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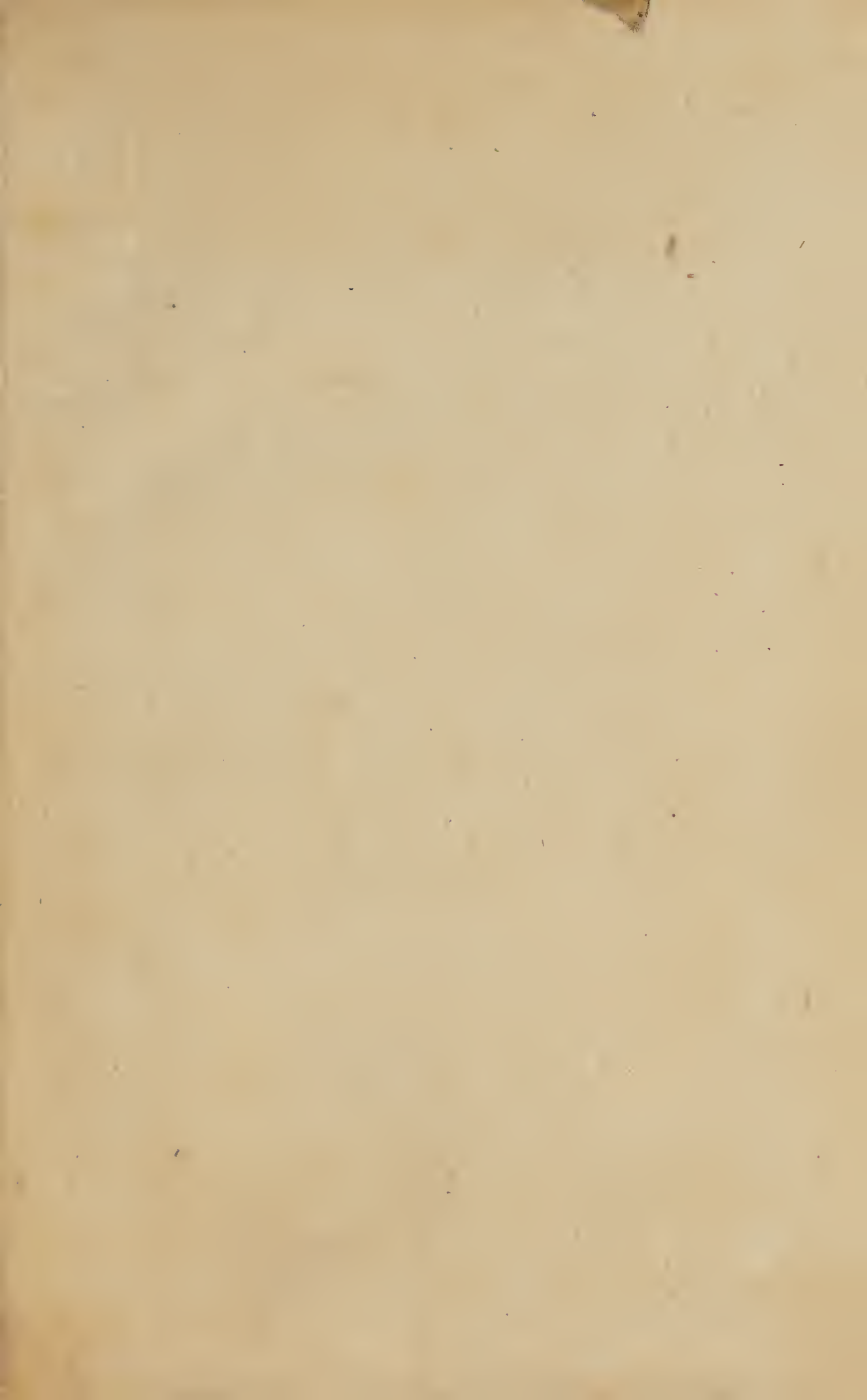


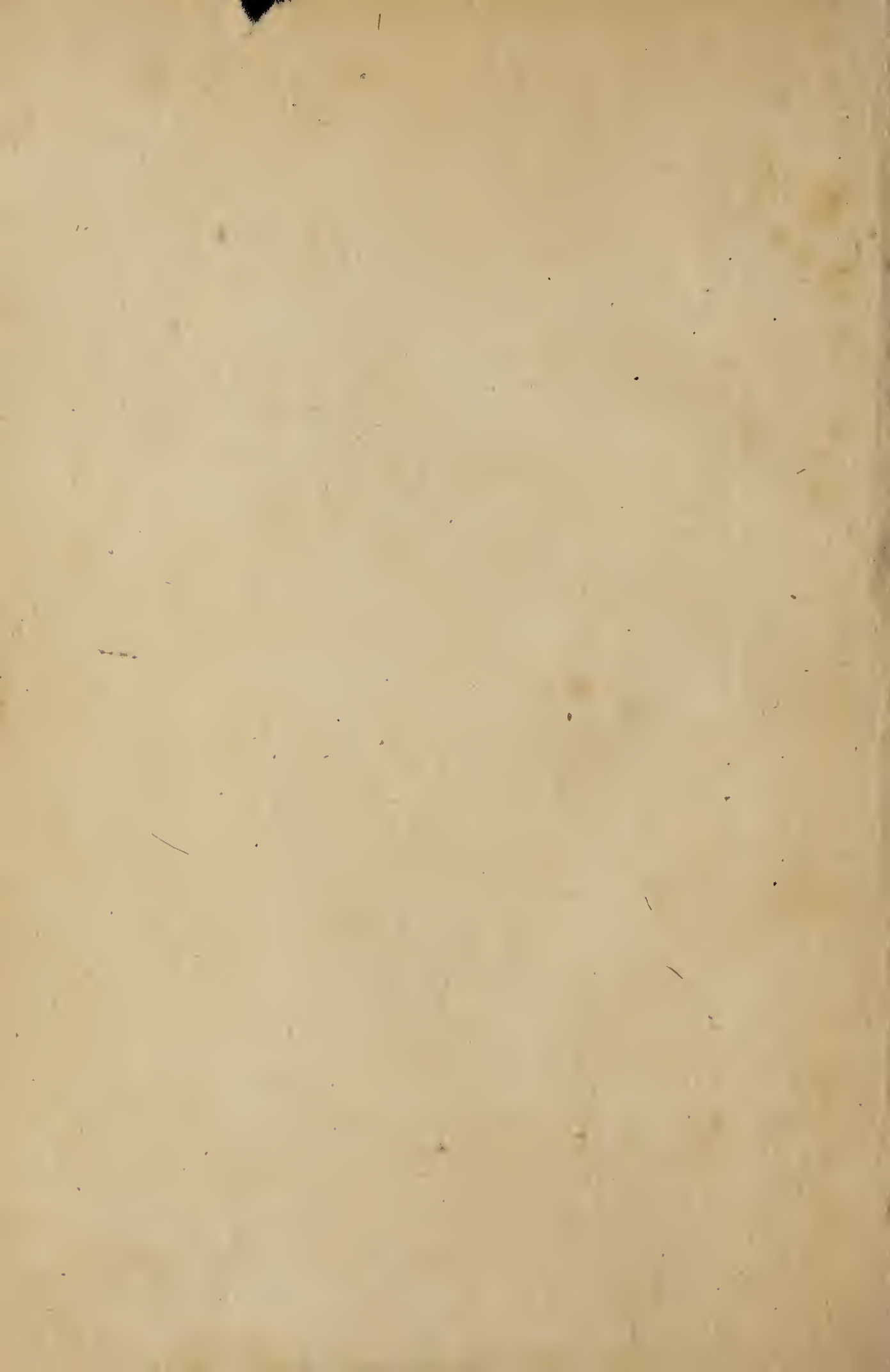
Thomas Pennant Barton.

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THE
ANTIQUARY.
A Comedy,

Acted by Her MAJESTIES Servants

AT THE
The COCK-PIT.

Written

By SHACKERLY MERMION, Gent.



LONDON,

Printed by F.K. for I.W. and F.E. and are to be sold
at the Crane, in S. Pauls Church-yard.

1641.

The Actors names.

The Duke of Pisa.

Leonardo }
Donato } 2 Courtiers:

Veterano *the Antiquary.*

Gasparo a *Magnifico of Pisa.*

Lorenzo *an old Gentleman.*

Moccinigo, *an old Gentleman that would appear yong.*

Lionell, *Nephew to the Antiquary.*

Petrutio a *foolish Gentleman, son to Gasparo.*

Aurelio a *yong Gentleman.*

Aurelio's father, *in the disguise of a Bravo.*

His Boy.

Petro *the Antiquary's boy.*

Emilia *wife to Gasparo.*

Lucretia *daughter to Gasparo.*

Angelia *sister to Lionell, in the disguise of a Page.*

Julia }
Baccha } 2 *Waiting women.*

Cook.

3 *servants.*

The Scene Pisa.

149,533
May, 1873



THE ANTIQUARY

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Lionell and Petrutio.

Lionell.

Now Sir, let me bid you welcome to your country, and the longing expectation of those friends that have almost languish'd for the sight of you: I must flatter him, and stroke him too, he will give no milk else.

Pet. I have calculated, by all the rules of Reason and Art, that I shall be a great man; for, what singular quality concurs to perfection and advancement, that is defective in me? take my feature and proportion, have they not a kinde of sweetnesse and harmony to attract the eyes of the beholders? the confirmation of which, many authentical judgments of Ladies have seal'd and subscrib'd to.

Lio. How do you Sir, are you not well?

Pet Next, my behaviour and discourse, according to the Court-garb, ceremonious enough, more promising than substantiall, able to keep pace with the best hunting wit of them all: besides, Nature has bless'd me with boldnesse sufficient, and Fortune with means; what then should hinder me? nothing but Destiny, villanous Destiny that

B

ains

chains vertue to darknesse and obscurity: well, I will insinuate my self into the Court, and presence of the Duke, and if he have not the grace to distinguish of worth, his ignorance upon him.

Lio. What, in a muse Sir?

Pet. Cannot a Gentleman ruminare over his good parts, but you must be troubling of him?

Lio. Wise men and fools are alike ambitious, this travelling motion has been abroad in quest of strange fashions, where his spongie brain has suck'd the dregs of all the folly he could possibly meet with, and is indeed more asse than he went forth; had I an interest in his disgrace, I'de rail at him, and perhaps beat him for it; but he is as strange to me, as to himself, therefore let him continue in his belov'd simplicity.

Pet. Next, when he shall be instructed of my worth, and eminent sufficiencies, he cannot dignifie me with lesse imployment, than the dignity of an Embassadour; how bravely shall I behave my self in that service, and what an ornament unto my country may I arrive to be, and to my kindred? but I will play the Gentleman, and neglect them, that's the first thing Ile study.

Lio. Shall I be bold to interrupt you, Sir?

Pet. Presently Ile be at leisure to talk with you; 'tis no small point in State-politic; still to pretend onely to be thought a man of action, and rather than want a colour, be busied with a mans own self.

Lio. Who do's this asse speak to? surely to himself; and 'tis impossible he should ever be wise, that has alwaies such a foolish Auditory.

Pet. Then, with what emulous Courtship will they strive to entertain me in forraign parts? and what a spectacle of admiration shall I be made amongst these who have formerly known me? how dost thou like my carriage?

Lio. Most exquisite, beleeve me.

Pet. But is it adorn'd with that even mixture of fluencie and grace, as are requir'd both in a Statist and a Courtier?

Lio. So far as the divine prospect of my understanding guides me, 'tis without parallel, most excellent; but I am no profess'd Critique in the Mystery.

Pet. Well, thou hast *Linceus* eyes for observation, or couldst ne're have

have made such a cunning discovery of my practise: but will the Ladies think you have that apprehension, to discern and approve of me?

Lio. Without question, they cannot be so dull or stony hearted, as not to be infinitely taken with your worth; why, in a while, you shall have them so enamour'd, that they'll watch every opportunity to purchase your acquaintance, then again revive it with often banqueting and visits, nay and perhaps invite others, by their foolish example, to do the like; and some, that despair of so great happiness, will enquire out your haunts, and walk there two or three hours together, to get but a sight of you.

Pet. Oh infinite, I am transported with the thought on't! it draws neer noon, and I appointed certain Gallants to meet me at the five crown Ordinary; after, we are to wait upon the like beauties you talk'd of, to the publike Theater: I feel of late, a strong and witty *Genius* growing upon me, and I begin, I know not how, to be in love with this foolish sin of Poetry.

Lio. Are you Sir? there's great hopes of you.

Pet. And the reason is, because they say, 'tis both the cause and effect of a good wit, to which I can sufficiently pretend; for, Nature has not plaid the stepdame with me.

Lio. In good time, Sir.

Pet. And now you talk of time, what time of day is't by your Watch?

Lio. I have none, Sir.

Pet. How, ne're a Watch? oh monstrous! how do you consume your hours, ne're a Watch? 'tis the greatest solecisme in society that e're I heard of: ne're a Watch?

Lio. How deeply yon conceive of it?

Pet. You have not a Gentleman, that's a true Gentleman, without one; 'tis the main Appendix to a Plush-lyning: besides, it helps much to discourse; for, while others confer Notes together, we confer our Watches, and spend good part of the day with talking of it.

Lio. Well Sir, because Ile be no longer destitute of such a necessary implement, I have a suit to you.

Pet. A suit to me? let it alone till I am a great man, and then I shall answer you with the greater promise, and lesse performance.

Lio. I hope, Sir, you have that confidence, I will ask nothing

The Antiquary.

to your prejudice, but what shall some way recompence the deed.

Pet. What is't? be brief, I am in that point a Courtier.

Lio. Usurp then on the profer'd means,
Shew your self forward in an action
May speak you noble, and make me your friend.

Pet. A friend, what's that? I know no such thing.

Lio. A faithfull, not a ceremonious friend;
But one that will stick by you on occasions,
And vindicate your credit, were it sunk
Below all scorn, and interpose his life
Betwixt you and all dangers: such a friend,
That when he see's you carried by your passions
Headlong unto destruction, will so follow you,
That he will guide you from't; and with good counsell,
Redeem you from ill courses: and, not flattering
Your idle humour to a vain expence;
Cares not to see you perish, so he may
Sustain himself awhile, and raise a fortune,
Though mean, out of your ruines, and then laugh at you.

Pet. Why, be there any such friends as these?

Lio. A word,
They walk like spirits not to be discern'd,
Subill and soft like ayr, can oylly balm
Swimming o're their words and action; but below it,
A flood of gall.

Pet. Well, to the purpose, speak to the purpose.

Lio. If I stand link'd unto you,
The Gordian knot was lesse dissoluble,
A rock lesse firm, or centre moveable.

Pet. Speak your demand.

Lio. Do it, and do it freely then, lend me a hundred Duckets.

Pet. How is that, lend you a hundred Duckets? not a _____
Ile never have a friend while I breathe first, no, Ile stand upon my
guard; I give all the world leave to whet their wits against me, work
like Moles to undermine me, yet Ile spurn all their deceits like a hil-
lock: I tell thee, Ile not buy the small repentance of a friend or
whore, at the rate of a Liv're.

Lio.

Lio. What's this? I dare not
Trust my own ears, silence choke up my anger;
A friend, and whore! are they two parallels,
Or to be nam'd together? may he never
Have better friend, that knows no better how
To value them: well, I was ever jealous
Of his baseness, and now my fears are ended.
Pox a' these travels, they do but corrupt
A good nature, and his was bad enough before.

Enter Angelia.

Pet. What pretty sparkle of humanity have we here? whose attendant are you, my little knave?

Ang. I wait, Sir, on Master *Lionell*.

Lio. 'Tis well you are come, what say's the Gentleman?

Ang. I deliver'd your Letter to him, he is very sorry he can furnish you no better; he has sent you twenty Crowns, he say's, towards the large debt he owes you.

Pet. A fine childe, and delivers his tale with good method; where, in the name of *Ganimede*, hadst thou this Epitomy of a servitour?

Lio. You'd little think of what consequence and pregnancie this imp is; you may hereafter have both cause to know, and love him—
What Gentlemen are these?

Enter Gaspero and Lorenzo.

Pet. One is my father.

Lor. I hear, your son, Sir, is return'd from travell,
Grown up a fine and stately Gentleman,
Outstrips his compeers in each liberall Science.

Gas. I thank my Stars, he has improv'd his time
To the best use, can render an account
Of all his journall: how he has arriv'd
Through strange discoveries, and compendious way's,
To a most perfect knowledge of himself:
Can give a modell of each Princes Court,
And is become their fear; he has a minde
Equally pois'd, and vertue without sadness,
Hunts not for fame, through an ill path of life;
But is indeed, for all parts, so accomplish'd,

The Antiquary.

As I could wish or frame him.

Lor. These are joys,
In their relation to you, so transcendent,
As than your self, I know no man more happy:
May I not see your son?

Gasp. See where he stands,
Accompanied with yong *Lionell*, the Nephew
To *Viterano* the great Antiquary.

Lor. Ile be bold, by your favour, to indeer
My self in his acquaintance; noble *Petrutio*,
Darling of *Venus*, Minion of the Graces,
Let me adopt me heir unto your love:
That is yours by discent, and which your father,
A grave wise man, and a Magnifico,
Has not disdain'd.

Pet. I am much bound to you for it.

Lor. Is that all?

Pet. See the abundant ignorance of this Age, he cites my father for
a President: alas, he is a good old man, and no more; there he stands;
he has not been abroad, nor known the world; therefore, I hope, will
not be so foolishly peremptory, to compare with me for judgment,
that have travel'd, seen fashions, and been a man of intelligence.

Lor. Seignior, your ear, pray let's counsell you.

Pet. Counsell me! the like trespassse again; sure the old man dotes:
who counsell'd me abroad, when I had none but mine own naturall
wisdom for my protection? yet I dare say, I met with more perils,
more variety of allurements, more Circes, more Calipso's, and the
like, than ere were fain'd upon *Uisses*.

Lor. It shew'd great wisdom, that you could avoid them,
Give o're, and tempt your destiny no farther;
'Tis time now, to retire unto your self:
Settle your minde upon some worthy beauty,
A wife will tame all wilde affections;
I have a daughter, who, for youth and beauty,
Might be desir'd, were she ignobly born;
And for her dowry, that shall no way part you:
If you accept her, here before your friends,

I will

I will betrothe her to you.

Pet. I thank you Sir, you'd have me marry your daughter; is it so?

Lor. With your good liking, not otherwise.

Pet. You nourish too great an ambition, what do you see in me, to make such a motion? no, be wise and keep her; were I married to her, I should not like her above a moneth at most.

Lor. How, not above a moneth?

Pet. He tell you, Sir, I have made an experience that way on my nature, when I have hir'd a creature for my pleasure, as 'tis the fashion in many places, for the like time that I told you of; I have been so tyr'd with her before 'twas out, as no horse like me, I could not spur my affection to go a jot further.

Gas. Well said boy, thou art ee'n mine own son, when I was young, 'twas just my humour.

Lio. You give your self a plausible commend.

Pet. I can make a shift to love, but having enjoy'd, fruition kills my appetite: no, I must have severall objects of beauty, to keep my thoughts alwaies in action, or I am no body.

Gas. Still mine own flesh and blood.

Pet. Therefore I have chose Honour for my Mistress, upon whose wings I will mount up to the heavens, where I will fix my self a constellation for all this under-world of mortals to wonder at me.

Gas. Nay, he is a mad wag, I assure you, and knows how to put a price upon his desert.

Pet. I can no longer stay to delate on these vanities, therefore Gallants I leave you.

Exit.

Lor. What, is he gone? is your son gone?

Gas. So it seems, Well Gallants, where shall I see you anon?

Lor. You shall not part with us.

Gas. You shall pardon me, I must wait upon my son.

Exit.

Lor. Do you hear Signior? a pretty preferment.

Lio. Oh Sir, the lustre of good cloath's, or breeding Bestow'd upon a son, will make a rustick,
Or a mechanick father, to commit
Idolatry, and adore his own issue.

Ang. They are so well match'd, 'twere pittty to part them.

Lor.

The Antiquary.

Lor. Well said little one, I think thou art wiser than both them:
But this same scorn I do not so well relish;
A whorson humerous phantastick Novice,
To contemn my daughter, he is not worthy
To bear up her train.

Lio. Or kisse under it.
Will you revenge this injury upon him?

Lor. Revenge! of all the passions of my blood,
'Tis the most sweet; I should grow fat to think on't,
Could you but promise.

Lio. Will you have patience?
Be rul'd by me, and I will compasse it
To your full wish; wee'l set a bait afore him,
That he shall seize as sharply, as *Ioves* Eagle
Did snatch up *Ganimede*.

Lor. Do but cast the plot,
Ile prosecute it with as much disgrace
As hatred can suggest.

Lio. Do you see this Page then?

Lor. I, what of him?

Lio. That face of his shall do it.

Lor. What shall it do? methinks he has a pretty innocent countenance.

Lio. Oh! but beware of a smoothe look at all times:
Observe what I say, he is a Siren above,
But below a very Serpent; no female scorpion
Did ever carry such a sting, beleeve it.

Lor. What should I do with him?

Lio. Take him to your house,
There keep him privatly, till I make all perfect.
If ever Alchimiſt did more rejoyce
In his projection, ne're credit me.

Lor. You shall prevail, upon my faith, beyond
My understanding: and, my dapper squire,
If you be such a pretious wag, Ile cherish you;
Come, walk along with me: farewell Sir. *Exit Lor. and Ang.*

Lio. Adieu.

The Antiquary.

Now I must travell, on a new exploit,
To an old Antiquary, he is my Uncle,
And I his heir; would I could raise a fortune
Out of his ruins: he is grown obsolete,
And 'tis time he were out of date; they say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne're a nose, and dotes on the decays,
With greater love, than the self-lov'd *Narcissus*
Did on his beauty: how shall I approach him?
Could I appear but like a *Sibels* son,
Or with a face, rugged, as father *Nilus*
Is pictur'd on the Hangings, there were hope
He might look upon me; how to win his love,
I know not: if I wist he were not precise,
I'de lay to purchase some stale interludes,
And give him them; Books that have not attain'd
To the Platonick yeer, but wait their course,
And happy hour, to be reviv'd again:
Then would I induce him to beleeve they were
Some of *Terences* hundred and fifty Comedies,
That were lost in the Adriatick sea,
When he return'd from banishment: some such
Gullery as this, might be enforc'd upon him;
Ile first talk with his man, and then consider.

Exit.

Enter Lorenzo, Gasparo, Meccinigo, and Angelia.

Lor. How hapt you did return again so soon, Sir?

Gas. Ile tell you Sir, as I follow'd my son

From the Rialto, neer unto the bridge,
We were encountred by a sort of Gallants,
Sons of Clarissimo's, and procurators
That knew him in his travels: whereupon
He did insinuate with his eyes, unto me,
I should depart and leave them.

Lor. Seems he was asham'd of your company?

Gas. Like will to like, Sir.

Lor. What grave and youthfull Gentleman's that with you?

Gas. Do you not know him?

Lor. No.

Gas. Not Signior Moccinigo?

Lor. You jest, I am sure.

Gas. I, and there hangs a jest;

For, going to a Curtezan this morning,
In his own proper colour, his gray Beard,
He had th'ill luck to be refus'd; upon which,
He went and dy'd it; and came back again,
And was again, with the same scorn, rejected,
Telling him, that she had newly deny'd his father.

Lor. Was that her answer?

Gas. It has so troubled him,

That he intends to marry; what think you, Sir,
Of his resolution?

Lor. By'r Lady, it shews

Great haughtinesse of courage; a man of his yeers,
That dares to venture on a wife.

Moc. A man of my yeers? I feel

My limbs as able as the best of them,
And in all places else, except my hair,
As green as a Bay tree; and for the whitnesse
Upon my head, although it now lye hid,
What do's it signifie, but like a tree that blossomes
Before the fruit come forth? and, I hope, a tree
That blossoms, is neither dry nor wither'd.

Lor. But pray, what piece of beauty's that you mean

To make the object of your love?

Moc. I, there

You pose me; for I have a curious eye,
And am as choice in that point to be pleas'd,
As the most youthfull: here one's beauty takes me;
And there her parentage or good behaviour;
Anothers wealth or wit: but I'de have one,
Where all these graces meet, as in a center.

Gas. You are too ambitious, you'l hardly finde

Woman or beast that trots found of all four,
There will be some defect.

Moc. Yet this I resolve on,
To have a Maid tender of age, and fair:
Old fish, and yong flesh, that's still my dyce.

Lor. What think you of a Widow?

Moc. By no means,
They are too politick a generation,
Prov'd so by Similies; many voyages
Make an experienc'd sea-man, many offices
A crafty knave; so, many marriages,
A subtrill cunning Widow: no, Ile have one
That I may mould, like wax, unto my humour.

Lor. This doting asse is worth, at least, a Million;
And though he cannot propagate his stock,
Will be sure to multiply. Ile offer him my daughter;
By computation of age, he cannot
Live past ten yeers; by that time shee'l get strength
To break this rotten hedge of Matrimony,
And after have a fair green field to walk in,
And wanton where she please. Seignior, a word,
And by this guesse my love; I have a daughter,
Of beauty fresh, of her demeanour gentle,
And of a sober wisdom: you know my estate;
If you can fancie her, seek no further.

Moc. Thank you Seignior, pray of what age
Is your daughter?

Lor. But sixteen at the most.

Moc. But 16, is she no more? she is too yong then.

Gas. You wisht for a yong one, did you not?

Moc. Not that I would have her in yeers.

Gas. I warrant you.

Moc. Well, mark what I say, when I come to her,
Shee'l neer be able to indure me.

Lor. Ile trust her.

Gas. I think your choice, Sir, cannot be amended,
She is so vertuous and so amiable.

Moc. Is she so fair and amiable? Ile have her,
She may grow up to what she wants, and then

I shall enjoy such pleasure and delight,
Such infinite content in her embraces,
I may contend with love, for happinesse:
Yet one thing troubles me.

Gas. What's that?

Moc. I shall live

So well on earth, I ne're shall think of any other joys.

Gas. I wish all joy to you; but, 'tis in th' power
Of Fate, to work a miracle upon you:
You may obtain the grace, with other men,
To repent your bargain before you have wel seal'd it.

Lor. Or she may prove his purgatory, and send him
To heaven the sooner.

Gas. Such like effects as these,
Are not unheard of in Nature.

Moc. For all these scruples,
I am resolv'd; bring me, that I may see her:
Yong handom Ladies are like prizes at a Horse-race, where
Every well breath'd Gentleman may put in for his share. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Leon. But are you resolv'd of this course, Sir?

Duke. Yes, wee'l be once mad in our daies, do an exploit for poste-
rity to talk of; will you joyn with me?

Leon. I am at your graces disposing.

Duke. No grace, nor no respect, I beseech you, more than ordinary
friendship allow of; 'tis the onely bar to hinder our designs.

Leon. Then Sir, what fashion you are pleas'd to appoint me, I will
be glad to put on.

Duke. 'Tis well; for my part, I am determin'd to lay by all ensigs
of my royalty, for a while, and walk abroad under a mean coverture:
variety do's well, and 'tis as great delight, sometimes, to shrowd his
head under a course roof, as a canopy of gold.

Leon. But what's your intent in this?

Duke. I have a longing desire, to see the fashions of the vulgar; which,
should I affect in mine own person, I might divert them from their
humours; the face of greatnesse would affright them, as *Caio* did the
Floralia from the Theater.

Leon.

Leon. Indeed familiarity begets boldnesse.

Duke. 'Tis true, indulgencie and flattery, take away the benefit of experience from Princes, which ennobles the fortunes of private men.

Leon. But you are a Duke, Sir; and this descent from your honour, will undervalus you.

Duke. Not a whit: I am so toy'd out with grand affairs, and dispatching of Embassages, that I am ready to sink under the burthen. Why may not an *Aias* of State, such as my self, that bears up the weight of a Commonwealth, now and then, for recreations sake, be glad to ease his shoulders? has not *Jupiter* thrown away his rayes and his thunder, to walk among mortals? do's not *Apollo* suffer himself to be depriv'd of his quiver, that he may waken up his Muse, sometimes, and sing to his harp.

Leon. Nay Sir, to come to a more familiar example; I have heard of a Nobleman that has been drunk with a Tiocker, and of a Magnifico that has plaid at blow-point.

Duke. Very good then, take our degree's alike, and the act's as pardonable.

Leon. In a humour, Sir, a man may do much: but how will you prevent their discovery of you?

Duke. Very well, the alteration of our cloaths, will abolish suspicion.

Leon. And how for our faces?

Duke. They shall passe without any seal of disguise; who, ne're thought on, will ne're be mistrusted.

Leon. Come what will, greatnesse can justifie any action whatsoever, and make it thought wisdom; but if we do walk undiscern'd, 'twill be the better: it tickles me, to think what a masse of delight we shall possesse, in being as 'twere the invisible spectators of their strange behaviours. I heard, Sir, of an Antiquary, who, if he be as good at wine, as at history, he is sure an excellent companion; and of one *Pezurzio*, who playes the Eagle in the clouds: and indeed, divers others who verifie the Proverb, So many men, so many humours.

Duke. All these wee'l visit in order; but how we shall comply with them, 'tis as occasion shall be offred, we will not now be so serious to consider.

Leon. Well Sir, I must trust to your wit to manage it; leade on, I attend you.

Exit.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Aurelio, and Musicians.

Aur. **T**HIS is the window, now, my noble *Orpheus*;
As thou affect'st the name of Rarity,
Strike with the soul of Musick, that the sound
May bear my Love on his bedewed wing,
To charm her ear; as when a sacrifice,
With his perfumed steem, flies up to heaven,
Into *loves* nostrils, and there throws a mist
On his enraged brow: oh how my fancie
Labours with the successe!

Song above.

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. Cease your fools note there; I am not in tune,
To dance after your Fiddle: who are you?
What saucie groom, that dares so neer intrude,
And with offensive noise, grate on my ears?

Aur. What more than earthly light breaks through that window,
Brighter than all the glittering train of Nymphs
That wait on *Cynthia*, when she takes her progresse
In pursuit of the swift enchased Deer,
Over the Cretan or Athenian hills;
Or when, attended with those lesser stars,
She treads the azure circle of the heavens?

Luc. Hey dey, this is excellent! what voice is that?
Oh, is it you? I cry you mercie, Sir;
I thought as much, these are your tricks still with me:
You have been sotting on't all night with wine,
And here you come to finish out your revels;
I shall be, one day, able to live private,
I shall, and not be made the Epilogue
Of all your drunken meetings: for shame away,
The rosie morning blushes at thy basenesse.
Julia, go throw the Musick a reward,

And

And set them hence.

Aur. Divine *Lucretia*,

Do not receive with scorn, my proffer'd service:
Oh turn again, though from your arched brow,
Strung with disdain, and bent down to your eye,
You shoot me through with darts of cruelty.

Ah foolish man, to court the flame that burns him!

Luc. What would this fellow have?

Aur. Shine still, fair Mistris,

And though in silence, yet still look upon me;
Your eye discourses with more Rhetorick
Than all the gilded tongues of Orators.

Luc. Out of my pittie, not my love, Ile answer;

You come to woe me, and speak fair, 'tis well:

You think to win me too, you are deceiv'd;

For when I hate a person, all his actions,

Though ne're so good, prove but his prejudice:

For flatteries are like sweet pills, though sweet,

Yet if they work not streight, invert to poyson.

Aur. Why do you hate me, Lady, was there ever

Woman so cruell, to hate him that lov'd her?

Oh, do not so degenerate from Nature,

Which form'd you of a temper soft as silk!

And to the sweet composure of your body,

Took not a drop of gall or corrupt humour,

But all your blood was cleer and purified.

Then as your limbs are fair, so be your minde;

Cast not a scandall on her curious hand,

To say, she made that crooked, or uneven;

For vertue is the best, which is deriv'd

From a sweet feature: Women crown their youth,

With the chaste ornaments of love and truth.

Luc. This is a language you are studied in,

And you have spoke it to a thousand.

Aur. Never,

Never to any; for, my soul is cut so

To the proportion of what you are,

The Antiquary.

That all the other beauty in the world,
That is not found within your face, seems vile!
Oh that I were a veil upon that face,
To hide it from the world; methinks I could
Envie the very Sun, for gazing on you!

Luc. I wonder, that a fellow of no worth,
Should talk thus liberally; be so impudent,
After so many slights and abuses
Extorted from me, beyond modesty,
To presse upon me still; have not I told you
My minde in words, plain to be understood,
How much I hate you? can I not enjoy
The freedom of my chamber, but you must
Stand in my prospect? if you please, I will
Relign up all, and leave you possession.
What can I suffer, or expect more grievous,
From the enforcement of an enemy?

Anr. Do not insult upon my sufferings;
I had well hop'd, I should receive some comfort
From the sweet influence of your words or looks;
But now must flye, and vanish like a cloud,
Chas'd with the wind, into the colder regions,
Where sad despair sits ever languishing;
There will I calculate my injuries,
Summ'd up with my deserts: then shall I finde
How you are wanting to all good and pitty,
And that you do but juggle with our sence;
That you appear gentle and smoothe as water,
When no wind breathes upon it; but indeed,
Are far more hard than rocks of Adamant:
That you are more inconstant than your Mistris,
Fortune, that guides you; that your promises
Are all deceitfull; and that wanton love,
Whom former Ages, flattering their vice,
And to procure more freedom for their sin,
Have term'd a god, laughs at your perjuries.

Luc. You will do this: why do so, ease your minde,

So I be free from you : there's no such torment,
As to be troubled with an insolent Lover
That will receive no answer; bonds and fetters,
Perpetuall imprisonment, are not like it:

'Tis worse, than to be seiz'd on with a Fever,
A continuall surfet. For Heavens sake, leave me,
And let me hear no more of you.

Aur. Is this the best rewards for all my hopes,
The dear expences of youth and service,
Spent in the execution of your follies?
When not a day or hour, but witness'd with me,
With what great study, and affected care,
More than of fame or honour, I invented
New waies to fit your humour; what observance,
As if you were the arbitresse of Courtship,
I sought to please you with: laid out for fashions,
And bought thē for you, feasted you with banquets,
Read you asleep i'th afternoon with Pamphlets,
Sent you Elixars and preservatives,
Paintings and powders, that would have restor'd
Old *Niobe* to youth; the beauty you pretend to
Is all my gift: besides, I was so simple,
To wear your foolish colours, cry your wit up,
And judgment, when you had none, and swore to it;
Drank to your health, whole nights in Hippocrase,
Upon my knees, with more Religion,
Then e'r I said my prayers, which heaven forgive me.

Luc. Are these such miracles? 'twas but your duty,
The tributary homage, all men owe
Unto our sex: should we enjoyn you travell,
Or send you on an errand into *France*,
Onely to fetch a basket of Musk-mellons,
It were a favour for you: put the case,
And that I were *Hero*, and you *Leander*;
If I should bid you swim the *Hellespont*,
Only to know my minde, methinks you might
Be proud of the employment: were you a Puritan,

The Antiquary.

Did I command you wait me to a Play,
Or to the Church, though you had no religion,
You might not question it.

Ans. Pretty, very pretty!

Luc. And then, because I am familiar,
And daign, out of my noblenesse and bounty,
To grace your weak endeavours with the title
Of courtesie, to wave my Fan at you,
Or let you kisse my hand; must we strait marry?
I may esteem you in the ranck of servants,
To cast off when I please, ne're for a husband.

Ans. If ever devill dam'd in a Womans tongue,
'Tis in thine; I am glad yet you tell me this,
I might have else proceeded, and gone on
In the lewd way of loving you, and so
Have wandred farther from my self: but now
Ile study to be wiser, and henceforth
Hate the whole gang of you, denounce a war,
Ne're to be reconcil'd, and rejoyce in it,
And count my self bless'd for't, and with all men
May do the like to shun you: for my part,
If when my brains are troubled, with late drinking,
I shall have else the grace, sure, to forget you;
Then but my labouring fancie dream of you;
Ile start affrighted at the vision.

Luc. 'Las how pitifully it takes it to heart;
It would be angry too, if it knew how.

Ans. Come neer me, none of you; if I hear
The sound of your approach, Ile stop my ears,
Nay Ile be angry, if I shall imagine
That any of you think of me: and for thy sake,
If I but see the picture of a woman,
Ile hide my face, and bre k it: so farewell. *Exit Lucretia.*

Enter Lorenzo, Moccinigo, and Angelia.

Lor. What are you friend, and what's your businesse?

Ans. What e're it be, now 'tis dispatch'd.

Lor. This is rudenesse.

Ans.

The Antiquary.

Aur. The fitter for the place and persons then.

Lor. How's that?

Aur. You are a nest of savages, the house
Is more inhospitable than the quick sands:
Your daughter sits on that enchanted bay,
A Siren like, to entice passengers,
Who viewing her, through a false perspective,
Neglect the better traffick of their life:
But yet, the more they labour to come neer her,
The further she flies back; untill at last,
When she has brought them to some rock or shelf,
She proudly looks down on the rack of Lovers.

Lor. Why, who has injur'd you?

Aur. No matter who,
He first talk with a Sphinx, e're converse with you.

Lor. A word, expound your wrongs more to the full,
If you expect a remedy.

Aur. He rather
Seek out diseases, choose my death, and pine,
Than stay to be cur'd by you. *Exit.*

Lor. If you be so obstinate, *Enter Emilia and Lucretia.*
Take your course—— Why wife *Emilia*,
Daughter *Lucretia*—— what's the matter here
With this same fellow, do you owe him money?

Luc. Owe him mony Sir? do's he look like one
That should lend mony? he is a Gentleman,
And they feldom credit any body.

Lor. Well wife,
Where was your Matrons wisdom, that should keep
A vigilant care upon your house and daughter;
And not have suffred her to be surpris'd
With every loose aspect, and gazing eye,
That suck in hot and lustfull motions?
You were best turn Bawd, and prostitute her beauty.

Emil. You were best turn an old asse,
And meddle with your Bonds and Brokage.

Lor. What was his businesse?

Luc. To tell you true, Sir, hee is one of those, whom love and fortune have conspir'd to fool, and make the subject of a womans will; His idle brain, being void of better reason, is fill'd with toys and humours, and for want of other exercise, he takes great pains for the expressing of his folly: sometimes with starts and sighes, hung head, and foulded arms, Sonnets and pittifull tunes; forgetting all due respect unto himself, and friends, with doting on a Mistris; she againe as little pittying him, whose every frown strikes him as dead as fate, and makes him walk the living monument of his owne sorrow.

Lor. I apprehend; he came a woing to thee, 'Tis so; and thou did'st scorn him girl, 'twas well done; I'll ease thee of that care, see I have brought a husband to thy hand; look on him well, A worthy man, and a Clarifimo.

Luc. A husband said, now *Venus* be propitious; Hee lookes more like the remedie of love, A Julip to coole it; she that could take fire at such a dull flame, as his eyes, I should beleeve her more then touch-wood.

Moc. A ravishing feature, If her condition answer but her feature; I am fitted, her form answers my affection; It arrides me exceedingly; I'll speake to her: Fair Mistresse, what your father has propos'd, In the fair way of contract, I stand ready To ratifie, and let mee not seem lesse In your esteeme, because I am so easie In my consent; women love out of fancy, Men from advise.

Luc. You doe not mean in earnest, Now Cupid deliver mee.

Moc. How, not in earnest?

As I am strong and mighty in desires, you wrong mee to question it.

Luc. Good Sir, consider
The infinite distance that is between us
In age and manners.

Moc. No distance at all;
My age is youthfull, and your youth is aged.

Luc. But you are wise, and will you sell your freedom
Unto a female tyranny? in despair,

Ere to be quit, you run a strange adventure,
Without percieving what a certaine hazard,

A creature of my inclination

Is apt to draw you to. *Moc.* I cannot think it.

Luc. 'Tis strange you'll not believe mee, unlesse I lay

My imperfection open; I have a nature
Ambitious beyond thought, quite giv'n ouer

To entertainments and expence, no bravery
That's fashionable can escape mee; and then

Unlesse you are of a most settled temper,

Quiet without passion, I shall make you

Horn mad with jealousy.

Moc. Come, come, I know

Th'art vertuous, and speakest this but to try mee;

You will not be so adverse to your fortune,

And all obedience, to contradict

What your father has set down.

Luc. These are my faults

I cannot helpe, if you will be so good

As to dispence with them.

Moc. With all my heart; I forgive thee before thou offend'st.

Luc. Then I am mighty stubborn, and self-will'd.

And shall sometimes eene long to abuse you;

And for my tongue, 'tis like a stone thrown downe

Of an impetuous motion not to be still'd.

Moc. All these cannot dismay me, for considering

How they are passions proper to your Sex,

In a degree they are vertues.

Luc. Oh my fate,

He will not be terrify'd : then, not to feed you
With further hopes, or pump for more excuses,
Take it in brief, though I am loath to speak,
But you compell me to it; I cannot love you.

Lor. How do you speed, Sir, is she tractable,
Do you approve of her replies?

Moc. I know not,
Guesse you, she said she cannot love me; and 'tis
The least thing I should have mistrusted, I durst
Have sworn, she would ne're have made scruple on't.

Lor. Not love you? come, she must, and shall: do you hear, huswife?
No more of this, as you affect my friendship.
What, shall I bring here a right worshipfull Pretor
Unto my house, in hope you will be rul'd,
And you prove recreant to my commands?
By my vext soul, thou hast done a deed were able
In the meer questioning of what I bid,
Were not I a pious and indulgent father,
To thrust thee, as a stranger, from my blood.

Moc. Be not too rash, Sir, women are not won
With force, but fair entreaty: have I been vers'd
Thus long i'th school of love? know all their arts,
Their practises, their waies and subtilties,
In all my encounters still return'd a victor,
And have not left a stratagem at last
To work on her affection? let me suffer.

Lor. Nay, and you have that confidence, Ile leave you.

Moc. Lady, a word in private with you.

Whisper.

Emil. Pray sweet heart,
What pretty youth is that?

Lor. Who, this same chicken?
He is the son of a great noble man,
And my especiall friend; his father's gone
Into the country to survey his lands,
And let new Leases, and left him in charge
With me, till his return.

Emil. Now, as I live,

The Antiquary.

'Tis a well favour'd lad, and his yeers promise
He should have an ability to do,
And wit to conceal; when I take him single,
Ile try his disposition.

Moc. This for your sake,
Ile undertake and execute.

Luc. For my sake,
You shall not draw me to the fellowship
Of such a sin.

Moc. I know 'tis pleasing to thee,
And therefore am resolv'd.

Luc. I may prevent you.

Lor. What, are you resolv'd?

Moc. We are ee'n at a point, Sir.

Lor. What's more to be done, let's in and consider.

Exeunt.

Enter Antiquary and Petro.

Ant. Well firrah, but that I have brought you up, I would cashier
you for these reproofs.

Pet. Good Sir consider, 'tis no benefit to me, he is your Nephew
that I speak for, and 'tis charity to relieve him.

Ant. He is a yong knave, and that's crime enough; and we were
old in any thing, though 'twere in iniquity, there were some reverence
to be had of him.

Pet. Why Sir, though he be a yong knave, as you term him, yet he
is your kinsman, and in distresse too.

Ant. Why Sir, and you know again, that 'tis an old custome, which
thing I will no way transgresse; for a rich man not to look upon any,
his kinsman in distresse.

Pet. 'Tis an ill custome, Sir, and 'twere good 'twere repeal'd.

Ant. I have something else to look after, have you dispos'd of those
reliques as I bade you?

Pet. Yes Sir.

Ant. Well, thou dost not know the estimation of what thou hast
in keeping; the whole Indies, seeing they are but newly discovered,
are not to be valued with them: the very dust that cleaves to one
of those Monuments, is more worth than the oare of twenty Mines.

Pet. Yet by your favour Sir, of what use can they be to you?

Ans.

The Antiquary.

Ant. What use? did not the Seigniorie build a state chamber for Antiquities; and 'tis the best thing that e're they did, they are the Registers, the Chronicles of the age they were made in, and speak the truth of History, better than a hundred of your printed Commentaries.

Pet. Yet few are of your belief.

Ant. There's a box of coins within, most of them brasse, yet each of them a Jewell, miraculously preserv'd in spite of time or envie; and are of that rariety and excellence, that Saints might go a pilgrimage to them, and not be asham'd.

Pet. Yet I say still, what good can they do to you, more than to look on?

Ant. What good, thou brute? and thou wer't not worth a penny, the very shewing of them were able to maintain thee; let me see now, and you were put to it, how you could advance your voice in their commendation, begin.

Pet. All you Gentlemen, that are affected with rarities, such, the world cannot produce the like, snatch'd from the jaws of time, and wonderfully collected by a studious Antiquary; come neer, and admire.

Ant. Thou say'st right, the limbs of *Hippolitus* were never so dispers'd.

Pet. First, those twelve pictures that you see there, are the portraitures of the *Sibels*, drawn 500 yeers since by *Titianus* of *Padua*, an excellent Painter, and Statuary.

Ant. Very well.

Pet. Then here is *Venus* all naked, and *Cupid* by her, on a *Dolphin*; both these were drawn by *Apelles* of *Greece*.

Ant. Proceed.

Pet. Then here is *Hercules* and *Anteus*, and that *Pallas* at length in *Alabaster*, with her helmet and feathers; and that's *Jupiter*, with an *Eagle* at his back.

Ant. Exceeding well.

Pet. Then there's the great silver box that *Nero* kept his beard in.

Ant. Good again.

Pet. And after, decking it with pretious stones, did consecrate it to the *Capitoll*.

Ant.

Ant. That's right.

Pet. And there hangs the Net that held *Mars* and his Mistress, while the whole bench of bawdy Deities, stood spectators of their sport.

Ant. Admirable good.

Pet. Then here is *Marinus* to the middle, and there *Cleopatra*, with a vail over her face; and next to her, *Marcus Antonius* the Triumvir; then he with half a nose is *Corvinus*, and he with ne'r a one is *Galba*.

Ant. Very sufficient.

Pet. Then here is *Vitellius*, and there *Titus* and *Vespasian*, these three were made by *Iacobus Sansovinus* the Florentine.

Ant. 'Tis enough.

Pet. Last of all, this is the Urne that did contain the ashes of the Emperors.

Ant. And each of these worth a Kings ransom —

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Duke. Save you, Sir.

Ant. You are welcome, Gentlemen.

Duke. I come, Sir, a sutor to you; I hear, you are possess'd of many various and excellent antiquities, and though I am a stranger, I would entreat your gentleness a favour.

Ant. What's that, Sir?

Duke. Onely that you would vouchsafe me, to be a spectator of their curiosity and worth; which courtesie shall engage me yours for ever.

Ant. For their worth, I will not promise, 'tis as you please to esteem of them.

Leo. No doubt Sir, we shall ascribe what dignity belongs to them, and to you their preserver.

Ant. You speak nobly; and thus much let me tell you to your edifying, the foolish doting on these present novelties, is the cause why so many rare inventions have already perish'd; and which is pittie, Antiquity has not left so much as a footstep behinde her, more than of her vices.

Leo. 'Tis the more pittie, Sir.

Ant. Then, what raises such vanities amongst us, and sets phantastical fancies a work; what's the reason that so many fresh tricks, and new inventions of fashions, and diseases come daily over sea, and land

upon a man, that never durst adventure to taste salt water, but onely the neglect of those usefull instructions which Antiquity has set down.

Duke. You speak oracles, Sir.

Ant. Look farther, and tell me what you finde better, or more honorable than age; is not wisdom entail'd upon it? take the preheminnence of it in every thing, in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

Leo. All this is certain.

Ant. I confesse to you Gentlemen, I must reverence and prefer the precedent times before these, which consum'd their wits in experiments; and 'twas a vertuous emulation amongst them, that nothing which should profit posterity, should perish.

Leo. It argued a good fatherly providence.

Ant. It did so; there was *Lisippus*, that spent his whole life in the lineaments of one picture, which I will shew you anon; then was there *Eudoxus* the Philosopher, who grew old in the top of a mountain, to contemplate Astronomy, whose Manuscript I have also by me.

Duke. Have you so, Sir?

Ant. I have that and many more; yet see the preposterous desires of men in these daies, that account better of a masse of gold, than what ever *Apelles* or *Phidias* have invented.

Duke. That is their ignorance.

Ant. Well Gentlemen, because I perceive you are ingenious, I would entreat you to walk in, where I will demonstrate all, and proceed in my admonition.

Exeunt.

Enter Aurelio and Lionell.

Lio. 'Tis well Sir, I am glad you are so soon got free from your bondage.

Aur. Yes, I thank my stars, I am now my own man again, I have slept out my drunken fit of Love, and am recovered; you that are my friends, rejoyce at my liberty.

Lio. Why, was it so painfull to you?

Aur. More tedious than a siege; I wonder what black leaf in the book of Fate, has decreed that misery upon man, to be in love; it transforms him to a worse monster than e're Calipso's cup did: a country Gentleman among Courtiers, or their wives among the Ladies, a Clown among Citizens, nay an Ass among Apes, is not half

so ridiculous as that makes us; oh that I could but come by it, how I would tear it, that never such a witch'd passion should arise in any human brest again.

Lio. You are too violent in your hate; you should never so fall out with a friend, as to admit no hope of reconciliation.

Aur. Ile first be at peace with a Serpent, mark me, if thou hast care of thy time, thy health, thy fame, or thy wits, avoid it.

Lio. I must confesse, I have been a little vain that way, yet never so transported, but when I saw a handsomer in place, I could leave the former, and cleave to the latter; I was ever constant to beauty.

Aur. Hold thee there still, and if there be a necessity at any time, that thou must be mad, let it be a short fury, and away; let not this paltry love hang too long upon the file, be not deluded with delays, for if these she-creatures have once the predominance, there shall be no way to torture thee, but they'l finde it out, and inflict it without mercie; they'l work on thy disposition, and if thou hast any good nature, they'l be sure to abuse thee extremely.

Lio. Speak you this in earnest?

Aur. I know not what you call earnest, but before Ile endure that life agen, Ile binde my self to a Carrier, look out any employment whatever, spend my hours in seeing motions and Puppet plays, look at Bowling-ally's, mould tales, and vent them at Ordinaries, carry begging Epistles, walk upon projects, transcribe Fidlers ditties.

Lio. Oh monstrous!

Aur. But since I have tasted the sweetnesse of my freedom, thou dost not know what quicknesse and agility is infus'd into me, I feel not that weight was wont to clog me, where e're I went; I am all fire and spirit, as if I had been stript of my mortality: I hear not my thoughts whisper to me as they were wont; such a man is your rivall, there's an affront, call him to an account, redeem your Mistris favour, present her with such a gift, wait her at such a place; none of these vanities.

Lio. You are happy, Sir.

Enter Duke, Petro and Leonardo.

Pet. Come gentles, follow me, Ile bring you to them, look you where they are.

Duke. Signior Lionell, I have trac'd much ground, to enquire for you.

The Antiquary.

Lio. I rest engag'd to you for your last nights love, Sir.

Duke. And I for your good company: did you ever see such a blinde ruinous tipling house, as we made shift to finde out?

Leo. I, and the people were as wretched in it; what a mist of Tobacco flew amongst them?

Lio. And what a deluge of Rheume?

Pet. If the house be so old as you speak of, 'twere good you brought my Master into it, and then throw't a top of him, he would never desire to be better buried.

Duke. Well said, *Petro.*

Lio. Sir, if it be no trouble to you, I would entreat you know my worthy friend here.

Duke. You shall make me happy in any worthy acquaintance.

Pet. Well Signior *Lionell*, you are beholding to these Gentlemen, for their good words unto your Uncles for you, they spoke in your behalf, as earnestly, as e're did Lawyer for his Client.

Lio. And what was the issue?

Pet. He is hide-bound, he will part with nothing; there is an old rivevell'd purse hangs at his side, has not been loos'd these twenty yeers, and I think, will so continue.

Lio. Why, will his charity stretch to nothing, *Petro*?

Pet. Yes, he has sent you something.

Lio. What is't?

Pet. A piece of Antiquity, Sir; 'tis English coyn; and if you will needs know, 'tis an old Harry groat.

Lio. Thank him heartily.

Pet. And 'tis the first, he sayes, that e're was made of them, and in his esteem, is worth three double Ducats newly stamp't.

Lio. His folly may put what price he please upon it, but to me 'tis no more than the value, *Petro.*

Pet. He sayes moreover, that it may stand you in some use and pleasure hereafter, when you grow ancient; for it is worn so thin with often handling, it may serve you for a Spectacle.

Lio. Very well.

Duke. 'Twere a good deed to conspire against him, he has a humour easie to be wrought on, and if you'l undertake him, wee'l assist you in the performance.

Lio. With all my heart, Gentlemen, and I thank you.

Duke. Let us defer it no longer then, but instantly about it.

Lio. A match, leade on, good wit and fortune guide us. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Bravo and Boy.

Bra. Boy, how fits my Rapier?

Boy. Close Sir, like a friend that meant to stick to you.

Bra. He that will purchase honour, and the name of *Bravo*, must by consequence be a brave fellow, his titles requires it.

Boy. But pray Sir, were you never put to the worst in your daies?

Bra. Who, I worsted? no Boy; I do manage my Rapier with as much steddinesse and facility, as a Vincor do's his Antler.

Boy. Sure you must needs be very strong then.

Bra. Not so neither, 'tis courage in me, I do it by a slight, an activity, and by that I can controll any mans point whatsoever.

Boy. Is't possible?

Bra. I tell thee, Boy, I do as much surpasse *Hercules* at my Rapier, as he did me in Club-fighting: have you drawn a Register of those men, that have been forc'd by this weak instrument, to lay down their lives, I think it has cut more lives than *Atropos*.

Boy. But pray Sir, were they all your own exploits?

Bra. Indeed Boy, thou maist question it; for, and they were to perform again, they would hardly be done: what will this age come to? where be those stirring humors, that were wont to trouble the world? peace, I think, will o'respread them all like a gangrene, and men will never dye with a Lethargy: there's no malice extant, no jealousies, no employment to set wickednesse a work; 'tis never a dead time with me, but when there's no body to kill.

Boy. That's a miserable extremity, indeed Sir.

Bra. Leave me, Boy, to my meditations — *Exit Boy.*

Enter Moccinigo.

Well, go thy waies, old Nick *Machivell*, there will never be the

The Antiquary.

peer of thee, for wholsom policie and good counsell, thou took'st pains to chalk men out the dark paths and hidden plots of murder and deceit, and no man has the grace to follow thee; the age is unthankfull, thy principles are quite forsaken, and worn out of memory.

Moc. There's a fellow walks melancholy, and that's commonly a passion apt to entertain any mischief, discontent and honesty seldc harbour together; how scurvily he looks, like one of the devils factors; Ile tempt him: by your leave Sir.

Bra. Ha?

Moc. No hurt, good Sir, be not so furious, I beseech you.

Bra. What are you?

Moc. I am bold to disturb you, and would fain communicate a businessse, if you had the patience to hear me.

Bra. Speak, what is't?

Moc. You seem a man, upon whom Fortune perhaps has not cast so favourable an aspect, as you deserve.

Bra. Can you win her to look better?

Moc. Though not her, yet perhaps a servant of hers, that shall be as gracious to you, and as profitable.

Bra. What's she?

Moc. It may be you want mony, there is a way to purchase it, if you have the heart.

Bra. The heart! hast thou the heart to speak, nay to conceive what I dare not undertake?

Moc. A fit instrument for my purpose, how luckily has Fortune brought me to him? do you hear Sir, 'tis but the slight killing of a man, or so, no more.

Bra. Is that all?

Moc. Is that nothing?

Bra. Some queasie stomach might turn, perhaps, at such a motion; but I am more resolv'd, better harden'd: what is he? for I have my severall rates, salaries for blood; for a Lord, so much; for a Knight, so much; a Gentleman, so much; a Peasant, so much; a Stranger, so much; and a Native, so much.

Moc. Nay, he is a Gentleman, and a Citizen of *Venice*.

Bra. Let him be what he will, and we can agree; it has been a foolish ambition heretofore, to save them, and men were rewarded for it with

Gar-

The Antiquary.

Garlands; but I had rather destroy one or two of them, they multiply too fast.

Moc. Do you know one Signior *Aurelio* then? he is the man, he woo'd my Mistris, and sought to win her from me.

Bra. A warrantable cause; shew me the man, and 'tis enough.

Moc. And what must I give you?

Bra. At a word, 30 Liures, Ile not bate you a Betso.

Moc. Ile give you twenty.

Bra. You bid like a chapman: well, 'tis a hard time; in hope of your custome hereafter, Ile take your mony.

Moc. There 'tis; now for the means, how can you compasse it? were you not best poison him, think you?

Bra. With a Bullet or Stiletto, poison him? I scorn to do things so poorly; no, Ile use valour in my villany, or Ile do nothing.

Moc. You speak honorably, and now I think on't, what if you beat him welfavour'dly, and spar'd his life?

Bra. Beat him? stay there, Ile kill him for this sum, but Ile not beat him for thrice the value; so he might do asmuch for me: no, Ile leave him impotent for all thought of revenge.

Enter Lucretia.

Moc. Well Sir, use your pleasure— Look you, here's the Gentlewoman, for whose sake it is done — Lady, you are come most oportunely, to be a witnesse of my love and zeal to you; he is the man that will do the feat.

Luc. What feat?

Moc. That you and I consulted of, kill the rascal! *Aurelio*, take him out of the way; what should he live any longer for? Ile have no man breathe, that you disgust.

Luc. Then ought you to go and hang your self.

Moc. Who, I hang my self, for what? my good service, and respect of your quiet? if he have any minde to haunt your chamber hereafter, he shall do it as a ghost, without any substantiall shape, I assure you.

Luc. I think the fool be in earnest, I must use policie, and not play away a mans life so; nay prethee sweet-heart, be not angry, 'twas but to try thee: this kisse, and my love.

Moc. Why, here's some amends yet, now 'tis as it should be.

Luc.

The Antiquary.

Luc. I am as deep, and eager in this purpose,
As you are, therefore grant me leave, a little,
To talk with him; I have some private counsell
To give him, for the better execution.

Mec. May I not hear?

Luc. No, as you love me, go.

Mec. Her humour must be law; we that are tutors,
Must deal with women, as with towns besieg'd,
Offer them fair conditions, till you get them,
And then wee'l tyrannize: yet ther's a doubt,
Is not resolv'd on.

Luc. Good Sir, be gone.

(*Mistress?*)

Mec. I vanish: were I best trust this fellow with my
Temptations may arise; 'tis all one, I am
A right Italian, and the world shall see,
That my revenge is above jealousie.

Exit.

Bra. Now Lady, your pleasure?

Luc. I would not allow my self any conference with you, did my
reason perswade me, that you were as bad as you seem to be: pray
what are you?

Bra. I am, sweet creature, a kinde of lawlesse Justicer, or usurping
Martialist of authority, that will kill any man with my safety.

Luc. And you purpose the death of this Gentleman?

Bra. I will do any thing for hire.

Luc. Have you no conscience?

Bra. Conscience! I know what it is: why should any man live, and
I want mony?

Luc. Have you no regard then of innocence?

Bra. 'Tis crime enough, he has a life.

Luc. How long have you been vers'd in this trade?

Bra. 'Tis my vocation.

Luc. Leave it, 'tis damnable;

And thou, the worst and basest of all villains,

It had been better for the womb that bare thee,

If it had travell'd with a pestilence:

What seed of Tygers could beget thee to

Such bold and rash attempts? for a small lucre,

Which will be strait as ill spent as 'twas got,
To destroy that, whose essence is divine;
Soules in themselves more pure than are the heavens,
Or thy ill boding starres; more worth than all
The treasure lock'd up in the heart of earth,
And yet doe this unmov'd or unprovok'd.

Bra. I have no other means, nor way of living.

Luc. 'Twere better perish, then be so supported,
There are a thousand courses to subsist by.

Bra. I; but a free and daring spirit scornes
To stoop to servile waies, but will choose rather
To purchase his renews from his sword.

Luc. I see you are grown obdurate in your crimes,
Founded to vice, lost to all pietie;
Without the apprehension of what wrong
You do your Countrey, in depriving her
Of those she now enjoys, as usefull members,
But killing their posterity, who perhaps
Might with their art or industry advance her.

Bra. What courteous itch, I wonder, has possess'd
Your vertuous Ladyship to give mee advice?
Best keep your wits, untill you get a husband,
Who may perhaps require your learned counsell.

Luc. 'Tis true, such as do act thy villanies,
Hate to be told, or think of them; but hear mee,
Hast thou no sence? nor no remorse of soul?
No thought of any Deity, who though
It spare thee for a while, will send at last
A quick return of vengeance on thy head,
And dart thee down like *Phaeton*.

Bra. Sweet virgin,
Faces about to some other discourse,
I cannot relish this.

Luc. So I believe, but yet,
Compose your thoughts for speedy penitence,
Your life for an amendment, or I vow,
To lay your actions open to the Senate.

The Antiquary.

Bra. Did not your sweet heart tempt me to this deed,
And will you now betray mee?

Luc. Hee my sweet heart,
I hate you both alike; that very word
Is enough to divorce thee from my pittie,
Past hope of reconcilment; for what mercy
Is to be had of two such prodigies;
Will you recant yet? speak, will you be honest.

Bra. I think you'l force me to become your patient.

Luc. It is the way to heal thee of a sore
Whose cure is supernaturall; what art,
What mirror is sufficient to demonstrate
The foulnessse of the guilt? whose leproous mind
Is but one staine, seas cannot cleanse? why, murder
'Tis of all vices the most contrary
To every vertue, and humanity;
For they intend the pleasure and delight,
But this the dissolution of nature.

Bra. She does begin to move mee.

Luc. Think of thy sinne,
It is the end apparent unto hell,
And has so many, and so ugly shapes,
His father *Pluto*, and the furies hate
To look on their owne birth, yet thou darst act
What they fear to suggest, and sell thy soul
To quick perdition.

Bra. This has wak'd mee more,
Into a quicker insight of my evils,
That have empal'd mee round with horrid shapes;
More various, than the sev'ral formes of dreams
That wait on *Morpheus* in his sleepy den.

Luc. Then 'tis a fearfull sinne, and alwaies labours
With the new birth of damn'd inventions
And horrid practises; for 'tis so fearfull,
It dares not walk alone, and where it bodes,
There is no rest, nor no security,
But a perpetuall tempest of despair.

Bra. All this I feel by sad experience,
Where have I been, where have I liv'd a stranger,
Exil'd from all good thoughts? never till now
Did any beam of grace, or good, shine on me.

Luc. Besides, 'tis so abhorr'd of all that's good,
That when this monster lifts his curst head
Above the earth, and wraps it in the clouds;
The Sun flies back, as loath to stain his rays
With such a foul pollution; and night,
In emulation of so black a deed,
Puts on her darkeſt robe to cover it.

Bra. Oh do not grate too much upon my ſufferings,
You have won upon my conſcience, and I feel
A ſting within me, tels my troubled ſoul,
That I have trod too long thoſe bloody paths
That leade unto deſtruction.

Luc. Then be ſorry,
And with repentance purge away thy ſin.

Bra. Wil all my daies & hours, conſum'd in prayers,
My eyes diſſolv'd to tears, waſh off ſuch crimes?

Luc. If they be ſerious, and continued.

Bra. You are a virgin, and your vows are chaſte,
Do you aſſiſt me.

Luc. So you'l do the like
For me in what I ſhall propoſe.

Bra. I will,
And joy to be employ'd, there's no thought
Which can proceed from you, but which is vertuous;
And 'tis a comfort, and a kinde of goodneſſe,
To mix with you in any action.

Luc. Nay more, in recompence of your fair proffer,
Becauſe you ſay, you are deſtitute of means,
Ile ſee that want ſupply'd.

Bra. Divineſt Lady,
Command my ſervice.

Luc. Walk then in with me,
And then I wil acquaint you with the project. *Exeunt*

Enter Duke, Lionell, and Leonardo, Petrutio following.

Duke. I see him coming, let's fall into admiration of his good parts, that he may overhear his own praise.

Lio. I have, methinks, a longing desire to meet with Signior *Petrutio*.

Pet. I hear my self nam'd amongst them; 'tis no point of civility, to listen what opinion the world holds of me, I shall conceive it by their discourse, a man behinde his back, shall be sure to have nothing but truth spoke of him.

Leon. Pray Sir, when saw you that thrice noble and accomplish'd Gentleman, *Petrutio*.

Pet. Thrice noble, and accomplish'd! there's a new style thrust upon me.

Duke. It pleas'd the indulgencie of my fate, to blesse me with his company this morning, where he himself was no lesse favourable to grace me with the perusall of a Madrigall, or an essay of Beauty, which he had then newly compos'd.

Lio. Well Gallants, either my understanding misinforms me, or he is one of the most rare and noble qualified peece of Gentility, that ever did enrich our Climate.

Leo. Beleeve it Sir, 'twere a kinde of prophanation, to make doubt of the contrary.

Pet. How happy am I in such acquaintance? a man shall have his due, when your meaner society has neither judgment to discern worth, nor credit to commend it.

Duke. 'Twas my happinesse, th'other day, to be in the presence with certain Ladies, where I heard him the most extoll'd and approv'd; one of them was not asham'd to pronounce it openly, that she would never desire more of heaven, than to enjoy such a man for her servant.

Pet. It shall be my next employment, to enquire out for that Lady.

Lion. 'Tis a miracle to me, how, in so small a competencie of time, he should arrive to such an absolute plenitude of perfection.

Lion. No wonder at all, a man that has travell'd, and been carefull of his time.

Leon. But by your favour, Sir, 'tis not every mans happinesse, to make so good use on't.

Duke. Ile resolve you something, there is as great a mystery in the acquisition of knowledge, as of wealth; have you not a Citizen will
grow

grow rich in a moment, and why not he ingenious, besides who knows but he might have digg'd for it, and so found out some conceal'd treasure of understanding.

Pet. Now, as I am truly noble, 'tis a wrongfull imputation upon me.

Leon. Well, if he had but bounty annex'd to his other sufficiencies, he were unparallell'd.

Duke. Nay, ther's no man in the earth more liberall, take it upon my word, he has not that thing in the world so deer or pretious in his esteem, which he will not most willingly part with, upon the least summons of his friend.

Pet. Now must I give away some two or three hundred pounds worth of toy's, to maintain this assertion.

Lion. You spoke of verses even now, if you have the copy, pray vouchsafe us a sight of them.

Duke. I cannot suddenly resolve you; yes, here they are.

Lion. What's this?

A Madrigall of Beauty.

If I should praise her vertue and her beauty,

as 'tis my Duty;

And tell how every grace doth her become:

'tis ten to one,

But I should fail in the expression.

Leon. I marry Sir, this sounds something like excellent.

Lion. Then, by your leave,

Although I cannot write what I conceive;

'tis my desire,

That what I fail to speak, you would admire.

Leon. Why this has some taste in't, how should he arrive to this admirable invention?

Duke. Are you so preposterous in your opinion, to think that Wit and Elegancie, in writing, are onely confin'd to Stagers and Book-worms? 'twere a Solecisme, to imagine, that a yong bravery, who lives in the perpetuall sphær of humanity, where every waiting woman speaks perfect Arcadia, and the Ladies lips distill with the very quintessence of Conceit, should be so barren of apprehension, as not to participate of their vertues.

Leo. Now I consider, they are great helps to a man.

Duke. But when he has travell'd and deliberated, the French and the Spanish can lye a bed, and expound *Astrea*, and digest him into complements; and when he is up, accost his Mistris with what he had read in the morning, that if such a one should rack up his imagination, and give wings to his muse, 'tis credible, he should more catch your delicate Court ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, lamp-wasters of them all.

Leo. Well, I say the iniquity of Fortune appears in nothing more, than not advancing that man to some extraordinary honors.

Lio. But I never thought he had any *genius* that way.

Duke. What, because he has been backward to produce his good qualities? beleeve it, Poetry will out, it can no more be hid, than fire or love.

Pet. Ile break them off, they have ee'n spoken enough in my behalf for nothing, a conscience; save you Cavaliro's.

Duke. My much honour'd *Petrutio*, you are welcome; we were now entred into a discourse of your worth, whether do your occasions enforce you so fast?

Pet. Gentlemen, to tell you true, I am going upon some raptures.

Leo. Upon raptures, say you?

Pet. Yes, my employment is tripartite, I have here an Anagram to a Lady, I made of her name this morning; with a Posie to another, that must be inserted into a ring: and here's a paper carries a secret word too, that must be given, and worn by a Knight and Tilter; and all my own imaginations, as I hope to be bless'd.

Lio. Is't possible? how, have you lately drunk of the hors-pond, or slept on the forked *Parnassus*, that you start out so sudden a Poet?

Pet. Tut, I leave your *Helicons*, and your pale *Pyrens*, to such as will look after them; for my own part, I follow the instigation of my brain, and scorn other helps.

Lio. Do you so?

Pet. Ile justify it, the multiplicity of Learning do's but distract a man; I am all for your Modern humours, and when I list to expresse a passion, it flows from me with that spring of amorous conceits, that a true Lover may hang his head over, and reade in it, the very Phisnomy of his affection.

Duke!

The Antiquary.

Duke. Why this is a rare mirrour.

Leo. 'Tis so indeed, and beyond all the art of Opticks.

Pet. And when my head labours with the pangs of delivery, by chance, up comes a Countesses waiting-woman, at whose sight, as at the remembrance of a Mistris, my pen falls out of my hand; and then do I reade to her half a dozen lines, whereat we both sit together, and melt into tears.

Leo. Pitifull hearted, carted creatures.

Pet. I am now about a device, that this Gentleman has promis'd shall be presented before his Highnesse.

Duke. Yes, upon my word Sir, and your self with it.

Pet. Shall the Duke take notice of me too? oh Heavens, how you transport me with the thought on't?

Duke. Ile bring you to him, beleeeve me, and you know not what grace he may do you.

Pet. 'Tis a happinesse beyond mortals: I cannot tell, it may be my good fortune to advance you all.

Lio. We shall be glad to have dependance on you.

Pet. Gentle I would entreat you a courtesie.

Duke. What's that Signior?

Pet. That you would all be pleas'd to grace my lodging to morrow at a Banquet, there will be Ladies and Gallants; and among the rest, Ile send to invite your Uncle the Antiquary, and wee'l be very merry, I assure you.

Leo. Well Sir, your bounty commands us not to fail you.

Pet. Bounty! there's a Memorandum for me; in the mean time, pray accept these few favours at my hands, as assurances that you will not fail me; till when, I take my leave. *Exit.*

Lio. Farewell Sir, go thy waies, thou hast ee'n as dull a piece of scalp, as e're covered the brain of any traveller.

Duke. For loves sake, *Lionell*, let's haste to thy Uncle, before the coxcomb prevent us.

Lio. Why Sir, I stay for you.

Leo. Has *Petro* prepar'd him for your entrance? and is your disguise fit?

Lio. I have all in a readinesse.

Duke. On then, and when you are warm in your discourse, wee'l come

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come with our device to affright him: 'twill be an excellent scene of affliction.

Leon. Be sure you mark your Cue, Sir, and do not fail to approach.

Duke. Trust to my care, I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio and Servant.

Aur. A Gentlewoman without speak with me, say you?

Ser. Yes Sir, and will by no means be put back.

Aur. I am no Lawyer, nor no Secretary: what businesse can she have here, I wonder?

Ser. She is very importunate to enter.

Aur. I was once in the humour, never to admit any of them to come neer me again; but since she is so eager, let her approach: Ile try my strength, what proof 'tis against her enchantments; if ever *Ulysses* were more provident, or better arm'd to sail by the Sirens, Ile perish if she have the art to impose upon me, let her beg my wit for an Anatomy, and dissect it——

Enter Lucretia.

Now Lady *Humour*, what new motion in the blood has turn'd the tide of your fancie, to come hither?

Luc. These words are but unkinde salutes to a Gentlewoman.

Aur. They are too good for you, with what face dare you approach hither, knowing how infinitely you have abus'd me? you want matter to exercise your wits on, the world's too wise for you, and e're you in-snare me again, you have good luck.

Luc. Pray Sir, do not reiterate those things which might better be forgotten; I confesse I have done ill, because I am a woman, and yong, and 'twill be noblensse in you, not to remember it.

Aur. Ile sooner plow up shore and sow it, and live in expectation of a crop, before Ile think the least good from any of your sex, while I breathe again.

Luc. I hope, Sir, that time and experience will rectifie your judgment, to a better opinion of us.

Aur. Ile trust my ship to a storm, my substance to a broken Citizen, e're Ile credit any of you.

Luc. Good Sir, be intreated, I come a penitent Lover, with a vow'd Recantation to all former practices, and malicious endeavours, that I have wrought against you.

Aur. How can I think better of you, when I consider your nature,
your

your pride, your treachery, your covetousnesse, your lust; and how you commit perjury, easier than speak.

Luc. Sure 'tis no desert in us, but your own misguided thoughts, that move in you this passion.

Ant. Indeed, time was, I thought you pretty foolish things to play withall; and was so blinded, as to imagine, that your hearts were golden threds, that your eyes darted forth beams, that laughter sat smiling on your lips, and the Currall it self look'd pale to them; that you mov'd like a goddesse, and diffus'd your pleasures wide as the ayr: then could I prevent the rising Sun to wait on you, observ'd every nod you cast forth, had the patience to hear your discourse, and admir'd you, when you talk'd of your visits, of the Court, of Counsels, of Nobility, and of your Ancestors.

Luc. And were not these pleasing to you?

Ant. Nothing but a heap of tortures: but since I have learn'd the Delphick Oracle, to know my self, and ponder what a deal of mischief you work, I am content to live private and solitary, without any pensive thought, what you do, or what shall become of you.

Luc. Sir, if you calculate all occasions, I have not merited this neglect from you.

Ant. Yes, and more; do you not remember what tasks you were wont to put me to, and expences? when I bestow'd on you gowns and petticoats, and you in exchange, gave me bracelets and shoe-ties? how you fool'd me sometimes, and set me to pin pleats in your Ruff, two hours together, and made a waiting frippery of me? how you rack'd my brain, to compose verses for you, a thing I could never abide? nay, in my conscience, and I had not took courage, you had brought me to spin, and beat me with your slippers.

Luc. Well Sir, I perceive you are resolv'd to hear no reason; but before my sorrowfull departure, know, she that you slight, is the preserver of your life; therefore I dare be bold to call you Ingrate, and in that I have spoke all that can be ill in man.

Ant. Pray stay, come back a little.

Luc. Not till you are better temper'd: what I have reveal'd, is true; and though you prove unthankfull, good deeds reward themselves, the conscience of the fact shall pay my vertue; so I leave you. *Exit.*

Ant. That I should owe my life to her! which way, I wonder?

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something depends on this, I must win out, well I will not forswear it, but the toy may take me in the head, and I may see her. *Exit.*

Enter Antiquary and Petro.

Ant. Has he such rare things say you?

Pet. Yes Sir, I beleeve you have not seen the like of them, they are a couple of old Manuscripts, found in a wall, and stor'd up with the foundation, it may be they are the writings of some Prophetesse.

Ant. What moves you to think so *Petro*?

Pet. Because Sir the characters are so imperfect, for time has eaten out the letters, and the dust makes a parenthesis betwixt every syllable.

Ant. A shrewd convincing argument; this fellow has a notable reach with him, goe, bid him enter, a hundred to one some fool has them in possession, that knows not their value, it may be a man may purchase them for little or nothing —

Enter Lionell like a Scholar with two books.

Come neer friend, let me see what you have there; umh, 'tis as I said, they are of the old Roman binding, what's the price of these?

Lio. I would be loath Sir, to sell them under rate, onely to merit laughter for my rashnesse, therefore I thought good to bestow them on you, and referre my self to your wisdome and free nature for my satisfaction.

Ant. You say well, then am I bound again in conscience to deal justly with you, will five hundred Crowns content you?

Lio. He demaund no more Sir.

Ant. *Petro* see them deliver'd; now I need not fear to tell you what they are: this is a book *de Republica*, 'tis *Marcus Tullius Cicero's* own hand writing, I have some other books of his penning, give me assurance of it.

Pet. And what's the other Sir?

Ant. This other is a book of Mathematicks that was long lost in darknesse, and afterwards restor'd by *Pro'omy*.

Lio. I wonder Sir, unlesse you were times secretary, how you should arrive to this intelligence.

Ant. I know it by more then inspiration, you had them out of a wall you say.

Lio. Yes Sir.

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Ant. Well then, how ever you came by them, they were first brought to *Venice* by *Cardinall Girmannus* a Patriarck, and were digg'd out of the ruins of *Aquileya*, after it was sack'd by *Attila* King of the *Lio*. This to me is wonderfull. (Hunnes.

Ant. *Petro*, I mean to retire, and give my self wholly to contemplation of these studies; and because nothing shall hinder me, I mean to lease out my Lands, and live confin'd; enquire me out a chapman that will take them of me.

Lio. If you please to let them, Sir, I will help you to a tenant.

Ant. Will you, Sir? with all my heart, and Ile afford him the better bargain for your sake.

Pet. He may pay the rent with counters, and make him beleve they are Antiquities.

Ant. What's the yeerly rent of them, *Petro*?

Pet. They have been rack'd, Sir, to three thousand crowns, but the old rent was never above fifteen hundred.

Ant. Go too, you have said enough, Ile have no more than the old rent; name your man, and the Indentures shall be drawn.

Lion. Before I propole that Sir, I thought good to acquaint you with a specialty I found among other writings, which having a seal to it, and a name subscrib'd, do's most properly belong to you.

Ant. Let me see it; what's here, Signior *Iovanno Veterano, de Monte Nigro*, he was my great Grandfather, and this is an old debt of his, that remains yet uncancell'd; you could never have pleas'd me better to my cost, this ought in conscience to be discharg'd, and Ile see it satisfied, the first thing I do; come along.

Pet. Will you afford your Nephew, no exhibition out of your estate, Sir?

Ant. Not a Sol, not a Gazet, I have Articles to propose before the Senate, shall disinherit him?

Lio. Have you Sir? not justly, I hope; pray what are they?

Ant. One of them is, he sent me Letters beyond sea, dated *Seile*

Lio. That was a great oversight. (Novo.

Ant. Then you remember, *Petro*, he took up commodities, new fashion'd stuffs, when he was under age too, that he might cozen his creditors. *Pet.* Yes Sir.

Ant. And afterwards found out a new way to pay them too.

The Antiquary.

Lio. He serv'd them but in their kind Sir, perhaps they meant to have cheated him,

Ant. 'Tis all one, I'll have no such practises; but the worst of all, one time when I found him drunk, and chid him for his vice, he had no way to excuse himself, but to say he would become a new man.

Lio. That was hainously spoken indeed.

Ant. These are sufficient aggravations to any one that shall understand my honour.

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Duke. Save you Sir.

Ant. These Gentlemen shall be witnesses to the bonds, you are very

Duk. I hardly beleve it, when you heare our message. (welcome.

Ant. Why? I beseech you.

Duke. I am sorry to be made the unkind instrument to wrong you, but since 'tis a task impos'd from so great a command, I hope you will the easier be induc'd to dispence with me.

Ant. Come neerer to your aime, I understand you not.

Duke. Then thus Sir, the Duke has been inform'd of your rarities, and holding them an unfit treasure for a private man to possesse, he hath sent his mandamus to take them from you. See, heer's his hand for the delivery.

Ant. Oh, oh.

Leo. What ailes you Sir?

Ant. I am struck with a sodain sicknesse, some good man help to keep my soul in that is rushing from me, and will by no means be intreated to continue.

Lio. Pray Sir be comforted.

Ant. Comfort, no, I despise it, he has given me daggers to my heart.

Leo. Shew your self a man Sir, and contemn the worst of fortune.

Ant. Good Sir, could not you have invented a lesse studied way of torture to take away my life?

Duke. I hope 'twill not work so deeply with you.

Ant. Nay, and 'twould stop there, 'twere well, but 'tis a punishment will follow me after death and afflict me worse than a fury.

Leo. I much pittie the Gentlemans case.

Ant. Think what 'tis to loose a son, when you have brought him up, or after a seven yeers voyage, to see your ship sunck in the harbour.

Duke. 'Twere a wofull spectacle indeed.

Ant

Ant. They are but ticklings to this, I have been all my life a gathering what I must now lose in a moment; the sacking of a city, is nothing to be compar'd with it.

Leon. And that's lamentable.

Ant. 'Twill but onely give you a light to conceive of my misery.

Lion. Pray Sir, be not importunate to take them this time, but try rather, if by any means you can revoke the Decree.

Duke. 'Twill be somewhat dangerous, but for your sake, Ile try.

Ant. Shall I hope any comfort? and upon my credit, Gentlemen, Ile appoint you all mine heirs, so soon as I am dead.

Duke. You speak nobly.

Ant. Nay, and because you shall not long gape after it, Ile dye within a moneth, and set you down all joynt Executors.

Lion. But when you are freed from the terrour of his imposition, will you not recant?

Ant. Nay, and you doubt me, walk along, and Ile confirm't upon you instantly.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Emilia, and Angelia.

Emil. **W**Hy, gentle Boy, think what a happy blisse
Thou shalt enjoy, before thou know'st what 'tis.

Ang. 'Twill be a dear experiment, to waste
My prime, and flower of youth, and suffer all
Those liquid sweets to be extracted from me,
By the hot influence of consuming lust:
Onely to finde, how well you can expresse
What skilfull arts are hid in wickednesse.

Em. Thou dream'st, fond Boy, those sweets of youth and beauty,
Were lent, to be employ'd upon their like;
And when they both do meet, and are extinguish'd,
From their mixt heat, a rich perfume shall rise,
And burn to love, a gratefull sacrifice.

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Ang. But Ile not be so prodigall, to lavish
Such gifts away, that be irrevocable,
And yet the first that leave us.

Æm. 'Twill be ne're exacted,
How soon you have bestow'd them, but how well:
What good or profit can a hidden treasure
Do more, than feed the misers greedy eye?
When, if 'twere well bestow'd, it might enrich
The owner, and the user of it; such
Is youth, and Natures bounty, that receive
A gain from the expence: but, were there none
But a meer damage, yet the pleasure of it,
And the delight, would recompence the losse.

Ang. What e're the pleasure be, or the delight,
I am too yong, not plum'd for such a flight.

Æm. Too yong! a poor excuse; alas, your will
Is weaker than your power: no one can be
Too yong to learn good arts; and for my part,
I am not taken with a boysterous sinew,
A brawny limb, or back of *Hercules*;
But with a soft delicious beauty; such
As people, looking on his doubtfull sex,
Might think him male or female.

Ang. I cannot blame
These just Italians, to lock up their wives,
That are so free and dissolute; they labour,
Not with their country's heat, more than their own.
Will you be satisfi'd? I am too yong.

Æm. Too yong, I like you the better; there is a price
Due to the early Cherry: the first Apples
Deserve more grace; the budding rose is set by;
But stale, and fully blown, is left for vulgars
To rub their sweaty fingers on. Too yong!
As well you may affirm the tender tree
Too yong to graft upon, or you may say,
The rising Sun's too yong to court the day.

Ang. But there are bonds, *Hymen* has laid upon you,

Keep us asunder.

Æm. Those are onely toyes,
Shadows, meer apparitions of doubt
To affright children: do but yield unto me,
My arms shall be thy sphær to wander in,
Circled about with spels to charm these fears;
And when thou sleep'st, *Cupid* shall crown thy slum-
With thousand shapes of lustfull dalliance, (bers.
Then will I bathe thee in Ambrosia,
And from my lips distill such Nectar on thee,
Shall make thy flesh immortall.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now wife, is this your exercise?
Wife did I say? stain of my blood and issue,
The great Antipathy unto my nature,
Courting your Paramour; death to my honour,
What have I seen and heard? curse of my fate!
Would I had first been deaf, or thou struck dumb,
Before this Gorgon, this damn'd vision
Have numm'd my faculties.

Æm. What have you seen
Or heard, more than a Dialogue I read
This morning in a book?

Lor. Would thou and that book
Were both burnt for Hereticks; you geniall powers,
Why did you send this serpent to my bosome,
To pierce me through with greater cruelty,
Than *Cleopatra* felt from stings of Adders?
Hence from my sight, thou venom to my eyes,
Would I could look thee dead, or with a frown,
Dissect thee into Atomes, and then hurl them
About the world, to cast infection,
And blister all they light on.

Æm. You are mad, and rave without a cause.

Lor. Oh heavens! she means
To justifie her sin; can't thou redeem
Thy lost fame, and my wrongs?

Exit.

Emil. No Sir, Ile leave you,
You are too passionate.

Ang. Pray Sir be satisfi'd, we meant no hurt.

Lor. What charm held back my hand, I did not let
Her foul blood out? then throw't into the air,
Whence it might mount up to the higher region,
And there convert into some fearfull Meteor,
To threaten all her kindred. Stay, sweet childe,
For thou art vertuous, yet go however,
Thou put'st me in remembrance of some ill. *Exit.*

Diana blush *Aetion* to a Stag?

What shall Lust do? Chastity made horns!

I shall be grafted with a horrid pair,

And between every branch, a written scrowl

Shall speak my shame, that Foot-boys shall discern it,

And Saylers reade it as they passe along:

If I bear this, I have no soul nor spleen,

I must invent some mischief; smallest cares

Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are. *Exit.*

Enter Emilia.

Em. What have I done? that with a clew of lust,

Have wrought my self in such a Labyrinth,

Whence I shall ne're get free: there is no wrong,

Like to the breach of wedlock, those injuries

Are writ in Marble, Time shall ne're rase out;

The hearts of such, if they be once divided,

Will ne're grow one again; sooner you may

Call the spent day, or bid the stream return,

That long since slid beside you: I am lost,

Quite forfeited to shame, which till I felt,

I ne're foresaw, so was the lesse prepar'd,

But yet they say, a womans wit is sudden,

And quick at an excuse; I was too foolish,

Had he confounded heaven and earth with oaths,

I might have sworn him down, or wept so truly,

That he should sooner question his own eyes,

Than my false tears; this had been worth the acting,

The Antiquary.

Or else I might have stood to the defence on't,
Been angry, and took a courage from my crimes;
But I was tame and ignorant.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Save you Lady.

Æm. Oh Signior Lionell, you have undone me.

Lio. Who I! which way?

Æm. The boy you brought my husband.

Lor. I; what of him?

Æm. He is a witch, a thief;

That has stoln all my honours, his smooth visage

Seem'd like to a Sea becalm'd, or a safe harbour,

Where love might ride securely, but was found

A dangerous quick-land, wherein are perish'd

My hopes and fortunes, by no art or engine

To be weigh'd up again.

Lio. Instruct me how.

Æm. Teach me the way then that I may relate

My own ill story, with as great a boldnesse

As I did first conceive, and after act it;

What wicked error lead my wandring thoughts

To gaze on his false beauty, that has prov'd

The fatall minute of my minds first ruine?

Shall I be briefe?

Lio. What else.

Æm. How can I speak

Or plead with hope, that have so foul a cause!

Lio. You torture me too much; the fear of evill

Is worse then the event.

Æm. Then, though my heart

Abhorre the memory, Ile tell it out;

The boy I mention'd (what ever power

Did lay on me so sad a punishment)

I did behold him with a lustfull eye,

And which is the perfection of sinne,

Did woe him to my will.

Lio. Well, what of that?

You are not the first offender in that kinde.

Æm. My suit no sooner ended, but came in
My jealous husband.

Lio. That was something indeed.

Æm. Who overheard us all.

Lio. A shrewd mischance.

Æm. Judge with what countenance he did behold
Or I view him, that had so great a guilt (me,
Hang on my brow; my looks and hot desire
Both fell together: whil'st he big with anger,
And swoln high with revenge, hafts from my presence
Onely to study how to inflict some torture,
Which I stay to expect, and here you see
The suffering object of his cruelty.

Lio. Methinks it were an easie thing for one
That were ingenious, to retort all
On his own head, and make him ask forgiveness.

Æm. That would be seen indeed.

Lio. I have been fortunate
In such turns in my daies.

Æm. Could you do this,
I'de swear you had more wit than *Mercury*,
Or his son *Ancolicus*, that was able
To change black into white.

Lio. Do not despair,
I have a *genius* was ne're false to me;
If he should fail me now in these extreams,
I would not onely wonder, but renounce him;
He tels me something may be done, be rul'd:
And if I plot not so, to make all hit,
Then you shall take the morgage of my wit.

Æm. However Sir, you speak comfortably. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio above, Duke and Leonardo over the Stage.

Aur. Good morrow Gentlemen; what, you are for the feast, I
perceive.

Duke. Master *Aurelio*, good morrow to you; whose chamber's this
I pray?

The Antiquary.

Aur. My own Sir, now, I thank ill fortune, and a good wife.

Duke. What, are you married, and your friends not preacquainted, this will be constru'd amongst them.

Aur. A stoln wedding, Sir; I was glad to apprehend any occasion, when I found her enclining: wee'l celebrate the solemnities hereafter, when there shall be nothing wanting to make our *Hymen* happy, and flourishing.

Leon. In good time, Sir; who is your Spouse, I pray?

Aur. Marry Sir, a creature, for whose sake I have endured many a heat and cold, before I could vanquish her; she has prov'd one of *Hercules* labours to me, but Time that persits all things, made my long toil and affection both successfull; and in brief, 'tis Mistris *Lucretia*, as very a haggard as ever was brought to fist.

Duke. Indeed, I have often heard you much complain of her coy-ness and disdain; what auspicious charm has now reconcil'd you together?

Aur. There is, Sir, a criticall minute in every mans wooing, when his Mistris may be won, which if he carelessly neglect to prosecute, he may wait long enough before he gain the like opportunity.

Leon. It seems, Sir, you have lighted upon't, we wish you much joy in your fair choise.

Aur. Thank you Gentlemen, and I to either of you no worse fortune; but that my wife is not yet risen, I would entreat you take the pains come up and visit her.

Duke. No Sir, that would be uncivill, wee'l wait some fitter occasion to gratulate your rites: good morrow to you. *Exit.*

Aur. Your servant! nay, lye you still, and dare not so much as prof- to mutter, for if you do, I vanish; now, if you will revolt, you may ave laid a stain upon your honour, which you shall wash off as ll as you can. *Enter Lucretia.*

uc. Was this done like a Gentleman, or indeed like a true Lover, ring my name in question, and make me no lesse than your whore, I ever married to you? speak.

ur. No, but you may when you please.

uc. Why were you then so impudent, to proclaim such a falshood, I say I was your wife, and that you had lain with me, when 'twas such matter.

The Antiquary.

Aur. Because I meant to make you so, and no man else should do it.

Luc. S'light, this is a device to over-reach a woman with; he has madded me, and I would give a hundred crowns I could scould out my anger.

Aur. Come, there's no injury done to you, but what lyes in my power to make whole agen.

Luc. Your power to make whole? He have no man command me so far; what can any lawfull Jury judge of my honesty, upon such proofs as these, when they shall see a Gentleman making himself ready so early, and saluting them out of the chamber? whether (like a false man) thou hast stoln in by the bribery of my servant, is this no scandall?

Aur. 'Twas done on purpose, and I am glad my inventions thrive, therefore do not stand talking, but resolve.

Luc. What should I resolve?

Aur. To marry me, for the safeguard of your credit, and that suddenly; for I have made a vow, that unlesse you will do it without delay, He not have you at all.

Luc. Some Politician counsell me; there's no such torment to a woman, though she affect a thing never so earnestly, yet to be forc'd to it.

Aur. What, are you agreed?

Luc. Well, you are a tyrant, leade on; what must be, must be, but if there were any other way in the earth, to save my reputation, I'd never have thee.

Aur. Then I must do you a courtesie against your will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Petrino and Cook.

Pet. Come honest cook, let me see how thy imagination has wrought as well as thy fingers, and what curiosity thou hast shown in the preparation of this banquet; for, gluttoning delights to be ingenious.

Cook. I have provided you a feast, Sir, of twelve dishes, whereof each of them is an Emblem of one of the twelve signes in the Zodiack.

Pet. Well said, who will now deny that Cookery is a mysterie?

Cook. Look you Sir, there's the List of them.

Pet. *Aries, Taurus, Gemini*; good:

For *Aries*, a dish of Lamb stones and sweet breads;

For *Taurus*, a surloyn of Beef;

For *Gemini*, a brace of Pheasants.

For *Cancer*, a butter'd Crab.

For *Libra*, a Ballance, in one scale a Custard, in the other a Tart, that's a dish for an Alderman.

For *Virgo*, a green Sallet.

For *Scorpio*, a grand one.

For *Sagittarius*, a Pasty of venison.

For *Aquarius*, a Goose.

For *Pisces*, two Mulletts: is that all?

Cook. Reade on, Sir.

Pet. And in the middle of the Table, to have an artificall Hen made of puffpaste, with her wings display'd, sitting upon Eggs compos'd of the same materials, where in each of them shall be enclosed a fat Nightingale, well season'd with Pepper and Ambergreece: so then will I adde one invention more of my own; for, I will have all these descend from the top of my roof, in a Throne, as you see *Cupid* or *Mercury* in a Play.

Cook. That will be rare indeed, Sir.

Exit.

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Pet. See, the guests are come; go, and make all ready. Gentles, you are welcome.

Duke. Is the Antiquary arriv'd, or no; can you tell, Sir?

Pet. Not yet, but I expect him each minute —

Enter Antiquary.

See, your word has charm'd him hither already.

Duke. Signior, you are happily encountred, and the rather, because I have good news to tell you; the Duke has been so gracious, as to release his demand for your Antiquities.

Ant. Has he? you have fill'd me all over with spirit, with which I will mix sixteen glasses of wine, to his health, the first thing I do; would I knew his Highnesse, or had a just occasion to present my loyalty at his feet.

Duke. For that, take no thought, it shall be my care to bring you, and Signior *Petrucio* here, both before him: I have already acquainted him with both your worths, and for ought I can gather by his speech, he intends to do you some extraordinary honours; it may be he will make one a Senator, because of his age; and on the other, bestow his daughter, or neece in marriage; there's some such thing hatching, I assure you.

The Antiquary.

Pet. Very likely, I imagin'd as much, that last shall be my
some such destiny would befall me, shall we be joviall up
and thrust all sadnesse out of doors?

Leo. For our parts, *Vitellius* was never so voluptuous; a
course shall run wit to the last.

Duke. Our mirth shall be the quintessence of plea-
And our delight flow with that harmony; (sure,
Th'ambitious sphærs shall to the center shrink,
To hear our musick; such ravishing accents,
As are from Poets in their fury hurld,
When their outragious raptures fill the world.

Pet. There spoke my *genius*.

Ant. Now you talk of Musick, have you e're a one that c
an old lesson, or sing us an old song?

Pet. An old Lesson? yes, he shall play the beginning of
and for a song, he shall sing one that was made to the m
Orbs, when they were first set in tune.

Ant. Such a one would I hear.

Pet. Walk in then, and it shall not be long before I s
desire.

Exe.

Enter Petro and Iulia, with two Bottles.

Iul. Come, Master *Petro*, welcome heartily, while they
within, wee'l be as merry as the maids; I stole these Bottles
the cupboard, a purpose, against your comming.

Pet. Courteous Mistris *Iulia*, how shall I deserve
from you?

Iul. There is a way, Master *Petro*, if you could finde i
tendernesse of your youth keeps you in ignorance; 'tis a gr
must tell you.

Pet. I shall strive to amend it, if you please to instruct n

Iul. Alas, do not know what Maids love all this while?
come oftner amongst us, want of company keeps the sprin
blood backward.

Pet. It do's so, but you shall see when we are private, I
to practise with you better.

Enter Bacha.

Ba. Master *Petro*, this was kindly done of you.

Pet.

Pet. What's my Master a doing, can you tell?

Ba. Why they are as joviall as twenty beggars, drink their wh cups, six glassees at a health, your Master's almost tipt already.

Pet. So much the better, his businesse is the sooner dispatch'd.

Iu. Well, let not us stand idle, but verifie the proverb, Like Mast like man; and it shall go hard, Master *Petro*, but we will put you the same Cue.

Pet. Let me have fair play, put nothing in my cup, and do y worst.

Ba. Unlesse the cup have that vertue, to retain the print of a ki or the glance of an eye to enamour you, nothing else I assure you.

Pet. For that, I shall be more thirsty of, than of the liquor.

Iu. Then let's make no more words, but about it presently; cc Master *Petro*, will you walk in?

Pet. I attend you.

Ba. It shall go hard but Ile drink him asleep, and then work so knavery upon him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Leonardo, and the Antiquary drunk.

Ant. Ile drink with all *Xerxes* army now, a whole river at a draug

Duke. By'r Lady Sir, that requires a large swallow.

Ant. 'Tis all one, to our noble Dukes health, I can drink no lesse, a drop lesse; and you his servants will pledge me, I am sure.

Leon. Yes Sir, if you could shew us a way, when we had do how to build water-mills in our bellies.

Ant. Do you what you will, for my part, I will begin it agen : agen, till *Bacchus* himself shall stand amaz'd at me.

Leon. But should this quantity of drink come up, 'twere enough breed a deluge, and drown a whole country.

Ant. No matter, they can ne're dye better, than to be drown'd the Dukes health.

Duke. Well Sir, Ile acquaint him how much he is beholding to y

Ant. Will you beleeve me, Gentlemen, upon my credit?

Leon. Yes Sir, any thing.

Ant. Do you see these breeches then?

Leon. I, what of them?

Ant. These were *Pompeys* breeches, I assure you.

Duke. Is't possible?

Ant.

The Antiquary.

Ant. He had his denomination from them, he was call'd *Pompey* the great, from wearing of these great breeches.

Leo. I never heard so much before.

Ant. And this was *Julius Caesar's* hat, when he was kill'd in the *Capitoll*, and I am as great as either of them at this present.

Leo. Like enough so.

Ant. And in my conceit I am as honourable.

Duke. If you are not, you deserve to bee.

Ant. Where's Signior *Petrutio*?

Enter Pet. and Gasp.

Pet. Nay good Father, do not trouble me now, 'tis enough now, that I have promis'd you to go to the Duke with me; in the mean time let me work out matters, do not clog me in the way of my preferment; when I am a noble man, I will do by you, as *Jupiter* did by the other Deities, that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me.

Gasp. Well, you shall rule mee some.

Exit.

Duke. Signior, where have you been?

Pet. I have been forcing my brain to the composition of a few verses in the behalfe of your entertainment, and I never knew them flow so dully from me before, an Exorcist would have conjur'd you up half a dozen spirits in the space.

Leo. Indeed I heard you make a fearfull noise, as if you had been in travail with some strange monster.

Pet. But I have brought them out at last, I thank *Minerva*; and without the help of a midwife.

Ant. Reach me a chair: Ile sit down, and read them for you.

Leo. You read them!

Ant. Yes, but Ile put on my opticks first, look you, these were *Hanniballs* spectacles.

Duke. Why, did *Hanniball* wear spectacles?

Ant. Yes, after he grew dim with dust in following the Camp, he wore spectacles; reach mee the paper.

Leo. No, an Author must recite his own works.

Ant. Then Ile sit and sleep.

Leo. Read on Signior.

Pet. They were made to shew how welcome you are to mee.

Duke. Read them out.

Pet.

The Antiquary.

Pet. As welcome as the Gentry's to the Town,
After a long and hard vacation:
As welcome as a toss'd ship's to a harbour,
Health to the sick, or a cast suit to a Barbour:
Or as a good new Play is to the times,
When they have long surfeited with base Rimes:
As welcome as the Spring is to the yeer,
So are my friends to me, when I have good cheer.

While hee
reades, the
Antiquary
fals asleep.

Duke. I marry Sir, we are doubly beholding to you; what, is Signior *Veterano* falm asleep, and at the recitation of such verses? a most inhumane disgrace, and not to be digested!

Pet. Has he wrong'd me so discourteously? Ile be reveng'd, by *Phœbus*.

Leon. But which way can you parallell so foul an injury?

Pet. Ile go in, and make some verses against him.

Duke. That you shall not, 'tis not requitall sufficient, I have a better trick than so; come, bear him in, and you shall see what I will invent for you, this was a wrong and a half. *Exeunt.*

Enter Emilia and Lionell.

Em. Now, Master *Lionell*, as you have been fortunate in the forecasting of this businesse, so pray be studious in the executing, that we may both come off with honour.

Lio. Observe but my directions, and say nothing.

Em. The whole adventure of my credit depends upon your care and evidence.

Lio. Let no former passage discourage you, be but as peremptory as cause is good.

Em. Nay, if I but once apprehend a just occasion to usurp over him, let me alone to talk and look scurvily — *Enter Lorenzo.*
Step aside, I hear him coming.

Lor. My wife! some Angell guard me; the looks of *Medusa* were not so ominous, Ile haste from the infection of her sight, as from the appearance of a Basilisk.

Em. Nay Sir, you may tarry; and if vertue has not quite forsook you, or that your ears be not altogether obdurate to good counsell, consider what I say, and be asham'd of the injuries you have wrought against me.

The Antiquary.

Lor. What unheard of evasion has the subtilty of womans nature suggested to her thoughts, to come off now?

Æm. Well Sir, however you carry it, 'tis I have reason to complain, but the mildnesse of my disposition, and injoynd obedience, will not permit me, though indeed your wantonnesse and ill carriage, have sufficiently provoked me.

Lor. Provok'd you, I provok'd you! as if any fault in a husband should warrant the like in his wife; no, 'twas thy lust, and mightinesse of desire that is so strong within thee: hadst thou no company, no masculine object to look upon, yet thy own fancie were able to create a creature, with whom thou mightst commit, though not an actual, yet a mentall wickednesse.

Æm. What recompence can you make me, for those slanderous conceits, when they shall be prov'd false to you?

Lor. Hear me, thou base woman, thou that art the abstract of all ever yet was bad, with whom mischief is so incorporate, that you are both one peece together, and but that you go still hand in hand, the devill were not sufficient to encounter with, for thou art indeed, able to instruct him; do not imagine, with this frontlesse impudence, to stand daring of me, I can be angry, and as quick in the execution of it, I can.

Æm. Be as angry as you please, truth and honesty will be confident, in despite of you, those are vertues that will look Justice it self in the face.

Lor. I, but where are they? not a neer you, thou wouldst blast them to behold thee; scarce I think in the world, especially such worlds as you women are.

Æm. Umh, to see what an easie matter it is, to let a jealous peevish husband go on, and rebuke him at pleasure.

Lor. So lewd and stubborn, mads me; speak briefly, what objection can you alleage against me, or for your self?

Æm. None alas against you, you are vertuous, but you think you can act the *Jupiter*, to blinde me with your escapes, and conceal'd trulls; yet I am not so simple, but I can play the *Inno*, and finde out your

Lor. What exploits, what conceal'd trulls? (exploits.

Æm. Why, the supposed boy you seem to be jealous of, 'tis your own Lemon, your own deer morsell; I have searched out the mystery; husbands must do ill, and wives must bear the reproach; a fine inversion.

Lor.

The Antiquary.

Lor. I am more in a maze, more involv'd in a Labyrinth, than before.

Æm. You were best plead innocence too, 'tis your safest refuge, but I did not think a man of your age and beard, had been so lascivious to keep a disguis'd caller under my nose, a base cockatrice in pages apparel, to wait upon you, and rob me of my due benevolence, there's no law nor equitie to warrant this. *Lor.* Why, do I any such thing?

Æm. Pray what else is the boy, but your own Hermaphrodite? a female Syren in a male out-side, alas, had I intended what you suspect, and accuse mee for; I had been more wary, more private in the carriage I assure you.

Lor. Why, is that boy otherwise then he appears to be?

Enter Lionell.

Æm. 'Tis a thing will quickly be search'd out, your secret bawdery, and the murder of my good name will not longly hid, I warrant you.

Lio. Now is my Cue to second her.

Lor. Signior *Lionell* most wellcome, I would entreat your advise here to the clearing of a doubt.

Lio. What's that Sir?

Lor. 'Tis concerning the boy you plac'd with mee.

Lio. I, what of him?

Lor. Whether it were an enchantment or no, or an illusion of the sight, or if I could perswade my self it was a dream, 'twere better, but my imagination so perswaded mee that I heard my wife and him enterchanging amorous discourse together; to what an extremity of passion the frailty of mans nature might induce me to.

Lio. Very good.

Lor. Not very good neither, but after the expence of so much anger and distraction, my wife comes upon me again, and affirms that he is no boy, but a disguis'd mistresse of my own, and upon this swells against mee, as if she had lain all night in the leaven.

Æm. Have not I reason?

Lor. Pray Sir will you inform us of the verity of his sex?

Lio. Then take it upon my word, 'tis a woman.

Æm. Now Sir, what have you to answer?

Lor. I am not yet throughly satisfied, but if it be a woman, I must confesse my error.

Æm. What satisfaction's that, after so great a wrong, and the taking

The Antiquary.

away of my good name, you forget my deserts, and how I brought you a dowry of ten talents, besides I find no such superfluity of courage in you to doe this neither.

Lor. Well, were he a boy or no, 'tis more then I can affirm, yet this Ile swear, I entertain'd him for no mistress, and I hope you for no servant; therefore good wife be pacified.

Em. No Sir, Ile call my kindred and my friends together, then present a joynt complaint of you to the Senate, and if they right me not, Ile protest there's no justice in their Court or government.

Lor. If she have this plea against me, I must make my peace, shee'l undoe me else; sweet wife, I ask thee forgivenesse upon my knees, if thou wilt have me; I rejoyce more that thou art cleere, then I was angry for the suppos'd offence, be but patient, and the liberty thou enjoy'dst before shall be thought thraldom hereafter: sweet Sir, will you mediate?

Lio. Come sweet Lady, upon my request you shall be made friends, 'twas but a mistake, conceive it so, and he shall study to redeeme it.

Em. Well Sir, upon this Gentlemans entreaty, you have your pardon, you know the propensity of my disposition, and that makes you so bold with me.

Lor. Pray master *Lionell* will you acquaint my wife with the purpose of this concealment, for I am utterly ignorant, and she has not the patience to hear mee.

Lio. It requires more privacy then so, neither is it yet ripe for projection, but because the communitie of Counsell is the onely pledg of friendship, walk in and Ile acquaint you.

Lor. Honest sweet wife I thank thee with all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Leonardo, and Petrutio bringing in the Antiquary in a fools coat.

Duke. So set him down softly, then let us slip aside and overhear him.

Ant. Where am I? what metamorphosis am I crept into? a fools coat! what's the Emblem of this trow? who has thus transform'd me I wonder? I was awake, am I not asleep still; why *Petro* you rogue, sure I have drunk of *Circes* cup, and that has turn'd me to this shape of a fool, and I had drunk a little longer, I had been chang'd into an asse, why *Petro* I say, I will not rest calling till thou com'st——

Enter Petro in woman's Cloths.

Hoiday, what more transmigrations of formes, I think *Pythagoras* has been amongst us, how came you thus accowterd Sirrah?

Pet. Why Sir, the wenches made me drunke, and dress'd mee as you see.

Ant. Ajmerry world the while, my boy and I make one hermaphrodite, and now next Midsummer ale, I may serve for a fool, and he for a maid Marrian.

Enter Duke and Leonardo.

Duke. Who is this Signior *Veterano*?

Ant. The same Sir, I was not so when you left mee, do you know who has thus abus'd mee?

Duke. Not I Sir.

Ant. You promis'd to do me a courtesie.

Duke. Any thing lies in my power.

Ant. Then pray will you bring me immediately to the Duke?

Duke. Not as you are I hope.

Ant. Yes as I am, he shall see how I am wrong'd amongst them, I know he loves me, and will right mee; pray Sir, forbear perswasion to the contrary, and lead on.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Lorenzo, Moccinigo, Emilia, and Lucretia.

Lor. Now Signior *Moccinigo*, what hast requires your presence?

Moc. Marry Sir this, you brought mee once into a paradise of pleasure, and expectation of much comfort, my request therefore is, that you would no longer defer, what then you so liberally promis'd.

Lor. How do you mean?

Moc. Why Sir, in joyning that beautious Lady your daughter, and my self in the firm bonds of matrimony, for I am somewhat impatient of delay in this kinde, and indeed the height of my blood requires it.

Lac. Are you so hot, I shall give you a card to cool you presently.

Lor. 'Tis an honest and a vertuous demaund, and on all sides an action of great consequence, and for my part there's not a thing in the world, I could wish sooner accomplished.

Moco

Moc. Thank you Sir.

Lor. There's another branch of policy besides the complying of you two together, which springs from the fruitfullnesse of my brain, that I as much labour to bring to perfection as the other.

Moc. What's that Sir?

Lor. A devise upon the same occasion, but with a different respect, 'tis to be impos'd upon *Petratio*, I hate to differ so much from the nature of an Italian, as not to be revengefull, and the occasion at this time was, he scorn'd the love of her, that you now so studiously affect; but Ile fit him in his kinde.

Moc. Did he so? he deserves to have both his eyes struck as blind as Cupids his master, that should have taught him better manners; but how will you do it.

Lor. There's one *Lionell* an ingenious witty Gentleman.

Em. I that he is, as ever breath'd; husband upon my knowledge.

Lor. Well, hee is so, and wee two have cast to requite it upon him, the plot as he informs me is already in agitation, and afterwards sans delay, Ile bestow her upon you.

Lnc. But you may be deceav'd.

Moc. Still you engage mee more and more your debtor.

Lor. If I can bring both these to successe, as they are happily intended, I may sit down, and with the Poet cry *Iamq; opus exegi*.

Moc. Would I could say so too, I wish as much, but 'tis you must confirm it, fair mistresse, one bare word of your consent, and 'tis done, the sweetnesse of your looks encourage me, that you will joyne pittie with your beauty, there shall be nothing wanting in me to demerit it, and then I hope, although I am base,

Base in respect of you, divine and pure;

Dutifull service may your love procure.

Lor. How now Signior, what, love and poetry have they two found you out? nay then you must conquer; consider this, daughter, shew thy obedience to *Phæbus* and God *Cupid*, make an humble proffer of thy self; 'twill be the more acceptable, and advance thy deserts.

Em. Doe chicken, speak the word, and make him happy in a minute.

Lor. Well said wife, sollicite in his behalf, 'tis well done, I am loth to importune her too much for fear of a repulse.

Em. Marry come up Sir, you are still usurping in my company, is this

this according to the articles propos'd between us, that I should bear rule, and you obey with silence; I had thought to have endeavour'd for perswasion, but because you exhort me to it, Ile desist from what I intended, Ile do nothing but of my own accord, I.

Lor. Mum wife, I have done; thus we that are married must be subject to.

Moc. You give an ill example, mistress *Emilia*, you give an example

Em. What old fellow is this, that talks so; doe you know him daughter?

Moc. Have you so soon forgot mee, Lady?

Em. Where has he had his breeding I wonder? he is the off-spring of some peasant sure, can he shew any Pedegree?

Lor. Let her alone, there's no dealing with her, come daughter, let me hear you answer to this Gentleman.

Luc. Truly Sir, I have endeavour'd all meanes possible, and in a manner enforc'd my self to love him.

Lor. Well said girl.

Luc. But could never effect it.

Lor. How?

Luc. I have examined what ever might commend a Gentleman, both for his exterior and inward abilities, yet amongst all, that may speak him worthy, I could never discern one good part or quality, to invite affection.

Lor. This is it I fear'd, now should I break out into rage, but my wife and a foolish nature with-hold my passion.

Moc. I am undone, unspirited, my hopes vaine, and my labours nullities.

Lor. Where be your large vaunts now Signior, what strange tricks and devises you had to win a woman!

Moc. Such assurance I conceiv'd of my self, but when they affect willfull stubbornnesse, lock up their ears, and will hearken to no manner of perswasion, what shall a man do?

Lor. You hear what taxes are laid upon your daughter, these are stains to your other vertues.

Luc. Pray Sir, hear my defence, what sympathy can there be between our two ages, or agreement in our conditions? but you'l object he has means, 'tis confess'd: but what assurance has he to keep it? will

it continue longer than the law permits him possession? which will come like a torrent, and sweep away all; he has made a forfeiture of his whole estate.

Lor. What are you become a Statists daughter, or a Prophetesse? whence have you this intelligence?

Moc. I hope she will not betray me.

Luc. If murder can exact it, 'tis absolutely lost.

Lor. How, murder!

Luc. Yes, he conspir'd the other day with a *Bravo*, a cut-throat, to take away the life of a noble innocent Gentleman, which is since discovered by miracle; the same that came with musicke to my window.

Moc. All's out, I am ruin'd in her confession; that man that trusts woman with a privacie, and hopes for silence, he may as well expect it at the fall of a bridge; a secret with them is like a viper, 'twill make way, though it eate through the bowels of them.

Lor. Take heed, how you traduce a person of his rank and eminency, a scar in a mean man becomes a wound in a greater.

Luc. There he is, question him; and if he deny it, get him examined.

Lor. Why Signior, is this true?

Em. His silence bewrayes him, 'tis so.

Moc. 'Tis so, that all women thirst mans overthrow; that's a principle as demonstrative as truth; 'tis the onely end they were made for: and when they have once insinuated themselves into our counsels, and gain'd the power of our life, the fire is more mercifull, it burns within them till it get forth.

Lor. I commend her for the discovery, 'twas not fit her weak thoughts should be clogg'd with so foul a matter; it had been to her like forc'd meat to a surfett'd stomach, that would have bred nothing but crudities in her conscience.

Moc. Oh my curst fate! shame and punishment attend me, they are the fruits of lust; Sir, all that I did, was for her ease and liberty.

Luc. Nay Sir, he was so impudent to be an accessary, who knows but he might as privately have plotted to have sent me after him; for how should I have been secure of my life, when he made no scruple to kill another upon so small an inducement?

Em. Thou say'st right, daughter, thou shalt utterly disclaim him; the cast of his eye shews he was ever a knave.

The Antiquary.

Moc. How the scabs descant upon mee.

Lor. What was the motive to this foul attempt?

Luc. Why Sir, because he was an affectionate lover of mine, and for no other vile reason in the earth.

Æm. Oh mandrake, was that all? he thought belike, he should not have enough : thou covetous ingroser of venery, why, one wife is able to content two husbands.

Moc. Sir, I am at your mercy, bid them not insult upon mee; I beseech you let mee go as I came.

Lor. Stay there, I know not how I shall censure your escape, so I may be thought a party in the businesse.

Luc. Besides I hear since that the mercenary varlet that did it, though hee be otherwise most desperate, and hardened in such exploits, yet since out of the apprehension of so unjust an act, and mov'd in conscience for so foul a guilt, is grown distracted, raves out of measure, confesses the deed, accuses himself and the procurer, curses both; and will by no meanes be quieted.

Lor. Where is that fellow?

Luc. Sir, if you please to accompany mee, I will bring you to him, where your own eye and eare shall witness the certainty, and then I hope, you will repent that ever you sought to tie me to such a monster as this, who prefer'd the heat of his desires before all lawes of nature or humanity.

Lor. Yes that I will, and gratulate the subtlety of thy will, and goodnesse of fate, that protected thee from him.

Æm. Away with him husband, and be sure to beg his lands betimes, before your Court vultures sent his carcase.

Lor. Well said wife, I should never have thought on this now, and thou had'st not put me in minde of it; women I see have the onely masculine policy, and are the best solicitors and politicians of a state, but Ile first go see him my daughter tells me of, that when I am truly inform'd of all, I can the better proceed in my accusation against them, come along Sir.

Moc. Well, if you are so violent, I am as resolute; tis but a hanging matter, and do your worst.

Exeunt.

Enter Bravo and Boy.

Bra. What newes Boy?

The Antiquary.

Boy. Sir, *Mistress Lucretia* commends her to you, and desires, as ever her persuasion wrought upon you; or as you affect her good, and would adde credit and beleef to what she has reported, that you would now strain your utmost, to the expression of what she and you consulted of.

Bra. I apprehend her, where is she?

Boy. Hard by Sir, her father and the old fornicator *Meccinigo*, and I think her mother, are all comming to be spectators of your strange behaviour.

Exit.

Bra. Go wait them in, let me alone to personate an extasie; I am neer mad already, and I do not fool my self quite into't, I care not—
Ile withdraw till they come.

Exit.

Enter Lorenzo, Meccinigo, Emilia, Lucretia and Boy.

Lor. Is this the place?

Luc. Yes Sir, where's your Master, Boy? how do's he?

Boy. Oh sweet *Mistress*, quite distemper'd, his brains turns round like the needle of a *Dyall*, six mens strength is not able to hold him, he was bound with I know not how many cords, this morning, and broke them all— See where he enters.

Enter Bravo.

Bra. Why, if I kill'd him, what is that to thee?

Was I not hir'd unto it? 'twas not I,

But the base gold that slew Sir *Polydore*:

Then damn the money.

Lor. He begins to peach.

Æm. Will he do us no mischief, think you?

Boy. Oh no, he is the best for that in his fits, that e're you knew, he hurts no body.

Moc. But I am vildely afraid of him.

Boy. If you are a vile person, or have done any great wickedness, you were best look to your self, for those he knows by instinct; and assaults them with as much violence as may be.

Moc. Then am I perish'd: good Sir, I had rather answer the Law,
than

than be terrifi'd with his looks.

Lor. Nay you shall tarry, and take part with us, by your favour.

Em. How his eyes sparkle!

Bra. Look where the ghost appears, his wounds fresh bleeding,
He frowns, and threatens me, could the substance
Do nothing, and will shadow's revenge?

Lor. 'Tis strange,
This was a fearfull murder.

Bra. Do not stare so,
I can look big too, all I did unto thee,
'Twas by anothers instigation:
There be some that are as deep in as my self,
Go and fright them too.

Moc. Beshrew him for his counsell.

Lor. What a just judgment's here? 'tis an old saying,
Murder will out; and 'fore it shall lye hid,
The authors will accuse themselves.

Bra. Now he vanishes;
Dost thou steal from me, fearfull spirit? see
The print of his footsteps.

Moc. That ever my lust should be the parent to so foul a sin!

Bra. He told me, that his horrid tragedy
Was acted over every night in hell,
Where said *Erynnis* with her venom'd face,
Black with the curls of snakes, sits a spectatrix,
That lift their speckled heads above their shoulders,
And thrusting forth their stings, hiss at their entrance;
And that serves for an applause.

Moc. How can you have the heart to look upon him? pray let me go,
I feel a loosnesse in my belly.

Lor. Nay, you shall hear all out first.

Moc. I confesse it,
What would you have more of me?

Bra. Then fierce *Enyo* holds a torch, *Megeera*
Another; Ile down and play my part amongst them,
For I can do't to th'life.

Lor. Rather to the death.

The Antiquary.

Bra. Ile trace th' infernall Theater, and view
Those squalid Actors, and the tragick pomp
Of hell and night.

Moccin. How ghastly his words sound! pray keep him off from
mee.

Lor. The guilt of conscience makes you fearfull, Signior.

Bra. When I come there, Ile chain up *Cerberus*,
Nay Ile muzzle him; Ile pull down *Æacus*,
And *Minos* by the beard; then with my foot
Ile tumble *Rhadamanthus* from his chair:
And for the Furies, Ile not suffer them,
Ile be my self a Fury.

Moc. To vex me, I warrant you.

Bra. Next will I post unto the destinies,
Shiver their wheel and distaff 'gainst the wall,
And spoil their huswifery; Ile take their spindle,
Where hang the threds of humane life, like beams
Drawn from the Sun, and mix them all together,
Kings with the beggers.

Moc. Good Sir, he comes towards me.

Bra. That I could see that old fox *Moccinigo*,
The villain that did tempt me to this deed.

Moc. He names me too, pray Sir stand between us; Ladies do you
speak to him, I have not the faith.

Ans. What would you do with him, if you had him?

Bra. I'de serve him worse than *Hercules* did *Licas*,
When he presented him the poyson'd shirt,
Which when he had put on, and felt the smart,
He snatch'd him by the heels into the air,
Swung him some once or twice about his head,
Then shot him like a stone out of an engine,
Three furlongs length into the Euboick sea.

Lor. What a huge progresse is that, for an old Lover to be
carried?

Bra. What's he that seeks to hide himself? come forth thou mortall,
Thou art a traytor or a murderer.:

Oh, is it you?

The Antiquary.

Moc. What will become of me? pray help me; I shall be torn in peeces else.

Bra. You and I must walk together, come into the middle yet further.

Enter Aurelia as an Officer, and two Servants.

Aur. Where be these fellows here that murder men? Sergeants apprehend them, and convey them straight before the Duke.

Bra. Who are you?

Aur. We are the Dukes officers.

Bra. The Dukes officers must be obey'd; take heed of displeasing them; how majestically they look.

Lor. You see wife, the charm of authority, and a man be ne're so wilde, it tames him presently.

Em. I husband, I know what will tame a man besides authority.

Aur. Come gentles, since you are altogether, I must entreat your company along with us, to witness what you know in this behalf.

Lor. Sir, you have prevented us, for we intended to have brought him our selves before his highnesse.

Aur. Then I hope your resolution will make it the easier to you; what Sir, will you go willingly?

Bra. Without all contradiction, leade on. *Exeunt. Flourish.*

Enter Lionell as the Duke; Duke, Petruccio, Gasparo, Angelia as a woman.

Duke. Come Signior,
This is the morning must shine bright upon you,
Wherein preferment that has slept obscure,
And all this while linger'd behinde your wishes,
Shall overtake you in her greatest glories;
Ambition shall be weak, to think the honours
Shall crown your worth.

Pet. Father, you hear all this?

Gas. I do with joy, son, and am ravish'd at it.
Therefore I have resign'd m' estate unto thee,
(Onely reserving some few crowns to live on)

The Antiquary.

Because I'de have thee to maintain thy part.

Pet. You did as you ought.

Gas. 'Tis enough for me,
To be the parent of so blest an issue.

Pet. Nay, if you are so apprehensive, I am satisfied.

Liv. Is this the Gentleman you so commended?

Duke. It is the same, my liege, whose royall vertues
Fitting a Princes Court, are the large field
For Fame to triumph in.

Liv. So you inform'd me, his face and carriage do import no lesse.

Duke. Report abroad speaks him as liberally;
And in my thoughts, fortune deserves but ill,
That she detain'd thus long her favours from him.

Liv. That will I make amends for.

Gas. Happy hour,
And happy me to see it; now I perceive
He has more wit than my self.

Pet. What must I do?

Duke. What must you do? go strait and kneel before
And thank his highnesse for his love. (him,

Pet. I can't speak,

I am so overcome with sudder gladnesse,
Yet Ile endeavour it; most mighty Sovereign,
Thus low I bow, in humble reverence,
To kisse the basis of your regall Throne.

Lion. Rise up.

Pet. Your Graces servant.

Lion. We admit you,
Our neereft favourite in place and counsell.

Duke. Go to, you are made for ever.

Pet. Ile finde some office
To gratulate thy pains.

Lion. What was the cause
That you presented him no sooner to us,
We might have bred him up in our affairs,
And he have learnt the fashions of our Court,
Which might have rendred him more active.

Duke. Doubt not,

The Antiquary.

His ingenuity will soon instruct him.

Lio. Then to confirm him deeper in our friendship,

We here assign our sister for his wife.

What, is he bashfull?

Pet. Speaks your Grace in earnest?

Lio. What else? Ile have it so.

Duke. Why do you not step and take her?

Pet. Is't not a kinde of treason?

Duke. Not, if he bid you.

Pet. Divinest Lady are you so content?

Ang. What my Brother commands, I must obey.

Lio. Joyn hands together, be wise, and use

Your dignities with a due reverence;

Tiberius Cesar joy'd not in the birth

Of great *Seianus* fortunes with that zeal,

As I shal to have rais'd you, though I hope, a different fate attends you.

Duke. Goto the Church,

Perform your rights there, and return again

As fast as you can.

Gas. I could e'en expire with contemplation of his happinesse.

Lio. What old man's that?

Pet. This is my Father, Sir.

Lio. Your own Father?

Gas. So please your Grace.

Lio. Give him a pair

Of velvet breeches, from our Grandfires wardrobe.

Gas. Thrice noble Duke, come sonne let's to the Church. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antiquary and Petro.

Lio. How now, what new come Pageant have we here?

Duke. This is the famous Antiquary I told your grace of, a man worthy your grace; he *Tanus* of our age, and treasurer of times past, a man worthy your bounteous favour and kinde notice, that will as soon forget himself in the remembrance of your highnesse, as any subject you have.

Lio.

Lion. How comes he so accour'd?

Duke. No miracle at all, Sir; for, as you have many fools in the habit of a wise man, so have you sometimes a wise man in the habit of a fool.

Ant. Sir, I have been grossly abus'd, as no story, record or chronicle can parallell the like, and I come here for redresse; I hear your highnes loves me, and indeed you are partly interest in the cause, for I having took somewhat a large potion for your graces health, fell a sleep, when in the interim they apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an Asinigo of me? and for my boy here, they cogg'd him out of his proper shape, into the habit of an Amazon, to wait upon me.

Lion. But who did this?

Ant. Nay Sir, that I cannot tell, but I desire it may be found out.

Duke. Well Signior, if you knew all, you have no cause to be angry.

Ant. How so?

Duke. Why, that same coat you wear, did formerly belong unto *Pantolabus* the Roman Jester, and Buffon to *Augustus Caesar*.

Ant. And I thought so, I'de ne're put it off while I breath'd.

Lion. Stand by, wee'l enquire further anon.

Enter Aurelio, Lorenzo, Moccinigo, Bravo, Emilia, Lucretia, Officers.

Now, who are you?

Aur. Your highnesse Officers,

We have brought two murderers here to be censur'd,
Who by their own confession are found guilty,
And need no further triall.

Lion. Which be the parties?

Aur. These and please you.

Lion. Well, what do you answer?

What can you plead to stop the course of Justice?

Moc. For my part, tho I had no confcience to act it,
I have not the heart to deny it; and therefore expect
Your sentence: for mercie, I hope none, nor favour.

Lio. What says th'accuser?

Luc. Please your princely wisdom,
He slew a man was destin'd for my husband;
Yet since anothers death cannot recall him,

Were the Law satisfied, and he adjudg'd
To have his goods confiscate, for my own part,
I could rest well content.

Mec. With all my heart,
I yield possession to whomsoe're
She shall choose for a husband; reach a paper
Or blank, Ile seal to it.

Luc. See, there's a writing.

Mec. And there's my hand to it,
I care not what the conditions be.

Lion. 'Tis well, whom will you choose in place of the other?

Luc. Then Sir, to keep his memory alive,
Ile seek no further than this officer.

Lor. How, choose a common Sergeant for her husband!

Am. A base commendadore, Ile ne're indure it.

Aur. No Lady, a Gentleman I assure you, and suppos'd the slain
Aurelio. *Discovers himself.*

Mec. A plot, a plot upon me, Ile revoke it all.

Lio. Nay, that you cannot, now you have confirm'd it.

Mec. Am I then cheated? Ile go home and dye,
To avoid shame, not live in infamy. *Exit.*

Lio. What says the villain *Bravo* for himself?

Bra. The *Bravo*, Sir, is honest, and his father.

Aur. My father! blesse me, how comes this about?

Bra. That vertuous Maid, whom I must alwaies ho-
Acquainted me with that old Leachers drift: (nour,
I, to prevent the ruin of my son,
Conceal'd from all, proffer'd my service to him
In this disguise.

Lion. 'Twas a wise and pious deed.

Enter Petrutio, Angelia, and Gasparo.

Pet. Room for the Dukes kindred.

Lio. What, you are married, I perceive.

Pet. I am, Royall Brother.

Lion. Then for your better learning in our service,

The Antiquary.

Take these instructions; never hereafter
Contemn a man that has more wit than your self,
Or foolishly conceive no Ladies merit,
Or beauty worthy your affection.

Pet. How's this?

Lio. Truth, my most honor'd Brother, you are gull'd,
So is my reverent uncle the Antiquary,
So are you all; for he that you conceiv'd
The Duke, is your friend and *Lionell*,
Look you else.

Pet. 'Tis so.

Gas. 'Tis too apparent true.

Lio. What, all drunk? speak Uncle.

Ant. Thou art my Nephew,
And thou hast wit, 'tis fit thou shouldst have land to
Tell me no more how thou hast cheated me,
I do perceive it, and! forgive thee for't,
Thou shalt have all I have, and Ile be wiser.

Lo. I thank you Sir, Brother *Petrutio*,
This to your comfort, that is my Sister,
Whom formerly you did abuse in love,
And you may be glad your lot is no worse.

Pet. I am contented, Ile give a good wit
Leave to abuse me at any time.

Lor. When he cannot help it.

Gas. This 'tis,
To be so politic and ambitious, Son.

Pet. Nay father, do not you aggravate it too.

Lor. Well Signior,
You must pardon me, if I bid joy to you,
My daughter was not good enough for you.

Pet. You are tyrannous.

Enter Leonardo.

Leon. Save you Gallants.

Lio. You are very welcome.

Leon. I come in quest of our noble Duke,
Who from his Court has stoln our privatly,

And

And 'tis reported he is here.

Lio. No indeed, Sir,
He is not here; 'sight we shall be question'd
For counterfeiting his person.

Duke. Be not dismaid,
I am the Duke.

Leon. My Lord?

Duke. The very same, Sir,
That for my recreation, have descended
(And no-impeach, I hope, to royalty)
To sit spectator of your mirth: and thus much
You shall gain by my presence; what is past,
He see it ratified as firm, as if
My self and Senate had concluded it.
And when a Prince allows his Subjects sport,
He that pines at it, let him perish for't.

FINIS.



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Main body of handwritten text, appearing as bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several lines and is largely illegible due to its orientation and the quality of the paper.

A distinct block of handwritten text, possibly a signature or a specific section header, located in the middle of the page.





