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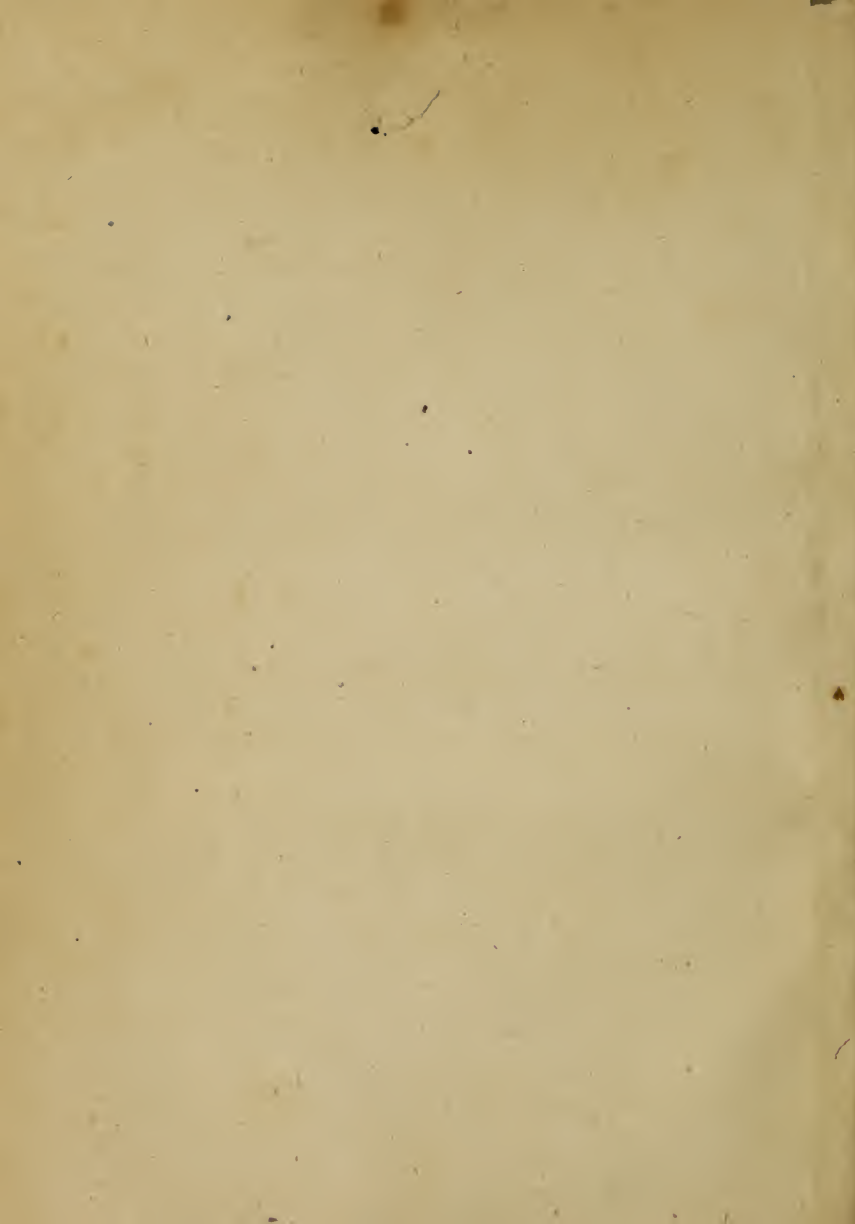
Thomas Pennant Boston.

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Received, May, 1873.

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T H E

City-Madam,

A

COMEDIE.

As it was acted at the private House in
Black Friars with great applause.

Written by *Phillip Massinger* Gent.



LONDON
Printed for *Andrew Pennycaicke*, one of the Actors,
in the year 1659.

The Actors names.

Lord Lacie.
Sir John Rich a Merchant
Sir John Lacie Son to Lord Lacie.
Mr. Plenty a Country Gentleman.
Luke Brother to Sir John Rich.
Old Goldwire, }
Old Tradewell } Two Gentlemem.
Young Goldwire } their sons, prentices
Young Tradewell } to Sir John Rich.
Stargaze an Astrologer.
Fortune a decaied Merchant.
Hoyst a decaied gentleman.
Penurie.
Holdfast a Steward.
Ramble, Scuffle, two Hectors.
Dingem a Pimpe.
Gettall a Box-keeper.
Lady Rich.
Anne } her daughters
Mary }
Milliscent her woman.
Shavem a Wench.
Secret a Baud.

149,635

May 1873.

Barton

Scene London.



To the truly Noble and virtuous
Lady Ann, Countess of Oxford.

HONOURED LADY!

In that age when wit and learning were outconquered by injury, and violence; this Poem was the object of love and Commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring Auditory. In this Epistle I shall not need to make an Apologie: for Playes in generall by exhibiting their antiquity and utility, in a word they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to

prefer this dedication to your powerfull protection proceeds from the universall fame of the deceased Author, who (although he composed many) writ none amiss, and this may justly be ranked amongst his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of time, by committing of it to the press, but in more imploring your Patronage, I wil not slander it with my praises, it is commendations enough to call it Massingers, if it may gain your allowance and pardon; I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

MADAM,

Your humblest Servant,

Andrew Penrycnicke.



THE
City-Madam,
A
COMEDIE.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Goldwire, and Tradewell.

*Goldwire.
Tradewell.*



The Ship is safe in the Pool then?
And makes good,
In her rich fraught, the name shee
bears, the *Speedwell*:
My Master will find it, for on my
certain knowledg
For every hundred that hee ventu-

red in her

She hath return'd him five.

Goldwire. And it comes timely,
For besides a payment on the nail for a Mannor
Late purchas'd by my Master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.

The City-Madam.

Tradewell. Who? Nan, and Mall.

Goldwire. Mistris Anne and Mary, and with some addition,
Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Then *Scandalum magnatum*.

Tradewell. 'Tis great pitie
Such a Gentleman as my Master for that title
His being a Citizen, cannot take from him,
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.

Goldwire. The want of one
Swells my young Mistresses, and their madam mother
With hopes above their birth, and scale. Their dreams are
Of being made Countesses, and they take state
As they were such already. When you went
To the *Indies*, there was some shape and proportion
Of a Merchants house in our family, but since
My Master, to gain precedencie for my Mistris
Above some Elder Merchants Wives, was knighted;
'Tis grown a little Court, in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:
There are few great Ladies going to a Masque
That do out-shine ours in their every-day habits.

Tradewell. 'Tis strange my Master in his wisdom can
Give the reins to such exorbitancie.

Goldwire. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home;
I grant his state will bear it, yet hee's censur'd
For his indulgence, and for Sir *John Frugal*
By some styl'd Sir *John Prodigal*.

Tradewell. Is his brother
Mr. *Luke Frugal* living?

Goldwire. Yes, the more
His misery, poor man.

Tradewell. Still in the Counter?

Goldwire. In a worser place. He was redeemed from the hole,
To live in our house in hell: since his base usage
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud Ladie
Admits him to her Table, marry ever

Beneath the Salt, and there he sits the subject
Of her contempt and scorn; and dinner ended,
His courteous Nieces find employment for him
Fitting an under-prentice, or a Footman,
And not an Uncle.

Tradewel. I wonder, being a Scholler well read, and travel'd,
The world yielding means for men of such desert,
He should endure it.

*Enter Star-gaze, Ladie, Anne, Mary, Millescent, in severall
postures, with looking glasses at their girdles.*

Goldwire. He does, with a strange patience; and to us
The servants so familiar, nay humble.
I'll tell you, but I am cut off. Look these
Like a Citizens wife and daughters?

Tradewel. In their habits
They appear other things; but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?

Goldwire. The young wag-tails
Expect their suitors. The first, the Son and Heir
Of the Lord *Ladie*, who needs my Masters money,
As his daughter does his honour. The second *Mr. Plenty*,
A rough hew'n gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate, and so all aids of Art
In them's excusable.

Lady. You have done your parts here:
To your studie, and be curious in the search
Of the Nativities.

Exit Stargaze.

Tradewel. Me thinks the mother,
As if she could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curiosity to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.

Goldwire. Keeps the first place,
And though the Church-book speak her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her,
Then if they tax'd her honesty: t'other day
A Tenant of hers, instructed in her humor,
But one she never saw, being brought before her,
For saying onely, Good young Mistris help me

To the speech of your Lady-mother, so far pleas'd her,
That he got his Lease renew'd for't.

Tradewell. How she bristles;

Prethee observe her.

Millescent. As I hope to see

A Country Knights son and heir walk bare before you
When you are a Countess, as you may be one
When my Master dies, or leavs trading; and I continuing
Your principal woman, take the upper-hand
Of a Squires wife, though a Justice, as I must
By the place you give me, you look now as young
As when you were married.

Lady. I think I bear my years well.

Millescent. Why should you talk of years? Time hath not
plough'd

One furrow in your face; and were you not known
The mother of my young Ladies, you might passe
For a Virgin of fifteen.

Tradewell. Here's no grosse flattery:

Will she swallow this?

Goldwire. You see she does, and glibly.

Millescent. You never can be old, wear but a Masque
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
In your other parts: What a waste is here? O *Venus!*
That I had been born a King! and here a hand
To be kil's'd ever; Pardon my boldnesse, Madam:
'Then, for a leg and foot you will be courted
When a great Grandmother.

Ladye. These indeed, Wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face,
Their Comlinefs last's longer.

Milliscent. Ever, ever:

Such a rare Featur'd, and proportion'd *Madams*
London could never boast of.

Ladye. Where are my Shoo's.

Milliscent. Those that your Ladyship gave order
Should be made of the Spanish Perfum'd Skins.

Ladye. The same.

Milliscent. I sent the prison-bird this morning for em,
But he neglects his duty.

Ann. He is grown
Exceeding carelesse.

Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is forsooth our Uncle.

Ladye. He is your slave,
And as such use him.

Ann. Willingly, but hee's grown
Rebellious *Madam.*

Enter Luke, with Shoes, Garters and Roses.

Goldwire. Nay like Hen, like Chicken.

Ladye. I'll humble him.

Goldwire. Here he comes sweating all over,
He shews like a walking fripperie.

Lady. Very good Sir,
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner
With humble diligence to do what my Daughters,
And woman did command you.

Luke. Drunk, an't please you.

Lady. Drunk, I said, Sirrah. Dar'st thou in a look
Repine, or grumble? thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charitie redeem thee out of prison,
Thy Patrimonie spent, ragged, and lowsie.
When the Sheriffs basket, and his broken meat
Were your Festivall exceedings, and is this
So soon forgotten?

Luke. I confesse I am
Your Creature *Madam.*

Lady. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Ann. Who did new cloath you?

Mary. Admitted you to the Dining-room?

Milliscent. Allowed you a fresh bed in the garret?

Lady. Or from whom
Receiv'd you spending money?

Luke. I owe all this

To your goodnesse, *Madam*: For it you have my prayers,
 The beggars satisfaction; all my studies,
 (Forgetting what I was, but withall duty
 Remembring what I am) are how to please you.
 And if in my long stay I have offended,
 I ask your pardon. Though you may consider,
 Being forc'd to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
 These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
 I could not come much sooner.

Goldwire. Here was a walke
 To breath a Foot-man.

Ann. 'Tis a curious Fan.

Mary. These Roses will shew rare; would t'were in fashion
 That the Garters might be seen too.

Milliscent. Many Ladyes
 That know they have good legs, wish the same with you:
 Men that way have th' advantage.

Luke. I was with the *Lady*,
 And delivered her the Sattin
 For her Gown, and Velvet for her Petticote,
 This night She vows Shee'l pay you.

Goldwire. How I am bound
 To your favour *M. Luke*.

Milliscent. As I live, you will
 perfume all rooms you walk in.

Lady. Get your Furr,
 You shall pull'em on within.

Goldwire. That servile office
 Her pride imposes on him.

Goldwire. *Tradewell*.

Tradewell. My Master calls. We come Sir:

Exit Luke.
St. John within

Exeunt Goldwire, Tradewell.

Enter Holdfast with Porters.

Lady. What have you brought there?

Holdfast. The Cream of the market, provision enough
 To serve a garrison. I weep to think on't.
 When my Master got his wealth, his family fed
 On roots, and livers, and necks of beef on Sundays.

But now I fear it will be spent in poultry.
Butchers meat will not go down.

Lady. Why, you Rascall, is it at
Your expence? what Cooks have you provided?

Holdfast. The best of the City. They have wrought at my
Lord Mayors.

Ann. Eye on em, they smel of Fleet-Lane, and Pic-corner.

Mary. And thinks the happinesse of mans life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.

Lady. I'le have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling Curr,
But French-men and Italians; they wear Sattin,
And dish no meat but in Silver.

Holdfast. You may want, though,
A dish or two when the service ends.

Lady. Leave prating,
Ple have my will; do you as I command you.

Exit

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Enter Lacie, and Page.

Lacie. **Y**OU were with *Plenty*?

Page. Yes Sir.

Lacie. And what answer
Return'd the clown?

Page. Clown Sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition;
More rich then gaudie in his habit, yet
The freedom, and the bluntnesse of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him Caution, as he lov'd the peace,
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To passe the *Merchants* threshold, untill you
Of his two Daughters had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife.

He

8
The City-Millican.
He smil'd in scorn.

Lacie. In scorn?

Page. His words confirm'd it,
They were few, but to this purpose; Tell your Master,
Though his Lordship in reversion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a Free-man,
And will not yeeld in the way of affection
Precedence to him. I will visit em,
Though he sate Porter to deny my entrance.
When I meet him next I'll say more to his face.
Deliver thou this, then gave me a piece
To help my memorie, and so we parted.

Lacie. Where got he this spirit.

Page. At the Academie of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder Brothers. Where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a Duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter Plenty and three Serving-men.

Lacie. You Sir?

Plentie. What with me Sir?
How big you look? I will not loose a hat
To a hairs breadth, move your Bever, I'll move mine,
Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out, though I keep
Not a Fencer to breath me, walke into Moor-fields,
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew
A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shop-keepers, and their clubs, 'tis scurvie,
And the women will laugh at us.

Lacie. You presume
On the protection of your Hinds.

Plentie. I scorn it;
Though I keep men I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my Religion to follow
The gallants fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a Foot-man, and a Page,

And those two sometimes hungrie. I can feed these,
And cloath'em too, my gay Sir.

Lacie. What a fine man

Hath your Taylor made you ?

Plentie. 'Tis quite contrary,

I have made my Saylor, for my cloaths are paid for
As soon as put on, a sin your man of title
Is seldom guiltie of, but Heaven forgive it.

I have other faults too very incident

To a plain Gentleman. I eat my Venison

With my neighbours in the Countrie, and present not

My pheasants, partridges, and growse to the userer,

Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.

I flatter not my mercers wife, nor feast her

With the first cherries, or pescods, to prepare me

Credit with her husband, when I com to London.

The wooll of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen

In Smithfield, give me money for my expences.

I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too ;

as are not encombred, no annuity

Or statue lying on'em. This I can do

And it please your future honour, and why therefore

You should forbid my being a suiter with you

My dulnesse apprehends not.

Page. This is bitter,

Lacie. I have heard you Sir, and in my patience shewn

To much of the stoicks. But to parley further,

Or answer your grosse jeers would write me coward.

This onely thy great grandfather was a Butcher,

And his son a Grasier,

Thy Sire Constable of the hundred, and thou the first of your

dunghill, created gentleman

Now you may come on Sir,

you, and your thrashers.

Plentie. Stir not on your lives.

This for the grasiers, this for the butcher.

they fight

Lacie. So Sir.

Page. I'll not stand idle, draw my little rapier

Against your bumb blades. Ple one, by one despatch you,
Then house this instrument of death, and horreur.

Enter Sir John, Luke, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Sr. *John.* Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffians hall:
What insolence is this?

Luke. Noble Sir Maurice,
Worshipfull Mr. *Plenty.*

Sr. *John.* I blush for you,
Men of your qualitie expose your fame
To every vulgar censure. This at midnight
After a drunken supper in a Tavern,
(No civill man abroad to censure it)
Had shewen poor in you, but in the day, and view:
Of all that pass by, monstrous

Plentie. Very well Sir;
You look for this defence.

Lacie. 'Tis thy protection,
But it will deceive thee.

Sr. *John.* Hold, if you proceed thus
I must make use of the next Justices power,
And leave perswasion. And in plain terms tell you

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, and Milliscent.

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall priviledg this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it? can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swords? 'ith street too?
Nay e're you do salute, or I give way,
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace. He that draws back parts with
My good opinion. This is as it should be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathize with yours, they shall not come
On my credit beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Lacie. May I have the honor
To support you *Lady.*

Plenty. I know not what's supporting,

But

But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.

Exeunt omnes preter Luke,

To him Enter Hoyst, Penury, Fortune.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I wil help you
To the speech of my Brother.

Fortune. Have you mov'd him for us ?

Luke With the best of my endeavours, and I hope.
You'll find him tractable.

Penury. Heaven grant he prove so.

Hoyst. Howe're I'll speak my mind.

Enter Lord Lacie.

Luke. Do so M. *Hoyst.*

Go in. I'll pay my duty to this Lord,
And then I am wholly yours. Heaven bless your honor.

Lord. Your hand Mr. *Luke*, the world's much chang'd with
you

Within these few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the Horse-race, Cocking, Hunting,
Shooting, or Bowling, at which Mr. *Luke*
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the Nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear

For those follies, my good Lord, and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should like me
Share in the miseries that wait upon't.
Your Honor in your charitie may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses
Too late repented.

Lord. I nor do, nor will;

And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes: How deals your brother with you?

Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodnesse for't.

I am a Freeman, all my debts discharg'd,
Nor does one Creditor undone by me
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and cloaths,
Time to ask heaven remission for what's past;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,

My present poverty's a blessing to me ;
 And though I have been long, I dare not say
 I ever liv'd till now.

Lord. You bear it well ;
 Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
 What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
 With your brothers inclination. I have heard
 In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
 Whose ruines he builds upon.

Luke. In that report
 Wrongs him, my Lord. He is a Citizen,
 And would increase his heap, and will not lose
 What the Law gives him. Such as are worldly wise
 Pursue that tract, or they will ne're wear skarlet.
 But if your Honor please to know his temper,
 You are come opportunely. I can bring you
 Where you unseen shall see, and hear his carriage
 Towards some poor men, whose making or undoing
 Depend upon his pleasure.

*A Table,
 Count book,
 Standish,
 Chair and
 stools set out.*

Lord. To my wish,
 I know no object that could more content me.

Exeunt

Actus primus, Scena tertia.

Enter Sir John, Hoyst, Fortune, Penurie, Goldwire.

Sir John. **W**Hat would you have me do? reach me a chair.
 When I lent my moneys I appear'd an Angel;
 But now I would call in mine own, a Diavel.

Hoyst. Were you the Divelsdamme, you must stay till I have it:
 For as I am a Gentleman,

Enter Luke placing the Lord Lacie.

Luke: There you may hear all.

Hoyst. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value.
 Now, cause I am a Gamester, and keep Ordinaries,
 And a Liverye punk, or so, and trade not with

The money-mongers wives, not one will be bound for me;
'Tis a hard case, you must give me longer day
Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.

I know no obligation lies upon me
With my honey to feed Drones. But to the purpose,
How much owes *Penurie*?

Goldwire. Two hundred pounds:
His Bond three times since forfeited.

Sir John. Is it su'd?

Goldwire. Yes Sir, and execution out against him.

Sir John. For bodie and goods?

Goldwire. For both, Sir.

Sir John. See it serv'd.

Penurie. I am undone; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.

Sir John. More Infidel thou
In not providing better to support 'em.
What's *Fortunes* debt?

Goldwire. A thousand, Sir.

Sir John. An estate

For a good man. You were the glorious Trader,
Embrac'd all bargains; the main venturer
In every Ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife
As a Ladie, she had her Coach, her choice
Of Summer-houses, built with other mens moneys;
Took up at Interest, the certain road
To Ludgate in a Citizen. Pray you acquaint me
How were my thousand pounds employ'd?

Fortune. Insult not

On my calamity, though being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;
Losses at sea, and those Sir, great, and many,
By storms, and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wives humor, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.

Sir John. Suppose this true;

What is't to me? I must, and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first, and that done have
The Statute made for Bankrupts serv'd upon you.

Fortune. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

Luke. Not as a brother, Sir, but with such dutie
As I should use unto my Father, since
Your charitie is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.

Sir John. What would you say?

Luke. No word, Sir,

I hope shall give offence; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud:
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealths a servant. Not that riches
Is or should be contemn'd, it being a blessing
Deriv'd from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this dear, Sir,
You have many equals: Such a mans possessions
Extend as far as yours, a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from 'em, is, that you are styl'd
Gentle in your abundance, good in plentie,
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others miseries (I have found it, Sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for 't) while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.

Luke. That shall not grieve you,
Your affability, and mildnesse cloath'd
In the garments of your debtors breath
Shall every where, though you strive to conceal it
Be seen, and wondred at, and in the act
With a prodigall hand rewarded. Whereas such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in wordly understandings,

Are but like beasts of rapine, that by odds
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o're others
Brought under their subjection.

Lord. A rare fellow!

I am strangely taken with him.

Luke. Can you think Sir,

In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an out-crie,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd
To beg their bread: this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted can advantage you?

Host. If it thrive with him hang me, as it will damn him
If he be not converted,

Luke. You are too violent.

Or that the ruine of this once brave Merchant
(For such he was esteem'd though now decay'd)

Will raise your reputation with good men.

But you may urge, pray you pardon me, my zeal

Makes mee thus bold and vehement, in this

You satisfy your anger, and revenge

For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not

Repair your losse, and there was never yet

But shame, and scandall in a victorie

When the rebels unto reasons passions fought it.

Then for revenge by great souls it was ever

Contemn'd, though offer'd; entertain'd by none

But cowards, base, and abject spirits, strangers

To morall honestie, and never yet

Acquainted with religion.

Lord. Our divines

Cannot speak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be

Talk'd out of my money?

Luke. No, Sir, but intreated

To do your self a benefit, and preserve

What you possesse intire.

Sir John. How my good brother?

Luke. By making these your beads-men. When they eat,

Their

Their thanks next heaven, will be paid to your mercy
 When your Ships are at Sea, their prayers will swell
 The Sails with prosperous winds, and guard 'em from
 Tempests, and pirates: keep your ware-houses
 From fire, or quench 'em with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the peoples hearts,
 Follow you every where.

Sir John. If this could be.

Luke. It must or our devotions are but words,
 I see a gentle promise in your eie,
 Make it a blessed act, and poor, me rich
 In being the instrument.

S. John. You shall prevail.

Give 'em longer day. But do you hear, no talk of t:
 Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange.
 I shall be laught at for my foolish pity.
 Which mony men hate deadly. Take your own time
 But see you break not. Carri' em to the Cellar,
 Drink a health, and thank your Orator.

Penurie. On our knees Sir.

Fortune. Honest M. *Luke!*

Hoyst. I blesse the Counter where
 You learn'd this Retorick.

Luke. No more of that friends.

Exeunt Luke, Hoyst,

S. John. My honorable Lord

Fortune, Penurie

Lord. I have seen and heard all,

Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
 You were all of a peece. Your charity to your debtors
 I do commend, but where you should expresse
 Your pietie to the height, I must boldly tell you
 You shew your self an Athiest.

Sir John. Make me know

My error, and for what I am thus censur'd,
 And I will purge my self, or else confesse
 A guiltie cause.

Lord. It is your harsh demeanour
 To your poor brother.

S. John. Is that all?

Lord. 'Tis more

Then can admit defence. You keep him as
A Parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife: an underling
To his own Nieces. And can I with mine honor
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his brothers miseries?

S. John. Pray you take me with you,
And let mee yeeld my reasons why I am
No opener handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my fathers fondnesse
To him the younger robb'd me of my birth-right:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing. Wants grew heavy on him
And when layd up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him,

Lord. You could not do lesse.

S. John. Was I bound to it my Lord?
What I possesse, I may with justice call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposure?

Lord. I would have you,
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.

S. John. Outward gloss
Often deceivs, may it not prove so in him,
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful, but that shall not make
A breach between us: Let us in to dinner,
And what trust, or imployment you think fit
Shall be conferred upon him: If he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

Lord. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Luke, Holdfast, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Holdfast. The like was never seen.

Luke. Why in this rage man?

Holdfast. Men may talk of Country-Christmases, and Court-gluttonie,

Their thirty pound butter'd eggs, their Pies of Carps tongues,
Their Pheasants drench'd with Ambergreece, the carkases
Of three fat Weathers bruised for gravie to
Make sauce for a single Peacock, yet their feasts
Were fasts compar'd with the Cities.

Tradewell. What deer dainty

Was it thou murmur'it at?

Holdfast. Did you not observe it?

There were three sucking piggs serv'd up in a dish,
Took from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
That stood my Master in twenty marks a piece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies made
Of I know not what. I dare swear the cook that dress'd it
Was the Devill, disguis'd like a Dutch-man.

Goldwire. Yet all this

Will not make you fat, fellow-*Holdfast.*

Holdfast. I am rather

Starv'd to look on't. But here's the mischief, though
The dishes were rais'd one upon another
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the shoppes
Of the best confectioners in *London* ransack'd
To furnish out a banquet, yet my Lady
Call'd me penurious rascall, and cri'd out,
There was nothing worth the eating.

Goldwire. You must have patience,

This is not done often.

Holdfast. 'Tis not fit it should,
 Threesuch dinners more would break an Alderman;
 And make him give up his cloak. I am resolv'd
 To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accompts
 And since, my Master longs to be undone :
 The great Fiend be his Steward, I will pray,
 And blesse my self from him. *Exit Holdfast.*

Goldwire. The wretch shews in this
 An honest care.

Luke. Out on him, with the fortune
 Of a slave, he has the mind of one. However
 She bears me hard, I like my Ladies humor,
 And my brothers sufferage to it. They are now
 Busie on all hands; one side eager for
 Large portions, the other arguing strictly
 For jointures, and securitie; but this
 Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
 How dul you look? in the mean time how intend you
 To spend the hours?

Goldwire. We well know how we would,
 But dare not serve our wills.

Tradewell. Being prentices,
 We are bound to attendance.

Luke. Have you almost serv'd out
 The term of your Indentures, yet make conscience
 By starts to use your liberty? Hast thou traded
 In the other world, expos'd unto all dangers,
 To make thy Master rich, yet dar'st not take
 Some portien of the profit for thy pleasure?
 Or wilt thou being keeper of the Cash,
 Like an Ass that carries dainties, feed on Thistles?
 Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
 Of gentry in you? You are no Mechanicks,
 Nor serve some needy shop-keeper, who surveighs
 His every-day-takings. You have in your keeping,
 A masse of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
 And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man.

That knows all he possesses, and leavs nothing
 For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
 Blush at your poverty of spirit, you
 The brave sparks of the City?

Goldwire. M. Luke,

I wonder, you should urge this, having felt
 What miserie follows riot.

Tradewell. And the penance
 You indu'd for't in the Counter.

Luke. You are fools,

The case is not the same. I spent mine own money,
 And my stock being smal, no mervail 'twas soon wasted.
 But you without the least doubt or suspicion,
 If cautelous, may make bold with your Masters.
 As for example; when his Ships come home,
 And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
 For fifty bales of Silk you may write forty,
 Or for so many pieces of Cloth of Bodkin,
 Tissue, Gold, Silver, Velvets, Sattins, Taffaties,
 A piece of each deducted from the grosse
 Will never be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

Trad. I, but our fathers bonds that lye in pawn
 For our honesties must pay for't.

Luke. A meer bugbear

Invented to fright children. As I live
 Were I the master of my brothers fortunes,
 I should glory in such servants. Did'st thou know
 What ravishing lechery it is to enter
 An Ordinarie, *ca pape*, trim'd like a Gallant,
 (For which in truncks conceal'd be ever furnish'd)
 The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
 The musical chime of Gold in your cram'd pockets,
 Commands from the attendants, and poor Porters?

Tradewell. Oh rare!

Luke. Then sitting at the Table with
 The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
 Occurrents from all corners of the world,
 The plots, the Counsels, the designs of Princes,

And freely censure 'em ; the City wits
Cri'd up, or deci'd, as their passions lead 'em ;
Judgment having nought to do there.

Tradewell. Admirable !

Luke. My Lord no sooner shal rise out of his chair,
The gameing Lord I mean, but you may boldly
By the priviledge of a gamester fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows ; have your knife
Afoon in the Pheasant ; drink your health as freely,
And striking in a luckie hand or two,
Buy out your time.

Tradewell. This may be : but suppose
We should be known.

Luke. Have mony and good cloaths.
And you may passe invisible. Or if
You love a Madam-punck, and your wide nostrill ;
Be taken with the sent of cambrick smocks
Wrought, and perfum'd.

Goldwire. There, there, M. *Luke*,
There lyes my road of happiness.

Luke. Injoy it,
And pleasures stol'n being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a Coach
To Brainford, Stanes, or Barnet.

Goldwire. 'Tis enchanting,
I have prov'd it.

Luke. Hast thou ?

Goldwire. Yes in all these places,
I have had my several Pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten pound suppers
The curtains drawn, my Fidlers playing all night
The shaking of the sheets, which I have danc'd
Again, and again with my Cockatrice. M. *Luke*,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn brothers ;
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the Cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.

Tradewell. Is't possible?

Luke. You can intrust your Tutor.

How? how? good Tom.

Goldwire. Why look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions. I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest, and when they want,
As my Masters monies come in, I do repay it,
Ka me, ka thee.

Luke. An excellent knot! 'tis pity
It e're should be unloos'd; for me it shall not,
You are shew'n the way friend *Tradewell*, you may make use on't,
Or freeze in the ware-house, and keep company
With the Cator *Holdfast*.

Tradewell. No, I am converted.
A Barbican Broker will furnish me with out side,
And then a crash at the Ordinarie.

Goldwire. I am for
The Lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.

Luke. Go to Tom,
What did you make me?

Goldwire. I'll do as much for you,
Imploy me when you please:

Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.

Tradewell. Kind M. *Luke*;

Goldwire. Wee'll break my Master to make you;
You know.

Luke. I cannot love money, go hoyes. When time serves
It shall appear, I have another end in't.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacie, Plenty, Lady, Ann,
Mary, Milliscent.*

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,

Provi-

Provided you assure them for their jointures
800*l.* per annum, and intail
A thousand more upon the heirs male,
Begotten on their bodies.

Lord. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.

Plentie. You my Lord
May do as you please : but to me it seems strange,
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.

Ladie. You say right, *A chair set out.*
There are counsels of more moment, and importance
On the making-up of marriages to be
Consider'd duly, then the portion, or the jointures
In which a mothers care must be exacted,
And I by speciall priviledge may challenge
A casting voice.

Lord. How's this ?

Lady. Even so my Lord,
In these affairs I govern.

Lord. Give you way to't ?

S. John. I must my Lord.

Lady. 'Tis fit he should, and shall :
You may consult of something else, this Province
Is wholly mine.

Ladie. By the City custom Madam ?

Lady. Yes my young Sir, and both must look my daughters
Will hold it by my Copie.

Plentie. Brave i' faith.

S. John. Give her leave to talk, we have the power to do ;
And now touching the businesse we last talk'd of,
In private if you please.

Lord. 'Tis well remembred,
You shall take your own way Madam.

Ladie. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us ?

Lady. Such as wisdom warrants
From the Superiour bodies. Is *Stargaze* ready

*Exeunt Lord
and S. John.*

With

With his several Schemes ?

Millif. Yes Madam, and attends
Your pleasure.

Exit Millifcent.

Lacie. *Stargaze*, Ladie : What is he ?

Lady. Call him in, You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
Hee's every thing indeed, parcel Phylician,
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretells
My dreams when I eat Potato's ; parcel Poet,
And sings Encomiums to my virtues sweetly ;
My Antecedent, or my Gentleman Usher ;
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me ; but an absolute Master
In the Calculation of Nativities ;
Guided by that ne're-erring science, call'd,
Judicial Astrologie.

Plentie. *Stargaze* ! sure
I have a penny Almanack about me
Inscrib'd to you, as to his Patroness,
In his name publish'd.

Lady. Keep it as a jewel.
Some States-men that I will not name, are wholly
Governed by his predictions, for they serve
For any latitude in Christendome,
Aswell as our own climate.

Enter Millifcent, and Stargaze, with two Schemes.

Lady I believe so.

Plentie. Must we couple by the Almanack ?

Lady. Be silent,
And e're we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happie success in marriage.

Stargaze. *In omni
Parte, & toto.*

Plentie. Good learn'd Sir, in English.
And since it is resolv'd we must be Coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.

Stargaze.

Stargaze. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

Ladie. Pray you observe him.

Stargaze. *Venus* in the West-angle, the house of marriage the 7th houte, in Trine of *Mars*, in Conjunction of *Luna*, and *Mars* Almuthen, or Lord of the Horoscope.

Plentie. Hoy day

Ladie. The Angels language, I am ravish'd! forward.

Stargaze. *Mars* as I said Lord of the Horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other, free in her Exaltation, and he in his Triplicitie trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to *Hymen*, excellent prosperous and happie.

Ladie. Kneel, and give thanks.

The Women kneel

Lacie. For what we understand not,

Plenty. And have as little faith in't.

Lady. Be credulous,

To me 'tis Oracle.

Stargaze. Now for the sovereigntie of my future Ladies, your daughters after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches you mean.

Lady. Touch that point home,

It is a principal one, and with London Ladies
Of main consideration.

Stargaze. This is infallible: *Saturn* out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust: and *Venus* in the South-angle elevated above him, *Ladie* of both their Nativities; in her essential, and accidental dignities; occidental from the Sun, oriental from the Angle of the East, in Cazini of the Sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign commanding, and *Mars* in a constellation obeying, the fortunate, and he dejected, the disposers of marriage in the Radix of the native in feminine figures, argue foretel, and declare preheminance, rule, preheminance and absolute sovereignty in women.

Lacie. Is't possible!

Stargaze. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the Aphorismes of the old Chaldeans; *Zoroastes* the first and greatest Magician, *Mercurius Trismegistus*, the later *Ptolomy*, and the everlasting Prognosticator, old *Erra Pater*.

Lady. Are you yet satisfi'd?

E

Plenty

Plentie. In what ?

Lady. That you

Are bound to obey your Wives ; it being so
Determin'd by the starrs, against whose influence
There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must

Be married by the Almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the Calender.

Lacie. With the date
Of my Apprenticeship.

Lady. Make your demands ;
I'll be fit as Moderatrix, if they presse you
With over hard conditions.

Lacie. Mine hath the Van,
I stand your charge, sweet.

Stargaze. Silence.

Anne. I require first

(And that since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,
In civil manners you must grant) my will
In all things whatsoever, and that will
To be obey'd, not argu'd.

Lady. And good reason.

Plenty. A gentle *Imprimis.*

Lacie. This in grosse contains all ;
But your special *Items*, Lady.

Anne. When I am one

(And you are honour'd to be styl'd my husband)
To urge my having my Page, my Gentleman-Usher ;
My Woman sworn to my secrets ; my Carock
Drawn by six Flanders Mares ; my Coachman, Grooms,
Postilian, and Footmen.

Lacie. Is there ought else
To be demanded ?

Anne. Yes Sir, mine own Doctor, French, and Italian Cooks ;
Musicians, Songsters,

And a Chaplain that must preach to please my fancie ;

A friend

A friend at Court to place me at a Mask ;
 The private Box took up at a new Play
 For me, and my retinue ; a fresh habit,
 (Of a fashion never seen before) to draw
 The Gallants eies that sit on the Stage upon me ;
 Some decay'd Ladie for my Parasite,
 To flatter me, and rail at other Madams ;
 And there ends my ambition.

Lacie. Your desires
 Are modest, I confess.

Anne. These toies subscrib'd to,
 And you continuing an obedient Husband
 Upon all fit occasions, you shall find me
 A most indulgent Wife.

Lady. You have said, give place
 And hear your younger Sister.

Plenty. If shee speak
 Her language, may the great Fiend booted & spurr'd,
 With a Sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman saies,
 Ride headlong down her throat.

Lacie. Curse not the Judg
 Before you hear the sentence.

Mary. In some part
 My Sister hath spoke well for the Citie pleasures,
 But I am for the Countries, and must say
 Under correction in her demands
 She was too modest.

Lacie. How like you this Exordium ?

Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief !

Mary. Yes, too modest :

I know my value, and prize it to the worth ;
 My youth, my beauty.

Plenty. How your glasse deceives you ?

Mary. The greatnesse of the portion I bring with me,
 And the Sea of happinesse that from me flows to you.

Lacie. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you in your wisdom,
 Or rusticall simplicity imagine,

You have met some innocent Country girle, that never
 Look'd further then her fathers farm, nor knew more
 Then the price of corn in the Market; or at what rate
 Beef went a stone? that would surveigh your dayrie,
 And bring in mutton out of Cheese, and butter?
 'That could give directions at what time of the Moon
 To cut her Cocks, for Capons against Christmas,
 Or when to raise up Gollings?

Plenty. These are arts

Would not mis-become you, though you should put in
 Obedience and duty.

Mary. Yes, and patience,

To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
 Then make provision for your slavinging Hounds,
 When you come drunk from an Ale-house after hunting,
 With your Clowns and Comrades as if all were yours,
 You the Lord Paramount, and I the drudge;
 The case Sir, must be otherwise.

Plentie. How, I beseech you?

Mary. Marry thus. I will not like my Sister challenge
 What's usefull, or superfluous from my Husband,
 That's base all o're. mine shall receive from me,
 What I think fit. I'll have the State convey'd
 Into my hands; and he put to his pension,
 Which the wise virago's of our climate practise,
 I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.

Mary. Make sale, or purchase. Nay I'll have my neighbours
 Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,

Whose house is this? though you stand by to answer,

The Lady *Plenties*. Or who owes this manner?

The Lady *Plenty*. Whose sheep are these? whose oxen?

The Lady *Plenties*.

Plentie. A plentifull Pox upon you.

Mary. And when I have children, if it be enquir'd
 By a stranger whose they are, they shall still Eccho
 My Lady *Plenties*? the Husband never thought on.

Plenty. In their begetting I think so.

Mary. Since you'l marry
In the City for our wealth, in justice, we
Must have the Countries Sovereignty.

Plenty. And we nothing.

Mary. A Nagg of forty shillings, a couple of Spaniels,
With a Spar-Hawk is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave your self, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said Sir,
Now if you like me, so.

Lady. At my intreaty,
The Articles shall be easier.

Plenty. Shall they i' faith?
Like Bitch, like Whelps:

Lacie. Use fair words.

Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one:
A whirle winde overturn it.

Lacie. On these terms,
Wil your minxship be a Lady?

Plenty. A Lady in a morris,
I'll wedd a Pedlers punck first.

Lacie. Tinkers trull,
A begger without a smock.

Plenty. Let Mounsieur A Imanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's Staffe,
Find you out a Husband in a bowling Ally.

Lacie. The general pimp to a Brothel.

Plenty. Though that now,
All the loose desires of man were rak'd up in me,
And no means but thy Maiden-head left to quench 'em,
I would turn Cynders, or the next Sow-gelder,
On my life should libb me, rather then imbrace thee.

Ann. Wooing do you call this?

Mary. A Bear-baiting rather.

Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it; and I hope
I shall live to see it.

Lacie. I'll not rail, nor curse you,
Only this; you are pretty peates, and your great portions

Adds much unto your handsomenesse, but as
You would command your Husbands you are beggers,
Deform'd, and uglye.

Lady. Hear me.

Plenty. Not a word more.

Exeunt Lacie and Plenty.

Ann. I ever thought 't would come to this.

Mary. Wee may

Lead Apes in Hell for Husbands, if you bind us

T' articulate thus with our futors.

Both speak weeping.

Stargaze. Now the Clowd breaks,

And the Storm will fall on me.

Lady. You rascal, jugler.

She breaks his head, and

Stargaze. Dear Madam.

beats him.

Lady. Hold you intelligence with the Starrs,
And thus deceive me?

Stargaze. My art cannot erre,
If it does I'le burn my Astrolabe. In mine own Starr
I did fore see this broken head, and beating;
And now your Ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.

Lady. Did you?

Stargaze. Madam,

Have patience but a week, and if you finde not
All my predictions true touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to your self, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men, the Planete
Appointed for their Husbands, there will come
Gallants of another metall.

Milliscent. Once more trust him.

Ann. Mary. Do, Lady mother.

Ladie. I am vex'd, look to it;

Turn o're your books, if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere: Come Girles.

Stargaze. I am glad I scap'd thus.

Exeunt

Actus secundus, Scena tertia.

Enter Lord, and Sir John.

Lord. **T**He plot shews very likely.

Sir John. I repose

My principal trust in your Lordship; 'twill prepare

The physick I intend to minister

To my Wife, and Daughters.

Lord. I will do my parts

To set it off to the life.

Enter Lacie and Plenty.

Sir John. It may produce

A Scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the Suitors;

When we understand how they relish my Wife's humors,

The rest is feasible.

Lord. Their looks are cloudie.

Sir John. How fits the wind? Are you ready to launch forth,

Into this sea of marriage.

Plenty. Call it rather

A Whirle-pool of afflictions.

Lacie. If you please

To injoin me to it, I will undertake

To find the North-passage to the *Indies* sooner,

Then plough with your proud Heifer.

Plenty. I will make

A Voiage to Hell first.

Sir John. How, Sir?

Plenty. And court *Proserpine*

In the sight of *Pluto*, his three-headed Porter

Cerberus standing by, and all the furies,

With their whips to scourge me for't, then say, I *Jeffrey*

Take your *Mary* for my Wife.

Lord. Why what's the matter?

Lacie. The matter is, the mother, with your pardon,

I cannot but speak so much, is a most insufferable,
Proud, insolent Ladie.

Plenty. And the daughter's worse.

The Damm in years had th' advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her belly.

Lacie. I must tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same leaven.

Plenty. Take my counsel;
'Tis sater for your credit to professe
Your self a Cuckold, and upon record,
Then say they are your Daughters.

Sir John. You go too far Sir.

Lacie. They have so Articl'd with us.

Plenty. And will not take us
For their Husbands, but their slaves, and so aforehand
They do profess they'l use us.

Sir John. Leave this heat:
Though they are mine I must tell you, the perverseness
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.

Lacie. True, but what's bred in the bone
Admits no hope of cure:

Plenty. Though Saints, and Angels
Were their Physitians.

Sir John. You conclude too fast.

Plenty. God bowy you, I'le travail three years, but I'le bury
This shame that lives upon me.

Lacie. With your licence,
I'le keep him company.

Lord. who shall furnish you,
For your expences?

Plenty. He shall not need your help,
My purse is his, we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.

Lacie. E're we go I'le pay
My duty as a son.

Plenty. And till then leave you.

Ext. Lacie and Plenty.

Lord. They are strangely mov'd.

Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied

With disobedience in a wife and children?

My heart will break

Lord. Be comforted, and hope better ;
Wee'l ride abroad, the fresh air and discourse,

May yield us new inventions.

Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please command me.

Exeunt

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Shaveem and Secret.

Secret. **D**Ead doings, Daughter.

Shave'm **D**oings! sufferings mother :

Men have forgot what doing is ;

And such as have to pay for what they do,

Are impotent, or Eunuchs.

Secret. You have a friend yet,

And a striker too, I take it

*Musick come
down.*

Shaveem. Goldwire is so,

And comes to me by stealth, and as he can steal, maintains me

In cloaths, I grant ; but alas Dame, what's one friend ?

I would have a hundred for every hour, and use

And change of humour I am in a fresh one.

'Tis a flock of Sheep that makes a lean Wolf fat,

And not a single Lambkin. I am starv'd,

Starv'd in my pleasures. I know not what a Coach is,

To hurrie me to the Burse, or old Exchange,

The Neathouse for Musk-mellons, and the Gardens

Where we traffick for Asparagus, are to me

In the other world.

Secret. There are other places Ladie.

Where you might find customers.

Shavem. You would have me foot it
To the Dancing of the Ropes, sit a whole afternoon there
In expectation of Nuts and Pippins ;
Gape round about me, and yet not find a Chapam
That in courtesie will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of Drum-wine for me.

Secret. You are so impatient.
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole Sister-hood.

Shavem. What's that?

Secret. I am told

Two Embassadours are come over. A French Monsieur,
And a Venetian, one of the Clarissimi,
A hot rein'd Marmosite. Their followers,
For their Countries honor, after a long Vacation,
Will make a full term with us.

Shavem. They indeed are
Our certain and best customers: Who knocks there? *Knock within.*

Within Ramble. Open the door.

Secret. What are you?

Ramble.

Within Ramble.

Scuffle.

Within Scuffle.

Within Ramble. Your constant visitants.

Shavem. Let'em not in.

I know em (swaggering, suburban roarers,
Six-penny truckers

Within Ramble. Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours too shall suffer.

Within Scuffle. Force the doors.

Secret. They are out-laws, mistriss *Shavem*, and there is
No remedie against em, what should you fear?
They are but men, lying at your close ward,
You have foyle'd their betters.

Shavem. Out you Baud. You care not
Upon what desperate service you imploy me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.

Secret. Sweet ladie-bird.
Sing a milder key.

Enter Ramble and Scuffle.

Scuffle. Are you grown proud?

Ramble. I knew you a waistcotier in the garden allies,
And would come to a saylors whistle.

Secret. Good Sir *Ramble*,
Use her not roughly. Shee is very tender.

Ramble. Rank and rotten, is she not?

She draws her knife.

Shavem. Your spiteful rogueships
Shall not make me so.

Ramble his sword.

Secret. As you are a man, Squire *Scuffle*,
Step in between em. A weapon of that length
Was ne're drawn in my house.

Shavem. Let him come on,
I'll scoure it in your guts, you dog.

Ramble. You brach,
Are you turn'd mankind. You forgot I gave you,
When wee last join'd issue, twenty pound.

Shavem. O're night,
And kickt it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the Constable.

*Enter Goldwire like a Justice of Peace, Dingem like a Constable, 1
the Musicians like watch-men.*

Secret. Ah me. Here's one unsent for,
And a Justice of Peace too.

Shavem. I'll hang you both you rascalls,
I can but ride. You for the purse you cut
In Powl's at a sermon. I have smoak'd you. And you for the
bacon

You took on the high way from the poor market woman
As she road from Rumford.

Ramble. Mistris *Shavem*.

Scuffle. Mistris *Secret*,

On our knees we beg your pardon.

Scuffle. Set a ransom on us.

Secret. We cannot stand trifling. If you mean to save them,
Shut them out at the back-door.

Shavem. First for punishment

They shall leave their cloaks behind em, and in sign
I am their sovereign, and they my vassalls, *Exeunt Ramble-
and Scuffle.*
For homage kiss my Shoe-tole rogues, and vanish.

Goldwire. My brave virago. The coasts clear. Strike up.
Shavem. My *Goldwire* made a Justice. *Goldwire, and the
rest discovered.*
Secret. And your scout

Turn'd Constable, and the Musicians watch-men.

Goldwire. We come not to fright you, but to make you merry.
A light Lavalto. *They dance.*

Shavem. I am tir'd. No more.

This was your device.

Dingem. Wholly his own. He is
No pig sconce Mistress.

Secret. He has an excellent head-peece

Goldwire. Fie no, not I: your jeering gallants say
We Citizens have no wit.

Dingem. He dyes that says so.

This was a master-piece.

Goldwire. A trifling stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.

Shavem. I must kiss thee for it
Again, and again.

Dingem. Make much of her. Did you know
What suiters she had since she saw you.

Goldwire. I'the way of marriage.

Dingem. Yes Sir, for marriage, and the other thing too.
The commoditie is the same. An Irish Lord offer'd her
Five pound a week.

Secret. And a cashier'd Captain, half
Of his entertainment.

Dingem. And a new made Courtier:
The next suit he could beg.

Goldwire. And did my sweet one
Refuse all this for me?

Shavem. Weep not for joy,
'Tis true. Let others talk of Lords, and Commanders,
And country heirs for their servants; but give mee
My gallant prentice. He parts with his mony

So civilly, and demurely ; keeps no account
Of his expences, and comes ever furnish'd.
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with th'appurtenances.

Goldwire. I have it here Duck, thou shalt want for nothing.

Shavem. Let the chamber be perfum'd, and get you Sirrah
His cap, and pantables ready.

Goldwire. There's for thee,
And thee. That for a banquet.

Secret. And a cawdle

Again you rise.

Goldwire. There.

Shavem. Usher us up in state.

Goldwire. You will be constant.

Exeunt wanton, Musick

Shavem. Thou art the whole world to me. *plaid before'em*

Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Enter, Luke.

Within Anne. **W** Here is this Uncle?

Within Lady. Call this Beadsman, brother : he hath for-
got attendance.

Within Mary. Seek him out : idlenesse spoils him.

Luke. I deserve much more then their scorn can load me with,
and 'tis but justice,

That I should live the families drudge, design'd

To all the sordid offices their pride

Imposes on me ; since if now I sate

A Judge in mine own cause, I should conclude

I am not worth their pitie ; such as want

Discourse, and judgment, and through weaknesse fall,

May merit man's compassion ; but I

That knew profuseness of expence the parent

Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,

To riot out mine own, to live upon

The alms of others ! steering on a rock
I might have shun'd : O heaven ! 'tis not fit
I should look upward, much lesse hope for mercy.

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, Stargaze, and Milliscent.

Lady. What are you devising, Sir ?

Anne. My Uncle is much given to his devotion.

Mary. And takes time to mumble

A *Pater noster* to himself.

Lady. Know you where

Your brother is ? It better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)

To give your attendance.

Luke. In my will I do :

But since he rode forth yesterday with Lord *Lacie*,
I have not seen him.

Lady. And why went not you
By his stirrup ? how do you look ? were his eyes clos'd,
You'd be glad of such imploiment.

Luke. 'Twas his pleasure

I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.

Lady. I know you can speak well,
But say and do.

Enter Lord Lacie with a Will.

Luke. Here comes my Lord.

Lady. Further off :

You are no companion for him, and his businesse
Aims not at you, as I take it.

Luke. Can I live in this base condition? *aside*

Lady. I hop'd, my Lord,
You had brought Mr. *Frugall* with you, for I must ask
An account of him from you.

Lord. I can give it, Ladie ;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortifi'd patience, I desire you
To give it hearing.

Luke. My heart beats.

Lady. My Lord, you much amaze me.

Lord. I shall astonish you. The noble Merchant,
Who living was for his integritie
And upright dealing (a rare miracle
In a rich Citizen) Londons best honour ;
Is — I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wondrous strange !

Lady. I do suppose the worst, not dead I hope ?

Lord. Your supposition's true, your hopes are false.
Hee's dead.

Lady. Ay mee.

Anne. My Father.

Mary. My kind Father.

Luke. Now they insult not.

Lord. Pray hear me out.

Hee's dead. Dead to the world, and you. And now
Lives onely to himself.

Luke. What Riddle's this ?

Lady. A& not the torturer in my afflictions ;
But make me understand the summe of all
That I must undergo.

Lord. In few words take it ;
He is retir'd into a Monastery,
Where he resolves to end his daies.

Luke. More strange.

Lord. I saw him take poste for Dover, and the wind
Sitting so fair, by this hee's safe at Calice,
And ere long will be at Lovain.

Lady. Could I guesse
What were the motives that induc'd him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.

Lord. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledg: 'twas your pride
Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from you :
At home the harshnesse of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrowed from him ; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispers'd upon you,

And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict retirement : And thus much said for him;
I am my self to accuse you.

Lady. I confesse

A guilty cause to him, but in a thought,
My Lord, I ne're wrong'd you.

Lord. In fact you have ;

The insolent disgrace you put upon
My onely Son, and Mr. *Plenty* ; men, that lov'd
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in 'em
For three yearstravel.

Lady. I am much griev'd for it.

Lord. One thing I had forgot ; your rigor to
His decaided brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries, made him a coagent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.

Luke. Humph ! this sounds well.

Lady. 'Tis now past help : after these storms, my Lord,
A little calme, if you please.

Lord. If what I have told you
Shew'd like a storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate
In lands and leases, debts and present moneys,
With all the movables he stood posses'd of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formall Will
Is pass'd o're to his brother. With it take
The key of his counting house. Not a groat left you,
Which you can call your own.

Ladie. Uudone for ever.

Ann. Marie. What will become of us ?

Luke. Humph !

Lord. The Scenes chang'd,
And he that was your slave, by fate appointed
Your governour, you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you, I discharge the trust
Impos'd upon me. This humilitie

From him may gain remission, and perhaps
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

Lady. Am I come to this.

Lord. Enjoy your own, good Sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengefull humor, to these shew it ;
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you ;
Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise,
And rise with this assurance, I am still,
As I was of late, your creature ; and if rais'd
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,
My will is still the same. O my Lord !
This heap of wealth which you possess me of.
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse, I cannot thank you for ; and much lesse
Rejoyce in that tranquility of mind,
My brothers vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him. He now enjoys
My peace, and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth confer'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shouldiers.

Lord. Honest soul,
With what feeling he receives it.

Lady. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it
To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means,
The waight shall rather sinck me, then you part
With one short minute from those lawfull pleasures
Which you were born to in your care to aid me,
You shall have all abundance. In my nature
I was ever liberall, my Lord you know it.

Kind, affable. And now me thinks I see
 Before my face the Jubile of joy,¹
 When it is assur'd, my brother lives in me,
 His debtors in full cups crown'd to my health,
 With Pæans to my praise will celstrate.
 For they well know 'tis far from me to take
 The forfeiture of a Bond. Nay I shall blush,
 The interest never paid after three years,
 When I demand my principall. And his servants
 Who from a slavish fear pai'd her obedience
 By him exacted ; now when they are mine
 Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me,
 Being certain of the mildnesse of my temper,
 Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men
 Hath not the power to alter.

Lord. Yet take heed Sir
 You ruine it not with too much lenity,
 What his fit severity rais'd.

Lady. And we fall from
 That height we have maintain'd.

Luke. I'll build it higher,
 To admiration higher. With disdain
 I look upon these habits, no way suiting
 The wife, and daughters of a knighted Citizen
 Bless'd with abundance.

Lord. There Sir, I joyn with you ;
 A fit decorum must be kept, the Court
 Distinguished from the City.

Luke. With your favour
 I know what you would say, but give me leave
 In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
 Wide the whole region in what I purpose.
 Since all the titles, honours, long descents
 Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
 May challenge their perogatives. And it shall be
 My glory, nay a triumph to revive
 In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
 Of the Roman matrons, who kep't captive Queens

To be their hand-maids. And when you appear
 Like *Juno* in full majesty, and my Nieces
 Like *Iris*, *Hebe*, or what deities else
 Old Poets fancie; your cram'd ward-ropes richer
 Then various natures, and draw down the envy
 of our western world upon you, onely hold me
 your vigilant *Hermes* with aeriall wings,
 My *Caduceus* my strong zeal to serve you,
 Press'd to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
 And am made immortall.

Lord. A strange frensie.

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed. There dream,
 Of future greatnesse, which when you awake
 I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
 A doer, not a promiser. The performance
 Requiring hast, I kisse your hands, and leave you. *Exit Luke.*

Lord. Are we all turn'd statues: have his strange words charm'd us?
 What muse you on Lady?

Lady. Do not trouble me.

Lord. Sleep you too, young ones?

Anne. Swift wing'd time till now

Was never tedious to me. Would'twere night.

Mary. Nay morning rather.

Lord. Can you ground your faith
 On such impossibilities? have you so soon
 Forgot your good Husband?

Lady. Hee was a vanitie
 I must no more remember.

Lord. Excellent!

You your kind Father?

Anne. Such an Uncle never

Was read of in Storie!

Lord. Not one word in answer
 Of my demands?

Mary. You are but a Lord, and know
 My thoughts soar higher.

Lord. Admirable! I will leave you
 To your Castles in the Air, when I relate this

It will exceed belief, but he must know it.

Exit Lord.

Stargaze. Now I may boldly speak; May it please you Madam,
To look upon your Vassal; I foresaw this,
The Starrs assur'd it.

Lady. I begin to feel
My self another woman.

Stargaze. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepar'd for my young Ladies.

Milliscent. Princely Husbands.

Anne. I'lego no lesse.

Mary. Not a word more,
Provide my night-rayl.

Millisc. What shall we be to morrow. *Exeunt*

Actus tertius, Scena tertia.

Enter Luke with a key.

Luke. **T** Was no phantastick object, but a truth
A reall truth. Nor dream I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! It did indure the touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handl'd oft, did so transcend beleefe
(My wonder, and astonishment pass'd ore)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician that without a charm
Did'st make my entrance easie, to possesse
What wise men wish, and toyl for. *Hermes Moly;*
Sybilla's golden bough; the great Elixar,
Imagin'd onely by the Alchymist
Compar'd with thee are shadows, thou the substance
And guardian of felicity. No marvail,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosome,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In by corners of

This

This sacred room, silver in bags heap'd up
 Like billets saw'd, and ready for the fire,
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
 That flow'd about the room, conceal'd it self.
 There needs no artificiall light, the splendor
 Makes a perpetuall day there, night and darknesse
 By that still burning lamp for ever banish'd.
 But when guided by that, my eyes had made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
 Each sparkling diamond from it self shot forth
 A pyram'd of flames, and in the roof
 Fix it a glorious Star, and made the place
 Heavens abstract, or Epitome. Rubies, Saphires,
 and ropes of Orient pearl; these seen I could not
 But look on with contempt. And yet I found
 What weak credulity could have no faith in
 A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
 A mannon bound fast in a skin of parchment,
 The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
 Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
 If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
 The unthrifts power. There being scarce one shire
 In *Wales* or *England*, where my moneys are not
 Lent out at usurie, the certain hook
 To draw in more. I am sublim'd! grosse earth
 Supports me not. I walk on ayr! who's there
 Theivs, raise the street, thiivs!

Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacie, and Plenty, as Indians.

Lord. What strange passion's this?

Have you your eies? do you know me?

Luke. You, my Lord!

I do; but this retinue, in these shapes too,
 May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
 That I should wait upon you, give me leave
 To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
 Things as they now are with me, well consider'd,
 I do not like such visitants.

Lord. Yesterday

When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
 You could have sung secure before a thief;
 But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
 And needless fears possess you. Thank a good brother,
 But let not this exalt you.

Luke. A good brother:
 Good in his conscience, I confesse, and wise,
 In giving o're the world. But his estate
 Which your Lordship may conceive great, no way answers
 The general opinion. Alas,
 With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

Lord. A poor man, say you?

Luke. Poor, compar'd with what
 'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
 Fair household furniture; a few good debts,
 But empty bags I find: yet I will be
 A faithful Steward to his wife and daughters,
 And to the utmost of my power obey
 His will in all things

Lord. I'll not argue with you
 Of his estate, but bind you to performance
 Of his last request, which is for testimony
 Of his religious charitie, that you would
 Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
 Virginia, into your house; and labour
 At any rate with the best of your endeavours,
 Assisted by the aids of our Divines,
 To make 'em Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my Lord,
 Religious charitie? to send Infidells,
 Like hungrie Locusts, to devour the bread
 Should feed his family. I neither can,
 Nor will consent to't.

Lord. Do not slight it, 'tis
 With him a businesse of such consequence,
 That should he onely hear 'tis not embrac'd,
 And chearfully, in this his conscience aiming
 At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o're

To see it himself accomplish'd.

Luke. Heaven forbid

I should divert him from his holy purpose

To worldly cares again. I rather will

Sustain the burthen, and with the converted

Feast the converters, who I know will prove

The greater feeders.

Sir John. Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully laika.

Plenty. Enanla.

Lacy. Harrico botikia bonnery.

Luke. Ha! In this heathen language,

How is it possible our Doctors should

Hold conference with 'em? or I use the means

For their conversion?

Lord. That shall be no hinderance

To your good purposes. They have liv'd long

In the English Colonie, and speak our language

As their own Dialect; the businesse does concern you:

Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,

As in your poverty you were, a pious

And honest man

Exit.

Luke. That is, interpreted,

A slave, and begger.

Sir John. You conceive it right,

There being no religion, nor virtue

But in abundance, and no vice but want.

All deities serve *Plutus*.

Luke. Oracle.

Sir John. Temples rais'd to our selves in the increase

Of wealth, and reputation, speak a wiseman;

But sacrifice to an imagin'd power,

Of which we have no sense, but in belief,

A superstitious fool.

Luke. True worldly wisdom.

Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.

Lacie. Now we are yours,

Be confident your better Angel is

Enter'd your house.

40 *The City-Madman.*
Plenty. There being nothing in
The compasse of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.

Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us, but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.

Luke. There's something whispers to me,
These are no common men; my house is yours,
Enjoy it freely: onely grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles, pray enter.
You are learn'd Europeans, and wee worse
Then ignorant Americans.

Sir John. You shall find it.

Exeunt

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Dingem, Gettall, and Holdfast.

Dingem. **N**ot speak with him? with fear survey me better,
Thou figure of famine.

Gettall. Comming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear Ingles now,
The brave spark *Tradewell*.

Dingem. And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant *Goldwire*.

Enter Luke.

Holdfast. I know'em for his prentices without
These flourishes. Here are rude fellows Sir.

Dingem. Not yours, you rascal?

Holdfast. No, Don pimp: you may seek'em
In *Bridewell*, or the hole, here are none of your comrogues.

Luke. One of'em looks as he would cut my throat:
Your businesse, friends?

Holdfast.

Holdfast. I'll fetch a constable,
Let him answer him in the Stocks.

Dingem. Stir and thou dar'st.
Fright me with Bridewell and the Stocks? they are flea-bitings
I am familiar with.

Luke. Pray you put up.
And sirrah hold your peace.

Dingem. Thy words a law,
And I obey. Live scrape-shoo, and be thankfull.
Thou man of muck, and money, for as such
I now salute thee. The Suburbian gamsters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am in person
sent to congratulate.

Gettal. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamsters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls
Of worshipfull Mr. *Luke*. I come from *Tradewell*
Your fine facetious factor

Dingem. I from *Goldwire*.
He and his *Hellen* have prepar'd a banquet
With the appurtenances to entertain thee,
For I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her *Paris*, but bring mony with thee
To quit old scores.

Gettal. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave *Tradewell*. Hee's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house I can assure you
There's half a million stirring.

Luke. What hath he lost?

Gettal. Three hundred.

Luke. A trifle.

Gettal. Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a miriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for'em.
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not servants;

But in their care to enrich me, and these courses
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

Gett. *Gettall;*

I have been many years an Ordinary-keeper,
My Box my poor Revenue.

Luke. Your name suits well

With your profession. Bid him bear up, he shall not
Sit long on penniless-bench.

Gettall. There spake an Angel.

Luke. You know *Mistress Shave'm?*

Gettall. The Pontifical Punk.

Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some two hours
hence,

And tell *Tom Goldwire* I will then be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his hopes, and let your *Mistress*
Appear in her best trim.

Ding'em. She will make thee young,

Old *Aeson*. She is ever furnish'd with

Medeas Drugs, Restoratives. I flie
To keep 'em sober till thy worship come;
They will be drunk with joy else.

Gettall. I'll run with you.

Exeunt Ding'em and

Holdfast. You will not do as you say, I hope.

Gettall.

Luke. Inquire not,

I shall do what becoms me—to the door.

Knocking.

New Visitants: What are they?

Holdfast. A whole batch, Sir,

Almost of the same leaven: your needy Debtors,
Penury, *Fortune*, *Hoyst*.

Luke. They come to gratulate.

The fortune fall'n upon me.

Holdfast. Rather, Sir,

Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple,

They know my good nature. But let 'em in however.

Holdf. All will come to ruine, I see beggary

Already knocking at the door. You may enter—

But use a conscience, and do not work upon

A tender-hearted Gentleman too much,
 'Twill shew like charitie in you.

Enter Fortune, Penury and Hoyst.

Luke. Welcome Friends:

I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad
 You have chang'd your Creditor.

Penury. I weep for joy
 To look upon his Worships face.

Fortune. His Worships?
 I see Lord Major written on his forehead;
 The Cap of Maintenance, and Citie Sword
 Born up in state before him.

Hoyst. Hospitals,
 And a third Burse erected by his Honour.

Penury. The Citie Poet on the Pageant-day
 Preferring him before *Gresham*.

Hoyst. All the Conduits
 Spouting Canary Sack.

Fortune. Not a prisoner left,
 Under ten pounds.

Penury. We his poor Beads-men feasting
 Our neighbours on his bounty.

Luke. May I make good
 Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour
 To the utmost of my power.

Holdf. Yes, for one year,
 And break the next.

Luke. You are ever prating, Sirrha:
 Your present businesse, friends?

Fortune. Were your brother present,
 Mine had been of some consequence; but now
 The power lies in your Worships hand, 'tis little,
 And will I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

Luke. 'Tis very probable.

Fortune. The kind forbearance
 Of my great debt, by your means, heav'n prais'd for't,
 Hath rais'd my sunk estate. I have two Ships,
 Which I long since gave lost, above my hopes

Return'd from *Barbary*, and richly freighted.

Luke. Where are they?

Fortune. Near *Gravesend*.

Luke. I am truly glad of 't.

Fortune. I find your worships charity, and dare swear so.

Now may I have your licence, as I know
With willingesse I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabl'd
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave my self a competence.

Luke. You much wrong me,
If you onely doubt it. Yours Mr. *Hoyst*.

Hoyst. 'Tis the surrendring back the mortgage of
My lands, and on good terms, but three daies pa-
tience;

By an Uncles death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancell all the forfeited Bonds I seal'd too
In my riots to the Merchant, for I am
Resolv'd to leave off play, and turn good husband.

Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours *Penury*.

Penury. My state stands as it did, Sir;
What I ow'd I ow, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commoditie of a Saylor
Will make me a freeman. There Sir is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for. *Gives him a paper.*

Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant 'em.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfi'd.

Penury. Heaven preserve you.

Fortune. Happie were *London* if within her walls
She had many such rich men.

*Exeunt Fortune, Hoyst,
and Penury.*

Luke. No more, now leave me;

I am full of various thoughts. Be carefull *Holdfast*
I have much to do.

Holdfast. And I something to say
Would you give me hearing.

Luke. At my better leasure
Till my return, look well unto the Indians.
In the mean time do you as this directs you.

Exeunt

Actus quartus, Scena secunda.

*Enter Goldwire, Tradewell, Shavem, Secret, Gettal,
and Dingem.*

Goldwire. All that is mine is theirs. Those were his words

Dingem. I am authenticall.

Tradewell. And that I should not
Sit long on penniless bench.

Gettal. But suddainly start up
A gamster at the height, and cry at all.

Shavem. And did he seem to have an inclination
To toy with me?

Dingem. He wish'd you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolv'd
To make a joviall day on't.

Goldwire. Hug him close wench,
And thou may't eat gold, and amber. I wel know him
For a most insatiate drabber. He hath given,
Before he spent his own estate, which was
Nothing to the huge masse hee's now possess'd of,
A hundred pound a leap.

Shavem. Hell take my Doctor,
He should have brought me some fresh oyl of Talk,
These Ceruses are common.

Secret. Troth sweet Lady,
The colours are well laid on.

Goldwire. And thick enough,

find that on my lips.

Shavem. Do you so, Jack sauce.
I'll keep 'em further of.

Goldwire. But be assur'd first
Of a new maintainer e're you cashire the old one.
But bind him fast by thy forceries, and thou shalt
Be my revenue; the whole colledge study,
The reparation of thy ruin'd face;
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed Coach-man;
Thy Tailor, and Embroiderer shall kneel
To thee their Idoll. Cheap-side and the Exchange
shall court thy custome, and thou shalt forget
There ever was a Saint Martins. Thy procurer
Shall be sheath'd in Velvet, and a reverend Vail
Passe her for a grave Matron. Have an eie to the door,
And let lowd musick when this Monarch enters
Proclaim his entertainment.

Dinge'm. That's my office.
The Consort's ready.

Cornets flor.

Enter Luke.

Tradewell. And the god of pleasure
Mr. *Luke* our *Comus* enters.

Goldwire. Set your face in order,
I will prepare him. Live ! to see this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal master ?

Tradewell. Let the iron Chests flie open, and the gold
Rusty for want of use appear again.

Gettall. Make my ordinary flourish.

Shave'm. Welcom, Sir,
To your own Palace.

Musick.

Goldwire. Kisse your *Cleopatra*,
And shew your self in your magnificent bounties
A second *Anthony*.

Dinge'm. All the Nine Worthies.

Secret. Variety of pleasures wait on you.
And a strong back.

Luke. Give me leave to breath, I pray you.
I am astonish'd ! all this preparation

For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
To feed my appetite.

All. We are all your creatures.

Luke. A house well furnish'd,

Goldwire. At your own cost, Sir,

Glad I the Instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore
Prepar'd it for your pleasure. There's no ragg
This *Venus* wears, but on my knowledge was
Deriv'd from your brothers Cash. The Lease of the
house

And Furniture, cost near a thousand, Sir.

Shave'm. But now you are master both of it and
me.

I hope you'll build elsewhere.

Luke. And see you plac'd

Fair one to your desert. As I live, friend *Tradewell*,
I hardly knew you, your cloaths so wel become you.
What is your losse; speak truth?

Tradewell. 300, Sir.

Gettall. But on a new supply he shall recover

The summe told twenty times o're.

Shav'm. There is a banker,

And after that a soft Couch that attends you.

Luke. I couple not in the day-light. Expectation

Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one
Your musick's harsh, discharge it: I have provided
A better Consort, and you shall frolick it

In another place.

Cease musick;

Goldw. But have you brought gold, and store Sir?

Tradew. I long to wear the Caster.

Goldw. I to appear

In a fresh habit.

Shave'm. My Mercer and my Silkman

Waited me two hours since.

Luke. I am no Porter

To carrie so much gold as will supply
Your vaste desires, but I have ta'ne order for you,

Enter

Enter Sheriff, Marshall, and Officers.
You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
will see it perform'd. Do your offices : You have
My Lord Chief Justices Warrant for't.

Sheriff. Seize 'em all.

Shave'm. The Citie-Marshal !

Goldwire. And the Sheriff. I know him.

Secret. We are betray'd.

Dinge'm. Undone.

Gettall. Dear M. Luke,

Goldwire. You cannot be so cruel : your perswasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
Shew your felvs City-sparks, and hang up mony.

Luke. True, when it was my brothers I contemn'd it,
But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd.

Tradewel. Will you prove your self a divel? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it.

Luke. Argue that hereafter.

In the mean time, M. *Goldwire*, you that made
Your ten pound suppers ; kep't your puncks at livery
In *Brainford*, *Stanes*, and *Barnet* ; and this in *London*.
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashers,
Ka me, ka thee ; And knew in your accompts
To cheat my brother, if you can evade me,
If there be law in London your fathers Bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

Goldwire. You often told us
It was a bug-bear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright'em
Out of their estates to make me satisfaction,
To the utmost scruple. And for you Madam,
My *Cleopatra*, by your own confession
Your house, and all your movables are mine ;
Nor shall you, nor your Matron need to trouble
Your Mercer, or your Silkman ; a blew gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it
Will serve the turnu in *Bridewell* ; and these soft hands,
When they are inur'd to beating hemp, be scour'd

In your penitent tears, and quite forget

Powders, and bitter almonds.

Shavem, Secret, Dingem. Will you shew no mercy?

Luke. I am inexorable.

Gettall. I'll make bold

To take my leave, the gamsters stay my comming.

Luke. We must not part so, gentle M. *Gettall.*

Your box, your certain in-com, must pay back

Three hundred as I take it, or you lie by it.

There's half a million stirring in your house,

This a poor trifle. Mr. Shrieve, and M. Marshall

On your perills do your offices.

Goldwire. Dost thou crie now

Like a maudlin gamster after losse? I'll suffer

Like a Boman, and now in my miserie,

In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee

Thou wer't my pander.

Luke. Shall I hear this from

My prentice?

Marshall. Stop his mouth.

Sheriffe. Away with'em. *Exeunt Sheriffe, Marshal, and the rest*

Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to

My alter'd nature. These house-thievs remov'd,

And what was lost, beyond my hopes recover'd,

Will add unto my heap. Increase of wealth

Is the rich mans ambition, and mine

Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon

Having in his conceit subdu'd one world,

Lamented that there were no more to conquer:

in my way he shall be my great example.

And when my private house in cram'd abundance

Shall prove the chamber of the City poor,

And Genoways banquers shall look pale with envy

When I am mention'd, I shall grieve there is

No more to be exhausted in one Kingdome.

Religion, conscience, charity, farewell.

To me you are words onely, and no more,

All humane happineffe consists in store.

Exit.

Actus quartus, Scena tertia

Enter Serjeants, Fortune, Hoyst, Penurie.

Fortune. A T M. Lukes suite? the action twenty thousand?

1 Serjeant. A With two or three executions, which shall grind You to powder when we have you in the Counter.

Fortune. Thou dost belie him varlet. He, good gentleman, Will weep when he hears how we are us'd.

1 Serjeant. Yes millstones.

Penurie. He promis'd to lend me ten pound for a bargain, He will not do it this way.

2 Serjeant. I have warrant For what I have done. You are a poor fellow, And there being little to be got by you, In charity, as I am an officer, I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion, And for mine own security.

3 Serjeant. You are a gallant, And I do you a courtesie; provided That you have mony. For a piece an hour I'll keep you in the house, till you send for bail.

2 Serjeant. In the mean time yeoman run to the other Counter, And search if there be ought else out against him.

3 Serjeant. That Done, haste to his creditors. Hee's a prize, And as we are City pirates by our oaths, We must make the best on't.

Hoyst. Do your worst, I care not. I'll be remov'd to the Fleet, and drink and drabbe there. In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever Intended to be honest

Enter Luke.

3 Serjeant. Here he comes You had best tell so.

Fortune. Worshipfull Sir,

You

You come in time to free us from these ban-dogs.
I know you gave no way to 'c.

Penurie. Or if you did,

'Twas but to try our patience.

Hoyft. I must tell you

I do not like such trialls.

Luke. Are you Serjeants

Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street. The Counter
Is a safer place to parly in.

Fortune. Are you in earnest?

Luke. Yes faith, I will be satisf'd to a token,
Or build upon't you rott there.

Fortune. Can a gentleman,

Of your soft and silken temper, speak such language?

Penurie. So honest, so religious.

Hoyft. That preach'd

So much of charity for us to your brother?

Luke. Yes when I was in poverty it shew'd well,

But I inherite with his state, his minde,

And rougher nature. I grant, then I talk'd

For some ends to my self conceal'd, of pitie,

The poor mans orisons; and such like nothing?

But what I thought you all shall feel, and with rigor.

Kind M. *Luke* saies it. who paies for your attendance?

Do you wait gratis?

Fortune. Hear us speak.

Luke. While I,

Like the Adder stop mine ears. Or did I listen,

Though you spake with the tongues of Angels to me

I am not to be alter'd.

Fortune. Let me make the best

Of my shippes, and their freight.

Penurie. Lend me the ten pounds you promis'd.

Hoyft. A day or two's patience to redeem my morgage,
And you shall be satisfi'd.

Fortune. To the utmost farthing.

Luke. I'll shew some mercie, which is, that I will not

Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
 What you shall trust to. Your Ships to my use
 Are seized on. I have got into my hands
 Your bargains from the Sailor, 'twas a good one
 For such a petty sum. I will likewise take
 The extremity of your Mortgage, and the forfeit
 Of your several Bonds, the use, and principle
 Shall not serve. Think of the basket, wretches,
 And a Coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

Fortune. Broker.

Hoist. Jew.

Fortune. Imposer.

Hoist. Cut-throat.

Fortune. Hypocrite.

Luke. Do, sayle on,

Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me?

Penurie. On my knees I beg compassion. my wife and children
 Shall hourly pray for your worship.

Fortune. Mine betake thee

To the Devil thy tutor.

Penurie. Look upon my tears.

Hoist. My rage.

Fortune. My wrongs.

Luke. They are all a like to me.

Intreats, curses, prayers, or imprecations.

Doe your duties Serjants, I am else where look'd for.

3. *Serjant.* This your kind creditor?

2. *Serjant.* A vast villan rather.

Penurie. See, see, the Serjeants pitie us. Yet hee's marble.

Hoist. Buried alive!

Fortune. There's no meanes to avoid it.

Exit Luke.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Scena quarta.

Enter Holdfast, Stargaze, and Milliscent.

Stargaze. Not waite upon my Lady?

Holdfast. Nor come at her,

You finde it not in your Alminack.

Milliscent. Nor I have licence

To bring her breakfast.

Holdfast. My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting day. She hath feasted long

And after a carnivale Lent ever follows.

Milliscent. Give me the key of her ward-robe. You'l repent this:

I must know what Gown shee'l wear;

Holdfast. You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweet meates. shee and her daughters

Are turn'd Philosophers, and must carry all.

Their wealth about em. They have cloaths lai'd in their chamber,

If they please to put em on, and without help too,

Or they may walk naked. You look M. *Stargaze*

As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold,

The end of the world, and on what day. And you,

As the wasps had broke into the galley-pots,

And eaten up your Apricocks.

Within Lady. Stargazer. Milliscent.

Milliscent. My Ladyes voice.

Holdfast. Stir not, you are confin'd here.

Your Ladiship may approach them if you please,

But they are bound in this circle.

Within Lady. Mine own bees

Rebell against me. When my kind brother knows this

I will be so reveng'd.

Holdfast. The world's well alterd.

hee's your kind brother now. but yesterday

Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, in course habit weeping.

Milliscent. What witch hath transform'd you ?

Starg. Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promis'd you should appear in ?

Milliscent. My young Ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons ! tear 'em off,
Rather shew all then be seen thus.

Holdfast. 'Tis more comly
I wis then their other whim-whams.

Millis. A french hood too ;
Now 'tis out of fashion, a fools cap would shew better

Lady. We are fool'd indeed, by whose command are we us'd
thus ?

Enter Luke.

Holdf. Here he comes that can best resolve you.

Lady. O good brother !

Do you thus preserve your protestation to me ?
Can Queens envy this habit ? or did *Juno*
E're feast in such a shape ?

Anne. You talk'd of *Hebe*,
Of *Iris*, and I know not what ; but were they
Dres'd as we are ; They were sure some Chandlers daughters
Bleaching linnen in Moor-fields.

Mary. Or Exchange-wenches,
Comming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday
At *Pemlico*, or *Islington*.

Luke. Save you Sister.

I now dare style you so : you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on ; now you appear
Like a City Matron, and my pretty Neeces
Such things as were born, and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of Court-Ladies ? whose high titles
And pedegrees of long descen, give warrant
For their superfluous braverie ? 'twas monstrous:
Till now you ne're look'd lovely.

Lady. Is this spoken
In scorn ?

Luke. Fie, no, with judgment. I make good

My promise, and now shew you like your selvs,
In your own naturall shapes, and stand resolv'd
You shall continue so.

Lady. It is confess'd Sir.

Luke. Sir! Sirrah. Use your old phrase, I can bear it.

Lady. That if you please forgotten. We acknowledge
We have deserv'd ill from you, yet despair not;
Though we are at your disposur, you'l maintain us
Like your brothers wife, and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

Lady. And not make us ridiculous?

Luke. Admir'd rather,

As fair examples for our proud City dames,
And their proud brood to imitate: do not frown
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power in you to scourge a generall vice,
And rise up a new Satyrist: but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguis'd deformity, and cry up
This decency, and neatnesse, with th'advantage
You shall receive by't.

Lady. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclin'd to learn. Your father was
An honest Country farmer. Good man Humble,
By his neighbours ne're call'd master. Did your pride
Descend from him? but let that passe: your fortune,
Or rather your husbands industry, advanc'd you
To the rank of a Merchants wife. He made a Knight;
And your sweet mistris-ship, Ladyf'd; you wore
Sattin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A Velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty Miniver cap, a silver pin-
Head'd with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were priviledg'd, and no man envi'd it;
It being for the Cities honour, that
There should be a distinction between
The Wife of a Patritian, and Plebean.

Missis. Pray you leave preaching, or choose some other text;

Your

Your Rhetorick is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering Mag-pie,
I'll treat of you anon : but when the height
And dignity of *Londons* blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name Lady Maiorefs
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were rais'd, my brothers fond indulgence
Giving the reigns too't; and no object pleas'd you
But the glittering pomp, and bravery of the Courts;
What a strange, nay monstrous Metamorphosis follow'd!
No English workman then could please your fancy;
The French, and Tuscan dresse your whole discourse;
This Baud to prodigality entertain'd
To buz into your ears, what shape this Countesse
Appear'd in the last mask; and how it drew
The young Lords eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentices place
To walk before you.

Lady. Pray you end.

Holdfast. Proceed Sir,
I could fast almost a prentiship to hear you.
You touch'em so to the quick.

Luke. Then as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair
Powder'd, and curl'd, was by your dressers art
Form'd like a Coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest Orient pearl : Your Carkanets
That did adorn your neck of equall value :
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffles :
Great Lords and Ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats : and sicknesse fain'd
That your night rayls of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants ;
Rich pantables in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family ; you were serv'd in plate ;
Stir'd not a foot without your Coach. And going
To Church not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickl'd when the beggars cry'd

Heaven save your honour, this idolatric
Paid to a painted room.

Holdfast. Nay, you have reason
To blubber all of you

Luke. And when you lay
In child-bed, at the Christning of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three severall chambers hung. The first with Arras,
And that for waiters; the second Crimson Sattin
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of Skarlet,
Of the rich Tirian dy; a Ganopie
To cover the brats cradle: you in state
Like *Pompie's Julia*.

Lady. No more I pray you.

Luke. Of this be sure you shall not. I'll cut off
What ever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your Daughters, and reduce you to
Your naturall forms, and habits: not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example: 'Tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these uselest drones,

Holdfast. Will you pack?

Milliscent. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.

Luke. Not a rag, you came
Hither without a box.

Stargaze. You'll shew to me
I hope Sir more compassion.

Holdfast. 'Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him. He hath printed
An Almanack for this year at his own charge,
Let him have th' impression with him to set up with.

Luke. For once I'll be intreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.

Stargaze. O cursed Stars

*Whil'st the
Act Plays,
the Foot-
step, little
Table, and
Arras hung
up for the
Musicians.*

That raign'd at my nativity ! how have you cheated
Your poor observer.

Anne. Must we part in tears ?

Mary. Farewell, good *Milliscent*.

Lady. I am sick, and meet with
A rough Physician. O my pride ! and scorn !
How justly am I punish'd !

Mary. Now we suffer
For our stubbornnesse and disobedience
To our good father.

Anne. And the base conditions,
We impos'd upon our Suitors.

Luke. Get you in,
And Catterwall in a corner.

Lady. There's no contending.

Luke. How lik'st thou my carriage, *Holdfast*?

Holdfast. Well in some part,
But it relishes I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.

Luke. Thou art a fool :
Hee's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that us'd him cruelly.

*Lady, Anne,
Mary, go off
at one door ;
Stargaze
and Milliscent
at the other.*

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Luke, Sir John, Lacie and Plenty.

Luke. You care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our religion.

Sir John. We know no such word,
Nor power but the Diuel, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.

Luke. I am glad that charge is sav'd.

Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means

To come to the Citie. Now to you wee'l discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the Colonie was not to be purchas'd,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most pretious venture, as you shall
Receive from us; far, far, above your hopes,
Or fancie to imagine.

*Musicians
come down to
make ready
for the song
at Aras.*

Luke. It must be
Some strange commoditie, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me,
You will deal fairly) that I would not hazard.
Give me the name of't.

Lacie. I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience to grant it.

Luke. Conscience! No, no; so it may be done with safety,
And without danger of the Law.

Plenty. For that
You shall sleep securely. Nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an Atome
To the mountain it brings with it.

Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.

Sir John. Thus then in a word:
The Divil. Why start you at his name? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honors,
You must make haste to be familiar with him.
This Divil, whose Priest I am, and by him made
A deep Magician (for I can do wonders)
Appear'd to me in *Virginia*, and commanded
With many stripes (for that's his cruel custome)
I should provide on pain of his fierce wrath
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We groveling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian Virgins, that with their pure blood
Might dy his horrid Altars, and a third
(In his hate to such embraces as are lawful)

Married, and with your cerimonious rites
As an oblation unto *Hecate*,
And wanton Lust her favorite.

Luke. A divellish custom :
And yet why should it startle me ? there are
Enough of the Sex fit for his use ; but Virgins,
And such a Matron as you speak of, hardly
to be wrought to it.

Plenty. A Mine of Gold for a fee
Waits him that undertakes it, and performs it.

Lacie. Know you no distressed Widow, or poor
Maids, whose want of dower, though well born,
Makes 'em weary of their own Country ?

Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, then where
They have surfeited in felicity ?

Luke. Give me leave,
I would not loose this purchase. A grave Matron !
And two pure virgins. Umph ! I think my Sister
Though proud was ever honest ; and my Nieces
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd
For this employment ? they are burdensome to me,
And eat too much. And if they stay in *London*,
They will find friends that to my losse will force me
To composition. 'Twere a Master-piece
If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title. Should I urge
Matching with these they shall live *Indian Queens*,
It may do much. But what shall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are design'd ? They absent,
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.
I'll furnish you, and so indear the service
In mine own family, and my blood too.

Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall not
Contain the gold we'll send you.

Luke. You have seen my Sister, and my two Nieces ?

Sir John. Yes Sir.

Luke. These perswaded

How happily they shall live, and in what pomp
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must
Work 'em a believe that you are Kings.

Plenty. We are so.

Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly. Study you
For moving language. Sister, Nieces. How

Enter Lady, Ann, Mary.

Stil mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds
That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
My personated reprehension; though
It shew'd like a rough anger, could be serious?
Forget the fright I put you in. My ends
In humbling you was, to set off the height
Of honour, principle honor, which my studies
When you least expect it shall confer upon you.
Still you seem doubtfull: be not wanting to
Your selves, nor let the strangeness of the means,
With the shadow of some danger, render you
Incredulous.

Lady. Our usage hath been such,
As we can faintly hope that your intents,
And language are the same.

Luke. I'll change those hopes
To certainties.

Sir John. With what art he winds about them!

Luke. What wil you say? or what thanks shall I look for?

If now I raise you to such eminence, as
The wife, and daughters of a Citizen
Never arriv'd at. Many for their wealth (I grant)
Have written Ladies of honor, and some few
Have higher titles, and that's the farthest rise
You can in England hope for. What think you
If I should mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?

Ann. Wee desire
A competence.

Mary. And prefer our Countries smoke
Before outlandish fire.

*The Banquet
ready. One
Chair, and
Wine.*

Lady. But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.

Luke. I'll do't.
Nor is this feat of majesty far remov'd.
It is but to *Virginia*.

Lady. How, *Virginia*!
High Heaven forbid. Remember Sir, I beseech you,
What creatures are shipp'd thither.

Ann. Condemn'd wretches,
Forfeited to the law.

Mary. Strumpets and Bauds,
For the abomination of their life,
Spew'd out of their own Country.

Luke. Your false fears
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there, but you
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them. They are Kings,
Kings of such spacious territories, and dominions:
As our great *Britain* measur'd, will appear
A garden too't.

Lacte. You shall be ador'd there
As Goddesses.

Sir John. Your litters made of gold
Supported by your vassalls, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp, and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like Pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatnesse offer'd to you,
With outstretched arms, and willing hands embrace it.
But this refus'd, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here, and rest assur'd,
In storms it falls upon you: take em in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send em aboard in a dry fat.

Sir John. Be not mov'd Sir.

Wee'l work 'em to your will : yet e're we part,
Your worldly cares defer'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.

Exeunt
Lacie, Plenty,
Lady, Ann,
Mary.

Luke. You say well. And now
It coms into my memory, this is my birth-day,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.

Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As *Persia* in her height of pomp, and riot
Did never equall : and ravishing Musick
As the *Italian* Princes seldome heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.

Luke. I must have none.

Sir John. Not the City Senate ?

Luke. No.

Nor yet poor neighbours. The first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation, The latter
Of too much hospitality, and a virtue
Grown obsolete, and uselesse. I will sit
Alone, and surfet in my store, while others
With envy pine at it. My Genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer
I have mark'd out to miserie.

Sir John. You shall ;
And somthing I will add, you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-pac'd.

Luke. I have one businesse,
And that dispatch'd I am free.

Sir John. About it Sir,
Leave the rest to me.

Luke. Till now I ne're lov'd magick. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS quintus, Scena secunda.

Enter Lord, Old Goldwire, and Old Tradewell.

Lord. **B**elieve me, gentlemen! I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguis'd

Hypocrisie in such a cunning shape
Of reall goodnesse, that I would have sworn
This divell a Saint. *M. Goldwire, and M. Tradewell,*
What do you mean to do? put on.

Old Goldwire. With your Lordships favour.

Lord. I'll have it so.

Old Tradew. Your will, my Lord, excuses
The rudenesse of our manners.

Lord. You have receiv'd

Penitent letters from your sons I doubt not?

Old Tradew. They are our onely sons.

Old Goldw. And as we are fathers,
Remembring the errours of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.

Old Tradewell. and pay for 'em

In a moderate way.

Old Goldw. In which we hope your Lordship
Will be our mediator.

Lrrd. All my power,

Enter Luke.

You freely shall command. 'Tis he! you are wel met:
And to my wish. And wondrous brave,
Your habit speaks you a Merchant royall.

Luke. What I wear, I take not upon trust.

Lord. Your betters may, and blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

Lord. You are very peremptory, pray you stay.
I once held you an upright honest man.

Luke. I am honest now]

By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,
 Upon the Exchange, and if your late opinion
 Be alter'd, who can help it? good my Lord
 To the point. I have other businesse then to talk
 Of honesty, and opinions.

Lord. Yet you may
 Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit
 The other from good men, in a case that now
 Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is't? I am troubl'd.

Lord. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
 Your brothers prentices.

Luke. Mine, my Lord, I take it.

Lord. Mr. Goldwire, and Mr. Tradewell.

Luke. They are welcome, if
 They come prepar'd to satisfy the damage
 I have sustain'd by their sons.

Old Goldw. We are, so you please
 To use a conscience.

Old Tradew. Which we hope you will do,
 For your own worships sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
 And wealth are not always neighbours. Should I part
 With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
 In my reputation. For it would convince me
 Of indiscretion. Nor will you I hope move me
 To do my self such prejudice.

Lord. No moderation.

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in
 Me a thriving Citizens credit. Your bonds lie
 For your sons truth, and they shall answer all
 They have run out. The masters never prosper'd
 Since gentlemens sons grew prentices. When we look
 To have our business done at home, they are
 Abroad in the Tennis-court, or in partridge-alley,
 In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating Ordinary
 Where I found your sons. I have your Bonds, look
 too't.

A thousand pounds a piece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.

Lord. Thou dar'st not shew thy self
Such a divel.

Luke. Good words.

Lord. Such a cut-throat. I have heard of
The usage of your brothers wife, and daughters.
You shall find you are not lawlesse, and that your
Moneys cannot justifie your villanies.

Luke. I indure this.
And good my Lord, now you talk in time of moneys,
Pay in what you owe me, And give me leav to wonder
Your wisdome should have leisure to consider
The businesse of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my Sister, or my Neece, being your self
So much in my danger.

Lord. In thy danger?

Luke. mine.

I find in my counting house a Mannor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good Lord, Lacie-Mannour, and that Mannour
From which you have the title of a Lord,
And it please your good Lordship. You are a noble man
Pray you pay in my moneys, The interest *Plenty ready to*
Will eat faster in't, then *Aqua fortis* in iron. *Speak within*
Now though you bear me hard, I love your Lordship.
I grant your person to be priviledg'd
From all arrests. Yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an Under-heriffe, who being well paid, will serve
An extent on I ords, or Lowns land. Pay it in,
I would be loth your name should sink. Or that
Your hopefull son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord without land. You are angry
For my good counsell. Look you to your Bonds: had I known
Of your comming, believe it I would have had Serjeants ready:
Lord how you fret! but that a Tavern's near
You should taste a cup of Muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow, but there it will do better,
I know you'l drink a health to me. *Exit Luke.*

Lord.

Lord. To thy damnation.
 Was there ever such a villain! Heaven forgive me
 For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.
Old Goldw. We are undone.
Old Tradew. Our families quite ruin'd.
 Lord. Take courage gentlemen, Comfort may appear,
 And punishment overtake him, when he least expects it. *Exeunt*

Actus quintus, Scena ultima.

Enter Sir John, and Holdfast.

Sir John. BE silent on your life.

Holdfast. I am or'ejoy'd.

Sir John. Are the pictures plac'd as I directed?

Holdfast. Yes Sir.

Sir John. And the musicians ready?

Holdfast. All is done

As you comanded.

at the door.

Sir John. Make haste, and be carefull,

You know your cue, and postures.

Plenty within. We are perfitt.

Sir John. 'Tis well: the rest are come too?

Holdfast. And dispos'd of

To your own wish.

Sir John. Set forth the table. So!

Enter Servants with a rich Banquet.

A perfitt Banquet. At the upper end,
 His chair in state, he shall feast like a Prince.

*A table, and
 rich Ban-
 quet.*

Holdfast. And rise like a Dutch hang-man.

Enter Luke.

Sir John. Not a word more.

How like you the preparation? fill your room,
 And taste the cates, then in your thought consider
 A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
 In his full height of glory.

Luke. I can brook
 No rivall in this happineffe. How sweetly
 These dainties, when unpay'd for, please my palate!
 Some wine. *Joves Nectar.* Brightneffe to the star
 That govern'd at my birth. Shoot down thy influence,
 And with a perpetuity of being
 Continue this telicity, not gain'd
 By vows to Saints above, and much lesse purchas'd
 By the thriving industry; nor sal'n upon me
 As a reward to piety, and religion,
 Or service for my Country. I owe all this
 To dissimulation, and the shape
 I wore of goodnesse. Let my brother number
 His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
 To beggars, his compassion to his debtors;
 Will wing his better part, disrob'd of flesh,
 To soare above the firmament. I am well,
 And so I surfet here in all abundance;
 Though stil'd a cormorant, a cut-throat; Jew,
 And prosecuted with the fatal curses
 Of widows, undone Orphans, and what else
 Such as maligne my state can load me with;
 I will not envie it. You promis'd musick?

Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and power
 Of it, the spirit of *Orpheus* rais'd to make it good,
 And in those ravishing strains with which he mov'd
Charon and *Cerberus* to give him way
 To fetch from hell his lost *Euridice*.
 Appear swifter then thought.

Musick. At one door *Cerberus*, at the other,
Charon, *Orpheus*, *Chorus*.

Luke. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Sir John. Does not the object and the accent take you?

Luke. A pretty fable, But that musick should *Plenty and*
 Alter in friends their nature, is to me *Lacie ready behind.*
 Impossible. Since in my self I find

What I have once decreed, shall know no change.

Sir John. You are constant to your purposes, yet I think

That

That I could stagger you.

Luke. How?

Sir John. Should I present

Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.

Luke. Not a mote.

The musick that your *Orpheus* made, was harsh
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their crier, and groans, If it be in your power
I would now see 'em.

Sir John. Spirits in their shapes
Shal shew them as they are. But if it should move you?

Luke. If it do. May I ne're find pity.

Sir John. Be your own judge.

Appear as I commanded.

Sad musick. Enter *Goldwire*, and *Tradewell* as from
prison. *Fortune*, *Hoyst*, *Penurie* following after them.

Shavem in a blew gown, *Secret*, *Dingem*, *Old
Tradewel*, and *Old Goldwire* with *Serjeants*.

As erected they all kneel to *Luke*, hea-
ving up their hands for mercy.

Stargaze with a pack of *Al-
minacks*, *Milliscent*.

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!

This move me to compassion? or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face?
You are deceiv'd: it rather renders me
more flinty, and obdurate. A South wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings
O'reflow the Alps: then knees, or tears, or groans
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so,
It sets my happinesse off. I could not triumph
If these were not my captives. Ha! my carriers
As it appears have seiz'd on these old foxes,
As I gave order. New addition to

My Scene of mirth. Ha, ha ! They now grow tedious
 Let'em be remov'd, some other object. If
 Your art can shew it.

Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundlesse,
 Yet one thing reall if you please ?

Luke. What is it ?

S. Jo. Your Neeces er'e they put to Sea, crave humbly
 Though absent in their bodys, they may take leave
 Of their late suitors statues.

Enter Lady, Axne, and Mary.

Luke. There they hang,
 In things different I am tractable.

Sir John. There pay your vows you have liberty.

Ann. O sweet figure
 Of my abused *Lacie* ! when remov'd
 Into another world ; 'le daily pay
 A sacrifice of sighs, to thy remembrance ;
 And with a shower of tears strive to wash of
 The stain of that contempt, my foolish pride,
 And insolence threw upon thee.

Marie. I had been
 Too happie, if I had injoy'd the substance,
 But far unworthy of it, now I shall
 Thus prostrate to thy statue.

Lady. My kind husband,
 Blessed in my misery, from the monastery
 To which my disobedience confin'd thee,
 With thy souls eye, which distance cannot hinder,
 Look on my penitence. O that I could
 Call back time past, thy holy vow dispens'd,
 With what humility would I observe
 My long neglected duty.

Sir John. Does not this move you ?

Luke. Yes as they do the statues, and her sorrow
 My absent brother. If by your magick art
 You can give life to these, or bring him hither
 To witnesse her repentance, I may have
 Perchance some feeling of it.

Sir John. For your sport
 You shall see a Master-piece. Here's nothing but
 A superficies, colours, and no substance.
 Sit still, and to your wonder, and amazement
 I'll give these Organs. This the sacrifice
 To make the great work perfect.

Enter Lacie and Plenty:

Luke. Prodigious.

S. John. Nay they have life, and motion. Descend,
 And for your absent brother. This wash'd off
 Against your will you shall know him.

Enter Lord and the rest.

Luke. I am lost.
 Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen my Lord the pageant.

Lord. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

S. John. What think you now
 Of this clear soul? this honest pious man?
 Have I stripp'd him bare. Or will your Lordship have
 A farther triall of him? 'tis not in a wolf to change
 his nature.

Lord. I long since confess'd my errour.

S. John. Look up, I forgive you,
 And seal your pardons thus.

Lady. I am too full
 Of joy to speak it.

Ann. I am another creature,
 Not what I was.

Mary. I vow to shew my self
 When I am married, an humble wife,
 Not a commanding mistress.

Plenty. On those terms
 I gladly thus embrace you.

Lacie. Welcome to
 My bosome. As the one half of my self,
 I'll love you, and cherish you.

Goldwire. Mercy.

Tradewell and the rest. Good Sir mercy.

Sir John.

Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall find me
 As far as lawfull pity can give way too't,
 Indulgent to your wishes, though with losse
 Unto my self. My kind, and honest brother,
 Looking into your self, have you seen the Gorgon?
 What a golden dream you have had in the possession
 Of my estate? but here's a revocation
 That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature
 Revengefull, avaritious Atheist,
 Transcending all example: But I shall bee
 A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat 'em.
 What wilt thou do? Turn hypocrite again,
 With hope dissimulation can aid thee?
 Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
 Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to
 Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase. This key too
 I must make bold with. Hide thy self in some desert,
 Where good men ner'e may find thee: or in justice
 Pack to *Virginia*, and repent. Not for
 Those horrid ends to which thou did'st design these.

Luke. I care not where I go, what's done with words
 Cannot be undone. *Exit Luke.*

Lady. Yet Sir, shew some mercy;
 Because his cruelty to me, and mine,
 Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
 As his penitencie shall work me. Make you good
 Your promis'd reformation, and mistrust
 Our City dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
 In their own spheres, and willingly to confesse
 In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
 A distance 'twixt the City, and the Court. *Exeunt omnes*

F I N I S.

