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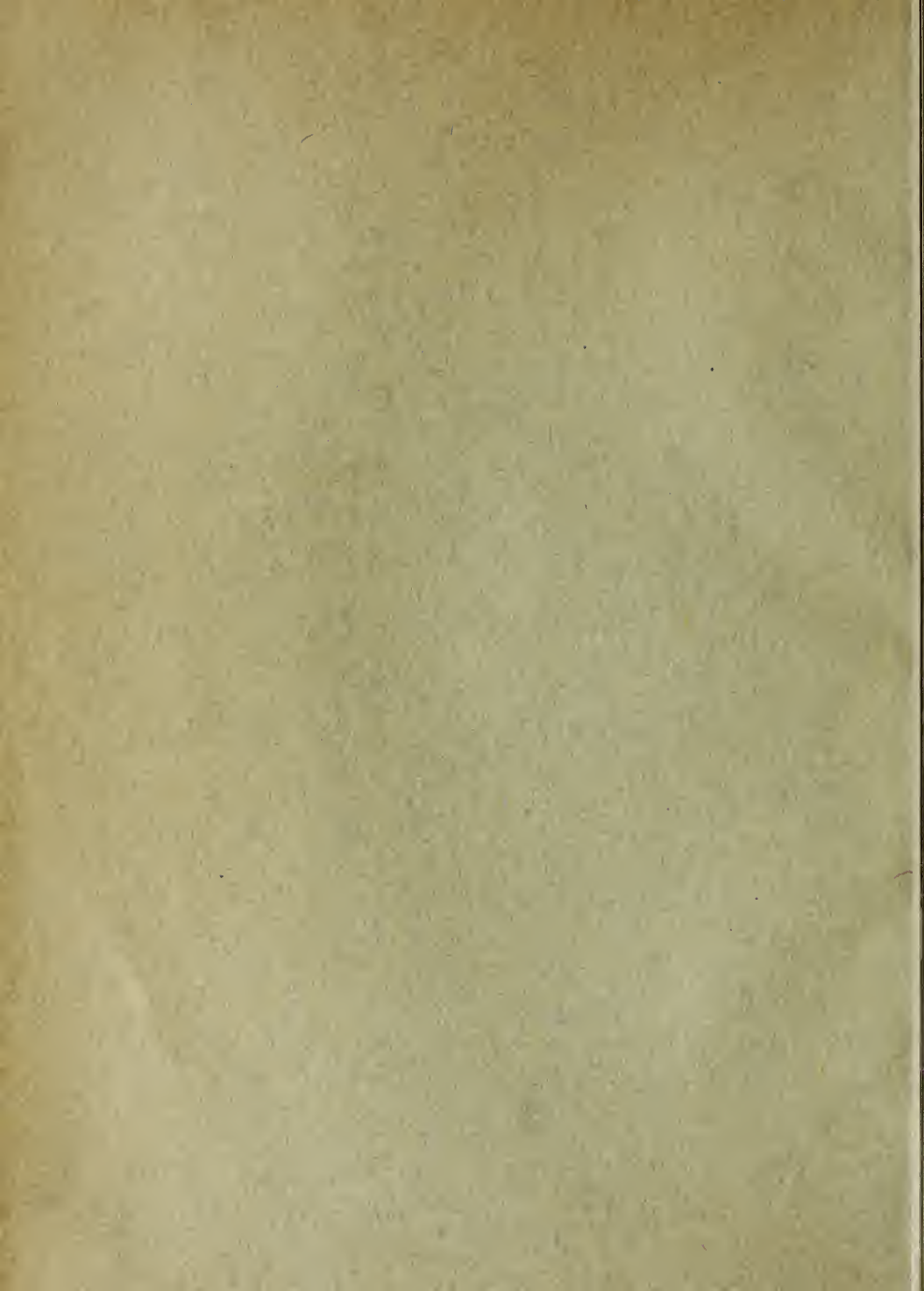
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MONSIEVR  
D'OLIVE.)<sup>xx</sup>

G.3967-44

A

Comedie, as it vvas  
fundrie times acted by her

*Maiesties children at the Blacke  
Friers.*

*By George Chapman.*



LONDON

Printed by T. C. for *William Holmes*, and are to be sold at  
his Shop in *Saint Dunstons Church-yard* in  
*Fleete-streete*, (1606.)

4140

Thomas Pennant Barton

149.577.

May, 1873.

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# MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Scena Prima.

*VANDOME* with seruants and saylors laden,  
*VAVMONT*, another way walking.

*Vand.*

**C**Onuey your carriage to my brother in Lawes,  
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*, to whome and to my Sister,  
Commend my humble seruice, tell them both  
Of my arriuall, and intent t'attend them:  
When in my way, I haue performd fit duties,  
To Count *Vaumont*, and his most honoured Countesse.

*Ser.* We will Syr, this way, follow honest *Saylors*.

*Exeunt Seruants.*

*Vand.* Our first obseruance, after any absence  
Must be presented euer to our Mistresse:  
As at our parting she should still be last,  
*Hinc Amor vt circulus*, from hence tis said  
That loue is like a circle, being th'efficient  
And end of all our actions; which excited  
By no worse abiect then my matchlesse mistresse  
Were worthy to employ vs to that likenesse;  
And be the onely Ring our powers should beate,  
Noble she is by birth, made good by vertue,  
Exceeding faire, and her behauiour to it,  
Is like a singular Musitian  
To a sweete Instrument, or else as doctrine  
Is to the soule, that puts it into Act,

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

And prints it full of admirable formes  
 Without which twere an emptie, idle flame  
 Her eminent iudgement to dispose thele parts,  
 Sits on her browe and holds a siluer Scepter,  
 with which she keeps time to the severall musiques,

*Et ac* in the sacred consort of her beauties:

Loues compleat armorie is managde in her.

To stirre affection; and the discipline

To checke and to affright it from attempting

Any attaine might disproportion her,

Or make her graces lesse then circular;

Yet her even carriage, is as farre from coynesse

As from Immodestie, in play, in dancing,

In suffering court-ship: in requiting kindnesse.

In vse of places, houres, and companies

Free as the Sunne, and nothing more corrupted,

As circumspect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,

And constant as the Center to obserue them,

Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,

In all her courses euer at the full.

These three yeares, I haue trauaile, and so long

Haue beene in trauaile with her dearest sight,

Which now shall beautifie the enamour'd light.

This is her house, what? the gates shut and cleere

Of all attendants? Why, the house was wont

To hold the vsuall concourse of a Court,

And see, me thinks through the encourtaind windowes

(In this high time of day) I see light Tapers,

This is exceeding strange. Behold the Earle

Walking in as strange sort before the dore,

Ile know this wonder sure: My honoured Lord?

*Van.* Keepe of Sir and beware whom you embrace,

*Vand.* Why flies your Lordship back?

*Van.* You should be sure

To knowe a man your friend ere you embrac't him.

*Vand.* I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure

Then of your Lordships friendship-

*Van.*

*Van.* No mans knowledge  
Can make him sure of any thing without him,  
Or not within his power to keepe, or order.

*Vand.* I comprehend not this; and wonder much  
To see my most lou'd Lord so much estrang'd.

*Van.* The truth is, I haue done your knowne deserts  
More wrong, then with your right should let you greet me  
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,  
And in your honour, which still makes it worse.

*Vand.* If this be all my Lord, the discontent  
You seeme to entertaine, is meerly causlesse:  
Your free confession, and the manner of it,  
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soeuer,  
Your mis-conceit could make you lay on me.  
And therefore, good my Lord discover it,  
That we may take the spleene and corsey from it.

*Van.* Then heare a strange report and reason, why  
I did you this repented iniurie.

You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,  
Your chosen Mistresse, and she not disposde  
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine  
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindnesse:

But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,  
That she should nothing wrong her husbands right,  
To vse a friend onely for vertue, chosen  
With all the rights of friendship) tooke such care  
After the solemne parting to your tranaile,

And spake of you with such exceeding passion,  
That I grew iealous, and with rage excepted  
Against her kindnesse, vtterly forgetting

I should haue waied so rare a womans words,  
As duties of a free and friendly iustice:  
Not as the head-strong and incontinent vapors  
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with lust,  
Wherein I iniured both your innocencies,  
Which I approue, not out of flexible dotage,

By any cunning flatteries of my wife,  
 But in impartiall equitie, made apparant  
 Both by mine owne well-waid comparison  
 Of all her other manifest perfections,  
 With this one onely doubtfull leuitie,  
 And likewise by her violent apprehension  
 Of her deepe wrong and yours, for she hath vowde,  
 Neuer to let the common Pandresse light,  
 (Or any doome as vulgar) censure her  
 In any action she leaues subiect to them,  
 Neuer to fit the day with her attire,  
 Nor grace it with her presence; Nourish in it,  
 (Vnlesse with sleepe) nor stir out of her chamber:  
 And so hath muffled and mewd vp her beauties  
 In neuer-ceasing darkenesse, Neuer sleeping,  
 But in the day transform'd by her to night:  
 With all Sunne banisht from her smotherd graces:  
 And thus my deare and most vnmatched wife,  
 That was a comfort and a grace to me,  
 In euery iudgement, euery companie,  
 I, by false Iealousie, haue no lesse then lost,  
 Murtherd her living, and emtoomd her quicke.

*Vand.* Conceit it not so deeply, good my Lord,  
 Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground  
 To beare so waightie and resolu'd a vowe,  
 From her incensed and abused vertues,

*Van.* There could not be a more important cause,  
 To fill her with a ceaselesse hate of light,  
 To see it grace growe lightnesse with full beames,  
 And frowne on continence with her oblique glances,  
 As nothing equalls, right to vertue done,  
 So is her wrong past all comparison.

*Vand.* Vertue is not malicious, wrong done her  
 Is righted euer when men grant they erre,  
 But doth my princely mistresse so contemne  
 The glorie of her beauties, and the applaue

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Given to the worth of her societie,  
To let a voluntarie vowe obscure them;

*Vau.* See all her windowes, and her doores made fast,  
And in her Chamber lights for night enflam'd,  
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

*Vand.* This newes is strange, heauen grant I be encount-  
With better tydings of my other friendes, (terd  
Let me be bold my Lord t'enquire the state  
Of my deare sister, in whose selfe and me,  
Survives the whole hope of our familie,  
Together with her deare and princely husband  
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*.

*Vau.* Vnhappie that I am,  
I would to heauen your most welcome steppes  
Had brought you first vpon some other friend,  
To be the sad Relator of the changes  
Chanc't your three yeares most lamented absence,  
Your worthy sister, worthier farre of heauen  
Then this vnworthy hell of passionate Earth,  
Is taken vp amongst her fellow *Starres*.

*Vand.* Vnhappie man that euer I returnd  
And perisht not ere these newes pierst mine eares.

*Vau.* Nay be not you that teach men comfort, grieued;  
I know your iudgement will set willing shoulders  
To the knowne burthens of necessitie:  
And teach your wilfull brother patience,  
Who striues with death, and from his caues of rest  
Retaines his wiues dead Corse amongst the liuing,  
For with the rich sweetes of restoring Balmes,  
He keepes her lookes as fresh as if she liu'd,  
And in his chamber (as in life attirde)  
She in a Chaire sits leaning on her arme,  
As if she onely slept: and at her feete  
He like a mortified hermit clad,  
Sits weeping out his life, as hauing lost  
All his lifes comfort: And that she being dead

Who

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

(Who was his greatest part) he must consume,  
As in an Apoplexy strooke with death.  
Nor can the Duke nor Dutchesse comfort him,  
Nor messengers with consolatory letters,  
From the kinde King of France, who is allyed  
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts  
Vp to another world, where she expects him,  
He feedes his eares with soule-exciting musicke,  
Solemne and Tragicall, and so Resolues  
In those sadde accents to exhale his soule.

*Van.* O what a second Ruthles Sea of woes  
Wracks mee within my Hauen, and on the Shore?  
What shall I doe? mourne, mourne, with them that mourne,  
And make my greater woes their lesse expell,  
This day Ile consecrate to sighes and teares,  
And this next Euen, which is my mistresse morning  
Ile greeete her, wondring at her wilfull humours,  
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Loue,  
And duetie to her honour, make her see  
How much her too much curious vertue wrongs her.

*Van.* Sayd like the man the world hath euer held you,  
Welcome, as new liues to vs, our good. Now  
Shall wholly be ascrib'de and trust to you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rhoderique and Mugeron.*

*Mug.* See, see, the vertuous Countesse hath bidden our  
Good night, her starres are now visible; when was any La-  
die seene to be so constant in her vowe, and able to  
forbeare the society of men so sincerely?

*Rbo.* Neuer in this world, at least exceeding seldome.  
What shame it is for men to see women so farre surpasse  
them; for when was any man knowne (out of iudgement) to  
performe so staied an abstinēce, from the society of women.

*Mug.* Neuer in this world.

*Rbo.*

*Rhoderique.* What an excellent Creature an honest woman is? I warrant you the Countesse, and her Virgine sister, spend all their times in Contemplation, watching to see the sacred Spectacles of the night, when other Ladies lye drownd in sleepe or sensualitie, Ist not so think'lt?

*Mug.* No question.

*Rhoderic.* Come, come, lets forget we are Courtiers, and talke like honest men, tell truth, and shame all traauaylers and tradesmen: Thou beleeu'lt alls naturall beautie that shewes faire, though the Painter enforce it, and sufferst in soule I know for the honorable Ladie.

*Mug.* Can any heart of Adamant not yeeld in compassion to see spotlesse Innocencie suffer such bitter penance?

*Rhoder.* A very fitte stocke to grasse on: Tush man thinke what she is, thinke where she liues, thinke on the villanous cunning of these times, Indeed did we live now in old *Saturnes* time: when women had no other art, than what Nature taught am (and yet there needes little Art I wisse to teach a woman to dissemble) when Luxurie was vnborne, at least vntaught, the art to steale from a forbidden tree: when Coaches, when Perwigges, and painting, when Maskes, and Masking: in a word when Court and Courting was vnknowne, an easie mist might then perhappes haue wrought vpon my sence as it does now on the poore Countesse and thine.

*Mug.* O world!

*Rho.* O flesh!

*Mug.* O Diuell!

*Rhod.* I tell thee *Mugeron*, the Flesh is growne so great with the Diuell, as theres but a little Honestie left ith world. That, that is, is in Lawyers, they ingrosse all: S'foote what gaue the first fire to the Counts Ieaousie?

*Mug.* What but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to *Vandome*.

*Rbo.* Honourable affection? first shees an ill hufwife of her honour, that puts it vpon construction: but the presumption was violent against her, no speeche but of *Vandome*, no thought but of his memorie, no myrth but in his companie, besides the free entercourse of Letters, Favours, and other entertainments, too too manifest signes that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

*Mug.* Why, was shee not his mistresse?

*Rhod.* I, I, a Court tearme, for I wotte what, slight *Vandome* the Stallion of the Court, her deuoted Seruant, and forsoothe loues her honourable: Tush, hees a foole that beleeuies it: for my part I loue to offende in the better part still, and that is, to iudge charitable: But now forsoothe to redeeme her Honour, shee must by a laborious and violent kinde of Purgation, Rubbe off the Skinne, to wash out the spotte, Turne her Chamber to a Cell, the Sunne into a Taper, And (as if shee liu'd in another worlde amongst the *Antipodes*,) make our night her day, and our day her night, that vnder this curtaine, shee may laye his icalousie a sleepe, whiles shee turnes poore *Argus* to *Acleon*, and makes his Sheets common to her Seruant *Vandome*.

*Mug.* *Vandome*? Why hee was mette i'th streete but euen now, newly arriv'd after three yeares trauaile.

*Rhod.* Newly arriv'd? hee has beene arriv'd this twelue-month, and has euer since lyne close in his mistresse cunning darkenesse, at her seruice.

*Mug.* Fye a the Deuill, who will not enuie slander? O the miserable condition of her Sexe: borne to liue vnder all construction. If shee be courteous, shees thought to be wanton: if shee be kinde, shees too willing: if coye, too wilfull: if shee be modest: shees a clowne, if shee bee honest, shees a foole: And so is hee.



MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Enter D'olive.

*Rhod.* What *Monsieur D'olive*, the onely admirer of wit and good words.

*D'ol.* Morrowe wits, morrowe good wits: my little parcell of wit, I haue Roddes in pisse for you; how doest *Iacke*, may I call thee *Syr Iacke* yet?

*Mug.* You may *Syr*: *Syrs* as commendable an addition as *Iacke*, for ought I knowe.

*D'ol.* I know it *Iacke*, and as common too.

*Rho.* Go too, you may couer; wee haue taken notice of your embroydered *Beuer*:

*D'ol.* Looke you; by Heauen tha'art one of the maddest bitter slaues in *Europe*, I doe but wonder how I made shifte to loue thee all this while.

*Rho.* Go too what might such a parcell guilt couer be worth?

*Mug.* Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

*D'ol.* Good yfaith, but bytter, O you madde slaues, I thinke you had *Satyres*, to your syres, yet I must loue you, I must take pleasure in you, and yfaith tell mee, how ist? liue I see you doe, but how? but how? witts?

*Rho.* Faith as you see, like poore younger Brothers.

*D'ol.* By your wittes?

*Mug.* Nay not turnd Poets neither.

*D'ol.* Good soothe: but indeede to say truth, Time was when the sonnes of the *Muses* had the priuiledge to liue onlie by their wits, but times are altered, *Monopolies* are nowe calld in, & wits become a free trade for all sorts to liue by, *Lawyers* liue by wit and they liue worshipfully: *Souldiers* liue by wit, and they liue honourably: *Panders* liue by wit, and they liue honestlie. In a word there are fewe trades but liue by wit, onely *bawdes* and *Midwifes* liue by *Womens labours*, as *Fooles* and *Fidlers* do by making myrth, *Pages* and *Parasits* by making legges: *Paynters* and *Players* by

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

making mouthes and faces: ha doest well wits?

*Rho.* Faith thou followest a figure in thy iests, as countrey Gentlemen followe fashions when they bee worne threed-bare.

*D'ol.* Well,well, lets leaue these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meete?

*Mug.* How thinke you, are we not met now?

*D'ol.* Tush man, I meane at my chamber, where we may take free vse of our selues, that is, drinke Sacke, and talke *Satyre*, and let our wits runne the wilde Goose chase ouer Court and Countrey, I will haue my chamber the Rende-vous of all good wits, the shoppe of good wordes, the Mint of good iestes, an Ordinary of fine discourse, Critickes, Essayists, Linguists, Poets, and other professors of that facultie of wit, shall at certaine houres ith day resort thither, it shall be a second *Sorbonne*, where all doubts or differences of Learning, Honour, Duellisme, Criticisme, and Poetrie shall be disputed: and how wits, do ye follow the Court still?

*Rhod.* Close at heeles sir, and I can tell you, you haue much to aunswere for your starres, that you doe not so too.

*D'ol.* As why wits? as why?

*Rhod.* VVhy sir, the Court's as twere the stage: and they that haue a good suite of parts and qualities, ought to presse thither to grace them, and receiue their due merite.

*Dol.* Tush, let the Court follow me: he that soares too neare the sunne, melts his wings many times: as I am, I possesse my selfe, I enjoy my libertie, my learning, my wit, as for wealth and honor let am go, Ile not loose my learning to be a Lord, nor my wit to be an Alderman.

*Mug.* Admirable *D'olue*.

*Dol.* And what! you stand gazing at this Comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

*Rhod.* And do not you?

*D'ol.* Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

*Rho.*

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Rhod.* But I wonder how she entertaines time in that solitarie Cell: does she not take *Tabacco* thinke you?

*D'ol.* She does, she does: others make it their Physicke, she makes it her foode: her sister and she take it my turne, first one, then the other, and *Vandome* ministers to them both.

*Mug.* How sayest thou by that *Helene* of Greece, the Countesses sister, there were a Paragon *Monsieur D'olive*, to admire and marrie too.

*D'ol.* Not for me.

*Rhod.* No, what acceptions lies against the choise.

*D'ol.* Tush, tell me not of choise, if I stood affected that way, I would chuse my wife as men do *Valentines*, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing: for take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women then in Horse-flesh: and I say still, that a prettie well pac'd Chambermaid is the only fashion, if she grow full or fulsome, giue her but six pence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh, theres no more but so.

*Mug.* Indeed thats the sauingst way.

*D'ol.* O me! what a hell tis for a man to be tied to the continuall charge of a Coach, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to haue a mans house pestered with a whole countrey of Guests, Groomes, Panders, wayting maides? &c. I carefull to please my wife, she carelesse to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if shee be wise; imperious as an Emperesse, all she does must be law, all shee sayes Gospel: O what a pennance tis to endure her, I glad to forbear still, all to keepe her loyall, and yet perhappes when all's done, my heyre shall be like my Horse-keeper: Fie on't, the very thought of marriage were able to coole the hottest liuer in France.

*Rhod.* VVell, I durst venture twice the price of your guilt Connies wooll, we shall haue you change your copy ere a twelue moneths day.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

*Mug.* We must haue you dubb'd ath order thers no remedie, you that haue vnmarr'yed, done such honourable seruice in the common-wealth, must needes receyue the honour due t'oot in marriage.

*Rho.* That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

*D'ol.* As how wits, yfaith as how?

*Rho.* For if hee can prouue his father was free ath order, and that hee was his fathers sonne, then by the laudable custome of the Cittie, hee may bee a cuckold by his fathers coppie, and neuer serue fort.

*D'ol.* Euer good yfaith?

*Mug.* Nay howe can hee pleade that, when 'tis as well knowne his father dyed a batcheler.

*D'ol.* Bitter, in verity, bitter, But good still in it kinde.

*Rho.* Goe too, we must haue you follow the lanthorne of your forefathers.

*Mug.* His forefathers? S'boday had hee more fathers then one.

*D'ol.* Why this is right: heers wit canuast out ans coate, into's Iacket: the string sounds euer well, that rubs not too much ath frets: I must loue your Wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell good wits, you know my lodging, make an Errand thether now and than, and saue your ordinarie, doe wits, doe.

*Mug.* Wee shall be troublesome tee.

*D'ol.* O God Syr, you wrong mee, to thinke I can, bee troubled with wit, I loue a good wit, as I loue my selfe, if you neede a brace or two of Crownes at any time Adresse but your Sonnet, it shall bee as sufficient as your bonde at all times, I carrie halfe a score byrdes in a Cage, shall euer remaine at your call: Farewell wits, farewell good wits.

*Exe.*

*Rho.*

*Rbo.* Farewell the true mappe of a gull : by Heaven hee shall too'th Court : t'is the perfect model of an impudent vpstart : the compound of a Poet , and a Lawyer, hee shall sure too'th Court.

*Mug.* Naye for Gods sake , letts haue no fooles at Court.

*Rbo.* Hee shall too't thats certaine , the Duke had a purpose to dispatch some one or other to the French King, to entreat him to send for the bodie of his Neece, which the melancoly Earle of *Saint Anne* , her husband hath kept so long vnburied , as meaning one graue should entombe himselse and her together.

*Mug.* A very worthy subiect for an Ambassage , as *D'oline* is for an Ambassador Agent, and t'is as futable to hils braine, as his parcell guilt Beuer to his fooles head.

*Rbo.* Well it shall goe hard but hee shall bee employd, O tis a most accomplisht asse, the mugrill of a Gull , and a villaine, the very essence of his soule is pure villany : The substance of his braine-foolery : one that beleeuces nothing from the starres vpward. A Pagan in beleefe, an Epicure beyond beleefe, *Prodigious* in lust , *Prodigall* in wastfull expence, in necessary most penurious, his wit is to admire and imitate, his grace is to censure, and detract ; he shall too'th Court, yfaith hee shall thither, I will shape such employment for him, as that hee himselse shall haue no lesse contentment, in making myrth to the whole Court, then the Duke and the whole Court shall haue pleasure in enjoying his presence. A knaue if hee be riche, is fit to make an Officer, As a Foole if hee bee a knaue is fit to make an Intelligencer.

*Exeunt.*

*ENTER.*

Actus secundi Scena  
prima.*Enter Digue, Licette, with Tapers.*

*Dig.* What an order is this? Eleuen a clocke at night is our Ladies morning, and her houre to rise at, as in the morning it is other Ladies houre: these Tapers are our Sunnes, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee *Licette* what makes the virgin Ladie, my Ladies sister, breake wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously, I beleue shees in loue?

*Lycet.* With whom, can you tell?

*Dig.* Not very well, but certes thats her disease, a man may cast her water in her face: The truth is, t'is no matter what she is, for there is little goodnesse in her, I could neuer yet finger one Cardicue of her bountie: And indeed all bountie now adayes is dead amongst Ladies. This same *Bonitas* is quite put downe amongst am. But see, Now we shall discouer the heauinesse of this virgine Ladie, Ile cauef-droppe, and if it be possible, heare who is her Louer: For when this same amorous spirit possesse these young people, they haue no other subiect to talke of.

*Enter Marcellina and Euryone.*

*Eur.* O sister, would that matchlesse Earle euer haue wrongd his wife with ieaiousie?

*Mar.* Neuer.

*Eury.* Good Lord what difference is in men? but such a man as this was euer seen to loue his wife, euen after death so dearely, to liue with her in death? To leaue the world and all his pleasures: all his friends and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone, is it not strange?

*Mar.*

MAR. Exceeding strange.

EVRY: But sifter should not the noble man be Chro-  
nicle if he had right, I pray you sifter, should he not?

MAR: Yes, yes he should.

EVRY: But did you euer heare of such a Noble gentle-  
man: did you sifter?

MAR: I tell you no:

EVRY: And doe not you delight to heare him spoken  
of? and prais'd, and honord?

Doe you not Madame?

MAR. What should I say? I doe;

EVRY: Why very well: and should not euery woman  
that loues the Soueraigne honour of her Sexe, delight to  
heare him prais'd as well as wee?

Good Maddam answere hartely?

MAR: Yet againe, who euer heard one talke so?

EVRY: Talk so? Why should not euery Lady talke so?

You thinke belike I loue the Noble man:

Heauen is my iudge if I: indeede his loue

And honour to his Wife so after death:

Would make a Fayry loue him, yet not loue.

But thinke he better of him, and sometimes,

Talke of his loue or so; But you know Maddam:

I cald her sifter, and if I loue him,

It is but as my Brother I protest.

Another within.

VAND. Let me come in; Sir you myst not enter:

MAR. What rude disordred noise is that within?

LYCIT. I know not Maddam,

DIQ. How now;

SIC: Whers my Lady?

MAR. What hatt with you?

SIC: Maddame thers one at doore that askes to speake  
with you, admittes no answere but will enforce his passage  
to your honor.

MONS EVR DO LIVE.

MAR. what insolent guest is that?

EVRY. Who should he be;

That is so ignorant of your worth and custome:

Enter an other Servant.

2 LEC. Maddam here she hath drawne his rapier on vs  
and will come in he sayes.

MAR. Tis is strange Rudenes;

What is his name, doe you not know the man?

SIG. No Maddam, tis too darke.

MAR. Then take a light,

See if you know him, if not raise the streetes

Exit LYCITTE walks with a candle.

EVRY. And keepe the doore safe: what night-  
walker this, that hath not light enough to see his rudenes.

Enter LYCITTE in hast.

LYCYT. O Maddam tis the Noble gentleman,

Monsieur VANDOME your Servant.

EVRY: Is it he? is he returnd?

MAR: Hast commend me to him tel him I may not nor  
will not see him: for I haue vovd the contrary to all.

LYCIT. Maddam, we told him so a hundred times  
yet he will enter: [within]

Within: Hold, hold, keepe him back there:

MAR: What rudenes what strange insolence is this:

Enter VANDOME.

VAND: What hower is this? what fashion? what sad life?

What superstition of vn holy vow?

What place is this? O shall it ere be said

Such perfect Iudgement should be drown'd in Humor?

Such beauty consecrate to Batts and Owles:

Here lyes the weapon that enforst my passage,

Sought in my loue, sought in regard of you:

For whom I will indure a thousand deaths,

Rather then suffer you to perish thus

And be the fable of the scornefull world;

Yf I offend you Lady kill me now,

Mar:



MONSIEVR D'OLIVE:

MAR: What shall I say? Ahlas my worthy Seruant,  
I would to God I had not li'd to be  
A fable to the worlde, a shame to thee.

VAND Deare mistris heare me & forbear these humors.

MAR Forbear your vaine dissuasions

VAND. shall your iudgement?

MAR. I will not heare a word.

EXIT MARD:

VANI: Strange will in women;

EXIT MARC:

What sayes my honorable virgin sifter?

How is it you can brooke, this Batt-like life?

And sit as one without life?

EVERY: Would I were,

If any man would kill me, I'de forgiue him,

VAN. O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?

Whence comes it, louely sifter?

EVER: In my minde:

Your selfe hath small occasion to be merry:

That are arriu'd on such a haples Shore:

As beares the dead waight of so deare a Sister:

For whose decease being my deare Sister vow'd.

I shall for euer leade this desolate life.

VAN. Now heauen forbid; women in Loue with women;

Loues fire shines with too mutuall a refraction,

And both wayes weakens his colde beames too much:

To pierce so deeply tis not for her I know

that you are thus impassiond.

EVER: For her I would be sworne and for her husband,

VAN: I mary Sir, a quick man may doe much,

In these kinde of impressions.

EVER: See how Idely.

You vnderstand me? these same trauailers,

That can line any where, make iests of any thing:

And cast so farre from home, for nothing else:

But to learne how they may cast of their friends,

She had a husband does not cast her of so:

O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Well well, there is some other Humor stirring,  
In your young blood then a dead womans Louer:

EVRY: No, ile be sworne:

VAND: Why is it possible?

That you, whose frolicke brest was euer filde,  
With all the spirits of a mirthfull Lady:  
Should be with such a sorrow so transform'd?  
Your most sweet hand in touch of Instruments:  
Turn'd to pick strawes, and fumble vpon Rushes;  
Your heavenly voice, turn'd into heauy sighes,  
And your rare wit to in a manner tainted.  
This cannot be, I know some other cause,  
Fashions this strange effect, and that my selfe:  
Am borne to find it out, and be your cure:  
In any wound it forceth whatsoeuer,  
But if you wil not, tell me at your perill.

EVRY: Brother,

VAND. Did you call?

EVRY: No tis no matter.

VAND: So then:

EVRY: Doe you heare?

Assur'd you are my kind and honor'd Brother,  
Ile tell you all:

VAND: O will you doe so then?

EVRY. you will be secret?

VAND: Secret? ist a secret?

EVRY: No tis a triffle that torments one thus:

Did euer man aske such a question,  
When he had brought a woman to this passe?

VAND: What tis no Treason is it?

EVRY: Treason quoth he?

VAND: Well if it be, I will engage my quarters:  
With a faire Ladies euer, tell the secret.

EVRY: Attending oftentimes the Duke & Dutchesse,  
To visit the most passionate Earle your Brother:

That

That Noble Gentleman.

VAND: Well said put in that,

EVRY Put it in? why? y'faith y'are such a man,  
He tell no further, you are changed indeede.  
A trauaile quoth you?

VAND: Why what meanes this?

Come Lady fourth, I would not loose the thankes  
The credit and the honor I shall have:

For that most happy Good I know in Fate,

I am to furnish thy desires withall:

For all this house in Gold,

EVRY Thanke you good Brother:

Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutchesse

To the sad Earle.

VAND: That noble gentleman?

EVRY: Why I, is he not?

VAND: Beshrew my hart else,

The Earle quoth you, he cast not of his Wife.

EVRY: Nay looke you now,

VAND: Why does he pray?

EVRY: Why no:

VAN. Fourth then I pray, you louers are so captious

EVRY: When I obseru'd his constancie in Loue:

His honor of his deere wifes memory,

His woe for her, his life with her in death:

I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.

VAND: O with his mind?

EVRY: I by my soule no more,

VAND: A good mind certainly is a good thing:

And a good thing you know.

EVRY: That is the chiefe:

The body without that, Ahlas is nothing:

And this his mind cast such a fier into me:

That it hath halfe consum'd me, since it lou'd:

His Wife so dearely, that was deere to me.

And euer I am saying to my selfe:

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Few more then happy should that woman be:  
 That had her honord place in his true loue:  
 But as for me I know I haue no reason,  
 To hope for such a honor at his hands.  
 VAND: What at the Earles hands: I thinke so indeede,  
 Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple:  
 T'n flame it selfe with him? why hee's a husband:  
 For any Princeesse any Queene or Empresse:  
 The Ladies of this land would teare him peece-meale:  
 (As did the drunken Froes, the THRATIAN HARPER)

To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him,  
 Heauens my sweet confort: Set your thoughts on him?

EV R. O cruell man, dissembling trauailer,  
 Euen now you took vpon you to be lure  
 It was in you to satisfie my longings,  
 And whatsoeuer t'were, you would procure it,  
 O you were borne to doe me good, you know.  
 You would not loose the credit and the honor.  
 You should haue by my satisfaction?  
 For all this house in Gold the very Fates,  
 And you were all one in your power to help me.  
 And now to come and wonder at my folly.  
 Mocke me? and make my Loue impossible  
 Wretch that I was, I did not keepe it in,

VAN. Alas poore sifter; when a greefe is growne,  
 Full home, and to the deepest then it breakes.  
 And ioy (Sunn like) out of a black cloude shineth.  
 But couldst thou thinke yfaith I was in earnest:  
 To esteeme any man without the reach  
 Of thy far-shooting beauties any name?  
 Too Good to subscribe to EVRI ONE:  
 Here is my hand, if euer I were thought  
 A gentleman or would be still esteemd so  
 I will sovertuoussly sollicite for thee:  
 And with such cunning wind into his heart,  
 That I sustaine no doubt I shall dissolue

His fetled Melancholy be it nere so grounded.  
On rationall loue, and graue Philofophy,  
I know my fignlie will cheere him at the heart:  
In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sifter  
Will fire his heavy fpirits. And all this  
May worke that change in him, that nothing elfe  
Hath hope to ioy in, and fo farewell Sifter  
Some few dayes hence, ile tell thee how I fpeed.

EV R. Thankes honord Brother: but you fhall not goe  
before you dine with your beft loued Miftris.

Come in sweet Brother:

V AND: In to dinner now?

Midnight would blufh, at that farewell, farewell:

EV R. Deere Brother doe but drinke or taft a Banquet  
y-faith I haue moft excellent conferues

You fhall come in, in earnest, ftay a little

Or will you drinke fome Cordial ftilld waters,

After your trauel, pray thee worthy brother

Vpon my loue you fhall ftay? sweet now enter.

V AND: Not for the world, commend my humble feruice,  
And vfe all meanes to bring abroad my Miftris.

EV R: I will in fadnes; farewell happy brother. Exeunt.

¶ ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME.

& MVGERON. GVEAQ. & IERO. fit down to worke

PHIL. Come MVGERON, where is this worthy ftatef

That you and Rhoderique would perfwade: (man,

To be our worthy Agent into France,

The couller we fhall lay on it t'inter,

The body of the long deceafed Counteffe,

The French Kings nece, whom her kind husband keepes

With fuch great coft, and care from bufiall:

Will fhew as probable as can be thought.

Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it?

MV G: Feare not my Lo: The wizzard is as forward,

To vfurpe greatnes, as all greatnes is:

To abufe vertue, or as riches honor.

You cannot load the Aiffe with too much honor,

He

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

He shall be yours my Lord Rhoderique and I,  
Will giue him to your highnes for your foote-cloth:

PHIL: How happens it, he liud conceald so long,

MV G. It is his humor sir; for he sayes still,  
His iocund mind loues pleasure aboue honor,  
His swindge of liberty, aboue his life,  
It is not safe (sayes he) to build his nest  
So neere the Eagle, his mind is his Kingdome  
His chamber is a Court, of all good witts,  
And many such rare sparkes of Resolution,  
He bleffeth his most loued selfe withall,  
As presently, your excellence shall heare.  
But this is one thing I had halfe forgotten.  
With which your highnes needs must be prepar'd,  
I haue discourst with him about the office:  
Of an Ambassador, and he stands on this.  
That when he once hath kist your Highnes hand,  
And taken his dispatch he then presents:  
Your Highnes parson, hath your place and power,  
Must put his hat on, vse you, as you him:  
That you may see before he goes how well,  
He can assume your presence and your greatnes

PHIL. And will he practife his new state before vs?

MV G: I and vpon you too, and kisse your Dutchesse,  
As you vse at your parting.

PHIL: Out vpon him, she will not let him kisse her

MV G: He will kisse her, to doe your parson right,

PHIL: It will be excellent:

She shall not know this till he offer it:

MV G: See see, he comes,

Enter Rhod: Monf: Doliue  
& Parque.

RHO. Heere is the gentleman  
Your highnes doth desire to doe you honor  
In the presenting of your princely parson  
And going Lord Ambassador to th French King,

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

PHIL: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly  
You recommend to our election?

A MBO: This is the man my Lord

PHIL: Wee vnderstand Sir:

We haue beene wrongd, by being kept so long  
From notice of your honorable parts  
Wherein your country claimes a deeper intrest  
Then your meere priuate selfe; what makes wise Nature  
Fashion in men thiese excellent perfections  
Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom incredible

DOLI: It pleaseeth your good excellence to say so

PHI: But that she aymes therein at publique good  
And you in duty thereto of your selfe

Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts  
And not entombe them tirant-like aliue

RHO: We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,  
For we haue sprnd him forward euermore

Letting him know how fit an instrument  
He was to play vpon in stately Musique,

MVG, And if he had bin ought else but an Ass  
Your Grace ere this time long had made him great  
Did not we tell you this?

DOLI: Oftentimes,

But sure my honord Lord the times before  
Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune

That we inioy so sweet and wise a prince  
As is your gracious selfe; for then t'was pollisie

To keepe all wits of hope still vnder hatches  
Farre from the Court, leaft their exceeding parts

Should ouer shine those that were then in place  
And t'was our happines, that we might liue so

For in that freely choof'd obscuritie  
Wee found our safetie, which men most of Note

Many times lost, and I ahlas for my part,  
Shrunk my despised head in my poore shell

For your learnd excellence, I konow knows well.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still.

PHI, T was much you could containe your selfe, that had  
So great meanes to haue liu'd in greater place

DOL: Faith Sir I had a poore roose, or a paint-house  
To shade me from the Sunne, and three or foure tyles  
To shrow'd me from the Rayne, and thought my selfe  
As private as I had King Giris Ring  
And could haue gone invisible, yet saw all  
That past our states rough Sea both neere and farre,  
There saw I our great Galliassestoft

Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow  
And then downe with another: Our great men  
Like to a Masse of clouds that now seeme like  
An Elephant, and straight wayes like an Oxe  
And then a Mouse, or like those changeable creatures  
That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten  
To morrow next in Stammell.

When I fate all this while in my poore cell  
Secure of lightning, or the sodaine Thunder  
Conuert with the poore Muses, gaue a scholler  
Forty of fiftie crownes a yeare to teach me  
And prate to me about the predicables  
When indeede my thoughts flew a higher pitch  
Then Genus and Species as by this tast  
I hope your highnes happily perceiues  
And shall hereafter more at large approue  
If any worthy oportunitie  
Make but her fore topp subiect to my hold  
And so I leaue your Grace to the tuition  
Of him that made you.

RHO: Soft good Sir I pray:

What sayes your Excellence to this gentleman?  
Haue I not made my word good to your highnes?

PHI: Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie  
Hath rob'd: my predecessors of your seruice  
You must not scape my hands, that haue design'd



## MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

present employment for you; and tis this  
Tis not vnknowne vnto you; with what grieſe  
Wee take the ſorrow of the Earle Saint Anne  
For his deceased wife; with whose dead ſight  
Hee feeds his paſſion, keeping her from right  
Of chriſtian buriall, to make his eyes  
Doe pennance by their euerlaſting teares  
For looſing the deare ſight of her quick bewuies  
DOL: Well ſpoke, y-faith, your grace muſt giue me leaue  
To praife your witt, for faith tis rarely ſpoken

PHIL. The better for your good commendation  
But Sir your Ambaſſy to the French King  
Sha ll be to this effect; thus you ſhall ſay

DOL: Notſo, your Excellence ſhall pardon me  
I will not haue my tale put in my mouth  
If you le deliuer me your mind in groſe  
Why ſo I ſhall expreſſe it as I can  
I warrant you t'will be ſufficient.

PHIL: Tis very good, then Sir my will in groſe  
Iſthat in pittie of the ſad Countes caſe  
The King would aſke the body of his Neece  
To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,  
Which (as your ſelfe requires and reaſon wills)  
I leaue to be enforſt and amplyfied  
With all the Ornamentals of Arte and Nature  
Which flowes I ſee in your ſharp intellect

DOL: Ahlas you cannot ſee't in this ſhort time  
But there be, ſome not far hence that haue ſeene  
And heard me too ere now: I could haue wiſht  
Your highnes preſence in a priuat Conuenticle  
At what time the high point of ſtate was handled?

PHIL: What was the point?

DOL: It was my happ to make a number there  
My ſelfe (as euery other Gentleman)  
Beeing intereſted in that graue affayre  
Where I deliuer'd my opinion: how well?



# MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

**M V G:** Iust cause of quarrell

**P H I:** But pray thee bricfely say, what said the weauer

**D O L:** The weauer Sir much like a virginall iack  
Start nimibly vp; the culler of his beard  
I scarce remember; but purblind he was  
With the **G E N E V A** print, and wore one eare  
Shorter then tother for a difference

**P H I:** A man of very open note it seemes

**D O L:** He was so Sir, and hotly he enuid  
Against Tobacco (with a most strong breath  
For he had eaten garlick the same morning  
As t'was his vse partly against ill ayres  
Partly to make his speeches fauoric  
Said t'was a pagan plant, a prophane weede  
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant  
Out of the word; inuented lure by Sathan  
In these our latter dayes, to cast a mist  
Before mens eyes, that they might not behold  
The grossenes of olde superstition  
Which is as t'were deriu'd into the church  
From the fowle sin ke of Romish popery  
And that it was a iudgement on our land  
That the substantiall commodities  
And mighty blessings of this Realme of France  
Bells, Rattles, hobby horses and such like  
Which had brought so much wealth into the Land  
Should now be changd into the smoke of vanitie  
The smoke of superstition; for his owne part  
He held a Garlick clove being sanctified  
Did edifie more the body of a man  
Then a whole tun of this prophane Tobacco  
Being tane without thankes-giuing; in a word  
He said it was a ragge of Popery?  
And none that were truely regenerate would  
Prophane his Nostrils with the smoke thereof  
And speaking of your grace behind your back,

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

He chargd and coniu'r'd you to see the vse,  
 Of vaine Tobacco banisht from the land  
 Forfeare least for the great abuse thereof  
 Or candle were put out; and therewithall  
 Taking his handker-chiefe to wipe his mouth  
 As he had told alie, he tun'd his noife  
 To the olde straine as if he were preparing  
 For a new exercise, But I my selfe  
 [Angry to heare this generous Tobacco  
 The Gentlemans Saint and the souldiers idoll  
 So ignorantly poluted] stood me vp  
 Tooke some Tobacco for a complement  
 Brake fleame some twice or thrice, then shooke mine eares  
 And lickt my lipps, as if I begg'd attention  
 and so directing me to your sweet Grace  
 Thus I replyed,

RHO: MvG: Rome for a speach there. Silence

DOL- I am amused, or I am in a quandarie gentlemen  
 [for in good faith I remember not well whether of them  
 was my words]

PHI: Tis no matter either of them will serue the turne

DOL: Whether I should (as the Poet sayes) eloquar,  
 an filiam? whether by answering a foole I should my  
 selfe seeme no lesse; or by giving way to his winde (for  
 words are but winde) I might betray the cause; to the main-  
 tainance whereof, all true Troyans (from whose race we  
 claime our decent] owe all their patrimonies; and if neede  
 be their dearest blood, and their sweetest breath, I would  
 not be redious to your highnes:

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

DOL. TABACCO that excellent plant, the vse where-  
 of [as of fift Element] the world cannot want, is that  
 little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workeman-ship  
 is abridg'd; where you may see Earth kindled into fier, the  
 fire breath out an exhalation, which entring in at the mouth  
 walkes through the Regions of a mans brayne. drives  
 out

out all ill Vapours but it selfe, drawes downe all bad Humors by thethe mouth, which in time might breed a Scabbe ouer the whole body if already they haue not; a plant of singular vse, for on the one side, Nature being an Enemy to Vacuities and emptines, and on the other, there beeing so many empty braines in the World as there are, how shall Natures course be continued? How shall these empty braines be filled, but with ayre Natures immediate instrument to that purpose? If with ayre, what so proper as your fume: what fume so healthfull as your perfume? what perfume so soueraigne as Tabacco? Besides the excellent edge it giues a mans wit, [as they can best iudge that haue beene present at a feast of Tobacco where commonly all good witts are consorted] what varietie of discourse it begets? What sparkes of wit it yeelds, it is a world to heare: as likewise to the courage of a man, for if it be true, that Iehannes de sauo et sauo et writes, that hee that drinks Veriuiice pissleth vinegere, Then it must needs follow to be as true, that hee that eates smoke, farts fire; for Garlicke I will not say because it is a plant of our owne country; but it may cure the diseases of the country, but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the Element of Garlick to medicine; to conclude as there is no enemy to Tabacco but Garlick, so there is no friend to Garlick, but a sheeps head and so I conclude.

PHIL: Well Sir, Yf this be at your Naturall vaine I must confesse I knew you not indeede  
 When I made offer to instruct your brayne  
 For the Ambassage, and will trust you now  
 If t'were to send you soorth to the great Turke  
 With an Ambassage

DOL: But Sir in conclusion  
 Twas orderd for my speach, that since Tobacco  
 Had so long bin in vse, it should thence soorth

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE:

Be brought to lawfull vse; but limited thus  
 That none should dare to take it but a gentleman  
 Or he that had some gentlemanly humor  
 The Murr, the Head-ach, the Cattar, the bone-ach  
 Or other branches of the sharpe salt Rhewme  
 Fitting a gentleman.

RHO: Your grace has made choise  
 Of a most simple Lo: Ambassador

PHI: Well Sir you neede not looke for a commission  
 My hand shall well dispatch you for this busines  
 Take now the place and state of an Ambassador  
 Present our parson and performe our charge  
 And so farewell good Lord Ambassador

DOL: Farewell good Duke and GVEAQVIN to thee

GVE: How now you foole? out you presumptuous gull

D'OL: How now you baggage? ffoote. are you so coy  
 To the Dukes parson, to his second selfe?  
 are you to good dame to enlarge your selfe

Vnto your proper obiect? slight twere a good dede

GVE: What meanes your grace to suffer me abus'd thus

PHI: Sweet Loue be pleas'd; you do not know this Lord  
 Giue me thy hand my Lord:

DOL: And giue me thine

PHIL: Farewell againe

D'OL: Farewell againe to thee

PHI: Now go thy ways for an ambassador } Exiunt PHIL

D'OL: Now goe thy wayes for a Duke } Gueaq; Iero:

MVG: RHO: Most excellent Lord,

RHO. Why this was well performd and like a Duke  
 Whose parson you most naturally present

D'OL: I told you I would doo't, now ile begin

To make the world take notice I am noble

The first thing I will doe ile sweare to pay

No debts vpon my honor.

MVG; A good cheape prooffe of your Nobilitie

D'OL.

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*D'ol.* But if I knew where I might pawne mine honor,  
For some odd thousand Crownes, it shalbe layd:  
Ile pay't againe when I haue done withall:  
Then twill be expected I shalbe of some Religion,  
I must thinke of some for fashion, or for faction sake,  
As it becomes great personages to doe:  
Ile thinke vpon't betwixt this and the day.

*Rho.* Well sayd my Lord; this Lordship of yours wil worke  
a mighty alteration in you; do you not feele it begins to worke  
alreadie?

*D'ol.* Fayth onely in this; it makes mee thinke, how they  
that were my Companions before, shall now be my favorites:  
They that were my Friends before, shall now be my followers:  
They that were my Seruants before, shall now be my knaues:  
But they that were my Creditors before, shall remaine my Cre-  
ditors still.

*Mug.* Excellent Lord: Come, will you shew your Lordship  
in the Presence now?

*D'ol.* Faith I do not care, if I go and make a face or two there,  
or a few gracefull legges; speake a little Italian, and away;  
there's all a Presence doth require.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. Sænaprima.

*Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.*

*St. Anne.*

**Y**OU haue enclinde me more to leaue this life,  
Then I supposde it possible for an Angell;  
Nor is your iudgement to suppress your passion:  
For so deare lou'd a Sister (being as well  
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement  
Of your diswasie arguments. And besides,  
Your true resemblance of her, much supplies  
Her want in my affections; with all which,  
I feele in these deepe griefes, to which I yeeld  
A kind of false sluggish (and rotting sweetnes,)

E.

Mixt

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Mixt with an humour where all things in life,  
 Lie drown'd in sower, wretched, and horred thoughts:  
 The way to cowardly desperation opened,  
 And whatsoever vrgeth soules accurst.  
 To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,  
 So violently gripes me, that I lie  
 Whole dayes and nightes bound at his tirranous fetter  
 So that my dayes are not like life or light,  
 But bitterest death, and a continuall night.

*Vand.* The ground of all is vsufficed Loue,  
 Which would be best eas'd with some other obiekt:  
 The generall rule of *Neso* being autenrique

*Quod succedere nono vincitur omnis Amer:*

For the affections of the minde drawne foorth  
 In many currents, are not so impulsive  
 In anie one; And so the *Persian King*  
 Made the great Riuer *Ganges* runn distinctly  
 In an innumerable sort of Channels;  
 By which meanes, of a fierce and dangerous Flood,  
 He turnd it into many pleasing Riuers:  
 So likewise is an Armie disarayd,  
 Made penetrable for the assaulting foe:  
 So huge Fiers being deffused, grow allwadgd:  
 Lastly, as all force being vnite, increaseth;  
 So being dispearst, it growes lesse sharpe, and ceaseth.

*S. Anne.* Ahlas, I know I cannot loue another,  
 My hart accustomd to loue onely her,  
 My eyes accustomd to view onely her,  
 Will tell me whatsoever is not her, is soule and hatefull.

*Vand.* Yet forbear to keepe her  
 Still in your sight: force not her breathles body  
 Thus against Nature to suruiue, being dead:  
 Let it contume, that it may reassume  
 A forme incorruptible; and refraine  
 The places where you vnde to ioy in her:

*Hec fuge dilectas terras, fuge locus Amatum:*

For how can you be euer sound or safe,  
 Where in so many red steps of your wounds,



MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Gaspe in your eyes? with change of place be sure,  
Like sicke men mending, you shall find recure.

*Enter the Duke, D'olive, Guequin, Ieronime, Muge, Rhod.*  
to see the dead Countesse that is kept in her attire unburied.

*D'ol.* Fayth Madam, my companie may well be spard at so  
mournefull a vifitation: For, by my soule, to see *Pigmalion* dote  
vpon a Marble Picture, a senceles Statue, I should laugh and  
spoyle the Tragedie,

*Gur.* Oh, tis an obiect full of pittie my Lord.

*D'ol.* Tis pittie in deed, that any man should loue a woman  
so constantly.

*Duke.* Bitterly turnd my Lord: we must still admire you.

*D'ol.* Tuff my Lord, true Manhood can neither mourne nor  
admire: It's fitt for Women, they can weepe at pleasure, euen  
to admiration.

*Gur.* But men vse to admire rare things, my Lord,

*D'ol.* But this is nothing rare; Tis a vertue common for men  
to loue their Wiues after death: The value of a good Wife (as  
all good things else) are better knowne by their want, then by  
their fruition: for no man loues his Wife so well while she liues,  
but he loues her ten times better when shee's dead.

*Rho.* This is sound Philosophie, my Lord.

*D'ol.* Faith, my Lord, I speake my thoughts; and for mine  
owne part, I should so ill indure the lesse of a Wife (alwayes  
prouided, I lou'd her) that if I lost her this weeke, I'de haue ano-  
ther by the beginning a<sup>th</sup> next: And thus resolu'd, I leaue  
your Highnes to deale with *Atropos*, for cutting my Ladyes  
threed: I am for *France*; all my care is for Followers to Imp out  
my Traine: I feare I must come to your Grace for a Presse; for  
I will be followd as becomes an honorable Lord: and that is,  
like an honest Squire: for with our great Lords, followers abroad,  
and Hospitalitie at home, are out of date: The world's now  
growne thriftie: He that fills a whole Page in folio, with his  
Stile; thinkes it veriest Noble, to be inand with one bare Page  
and a *Pandare*; and yet *Pandure* in auintient time, was the name  
of an honest Courtier; what tis now, *Vident utilitas*: Come  
Witts, let's to my Chamber. *Exeunt. Maxent Vando, S. An.*

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

*Vando.* Well now my Lord, remember all the reasons  
And arguments I vsde at first to you,  
To draw you from your hurtfull passions:  
And therewithall, admit one further cause,  
Drawne from my loue, and all the powers I haue;  
*Euryone*, vow'd sister to my sister,  
Whose vertues, beauties, and perfections,  
Adorne our Countrie, and do neereft match  
With her rich graces, that your loue adores,  
Hath wounded my affections; and to her  
I would intreat your Lordships gracefull word;

*S. Anne.* But is it true? Loues my deare brother now?  
It much delights me, for your choyce is Noble:  
Yet need you not vrge me to come abrode,  
Your owne worth will suffize for your wisht speed.

*Vand.* I know my Lord, no man aloue can winn  
Her resolu'd iudgment from virginitie,  
Vnlesse you speake for him, whose word of all Dames  
Is held most sweet, and worthie to perswade them.

*S. Anne.* The world will thinke mee too phantasticall,  
To ope so sodenly my vow'd obscurenes.

*Vand.* My Lord, my loue is suddaine, and requires  
A suddaine remedie: If I be delayed,  
Consider Loues delay breedes desperation,  
By waighing how strongly Loue workes in your selfe.

*S. Anne.* Deare Brother, nothing vnderneath the Starres,  
Makes mee so willing to pertake the ayre,  
And vndergo the burden of the world,  
As your most worthy selfe, and your wisht good:  
And glad I am that by this meanes I may  
See your descent continued, and therein  
Behold some new borne Image of my wife;  
Deare life, take knowledge that thy Brothers loue,  
Makes me dispaire with my true zeale to thee:  
And if for his sake I admit the Earth  
To hide this treasure of thy pretious beauties;  
And that thy part suruiuing, be not pleas'd,  
Let it appeare to mee ye iust assisters

MONSEUER D'OLIVE.

Of all intentions bent to soueraigne iustice;  
And I will follow it into the Graue,  
Or dying with it; or preferue it thus,  
As long as any life is left betwixt vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Monseuer, D'olive, Rhoderique.*

*D'ol.* But didst note what a presence I came of with-all?

*Rho.* S'foot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence vpon you:  
There was one Ladie a man might see her hart  
Readie to start out of her eyes to follow you.

*D'ol.* But *Monseuer Mustapha* there kept state,  
When I accosted him; s'light the Brasen head lookt to be  
Worshipt I thinke: No Ile commit no Idolatrie for the prou-  
dest Image of'am all, I.

*Rho.* Your Lordship has the right garbe of an excellent  
Courtier, respects a Clowne, supple ioynted, courtesies a verie  
peagose; tis stiffe ham'd audacity that carries it; get once with-  
in their distance, and you are in their bosoms instantly.

*D'ol.* S'hart doe they looke? I should stande aloofe, like a  
Scholares, & make leggs at their greatnes: No Ile none of that;  
come vp close to him, giue him a clap a'th shoulder shall make  
him crie oh againe: it's a tender place to deale withal, and say,  
Well encounterd noble *Bruins*.

*Rho.* That's the onely way indeed to be familiar.

*D'ol.* S'foot Ile make leggs to none, vnlesse it be to a Iustice  
of peace when he speakes in's Chaire, or to a Cunstable when  
he leanes on's Staffe, thats flat: softnes and modestie fauors of  
the Cart, tis boldnes boldnes does the deed in the Court; and as  
your Camel: on varries all cullours a'th Rainebow both white  
and red, so must your true Courtier be able to varrie his coun-  
tenance through all humors; State, Strangnes, Scorne, Mirth,  
Melanchollie, Flatterie, and so forth: some cullours likewise  
his face may change vpon occasion, Blacke or Blew it may,  
Tawnie it may; but Redd and White at no hand, auoyde that  
like a Sergeant: keepe your cullour stiffe, vngruetic of pation or  
disgrace, not changing White at sight of your Mercer, nor Red  
at sight of your Surgeon: aboue all sinnes, heaven sheild mes  
from the sinne of blushing; it does ill in a young Waighting

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

woman, but monstrous monstrous, in an old Courtier.

*Rho.* Well, all this while your Lordship forgets your Ambassage; you have giuen out, you will be gone within this moneth, and yet nothing is readie.

*D'ol.* Its no matter, let the Moone keepe her course: and yet to say trueth, t'were more then time I were gone, for by heauen I am so haunted with Followers, euerie day new offers of Followers: But heauen shield me from any more Followers.  
How now, whats the newes?

*Enter Mige, and two others.*

*Mig.* My Lord, heere's two of my speciall Friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action,

*D'ol.* S'foote, my cares are double lockt against Followers, you know my number's full, all places vnder mee are bestowde: Ile out of towne this night that's infallible; Ile no more Followers, a mine honour.

*Mig.* S'light Lord, you must entertaine them, they haue paid me their income, and I haue vndertaken your Lordshippe shall grace them.

*D'ol.* Well my Maisters, you might haue come at a time when your entertainement would haue proou'd better then now it is like: but such as it is, vpon the commendation of my Steward here

*Mig.* A pox a your Lor, Steward?

*D'ol.* Y'are welcome in a word: deserne and spie out.

*Amb.* Wee humbly thanke your Lordship.

*D'ol.* *Mugeron*, let'am be enterd.

*Mig.* In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yoraen?

*D'ol.* Gentlemen, Their bearing berayes no lesse, it goes not alwayes by apparrell: I do allow you to suite your selues anew in my Cullours at your owne charges.

*Amb.* Thanke your good Lordship,

*D'ol.* Thy name first, I pray thee?

*Cor.* *Cornelius*, My Lord.

*D'ol.* What profession?

*Cor.* A

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Cor.* A Surgeon an't please your Lordship.

*D'ol.* I had rather th'hadst been a Barber, for I thinke there will be little blood-shed amongst my Followers, vnlesse it be of thy letting: He see their nailes parde before they goe. And yet now I bethinke my selfe, our Ambassage is into *Fraunce*, there may be employment for thee: hast thou a Tubbe?

*Cor.* I would be loth, my Lord, to be dislocated or vnfur-nisht of any of my properties.

*D'ol.* Thou speak'st like thy selfe *Cornelius*: booke him downe Gentleman.

*Mug.* Verie well Sir,

*D'ol.* Now your profession, I pray?

*Frip.* *Fripperie*, my Lord, or as some tearme it, *Petty Prokery*.

*D'ol.* An honest man He warrant thee, I neuer knew other of thy trade.

*Frip.* Trulie a richer your Lordship might haue,  
An honest I hope not.

*D'ol.* I belecue thee *Pettie Broker*: canst burne Gold-face?

*Frip.* I can do anie thing, my Lord, belonging to my trade.

*D'ol.* Booke him downe Gentleman, heele do good vpon the voyage I warrant him: & prouide thee a Nagge *Pettie Broker*, thou'lt finde employment for him doubt not: keepe thy selfe an honest man, and by our returne I doe not doubt but to see thee a rich Knave: Farewel *Pettie Broker*, prepare your selues against the day: this Gentleman shall acquaint you with my Cullours: Farewell *Fripper*, Farewell *Pettie Broker*: *Deserne* and spie out is my *Motto*. *Exiunt.*

*Amb.* God continue your Lordship.

*Rho.* A verie featonable praier,

For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his death-bedde.

*D'ol.* And how like you my Chamber good Wits?

*Rho.* Excellent well Sir,

*D'ol.* Nay belecue it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth suitable to my proiect:  
Here shall stand my Court Cupbord, with it furniture of Plate:  
Heere shall runne a Wind Instrument: Heere shall hang my base Viall: Heere my Theorbo: and heere will I hang my selfe.

*Amb.* I will

MONSEVER D'OLIVE,

*Amb.* T will do admirable well.

*D'ol.* But how will I hange my telfe good witts?  
Not in person, but in Picture; I will be drawne.

*Rho.* What hangd and drawne too?

*D'ol.* Good againe: I say I wilbe drawne, all in compleat Satten of some Courtly cullour, like a Knight of *Cupids* bands; On this side shalbe ranckt Chaires and Stooles, and other such complements of a Chamber: This corner will be a conuenient roome for my Close stoole: I acquaint you with all my priuities, you see.

*Mug.* I Sir, we smell your meaning.

*D'ol.* Heere shalbe a Peartch for my Parrat, while I remaine vnmarried, I shall haue the lesse misse of my Wife: Heere a Hoope for my Munckie when I am married, my wife will haue the lesse misse of mee: Heere will I haue the statue of some excellent Poet, and I will haue his Nose goe with a Vice (as I haue seene the experience) And that (as if t'had taken cold i'th head,)

*Rho.* For want of a guilt Nightcap.

*D'ol.* Bitter still, shall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day long; and it shalbe fedd with a Pipe brought at my charge, from *Helicon*, ouer the Alpes, and vader the Sea by the braine of some great Enginer; and I thinke t will do excellent.

*Mug.* No question of that, my Lord.

*D'ol.* Well, now Witts about your seueral charges touching my Ambassage: *Rhoderique*, is my Speech put out to making?

*Rho.* Its almost done.

*D'ol.* Tis well, tell him he shall haue fourtie Crownes; promise, promise; want for no promising: And well remembred, haue Iere a Gentleman Vsher yet; a strange thing, amongst all my followers, not one has witt enough to be a Gentleman Vsher, I must haue one ther's no remedie; Fare-well: haue a care of my Followers, all but my pettie Broker, heele shift for him selfe.

*Rho.* Well, let vs alone for your followers,

*Exeunt.*

*D'ol.* Well said, deserue and spie out

*Manet D'oline.*

*Amb.* Methanke your Lordship.

*D'ol.* Heauen I beseech thee, what an abhominable sort of Followers

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Followers haue I put vpon mee : These Courtiers feed on'am with my countenance: I can not looke into the Cittie, but one or other makes tender of his good partes to me, either his Language, his Trauaile, his Intelligence, or something : Gentlemen send me their younger Sonnes furnisht in compleat, to learne fashions for-sooth; as if the riding of fise hundred miles, & spending 1000. Crownes would make'am wiser then God meant to make'am. Others with-child with the trauailing humor, as if an Assfe for going to *Paris*, could come home a Courser of *Naples* : Others are posselt with the humor of Gallantrie, fancie it to be the onelic happinesse in this world, to be enabled by such a coolor to'carrie a Feather in his Crest, weare Gold-lace, guilt Spurs, & so sets his fortunes ont : Turnes two or three Tenements into Trunckes, and creepes home againe with lesse then a Snayle, not a House to hide his head in : Three hundred of these Gold-finches I haue entertained for my Followers; I can go in no corner, but I meete with some of my Wifflers in their accoutraments; you may heare'am halfe a mile ere they come at you, and smell'am halfe an hower after they are past you; sixe or seauen make a perfect Morrice-daunce; they need no Bells, their Spurs serue their turne: I am ashamd to traine'am abroade, theyle say I carrie a whole Forrest of Feathers with mee, and I should plod afore'am in plaine stufte, like a writing Schole-maister before his Boyes when they goe a feasting: I am afraid of nothing but I shall be Ballated, I and all my Wifflers : But its no matter, Ile fashion'am, Ile shew'am fashions: By heauen Ile giue three parts of'am the slipp, let'am looke fort; and yet to say trueth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my Iorney another moneth, I am sure I shall mute halfe my Feathers; I feele'am begin to weare thinne alreadye : There's not tenne Crownes in twentie a their purses; And by this light, I was told at Court, that my greasie Host of the Porcupine last Holiday, was got vp to the eares in one of my Followers Satten suites; And *Vandome* went so farre, that he swore he saw two of them hangd: My selfe indeed passing yesterday by the *Fripperie*, spide two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrell thrall from shoulder to shoulder, like a

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Sheepe that were new flead : Tis not for nothing that this Pettie Broker followes me ; The Vulture smels a pray ; not the Carcases, but the Cases of some of my deceased Followers ; S'lighr, I thinke it were my wisest course, to put tenne poundes in stocke with him, and turne pettie Broker ; certainele there's good to be done vpon't ; if we be but a day or two out of towne heele be able to load euerie day a fresh Horse with Satten suites, and send them backe hither : indeed tis like to be hot trauaile, and therefore t'wilbe an ease to my Followers to haue their cloathes at home afore'am ; Theyle on, get off how they can : Little know they what Pikes their Feathers must passe : Before they goe the Sergeants, when they come home the Surgeons ; but chuse them, Ile wash my hands on'am, *Exit.*

FINIS ACTVS TERTII.

ACTVS QVARTI. Sæna prima.

*Vandome solus.*

**M**Y Sisters Exequies are now performed  
VVith such pompe as exprest the excellence  
Of her Lords loue to her ; And fird the enuie  
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equal  
The honour he does t'his adored wife :  
And now the Earle (as he hath promist mee)  
Is in this sad Cell of my honord Mistresse,  
Vrging my loue to faire *Euryone,*  
VWhich I framde, onely to bring him abrode,  
And (if it might succeed) make his affectes  
VVith change of obiectes, change his helples sorrow  
To helpfull loue. I stood where I obserud  
Their wordes and lookes, and all that past betwixt them :  
And shee hath with such cunning borne her selfe,  
In fising his affection, with pretending  
Her mortified desires : her onely loue  
To Vertue and her louers ; and, in brieft,



Hath figurd with such life my deare dead Sister,  
 Enchasing all this, with her heightned Beautie,  
 That I beleeeue she had entangld him,  
 And wonn successe to our industrious plot,  
 If he be toucht, I know it greues his soule,  
 That hauing vnderrane to speake for mee,  
 (Imagining my loue was as I fainde)  
 His owne loue to her, should enforce his tongue  
 To court her for himselfe, and deceaue mee:  
 By this time, we haue tried his pafsionate blood:  
 If he be caught (as heauen vouchsafe he be)  
 Ile play alittle with his Phantasie.

*Enter St. Anne.*

*S. Anne.* Am I alone? Is there no Eye nor Eare  
 That doth obserue mee? Heauen how haue I graspt,  
 My Spirits in my hart, that would haue burst  
 To giue wisht issue to any violent loue?  
 Dead Wife excuse me, since I loue thee still,  
 That liu'st in her, whom I must loue for thee:  
 For he that is not mou'd with strongest passion  
 In viewing her; that man did ne're know thee:  
 Shee's thy suruiuing Image: But woo's mee;  
 Why am I thus transported past my selfe?

*Van.* Oh, are your dull vxorious spirits raisd?  
 One madnesse doth beget another still.

*St. Anne.* But stay, Advise mee Soule; why didst thou light me  
 ouer this threshold? was't to wrong my Brother?  
 To wrong my Wife, in wronging of my Brother?  
 Ile die a miterable man: No villane:  
 Yet in this case of loue, who is my Brothers?  
 Who is my Father? Who is any kinn?  
 I care not, I am nearest to my selfe:  
 I will pursue my Passion; I will haue her.

*Van.* Traytor, I heere arrest thee in the names  
 Of Heauen, and Earth, and deepest *Acheron*:  
 Loues traytor, Brothers; traytor to thy Wife.

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*S. Anne.* O Brother, stood you so neare my dishonour?  
Had you forborne awhile, all had been changd:  
You know the variable thoughts of Loue,  
You know the vse of Honour, that will euer  
Retire into it selfe; and my iust blood  
Shall rather flow with Honour then with Loue:  
Be you a happie Louer, I a friend,  
For I will die for loue of her and thee.

*Vand.* My Lord and brother, Ile not challenge more,  
In loue and kindnes then my loue deserues,  
That you haue found one whom your hart can like:  
And that One, whom we all sought to preferre,  
To make you happie in a life renewde:  
It is a heauen to mee, by how much more  
My hart imbrac't you for my Sisters loue:  
Tis true, I did dissemble loue t' *Euryone*,  
To make you happie in her deare affection,  
Who more dotes on you, then you can on her:  
Enioy *Euryone*, shee is your owne,  
The same that euer my deare Sister was:  
And heauen blesse both your loues as I release  
All my faind loue, and interest to you.

*S. Anne.* How Noblie hath your loue deluded mee?  
How iustlie haue you beene vniust to mee?  
Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,  
The Authour and the Patron of my life.

*Vand.* Tush, betwixt vs my Lord, what need these tearmes?  
As if we knew not one another yet?  
Make speed my Lord, and make your Nuptials short,  
As they are sodaine blest in your desires.

*S. Anne.* Oh I wish nothing more then lightning hast.

*Van.* Stay, one word first my Lord; You are a sweet brother  
To put in trust, and woo loue for another?

*S. Anne.* Pray thee no more of that.

*Vand.* Well then be gone, *Exit S. Anne.*

my Lord, her brother comes. *Enter Vauu.*

*Vauu.* Most happie Friend,

How

How hath our plot succeeded?

*Vand.* Hee's our owne.

His blood was framde for euerie shade of vertue,

To rauish into true inamourate fire :

The Funerall of my Sister must be held

With all solemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,

With no lesse speed and pompe be celebrate.

*Vaum.* What wonders hath your fortunate spirrite & vertues

Wrought to our comforts? Could you crowne th'enchantments

Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,

Of powre to bring my Wife out of her Cell,

You should be our quicke *Hermes*, our *Alcidas*.

*Vand.* Thats my next labour : come my Lord, your selfe

Shall stand vnseene, and see by next morns light

(Which is her Beddtime) how my Braines-bould valoure

Will rouse her from her voves seueritie :

No Will, nor Powre, can withstand Pollicie.

*Exit.*

*Enter D'oline, Pacque, Dique.*

*D'ol.* Welcome little Witts, are you hee my Page *Pacque* here  
Makes choice of, to be his fellow Coch-horse?

*Diq.* I am my Lord.

*D'ol.* What Countrie man?

*Diq.* Borne i<sup>th</sup> Cittie.

*Pac.* But begot i<sup>th</sup> Court : I can tell your Lordship, he hath  
had as good Court breeding, as anie Impe in a Countrie :  
If your Lordship please to examine him in anie part of the  
Court Accidence, from a Noun to an Interiection, Ile vnder-  
take you shall finde him sufficient.

*D'ol.* Saist thou so little Witt : Why then Sir, How manie  
Pronounes be there ?

*Diq.* Faith my Lord there are more, but I haue learned but  
three sorts ; the Goade, the Fulham, and the Stop-kater-tre ;  
which are all demonstratiues, for heere they be : There are  
Relatiues too, but they are nothing without their Antecedents.

*D'ol.* Well said, little Witt I'faith, How manie Antecedents  
are there?

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

*Dig.* Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine ; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen vsers.

*D'ol.* Verie well said : when all is done, the Court is the onely Schoole of good education ; especially for Pages and Waighting women ; *Paris*, or *Padua*, or the famous Schoole of England called *Winchester*, famous (I meane) for the Goose, Where Schollers weare Petticoates so long, till their Penn and Inckhorns knocke against their knees : All these I say, are but Belfries to the Bodie or Schoole of the Court : Hee that would haue his Sonne proceed Doctour in three dayes, let him sende him thither ; there's the Forge to fashion all the parts of them : There they shall learne the true vie of their good Partes indeed.

*Pac.* Well my Lord, you haue said well for the Court, What sayes your Lordshippe now to vs Courtiers, Shall we goe the voyage?

*D'ol.* My little *Hermaphrodites*, I entertaine you heere into my Chamber; and if need be, nearer : your seruice you know. I will not promise Mountaines, nor assure you Annuities of fourtie or fiftie Crownes ; in a word, I will promise nothing : but I will be your good Lord, do you not doubt.

*Dig.* We do not my Lord, but are sure you will shew your selfe Noble : and as you promise vs nothing, so you will Honorably keepe promise with vs, and giue vs nothing.

*D'ol.* Prettie little Witt, y<sup>e</sup> faith ; Can he verse?

*Pac.* I and sett too, my Lord ; Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

*D'ol.* Prettie in faith ; but I meane, has he a vaine Naturall?

*Pac.* O my Lord, it comes from him as easie,

*Dig.* As Suites from a Courtier, without money : or money from a Cittizen without securitie, my Lord.

*D'ol.* Wel, I perceiue nature has suited your Witts ; & He suite you in Guarded coates, answerable to your Witts : for Witt's as suitable to guarded Coates, as Wisedome is to walted Gownes, My other Followers Horse themselues ; my selfe will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosome) What's the opinion of the many headed Best touching my new adition

of

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

of Honour?

*Diq.* Some thinke, my Lord, it hath giuen you adition of pride, and outercuidance.

*D'ol.* They are deceaud that thinke so: I must confesse, it would make a Foole proude; but for me, I am *semper idem*.

*Pac.* We belecue your Lordship.

*D'ol.* I finde no alteration in my selfe in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser then I was, when I was no Lord, nor no more bountifull, nor no more honest; onely in respect of my state, I assume a kinde of State; to receiue Suters now, with the Nodd of Nobilitie; not (as before) with the Cappe of courtesie; the knee of Knighthood: And why knee of Knighthood, little Witte? there's another Question for your Court Accidence.

*Diq.* Because Gentlemen, or Yoemen, or Pessantes, or so, receiue Knighthood on their knees.

*Pac.* The signification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an't please your Lordship, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladyes.

*D'ol.* Verie good; but if it be so, what honour doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood?

*Diq.* Purchase their Knighthood my Lord? Mary I thinke they come truely by't, for they pay well for't.

*D'ol.* You cut mee off by the knees, little Witte: but I say, (if you will heare mee) that if they deserue to be Knighted, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting vp to the knee, What doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting aboute the knee?

*Pac.* Mary my Lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conueyance will hold water.

*D'ol.* V Why this is excellent: by heauen twentie poundes annuitie shal not purchase you from my heeles. But forth nows V What is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine? Doe not Fooles enuie it?

*Diq.* No my Lord, but wise men wonder at it: you hauing so buried your wisdome heretofore in Tauerns, and Vaulting-houses,

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

houses, that the world could neuer discover you to be capable of Honour.

*D'ol.* As though *Achilles* could hide himselfe vnder a Womans clothes: was he not discovered at first? This Honor is like a Woman, or a Crocodile (chuse you whether) it flies them that follow it; and followes them that flie it: For my selfe, how euer my worth, for the time kept his bedd; yet did I euer prophetic to my selfe that it would rise, before the Sun-set of my dayes: I did euer dreame, that this head was borne to beare a breadth, this shoulder to support a State, this face to looke bigg, this bodie to beare a presence, these feete were borne to be renellers, and these Calues were borne to be Courtiers: In a word, I was borne Noble, and I will die Nobtie: neither shall my Nobilitie perish with death; after ages shall resounde the memorie thereof, while the Sunne sets in the East, or the Moone in the West.

*Pac.* Or the Seuen Starres in the North.

*D'ol.* The Siege of *Bullaine* shall be no more a landmarke for Times: *Agencourt* Battaille, *S. James* his Fielde, the losse of *Calice*, & the winning of *Cales*, shal grow out of vse: Men shal reckon their yeares, Women their mariages, from the day of our Ambassage: As, I was borne, or married two, three, or foure yeares before the great Ambassage, Farmers shall count their Leases from this day, Gentlemen their Morgages from this day: *Saint Dennis* shall be rac't out of the Kalendar, and the day of our Enstalment enterd in redd letters: And as *St. Valentines* day is fortunate to choose Louers, *St. Lukes* to choose Husbandes; So shall this day be to the choosing of Lordes: It shall be a Critticall day, a day of Note: In that day it shall be good to quarrell, but not to fight: They that Marrie on that day, shall not repent; marie the morrow after perhappes they may: It shall be holosome to beat a Sergeant on that day: Hee that eates *Garlicke* on that morning, shall be a rancke Knaue till night.

*Dig.* What a day will this be, if it hold?

*D'ol.* Hold? S'foote it shall hold, and shall be helde sacred to immortalitie; let all the Chroniclers, Ballet makers, and  
Almanacke

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Almanackmungers, do what they dare.

*Enter Rhoderique.*

*Rhod.* S'foote (my Lord) al's dasht, your voyage is ouer-throwne.

*D'ol.* What ayles the franticke Tro?

*Rhod.* The Lady is entoombde, that was the Subiect of your Ambassage: and your Ambassage is beraid.

*Pac.* *Dido* is dead, and wrapt in lead.

*Di.* O heauy herse!

*Pac.* Your Lordships honor must waite vpon her.

*Dig.* O scruvy verse! Your Lordship's welcome home: pray let's walke your horse my Lord.

*D'ol.* A prettie gullery. Why my little wits, doe you belecue this to be true?

*Pac.* For my part my Lord, I am of opinion you are guld.

*Dig.* And I am of opinion that I am partly guiltie of the same.

*Enter Muge.*

*Muge.* Where's this Lord foole here? S'light you haue made a prettie peece of seruice an't: raised vp all the countrey in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

*D'ol.* Good still.

*Mug.* S'light I euer tooke thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durst hane layed my life, no man could euer haue cramd such a Gudgeon as this downe the throate of thee: To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court: I am ashamde of my selfe that euer I chusde such a Grosseblocke to whet my wits on.

*D'ol.* Good wit yfaith.

I know all this is but a gullery now: But since you haue presumde to go thus farre with me, come what can come to the State, sincke or swimme, Ile be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one halfe steppe further in the action.

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Pac.* But now your Lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

*D'cl.* Followers? let them follow the Court as I haue done: there let them raise their fortunes: if not, they know the way to the petty Brokers, there let them shift and hang. *Exit cum suis.*

*Rhod.* Here we may strike the *Plaudite* to our Play, my Lord foole's gone: all our audience will forsake vs.

*Mug.* Page, after, and call him againe.

*Rho.* Let him go: Ile take vp some other foole for the Duke to employ: euery Ordinary affords fooles enow: and didst not see a paire of Gallants sit not far hence like a couple of Bough-pots to make the roome smell?

*Mug.* Yes, they are gone: But what of them?

*Rhod.* Ile presse them to the Court: or if neede be, our Muse is not so barren, but she is able to deuise one tricke or other to retire *D'olive* to Court againe.

*Mug.* Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the fauour of a great Lady ith Prefence, whose hart (he said) stood a tipto in her eye to looke at him.

*Rhod.* Tis well remembered.

*Mug.* O, a Loue-letter from that Ladie would retriue him as sure as death.

*Rhod.* It would of mine honor: Weele faine one from her instantly: Page, fetch pen and inke here. *Exit Pag.*

*Mug.* Now do you & your Muse engender: my barren skonce shall prompt something.

*Rhod.* Soft then: The Lady *Ieronime*, who I said viewed him so in the Prefence, is the Venus that must enamour him: Weele go no further for that. But in what likenesse must he come to the Court to her now? As a Lord he may not: in any other shape he will not.

*Mug.* Then let him come in his owne shape like a gull.

*Rhod.* Well, disguise he shall be: That shall be his mistresses direction: this shall be my Helicon: and from this quier will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

*Mug.* Come on: how wilt thou begin?

*Rhod.* Faith thus: Dearly Beloued,

*Mug.* Ware ho, that's prophane.



MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Rhod.* Go to then : Diuine D'olive : I am sure that's not profane.

*Mug.* Well, forward.

*Rhod.* I see in the powre of thy beauties.

*Mug.* Breake of your period, and say, I was with a sigh.

*Rhod.* Content : here's a full pricke stands for a teare too.

*Mug.* So, now take my braine.

*Rhod.* Poure it on.

*Mug.* I talke like a foole, but alas thou art wise and silent.

*Rhod.* Excellent : And the more wise, the more silent.

*Mug.* That's something common.

*Rhod.* So should his mistris be.

*Mug.* That's true indeed: Who breakes way next?

*Rhod.* That will I fir : But alas, why art not thou noble, that thou mightst match me in Blood?

*Mug.* Ile answer that for her.

*Rhod.* Come on.

*Mug.* But thou art noble , though not by birth , yet by creation.

*Rhod.* Thats not amisse: forth now : Thy wit proues thee to be a Lord, thy presence shoues it : O that word Presence, has cost me deare.

*Mug.* Well said, because she saw him ith Presence.

*Rhod.* O do but say thou lou'st me.

*Mug.* Soft, there's too many OOs.

*Rhod.* Not a whit : O's but the next doore to P. And his mistris may vse her O with with modestie: or if thou wilt, Ile stop it with another brachish teare.

*Mug.* No, no, let it runne on.

*Rhod.* O do but say thou lou'st me , and yet do not neither, and yet do.

*Mug.* Well said, let that last stand , let him doe in any case: now say thus, do not appeare at Court.

*Rhod.* So.

*Mug.* At least in my companie.

*Rhod.* Well.

*Mug.* At left before folkes.

*Rhod.* Why so?

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Mug.* For the flame will breake forth.

*Rhod.* Go on: thou doest well.

*Mug.* Where there is fire ith harth:

*Rhod.* What then?

*Mug.* There will be smoke ith chimney.

*Rhod.* Forth.

*Mug.* Warne, but burne me not: theres reason in all things.

*Rhod.* Well said, now doe I vie it: Come to my chamber betwixt two and three.

*Mug.* A very good number.

*Rho.* But walk not vnder my window: if thou doest, come disguised: in any case weare not thy tuft taffeta cloke: if thou doest, thou killest me.

*Mug.* Well said, now to the *L'envoye*.

*Rhod.* Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skills not whose I am if I be thine; *Ieronime*: Now for a fit Pandar to transport it, and haue at him. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

*Enter Varmont, and Vandome.*

*Vand.*

**C**ome my good Lord, now will I trie my Braine,  
If it can forge another golden chaine,  
To draw the poore Recluse, my honord mistris  
From her darke Cell, and superstitious vow.  
I oft haue heard there is a kind of cure  
To fright a lingring Feuer from a man  
By an imaginous feare, which may be true,  
For one heate (all know) doth driue out another,  
One passion doth expell another still,  
And therefore I will vse a fainde deuce  
To kindle furie in her frozen Breast,  
That rage may fire out griefe, and so restore her  
To her most sociable selfe againe.

*Vand.*

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Vau.* *Iuno Lucina fer opem,*

And ease my labouring house of such a care.

*Vand.* Marke but my Midwifery: the day is now  
Some three houres old, and now her night begins:  
Stand close my Lord, if she and her sad meany  
Be toward sleepe, for sleeping, I will wake them  
With orderly alarmes; Page? Boy? Sister?  
All toong-tied? all asleepe? page? sister?

*Vau.* Alas *Vandome*, do not disturbe their rest  
For pittie sake, tis yong night yet with them.

*Vand.* My Lord, your onely way to deale with women  
And Parrets, is to keepe them waking still.  
Page? who's about? are you all dead here?

*Dig.* S'light is hell broke loose? who's there?

*Vand.* A friend.

He looks out  
with a light.

*Dig.* Then know this Castle is the house of wo,  
Here harbor none but two distressed Ladies  
Condemn'd to darknesse, and this is their iayle,  
And I the Giant set to guard the same:  
My name is *Dildo*. *Retrahit se.*

*Vand.* Sirra leaue your rogerie, and hearken to me: what  
Page, I say.

*Dig.* Tempt not disasters: take thy life: Be gone.

*Vau.* An excellent villanie.

*Redit cum lu-  
mine.*

*Vand.* Sirra? I haue businesse of waight to impart to your  
Ladie.

*Dig.* If your businesse be of waight, let it waite till the after  
noone, for by that time my Ladie will be deliuered of her first  
sleepe: Be gone, for feare of watery meteors.

*Vand.* Go to sir, leaue your villany, and dispatch this newes to  
your Ladie.

*Dig.* Is your businesse from your selfe, or from some body  
besides?

*Vand.* From no body besides my selfe.

*Dig.* Very good: then Ile tel her, here's one besides himselfe  
has businesse to her from no body. *Retrahit se.*

*Vau.* A perfect yong hempstring.

*Van.* Peace least he ouerheare you.

*Redit Dig.*

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Dig.* You are not the Constable sir, are you?

*Vand.* Will you dispatch sir? you know me well enough, I am *Vandome*.

*Eury.* Whats the matter? who's there? Brother *Vandome*.

*Vand.* Sister?

*Eury.* What tempest driues you hither at such an hower?

*Vand.* VVhy I hope you are not going to bed, I see you are not yet vnready: if euer you will deserue my loue, let it be now, by calling forth my mistress, I haue newes for her, that touch her nearely.

*Eur.* VVhat ist good brother?

*Van.* The worst of ils: would any tongue but mine had bene the messenger.

*Mar.* VVhats that seruant?

*Van.* O Mistress come downe with all speed possible, and leaue that mournfull cell of yours, Ile shew you another place worthy of your mourning.

*Mar.* Speake man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit of such prooffe, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

*Vand.* If you please to come downe, Ile impart what I know: if not, Ile leaue you.

*Eury.* VVhy stand you so at gaze sister? go downe to him. Stay bother, she comes to you.

*Vand.* T will take I doubt not, though her selfe be ice, Theres one with her all fire, and to her spirit I must apply my counterfeit deuce: Stand close my Lord,

*Van.* I warrant you, proceed.

*Vand.* Come silly mistress, where's your worthy Lord? I know you know not, but too well I know.

*Mar.* Now heauen graunt all be well.

*Vand.* How can it be?

VVhile you poore Turtle sit and mourne at home,  
Mewd in your cage, your mate he flies abroad,  
O heauens who would haue thought him such a man?

*Eury.* Why what man brother? I belecue my speeches will proue true of him.

*Vand.* To wrong such a beautie, to prophane such vertue,  
and

MONSEVER D'O LIVE.

and to proue disloyall.

*Eury.* Disloyall? nay nere gilde him ore with fine termes, Brother, he is a filthy Lord, and euer was, I did euer say so, I neuer knew any good ath haire, I do but wonder how you made shift to loue him, or what you saw in him to entertaine but so much as a peece of a good thought on him.

*Mar.* Good sifter forbear.

*Eury.* Tush sifter, bid me not forbear: a woman may beare, and beare, and be neuer the better thought on neither: I would you had neuer seene the eyes of him, for I know he neuer lou'd you in's life.

*Mar.* You wrong him sifter, I am sure he lou'd me As I lou'd him, and happie I had bene Had I then dide, and shund this haplesse life.

*Eury.* Nay let him die, and all such as as he is, he lay a catter-walling not long since: O if it had bene the will of heauen, what a deare blessing had the world had in his riddance?

*Vand.* But had the lecher none to singe out For obiect of his light lasciuious blood, But my poore cosin that attends the Dutchesse, Lady *Ieronime*?

*Eury.* What, that blabertipt bloufe?

*Vand.* Nay no bloufe, sifter, though I must confesse She comes farre short of your perfection.

*Eury.* Yes by my troth, if she were your cosin a thousand times, shees but a fallow freckld face peece when she is at the best.

*Vand.* Yet spare my cosin, sifter, for my sake, She merits milder censure at your hands, And euer held your worth in noblest termes.

*Eury.* Faith the Gentlewoman is a sweete Gentlewoman of her selfe, I must needs giue her her due.

*Vand.* But for my Lord your husband, honor'd mistris, He made your beauties and your vertues too, But foyles to grace my cosins, had you seene His amorous letters, But my cosin presently will tell you all, for she reiects his sute, yet I aduisde her to make a shew she did not. But point to meet him when you might surpris him, and this is iust the houre.

*Eury.*

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Eury.* Gods my life sister, loose not this aduantage, it will be a good Trumpe to lay in his way vpon any quarrell: Come, you shall go: S'bodie will you suffer him to disgrace you in this sort? dispraise your beautie? And I do not think too, but he has bin as bold with your Honor, which about all earthly things should be dearest to a woman.

*Vand.* Next to her Beautie.

*Eury.* True, next to her beautie: and I doe not thinke sister, but hee deuiseeth slaunders against you, euen in that high kinde.

*Vand.* Infinite, infinite.

*Eury.* And I belecue I take part with her too: would I knew that ysaich.

*Vand.* Make your account, your share's as deepe as hers: when you see my cosin, sheele tell you all: weele to her presently.

*Eury.* Has she told you, she would tell vs?

*Vand.* Assurde me, on her oath.

*Eury.* S'light I would but know what he can say: I pray you brother tell me.

*Vand.* To what end? twill but stirre your patience.

*Eury.* No I protest: when I know my cariage to be such, as no staine can obscure, his slaunders shall neuer moue me, yet would I faine know what he faines.

*Vand.* It fits not me to play the gossips part: weel to my cosin, sheele relate all.

*Eury.* S'light what can she say? pray let's haue a taste an't onward.

*Vand.* What can he not say, who being drunke with lust, and surfering with desire of change, regards not what he sayes: and briefly I will tell you thus much now; Let my melancholy Lady (sayes he) hold; on this course till she wattle her selfe, and consume my reuenew in Tapers, yet this is certaine, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her elbow.

*Eury.* Me? why me? I bid defiance to his foule throate.

*Vand.* Hold there *Vandome*, now it begins to take.

*Eury.* What can his yellow ielousie surmise against me? if you loue me, let me heare it: I protest it shall not moue me!

*Vand.*

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Vand.* Marry forsooth, you are the shooping horne, he sayes, to draw on, to draw on sister.

*Eury.* The shooping horne with a vengeance? what's his meaning in that?

*Vand.* Nay I haue done, my cosin shall tell the rest: come shall we go?

*Eury.* Go? by heauen you bid me to a banquet: sister, resolute your selfe, for you shall go; loose no more time, for you shall a-broade on my life: his licorice chaps are walking by this time: but for heauens sweete hope what meanes he by that shooping horne? As I liue it shall not moue me.

*Vand.* Tell me but this, did you euer breake betwixt my mistress and your sister here, and a certaine Lord ith Court?

*Eury.* How? breake?

*Vand.* Go to, you vnderstand me: haue not you a Petrarch in Italian?

*Eury.* Petrarch? yes, what of that?

*Vand.* Well, he sayes you can your good, you may be waiting womā to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices.

*Eury.* Marry hang him, good offices? S'foot how vnderstands he that?

*Vand.* As when any Lady is in priuate courtship with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helps to entertaine time: you vnderstand his meaning?

*Eury.* Sister if you resolute to go, so it is: for by heauen your stay shall be no barre to me, Ile go, that's infallible; it had bene as good he had slandered the diuell: shooping horne? O that I were a man for's sake.

*Vand.* But to abuse your person and your beautie too: a grace wherein this part of the world is happie: but I shall offend too much.

*Eury.* Not me, it shall neuer moue me.

*Vand.* But to say, ye had a dull eye, a sharpe nose (the visible markes of a shrow) a drie hand, which is a signe of a bad liuer, as he said you were, being toward a husband too: this was intolerable.

*Vaunt.* This strikes it vp to the head.

*Vand.* Indeed he said you drest your head in a pretie strange  
H fashion,

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

fashion: but you would dresse your husbands head in a far stranger; meaning the Count of saint Anne I thinke.

*Eury.* Gods precious, did he touch mine honor with him?

*Vand.* Faith nothing but that he weares blacke, and sayes tis his mistris colours: and yet he protests that in his eye your face shewes well enough by candle light, for the Count neuer saw it otherwise, vnlesse twere vnder a maske, which indeed he sayes becomes you aboue all things.

*Eury.* Come Page, go along with me, Ile stay for no body: Tis at your cosins chamber, is it not?

*Vand.* Marry is it, there you shall find him at it.

*Eury.* That's enough: let my sister go waste his reuenuew in tapers, twill be her owne another day.

*Mar.* Good sifter, seruant, if euer there were any loue or respect to me in you both.

*Eury.* Sister? there is no loue, nor respect, nor any coniuration, shall stay me: and yet by my part in heauen, Ile not be moued a whit with him: you may retire your selfe to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in teares, your heart in sighes, Ile away certaine.

*Van.* But soft, let's agree first what course we shal take when we take him.

*Eury.* Marry euen raise the strettes on him, and bring him forth with a flocke of boyes about him, to whoote at him.

*Vand.* No, that were too great a dishonor: Ile put him out on's paine presently.

*Stringit ensem.*

*Pag.* Nay good sir spare his life, cut of the offending part, and saue the Count.

*Mar.* Is there no remedie? must I breake my vow? Stay Ile abroad, though with another aime Not to procure, but to preuent his shame.

*Van.* Go Page, march on, you know my cosins chamber, My company may wrong you, I will crosse The nearer way, and set the house afore you: But sifter see you be not mou'd for Gods sake.

*Eury.* Not I by heauen: Come sister, be not moued, But if you spare him, may heauen nere spare you. *Exeunt. man.*

*Vand.* So now the solemne votary is reuiu'd. *Van. & Van.*

*Van.*



MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Vaum.* Pray heauen you haue not gone a step too farre,  
And raifde more sprites, then you can coniure downe.

*Vand.* No my Lord, no, t' Herculean labor's past,  
The vow is broke, which was the end we sweate for,  
The reconcilment will meet of it selfe:  
Come lets to Court, and watch the Ladies chamber,  
Where they are gone with hopefull spleene to see you.

*Enter Roderique, Mugeron, D'oline in disguise towards  
the Ladies chamber.*

*Rhod.* See *Mugeron*, our counterfait letter hath taken: who's  
yonder think'it?

*Mug.* 'Tis not *Doline*:

*Rhod.* Ift be not he, I am sure hee's not farre off:  
Those be his tressels that support the motion.

*Mug.* 'Tis he by heauen, wrapt in his carelesse cloke:  
See the Duke enters: Let him enjoy the benefite of the inchan-  
ted Ring, and stand a while inuisible: at our best oportunitie  
weele discouer him to the Duke.

*Enter Duke, Dutchesse, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome,  
to them Digne, whispering Vandome in the eare,  
and speakes as on the other side.*

*Dig.* *Monsieur Vandome*, yonders no Lord to be found: my  
Ladie staves at hand and craues your speech.

*Vand.* Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct her hither:  
How will she looke when she findes her expectation mockt  
now?

*Exit. Dig.*

*Vaum.* What's that, *Vandome*?

*Vand.* Your wife and sister are comming hither, hoping to  
take you and my cosin together.

*Vau.* Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see them-  
selues so deluded?

*Van.* Let me alone, and stand you off my Lord:

*Enter Mar: and Eurione.*

Madame, y'are welcome to the Court: doe you see your Lord

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

yonder? I haue made him happie by training you forth: In a word, all I said was but a traine to draw you from your vow: Nay, there's no going backe: Come forward and keepe your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forehead: yonder's a Sunne will cleare your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shooing-horne is expounded: all was but a shooing-horne to draw you hither: now shew your selues women, and say nothing.

*Phil.* Let him alone awhile *Vandome*: who's there? what whisper you?

*Vand.* Y'au'e done? come forward:  
See here my Lord, my honorable mistris,  
And her faire sister, whom your Highnesse knowes  
Could neuer be importunde from their vowes  
By prayer, or th'earnest sutes of any friends,  
Now hearing false report that your faire Dutchesse  
Was dangerously sicke, to visit her  
Did that which no friend else could winne her to,  
And brake her long kept vow with her repaire.

*Duke.* Madam you do me an exceeding honor,  
In shewing this true kindnesse to my Dutchesse,  
Which she with all her kindnesse will requite.

*Vand.* Now my good Lord, the motion you haue made, *To*  
With such kind importunitie by your selfe, *S. An.*  
And seconded with all perswasions  
On my poore part, for mariage of this Ladie,  
Her selfe now comes to tell you she embraces,  
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

*Eury.* Sister, we must forgiue him.

*S. An.* Matchlesse Ladie,  
Your beauties and your vertues haue atchicu'd  
An action that I thought impossible,  
For all the sweete attractions of your sex,  
In your conditions, so to life resembling  
The grace and fashion of my other wife:  
You haue reuiu'd her to my louing thoughts,  
And all the honors I haue done to her,  
Shall be continu'd (with increase) to you.

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

*Mug.* Now let's discouer our Ambassador, my Lord.

*Duke.* Do so.

*Exitus D'olive.*

*Mug.* My Lord? my Lord Ambassador?

*D'ol.* My Lord foole, am I not?

*Mug.* Go to, you are he: you cannot cloke your Lordshippe from our knowledge.

*Rho.* Come, come: could *Achilles* hide himselfe vnder a womans clothes? Greatnesse will shine through clouds of any disguise.

*Phil.* Who's that *Rhoderique*?

*Rho.* *Monsieur D'olive*, my Lord, stolne hither disguise, with what minde we know not.

*Mug.* Neuer striue to be gone fir: my Lord, his habite expounds his heart: twere good he were searcht.

*D'olive.* Well rookes wel, Ile be no longer a blocke to whet your dull wits on: My Lord, my Lord, you wrong not your selfe onely, but your whole state, to suffer such vlcers as these to gather head in your Court; neuer looke to haue any action sort to your honor, when you suffer such earewigs to creepe into your eares thus.

*Phil.* What's the matter *Rhoderique*?

*Rho.* Alas my Lord, only the lightnesse of his braine, because his hopes are lost.

*Mug.* For our parts, we haue bene trustie and secret to him in the whole manage of his ambassage.

*D'ol.* Trustie? a plague on you both, there's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you: and as for secrecy, there's no more in you then in a profest Scriuener.

*Vand.* Why a Scriuener, *Monsieur D'olive*?

*D'ol.* Marry fir a man cannot trust him with borrowing so much as poore fortie shillings, but he will haue it Knowne to all men by these presents.

*Vand.* Thats true indeed, but you employed these gentlemen very safely.

*D'olive.* Employed? I mary fir, they were the men that first kindled this humor of employment in me: a pox of employment I say: it has cost me, but what it has cost me, it skills not: they haue thrust vpon me a crew of thredbare, vnbutton'd fellowes,

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

to be my followers: Taylers, Frippers, Brokers, casheerd Clarks, Pettifoggers, and I know not who I: S'light I think they haue swept all the bowling allies ith citie for them: and a crew of these, rakt like old ragges out of dunghils by candle light, haue they presented to me in very good fashion, to be gentlemen of my traine, and solde them hope of raising their fortunes by me: A plague on that phrase, Raising of fortunes, it has vndone more men then ten dicing houses: Raise their fortunes with a vengeance? And a man will play the foole and be a Lord, or be a foole and play the Lord, he shall be sure to want no followers, so there be hope to raise their fortunes. A burning feuer light on you, and all such followers. S'foote they say ifollowers are but shadowes, that follow their Lords no longer then the sun shines on them: but I finde it not so: the sunne is set vpon my employment, and yet I cannot shake off my shadowes; my followers grow to my heeles like kibes, I cannot stir out of doores for am. And your grace haue any employment for followers, pray entertaine my companie: theyle spend their blood in your seruice, for they haue little else to spend, you may soone raise their fortunes.

*Phil.* Well *Monsieur D'oline*, your forwardnesse  
In this intended seruice, shall well know  
What acceptation it hath wonne it selfe  
In our kind thoughts: nor let this sodaine change  
Discourage the designements you haue laid  
For our States good: reserue your selfe I pray,  
Till fitter times: meane time will I secure you  
From all your followers: follow vs to Court.  
And good my Lords, and you my honor'd Ladies,  
Be all made happie in the worthy knowledge  
Of this our worthy friend *Monsieur D'oline*.

*Omnes.* Good *Monsieur D'oline*.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quinti & vltimi.*

— *moa moffis in horba.*



*ACTORS.*

Monsieur D'oliue. Gueaquin the Dutchesse.

Philip the Duke. Hieronime Ladie.

S. Anne Count. Marcellina Countesse.

Vaumont Count. Eurione her sister.

Vandome.

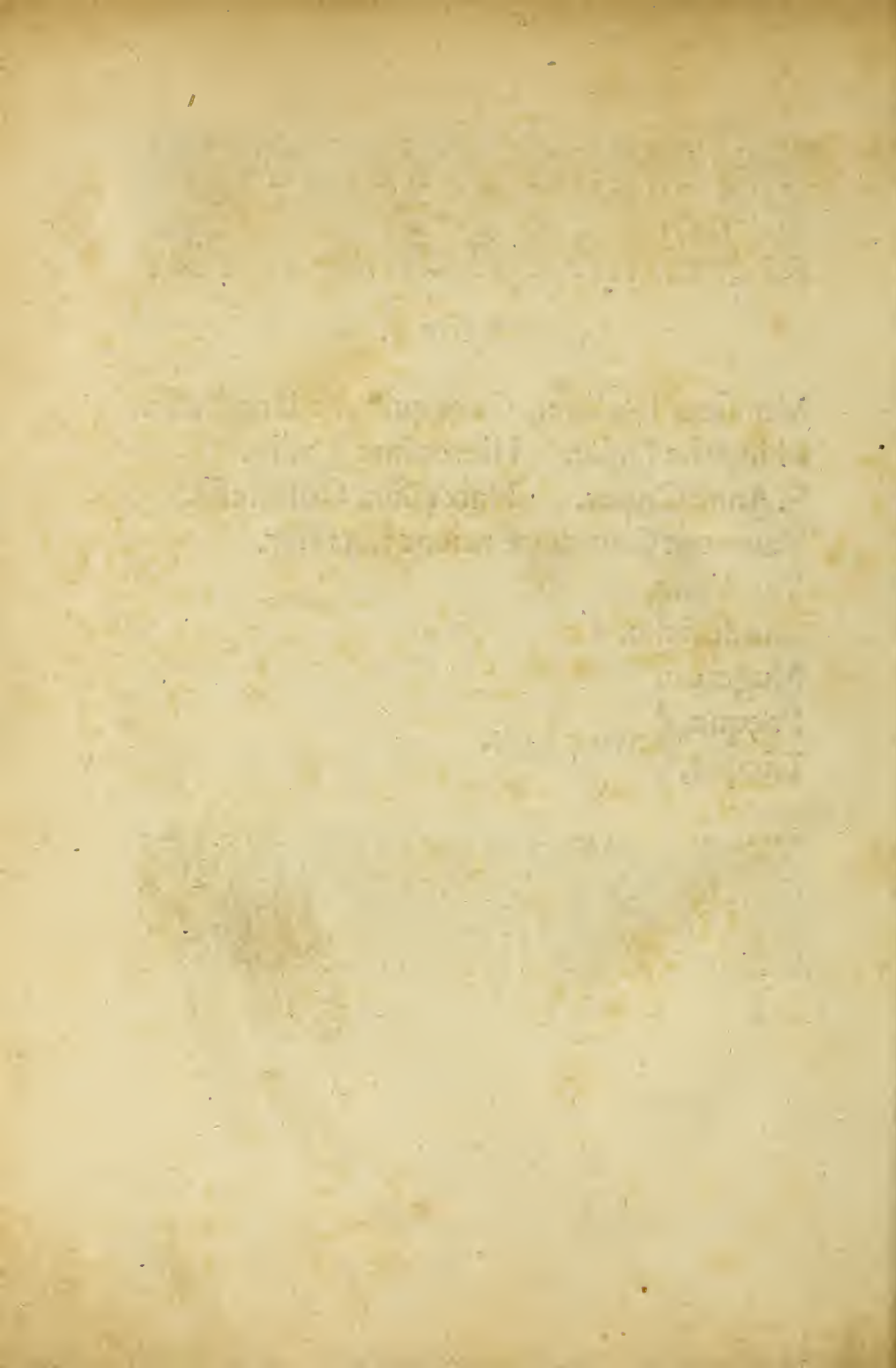
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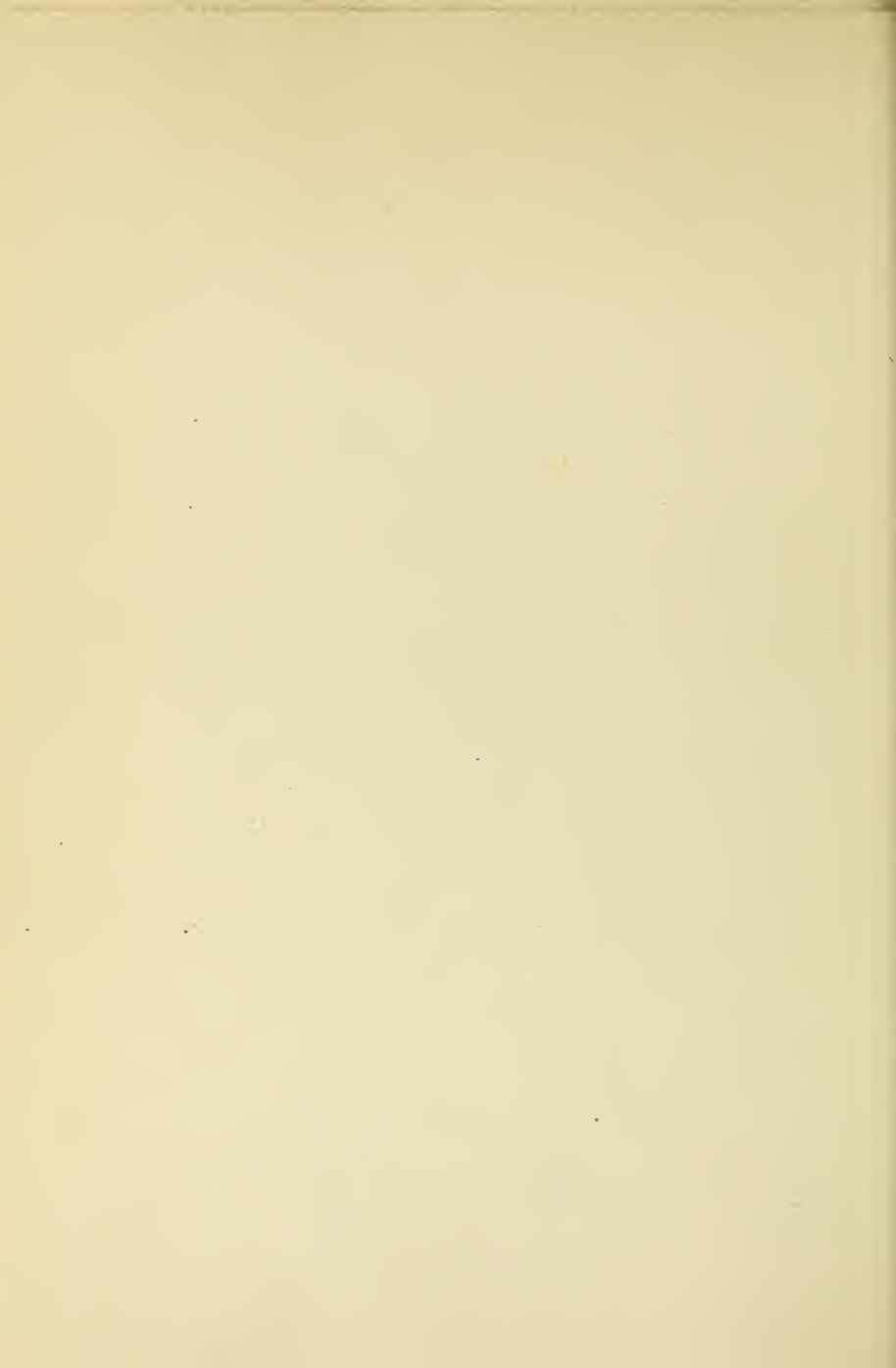


























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