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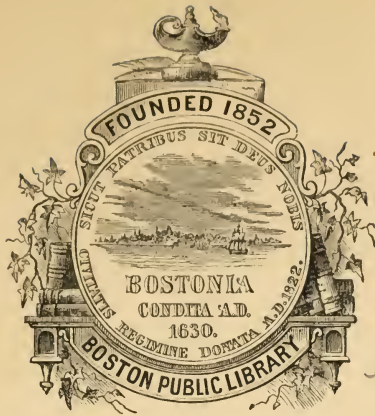


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PAMPHLETS.

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ACCESSION No. 171.638

ADDED May 1878

CATALOGUED BY

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MEMORANDA.

SCORNFUL LADY. -8

A

COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black
Swan without Temple-Bar. 1717.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Elder Loveless, *a Tutor to the Lady.*

Young Loveless, *a Prodigal.*

Savil, *Steward to Elder Loveless.*

Welford, *a Tutor to the Lady.*

Sir Roger, *Curate to the Lady.*

A Captain,

A Traveller,

A Poet,

A Tobacco-man,

Morecraft, *an Usurer.*

} *Hangers on-to Young Loveless.*

W O M E N.

Lady and } *Two Sisters.*

Martha, }

Younglove, or Abigail, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*

A Rich Widow.

Wenches, Fiddlers, and Attendants.

T H E

T H E

Scornful Lady.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Elder Loveless, Young Loveless, Savil the Steward, and a Page.

El. Lo. Brother, is your last hope past to mollifie *Morecraft's* Heart about your Mortgage?

Yo. Lo. Hopelesly past. I have presented the Usurer with a richer draught than ever *Cleopatra* swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand Pounds worth of my Land, more than he paid for, at a gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this House.

Yo. Lo. Faith mine was to make an Ulurer honest, or to lose my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perswade a passionate Woman, or to leave the Land. Make the Boat stay, I fear I shall begin my unfortunate Journey this Night; though the darkness of the Night, and the roughness of the Waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling Man.

Savil. Sir, your Father's old Friends hold it the sounder course for your Body and Estate to stay at home and marry, and propagate and govern in our Country, than to travel and die without issue.

El. Lo. *Savil*, you shall gain the Opinion of a better Servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my Will, howsoever my Intentts succeed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's Mistress *Younglove*, Brother, the grave Rubber of your Mistress's Toes.

Enter Younglove, or Abigal.

El. Lo. Mistress *Younglove*.

Abig. Master *Loveless*, truly we thought your Sails had been hoist: my Mistress is perswaded you are Sea-sick e'er this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill taken up Resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this Light that shines, there's no removing her if she get a stiff Opinion by the end. I attempted her to Day when they say a Woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical Minute was that?

Abig. When her Smock was over her Ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her Heels.

El. Lo. I prethee deliver my Service, and say, I desire to see the dear Cause of my Banishment; and then for *France*.

Abig. I'll do't: hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your Memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty Fellow.

[*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. O this is a sweet *Brache*.

El. Lo. Why she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offer'd me once to know her. To this Day she loves Youth of Eighteen; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* struck her in Love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queen's time once over: she was struck when they acted *Lovers*, and forsook some when they plaid Murthers. She has nine *Spur-royals*, and the Servants say she hoards old Gold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmer's eldest Son, or her Mistress Husbands Clerk shall be, that marries her, shall make her a Joynture of fourscore Pounds a Year; she tells Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you only to salute my Mistress and take leave, we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

Lady. Now Sir, this first Part of your Will is perform'd: What's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your Notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath receiv'd but an untimely Grace from you, yet my charitable Disposition wou'd have been ready to have done him freer Courtesies as a Stranger, than upon those cold Commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my Salutations crave Acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the Master of your own Occasions

[*Exit Yo. Lo. and Savil.*

El. Lo. Wou'd I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that Worth, which all the World, and you your self can see.

Lady. It's a cold Room this, Servant.

El. Lo. Mistress.

Lady. What think you if I have a Chimney for't, out here?

El. Lo. Mistress, another in my place, that were not ty'd to believe all your Actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose Virtues are Constancy and Obedience.

Lady.

Lady. *Younglove*, make a good Fire above to warm me after my Servant's *Exordiums*.

El. Lo. I have heard and seen your Affability to be such, that the Servants you give Wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak toth' purpose.

El. Lo. Mistress, your Will leads my Speeches from the purpose. But as a Man——

Lady. A *Simile* Servant? This Room was built for honest Meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a Time or Place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes* and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, break into't: my Answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistress I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatcht; the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you!

Lady. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many Circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my Command; Is there a third?

El. Lo. Yes, I had a third had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? never after. Fast (good Servant) fast.

El. Lo. 'Twas to intreat you to hear Reason.

Lady. Most willingly, have you brought one can speak it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren Heart Love and Forgiveness.

Lady. You wou'd stay at Home?

El. Lo. Yes Lady.

Lady. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated that your Commander is but your Mistress, a Woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with Passions, but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dover's* dreadful Cliff, passing in a poor Water-house; the Dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and *Calais*, five long Hours sail, with three poor Weeks Victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an *English* host, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable Post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother Tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible Labours) perform'd for your Mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new Allegiance to some *French* Lady, who is content to change Language with your Laughter, and after your whole Year spent in Tennis and broken Speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your Return, and have Tales made on you by the Chambermaids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady.

Lady. I ouder yet.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of Force to make me seek out Dangers, move me not with Toys: But in this Banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: Was one Kiss forc'd from you in publick by me so unpardonable? Why all the Hours of Day and Night have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you told the Company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own Eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

El. Lo. I did, yet no sign of Disgrace need to have stain'd your Cheek: You your self knew your pure and simple Heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did: But if a Maid's Heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own Face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this Disgrace? The World that knew us, knew our Resolutions well: And could it be hop'd that I should give away my Freedom, and venture a perpetual Bondage with one I never kiss? or could I in strict Wisdom take too much Love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband?

Lady. Believe me; if my Wedding-smock were on, Were the Gloves bought and giv'n, the Licence come, Were the Rosemary-branches dipt, and all The Hippochrist and Cakes eat and drunk off, Were these two Arms incompast with the Hands Of Batchelors to lead me to the Church, Were my Feet in the Door, were I *John*, said, If *John* shou'd boast a Favour done by me, I wou'd not wed that Year: And you, I hope, When you have spent this Year commodiously, In atchieving Languages, will at your return Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine Eyes, Than such a Friend. More talk I hold not now If you dare go.

El. Lo. I dare, you know. First let me kiss.

Lady. Farewel sweet Servant, your Task perform'd, On a new ground, as a beginning Sutor, I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewel, cruel Mistrefs.

[Exit Lady.]

Enter Young Loveless, and Savil.

Yo. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your Tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long half mile by Land to *Greenwich*.

El. Lo. I go: But Brother, what yet unheard-of course to live, doth your Imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Yo. Lo. Course? why Horse-courfing I think. Consume no time in this: I have no Estate to be mended by Meditation: He that

budies

ges himself about my Fortunes may properly be said to busie himself about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open; if you will shape none, I must inform you that that Man but perswades himself he means to live, that imaginēs not the Means.

Yo. Lo. Why, live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em: And the same measure must you expect from your Maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at Bowling-alleys, or Man Whores; I wou'd fain live by others: But I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the Thought's taken.

El. Lo. I see you are ty'd to no particular Employment then?

Yo. Lo. Faith I may chuse my course: they say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her Liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your Feet out of base and dangerous Paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your care, *Savil*, to see him fed and cloath'd, not according to his present Estate, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be refer'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Jearsie-stockins, blue Devils Breeches, with the Gards down, and my Pocket i'th' sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again.

Sav. A comelier wear I wufs it is than those dangling slops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all Service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further Directions in Writing, which at your best Leisure together open and read.

Enter Abigal to them with a Jewel.

Abig. Sir, my Mistress commends her Love to you in this Token, and these Words; it is a Jewel (she says) which as a Favour from her she would request you to wear till your Year's Travel be performed: Which once expir'd, she will hastily expect your happy return.

El. Lo. Return my Service with such Thanks, as she may imagine the Heart of a suddenly overjoy'd Man would willingly utter; and you I hope I shall with slender Arguments perswade to wear this Diamond, that when my Mistress shall, through my long Absence, and the Approach of new Suitors, offer to forget me; you may cast your Eye down to your Finger, and remember and speak of me: She will hear thee better than those allied by Birth to her; as we see many Men much sway'd by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their Love or Opinion on them, than on others, but for that they know their Secrets.

Abig. O' my credit I swear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Suitors.

El. Lo. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning

ginning, you know to take Exception at their Shirts washing, or to make the Maids swear they found Plaisters in their Beds.

Abig. I know, I know, and do not you fear the Suitors.

El. Lo. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy; the Night calls me
[*Exeunt omnes præter Abig.*

Abig. The Gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir; a constant and liberal Lover thou art, more such God send us.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.

Abig. A Suitor I know by his riding hard, I'll not be seen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this, no Servant in't? I wou'd look freshly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your Errand to me then: There's no danger in a handsome young Fellow: I'll shew my self.

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a Stranger the ordinary Grace of Salutation; Are you the Lady of this House?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my so late Acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable Words, I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abig. She is no Stragler, Sir.

Wel. May her Occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Suitor, No.

Wel. I know your affable Virtue will be mov'd to perswade her, that a Gentleman benighted and stray'd, offers to be bound to her for a Night's Lodging.

Abig. I will commend this Message to her; but if you aim at her Body, you will be deluded: Other Women of the Household of as good Carriage and Government; upon any of which if you can cast your Affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful and not so coy.

[*Ex. Abig.*

Wel. What a Skin full of Lust is this? I thought I had came a wooing, and I am the courted Party. This is right Court fashion: Men, Women, and all woo, Catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted Woman have infus'd any of her Tenderness into her Lady, there is hope she will be plyant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Rog. God save you Sir. My Lady lets you know she desires to be acquainted with your Name, before she confer with you?

Wel. Sir, my Name calls me *Welford*.

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good Name. I'll try his Wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good any of my Ancestors had this two hundred Years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a Worshipful and a Religious Gentleman of your Name in the Bishoprick of *Durham*. Call you him Cousin?

Wel. I am only allyed to his Virtues, Sir.

Rog.

Rog. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Cross? there's a Tester.

Rog. I mean the Name which your God-fathers and God-mothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry*: But you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechism; for you have told me who gave me that Name. Shall I beg your Name? *Rog. Roger!*

Wel. What Room fill you in this House?

Rog. More Rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my Boldness know, why your Lady hath sent you to decypher my Name?

Rog. Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly deny'd Suitor, disguis'd in this Message: for I can assure you the delights not in *Thalame: Hymen* and she are at variance, I shall return with much haste. [Exit Roger.]

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: Certainly I am arriv'd amongst a Nation of new found Fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted Wit; If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my Brechees with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glasses, to trade with Women for their Virginities; yet I fear, I should have betray'd myself to a needful charge then. Here's the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my Lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her Sorrow, that you must take the Pains to come up for so bad an Entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady, that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it, to be your Arts Master.

Rog. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this Roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Rog. No Sir, I inculcate Divine Service within these Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this House do often employ you on Errands without any scruple of Conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the Air many Mornings on foot, three or four miles for Eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man to neglect his Horse a little to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then: The whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this House in the true way?

Rog. I do, Sir.

Wel. And this Door I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your Understanding is ingenious.

[Ex. severally.]

B

Enter

Enter Young Lovelocks and Savil, with a Writing.

Sav. By your favour Sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I shall bear your favour Sir, cross me no more; I say they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brother's Steward, his cast-off Mill-money, his Kitchen Arithmetick.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not so little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sav. Nay then you stir my Duty, and I must tell you—

Yo. Lo. What would'st thou tell me, how Hopps grow, or hold some rotten Discourse of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithce farewell, and entertain my Friends, be drunk and burn thy Table-books; and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I.

Sav. Good Sir, remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a foolish Fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-fairs, and rose by Hony, and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay then I must unfold your Brother's pleasure; these be the Lessons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sav. I leave to maintain my House three hundred Pounds a Year; and my Brother to dispose of it.

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked Steward; and I dispose of it.

Sav. Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my Credit falls not in him. Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay if it be no more I shall fulfil it; while my Legs will carry me I'll bear my self Gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear Steward.

Sav. Next it is my Will, that he be furnish'd (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the Obedience of my People.

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or—you understand me Sir, proceed.

Sav. Next, that my Steward keep his place, and pow'r, and bound my Brother's wildness with his care.

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more of this *Apocrypha*, bind it by it self, Steward.

Sav. This is your Brother's Will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such Company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gallyfoists, such as in a clear Day have seen *Calais*, Fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths come to; they wear Swords to reach Fire at a Play, and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe, for their Guerdon: Then the remnant of your Regiment, are
wealthy

wealthy Tobacco-Merchants, that set up with one Ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlorn hope of Poets, and all these look like *Carthusians*, things without Linnen: Are these fit Company for my Master's Brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings; who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir.

Yo. Lo. Nay, you shall both know who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Master's Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a Face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, &c.

Sav. Then God help us all, I say.

Yo. Lo. I, and 'tis will said my old Peer of *France*: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads you're richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Capt. Sir, I will take your Love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my Purse.

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable Friend and Master's Brother, hath giv'n us to you for a worthy Fellow, and so we hug you Sir.

Sav. Has giv'n himself into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the Pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues, Men made of Gold.

Sav. Of your Gold, you mean Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a Man of War, and cries go on, and wears his Colours.

Sav. In's Nose.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant Field. This is a Traveller Sir, knows Men and Manners, and has plow'd up the Sea so far 'till both the Poles have knockt; has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their Kinds, and had a *Flanders-Mare* leapt there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more Sir.

Sav. 'Tis ev'n enough o' Conscience; sit down, and rest you, you are at the end of the World already. Wou'd you had as good a Living Sir, as this Fellow cou'd lie you out of, he has a notable Gift in't.

Yo. Lo. This ministers the Smoak, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Møny, you have a goodly Generation of 'em, pray let them multiply, your Brother's House is big enough, and to say truth, h'as too much Land, hang it Dirt.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Anno-

rations and thy Rent-books, thou hast a weak Brain *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to the three hundred Pounds a Year; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Loveless*.

Poet. A serious Look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither?

Yo. Lo. What think you Gentlemen by all this Revenue in Drink?

Capt. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry 'till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry Amen to this; let him live sober, seem wise, and dye o'th' *Coram*.

Yo. Lo. It shall be so, we'll have it all in Drink; let Meat and Lodging go, they are transitory, and shew Men meerly mortal: Then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a fresh one; we'll keep no powder'd Flesh. All these we have by warrant, under the Title of Things necessary. Here upon this Place I ground it, the Obedience of my People, and all Necessaries: Your Opinions, Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound Men, as your self, Sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it: In this word Necessary, is concluded all that be helps to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the Chiefest.

Yo. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by these Words, The Obedience of my People, you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for Instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no House, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but Drink Sir, three hundred Pounds in Drink.

Sav. O miserable House, and miserable I that live to see it! Good Sir, keep some Meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good Whores, and for your part, I'll board you in an Ale-house, you shall have Cheese and Onions.

Sav. What shall become of me, no Chimny smoaking? Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home.

[Exit.

Yo. Lo. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches. Three hundred Pounds in Drink.

[Exeunt.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady, Welford, and Sir Roger the Curate.

Lady. SIR, now you see your bad Lodging, I must bid you good Night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that Compliment. Once more good night.

Wel. Once more dear Lady, and then all sweet Nights.

Lady. Dear Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the Morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my Sute happier by this Night's Rest?

Lady. Is your Sute so sickly that Rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a Stranger you have had all my welcome: But had I known your Errand e'er you came, your Passage had been straighter. Sir, good night.

Wel. So fair, and cruel! Dear Unkind good night. [*Exit Lady.* Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, I'll press your Zeal so far.

Rog. O Lord Sir.

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet with your Reverence I'll be bold.

Wel. Pray light it Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings down Rheum?

Wel. Handle it again Sir, you have a warm Text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promis'd for it. I promise you it is very powerful, and by a Trope, Spiritual; for certainly it moves in sundry Places.

Wel. Ay, it does so Sir, and me especially, to ask Sir, why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you. You shall understand Sir, that my Head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? Certainly he had all his Drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassock? The offence, Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing; you have the total surely.

Wel. You told him when his Rage was set a tilt, and so he crack'd your Cannons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night?

Rog. Have patience Sir until our Fellow *Nicholas* be deceast, that is, asleep: For so the word is taken; to sleep to die, to die to sleep; a very figure Sir.

Wel.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave: His Grave, his Bed: The very same again Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of Loope-holes, and will discover to our Patroness.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, has made me understand you.

Enter Martha the Lady's Sister, and Abigal, to them, with a Posset.

Rog. Sir be address, the Graces do salute you with the full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this Courtesie shall bind a Stranger to you, ever your Servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sister's strictness makes not us forget you are a Stranger and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well indued with Parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this foul Familiar chews the Cud: From thee, and three and fifty, good Love deliyer me.

Mar. Will you sit down Sir, and take a Spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our best Banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already Sir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger*, keep that Breath to cool your part o' th' Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeal-else; and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your self. Wou'd you cou'd like this, Sir?

Wel. I wou'd your Sister wou'd like me as well, Lady.

Mar. Sure Sir, she wou'd not eat you: But banish that Imagination; she's only wedded to her self, lies with her self, and loves her self; and for another Husband than her self, he may knock at the Gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise Sir, she's a Woman, and a trouble, and has her many Faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'll do worse; wou'd I were worthy his least grief, Mistress *Martha*.

Wel. Now I must over-hear her.

Mar. Faith, wou'd thou hadst them all with all my heart; I do not think they wou'd make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said, old Sayings.

Wel. She looks like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter.

Abi.

Abig. Sir, I begin a Frolick, dare you change Sir?

Wel. My self for you, so please you. That smile has turn'd my Stomach: This is right the old Emblem of the Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting Head she carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver me.

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? Surely I know not: Am I rub'd off? Is this the way of all my Morning Pray'rs? Oh *Roger*, thou art but Grass, and Woman as a Flow'r. Did I for this consume my quarters in Meditation, Vows, and woo'd her in *Heroical Epistles*? Did I expound the Owl, and undertook with Labour and experience the Recollection of those thousand Pieces, consum'd in Cellars, and Tobacco-shops of that our honour'd *Englishman Ni. Br.* Have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the wise Man, and say; He that holds a Woman, has an Eel by the tail.

Mar. Sir 'tis so late, and our Entertainment (meaning our Posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your Rest: Let what the House has be at your command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, Lady. And to you what you desire too. [*Exeunt.*

Abig. It thou'd be some such good thing like your self then.

Wel. Heav'n keep me from that Curse, and all my issue. Good night Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen Miseris socios habuisse Doloris*: But I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my Man come to me? And requesting a greater measure of your Learning, good night, good Master *Roger*.

Rog. Good Sir, peace be with you. [*Exit Roger.*

Wel. Adieu dear *Domine*. Half a dozen such in a Kingdom wou'd make a Man forswear Confession: For who that had but half his wits about him, wou'd commit the Counsel of a serious sin to such a cruel Night-cap? Why how now, shall we have an Antick?

Enter Servant.

Whose Head do you carry upon your Shoulders, that you jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Cellar? Where are my slippers, Sir?

Ser. Here Sir.

Wel. Where Sir? Have you got the pot Verdugo? Have you seen the Horses, Sir?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Wel. Have they any Meat?

Ser. Faith Sir, they have a kind of wholesome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser.

Ser. Faith Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in Porridge: The People are so mainly given to Spoonmeat: Yonder's a cast of Coach-mares of the Gentlewoman's, the strangest Cattle.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent Sir, you may see through them: And such a House!

Wel. Come Sir, the truth of your Discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like *Jews*: The Kitchen and the Dairy make one Tribe, and have their Faction and their Fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no Love lost; the Chambers are intire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher than my Knowledge: But this I am sure, between these Copulations, a Stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But of all this, the drink Sir?

Wel. What of that, Sir?

Ser. Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This Drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three Spoonfuls kills the Calenture, a Pint breeds the cold Palfie.

Wel. Sir, you belye the House.

Ser. I wou'd I did Sir. But as I am a true Man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses Hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir, for if it had prov'd stronger, you had been Tongue-ty'd of these Commendations. Light me the Candle Sir, I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Loveless, and his Comrades, with Wenches, and two Fiddlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave Man of War, trace out thy darling,
And you my learned Council, sit and turn Boys,
Kiss till the Cow come home, kiss close, kiss close Knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou shalt kiss in Couplets.

Enter with Wine.

Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping,
This is no pay for Fiddlers.

Capt. O my dear Boy; thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hylas*, his Delight, his Solace.
Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy Bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main po-
Five Marks in hatchments to adorn this 'Thigh, (tation
Crampt with this rest of Peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt have't Boy, and fly in Feather;
Lead on a March, you Michers.

Enter Savil.

Sav. O my Head, O my Heart, what a noise and change is here!
Wou'd I had been cold i' th' Mouth before this Day, and ne'er have
liv'd to see this Dissolution. He that lives within a Mile of this
Place,

Place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of Drink i' th' Sellar, in which goodly Vessels lie wrack'd, and in the middle of this Deluge appear the tops of Flaggons and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i' th' Marshes.

Yo. Lo. What, art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* welcome to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kiss my *Helen*, and court her in a Dance.

Sav. Good Sir consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider, Gentlemen? How say you?

Capt. Consider? That were a simple toy i' faith, consider? Whose Moral's that? The Man that cries consider is our Foe: Let my Steel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead doing Hand, he must not die yet: Prethee be calm, my *Hector*.

Capt. Peasant Slave, thou Groom compos'd of Grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next consider kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again in a Gallon of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff, make it two Gallons, and let him do it kneeling in Repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man lost. Good Captain do your Office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drink, Steward, drink and dance, my Steward. Strike him a Horn-pipe squeakers; take thy striver, and pace her till she stew.

Sav. Sure Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me; pray break my Head, and let me go.

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no Meat in a Year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveless, disguis'd.

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all, my business is to one Master *Loveless*.

Capt. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no less, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your business?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loth, yet I am sworn to't, wou'd some other Tongue wou'd it speak for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it i' God's Name.

El. Lo. All I desire is, the patience and sufferance of a Man; and good Sir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of Sack will do, here's my Hand; prethee thy business?

El. Lo. Good Sir excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you; and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Prithce dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean dead Drunk?

El. Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at Sea, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure Sir.

Yo. Lo. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure Sir as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother?

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure Sir he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I wou'd not have him want, I lov'd him better: Here I forgive thee; and i' faith be plain, how do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some Wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory Toys ne'er trouble me, he's in a better place, my Friend, I know't. Some Fellows wou'd have cry'd now, and have curst thee, and fain out with their Meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: There's the right use on'r, Friend. Off with thy Drink, thou hast a spice of Sorrow makes thee dry: Fill him another. *Savil*, your Master's Dead, and who am I now, *Savil*? Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savil*, wipe: Tears are but thrown away: we shall have Wenches now, shall we not, *Savil*?

Sav. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. And Drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes forsooth.

Yo. Lo. And you'll strain curtsie, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I wou'd be glad, Sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sav. In time the sturdy Oak, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Some more Wine for my Friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon for my good News: but I have a loving Brother, that's my Comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you Sir, this is the worst I wish you for your News: And if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I should be still the same you see me now; a poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend there, he's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be, if I follow this beginning. Well my dear Brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more; pray let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. O Lord Sir, 'tis your modesty: More Wine, give him a bigger Glass; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my Pennon: Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my Brains; pray God I bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them so far again. Here's to you Sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear Steward, down o' your Knees you Infidel, you Pagan; be drunk and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a Bawd, I'll have thee a brave Bawd:

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you my business is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fill's a new stoupe.

El. Lo. I dare not Sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratifie you for the Pains you took, Sir.

El. Lo. As little to the to'ther.

Yo. Lo. If you find any stirring, do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you shall assuage it, Sir, before another: This only, and farewell, Sir. Your Brother when the Storm was most extrem, told all about him, he left a Will which lies close behind the Chimney in the matted Chamber. And so as well, Sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all: If you grow dry before you end your business, pray bait here, I have a fresh Hoghead for you.

Sav. You shall neither will no chuse, Sir. My Master is a wonderful fine Gentleman, has a fine State, a very fine State, Sir, I am his Steward, Sir, and his Man.

El. Lo. Wou'd you were your own, Sir, as I left you. Well I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewel, Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. What wou'd you with me, Sir?

Sav. Farewel Gentleman.

El. Lo. O sleep Sir, sleep.

[Exit El. Lo.]

Yo. Lo. Well Boys, you see what's fall'n, let's in and drink, and give thanks for it

Capt. Let's give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as Hive.

Sav. Drunk as I live, Boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine Office, and cast up a Reckoning of some weight; I will be Knighted, for my State will bear it, 'tis sixteen hundred, Boys: Off with your husks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Capt. O sweet *Loweless!*

Sav. All in Sattin! O sweet *Loweless!*

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble Compeers: And this my Countess shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the Will. [Exit.

Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widow,

Mor. And Widow, as I say, be your own Friend: Your Husband left you wealthy, ay and wife, continue so sweet Duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth Varlets, younger Brothers; they are Worms that will eat through Bags; they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your Mony, and neve singe your Purse-strings; They are Colts, Wench, Colts, heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for Bonds. Look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment; you may meet with a worse Back, I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your favour, Widow, 'tis tuff.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow leave your frumps, and be edified: You know my State, I sell no Perspectives, Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hang-ers, nor put my trust in Shoe-ties; and where your Husband in an Age was rising by burnt Figs, dreg'd with Meal and powdered Sugar, Saunders, and Grains, Wormseed and rotten Raisins, and such vile Tobacco, that made the Footmen mangy; I, in a Year, have put up hundreds; inclos'd, my Widow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage: For which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostess: Nay more——

Wid. Good Sir no more; what e'er my Husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must bear it off bravely, Sir.

Mor. Not with the Head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your Shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not sloop a Feather. My Husband was Fellow by'd to toil, fed ill, made Gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which for that I was his Wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own Smocks course, and Sir, so little: But let that pass, time, that wears all things out, wore out this Husband, who in penitence of such fruitless five years Marriage, left me great with his Wealth, which if you'll be a worthy Gossip to, be Knighted, Sir.

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now, Sir, from whom come you? whose Man are ye, Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master *Loveless*.

Mor. Be silent, Sir, I have no Mony, not a penny for you, he's sunk, your Master's sunk, a perisht Man, Sir.

Sav. Indeed his Brother's sunk, Sir, God be with him, a perisht Man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How saidst thou, good my Friend, his Brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, Sir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Master left sole Heir?

Sav. Yes Sir.

Mor

Mor. And he wants Mony?

Sav. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted

Mor. Widow be wise, there's more Land coming, Widow be very wise, and give thanks for me Widow.

Wid. Be thou very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me Sir.

Sav. What says your Worship to this Mony?

Mor. I say he may have Mony, if he please.

Sav. A thousand, Sir?

Mor. A thousand Sir, provided, my wife Sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwise

Enter Young Loveless, and Comrades, to them.

Sav. He's here himself Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Master *Loveless*, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear Incloser, Master *Morecraft*; prethee old Angel Gold, salute my Family, I'll do as much for yours; this, and your own desires, fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my Brother's Dead. *Mor.* Dead?

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time soust for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea, Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall hear more.

Mor. Now by my Faith of my Body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, and weep for the Dead? Why I thought nothing but a general Inundation would have mov'd thee, prethee be quiet, he hath left his Land behind him.

Mor. O has he so?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all Boy; hast any ready Mony?

Mor. Will you sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. No not outright, good Gripe; marry, a Mortgage; or such a slight Security.

Mor. I have no Mony, Sir, for Mortgage; if you will sell, and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir look before you, he'll work you out of all else: If you sell all your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a Powdering Tub, and break your Teeth with Biskers and hard Beef, that must have watering Sir: And where's your 300 Pounds a Year in Drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits you may, for you have no calling for Drink there, but with-a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your Ships sides, and then if you scape with Life, and take a Faggot Boat and a Bottle of *Usquebaugh*, come home poor Man,
like

like a type of *Thames-street* stinking of Pitch and Poor-John. I cannot tell, Sir, I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd Mungrel, and were it not against the Peace of my sovereign Friend here, I wou'd break your fore-casting Coxcomb, Dog I would, even with thy staff of Office there. Thy Pen and Inkhorn noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Mony for thy Dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Constitution, thy Seat unhealthful, sell and be wise; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own Heart, Child; Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the time. Mony makes men Immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the noblest course; then you may live without the charge of People, only we four will make a Family; ay, and an Age that will beget new Annals, in which I'll write thy Life, my Son of Pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What Men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring Boys of *Rome*, that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so, Sir?

Sav. Good Sir have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your Tongue up to your Roof. What Mony? speak. *Mor.* Six thousand Pound, Sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden by the Sun: Bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come strike me luck with Earnest, and draw the Writings.

Mor. There's a God's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old Master's sake let my Farm be excepted, if I become his Tenant I am undone, my Children Beggars, and my Wife God knows what: Consider me, dear Sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in: Dispatch the Writings. [*Exit with Com.*]

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty forehanded Fellow, wou'd thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel my self a Rascal; wou'd I cou'd teach a School, or beg, or lie well; I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his Mercy; so be it. [*Exit Sav.*]

Mor. Come Widow come, never stand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a meer paper Honour, and not proof enough for a Serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this Sir. No Knight no Widow. If you make me any thing, it must be a Lady, and so I take my leave,

Mor. Farewel sweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir I do more than think of it, it makes me dream, Sir.

[*Ex. Wid.*]

Mor.

Mor. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, ay and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidy, and so by consequence thou'd prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand Pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Abigal, and drops her Glove.

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me, he's Man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of Flesh towards Fifty, that ever frailty cop'd withal; what a trim *lennyoy* here she has put upon me; these Women are a proud kind of Cattle, and love this whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very Skins Bawds to their Flesh. Here's Dogskin Storax sufficient to kill a Hawk: What to do with it, besides nailing it up amongst *Irish* Heads of Teer, to shew the mightiness of her Palm, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your Glove.

Abig. Not Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, Lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back a favour, Fortune hath so well bestow'd, Sir, pray wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But hark you Mistress, what hidden Virtue is there in this Glove, that you wou'd have me wear it? Is't good against sore Eyes, or will it charm the Tooth-ach? Or these red tops, being steeped in White-wine soluble, will't kill the Itch? Or has it so conceal'd a Providence to keep my Hand from Bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare Glove of half a Crown a pair, 'twill be but half a Courtesie, I wear two always; faith let's draw cuts, one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his Years keeps him as yet in Ignorance, he's a well moulded Fellow, and I wonder his Blood thou'd stir no higher; but 'tis his want of Company: I must grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless disguis'd.

El. Lo. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir; this is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why through the Doors, they are open.

Wel. What are you? And what business have you here?

El. Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig.

Abig. Who would this Fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prithee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much, gay Man, as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a Soldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with Women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine Fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine, Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your Sex within this House, say I would see her.

Abig. Why am I not good enough for you, Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good, pray end my business. This is another Suitor; O frail Woman!

Wel. This Fellow with his bluntness hopes to do more than the long sutcs of a thousand cou'd; though he be slow, he's quick, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, she's more serious. You smell as if you were new calkt; go and be handsome, and then you may sit with her Servingmen.

El. Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Guess by my Outside.

El. Lo. Then I take you, Sir, for some new filken thin wean'd from the Country; that shall (when you come to keep good Company) be beaten into better Manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Mistress.

Abig. How many Lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one Life, Sir, maintain you ever in such bold Sauciness?

El. Lo. Yes, amongst a Nation of such Men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then?

Wel. That you shall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing I'll tell you:

This no place for such Companions,
Such lousie Gentlemen shall find their business
Better i th' Suburbs, there your strong pitch Perfume,
Mingled with Lees of Ale, shall reek in fashion.
This is no *Thames-street*, Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.
Prithee be satisfied, and seek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or whatever Title else
The warlike Eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee,
Go and reform thy self, prithee be sweeter,
And know my Lady speaks with no Swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your Tradition
Of Wit you pick from Plays, go to, I have found ye:
And for you, Sir, whose tender gentle Blood
Runs in your Nose, and makes you snuff at all
But three pil'd People, I do let you know,
He that begot your Worship's Sattin-suit,
Can make no Men, Sir: I will see this Lady,
And, with the Reverence of your Silken-ship,
In these old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not sure?

El. Lo. Sure, Sir, I shall?

Abig. You wou'd be beaten out?

El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who shall beat me? This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o' th' Peace

Wel. Sir you shall see that: Will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes, that that shall correct your Boys Tongue.
Dare you fight? I will stay here still.

Abig. O their things are out, help, help, for God's sake. [They draw.]
Madam. Jesus! they foin at one another.

Enter Lady.

Madam, why, who is within there?

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?

Wel. This uncivil Fellow;
He says he comes from Sea, where I believe
H'as purg'd away his Manners.

Lady. Why what of him?

Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God bless you,
Prets to your Privacies, and no denial
Must stand betwixt your Person and his business;
I let go his ill Language.

Lady. Sir, have you business with me?

El. Lo. Madam, some I have,
But not so serious as to pawn my Life for't:
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o' th' Sun as this is, to defie
Men of Imployment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

Lady. Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly

He flung his wild words at me: but to you
 I think he did no Honour, to deny
 The haste I came withal, a passage to you,
 Though I seem course.

Lady. Excuse me, gentle Sir, 'twas from my Knowledge,
 And shall have no protection. But to you Sir,
 You have shew'd more Heat than Wit, and from your self
 Have borrow'd Power, I never gave you here,
 To do these vile ünmanly things. My House
 Is no blind Street to swagger in; and my Favours
 Not doting yet on your unknown Deserts
 So far, that I shqu'd make you Master of my business;
 My Credit yet stands fairer with the People
 Than to be try'd with Swords; and they that come
 To do me service, must not think to win me
 With hazard of a Murther; if your Love
 Consist in Fury, carry it to the Camp:
 And there, in Honour of some common Mistress,
 Shorten your Youth: I pray be better temper'd,
 And give me leave a while, Sir.

Wel. You must have it.

[Exit Welford.]

Lady. Now Sir, your business?

El. Lo. First, I thank you for schooling this young Fellow,
 Whom his own Follies, which he's prone enough
 Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
 Shall level him a way to his Repentance.
 Next, I should rail at you, but you are a Woman,
 And Anger's lost upon you.

Lady. Why at me Sir?

I never did you wrong; for, to my Knowledge,
 This is the first sight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
 I must confess I have the least curse in,
 Because the least Acquaintance: But there be
 (If there be Honour in the Minds of Men)
 Thousands when they shall know what I deliver,
 (As all good Men must share in't) will to shame
 Blast your black Memory.

Lady. How is this, good Sir?

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a Soul will choak it.
 You've kill'd a Gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman!

El. Lo. You, and your Cruelty, have kill'd him, Woman,
 And such a Man (let me be angry in't)
 Whose least worth weigh'd above all Womens Virtues
 That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess him now?

Lady. I am so innocent I cannot, Sir.

El. Lo. Repent you mean, you are a perfect Woman,
And as the first was, made for Man's undoing.

Lady. Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. Wou'd he had mist his way too, though he had
Wander'd farther than Women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist his Misery, Lady.

Lady. How do you do, Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough I hope,
While I can keep my self from Temptations.

Lady. Leap into this matter, whither would ye?

El. Lo. You had a Servant that your Peevishness
Injoyn'd to Travel.

Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and shall be griev'd 'twere otherwise.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead:
How you will answer for his worth, I know not:
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd
To have giv'n a stronger testimony to th' World
Of what he might have been. He was a Man
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after,
Forc'd by a Tyrant Storm our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us; in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for Life,
On you unhappy Woman, and whilst all
Sought to preserve their Souls, he desperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that saw it,
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely End, and make her happy.
His name was *Loveless*: And I scap'd the Storm,
And now you have my business.

Lady. 'Tis too much.
Wou'd I had been that Storm, he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now I will forgive you Sir:

Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from this Ruin, I shall justly suffer
What they can say: I do confess my self
A guilty Cause in this. I wou'd say more,
But Grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.

El. Lo. I like this well: These Women are strange things.
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep,
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those Tears at home.

Lady. Wou'd you had told me then so, these two Arms had been
his Sea.

El. Lo. Trust me you move me much: But say he liv'd, these were forgotten things again.

Lady. Ay, say you so? Sure I should know that Voice: This is Knavery. I'll fit you for it. Were he living Sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, ay, and confes we are not so ill as your Opinion holds us. O my Friend, what Penance shall I pull upon my Fault, upon my most unworthy self for this?

El. Lo. Leave to love others, 'twas some Jealousie That turn'd him desperate.

Lady. I'll be with you straight: Are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confes there is a Gentleman Has born me long good will.

El. Lo. I do not like that.

Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me; to me, regardless of him: But since Fate, that no pow'r can withstand, has taken from me my first, and best Love, and to weep away my Youth is a meer Folly, I will shew you what I determine, Sir: You shall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I mean to make the Model of my Fortunes, and in his chaste Embraces keep alive the Memory of my lost lovely *Lovelles*: He is somewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes certainly Sir:

Though it please you to think me hard and cruel: I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I have made my self a fine Fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Wou'd you have spoke with me, Madam?

Lady. Yes Mr *Welford*, and I ask your pardon before this Gentleman for being froward: This Kiss, and henceforth more Affection.

El. Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a sudden Passion, God hold it.

This Fellow out of his fear sure has Perswaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

Lady. A parting kiss, and good Sir, let me pray you To wait me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another World; Madam where you please.

[*Exit Welford.*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, and't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now Sir you see I am no such hard Creature, But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your lost Love.

Lady. Alas Sir, what would you have me do? I cannot call him back again with Sorrow; I'll love this Man as dearly, and beshrow me I'll keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now

I remember me, by an old wife Woman, that my first Love should be drown'd, and see 'tis come about.

El. Lo. I wou'd she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about: But this is very strange.

Lady. Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my Mind: If weeping would redsem him, I would weep still.

El. Lo. But say that I were *Loveless*,
And scap'd the Storm, how would you answer this?

Lady. Why for that Gentleman I would leave all the World.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

Lady. That young thing too,
Or any young thing else: Why, I would lose my State.

El. Lo. Why then he lives still, I am he, your *Loveless*.

Lady. Alas I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepar'd this Pageant: Get you to your task; and leave these Players tricks, or I shall leave you, indeed I shall. Travel, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promise, take your choice: Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman.

I must do something.

[Exit *Loveless*.]

Enter *Welford*.

Wel. Mistress I am bold.

Lady. You are indeed.

Wel. You so overjoy'd me, Lady.

Lady. Take heed you surfeit not, pray fast and welcome:

Wel. By this Light you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this, and to morrow's Light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

Wel. I like this Mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You shall have more on't.

Wel. I must kiss you.

Lady. No Sir.

Wel. Indeed I must.

Lady. What must be, must be; I'll take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few Friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them when you travel next, 'twere fit you brought less Brav'ry with you and more Wit; you'll never get a Wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

Lady. Yes faith. Will you eat Sir? your Horses will be ready straight, you shall have a Napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then?

Lady. Yes, for that Face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt, the Fire in time may mend it.

Wel.

Wel. Methinks yours is none of the best, Lady.

Lady. No by my troth Sir; yet o' my Conscience, You wou'd make shift with it.

Wel. Come, pray no more' of this.

Lady. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring out the Gentleman's Horses, he's in haste; and set some cold Meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you Lady: take your Chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel young Man.

[*Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one; Farewel; and may the curse of a great House fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devil and all his Works are in these Women; wou'd all of my Sex were of my Mind, I wou'd make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that Flesh might be in more Rev'ence with them.

Enter Abigail to him.

Abig. I am sorry, Mr *Welford*.

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Lady use you?

Wel. As I would use you, Scurvily.

Abig. I shou'd have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I shou'd have been undonethen. Pray leave me, and look to your Sweet-meats. Hark, your Lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time without Offence.

Wel. You're nothing but offence, for God's love leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange my Lady should be such a Tyrant.

Wel. To send you to me. 'Pray go stitch, good do, you're more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good Will, if I said Love I lied not, should any way deserve this?

Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways; sweet Creature let me depart in peace.

Abig. What Creature, Sir? I hope I am a Woman.

Wel. A hundred I think by your Noise.

Abig. Since you are angry Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a Woman, and a Rib.

Wel. Of a roasted Horse?

Abig. Conster me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better; Farewel Countess, and commend me to your Lady, tell her she's proud, and scurvy, and so I commit you both to your Tempter.

Abig. Sweet Mr *Welford*.

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus*: Go daub your Ruins, your Face looks fouler than a Storm: The Footman stays for you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle Conditions. Are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye. Sirrah, my Horses. Farewel old Adage, keep your Nose warm, the Rheum will make it Horn else——— [Exit Welford.]

Abig. The blessings of a Prodigal young Heir be thy Companions, *Welford*. Marry come up my Gentleman, are your Gums grown so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your fortune, *Welford*, and fair enough for such a Packsaddle. And I doubt not (if my Aim hold) to see her made to amble to your Hand. [Exit Abigail.]

Enter Young Loveless, and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savil, and the rest.

Capt. Save thy brave Shoulder, my young puissant Knight,
And may thy Back-sword bite them to the Bone
That love thee not, thou art an Errant-man,
Go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.
Let Land and Labour fill the Man that tills,
Thy Sword must be thy Plough, and Jove it speed,
Mecha shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall,
And thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mer. Captain I shall deserve some of your Love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have Heart and Hand too, noble *Morecraft*,
If thou wilt lend me Mony. I am a Man of Garrison,
Be rul'd, and open to me those infernal Gates,
Whence none of thy evil Angels pass again,
And I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*.
I'll woo thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight
Shall feast her with high Meats, and make her apt.

Mer. Pardon me Captain, you're beside my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captain's meaning.
I should prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or provoke her.

Speak my modern Man, I say provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So say the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howsoever you expound it Sir, she's very welcome,
and this shall serve for witness: And Widow, since you're come so
happily, you shall deliver up the Keys and free possession of this
House, while I stand by to Ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me,
'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, Widow; come, sit down, some Wine
there, there is a scurvy Banquet if we had it. All this fair House is
yours, Sir *Savil*?

Sav. Yes, Sir.

Yo. Lo.

32
The Scornful Lady.
Yo. Lo. Are your Keys ready, I must ease your Burden.

Sav. I am ready Sir, to be undone, when you shall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all, there's half a dozen of my Friends i' th' Fields sunning against a Bank, with half a breech among 'em, I shall be with 'em shortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this Rascal. What shall become of my poor Family? they are no Sheep, and they must keep themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drink, Master *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:

Nay and you will not drink there's no Society;

Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow, a word.

Capt. Expound her thoroughly, Knight. Here God o' Gold, here's to thy fair Possessions; Be a Baron, and a bold one: leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed Men of War, live and be honest, and be sav'd yet.

Mor. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your Counsel. You keep your Chimneys smoking there, your Nostrils; and when you can, you feed a Man of War, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be sav'd, let the Clerk o' th' Company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

Poet. The Man is much mov'd. Be not angry Sir, but, as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir: Captain take truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty whorson——

Capt. Poet, you feign perdie, the Wit of this Man lies in his Fingers ends, he must tell all; his Tongue fills his Mouth like a Neats Tongue, and only serve to lick his hungry Chaps after a Purchase: His Brains, and Brimstone are the Devils diet to a fat Usurer's Head. To her Knight, to her; clap her Aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend, and *Savil*, Sir.

Capt. Away, th'art rich in Ornaments of Nature. First in thy Face, thou hast a serious Face, a betting, bargaining, and saving Face, a rich Face, pawn it to the Usurer; a Face to kindle the Compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Sav. 'Tis such as I shall not dare to shew it shortly, Sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny, Steward. Master *Morecraft*, Drink to this Man of Reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downward; Wou'd there were in't an Acre of the great Broom-field he bought, to sweep your dirty Conscience or to choak ye, 'tis all one to me, Usurer.

Yo. Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly Business: Is it fit one of such tenderness, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stir and break her better Meditations, in

the

the bare brokage of a brace of Angels? or a new Kirtel, though it be Satten? eat by the hope of surfeits, and lye down only in Expectation of a Morrow, that may undo some eatie-hearted Fool. or reach a Widow's curses? Let out Mony, whose Use returns the Principal? and get, out of these Troubles, a consuming Heir; for such a one must follow necessarily: You shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that posselt Wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to another's Hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his cozenage.

Wid. Sir, you speak well, wou'd God that Charity had first begun here.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry, methinks you want Wine there, there's more i' th' House. Captain, where rests the Health?

Capt. It shall go round, Boy.

Yo. Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much Profit, can you so far bow below your Blood, below your too much Beauty, to be a Partner of this Fellow's Bed, and lye with his Diseases? if you can, I will not press you further: Yet look upon him: There's nothing in that hidebound Usurer, that Man of mat, that all decay'd, but Aches, for you to love, unless his perisht Lungs, his dry Cough, or his Scurvy. This is Truth, and so far I dare speak yet: He has yet, past cure of Physick, Spaw, or any Diet, a primitive Pox in his Bones; and o' my Knowledge he has been ten times rowell'd: Ye may love him; he had a Bastard, his own toward Issue, whipt and then cropt for washing out the Roses in three farthings to, these make 'em Pence.

Wid. I do not like Morals.

Yo. Lo. You must not like him hen.

Enter Elder Loveless.

El. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my Troth Sir, you are welcome, welcome, faith: Lord what a Stranger you are grown; pray know this Gentleman, and if you please these Friends here: We are merry, you see the worst on't; your House has been kept warm Sir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it Brother, pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. Morecraft know my Elder Brother, and Captain do you compliment. *Savil* I dare swear is glad at Heart to see you; Lord, we heard Sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

Mor. This Mony must be paid again, Sir.

Yo. Lo. No Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors measures; I am well, I thank you.

Wid. By my Troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his own Sawce, I shall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad: Your Worship is the welcom'st Man alive; upon my Knees I bid you welcome

home: Here has been such a hurly, such a din, such dismal Drinking, Swearing and Whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: We have all liv'd in a continual *Turnbal-street*; Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again; now shall I eat and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother, dismiss these People.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old Rendevouse in the Evening, take your small Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft* you were best go prattle with your learned Counsel, I shall preserve your Mony, I was cozen'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better still.

El. Lo. What's this Fellow, Brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirsty Usurer that sup'd my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. Sir, to be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little sale, Sir.

Mor. Am I over-reach'd? if there be Law I'll hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a Fool I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of coz'ning, home and spare, eat Reddish 'till you raise your Sums again. If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipt, your Ears nail'd for intelligencing o' th' the Pillory, and your Gods forfeit: You are a stale Cozener, leave my House: No more.

Mor. A Pox upon your House. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said Widow: Will you jog on, 'Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:

But when I trust a wild Fool, and a Woman,
May I lend Gratis, and build Hospitals.

[Exit.

Yo. Lo. Nay good Sir, make all ev'n, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's Rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor distress'd younger Brother.

Wid. You do him wrong Sir, he's a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you Mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be Lady. Faith be not Merciless, but make a Man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his Observances may deserve your Love: He shall not fail for means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy Brother: And so much I do credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother: And so love him, ———but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her Mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now Brother I shou'd chide, but I'll give no distaste to your fair Mistress. I will instruct her in't,
and

and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every Day now Spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you good Mr. *Savil* and your Office, thus much I have to say: You're from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd; they say you're excellent grown in both, and perfect: Give me your Keys, Sir *Savil*.

Sav. Good Sir, consider whom you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a Curb for, not to provoke my Brother's Follies. Where's the best Drink, now? come tell me *Savil*; where's the soundest Whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leading in my House your Whores, like Fairies dance their Night-rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my Walls? Are all my Hangings safe; my Sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't: What say you to three hundred Pounds in Drink now?

Sav. Good Sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will Sir, if you will have it so.

El. Lo. I thank ye: Yes e'en pursue it Sir: Do you hear? get a Whore soon for your Recreation; go look out Captain *Broken-breech* your Fellow, and Quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver these Keys to one shall have more Honesty, though not so much fine Wit, Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses*, fit to cool your Liver; there's something for you to begin a Diet, you'll have the Pox'else. Speed you well, Sir *Savil*: you may eat at my House to preserve Life; but keep no Fornication in the Stables. [*Ex. omnes pr. Savil.*]

Sav. Now must I hang my self, my Friends will look for't. Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:

I will run mad first, and if that get not Pity,
I'll drown my self, to a most dismal Ditty.

[*Exit Savil.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Abigal sola.

Abig. ALAS poor Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee, to what a scurvy Fortune? Thou that hast been a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those Times for Gentlemen; now like a broken Servingman, must beg for favour to those, that wou'd have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an Apparition of me. You that becoming on, make much of fifteen, and so 'till five and twenty: Use your time with Reverence, that your Profits may arise: It will not tarry with you, *Ecce signum*: Here was a Face, but Time, that like a Surfeit eats

our Youth, plague of his Iron Teeth, and draw 'em for't, has been a little bolder here than welcome? And now to say the truth, I am fit for no Man. Old Men i'th' House of fifty, call me Granum; and when they are drunk, e'en then, when *Jone* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me, his Silver Sound of Cittern quite abolish'd, his doleful *Hymns* under my Chamber-Window, digested into tedious learning: Well Fool, you leapt a Haddock when you left him; he's a clean Man, and a good Edifier, and twenty Nobles is his State *de claro*, besides his Pigs in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my Manners: And Love, if ever thou hast care of forty, of such a piece of lape Groud, hear my Pray'r, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my Faults, in this renew'd impresson of my Love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Enter Roger.

See how negligently he passes by me; with what an Equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the Heart of *Bellarmino*, or added something to the singing Brethren. 'Tis Scorn, I know it, and deserve it. Mr. *Roger*.

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my Name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*.

Rog. Ungentle *Abigal*.

Abig. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you set your Wit to a weak Woman's?

Rog. You are weak indeed: For so the Poet sings.

Abig. I do confes my weakness, sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Lady's Gentlewoman, or my good Lady's Gentlewoman (this Trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a Season of your first Mother in y^e: And surely had the Devil been in Love, he had been abused too. Go *Dalilah*, you make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted Man; dilate upon the weak Infirmities of Women: These are fit Texts, but once there was a time, wou'd I had never seen those Eyes, those Eyes, those orient Eyes.

Rog. Ay, they were Pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence Sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your Cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles, I thank 'em.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can,

You're like a Copy-hold with nine Lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian Fear about you: For your own Worships sake.

Rog. I was a Christian Fool then: Do you remember what a Dance you led me? how I grew qualm'd in love, and was a Dunce?
cou'd

cou'd expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: And then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I pray'd for my own Issue. You do remember all this?

Abig. O be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for't, surely I will be wiser, *Abigal*: and, as the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not lose my Oyl and Labour too. You're for the Worshipful, I take it *Abigal*.

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like these Tears well, and this humbling also, they are Symptoms of Contrition. If I should fall into my fit again, wou'd you not shake me into a Quotidian Coxcomb? Wou'd you not use me scurvily again, and give me Possets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer: I will do any thing, betray the secrets of the main Household to thy Reformation. My Lady shall look lovingly on thy Learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy Eggs to penny Custards, and thy tithe Goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithful Kiss; But have a great care Mistress *Abigal* how you depress the Spirit any more with your Rebukes and Mocks: for certainly the Edge of such a folly cuts it self.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow. Here I vow a Recantation to those malicious Faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your Learning, never more pin Cards and Conny-tails upon your Cassock, never again reproach your reverend Night-cap, and call it by the mangy name of Murrain, never your reverend Person more, and say, you look like one of *Baal's* Priests in a hanging, never again when you say Grace laugh at you, nor put you out at Prayers: Never cramp you more, nor when you ride, get Sope and Thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my Tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved, and do even what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet *Abigal*. I am thine own for ever: Here's my Hand, when *Roger* proves a Recreant, hang him i' th' Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

Lady. Why how now Master *Roger*, no Pray'rs down with you to Night? Did you hear the Bell ring? You are courting; your Flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon: I'll clap up Pray'rs, but stay a little, and be with you again. [Exit Roger.]

Enter Elder Loveless.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a Fellow,

Presume

Presume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. What ails the Fellow?

El. Lo. The Fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you *Lady* I would not, for your Land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise, 'tis a rare Jewel
In an Elder Brother: Pray be wiser yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wise: I do not come a wooing. Indeed I'll move no more Love to your Ladiship.

Lady. What makes you here then?

El. Lo. Only to see you and be merry, *Lady*: That's all my business. Faith let's be very merry. Where's little *Roger*? He's a good Fellow: An hour or two well spent in wholesome Mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling Passions. 'Tis an ill World for Lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank God there's one less for me, *Lady*.

Lady. You were never any, Sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettiest Fellow.

Lady. You talk like a Tailor, Sir.

El. Lo. Methinks your Faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise? Lord what a lying Age is this, where will you mend these Faces?

El. Lo. A Hog's Face, soust, is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons, *Lady*.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Lo. That shall not save you. O that I were in love again with a wish!

Lady. By this light you are a scurvy Fellow, pray be gone.

El. Lo. You know I am a clean skin'd Man.

Lady. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you wou'd know it; that's as good: But not a snap, never long for't, not a snap, dear *Lady*.

Lady. Hark ye Sir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horse Flesh for such Hounds: Will you go, Sir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lov'd this Woman, how I worship'd this pretty Calf with a white Face here: As I live, you were the prettiest Fool to play withal, the wittiest little Variet, it would talk: Lord how it talk'd! And when I angered it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no Meat, and it wou'd say, go hang.

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married, it sent me of an Errand into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

Lady. Sir this is most unmanly, pray be gone.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at me) I was unhandfome.

Lady. Have you no manners in you?

El. Lo. And say my Back was melted, when God he knows, I kept it at a charge: Four *Flanders* Mares wou'd have been easier to me, and a Fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now?

El. Lo. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But so much for our Mirth: Now have at you in earnest.

Lady. There is enough Sir, I desire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now; And then the Devil take the worst.

Lady. Pray Sir no more, I am not so much affected with your Commendations, 'tis almost Dinner, I know they stay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'en a short Grace, and then I am gone. You are a Woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach: The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless Woman; the greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd though it be gross and open; the most envious, that at the poor fame of anothers Face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the Paint belonging to it: Of such a self Opinion, that you think none can deserve your Glove: And for your Malice, you are so excellent, you might have been your Tempter's Tutor: Nay, never cry.

Lady. Your own Heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Lo. You shall before I leave you.

Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El. Lo. Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.

Lady. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are; let me see.

Lady. One that hath us'd you with too much respect.

El. Lo. One that has us'd me, since you will have it so, the basest, the most Foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have us'd me as I would use a Jade, ride him off's Legs, then turn him to the Commons: you have us'd me with discretion, and I thank ye. If you have any more such pretty Servants, pray build an Hospital, and when they are old, pray keep 'em for shame.

Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

Lady. No Faith, there's enough, if it be true: Too much by all my part; you are no Lover then?

El. Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

Lady. Why the Gods amend all.

El. Lo. Neither do I think there can be such a Fellow so und'ish' World, to be in Love with such a froward Woman; if there

be such, they're mad, *Jove* comfort 'em. Now you have all, and I as a new Man, as light and spirited, that I feel my self clean through another Creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own Man, I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and never kiss your Hand: Hear you sing, and never fall backward; but with as set a Temper, as I would hear a Fidler, rise and thank you. I can now keep my Mony in my Purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats: And keep my Hand from Mercers Sheepskins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my self with my two Shilings, and can see a Play for Eighteen Pence again: I can my Lady, I can:

Lady. The Carriage of this Fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speak a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me? You will not ravish me? Now, your set Speech?

Lady. Thou perjurd Man.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium*.

And why I pray you perjurd?

Lady. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things?

El. Lo. I do confes it: Make your best of that.

Lady. Why do you say you do not then?

El. Lo. Nay I'll swear it,

And give sufficient reason, your own Usage.

Lady. Do you not love me then? *El. Lo.* No faith.

Lady. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?

El. Lo. Yes, but I see but rotten Fruits on't.

Lady. Do not deny your Hand for I must kiss it, and take my last Farewel; now let me die, so you be happy.

El. Lo. I am too foolish: Lady speak, dear Lady.

Lady. No, let me Die.

[*She Swoons.*]

Mar. Oh my Sister!

Abig. O my Lady! help, help.

Mar. Run for some *Rosafolis*.

El. Lo. I have plaid the fine Afs: Bend her Body. Lady, best, dearest, worthiest Lady, hear your Servant, I am not as I shew'd: O wretched Fool, to sling away the Jewel of thy Life thus. Give her more Air, see she begins to stir, sweet Mistress hear me.

Lady. Is my Servant well?

El. Lo. In being yours I am so. *Lady.* Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye, reach a Chair there; I confes my fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus upon such Tenderness my wilful Error; but had I known it wou'd have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely, not the World had won me to it; and let not, my best Lady, any word spoke to my end disturb your quiet Peace; for sooner shall you know a general Ruin, than my Faith broken. Do not doubt

doubt this, Mistress, for by my Life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap Infliction upon me: I will suffer. O I could curse my self, pray smile upon me. Upon my Faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely that you would never shew it, though my means was all Humility.

All. Ha, ha! *El. Lo.* How now?

Lady. I thank you fine Fool for your most fine Plot; this was a subtle one, a stiff device to have caught Dottrels with. Good senseless Sir, could you imagine I should swoon for you, and know your self to be an arrant Ass? ay, a discover'd one. 'Tis quit, I thank you Sir. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to swoon again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Step to her Sir, see how she changes Colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to Hell first, and be better welcome.

I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd,
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

Lady. Faith 'tis not so much worth, Sir:

But if I know when you come next a Birding,
I'll have a stronger Noose to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. I am glad to see you merry: Pray laugh on.

Mar: H'ad a hard Heart that cou'd not laugh at you Sir, h ,
ha, ha!

Lady. Pray Sister do not laugh, you'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude Costermonger,
That School-Boys had cozened of his Apples,
As loud and senseless.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith then let's hear him, Sister.

El. Lo. Yes you shall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. Lo. No; he that makes a Woman better by his words,
I'll have him Sainted: Blows will not do it.

Lady. By this light he'll beat us.

El. Lo. You do deserve it richly,
And may live to have a Beadle do it.

Lady. Now he rails.

El. Lo. Come scornful Folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray put it in good words then.

El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of Cobweb-lawn.

Lady. You bite Sir?

El. Lo. I would till the Bones crackt, and I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he grows mad.

El. Lo. I wou'd 'twere lawful in the next great Sickness to have the Dogs spar'd, those harmless Creatures, and knock i' th' head these hot continual Plagues, Women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

Lady. Are you well, Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o' th' Cholick.

El. Lo. Green-ginder will cure me.

Abig. I'll heat a Trencher for him.

El. Lo. Dirty *December* do, thou with a Face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a Prognosticating Nose: Thou thing that ten years since has left to be a Woman, outworn the expectation of a Bawd; and thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now, but Gords or Ninepins; pray go fetch a Trencher, go.

Lady. Let him alone, he's crack'd.

Abig. I'll see him hang'd first, is a beastly Fellow to use a Woman of my Breeding thus; ay marry is he: Wou'd I were a Man, I'd make him eat his Knaves words.

El. Lo. Tie your she Otter up, good Lady Folly, she stinks worse than a Bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Go Paint and Purge, call in your Kennel with you: You a Lady?

Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the Quarter Sessions, if there be good Behaviour in the World, I'll have thee bound to it.

El. Lo. You must not seek it in your Lady's House then; pray send this Ferret home, and spin, good *Abigail*, And Madam, that your Ladyship may know, in what base manner you have us'd my Service, I do from this hour hate ye heartily; and though your Folly should whip you to Repentance, and waken you at length to see my Wrongs, 'tis not the Endeavour of your Life shall win me; not all the Friends you have, Intercession, nor your submissive Letters, though they spoke as many Tears as Words; not your Knees grown to th' Ground in Penitence, nor all your State, to kiss you; nor my Pardon, nor Will to give you Christian Burial, if you die thus; so farewell. When I am married and made sure, I'll come and visit you again, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes I'll be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to me, but save that Labour: I'll rather love a Fever and continual Thirst, rather contract my Youth to drink and sacerdote upon Quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from an Hosdital, that Time, Diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten, than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, false Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me.

[*Exit Elder Love.*

Lady.

Lady. But hark you *Servant*, hark ye: Is he gone?
Call him again.

Abig. Hang him *Paddock*.

Lady. Art thou here still? *Flic*, *flic*, and call my *Servant*, *flic* or never see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than see that *Rascal*, but I must do it. [*Exit Abig.*]

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a *Woman*, to use those *Men* most frowardly they love most? If I should lose him thus, I were rightly serv'd. I hope he's not so much himself, to take it to th' heart: How now? Will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he swears, while he can hear *Men* say there's any *Woman* living: He swore he wou'd ha' me first.

Lady. Didst thou intreat him, *Wench*?

Abig. As well as I cou'd, *Madam*. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

Lady. Thou say'st true, get me *Paper*, *Pen* and *Ink*, I'll write to him, I'd be loth he should sleep in's anger. *Women* are most *Fools* when they think they're wisest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Musick. *Enter Young Loveless, and Widow, going to be married, with them his Comrades.*

Wid. Pray *Sir* cast off these *Fellows*, as unfitting for your bare *Knowledge*, and far more your *Company*: Is't fit such *Ragamuffins* as these are, should bear the *Name* of *Friends*, and furnish out a *civil House*? You're to be married now, and *Men* that love you must expect a course far from your old *Career*: If you will keep 'em, turn 'em to th' *Stable*, and there make 'em *Grooms*: And yet now I consider it, such *Beggars* once set o' *Horse-back*, you have heard will ride, how far you had best to look.

Capt. Hear you, you that must be a *Lady*, pray content your self and think upon your *Carriage* soon at *Night*, what dressing will best take your *Knight*, what *Waistcoat*, what *Cordial* will do well i' th' *Morning* for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean, *Sir*?

Capt. Those that must switch him up: if he start well, fear not but cry *Saint George*, and bear him hard: When you perceive his *Wind* grows hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet, ne'er doubt him, and stands sound.

Wid. *Sir*, you hear these *Fellows*?

To. Lo. Merry *Companions*, *Wench*, merry *Companions*.

Wid. To one another let 'em be *Companions*, but good *Sir* not to you: You shall be civil and slip off these base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your powder'd Sugar, nor your Raisins shall perswade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil and eat i'th' *Arches*, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way. I will not take, if he be civil once, two hundred Pound a Year to live with him: Be civil? There's a trim perswasion.

Capt. If thou be'st civil, Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another Nose, that will be pull'd off by the angry Boys for thy Conversion: The Children thou shalt get on this Civilian cannot inherit by the Law, they're *Ethnicks*, and all thy Sport meer moral Leachery: When they are grown, having but little in 'em, they may prove Haberdashers, or gross Grocers, like their dear Damm there: Prithee be civil Knight, in time thou may'st read to thy Household, and be drunk once a Year: this would shew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder Sweetheart you will offer this, you do not understand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: These are Creatures, that nothing goes to the Maintenance of but Corn and Water. I will keep these Fellows just in the Competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so Sir, you have my liking: If they eat less, I should not be offended: But how these, Sir, can live upon so little as Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why prithee Sweetheart what's your Ale? Is not that Corn and Water, my sweet Widow?

Wid. Ay, but my sweet Knight where's the Meat to this, and Cloaths that they must look for?

Yo. Lo. In this short Sentence Ale, is all included: Meat, Drink, and Cloth: These are no ravening Footmen, no Fellows, that at Ordinaries dare eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they rise, and yet go hungry to play, and crack more Nuts than would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din, which is damnable. I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Boat-maker, than live amongst such Rascals; these are People of such a clean discretion in their Diet, of such a moderate Sustainance, that they Sweat if they but smell hot Meat. Porridge is Poyson, they hate a Kitchen as they hate a Counter, and show 'em but a Feather-bed they swoon. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keeps their Bodies clear and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost Room fills an Apple, which is more airy and of subtler Nature. The Rest they take is little, and that little is little easie: For like strict Men of Order, they do correct their Bodies with a Bench, or a poor stubborn Table; if a Chimney offer it self with some few broken Rushes, they are in Down: when they are sick, that's drunk, they may have fresh Straw, else they do

do despise these worldly Pamperings. For their poor Apparel, 'tis worn out to the Dict; new they seek none, and if a Man should offer they are angry, scarce to be reconcil'd again with him: You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast Doublet once in a Year, which is Modesty befitting my poor Friends: You see their Wardrobe, though slender, competent: For Shirts, I take it they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lousie they will be when they list, and Mangy, which shows a fine variety: And then to cure 'em a Tanner's Limepit, which is little charge, two Dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wid. You have half perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: And my good Friends since I do know your Diet, I'll take an order, Meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Capt. We askno more, let it be, mighty Lady: And if we perish, then our own Sins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come forward, Gentlemen, to Church my Boys; when we have done, I'll give you cheering Bowls. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Elder Loveless.

THis senseless Woman vexes me to th' Heart, she will not from my Memory; wou'd she were a Man for one two Hours, that I might beat her: If I had been unhandsome, old or jealous, 't had been an even lay she might have scorn'd me; but to be young, and by this Light I think as proper as the proudest; made as clean, as straight, and strong backt; Means and Manners equal with the best Cloth of Silver Sir i' th' Kingdom: But these are things at some time of the Moon, below the cut of Canvas: Sure she has some Meeching Rascal in her House, some Hind, that she hath seen bear, like another *Milo*, Quarters of Malt upon his Back, and sing with'r; Thrash all day, and i' th' evening in his Stockings, strike up a Hornpipe, and there stink two Hours, and ne'er a whit the worse Man; these are they, these Steel-chin'd Rascals that undo us all. Wou'd I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed e'er this time.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave, Sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome, what's your will, Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel.

Wel. You must Sir. I am that Gentleman you pleas'd to wrong, in your disguise, I have inquir'd you out.

El. Lo. I was disguis'd indeed Sir if I wrong'd you, pray where and when?

Wel. In such a Lady's House, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Tutor to that Lady?

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how scurvily you us'd me: That was no place to quarrel in, pray you think of it; if you be honest you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I must provoke ye.

El. Lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for Woman, I will not have her in my cause, she's mortal, and so is not my Anger: If you have brought a nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you; in this I would be loth to prick my Finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far from my Profession, that amongst my Fears, to do wrong is the greatest: Credit me, we have been both abus'd, (not by our selves, for that I hold a Spleen no sin of Malice, and may with Man enough be best forgotten,) but by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred, that much forgetful Lady: For whose sake, if we should leave our Reason, and run on upon our Sense, like Rams, the little World of good Men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon our desperate Memories the never-worn out names of Fools and Fencers. Sir, 'tis not Fear, but Reason makes me tell you; in this I had rather help you Sir, than hurt you, and you shall find it, though you throw your self into as many Dangers as she offers, though you redeem her lost Name every day, and find her out new Honours with your Sword, you shall but be her Mirth as I have been.

Wel. I ask your mercy Sir, you have ta'en my Edge off: yet I would fain be even with this Lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your Helper: We are two, and they are two: Two Sisters, rich alike, only the elder has the prouder Dowry: In troth I pity this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but follow my Counsel, and I'll pawn my Spirit, we'll over-reach 'em yet; the means is this——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir there's a Gentlewoman will needs speak with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred, Sir.

El. Lo. It is the waiting Woman, pray be not seen: Sirrah hold her in Discourse a while: Hark in your Ear, go and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, I'll tell you all the Project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

[*Exit Welford.*

El. Lo. Away, 'tis done, she must not see you: Now Lady Guinever what News with you?

Enter

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray leave these frumps Sir, and receive this Letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my Lady, Sir: Alas good Soul, she cries and takes on!

El. Lo. Does she so, good Soul? wou'd she not have a Cawdle? Does she fend you with your fine Oratory goody Tully, to tye me to believe again? Bring out the Cat-hounds, I'll make you take a Tree Whore, then with my Tiller bring down your *Gib-ship*, and then have you cast, and hung up i' th' Warren.

Abig. I am no Beast Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wou'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful; what will you say now? *Abig.* Nothing not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a Woman, and say nothing?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more Moderation, I can speak wife enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough? Will your Lady love me?

Abig. It seems so by her Letter, and her Lamentations; but you are such another Man.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not be: I'll read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistress mad?

Abig. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poor Gentlewoman so uptowardly; she loves the Ground you tread on; and you, hard Heart, because she jested with you, mean to kill her; 'tis a fine Conquest as they say.

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy Whitleather Hide yet, that thou canst cry? I wou'd have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five Year since; nay let it rain, thy Face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghil.

Abig. I'll not endure this Ribauldry; farewell i' th' Devil's name; if my Lady die, I'll be sworn before a Jury, thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Do Maukin do, deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other Business: Which before I'll want to come to her, I mean to go seek Birds nests: Yet I may come too: But if I come from this Door, till I see her, will I think how to rail vilely at her; how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sick upon't, shall find the cause to be want of Urine, and she remediless die in her Heresie. Farewel old Adage, I hope to see the Boys make Potguns on thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile Man; God bless my Issue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left Crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i' th' Breech like a Top, you'll ne'er spin well else: Farewel Fytchöck. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady alone.

Lady. Is it not strange that every Woman's Will shou'd track out new ways to disturb her self? If I should call my Reason to Account, it cannot

cannot answer why I keep my self from mine own wish, and stop the Man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet still go on: I know 'tis like a Man that wants his natural Sleep, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his Life for two hours rest; yet through his frowardness, will rather chuse to watch another Man, drowsie as he, than take his own Repose. All this I know: Yet a strange Peevishness and Anger, not to have the Power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own Ruin: I had rather die sometimes than not disgrace in publick him whom People think I love, and do't with Oaths, and am in earnest then: O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now? What News?

Enter Abigal.

Abig. Faith Madam none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your self.

Lady. Why, but what says he?

Abig. Faith he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abig. First at your Letter he laught extreemly?

Lady. What, in Contempt?

Abig. He laught monstrous loud, as he would die, and when you wrote it I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laught again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes, till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why? Why wert thou angry? He did do but well, I did deserve it, he had been a Fool, an unfit Man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: You were angry, that show'd your Folly; I shall love him more for that, than all that e'er he did before: But said he nothing else?

Abig. Many uncertain things: He said though you had mockt him, because you were a Woman, he cou'd wish to do you so much favour as to see you: Yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there: For I heard the Servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: And as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in haste, which they said were for their Mistrels's Jointure.

Lady

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably think, that I should keep him with my idle tricks for ever e'er he be Married.

Abig. At last he said, it should go hard but he would see you for your Satisfaction.

Lady. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as Men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac'd, and give respect there where we are respected: Yet we practise a wilder Course, and never bend our Eyes on Men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect: Then we, too late, perceive the loss of what we might have had, and doat to Death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your Servant, with a Gentlewoman with him. *Lady.* Where?

Mar. Close at the Door.

Lady. Alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd. What kind of Woman is she?

Mar. A most ill favoured one, with her Masque on: And how her Face should mend the rest I know not.

Lady. But yet her Mind was of a milder stuff than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveless, and Welford in Woman's Apparel:

Lady. Now I see him, if my Heart swell not again (away thou Woman's pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle word to him, let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here.

Lady. How now, what new trick invites you hither? Ha' you a fine Device again?

El. Lo. Faith this is the finest device I have now: How dost thou sweet Heart?

Wel. Why very well so long as I may please You my dear Lover. I nor can, nor will Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy sweet Temper! What would I have giv'n, that Lady had been like thee: See'st thou her? That Face, my Love, join'd with thy humble Mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my Love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend. I use no Paint, nor any Drugs of Art, my Hands and Face will shew it.

Lady. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? Do you take Mony for it?

El. Lo. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for Mony: 'Tis my Mistress: in whom there is no Passion, nor no Scorn: What I will is for Law; pray you salute her.

Lady. Salute her? By this good Light, I would not kiss her for half my Wealth.

El. Lo. Why? Why pray you?

You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

Lady. Now fie upon thee, a Beast would not have don't.

I wou'd not kiss thee of a Month to gain a Kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

Lady. Why was there ever such a *Meg* as this?

Sure thou art Mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lov'd Pictures? for what are Shape and Colours else, but Pictures? In that tawny Hide there lies an endless Mass of Virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

Lady. God give you Joy. *El. Lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good wish.

The like to you when ever you shall Wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit!

Lady. You thank me? I pray

Keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,

Much less a Lady of your worthy Parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, Sweet!

Lady. I do not think this Woman can by Nature be thus, Thus ugly; sure she's some common Strumpet, Deform'd with exercise of Sin?

Wel. O Sir believe not this, for Heav'n so comfort me as I am free from foul Pollution with any Man; my Honour ta'en away, I am no Woman.

El. Lo. Arise my dearest Soul; I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender Heart will break with this Reproach; fie that you know no more Civility to a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter Sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all; be careles.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine Honour; methinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine Honour is not stain'd.

Is this the business that you sent for me about?

Mar. Faith Sister you are much to blame, to use a Woman, whatsoe'er she be, thus; I'll salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild yet as the Dove, for all these Injuries. Come shall we go, I love thee not so ill to keep thee here a jesting Stock. Adieu to the Worlds End.

Lady. Why whither now?

El. Lo. Nay you shall never know, because you shall not find me.

Lady. I pray let me speak with you.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well: Come.

Lady. I pray you let me speak with you.

El. Lo. Yes for another mock.

Lady. By Heav'n I have no mocks: Good Sir a word.

El. Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my Hands, yet if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you; but I beseech you be brief: For in good faith there's a Parson and a License stay for us i' th' Church all this while: And you know 'tis Night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget: For as I hope for Mercy any where, what I shall utter now is from my Heart, and as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your Mistress, and you my Servant?

El. Lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

Lady. Nay good Sir stay me out; I wou'd but hear you excuse your self; why you should take this Woman, and leave me.

El. Lo. Prethee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

Lady. I think not, if you will look With an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your Faces, 'tis true: But if judiciously we shall cast our Eyes upon your Minds, you are a thousand Women of her in worth. She cannot swoon in jest, nor set her Lover tasks, to shew her Peevishness, and his Affection, nor cross what he says, though it be Canonical. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boys to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of Lead. And for a Wife, she's far beyond you. What can you do in a Household to provide for your Issue, but lye i' Bed and get 'em? Your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to Eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things: She can do pretty well in the Pastry, and knows how Pullen should be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a Thread, weaves Bone-lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear your self?

El. Lo. Forswear my self, how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgotten the innumerable Oaths you have utter'd in disclaiming all for Wives but me: I'll not remember you: God give you joy.

El. Lo. Nay but conceive me, the intent of Oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a Friend, to see him at his Lodging to Morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd if I were struck blind, or he hid where my diligent Search could not find him: So there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my self, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some Sin I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deals with Women shall never utterly avoid it: Yet I would chuse the least Ill; which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant Woman, contemn'd my Service, and would have held me prating about Marriage, 'till I had been past getting of Children: Rather than her that hath forsaken her Family, and put her tender Body in my Hand; upon my word—

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why to you.

Lady. Which Oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. I prethee do not urge my Sins unto me, Without I cou'd amend em.

Lady. Why you may by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

Lady. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction, 'Tis an Error fit for Repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted Virgin so? It may not be.

Lady. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee than her: But yet mine Honesty?

Lady. What Honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way: Come, by this light, Servant, thou shalt, I'll kiss thee on't.

El. Lo. This Kiss indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lye under it.

Lady. There is no sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my Heart!

Mar. Help Sister, this Lady swoons.

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet Mind lives not in any Woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an Oath when you delay'd me so, that this very Night I wou'd be Marry'd; now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappel, I'll wed you and to Bed.

Lady. A Match, dear Servant.

El. Lo. For if you shou'd forsake me now, I care not, she wou'd not though for all her Injuries, such is her Spirit. If I be not ashamed to kiss her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you go, as sily as you think to stealaway: yet I will pray for you: All Blessings of the World light on you two, that you may live to be an Aged Pair. All curses on me if I do not speak what I do wish indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a Villain.

Lady.

Lady. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that Inconstant Man? think you he will not cast you off to Morrow, to wrong a Lady thus, lookt she like Dirt, 'twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your Modesty, too good for him.

I wou'd not see your Wedding for a World.

Lady. Chuse, chuse, come *Younglove*.

[Exit Lady, Elder Loveless, and Abigail.

Mar. Dry up your Eyes Forsooth, you shall not think we are all such uncivil Beasts as these. Wou'd I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all Night: Your Bed shall be no worse than mine; I wish I cou'd but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:

God grant I may but live to quit your Love.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Young Loveless* and *Savil*.

Yo. Lo. Did your Master send for me, *Savil*?

Savil. Yes. he did send for your Worship Sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the Business?

Savil. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am employ'd beyond my Hours of eating. My dancing Days are done, Sir.

Yo. Lo. What art thou now then?

Savil. If you consider me in little, I am with your Worships Reverence Sir, a Rascal: One that upon the next anger of your Brother, must raise a Sconce by the High way and fell Switches; my Wife is learning now, Sir, to weave Inkle.

Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy Children, *Savil*?

Savil. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, and your Worship knows, that is a pretty step to Mens Compassions. My youngest Boy I purpose, Sir, to bind for ten Years to a Goaler, to draw under him, that he may shew us Mercy in his Function.

Yo. Lo. Your Family is quarter'd with discretion. You are resoly'd to Cant then. Where, *Savil*, shall your Scene lye?

Savil. Beggars must be no Chusers.

In every place, I take it, but the Stocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savil*, I told you of it, but your Heart was harden'd.

Savil. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it I do remember yet in Tears, you told me you wou'd have Whores, and in that Passion Sir, you broke out thus. Thou miserable Man, repent, and brew three Strikes more in a Hoghead. 'Tis noon e'er we be drunk now, and the Time can tarry for no Man.

El. Lo.

Yo. Lo. You're grown a bitter Gentleman. I see Misery can clear your Head better than Mustard, I'll be a Sutor for your Keys again, Sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me Sir? I shall be bound.

Yo. Lo. You shall Sir,
To your Bunch again, or I'll miss foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you Gentleman, save you.

Yo. Lo. Now Polecat, what young Rabbet's Nest have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prethee be familiar, Knight.

Yo. Lo. Away Fox, I'll send for Terriers for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee Company.

Yo. Lo. I am about some Business; Indentures,
If you follow me I'll beat you: take heed,
As I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Usurer:
What poor Fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor indeed Sir.

Mor. Give him Mony, Knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

Mor. There poor Fellow, here's an Angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earnest, *Morecraft*?

Mor. Yes faith Knight, I'll follow thy example: Thou hadst Land and Thousands, thou spend'st, and flung'st away, and yet it flows in double: I purchas'd, wrung, and wier-draw'd, for my Wealth, lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a Vow, to try all the ways above Ground, but I'll find a constant means to Riches without Curses.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your Conversion, Master *Morecraft*:
You're in a fair course, pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all Gallants now, I'll keep thee Company;
Here honest Fellow, for this Gentleman's sake, there's two Angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. 'Till I have a Penny. I have brave Cloaths a making, and two Horses; canst thou not help me to a Match Knight, I'll lay a thousand Pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. Foot, this is stranger than an *Africk* Monster,
There will be no more talk of the *Cleve* Wars
While this lasts; come, I'll put thee into Blood.

Sav. Wou'd all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of my Keys; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst I'll pray for both your Worships.

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. He shall Sir.

Mor. Shall we go, Noble Knight? I wou'd fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your Servant, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter Elder Loveless, and Lady.

El. Lo. Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre you Subtilties, and fine Devices, be coy again now.

Lady. Prethee Sweet-heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this Light, by all the Pleasures I have had this Night, by your lost Maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly. I have cast beyond your Wit. That Gentleman is your Retainer *Welford*.

Lad. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake, mark how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not Travel now, ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Prethee Sweet-heart be quiet, thou hast angered me at Heart.

El. Lo. I'll please you soon again.

Lady. *Welford*?

El. Lo. Ay, *Welford*; he's a young handsome Fellow, well-bred and landed, your Sister can instruct you in his good Parts, better than I, by this time.

Lady. Uds foot am I fetcht over thus?

El. Lo. Yes i' faith.

And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me: You have got the Sun, Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the Man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmis'd it, you shou'd have hunted three trains more, before you had come toth' Course, you should have hankt o' th' Bridle, Sir, i' faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you up. Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford, and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake Sir, be private in this business. You have undone me else. O God what have I done?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my Friends again? With what Face?

Wel. Why e'en with that: 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better: Look upon all the Faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, Mistress, and yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good Sir go in, and put your Womans Cloaths on: If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel.

Wel. I'll watch you for that Mistress: I am no Fool, here will I tarry till the House be up and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend go in.

Wel. To Bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done. If you could juggle me into my Womanhood again, and so cog me out of your Company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an *Asinago*, as your Sister left me. No, I'll have it known and publish'd; then if you'll be a Whore, forsake me and be asham'd: And when you can hold no longer, marry some cast *Cleave Captain*, and sell Bottle-Ale.

Mar. I dare not stay, Sir; use me modestly, I am your Wife.

Wel. Go in, I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a Witness of your naked truth, Sir. This is the Gentlewoman, prithee look upon him, this is he that made me break my Faith, Sweet: But thank your Sitter, she hath soder'd it.

Lady. What a dull Ass was I, I cou'd not see this Wencher from a Wench: Twenty to one, if I had been but tender like my Sister he had serv'd me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I wou'd have watch'd you, Sir, by your good patience, for ferreting in my Ground.

Lady. You have been with my Sister.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. Lo. An Heir into the World, he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chast these three hours, that's the least, I am reasonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry Roastmeat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the Founders, is either Surfeited, or ill Taught; Lady, for mine own part, I have found so sweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. Lo. How like you this Dish, *Welford*. I made a Supper on't, and sed so heartily, I cou'd not sleep.

Lady. By this Light, had I but scented out your train, ye had slept with a bare Pillow in your Arms and kiss'd that, or else the Bed-post, for any Wife ye had got this Twelve-month yet: I would have vex'd you more than a tyr'd Post-horse; and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.

El. Lo. Lady I wou'd not undertake ye, were you again a *Haggard*, for the best cast of Ladies i' th' Kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not trust round.

Wel. Is she fast?

El. Lo. She was all Night lockt here Boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of losing: Take off her

her Cranes. You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your Sister: Lord what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a Man: But I thank God I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o' th' Town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guess at it, I see it by her.

Lady. Well you may mock us: But my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambre*, had I but seen into you, you shou'd have had another Bed-fellow, fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you, Lady, methought it was well, You are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savil, and two Serving-men.

El. Lo. Get on your Doublet, here comes my Brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow, Brother, and all good to your Lady.

Mor. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

Lady. Fie, how this shames me.

Mor. Prithee good Fellow help me to a Cup of Beer.

Ser. I will, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will she? Is she not nettl'd still?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her.

Mr. Welford, pray know this Gentleman, he is my Brother.

Wel. Sir I shall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I shall not be your Debtor, Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, Man: I am married: Your new Acquaintance hath her Sister, and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister, How do you find my Brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. He will make the better Husband: You have tried him?

Lady. Against my will, Sir.

Yo. Lo. He'll make your Will amends soon, do not doubt it.

But, Sir, I must intreat you to be better known To this converted *Jew* here.

Ser. Here's Beer for you, Sir.

Mor. And here's for you an Angel:

Pray buy no Land, 'twill never prosper, Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

Yo. Lo. Ay, Gallant, and is now call'd, *Cutting Morecraft*; The Reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. O good Sir let me know him presently.

Yo. Lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you Company.

El. Lo. And reason.

Yo. Lo. Cutting *Morecraft* face about, I must present another.

Mor. As many as you will, Sir, I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir, I shall do you Service.

Mor. I shall look for't in good Faith, Sir.

El. Lo. Prithee good Sweet-heart kiss him.

Lady. Who, that Fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me: My Keys, good Sir.

Yo. Lo. I'll do it presently.

El. Lo. Come thou shalt kiss him for our sport sake.

Lady. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my Peril. Lusty Mr. *Morecraft*, Here is a Lady wou'd salute you.

Mor. She shall not lose her longing, Sir: What is she?

El. Lo. My Wife, Sir.

Mor. She must be then my Mistress.

Lady. Must I, Sir?

El. Lo. O yes you must.

Mor. And you must take this Ring, a poor Pawn Of some fifty Pound.

El. Lo. Take it by any means, 'tis lawful Prize.

Lady. Sir, I shall call you Servant.

Mor. I shall be proud on't: What Fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My Lady's Coachman.

Mor. There's something, my Friend, for you to buy Whips; And for you, Sir, and you Sir.

El. Lo. Under a Miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of.

Mor. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do? Who will hunt with me for a Hundred Pounds?

Wel. Stranger and Stranger!

Sir you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have suit unto you Concerning your old Servant *Savil*.

El. Lo. O, for his Keys, I know it.

Sav. Now, Sir, strike in.

Mor. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done, Sir, take your Keys again: But hark you, *Savil*, leave off the motions Of the Flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again: I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,

Take off the biggest Key i' th' Bunch, and open
My Head with it, Sir. I humbly thank your Worships.

El. Lo. Nay then I see we must keep Holiday.

Enter Roger, and Abigal.

Here's the last couple in Hell.

Rog. Joy be among you all.

Lady. Why how now, Sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your Worship.

Lady. Are you married?

Rog. As well as the next Priest could do it, Madam.

El. Lo. I think the Sign's in *Gemini*, here's such Coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your Sweetheart
to Night?

Rog. Not the best Benefice in your Worship's Gift, Sir.

Wel. A Whorson, how he swells.

Yo. Lo. How many times to Night, Sir *Roger*?

Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous:

What I shall do, I shall do; I shall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For Horse Flesh, *Roger*.

El. Lo. Come prethee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our Mirth.

Lady. It shall be so, Sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our Charge.

El. Lo. *Welford* get you to the Church; by this Light,
You shall not lie with her again, 'till you're married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every Bride I dedicate this Day
Six healths a piece, and it shall go hard,
But every one a Jewel: Come be mad Boys.

El. Lo. Thou'rt in a good beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the Van: lead the way:
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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