  
My Mistresse thus low cast vpon the earth  
Grauelling and breathlesse, Mistresse, Lady, Sweet —

*Wife.* Oh tell me if thy name be Geraldine,  
Thy very lookes will kill mee?

*Dal.* View me well,

I am no such man; See, I am Dalauill.

*Wife.* Th'art then a Deuill, that presents before mee  
My horrid sins; perswades me to dispaire;  
When hee like a good Angel sent from Heauen,  
Besought me of repentance; Swell sicke Heart,  
Euen till thou burst the ribs that bound thee in;  
So, there 's one string crackt, flow, and flow high,  
Euen till thy blood distill out of mine eyes,  
To witnesse my great sorrow.

*Dal.* Faint againe,

Some helpe within there, no attendant neere?  
Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched,  
Then all the sweet fruition of her loue  
Before could make me happy.

*Enter Wincott Old Geraldine, Young Geraldine, the two*

*Lionells, Ricott, Owner, Prudentilla, Reignald, Clowne.*

*Winc.* What was hee clamor'd so lowd,  
To mingle with our mirth this terrour  
And affright?

*Dal.* See Sir, your Wife in these my armes expiring.

*Winc.* How? *Prud.* My sister?

*Winc.* Support her, and by all meanes possible  
Pr ouide for her deere safety.

*The English Traveller.*

*Old Ger.* See, thee recouers.

*Winc.* Woman, looke vp.

*Wife.* Oh Sir, your pardon;

Conuey me to my Chamber, I am sicke,  
Sicke even to death, away thou Sycophant,  
Out of my sight, I haue besides thy selfe,  
Too many finnes about mee.

*Clo.* My sweet Mistresse.

*Bal.* The storme's comming, I must provide for harbour. *Exit.*

*Old Lio.* What strange and sudden alteration's this,

How quickly is this cleere day ouercast;  
But such and so vncertaine are all things,  
That dwell beneath the Moone.

*Y. Lio.* A Womans qualme,  
Fraillties that are inherent to her sex,  
Soone sicke, and soone recouer'd.

*Winc.* If shee misfaie,  
I am a man more wretched in her losse,  
Then had I forfeited life and estate;  
Shee was so good a creature.

*Old Ger.* I the like  
Suffer'd, when I my Wife brought vnto her graue;  
So you, when you were first a widower;  
Come arme your selfe with patience.

*Ric.* These are casualties  
That are not new, but common.

*Reig.* Burying of Wiues,  
As stale as shifting shirts, or for some seruants,  
To flout and gull their Masters.

*Own.* Best to send  
And see how her fit holds her.

*Enter Prudentilla and Clowne.*

*Prud.* Sir, my Sister  
In these few Lines commend's her last to you,  
For she is now no more; What's therein writ,  
Saue Heauen and you, none knowes; This she desir'd  
You would take view of; and with these words expired.

*Winc.* Dead?

*Y. Ger.* She hath made me then a free release,  
Of all the debts I owed her.

*The English Traueller.*

*Winc.* My feare is beyond pardon, Dalauill  
Hath plaid the villaine, but for Geraldine,  
Hee hath bin each way Noble — Loue him still,  
My peace already I haue made with Heauen;  
Oh be not you at warre with me; My Honour  
Is in your hands to punish, or preferue;  
I am now Confest, and only Geraldine  
Hath wrought on mee this vnexpected good;  
The Inke I write with, I wish had bin my blood,  
To witnesse my Repentance — Dalauill?  
Where's hee? Goe seeke him out.

*Clo.* I shall, I shall Sir.

*Exit.*

*Winc.* The Wills of Dead folke should be still obeyed;  
How euer false to mee, I'le not reueale't;  
Where Heauen forgives, I pardon Gentlemen,  
I know you all commiserate my losse;  
I little thought this Feast should haue bin turn'd  
Into a Funerall; What's the newes of him? *Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Hee went presently to the Stable, put the Sadle vpon his Horse,  
put his Foote into the Stirrup, clapt his Spurres into his sides, and a-  
way hee's Gallopt, as if hee were to ride a Race for a Wager.

*Winc.* All our ill lucks goe with him, farewell hee;  
But all my best of wishes wait on you,  
As my chiefe Friend; This meeting that was made  
Onely to take of you a parting leaue,  
Shall now be made a Marriage of our Loue,  
Which none saue onely Death shall separate.

*Y. Ger.* It calles me from all Trauell, and from henceforth,  
With my Countrey I am Friends.

*Winc.* The Lands that I haue left,  
You lend mee for the short space of my life;  
As soone as Heauen calles mee, they call you Lord;  
First feast, and after Mourne; Wee'le like some Gallants  
That Bury thrifty Fathers, think't no sinne,  
To weare Blacks without, but other Thoughts within.

*Exeunt omnes.*















