921 Jordain (T.

(8)

Accessions
149,401

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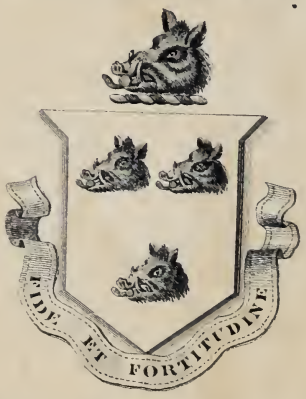


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received, May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library!

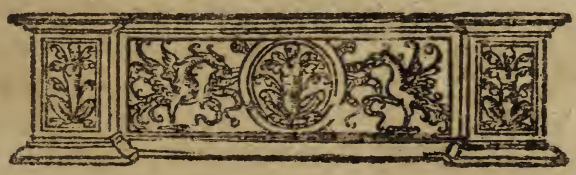
MONEY IS AN ASSE.

A Comedy,

As it hath been Acted with good Applauſe.

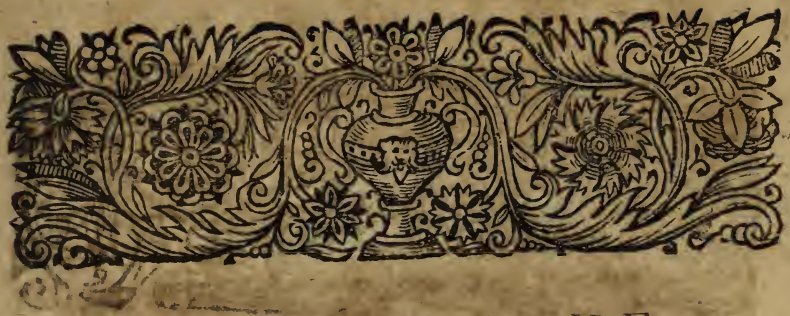
Written by Tho. Jordain *Gent.*

Licenced *November* the 16. 1667.
Roger L'Eſtrange.



LONDON,
Printed by *Peter Lillicrap*, for *Fra. Kirkman*, and are to be ſold by moſt Book-Sellers. 1668.

149,401
May, 1873.

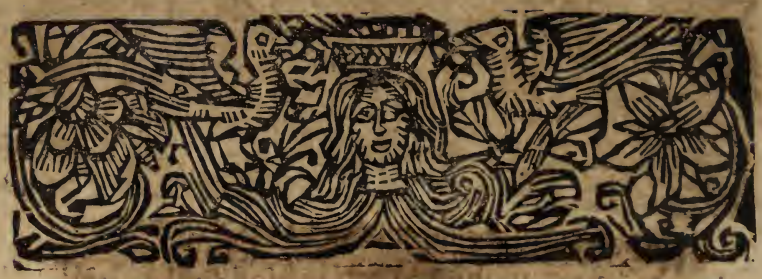


The PROLOGUE

Spoken by Night.

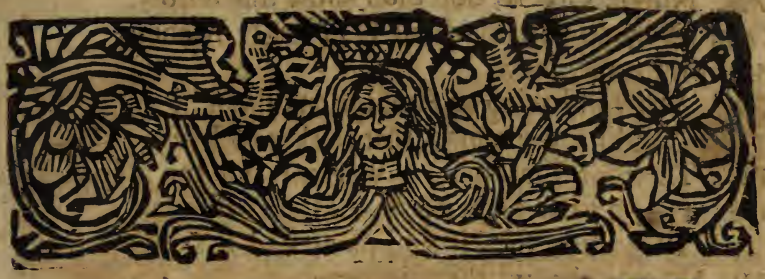
THalia *Crown each Fancy, since the day*
Has lost its Luster, and each glorious Ray
Of young Apollo *in the bosome lies*
Of belov'd, Thetis, *let the morn bright Eyes*
That sit Incircled in your Ivory Spheres
Inspire our Souls, chear our benighted fears
We Act in Comick strains, Heaven grant there be
No envious Fate, to make a Tragedy.
Tis new, Ime sure, nere Acted, there's none know it
We never had more Tutor, then the Poet
Since it is thus, Let us harsh censures scape
Had every Actor been some others Ape,
Seen his Part Plaid before him, you might say,
We had been Children, not to Act the Play;
As lively as our fautours, but (so far
Are we from such great helps, as those) we are
Direct opposers; have no setters on
But whats within us, Resolution,
Which not by you encouraged (swoln with Rage
That flies, and leaves us Statues on the Stage.
We are but Eight in Number, therefore he,
That drew this peice, being confin'd, not free
Could not so well declare himself as when
He shall confine, his Persons to his Pen.
Accept of this, next time, we shall prepare
To feast your Senses with more curious fare.

THE



The Actors Names.

Captain Pennilefs.	*Tho. Jordain.*
Mr. Featherbrain,	*Wal. Williams*
Clutch,	*Tho. Loveday.*
Money.	*Tho. Lovel.*
Credit.	*Nich. Lowe.*
Callumney.	*Tho. Sandes.*
Felixina.	*Amb. Matchit*
Feminia.	*VVil. Cherrington.*



Act the First,

Enter Mr, *Featherbrain*, Solus,

Feath. ALL's loſt, Pox oth Dice, Fortune hath ſpun me a fair thred, the Devil reel it, me thinks I walk like one, that left himſelf in pawn, at an Ordinary, I mean his Reputation, and now my Sattin is converted to modeſt ſtuff, my *Quandam* Aſſotiates look upon me as upon a man ſcarce within ken: and Ifaith I having a ſpice, oth.— Gentleman in me, take as little notice of them--- Oh youth what has thy prodigallity brought thee to, the time was, I have not had ſo much time, as to talk to my ſelf thus, But Poverty, is an Excommunicate and there is no purchaſing of an abſolution, without ready money— oh,— he is the honeſteſt Rogue in the world, if he were not ſo fugative, I had the happineſs to ſee him tother day, he was ſo buſie betwixt a young Heir, and a Uſerer, he loves a Lotterie with his heart, But if he but look on an Hoſpital the Gout takes him this is he, as I take it, I Cannot very well tell, he is almoſt become my ſmal Acquaintance, and that's his Ningle Credit, goes Cheek by Choul with him.— I would fain endeer my ſelf Noble Mr. *Money*, Kind Mr. *Credit*,

Enter *Money* and *Credit*.

Mo. Ningle Credit, doſt thou know this fellow.

Cred. Why do you injure me ſo, Ningle Money.

Mo. Injure thee, how.

Cred. Why in having an Ambiguous thought
I ſhould know a man, that lookes ſo like a ——

Fea. Theif or Cutpurſe, I warrant, let me help you with a terme Sir — a poor Gentleman, and it pleaſe you

Cred. I was cene thinking upon as bad a Terme

Mo. Why he knows thee, it ſeems.

Cred. Say you ſo, let me [illegible] upon him.

Fea. [illegible] I have been often in Company with you, as *I* remember, and the laſt place I ſee you in, was at in and in, in *Grayes Inn* you ſlipt from me the ſtrangeſt.

Cred. Upon my credit Ningle *I* remember him---he told me ſo, for he would have had me paſt my word for Twenty pounds to old *Clutch* the hoorder, to whoſe Daughters, we are now repairing.

Mo. I do remember you Prodigal Sir.

Fea. That's my Character indeed.

Mo. You parted Slightly from me, and for which cauſe you may aſſociate your ſelf with Mr. Penniles, hee's a moſt fit companion, and will not leave your company ſo ſoon.

Fea. Thank you Sir. moſt kindly---- the mean time, lend me Ten pounds, this Gentleman your Ningle, will paſs his word.

Cred. No not I, *I* muſt not injure ſo my friend, *I* am many Millions in his debt already.

Mo. Come Ningle will you walk.

Cred. Willingly.

Fea. Hark you Sir, hark you, or will you but dictate a---

Cred. Stay ſtay, *I* love to underſtand things as *I* goe, what do you mean Sir to dictate,

Fea. Why Sir. write a Letter Two or Three lines to your Mercer in my behalf, to put my ſelf in better habit.

Cred. Pray pardon me Sir *I* did think that Dictate, had no good meaning Sir, when you can Dictate, into favour again with my friend *I* ſhall give you more Audience —— Audience theres another word for your Dictate, and ſo farewel to you Sir.

Exit Money *and* Credit.

Fea.

Fea. Mr. Money, Mr. Credit, Gentlemen a word more gone, may the Goute take one, and the Devil crack t'other, I need not Curse them, for by their own works they are entring into a Consumption, Old *Clutch* the grand Devil of Usury he has a necessary Damnation for them both (his two Daughters) necessary evils, to train them, well in the days of old, when any fortunes florish'd they have both look'd on me, as no unworthy object, if *I* had and *I*tch that way these two Rogues, would be my Antagonists, if my brains have not gone more after mony, and credit, *I* shall have that in Agitation, may do me a pleasure in my time of need and make of these *Chymists* Asses.

'Tis hatching be it succesful, If it prove
My loss, but gets me Wisdome, Wisdome Love, (*Exit.*

Scene the Second.

Enter Clutch Felixina *and* Feminia.

Clutch. Come my *Felixina*, dear *Feminia*, fie pine no more, husbands are now in search, but I would match you richly, richly Girls —— and please your own minds too, *Felixina* I know you think worthyly of Mr. *Money.*

Felix. I never saw him yet Sir:

Clutch. Right, why doe I say you think but worthyly of him for when you shall but see him (oh) joyful sight you will admire him then.

Felix. He is your object ~~then~~ Sir (Clut.) therefore rendring my obedience to your Age I willingly embrace him.

~~Clutch.~~ *Thou would'st say thus I know*
Th'art my obedient Girl continue soe,

Felix. Tis well he spoke it for me, for I protest 'twas far from my thought, in this case my mind tells me, 'twill have it's own dispose for all your Avarice, your will (my law) commands mee

Fem. You are always talking to her of Husbands, and Sutors but you forget for me, I wis, I am as sick oth Maiden disease as my Sister, for all she is my elder.

Clutch. And you shall both be cured if *Money* and *Credit* be prevailing Physicians, did not *I* tell thee of Mr. *Credit.*

Fem. No, O my credit Sir.

Clutch. O thy *Credit*, and thy *Credit* shall he be Isaith *Calumney*, within there —— *Calumney.*

Calum. Did you call Sir.

Clutch. *Is* not this the day and hour *Money* and *Credit* were to keep their words with me,

Calum. Yes, but Ile be hang'd, and some such Rogue as your self, such a Hell Jaw, do not swallow them before you see them.

Clutch. Say not so, good *Callumney*, put me in better comfort.

Callum. The Devil put you in comfort, hee's like to be better rewarded, than *I*, me thinks he might be more Officious, for 'twill not be long, ere he must receive his due, when is you Lease out Sir.

Fem. But hast not thou seen thy Golden Sweet-heart, yet.

Felix. Not ever care, unless he be of the true Coyn and currant mettle,

Fem. But I hope you'l be a good child, and do as your Father bids you.

Felix. What need you care, you shall be married with *Credit.*

Fem. And you to *Money*, then we will call Sisters no more but Ningles, as our Husbands do.

Clutch. Good *Callumney* be Officious 't shall be for thy good, I have a Trap for *Money*, do thou but ayd, thou shalt supplant him, and marry my Eldest Daughter, contein thy sullen Humour tip thy tongue with words more flattering,

Callum. You'l be hang'd, ere you'l keep your word.

Clutch. Doest think, I am a *Pagan.*

Callum. You are a Userer, and that's Couzen *German*, let the Devil be Judge —— but ile believe you, and on these conditions endeavour for you all that I can, *Aside*

Heeres the Fathers Consent, if I can but obtain the squeamish Whenches---- she looks upon me with no scornful eye ; Ile put fair for it, could I but rule my tongue, there were some hope.

Enter Money *and* Credit,

Clutch. Practise my Counsell,

See

See they are, Arriv'd kind Mr. *Money* let me hugg thee, let me imbrace thee, thy voice is heavenly Musique, thy face bewitches th'art my dearest Idol.

Callum. Now the Devil huggs his darling.

Clutch, Next Mr. *Credit*, ye are a pair of Creatures the whole world adores, and happiest am I that must enjoy ye, I am divided 'twixt ye, you inseperable souls.

Mo. We keep our words you see.

Cred. VVe are not meerly Promisers.

Clutch, VVhy look you now, you'l make me angry with you do ye think I had a thought, you were unjust no by my honesty------ these are my Daughters Gentlemen, two bashful younglings about their years, it was my fault I faith, which since I must confess I have amended.

Callum. I fear money will be my rival, the Rogue hath a bewitching Countenance, I wonder the wench looks with no more affectionate eye upon him, fate has ordain'd her mine.

Mo. Pardon my boldness Lady, 'tis a fault has been by all, excused, me that now I am to seek of Modesty, to court so fair a Mistriss.

Felix. Yet you are mine, best beauty.

Callum. This Money has an excellent tongue.

Cred. By Credits self, an Oath, *I* dare not break, *I* am your infinite admirer.

Fem. Are you Cadeedlo.

Cred. *I* dare not take that Oath, unless *I* knew the meaning.

Fem. Oh me do you not know the meaning of Cadeedlo.

Cred. No i'l assure you.

Fem. I'l tell you then, in that one word Cadeedlo, is concluded, all the Oaths man can invent.

Cred. 'Tis a most dangerous Oath, but yet her beauty so enticeth me, that rather then i'l loose her love, i'l undertake to swear it,----- Then Lady that you may believe, I do admire you, and in that admiration, give my self your Zealous Lover, to you I swear, Cadeedlo I admire you.

Cal. Go thy ways, thou deserv'st her, for thou has sworn most desperately for her.

Clutch, Take no repulse----- be not slightly denied,

Musique.

Musique, Oh Heavenly; *(shakes moneys*

Cal. Now the Divel whispers them i'th ears,

Clutch, A handsome man's Daughter----, mark but his sweet Language, my own Boys both,

Mo. If you'd desire an Oath, by this pure Gold----,

Clutch, Tak's Oath Daughter, tak's Oath, 'tis a rich protestation, not us'd by every Gallant (*Calum*) I have not seen so many good faces this two dayes.

Felix. 'Tis your will Sir,

Mo. Pray take it, I have an Exchequer, more, stands ready for thee, and by that Gold, made purer by your hand I am your Honourer.

Felix. I do not question the nobleness of your love, which you term Honour, but give me so sure the freedome of my soul to contemplate before I give you Answer.

Mo. I did not love you, if I should not, command your time.

Felix. One day no more,

Mo. Willingly, most willingly.

Calum. But one day I must prevent you, Love and Policy be my Aid.

Cred. Will you not swear then.

Fem. To what Sir.

Cred. Why; that you admire me, as I admire you.

Fem. Indeed, I do admire you.

Cred. Indeed, Pox of indeeds, swear me Cadeedlo.

Fem. As I am vertuous I admire you.

Cred. What care I for your vertue---- whats that to Cadeedlo the Oath I swore.

Fem. Pardon me Sir-- -, pray hear me Sir.

Clutch, VVhat is the difference between you.

Fem. Ther's no difference Sir, we, we Sympathize infinitly,

Clutch, I am glad on't.

Cred. A word with you Sir, you know your language, better then I, pray what does she mean by Sympathize.

Clutch, Sympathize, do you not know the meaning of Sympathize, come hither *Calumney*, what is Sympathize,

Cullum. To concurr *I* think.

Clutch, VVhat was it Sir Sympathize, this roguish girls, troubles

bles all our Noddles with hard words; they did not come to her by the Fathers side, *I* am sure, why Sympathize is to concurr.

Cred. To concurr, thats true, for indeed we did begin to snarl one at another----. Yet there is some other meaning Ningle *Money*, a word with you, you are not busie are you, what is the meaning, of concurr, if you know not ask your Mistress.

Felix. VVhy concurr, is to Sympathize Sir.

Cred. And Sympathize, is to concurr----- Sir, what is meant by Sympathize, or concurr, i'l keep to my self. But your Daughter might use me more kindly.

Clutch, Feminia, wher's your duty, I must intreat I must.

Fem. Sir, he would have me swear affection to him ere I have made least Tryal of Love.

Cred. No peace flattering Women, did not I swear Cadeedlo to thee.

Fem. And i'l swear the like to you by and by if you'l be patient.

Cred. Well, then *I* am content, if you do not your Father has Ears.

Fem. And you have a tongue, *I* make no question you'l remember my Taffaty, will you not.

Cred. When you have sworn much may be thought upon.

Clutch, Come gallants will you in, *Calumney*, is the meat come from the Cooks.

Calum. 'Tis gone for Sir,

Clutch, After dinner finish your discourse, and make an end of all, come my dear Sons welcome. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Act

Act the Second, Scene the First.

Enter one way Featherbrain, *at the other* Captain Pennyless.

Cap. WHat an Ass is he that waits a hum, hum, leasure, fa la, hum, hum, hum, fa la hum, hum, hum, hum, umph, hum, hum, hum, pleasure hum, hum, happis may be rob'd of hope, and treasure, hum, inconstancy. *Pennileſs Sings.*

Fea. A third man, a third man, a third man.

Cap. VVhat untuned tones of mandrakes, drills my ears.

Fea. I 'tis an untunable air, I must confess noble *Captain Pennyless*, as I take it.

Cap. No you are much mistaken, your ordinary friend *Pennyless* the Noble, is brought to nine pence I assure you, prethy *Frank* (if thy infatiable gain by winnings have not converted thy free soul to avarice, lend thy friend *Pennyless* half a peece.

Fea. Half a peece.

Cap. I, I, half a peece, no more, when fortune betters my ability I will repay thee double.

Fea. Two Crowns.

Capt. I, I, two Crowns though they want weight *Frank*, 'tis no matter I know thou guessest my occasion ha thou knowest, they will go there.

Fea. Thou would'st be prodigal agen.

Cap. No *I* assure you *Frank I* will be very frugal go with me, and see else, i'l only bet small bets man, I have a conceit beyond thy apprehension *I* have been taught it since poverty seiz'd upon me.

Fea. Ten shillings.

Cap. VVhy, *I*, but ten shillings, it may do me ten pounds worth of good, for my luck comes in to da y, have mark't it, i'l warrant thee a peece, within this two hours.

The Rogue's so loath to part from money. *aside*

Prethy *Frank*, let me entreat thee.

Fea.

Fea. I have not seen half a peece, two Crowns, or ten shillings these ten days.

Cap. Pheu i'l nere believe that, lend me a Crown then, or half a Crown.

Fea. Eighteen pence would not do much amiss.

Cap. Since thou art so sparing lend me that.

Fea. Faith I want sixpence on't.

Cap. Pox lend me that twelve-pence, then.

Fea. Art not thou a mad Rogue to abuse thy friend thus.

Cap. How abuse thee.

Fea. Why in offering to borrow money of me.

Cap. Say you so, i'st now grown to an abuse, it has not been so *Frank* in my Golden Age, I have been your Exchequer, Oh what a saving age (ere long) will be when Prodigals, imbrace frugality, fare-well to you *Sir*, thus your abuser vanisheth. *Offers to go away.*

Fea. No, no, prethy do not vanish yet. Why thou Son of incredulity, can thy Conscience beget so evil a thought, that (if I had but half a peece) (although dispos'd of) *I* would not lend it thee.

Cap. You would not be abus'd so.

Fea. Oh my life, and my disguized Gentility. Canst thou imagine *I* would content my Corps with this unsavory stuff, that girds my loins,

Cap. Why art thou monyless.

Fea. As sure as thou art Captain *Pennyless.*

Cap. Hath in, and in, confounded thee too.

Fea. *I*, the curse of Orphants light on't.

Cap. Forgive me *I* must confess *I* have. Abus'd thee then.

Fea. And thou must make me amends, ere *I* part with thee, tell me has not despair, hung plummets on thy Soul, too heavy for a hope to keep't from sinking.

Cap. *I* am almost discouraged.

Fea. A Captain and discouraged---- away---- do not make me out of conceit with thee, *I* tell thee, *I* have wheels a going in this Noddle, beyond the power of Fortune, do thou be but one of my

 Engines

Engines, *I* dare warrant thee peece upon peece, Boy.

Cap. Oh those sweet words, peece upon peece begets more courage in me, then Sack or *Medea*,---- command me *I* am thy instrument.

Fea. Thy very words are musick to me, dost thou know whose house this is.

Cap. Yes, old *Clutches*, a fellow for nothing so fit as to stand for a Statue, in Mammons counting house, and appears to me like a Devil, that did weekly counterfeit Man, meerly made for *deceptius visus*, marry ther's a pretty Virgin in this enchanted Castle would *I* were her Knight.

Fea. Why who bid thee tell my tale, before me, thou more then *Edipus*, of wit that canst expound before the Proposition, yet since you have discharg'd my Theam, let me extemporize, there are in this Castle, two Virgins who now are solicited, by two commanding Gyants, o'th time *Money* and *Credit*, so powerful that unless we do prefer, Pollicy before strength of Limb, we are like to be vanquished.

Cap. I very likely, for I am not of Ability to keep the Devil from dancing in my pocket.

Fea. Nor I,

Cap. No we shall be wise Politians I make no question, this is not the way (for ought *I* know) to get peece upon peece, yet thou tell'st me their strength, I know they are able, to put an hundred of us to the sword.

Fea. Thou wilt with one edge, is it not Policy, first to ruminate upon the Enemies strength, before we can make preparation for the conspiracy which now shall be demonstrated, look there *I* have compleatly counterfeited the hand of *Credit* in a Letter, to some of his Creditors, where we shall be sure of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things correspondent.

Cap. I do begin to relish thee now, this is next door to peece upon peece, forward my Mercury.

Fea. Being thus habited *I* know where to procure some Cash.

Cap. Now 'tis coming.

Fea. And so well arm'd, we'l watch the time we may approach this Castle.

Cap. But may we have admittance.

Fea.

Fea. Fear it not, from rich Imbrodery, unto the plainer Sattin, all may be welcome, he does maintain his Family, with their Sutors, though his cheif end, is to match them to *Money* and *Credit*.

Cap. There is a great Operation in this Plot, and may a Jew beat me out of my Gentility : if I do not applaud thee fort, shall we put it in practise, come, Oh I long to exchange my habit, me thinks I walk in state agen.

Fea. But you shall be true to me you Rogue, and not in the midle of a Project leave me and return to your old confusion gaming.

Cap. If *I* doe, may *I* dye Shirtless, and be buried in the high-way twixt St. *Johns-street* and *Islington*.

Fea. *I* take you at your word, come goe with me.

Cap. With as much Joy, as the wild beasts had when they followed the *Thracian* Fidler, what an Asse is he that waites a Womans leisure. *(Sings.* *(Exeunt.*

Enter *Clutch.* *Money* and *Credit.* *Felixina* and *Feminia*,

Clutch. Will you be gon so soon Ladds.

Mo. Sir. our occasions are so urgent, you must excuse us.

Clutch. And whether do you wend I faith.

Cred. But to the Exchange,

Clutch. Oh you, expect good tydings *Mr. Money.*

Mo. A little *Barbery* durt.

Clutch. Hum, *Barbery* durt, I would *I* were up to'oth knees in't, oh how happy are the Fishes in *Tagus* Chanel, when will you return again.

Mo. To morrow this time,

Clutch. A year of Torments, Daughter, come hither Daughter, thou canst prevail with him, promise him any thing, though it be the thing (though it be) thou understandst me, the thing ye wot on, so he will stay this night with us, Ile have a Parson early in the morning, shall make all good.

Felix. O hell bread, Avarise,----- *I* will sir---- Sir a word with you.

Mo. Your pleasure *Mrs.*

Felix. My Father earnestly desires your stay, but trust me, whilst you are here *I* can resolve on nothing, but your absence this short time will beget in me some resolution.

Mo. *I* will obey you Lady.

Fem. Sir you have forc'd an Oath from me would make a Virgin tremble to relate, But to you my tongue should neer pronounce it.

Cred. Well we are one then, and *I* would give you now, a nearer name then *Mrs*, a name given at the first sight.

Fem. Please you sir, Call me Spouse.

Cred. Tis a most fitting tearm; Spouse it shall be--- and do you call me---- head.

Fem. Nothing but head Sir.

Cred. No, nothing but head, till we are married.

Fem. Then *I*le exalt your name Sir.

Cred. Gramercy Spouse,

Fem. But sweet head, be not *prolix* in your designes, each hour will be to me a long *olympiad.*

Cred. But hark you Spouse *I* do not love you should talk so like a Conjurer *I* cannot understand your *prolix* nor your *Olympyads.*

Fem. *I* shall studdy more easie phrases Sir.

Cred. Prithee do, farewel sweet Spouse, come Ningle you are too tedious.

Clutch. Youl stay Sir, will you not.

Mo. Indeed I cannot.

Clutch. One hugg sweet friend. (*Huggs him.*

Mo. Farewel Sir---- farewel Ladies'

Clutch. Ile see you out of Doors Gentlemen.

Ambo: We thank you Sir----- *Exeunt.*

Manet the Daughters.

Fem. How now Ningle ist a match is this the *Ne plus ultra*, of men, when do you Comit as they say, when must the dangerous words (I will) Be pronounced.

Felix. Do you speak to me Sister.

Fem

Fem. To you, who else, I do not use to talk to my self.

Felix. Preethy be not angry, your words carry a sence concerns me so little, I thought you had.

Fem. Are you minded to marry, sweet Lady.

Felix. Marry, yes.

Fem. This Man.

Felix. What Man.

Fem. The Gold, and *Silver* man.

Felix. I know not what thou meanest.

Fem. Hey da, the wench is mad (why Mr. *Money*.

Felix. Oh the Trash my Father brought---- I had almost forgate him.

Fem. That's very well Ifaith no sooner out of sight but out of mind, he is much beholden to you, I care not much if I run after him and tell him so.

Felix. No prethe, my Father will be angry.

Fem. Uds me do ye cry, this is not time to jest, why weep you Sister.

Felix. Sure you deceive your self.

Fem. Most sure I do not.

Felix. Tis but a duty my Eyes ow to my Fathers name.

Fem. Ye are a dutiful Child I protest, but is there not somthing else, belongs to't more then your meer duty, how long hath this been a custome with ye.

Felix. Not long.

Fem. Nay prethe tell me *Fe.* did you not withall, think of that young Gentleman, that brought the morgage, to my Father, whom you did praise so much, and look upon so often, when you did wish, would you had such a Brother.

Felix. Beshrew your tongue, you'l try if *I* can weep.

Fem. Was that the Master Vein, had you not rather have him, then Mr. *Money*, de you smile *I* can't blame you, come tell me, ye are grown close brested, now, there was a time when *I* knew all your secrets.

Felix. That time is still *Feminia*, go in with me and ile reveal more, then thou shalt believe if thou hast love and duty in thy Soul, thou shalt be angry with me for my news and though (heaven knowes) *I* will speak nothing but truth, thou wilt call

me

me Forgeresse notorious Lyar, think me a Bastard born, and begot when lust and mischeif were incorporate, it is a truth so strange.

Fem. 'Tis very strange, indeed, come ile attend you.

Exeunt.

Enter Calumny.

Cal. Cut's throat, poyson him, that will not do the Rogue hath rich Friends, *I* shall be sure to truss fort, and 'tis a question, whether she'l beg me from the Gallows, clip him, make him uncurrant thats worse, 'tis petty Treason, *I* shall have my Limbs devided, and hung up for Crowes meat, set his house a fire and melt him in the flame that's pritty well, but if *I* should be discovered danger would approach, and few will speak a good word, for *Callumny*, was ever Lover so perplext as *I*, there is no way left but with toyes of loveto solicite the Lady, *I* have been held a handsome good conditioned man, among the *Jewes*, marry the *Gentiles* hate me, yet *I* was the illigitimate of a Gentleman my Mother said.

Clutch. Callumny, Callumny.

Calum. Well—— now *Faustus* calls his *Mephostophilis.*

Ile think on something, if it take effect,
Let it be Quoted down, Calumnies *Act.*

Act the Third, Scene First.

Enter Captain Pennilefs *and* Frank Featherbrain.

Fea. THo'art the impatientest Ass *I* have convers'd with.

Cap. Right.

Fea. What though this project fail, are there no more shall we give up the Cardes, ere, we have play'd a trick.

Cap. A trick.

Fea. *I* tell thee *I* have a brain, never barren of invention.

Cap.

Cap. No, no.

Fea. Though I have mis'd the first (as wonder 'tis) think'st thou my Sconce, quite empty of fegaries.

Cap. Fegaries.

Fea. Yes tricks, inventions, and fegaries, you Slave enough to undo a generation of Matchevils, for all my first comes off with a hiss, thou shalt applaud me ere, I come to my Exit.

Cap. And we shall be sure of Cloaths, neat, rich and all things correspondent.

Fea. Well do but follow my Counsel, i'l make true my words i'l warrant thee.

Cap. peece upon peece.

Fea. Why thou despairing varlet: if thou wert not a Captain I would beat thee to pin dust, thou dost put me to more vexation, then my own unhappiness.

Cap. Was that Mony, came Jingling by us in *Cheapside*.

Fea. Why who should it be else prethy.

Cap. I scarce knew him i'th old stamp, I have not seen him, in Trunks a long time---- tother was *Credit*, was it not,

Fea. Marry was it.

Cap. He's chang'd too, he was in a Gentile habit not long since, now he's become a Citizen again.

Fea. Why I, he was no company for you Gallants long, and when he saw his simpleship abused, he made return unto his City friends, where I faith the Merchant's hugg him.

Cap. Where doth he keep house.

Fea. Within the compass of the City Walls, *hic & ubique*.

Cap. Think you, he would smell a courtier in such disguize as this.

Fea. O Pox, I he'l know him by his hard words (man) he will trust no body, but those he understands, without Security, which is more then thou understand'st I am sure, (besides) thou hast been one of his notorious abusers, and he will be cheated in the way of Friendibility, (as your word is,) no more, but a Pox on this increcredulous *Mercer*, that will trust no body, without *Money* or *Credits* self, these are fellows, whose compositions are, a Grain of Conscience, a Dram of Suits (and I was about to say) a Scruple of Religion, but i'l leave that out, 'tis an unusal Drugg, yet it may

may in, 'twil ſcarce be taſted amongſt a pound of Lies, as much of Oaths beſides odd ounces of equivocating proteſtations---- as I am an honeſt man,---- and ſuch like---- may they live to ſee their Sons made courtiers, that's enough *I* make no queſtion then, but that they will come into our order (or worſe) and curſe the next o'th brood, as we do.

Cap. Yet you were confident, ſure (as you ſaid) of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things elſe correſpondent---- raiz'd me from a ſhallow deſperation to lay me deeper.

Fea. Give ear to me now *Ben.* (let me ſee) we are not in ſuch extraordinary rich cloaths but that we may paſs for Servingmen.

Cap. Had you ſaid for Sharks, we might have both gone together.

Fea. Right, We muſt Shark our Melancholy *Mounſiere* (but as I was ſaying,) *I* left off at Serving-men.

Cap. Yours have left off, i'm ſure.

Fea. As Serving-men, to *Money* and *Credit*.

Cap. *I*'l be hang'd, if they give ſuch bad Liveries to their Lackeys.

Thou run'ſt before me ſtill, hang Liveries, hear me out, by this means we will have acceſs unto the Wenches, this is the houſe, i'l knock and to e'm ſtraight, whilſt the conceit is hot.

Cap. *I* is this your project, prethy come away, and leave your Fooling.

Fea. Stay but a minute, ſee me in and hang thy ſelf.

Capt. Thank you heartily. *Enter* Calumney *to the* Captain.

Callum. How now, who's there.

Fea. Stand to your buſineſs (you Rogue) all's mard elſe.

Cap. Not unlikely.

Fea. *Is* Mr. *Clutch*, within *I* pray Sir.

Calum. Within yes, what of that.

Cap. What of that, Why we would ſpeak with him.

Fea. Modeſty good *Ben.* this is one of *Plutres* Damme's, we muſt through Hell to the Heaven, we hope for.

Calum. *I* think you come to rob him, do you not.

Cap. What a Rogue's this, my valour do's begin to riſe at him do thou ſpeak now, *I* ſhall beat him like a Dog elſe.

Fea.

Fea. Thou art a most valiant Rascal---- *aside*
Sir, your name is Mr. *Callumney* as I take it.

Cap. I thought so. *aside*

Callum. Yes Sir, my name is, Mr. *Callumney*.

Cap. Good Mr. *Callumney*, you are my near Kinsman my father was a malice, and my mother a mischief, I am sure we give both one arms the three furious tongues in Sables, i'st not so Sir.

Callum. Yes, an envies head in the crest.

Cap. Very proper. *aside*

Fea. And the *Motto* is, avoid honesty.

Callum. Very right Sir,---- I see I am a Gentleman---- Sir i'l call my master instantly. *Exit* Callumney

Fea. Do sweet Cozen.

Cap. Go thy ways, thou hast held a Candle before the Devil.

Fea. A ha, what think you now *Ben*.

Enter Clutch, *and* Callumney.

Clutch, Speak with me, who are they.

Callum. I know not who they are Sir, there they be.

Clutch, Would you speak with me Gentlemen.

Fea. Sir, my Mr. Master *Mony*.

Cap. And mine Sir, Mr. *Credit*.

Fea. Commend their loves to you.

Clutch, You are welcome, heartily Welcome.

Fea. You have two daughters Sir.

Clutch, Their wives that shall be.

Fea. True Sir, we have Letters to them from our Masters to the same purpose, we were withall commanded to be speedy in the delivery.

Clutch, I stay you too long then, in, in Gentlemen--- *Callumney* Lead um in. *Exit.*

Callum, Well.

Clutch, *Now are the Woodcocks spring'd,---- my plots run fine*
Surfeit my Soul, Money *and* Credits *mine*.

Enter Felixina *and* Feminia.

Fem. With grief I do believe you Sister, you must impute it to his Avarice, that sinks all goodness to oblivion.

Felix. That is the drugg, (whose philterous, effect, stronger then poppey, or *Mandragora*) charms all his vertues in a lasting sleep, oh that my prayers, could wake his deep drencht soul my words should carry a far louder sound, then does the Midnight Bell, whose ring reports to the Inhabitants some fatal fire.

Fem. Well, but you will not have my Ningle *Money*.

Felix. No as I hope to embrace a noble spirit.

Fem. And your mind is fixt upon that nobler spirit, you speak of.

Felix. On him or no man, ---- But you will have *Credit* will you not.

Fem. Oh, my head we are contracted woman.

Felix. Sure you but jest.

Fem. In earnest we have exchang'd sound protestations.

Felix. Protestations, how sound I pray.

Fem. Why he swore Cadeedlo to me, and I the like to him, with many other to the same purpose.--- (moreover) he calls me Spouse (already) and *I* call him head, but the younster (Sister) the youngster.

Felix. Prethy do not talk of him, thou wilt put me to impatience.

Fem. Come i'l plot for thee, *I* have a conceit in this unhappy pate of mine, shall bring him, flying to thee,--- how now who have we here.

Enter Clutch, Calumney, Featherbrain, *and* Penniless.

Felix. My father and some strangers,

Clutch, How now daughters so earnest, I have good news for you,--- you Girls worth Gold,

Felix. Or is it new coyn'd Sir.

Clutch, Note, that she harps upon your masters name already.

Fea. She's a wit I protest Sir.

Clutch,

Clutch, A notable girl, a notable girl.

Fea. Fairest my master Mr. *Money* commanded me.

Fem. Oh me my sister sinks. Felix. *swounds!*

Cap. Hey day I hope he hath kill'd the Gentlewoman and brought me to hang for company with him---- would I were out again,

Clutch, She swound for Joy, she swounds for Joy, how i'st daughter, how i'st daughter.

Fem. She comes again, Sister look up, here's Mr. *Money*.

Fea. Mistriss, Mistriss,

Felix. Oh my lov'd stranger.

Clutch, Feminia, come hither, come hither, what doth she mean by stranger.

Fem. She calls Mr. *Money*, her stranger, sir! *Feather. and Captain whispers.*

Clutch, Does she so, does she so.

He shall be more familiar with her, mine own Girl still sure, her mother gave me leave to get this child of obedience my self.

Fea. Quickly good *Ben*.

Cap. Sir, shall I speak a word with you in private.

Clutch, With me sir.

Cap. Yes, and your servant *Calumney*.

Clutch, with all my heart sir, *Calumney* attend me sirrah.

Cap. Now I have made all clear for him, if he should transgress with both the sisters, and make the father and I his Bauds, 'twould trouble me. *Exit.*

Manent Felixina, Feminia, *and* Featherbrain.

Felix. What is your errand sir.

Fea. 'Tis love sweet Creature.

Felix. Oh my soul, 'tis he---- Love sir, (what shall I do)---- I want the womans art, dissimulation---- whence comes your love I pray.

Fea. But from this bosome sweetest, there is a heart fill'd with as innocent love, as is the Vestal Virgins to her Goddess, you wear the *Cupid*, beauty, thy Ivory bow sent your white shafts

of vertue to my breast,
Ther's a touch. *aside*

Felix. And all this is, you love me,---- is it not.

Fea. And thrice so much can but confess a truth.

Felix. Pardon me Sir, *I* am no *I*nfidel.

Fea. He harbors infidelity that thinks it.

Fem. This is the spark, *they whisper*
Hath been so long in the
Ring of her fancy and dazled the eyes of her understanding *(* if *I* may credit my own apprehension*)* *I* vow she looks upon him, as if she lov'd, *(*indeed*)* she's great with Joy.

Felix. Is this your way to raise your Fortunes think you after your fluent prodigality, *(*presuming on your person*)* to undo some weak ey'd Virgin, by your Vows and Oaths, all but to satisfie your appetite with Coyn, to game or such unthrifty Revells.

Fea. *I* vow she preaches---- talks----talks handsomely what a fool was *I* to come hither, *I* am taken with her, if *I* have not almost a mind to this honourable peice *(*mischief*)* marriage, good Company forsake me, there is a new guest come to this *I*nn, *(*cal'd honesty, commands like a Prince, and *I* must observe his laws*)* (the mor's my grief*)* I will be gone, one minute more undoes me, all happiness dwell with you Lady.

Felix. Pray stay and hear me Sir, although from womans fear, my words proceed, yet (trust me*)* *I* conceit so well of you, *I* could not easily be won to think what my faint fears have uttered.

Feather. She talk's again, think's well of me her tongue a *Cupid*, and each word an Arrow, she has an excellent ayming eye, a good face fine complection, handsome breasts, a neat middle, and i'l warrant a good Foot and Legg, she wears an hundred *Cupids*,------- and now they all discharg'd, at me together---- and now they carry

carry me captived to her---and now *I* begin to speak, hum---hum--

Wonder of Creatures perfectest, perfect one
Epitome of those Angellick Souls
That are the Rules of Elizium
Whose Beauty keeps the Rose buds, blown in Autum.
And the fair Lillies white as mountain snow.

Hey da see if I do not talk like one of your mad Poets already.

Fem. *I* do not think but the youngster has *Hero* and *Leander*, at his Fingers ends *I* would *I* could hear a little more, O this.

Felix. Pray you do not you spend your serimonius jests upon so weak a wit, if you must needs love tell me so--- *I* love the plain way best.

Fea. By thy own chaste thoughts, which were they mix'd with mine, cannot be tainted, *I* infinitely honour thee.

Felix. Honour, is that another term for love Sir. *(Kisses.*

Fea. *It* is, and by this tempting fruit, *I* love and honour you.

Felix. Why do you swear so rashly indeed *I* will not take your oath, till you advise your self.

Fea. Give me it again then ile think upon it. *(she sings.*

Fem. Maides where are your hearts become look you what here is, look you what here is--- whats there a couple of Turtles a billing, is that such a peice of business---very good he has bethought himself, and now he swears agen theres two shillings in oathes already. *(They kiss.*

Felix. *I* can conceal no longer, love growes great, the more *I* labour to deliver it--- guard me my blushes.

Fea. But cannot you affect me, my Election.

Felix. Who is that behind you sir.

Fea. A Gentlewoman, what is she more sweet Lady.

Felix. Do you observe her sir.

Fea. *I* doe. *He offers to go back.*

Felix. She is one (pray fix your eyes upon her) she is one, that can tell, that with unfeigned zeal, my soul affects you.

Fea. *I*ndeed---shee's worth the noting---pray Lady (then take notice, with what integrity of pure affection *I* seal me hers for ever.

Fem. Withall my heart, your very nimble Gallants.

Felix.

Felix. What ſhall we doe, my Father will ſuſpect if you ſtay longer.

Fea. My Friend expects me too.

Fem. Is he not your Brother Sir.

Fea. No Lady.

Fem. He is ſomwhat like you, and a handſome Gentleman.

Felix. I know your need, here is ſome Gold Sir.——— make but your habit appear glorious, you may as freely have Admittance, as any of our Suitors.

Fea. I have hard ſo much, farewel my beſt one.

Felix. Remember Oathes. *Enter* Captaine.

Fea. As I will do my Soul.

Cap. Oh 'tis well, you are coming, I had ſpoyl'd all elſe — what have you, done now.

Fea. As I could wiſh my Boy.

Cap. Say you ſo, get you gone, then ile try what I can do.

Fea. Doe.

Cap. But which is your Miſtreſs.

Fea. That Gentlewoman. *Exit* Featherbrain.

Cap. That Gentlewoman (good) I muſt then direct my Service to the other, pretty Rogues both—— de hear Lady, are you my Frinds Miſtris.

Felix. Did he tell you ſo Sir.

Cap. Cunning *Gipſey*, yes he did tell me ſoe forſooth.

Felix, I hope you dare believe him.

Cap. Marry doe I, is this your Siſter fair one.

Felix. Yes Sir.

Cap. Can ſhe love think you.

Felix. Faith Sir, ſhe can beſt reſolve you.

Cap. You ſay true, and ile to her, does ſhe love verſe or proſe.

Felix. I think ſhe is indifferently affected.

Cap. So then ile think upon ſomthing.

Fem. Ye buſie Eyes, where do you carry me, why ſhould this Stranger be your object ſo, yet I'me too blame to chide you, ye behold, a man proportioned for a Princeſs, how pretily this bluntneſs does become him, he makes this way, ſure he would ſpeak with me.

Cap. What is your name ſweet Lady.

Fem.

Fem. Feminia Sir.

Cap. You are a woman.

Fem. I think ſo Sir.

Cap. 'Tis true, my little peice of modeſty, you can but think ſo, yet by your name you are.

Fem. And I think you are a man.

Cap. But think I am a man, do you not ſee a mark upon my forehead.

Fem. No truly Sir, me thinks it is a Cupid,

Cap. Cupid, oh blindneſs, Sit lazie Cupid upon a Soldiers Brow.

Fem. Cupid is *Mars* Coequal.

Cap. Then they are both there together— I thought ſo, for I could love and fight both at once, love a Miſtres, and beat him, that durſt abuſe her and (now I think on't) are you married.

Fem. Not yet Sir.

Cap. Then theres ſome hopes, but if *I* know how to court her I am a Jew, de ye here Lady what ſaid my Friend to ye, when he came in the way of Marriage.

Felix. Troth I have quite forgot Sir.

Cap. You have an excellent memory.

Fem. Why doe ye Queſtion me of marriage Sir.

Cap. The Rogue has a mind to be talk'd too —— pox, ſhe might put forth her ſelf a little more, for my brain is out of tune I am ſomwhat ſtupid, oh Sack, nothing like Sack it calls up a Parliament, of Rable in the Scul of a Poet— and too much makes em ſpeak fuſtion as faſt, Oh how ſhe ſmirks (*He ſings.*

I would give my golden Rapier to be at her, to be at her— Ile ſpeak to her leaſt ſhe talkes me to ſilence, She ſayes ſhee's a woman, *Cupid* thou little Cub of *Venus* aſſiſt me, can ye love *Mars* my fair *Sithera.*

Fem. Yes if he have a *Cupids* Soul.

Cap. Yes he has a *Cupids* Soul.

Fem. Where is he.

Cap. Here in this Doublet— but hang circumſtance can you vouchſaſe affection, if you can tell me, ile ſtrive to conquer my uſurping nature, perhaps I may run mad, or ſo, if I do come but and ſee me in *Bedlam*, and I am anſwered.

Fem.

Fem. Are you ſo ſwain ſir, is love ſo powerful in you at firſt ſight.

Cap. What ſayes the Poet, that moſt true doth write
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight.

Fem. Troth and he ſaies true, and now *I* am reſolv'd, pack hence my bluſhes then, fly unto thoſe conſcious of crimes, and let them there diſcloſe their corrupt nature, love ſo pure as mine requires, not your aſſiſtance.

Cap. I forgot to kiſs you, you muſt pardon me
I'me not vers'd into loves Rhetorick, more then (*kiſſes*
your Eyes inſtruct me.

Fem. The times unfit for tedious diſcourſe, reſolve your ſelf when ere my Siſter makes your friend her Bridegroom, you ſhall as ſurely call *Feminia* bride.

Cap. A kiſs O that, *Sirrah* couldſt not thou obtain ſo great a bleſſing, from thy Father, as four or five peieces contain, to befriend a poor Gentleman.

Enter Clutch Callumney, *and* Featherbrain.

Fem. That would diſcover all--- noe--- go but to Mr. *Credit*, call your ſelf my brother, you ſhall be furniſhed with all thoſe neceſſaries, that can acouter a compleat Gentleman.

Clutch. Is he ſo high'ly taken ſay you,

Fea. At every ſigh he breathes *Felixina.*

Fem. Hee's my Father--- iſht.

Capt. Feminias name inſpires his ſoul with raptures.

Fea. Let him but ſee a beauty, though as fair as Poets painted *Hellen*, he will ſay ſhe come but ſhort of his *Felixina.*

Clutch. He dotes, he dotes, oh my moſt happy iſſue.

Cap. If *I* could ſtay, Ide reckon up a thouſand of theſe things, but ſweeteſt fair, time will not now permit me.

Fem. Return my beſt affection.

Cap. I will.

Fea. My Maſter ſir expects me, elſe I would fill up your ſoul with wonder.

Cap. Farewell Lady.

Fea. Ile take my leave Sir, and of you fair Lady.

Felix.

Felix. Tell him your ſelf, if he infringe his Oath *I* am undone farewel Sir.

Clutch, Entirely welcome Gentlemen, *Callumney* attend them out.

Callum. Theſe are a couple of entire Rogues , or elſe I wear falſe ſpectacles. *Exeunt*

Clutch, What think you of your ſweet hearts now my Girls.

Fem. As of the nobleſt Creatures nature fram'd.

Felix. They are ſuperlatively excellent.

Clutch, You are obedient Girls, but come attend me I muſt instruct you, in ſome unknown lectures.

And wiſdom to your Love---- if I obtain my Prize,
My Daughters ſhall be, Mammons *ſacrifice.*

Act the Fourth, Scene the Firſt.

Enter Calumney, *and* Felixina.

Felix. WEll what would you ſay now.

Callum. Are we free from any hearing.

Felix. We are but of each other
What means the fellow. *aſide*

Callum. Pray let me ask a queſtion then.

Felix. Speak, but be not tedious— ſome weighty buſineſs ſure.

Callum. Your anſwer ſhall be *juſt.*

Felix. Yes prethy ſpeak without more conjuring.

Callum. Do you—

Felix. Out with it.

Callum. Do you love Mr. *Money.*

Felix.

Felix: Yes what of that.

Callum. Faithfully.

Felix. Must *I* needs make my faith so familiar with your knowledge i'st my father hath made you thus inquisitive.

Clutch, No (as *I* covet happiness) I love you, and would prevent you he is one unfit for your deserts, my heart grieves for you.

Felix. Surely the fellows honest, prethy why.

Callum. First of all you--- are young, fair, and kind, he old gouty and churlish,---you vertuous, wise, and loving, he vicious damdable vicious, he has tane in Baudy-houses night, by night--- who but money-- he makes the Old bauds beautiful the Whores Caper naked at his appearance; marry they have reason for it, he secures them from all troubles, he is acquainted with all the terrible Justices about the Subburbs (& wondrous well beloved too, theyl take his word before the bond of an Alderman, then is he very foolish, for he prefers the cloath of Tishue, and Plush before noble Hospitality, and a hater of all vertue.

Felix. You say I am vertuous, why doth he love me then.

Callum. He doth not, *I* know he doth not,

Felix. Why doth he swear he loves proves it by guests, would marry me.

Callum. He says so, i'l answer, with a question, why doth the Devil feed with liquorish meats, spiritful Wine, high pride, hot lechery, and feathered ease, those that he means to damn, he marry ye, fy, fy, he shall but like the greedy Tree-worm, suck the sap of Reputation from you, and leave you wither'd.

Felix. These words carry a sence to be observed, though to me needless the Jenius that doth guard the Reputation, my chast soul affects hath preinform'd me thus, this sheweth his honest though, since thou art so chary of my honour, (and wilt I hope, persist in't, *I* shall invite thy Judgment to a greater difficult, for which I will not be a light rewarder,

Callum. Here's harmony. *aside*
You are my Vertuous Mistriss, I am your vessal, your very eye commands me.

Felix. Go send my *Sister* to me.

Callum. I shal forsooth *I* am all *aside*
Amorous *Exit.*

Felix.

Felix. The very contemplation of my Love, exhilirates my heart, his name exiles all passion, what an infusious Love--- when I was free and with impartial eyes, vew'd every one (Eagle like) could *I* dare the Summer Sun now one slight beam hath dimn'd me here come my sister she is *Enter* Feminia fetter'd (too) my helping hand was not wanting (Gramercy jealousie, for I thinking my own choice best fearing with my eyes, she should look on him, have ta'ne occasion (as my surest prevention) to make her cover (by my pray appear most worthy.

Fem. Did you send for me Sister.

Felix. Yes, Mrs. Simper *I* did send to you.

Fem. What would you (pray).

Felix. Talk and prattle, nothing else, what dost thou think of my choice.

Fem. 'Tis a deserving one, is this all.

Felix. No when dost thou think I shall see him again.

Fem. I cannot tell, pray heaven they both prove constant.

Felix. Is that thy meditation--- dost thou fear it.

Fem. Yes, and my fears hold Angry.

Felix. That they'l be false, forbid it heaven if mine be capable of Oaths I cannot.

Fem. Nay *I* will hope the best, you have most cause to grieve if it prove so--- you will loose the richest prize.

Felix. Not in your eye *I* hope *aside.*
How rich *I* prethy, thine's a *Jove* to mine.

Fem. I am the happier *Offers to go away.*
Juno then.

Felix. Prethy stay.

Fem. *I* am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while prethy excuse me. *Exit* Feminia

Felix. I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while, prethy excuse me, this is a Riddle learn or turn Sorceress and raise up the Ghost of *Edipus* to unfold it.

Exit Felixina

Enter Mony, Featherbrain, Credit, *and* Captain Pennyless.

Fea. If you derive your Pedigree from the antient house of the *Monies*, ther's some affinity between us.

Mo. I'l assure you Sir we came in with the Conqueror my mother was a *Pecunia.*

Fea. What kin to the Argents,

Mo. I was my fathers name.

Cap. Well said *Frank* bring me into the kindred too.

Fea. My mother was an Argent, my father an Aurum.

Mo. Why then your name is *Gold* Sir.

Fea. Yes sir, the best of my kindred lived in *Barbery.*

Mo. Then by that name I must salute you never noble couzen *Gold.*

Fea. Sweet couzen *Money*,— pray be acquainted with my Brother *Jewel.*

Mo. Bright Mr. *Jewel. I* pray salute my Ningle *Credit.*

Cap. Ningle Sir.

Mo. I sir, tis a familiar Term passeth betwixt us.

Cap. Good Mr. *Credit. I* salute you.

Cred. I return your salute pretious Mr. Jewel.

Cap. Indeed Sir, pretious is my Christen name.

Fea. Whether go you Gent. (if without offence *I* may desire it.)

Mo. Ye are married Gentlemen.

Fea. Married, yes, and *I* believe you know our wives---- we married two Sisters, *I* the Lady Portion, and my Brother, the younger Sister, beauty.

Mo. Indeed the Lady Portion is my neer Kinswoman.

Cap. Yet more kindred *aside*

Mo. *I* am her fathers elder Brother. *Callumney above.*

Cred. Then Gentlemen we dare reveal our Voyage we are going to do, what you it seems have done.

Fea. Marry a couple of Virgins i'l lay my life.

Mo.

Mo. And ſince happily we have met we ſhall deſire you two, for Witneſſes to ſuch agreements as their Fathers, and we ſhall conclude upon.

Fea. Then you have the Wenches conſents.

Mo. Firm, firm.

Fea. And yet were diſtruſtful, Jealous of your friends.

Mo. No not Jealous.

Enter Callumney *in the Muſique Room.*

Cal. Who is here my rival *Money*, and his Ningle *Credit*, with two Caveliers— the Old man is taking his Noons Nap, ile wake him with this news ſuddainly, hoping he will run out off his wits for Joy--- maſter, maſter awake here are both your Son's *Mr. Money* and *Mr. Credit.*

Enter Clutch *above.*

Clutch. Where my loyal *Callumney*, where where---

Cal. Look here Sir, look here, unleſs you ſtay them ſpeedily two golden unthrifts (in whoſe clutches they now are) will carry them from your ſight for ever.

Clutch. Forbid it *Mammon*, ile call to them, what if a man leap'd down *Callumney*—— ile leap, may a man break his neck heat think'ſt thou.

Cal. His Neck ſcarce hurt his foot.

Clutch. Do thou leap firſt good *Calumny*, to ſatisfie my fear, a little lead me the way.

Cal. Alas Sir, I appear ſo black and horrid I ſhall quite ſcare them from you.

Clutch. Thou ſaieſt true ile call, ile call, they will be gone ere can moderately go down ſtaires.

Cal. Call, fy leap Sir—— 'tis but a ſquelch I have a kinſman an excellent bone ſetter.

Clutch. Shall I, ſhall I, *Callumny*, I can have but a ſquelch thou ſayeſt.

Cal. No, no.

Clutch.

Clutch. I but twill be a Devilſh ſquelch--- wilt thou be acceſſar y to thy good Maſters death.

Callum. You might have been down by this time.

Clutch. That I might Ifaith for ever riſing. I might have had my laſt ſquelch--- Vh , if I were ſure my legs would come firſt to ground I would not care--- well *I* will call, Son *Money*, Son *Credit*, Gentlemen whether go you.

Mo. O Father *Clutch*, no further then your houſe.

Clutch. My faithful Sons--- that *I* were within an embrace, but ile come immediately , imediately Gentlemen--- you'l ſtay a while.

Mo. Yes wee will wait you ſir:

Clutch. Open the door *Callumny.*

Cal. *I* cannot find the key ſir.

Clutch. Not find the key, dainty fine tricks, where hath your Devil-ſhip laid it, break open the door, you Hell-hound.

Cal. *I* have found it now.

Clutch. Did *I* call thee Hell-hound, forgive my paſſion gentle *Callumny.*

Exit Clutch *and* Callumny.

Fed. You are well beloved here Gentlemen.

Mo. Yes faith the Old man dotes upon us.

Act Fourth Scene Third,

Cap. HEe may be proud of yee, ye are the beſt Suitors, have craced his Houſe, ſince his Daughters entred into their Teenes.

Cred. We are men (you know) the world thinks well off.

Cap. Yee are your ſelves, the world, in ſpight of the fleſh and Devil.

Mo. You do ecclips us with your praiſe, and your affection, yeilds a partial cenſure.

Enter

Enter Clutch *and* Callumny.

Clutch. They are here still, Oh my right noble *Sons*, Son *Money* let me enjoy an armful of thee--- and of thee--- trust me Son *Credit*, my youngest Daughters sickness is for thee — and Son *Money* did your man tell you how my elder Daughter swounded in your absence--- *I* thought *I* should have lost her, nothing but your name could quicken life in her.

Mo. My Man Sir.

Clutch. And my Son *Credits* man (too) Indeed Gentlemen I am infinitely engaged to you, you are noble Lovers I see you doe respect your Ladies.

Mo. We sent no men good Sir, bethink your self, sure hee's Transported.

Clutch. True tricks of Nobility, see if they will acknowledge their good actions *aside*
But who are these Gentlemen, who are these I pray.

Mo. Two worthy friends of ours.

Clutch. Their names (I pray) I may salute em.

Mo. This Gentlemans name is *Gold*.

Clutch. Mr. *Gold*.

Mo. And this Mr. *Jewel*.

Clutch. He is in my eare allready, Illustrious Mr. *Jewel*— glorious Mr. *Gold*— you are both entirely welcome *Gold* and *Jewel*— oh for a couple of Daughters more, what a wealth *Clutch* might I bee, *aside*
I would *Bigamy* were lawful, I must enjoy these two Gentlemen, *Callumney* and I will knock our Jouls together about it Gentlemen will you draw near.

Mo. Pray lead the way Sir.

Clutch. Indeed ile follow you, nay pray Sir — Mr. *Gold*, Mr. *Jewel*--- *Exeunt.*

Manet Callumney.

Cal. How is our house enobled--- had my Master but two Daughters more, what marriages should we have M. *Money* and M. *Credit*.

Credit ('tis resolv'd) must marry the two Virgins——— say you so— but what sayes Mr. *Callumny* to that, by your leave, *Clutch* you promised him the Elder--- and *Money* like a trade Rogue you will defeat him, but mark what followeth (my aged *Signior*) he like a more cunning Rogue, hath that in practice will defeat you both--- I am strangely lost, what should these fellows be that came with letters--- *Money* and *Credit* said they sent none such--- I have it, I know I have it, (without all doubt) they are servants to these fresh *Mamoratto's Gold* and *Jewel*--- here will be some scuffling for the wenches. *I* may prevent you Mr. *Gold* or Mr. *Jewel* if you solicite my Lindabradez.

Enter Clutch.

Clutch. Callumny my best Callumny, why thus melancholly, Sirrah my Daughter dotes upon thee, upon the Devil--- *aside.* I vow she does, *I* know it-- she flouts *Money* beyond measure.

Cal. This is the preambulation to more mischeif cunning Sir, *I* apprehend you, *I* do expect *I* should encourage on *Gold* and *Jewel* to your daughters— when you are hang'd, *aside* you know the proverb sure Sir. my mean desert weigh'd with their noble Suitors must appear most worthless.

Clutch. She thinks thee honest, them but flatterers.

Cal. Well what would you Sir.

Clutch. Methinks *I* see thee walk in cloath of Tishue whilst *I* in Furres in an imperious chair, sit and prolong my hours with gazing on thee, my delightful darling.

Cal. Notable Rogue, but whats your will, declare it pray sir.

Clutch. This is day thou knowest, *Money* and *Credit* obleige their whole Estates, to me on condition I give my free consent, that they may match my Daughters, mark ye, my free consent, but if their free consents they cannot get they are like to stand the hazard, *Gold* for thee my boy— now Sirrah, oh that *I* had two Daughters more.

Cal. You would fetch over the new Guests *Gold* and *Jewel*,

Clutch. Thou art all apprehension, thou wert composed of *Craft* and *Subtilty*.

Cal. This is too hard a taske, you cannot give your consent

twice

twice, Law you know will not allow of it.

Clutch, Do thou but cheer them on, let me alone in time to work the Catastrophe, *I* have a Plot, (not altogether perfected, that shall make thee mine, ne're fear it, in the mean time, be thou their Genious encourage them, my Boy, encourage them I cannot stay, I must about my profit.

Cal. *I* apprehend the Rogue, he has given *Money* and *Credit*, his full consent, now Sir, will he marry them to *Gold* and *Jewel*, and at the last appear as ignorant, as they that never knew, and wher's my Mistress then, kind Sir expect (if you be wise) nothing from me may make addition to your happiness----- But who comes here i'l step behind the hangings.

Enter Featherbrain *and* Felixina.

Felix. What plentious happiness my soul enjoys in seeing you my wished one, nothing shall now *I* hope (if *Hymen* smile) delay our Nuptialls.

Callum. Hey day, what have we here---- sure these are Eyes, and Ears.

Fea. Sweetest it is my firm resolve, to hearts sincere, nothing so happy as the marriage hour.

Callum. Good agen.

Fea. You know my mind, lets in again your father will suspect else, I shall declare my plots to you, at large when time shall be auspitious. *Exit* Featherbrain *with* Felixina.

Felix. You are full of constancy.

Cal. Very pretty, this is one of them (as I take it) I should encourage, she hath plaid my part upon her self and given him a large encouragement-----agen. *Enter* Captain *and* Feminia.

Cap. Why pretty sweet one can thy thoughts be won to think my tongue has been the Orator of a disloyal heart.

Fem. But could you not affect my Sister dearer.

Callum. This is the second part to the same Tune what courtly Roguery may a man descern behind *Arras*.

Cap. What my friends choice, unclasp an amity in whose fair Bonds, are fetter'd nought but love and sweet indulgence, did not that claim a share in my best thoughts my Amorous Soul, creating you it's object says you excel in merrit.

Fem. Think me not loveless for my easie fear.

Cap. Indeed *I* do not.

Fem. Be wary or all's mar'd.

Cap. I'l warrant ye come, let's withdraw agen. *Exeunt*

Callum. Am *I* designed for a better end then hell, the Devil keeps no truer touch with me, Love may be thus reciprocal, in as short a Season, but such aged familiarity call's marvail in my sconce----- Oh for a Jury of Witches to find the guilt of this business out, 'tis now as the Devil my aged Signior would have it, ye shall have *Gold* and *Jewel*, to your Sons, ne're fear it, if *I* do not cross the business, ther's a business unthought off, I think of it though and will endeavour it to my power, *I*'l do my good will, Mr. *Clutch*, ye can have but a mans heart, here they are all, work work, my brain.

Enter Clutch, Mony, Felixina, Featherbrain Credit, Feminia, *and* Captain Pennyless.

Clutch, Look ye Gentlemen, this is fair inconsideration of your estates *I* give my full consent, that you may marry my two daughters.

Both, We acknowledge so much.

Clutch, Well said, *I* think you need not doubt theirs.

Mo. Theirs we are confident.

Callum. Coxcombs you are, if you knew all *aside*

Clutch, I know you do consider *I* am old. *aside*
Why I may dye to morrow,
Not these threescore years I hope, and then you will be blest with all my store, these Girls must reap the fruit of all my care.

Mo. Well, their free wills we doubt not.

Cred. O you little Rogue I have thy consent, have *I* not Spouse.

Fem. I Cadeedlo, Head.

Cred. Cadeedlo Head, those words come so prettily from thee.

Fem. *I* am glad they please you *Sir*. Clutch, Mony, Credit Felix. *and* Feminia, *whisper.*

Enter

Enter Callumney.

Cal. Sir here's, Sir here's two Gentlemen, and their wives are come to visit you, and my mistresses.

Clutch, What are they.

Callum. Mr. *Silver* the monyer, and his mistress.

Cap. Light heel, keep such a stamping, that we shall nere be able to endure the house, what's the tother.

Callum. Mr. *Hammer-head*, the Goldsmith, Sir, he has a very handsome wife.

Fea. O then by all means let them in.

Clutch, Do, do, *Callumy*, their worthy friends, and necessary members in a Common wealth, Mr. *Silver*, my illustrious friend welcome, most welcome, and couzen *Hammer-head*, let me imbrace you.

Enter Silver *and* Hammer-head, *and their Wives.*

Mo. Gentlemen pray salute your friends, Mr. *Silver*, you and *I* are familiar friends your hand, Ningle *Credit*, bid him welcome.

While they salute the men Featherbrain, *and* Penniless *salute the Women.*

Fea. Fair mistress welcome and may choycest delight, ever crown your wishes.

1. *Woman*, The like to you.

Cap. *Frank* has borded one, and I like a coward stand and fear to assault the other, but *I* am a Captain, and will fear no colours mrs. your welcome as *I* may say.

2. *Woman*, *I* thank you Sir.

Cap. Is that your husband forsooth.

2. *Woman*, Yes Sir. why do ye ask.

Cap. Because I would know.

1. *Woman*, A very merry Gentleman. *aside*

Clutch, 'Tis as I tell you Sir, Mr. *Mony*, and Mr. *Credit*, has engaged their whole estates to me, inconsideration of my full consent, that they may marry my daughters.

Silver. Why then we shall have weddings two or three at.---

Ham. Leaſt, for here's my friend Mr. *Silver*, has ſtole his Miſtreſs forth and means to marry her preſently.

Cred. Why then he's one of our rank.

Clutch, He is, but Gentlemen ſo many weddings towards, and nere a dance, come, come, each take his miſtreſs and dance, and foot it a little for the ſatiſfaction of theſe ſpectators.

Callum. Ha, ha, ha,----- are theſe your Kinſmen Gentlemen, ha, ha,ha, *I* am a little abſur'd, ha, ha, ha, pray pardon me.

Fea. Our kinſman, yes, why doſt ask.

Callum. They are a couple of crafty merchants, ha, ha,ha, they may well be confident of the conſents of their miſtreſſes.

Fea. Not unlikely, why
They are your Kinſmen you ſay.

Cap. Yes.

Callum. Whoſe Credits you reſpect.

Fea. As our lives.

Callum. I vow ye ſhould not know it elſe pray make no words on't.

Cap. Well, ſpeak.

Cal. *If* theſe two tuff blades, are of ability, they have made all ſure, i'l warrant them.

Fea. Ha-----ha, ſure prethy be plainer.

Cap. I do conjecture ſomething, the Rogues breath ſmells worſe than Garlick, it *aſide*
aſcends from the fame of ſome unſavoury ſecret, I fear 'twil choak us.

Callum. A trick of youth, and partly in faſhion, a ſlight miſtake, made uſe. O'th Bridal night, before the wedding morning, do ye underſtand me now Gentlemen------ no hurt, onely.

Cap. Foah, now 'tis out----the Devil choak thee for't.

Fea. How cam'ſt thou to know it.

Cap. Their Baud i'l lay my life. *aſide*

Cal. Very eaſily Sir, I was a Servant to them, and had good caſh to learn ſilence with many fair promiſes.

Cap. I, I knew 'twould come too't. *aſide*

Fea. Why what a Rogue art thou to diſcover then.

Callum. I but I know to whom, their friends and kinſmen, all the Devils in Hell, could not have wrinched it from me but you.

Cap. We are much ingaged to you —— *aside*

Fea. Does not their Father know it:

Cal. Not yet Sir.

Fea. Well let it go no further.

Cal. Not for a World.

Cap. Come hither *Frank.*

Captain Featherbrain *whispers* Clutch *and his two daughters*, Callumney *goes to* Money *&* Credit.

Clutch. *Felix. Feminia*, let me talk with you a little.

Both. Yes Sir.

Cal. Mr. *Money*, Mr. *Credit*, Gentlemen when must we have Gloves, when is the time prefixt, I perceive you are wel prepared.

Mo. To morrow, ist not to morrow Ningle.

Cred. To morrow, let me see to morrow, I to morrow a very fit day —— yes, yes, to morrow *Callumney.*

Cal. And are you sure you have the consent of my young Mistresses.

Cred. Sure dost take us for Asses, dost think we are now to make Sure, and must be married to morrow.

Cal. Come I know you are not sure, you have both most foolish lost your whole estates.

Mo. How.

Cal. Be these two yonder your Kinsman.

Cred. Yes.

Cal. You are sure ont.

Mo. Yes.

Cal. So sure am I, they are contracted both unto your Brides, that should be, and (let me tell you for tis frindship bids me) the old man cares not it is (in part) his policy.

Both. How.

Cal. Nay it must out, although my Masters secret conscience will have it so, do ye but mark his words, I give ye but my consent (saith he) having reserv'd to himself thus to delude you forceing his daughters privately which indeed he need not, they are themselves too willing to give their free consents to marry your rich Kinsmen.

Cred. And will my Spouse turn Baggage, is there no honesty in Cadeedlo.

Mo. But is this truth.

Cal. Why will you here me swear.

Cred. Any thing but Cadeedlo, that hellish Oath.

Cal. These eyes and ears are witnesses to their contract.

Mo. It cannot be they are married.

Cal. So am I, am I not, they married--- pist-- Ile be more open to you did not my Master tell yee, ye sent your two men to his Daughters.

Mo. I perfectly remember't we sent none.

Cal. True they were servants to your kinsman, and to my knowledge brought them letters, but as forerunners to their visits.

Mo. What will become of this is there no prevention what an unconscionable misers this.

Cal. Gentlemen, now hearken to me since I have opened the Sore I will apply a remedy, therefore (ingeniously) observe from me, allwayes come short of this, *I* have been industrious for yee.

Cred. Honest *Callumny*.

Cal. With resolv'd confidence, call them aside and in the way of frindship make known you have enjoyed the Daughters, laughing it out (like some Familiar action) or ye make your boast (as thus) that as aged as ye are) you can yet overcome young Virgins, *I* need not teach ye to bounce *I* am sure, there are twenty wayes to divulge it, swear it, rather then loose your main estates.

Cred. By my Credit (an Oath *I* fear *I* shall nere swear agen) 'tis a peice of rare Rogurie, and *I* must hug thee for't.

Mo. *I* like it (too) weel put in practice strait.

Cal. Least it be to late, they are now in consultation, be sure you bear up stifly, think on your Estates, go not a word more, lest we be observed.

Felix. Those Gentlemen Sir.

Clutch. Yes you know my mind, ile win your oppertunity.

Cap. Fy in a passion for her, let her pass, think your self happy that you know it, 'twould have troubled ye more after marriage.

Fea. Well ile do somthing.

Clutch. Come Gentlemen will ye in, your Dinners are prepa-r'd, by this *I* am sure, discourse the rest at table, 'twill make your fare digest.

Omnes Wee'l wait upon you Sir--- *Exeunt.*

Cal.

Cal. Propitious Vengeance. aid my bloody Brawls
And I will feast thy Soul with Funerals.

Exit.

Act the Fifth Scene the First.

Enter Featherbrain *Solus.*

Fea. IMpudent Slaves Joy in your sordid Acts, ~~your~~ Yee peices of Lascivious Gravity, hath Age taught you to be but wise in sin, must you be revereced cause you are become high in Iniquity, bravely Audacious, yet pardon my rash words, ye are to me my better Genious, *I* should honour ye, call ye the Patrons of my happiness for you have told me that, (had it been kept till I had wedded this intemperate Woman creature) had ruin'd me for ever, crewel woman, what *Cupids* did you see in wrinkled brows, sunk Eyes,and whithered cheeks, should make your blood with such a flame, kindle your appetite, hide me some happy mist, for here she comes would tempt another *Adam.*

Enter Felixina.

Oh my heart the killing *Basalisk* is more courteous, his visage doth pretend no less than death, but here's a ~~Ram~~ shap't in *Innocence.* Zeme

Felix. What so private : *I* have strange news to tell you.

Fea. Shee will offend no more, hath heard, *I* know it and will fain penitence (death) *I* must speak to her, though *I* perish by it, Oh divinity, defend me from this peice of beautious Magick, and *I* will be thy Anchorite--- is your news good *Felixina.*

Felix. Exceeding good to me *Sir.*

Fea. Good come to thee, is Hell and Heaven met, or is incontinency proved no crime *aside*
as our wise Sophisters maintaine ~~wh~~ good my sweet.

Felix, My *Father* gives us free consent to marry.

Fea.

Fea. Does he indeed, a peice of pleasing mischeif, *aside*
what joy have we *Felixina.*

Felix. Will not you kiss me for my newes now.

Fea. Joy so transported me I had forgot *they kiss*
Oh *Hespirides*, thy garden yeilds such fruit, that I must pluck it
though the Dragon seaze me— *aside*
her breath excels perfumes, and on her lip lies such a pleasing
warmth, might melt the souls of devout Hermets, — Oh you
dangerous sweet one, might I be promised to enjoy thee thus,
when our two souls ~~are doubled~~ to the Abiss, ide pass through
this *Elizium* of sins and bless my Temptress.

Felix. What do you mean Sir.

Fea. Nothing, why dost thou ask sweet heart.

Felix. You talk so strangely.

Fea. Indeed I do to talk of bliss in Hell.

Felix. Oh sister now I fear you.

Fea. But when must wee be married fair *Felixina.*

Felix. Do you prefix the time Sir---you will not want a Bride.

Fea. Thou wilt be shee I warrant, hum what do ye blush
would we were married now, there is an amorus flame crept in
my blood, makes every limb a wanton, prethee kiss me
agen,--- tell mee--- dost not thou *they kiss*
find a mutiny in thy blood, relish my pulss. I am not aged but
can meet thy fire with heat more active then that flames desire.

Felix. What do you mean Sir, saying heat and fire, give your
strange Dialect some Demonstration, I apprehend you not.

Fea. *Venus* will be a Nun, and preach Virginity,
Oh where should Devils get such Angels shapes *aside*
Ile tell thee then— thy beauty and my love (too
potent Tempters) envite me to that Lilly bed thy brest, where I
might banquet on thy curious body. Lets imitate the warm em-
bracing Turtles instruct each other how our Parents did, when
by their Amorous play we were create and propagate the world,
with love born Creatures, what do ye gaze on mee--- I am turn'd
Devil too, ~~Devil too~~, and will conspire with thee in loose im-
braces to beget a race of Tempters, say do I not look like a most
amorous *Incubus.*

Felix. You scare me with your words.

Fea.

Fea. But did that bosome harbour *Innocence*, thou wouldst (undaunted) hear me.

Felix. That *Innocence* protect me.

Fea. Nay fly me not, I am as bad as thee, *I* am surprized here fear it----- Oh my gross essence.

Felix. Sweet *Sir*, unfold your discontents, do you not think me chast, pray look on me.----

Fea. Oh no, thy eyes, will make my Judgment stagger, ye are all innocence in shew, but that frail man, that by your species, shall (like me) imagine some inferior vertue, shall close himself within a den of thraldomes, I did believe thee innocently good as rich in Soul, as feature, *I* did think each sentence that thy tongue did utter me some,

Prophesies of happiness, but yet *I* find
All these but spectars, to delude the mind.

Felix. Pray Sir be more particular, does my indulgence of you tell you so, or my bold love declare my Levity, was *I* too easie won, or else too free, being won too.----

Fea. Oh I, stop there, that kindness is my torment, hadst thou repulst me, with a brave disdain, when for thy love I was an Orator, *I* had become a gross *Idolator*, in paying Adoration to thy name.

Felix. Shall I not know the nature of my guilt.

Fea. *Incontinency.*

Felix. Incontinency-------oh *she swounds*

Fea. Oh me she swounds, as if within that word, lay rigorous Thunder, in me an Earth-quake is, shivering my Joynts, like (too aged) building, *I* could out sigh rough *Eolus*, what a storm vile, lust does make in calm Lovers bosoms, how like a Virgin in contented Urn, (that living knew not, what man call'd a crime) lies this *Deceptio visus*, since she is false it will be piety, to raise her to repentance, *I* am resolved, if *I* did warm this Viper in my breast, and onely have her sting for recompence, welcome my fate, she stirs, sure she'l prevent me.

Fe. Oh never wake sir, if she be false, may she thus die unpittied--- let her not have a Grave, preserve her body and vile memory, to fright Mortality, when Maidens plight their faith, and do entinge

let their wrong'd Lovers, curse my wandring spirit, who living here, was but their base example.

Fea. Bless me good Powers, how these strange dangerous words, do operate in my fidelity. I scarce believe her false now. *aside*

Felix. Sweet Gentleman (the name of Love you cancel) who hath possessed your noble spirit thus.
Faith *I* scarce think thou know'st---- his name is *Mony.*

Felix. What, the Grand Devil of Rank, *Callumney*, would you belive him Sir.

Fea. 'Twas spoke in such a way.

Felix. *If* in your brest any credulity, you ever lodg'd to receive Virgins Oaths, let mine a while appease you, and encourage that noble spirit, which you bear within you, unto an Act by my invention fram'd shall make this *Injurrer* truly confess, his words, to be gross scandal.

Fea. *And vindicate thy honour with his Death,*
How many Ill's proseeds from Sorded breath.

Enter Calumney Credit, *and* Mony,

Cal. But did you do it bravely.

Mo. For speech, and action *Rosius* might have learn'd, had been living.

Cal. And how did they take it—ha.

Cred. Very contentedly—they were not mov'd.

Mo. Made slight (as men of actions not concern them)

Cal. They are subtile Rogues, and preserv'd, all in thought yea have prevented them ne're fear it, for if they marry them, *Callumney* is your bondman.

Both, Oh noble *Callumney.*

Cal. *If* they should question more, be you still confident, remember your estates, be that your *Jenius*, I speak from my love, *I* would not have such noble Spirits ruin'd come lets be gone.

Mo. But *I* hope, they'l urge no more.
You cannot tell, be you prepar'd for't, to seem but daunted were

to

to open all, and so you may become ridiculous Beggars whereas you were in state belov'd of all, all then will reckon you but as counterfeits.

Mo. And then we are fit for no place, but new *England*.

Cal. Come follow me and be victorious.

Enter, Featherbrain, *and* Captain Pennyless.

Fea. Come, I dare swear they are chast.

Cap. Oh *I*, as vertuous as waiting Gentlewomen; who will not deny the Grooms a courtesie, to shew they are free from Pride, or they which serve antient rich Batchellors, that in their Caudles mix cantarides, to raize Rebellious Spirits, Midwives at thirty, Widdows at Nineteen, as *Hellens* Maid that wrote the Book, *De arte Venerea*.

Fea. Oh fy upon thee, thou wilt make them Monsters, come, come, follow my Directions, i'l warrant thee, we'l prove them honest Maids, ere we have done.

Cap. Will you so, i'l say you are further read in *Dialectica*, then a great many of your fore-fathers, no, i'l trouble my self no further— e'ne those that broke them, sodder u'm.

Fea. If thou dost anger me, i'l beat thee into, belief (and that's a strange kind of Rhetorick) come ~~they have~~, they have Golden Portions, think of that.

Cap. If thou dost lead me to damnation.

Fea, *I*'l be burn'd for thee, come follow me.

Enter Clutch, Felixina and Feminia.

Clutch, But do they entertain your loves, so willingly good Girls you have done bravely (my own flesh) let me kiss you both i'l make ye Goddesses, ye little wantons.

Felix. *I* Sir, but *Money* and *Credit*.

Clutch, For them let me alone, *Money* is an Ass, *Credit* his

 Ningle

Ningle, let um pass *I* have ore reach'd their Gravities; my subtilety shall make perdition, their inhabitary Mansion, me thinks I hear them curse and rail on *Clutch*, whilst *I* content me with the Foxes Proverb (better when he's curst, a ha Mrs. *Gold*, and Mrs. *Jewel*.

Fea. But ther's a scandal laid upon our fame.

Clutch, What's that, what scandalli'st, if it hinder not our ends, no matter *Mony* will buy good tongues.

Fem. It hinders our hope to marriage.

Clutch, What with *Gold* and *Jewel*, declare it, ha, with *Gold* and *Jewel*, speak it, oh my sweet hopes.

Felix. *Mony* and *Credit* (joyn'd with *Callumney*) Proclaim us both their Whores.

Fem. *Jewel* and *Gold* this hearing, casts us off exposing us to *Contumelius* laughter.

Clutch, Oh *Callumney*, thou art mischievous, and hast out-reacht me, this will bring madness on me *Gold* and *Jewel* (my illustrate hopes) banished to live in desperations desert, *Mammon* (thou God of our adored earth) why dost thou suffer such events to th'wart me.

Felix. Sir a devise (by me already fram'd, and well approv'd off) shall our humours gain and we match with our liking.

Clutch, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

Both, Yes Sir.

Felix. But hear me out Sir, these as they are rich, will not be brought i'th compass of defraud, if as our Portions you'l deliver up, half those estates, *Mony*, and *Credit* own'd, we have wrought them to ingage theirs unto you, in witness of each other, then they are ours, if this may not be done, 'tis their resolves, to leave us to the hazard of our Fortunes.

Clutch, Oh as I could wish---- i'l do't, i'l do't, where be they i'l be ingaged immediately.

Felix. In that withdrawing Room, they wait your Answer.

Clutch, 'Tis well I am contented.

Exit

Manet

Manet Felixina, and Feminia.

Felix. So this is contriv'd, to purpose, is it not, now our desires will finish (my *Feminia*) am *I* not worthy applause, be free to me.

Fem. Thou hast dispos'd things rarely bur (in brief) tell me wer't thou perswaded I would be thy rival.

Felix. By Love I was, but prethy pardon me.

Fem. Pardon thee, yes upon condition you'l return the like, I had as much of foolish Jealousie, as love could let ~~them~~ you claim.

Felix. I hope it will prevent that Plague, in Marriage I would not entertain it a whole year for more then the Worlds riches.

Fem. But are not we obedient Children, to gull our Father thus.

Felix. Heaven pardon us, 'tis not our greatest Crime, in such a cause as this.

Fem. *I hope so too, and time shall tell (sweet Madam,*
Though we made shift for Husbands, yet we had um.

Exeunt.

Enter Featherbrain, *and* Mony.

Fea. But dost thinkshe is with child.

Mo. *I* cannot tell I did my best endeavour. you may imagine how a man inspired by such a beauty may be stir himself.

Fea. *I* warrant she is a Bedfellow for a *Jove*.

Mo. Faith I would scarce exchange her, for his *Juno*, why *Nector* is extracted from her lips, her breath excells sweets of *Arabia*.

But those choyce parts, which none but *I* could merit,
Would call up heat, in a cold coward spirit.

Fea. She hath infused Poety in you.

Mo.

Mo. Have not *I* been at her *Helicon* —— now I ſpeak to purpoſe.

Fea. And is ſhe pliable in her ſports to you.

Mo. As is the Fiſh unto the Anglers bait, playes to beget deſire.

Fea. Very Wanton.

Mo. As *Leda*, in the arms of *Jupiter*, I could not think my memory could —— *aſide*
Bleſs my tongue with ſo many good words to my purpoſe, but my eſtate that does it — Oh noble *Callumney*.

Enter Captain Penniless *and* Credit.

Cap. What deſperate Vow, won her, to credit you mee thinks ſhe's nice, and very proudly coy.

Cred. To ſtrangers ſhe is, to me ſhe was, but that ſhe ſaw my faith in my great Oathes.

Cap. What were they pray Sir.

Cred. Marry Sir, the greateſt and ſureſt was Cadeedlo.

Cap. Indeed then ſhe might well believe you —— Cadeedlo quoth a —

Cred. And now we play and ſport as familiarly as puppies, I call her ſpouſe, ſhee calls me head —

Cap. A moſt firm Conjunction, her Father doth not know it you ſay.

Cred. Not yet, and I hope you will not tell Sir.

Enter Clutch.

Cap. You need not care, ſince his conſent is given.

Cred. That's all one (poor ſoul) ſhe would bluſh her ſelf to death, if ſhe but thought he knew it.

Cap. Why doe ye expoſe your ſecrets to my boſome, I am a very blab, I ſhall diſcloſe.

Cred. Will you undoe your kinſman.

Cap. Hearken to me.

Clutch. They are at it, I muſt make one, on both ſides — now my part comes in, what Gentlemen retired, I am too bold to interrupt your privacies.

Fea.

Fea. You are not Sir, pray ſtay--- are the doors to lock. *aſide*

Clutch. They are moſt ſtrangely barracaded--- *aſide*

Crid. No ſtay till to morrow, then Revel at large, I would be married firſt.

Cap. Noe. prethee be perſwaded, I would fain ſee how the old man would reliſh his Daughters forwardneſs, he knowes hot conſtitutions muſt be abated.

Mo. Break your diſcourſe off, I would not have the old man gueſs out this private deed, he is a peice of dangerous ſubtilety.

Fea. Then all is true you tell mee.

Mo If you be incredulous, ask my Ningle *Credit.*

Fea. No, no, ile take your word, as you ſhall mine, you are a peice of dam'd impiety, ſent but to teach the world Idolatry: the Peaſants wiſdome, the vain Cities Pride, the Miſers luxury, the only guide to Fools and worldlings, you were made to ſhew Hells broadeſt entrance.

Cap. Think not I am a patient Auditor, *I* am not paſſive cauſe *I* dare not Act, but keep your breath till *I* am charg'd with it, nor then prepare for ſtormes as violent, as the juſt Heavens ſhower upon impious Seamen after black imprecations.

Cred. Bleſs me theſe words are worſe then ſympathize or concur, what do you mean Sir.

Clutch. Now it works--- are ye at difference Gentlemen.

Fea. If ever you had fear, expreſs it now be not ſo ignorant as to believe, *I* will not vindicate that Ladies Honour, you by your guilded witchcraft have deprived, tell me you Chaos of confuſion, what Negromancy from *Gehenna* brought, wrought this white innocence unto a deed, black, as your ſorded entrails.

Clutch. Son *Money*, what's the matter.

Money. Alas *I* know not Sir (oh curſed *Callumny*) what is your will Sir, with me?

Capt. Thou haſt by Magick and Pretigious Charms Effuſſinated ſuch a Noble Creature, that all Excrutiations, Hell invents will be too ſweet a Guerden for the deed.

Cred. The wonderful words of man, if I know what he means more then I tell would I were burn'd pray Sir be plainer.

Clutch. How go the Squares Son *Credit*, draw, draw.

Fea. Keep my swords length Sir, they are past a Rescue, you ought to be my Agent in this Cause. *To the Captain, then to Feather.*

Mo. My purpose is to make amends with Marriage.

Fea. Is that my satisfaction, Know sir by oath she was contracted mine, and had not violated that decree, but by some (Hell wrought) witchcraft, therefore knovv no vvay but this, shall right me—if you think brief repentance can obtain abatements in your Torments, take your time, *I* vvill attend some minutes. *The Captains offer to run at Credit.*

Cred. Oh hold, take my confession she is (for ought *I* knovv more Man then vvoman, if ever *I* toucht more then hand, or—lip—Cadeedlo, there's my oath, my undoing oath, may *I* not thrive vvithout honesty.

Cap. But are you serious.

Cred. Hang me if *I* be not.

Mo. You may believe these oaths. *Enter* Clutch

Fea. Knovv Sir, vve are ingaged to your daughters, and vvill our Contracts Consumate vvith speed. But your consent is sold, to those that shall but little by it

Enter Felixina *and* Feminia.

Mo. Since you have of this, craft and that *I* see the vvomen are Auditors, vveel resign our intrest up, injoy the fruit of your ill labour'd brain.

Fea. Do you hear this Sir.

Clutch. But are my daughters contented.

Felix. Sir happiness, and these are so nere kin: enjoying them all happiness is ours, and pray Sir tell me, you that durst lay claim to that Pure Maides prize bove all earthly treasure, hath my tongue, ever been so vile to vovv any affection to you, clear me, and your self.

Mo. You might have been so vvise.

Fem. And you Sir, like an Image in black Chalk vvhat vovvs, or oaths can you lay claim to novv, more then Cadeedlo.

Cred. Oh that Cadeedlo—that had been enough for any Christen'd vvoman to have svvorn.

Clutch

Clutch, Well ſince 'tis thus, and that you are well agreed marry my Daughters, take my Bleſſings with them, be witneſs all.

Enter Callumney.

Cal. Oh curſt attonement, terror to mine eyes is all my p'otting projects come to this confuſion ſeparate your conjunctions.

Clutch, What my true Servant *Calumny*, give me thy hand, thou man of diſcontent, what think you of my eldeſt daughter now ſir-- you muſt hatch projects then—ha, look, look, ſee if Mr. *Gold*, and Mr. *Jewel* have not prevail'd, *Mony* and *Credit* were but ſhallow Lovers,—— Sirrah—ſirrah, have *I* not riches in abundance, *Money* and *Credit*, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

Cal. May thy *Gold*, (moulten choak thee.

Cluch, Not yet *Callumney*, not yet,----- prethy be more charitable, thou ſhalt have my eldeſt daughter.

Fea. Spawn of iniquity, whoſe infectious breath carries more horror to the bearers Ears, then doth the ſentence of *juſt* Radamanth, unto the black offenders---- what is this Lady falſe, ſpit out your gall, and tell me.

Cal. *If* ſhe be not, ſhe's not to old to learn, too learn, and as young ſtock, as you may have a Graft, the City keeps a Nurſery thank the Court Gardners.

Fea. How durſt thou ſpeak thus.

Cal. Oh good Sir, Fools and Cynicks, talk by Pattent, I am a fool or you had gone to wrack, with your fair brides (that muſt be) weak hearted Gentlemen wher's your eſtates, you were all, deluded Priſoners, you ſhall be till the Devils dead, (my good old Maſter, and after (too) unleſs ſome Prodigal ſucceed him which is the beſt your hopes can promiſe.

Clutch, Come Gentlemen mind him not, all he can do is rail, will you to Church, theſe my obligatory Gentlemen, ſhall be the witneſs to your ſacred contract.

Both. We are content

Mo. *I* do not envy much, my couzen *Gold* by birth doth claim preſedency of me----Let him enjoy it.

Cred. I yeild so too, *Jewel* commands his *Credit.*

Fea. We thank you Gentlemen, and are ingaged to your sublimed vertues. *they discover*

Clutch, How now what's this.

Cap. Nothing Sir, but the *Golds* uncurrant.

Fea. And the *Jewel's* counterfeit.

Mo. Hath *Featherbrain.*

Cred. And *Pennyless.*

Clutch, Daughters these are Counterfeits, shake um off, these are, nor *Gold* nor *Jewel*—how am I couzened.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Fem. As true as I live Sister, they are handsomer men now their beards are off, by ten parts (beshrew me Sir) we will not part from them, for all this, *I* love a counterfeit *Jewel* as well as ere a Lady in the Land.

Felix. Ye have the writings.

Fea. I, I warrant thee wench.

Clutch, Say you so too.

Felix. Yes truly Sir, *I* am of my Sisters mind.

Fea. The writings Sir are firm, Pray think upon the Covenants.

Cap. You shall have honest dealing of us, we will perform.

Clutch, Why these were your men.

Fea. Yes truly Gentlemen, we spoke, and pleaded for you.

Mo. They are two Prodigals, his name is *Featherbrain*, his *Pennyless.*

Clutch, *Featherbrain*, (passion of my heart) his name I do (almost) remember, have not I a morgage of yours Sir.

Fea. Yes truly Father, and *I* hope you'l return it when I have married your Daughter.

Clutch, Hell and vexation on you.

Clutch, Oh do not curse, do not curse, we'l prove true blades, nere fear it.

Cal. Oh for a couple of daughters more. *in his ear.*

Cluch, Hell take thee for a *Jewel*; how am *I* cheated set on by spend-thrifts, whose licentious games wast in a year, more then their Ancestors got in five ages.

Fea. Come rail not on us, nor disturb your thoughts, what we have been we are not, poverty the Prodigals excrutiation, hath been

been a Caveat to admonish us, how being blest agen (as now we are) we spend our time in such loose revellings.

Mo. *I would but cannot grieve, I know 'tis fit,*
Money *like danger, ought, to be us'd by Wit.*
And my presaging soul, tells me that he.
Will use his wealth as wise men industry.

Cred. I cannot speak in Golden Numbers, like my Ningle *Money*, but I mean as well, let that pray have acceptance.

Glutch, I never had (in my life) a fit so strange as this which in my bosome opperates me thinks that these attonements please me well, and all the world could not perswade my mind, to better choyces, than my Daughters make, accept them pray, with them my most of wealth.

Ambo. We thank you Sir.

Glutch, Come lets to Church, you *Callumney* I banish, you were my evil *Jenius* prompted me to deeds most vile.

Which now I do repent, and now let's in,
And may the end crown what we now begin.

FINIS.

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