



Accessions

151.659

Shelf No.

G. 3971.38

*Barton Library.*



*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

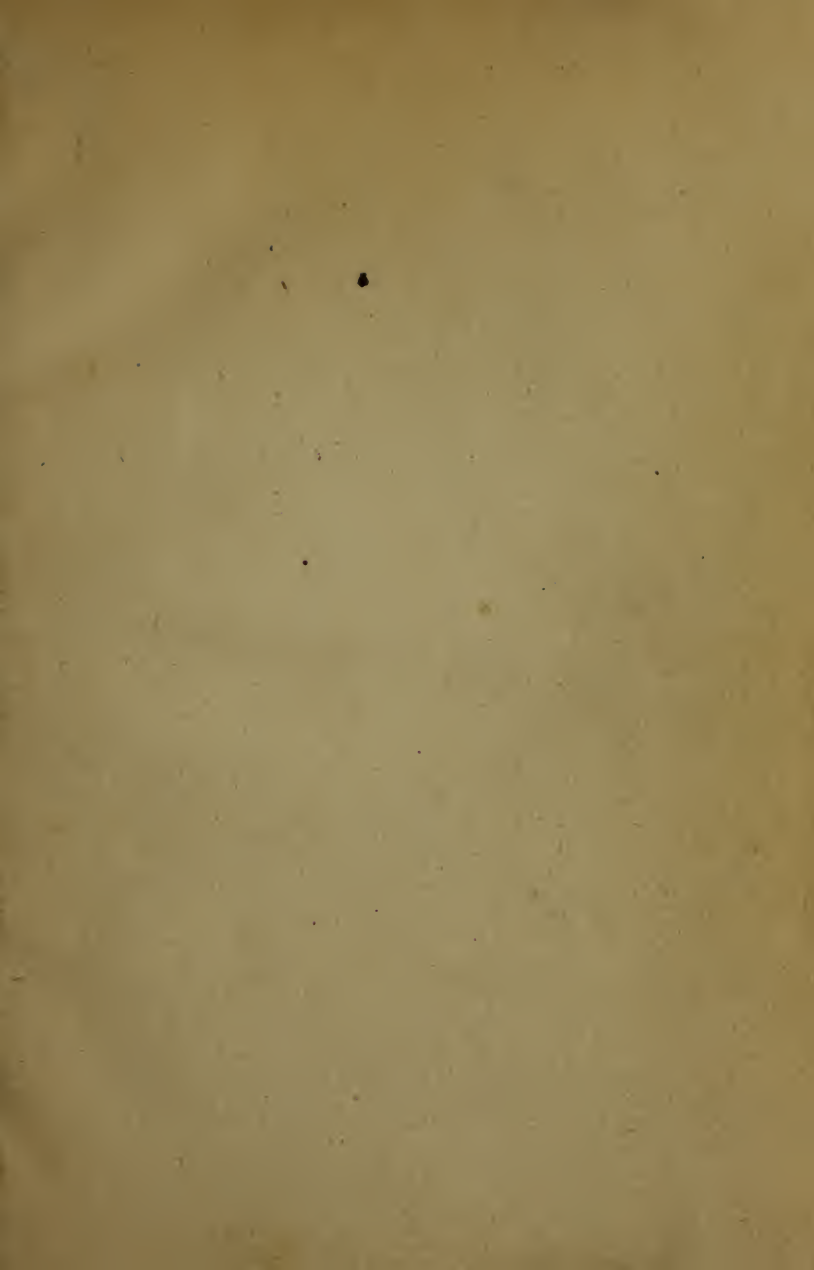
**Boston Public Library.**

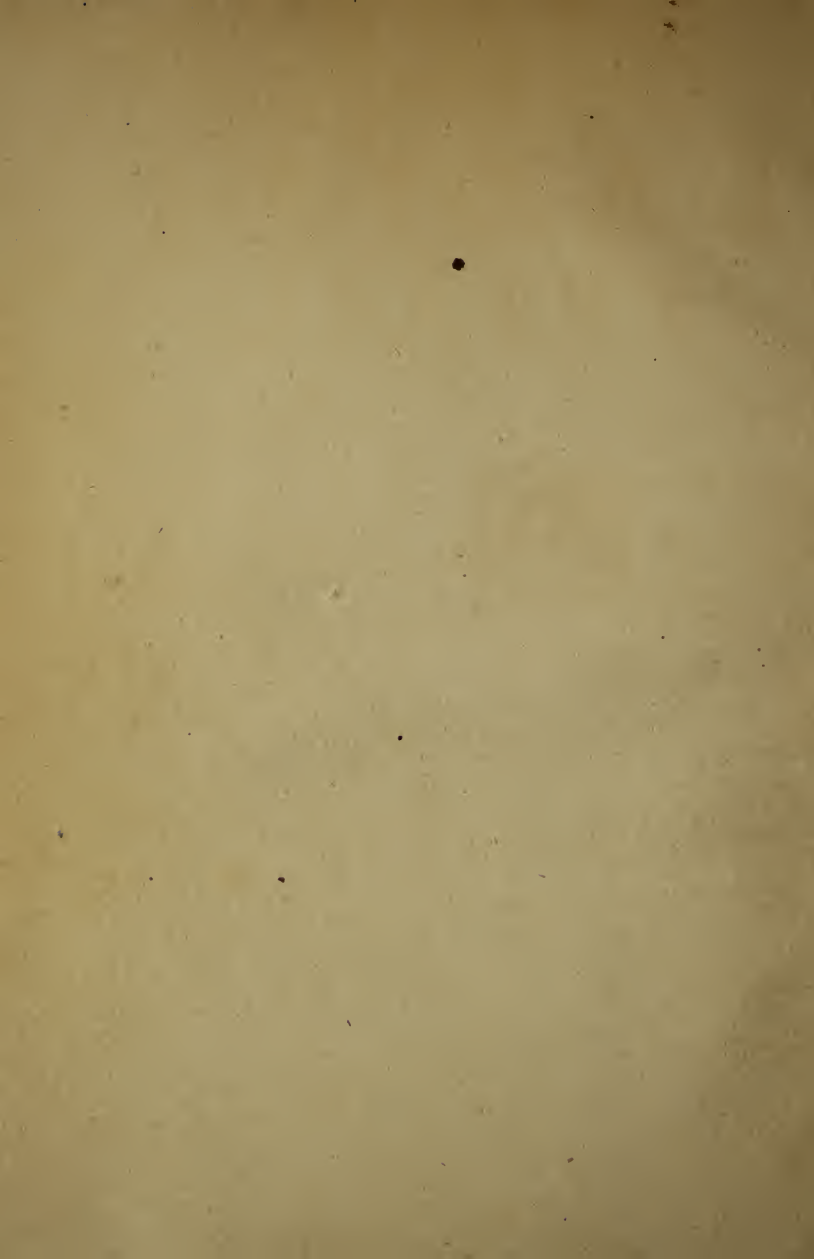
*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*









THE  
LADIES  
TRIAL.

---

ACTED

By both their Majesties Servants  
at the private house in  
DRURY LANE.

---

*J. Paul*  
FIDE HONOR

---

LONDON,  
Printed by E. G. for *Henry Shephard*, and are to be  
sold at his shop in *Chancery-lane* at the signe of  
the Bible, between Sarjants Inne and Fleet-street,  
neare the Kings-head Taverne. 1639.

THE  
LADIES  
TRIALS

15-1, 65-9

May 1873

By both  
at the private home in  
DORSET SQUARE

THE LADIES TRIALS



# THE SCENE,

## Genoa.

---

### *The Speakers.*

Auria	<i>A noble Genoese.</i>
Adurni	<i>A young Lord.</i>
Aurelio	<i>Friend to Auria.</i>
Malfato	<i>A discontented Lover.</i>
Trelcatio	} <i>Citizens of Genoa.</i>
Martino	
Piero	} <i>Dependants on Adurni</i>
Futelli	
Guzman	<i>A Bragadotio Spaniard.</i>
Fulgoso	<i>An upstart Gallant.</i>
Benatzi	<i>Husband to Levidolche.</i>

Spinella *Wife to Auria.*

Castanna *Her sister.*

Amoretta *A fantastick Mayd.*

Levidolche *A Wanton.*



# PROLOGVE.

**L** Anguage and matter, with a fit of mirth,  
That sharply savours more of aire than earth,  
Like Midwives, bring a Play to timely birth.

But wheres now such a ones in which these three,  
Are hanfonely contriv'd? or if they bee,  
Are understood by all who heare to see.


Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone  
Cryes up the Poet, which though neatly showne,  
Is rather censur'd often-times than knowne.

He who will venture on a jest, that can  
Raile on anothers paine, or idly scan  
Affaires of state, oh hee's the onely man.

A goodly approbation, which must bring  
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting,  
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to day,  
Our fearlesse Author boldly bids me say,  
He tenders you no Satyr, but a play.

In which, if so he have not hit all right,  
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,  
A wishes yet a had, for your delight.





THE  
LADIES  
TRIAL.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter PIERO and FUTELLI  
at severall doores.

PIERO.



Accomplished man of fashion.

FVT. The times wonder.

Gallant of gallants Genoas *Piero*.

PIE. Italies darling, Europes joy, and so forth,  
The newest newes, un-vampt,

FVT. I am no foot-poast,

No pedlar of Aviso's, no monopolist  
Of forged Corantos, monger of Gazets.

PIE. Monger of courtezans, fine *Futeelli*,  
In certaine kinde a merchant of the staple  
For wares of use and trade, a taker up,  
Rather indeede a knocker downe, the word

# The Ladies Triall.

Will carry either sence but in pure earnest,  
How trowles the common noyse?

F V T. *Auria* who lately  
Wedded and bedded to the faire *Spinella*,  
Tyred with the enjoyments of delights, is hastning to cusse the Tur-  
kish pirats, in the service of the great Duke of Florence.

P I E. Does not carry  
His pretty thing along.

F V T. Leaves her to buffet  
Land pirats here at home.

P I E. Thats thou and I,  
*Futelli* (firrah) and *Piero* — blockhead  
To runne from such an arme full of pleasures  
For gaining, what? a bloody nose of honour,  
Most sottish and abominable.

F V T. wicked  
Shamefull and cowardlie I will maintaine.

P I E. Is all my signiors hospitaluy  
Huge banquetings, deepe revells, costly trapings  
Shrunke to a cabbin, and a single welcome  
To beverage and bisket.

F V T. Hold thy peace man.  
It makes for us — he comes, lets part demurely.

*Enter Adurni, and Auria.*

A D. Wee wish thee (honourd *Auria*) life and safety,  
Returne crownd with a victory, whose wreath,  
Of triumph may advance thy countries glory,  
Worthy your name and Ancestors.

A V R. My Lord,  
I shall not live to thrive in any action,  
Deserving memory when I forget  
*Adurnis* love and favour.

P I E. I present yee  
My service for a farewell.

F V T. Let few words  
Excuse all arts of complement.

# The Ladies Triall.

FOL. For my owne part,  
Kill or be kill'd, for theres the short and long ou'r.  
Call me your shadowes hinch-boy.

AVR. Gentlemen,  
My businesse urging on a present hast,  
Enforceth short replie.

AD. Wee dare not hinder  
Your resolution wingd with thoughts so constant.  
All happinesse.

PIE. PHVT. Contents.

AVR. So leave the wintred people of the North,  
The minutes of their summer, when the Sunne  
Departing leaves them in Cold roabes of Ice,  
As I leave Genoa, ——— now appears the object  
Of my apprentic'd hart, thou bringst *Spinella*  
A welcome in a farewell, soules and bodies  
Are severd for a time, a span of time ;  
To joyne againe wi hout all separation,  
In a confirmed unitie for ever.

Enter *Trelcatio*,  
*Spinella*,  
& *Castanna*.

Such will our next embraces be for life ;  
And then to take the wracke of our divisions,  
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,  
Will fasten love in perpetuity,  
Will force our sleepes to heale upon our stories.  
These daies mult come, and shal without a cloud  
Or night of feare, or envie : to your charge,  
(*Trelcatio* our good unkle) and the comfort  
Of my *Spinella's* suster, faire *Castanna*,  
I doe intrust this treasure.

TREL. Idare promise,  
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

CAST. My suster shall to me stand an example,  
Of powring free devotions for your safety.

AVR I. Gentle *Castanna*, thou art a branch of goodnesse,  
Growne on the selfe same stocke with my *Spinella*.

But why my deere, hast thou lockd up thy speech in so much silent  
sadnesse, oh at parting!

# The Ladies Triall.

Belike one private whisper must bee sighd,  
Vncle the best of peace enrich your familie,  
I take my leave.

TREL. Blessings and health preserve yee. *Exit.*

AUR. Nay nay *Castanna*, you may hear our counsels  
A while, you are design'd your sisters husband,  
Give me thy hand *Spinella*, you did promise,  
To send me from you with more cheerefull looks,  
Without a grudge or teare, deed love you did.

SP I. What friend have I left in your absence?

AUR. Many thy vertues are, such friends, they cannot faile thee,  
Faith, purity of thoughts and such a meekenesse,  
As would force scandall to a blush:

SP I. Admit Sir,

The patent of your life should be call'd in,  
How am I left then to account with griefes;  
More slav'd to pity then a broken heart?

*Auria*! soule of my comforts, I let fall  
No eye on breach of fortune, I contemne  
No entertainment to divided hopes;  
I urge no pressures by the scorne of change;  
And yet my *Auria*, when I but conceive  
How easie tis (without impossibilitie)  
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,  
If I conclude I may be miserable,  
Most miserable.

CON. And such conclusion sister  
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntarie  
then cause by likely hood.

AUR. 'Tis truth *Castanna*.

SP I. I grant it truth, yet *Auria* I am a woman;  
And therefore apt to feare, to shew my dutie  
And not take heart from you, Ile walke from yee,  
At your command, and not as much as trouble  
Your thought with one poore looking backe.

AUR. I thanke thee,  
My worthy wife! before we kisse, receive

# The Ladies Triall.

This caution from thine *Auria*, first *Castanna*  
Let us bid farewell:

SP I. Speake (good) speake.

AUR. the steps

Young Ladies tread lest to their own discretion,  
How ever wisely printed are observed  
And construed as the lookers on presume,  
Point out thy waies then in such even pathes,  
As thine owne ieaiousies from others tongues  
May not intrude a guilt, tho undeserved.  
Admit of visits as of Physicke forc'd  
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention  
Against a growing sicknesse in thy use  
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,  
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest,  
Appeare not in a fashion that can prompt  
The gazers eye, or holla to report ;  
Some widdowed neglect of hand, some value  
In recreations be both wise, and free,  
Live still at home, home to thy selfe how-ere  
Enrich with noble company, remember  
A womans vertue in her life time, writes  
The Epitaph all covet on their tombes,  
In short I know thou never wilt forget  
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lippes,  
Thy husband at his parting stald this kisse.  
No more.

SP I. Deere heaven ! goe sister, goe.

*Exit.*

AUR I. Done bravely,

And like the choice of glory to know mine,  
One of earths best I have forgone, — see, see,  
Yet in another I am rich; a friend,  
A perfect one, *Aurelio*.

*Enter Aurelio.*

AUREL. Had I been,

No stranger to your bosome Sir, ere now  
You might have sorted me in your resolves;  
Companion of your fortunes.

# The Ladies Triall.

AUR. So the wrongs  
I should have ventur'd on against thy fate  
Must have deny'd all pardon, not to hold  
Dispute with reputations, why before  
This present instant I conceald the stealth  
Of my adventures from the Counsels, know  
My wants doe drive me hence.

AUREL. Wants, so you sayd,  
And 'twas not friendly spoken,

AURI. Heare me further.

AUREL. *Auria* take heed, the covert of a folly  
Willing to range; be not without excuse  
Discoverd in the coynage of untruths.  
I use no harder language, thou art neare  
Already on a ship-wrack in forsaking  
The holy land of friendship in forsaking  
To talke your wants. Fie.

AURI. By that sacred thing  
Lest issu'd from the Temple where it dwelt,  
I mean our friendship, I am sunke so low  
In my estate, that bids me live in *Genoa*  
But six moneths longer, I survive the remnant  
Of all my store.

AUREL. Vmh.

AURI. In my Countrey, friend  
Where I have sided my superiour friend  
Swayd opposition, friend, friend here to fall  
Subject to scorne, or rarely found compassion,  
Were more than man that hath a soule could beare,  
A soule not stoop'd to servitude.

AUREL. Your shew,  
Nor certaintie, nor weake assurance yet  
Of reparation in this course: in case  
Command be proffered.

AURI. He who cannot merit  
Preferment by employments, let him bare  
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,



# The Ladies Triall.

Or dye or live a slave without redemption.

AUREL. For that so, but you have a wife, a young,  
A faire wife; she, though she could never claime  
Right in prosperitie, was never tempted  
By triall of extreames, to youth and beauty,  
Bayts for dishonour, and a perisht fame.

AUR I. Shew me the man that lives, and to my face  
Dares speake, scarce thinke, such tyranny against  
*Spinella*s constancie, except *Aurelio*  
He is my friend.

AUREL. There lives not then a friend  
Dares love you like *Aurelio*, that *Aurelio*,  
Who late and early; often sayd and truly,  
Your marriage with *Spinella* would entangle  
As much th'opinion due to your discretion,  
As your estate, it hath done so to both.

AUR I. I finde it hath.

AUREL. He who prescribes no law,  
No limits of condition to the objects  
Of his affection; but will meerly wed  
A face because tis round, or limb'd by nature  
In purest red and white, or at the best,  
For that his mistresse owes an excellence  
Of qualities, knowes when and how to speake,  
Where to keepe silence, with fit reasons why,  
Whose vertues are her onely dowre, else  
In either kinde, ought of himselfe to master  
Such fortunes as adde fuell to their loves  
For otherwise: — but herein I am idle,  
Have foold to little purpose.

AUR I. She's my wife.

AUREL. And being so, it is not manly done  
To leave her to the triall of her wits,  
Her modestie, her innocence, her vowes.  
This is the way that poynts her out an art  
Of wanton life.

AUR I. Sir, sayd yee?

# The Ladies Triall.

AUREL. You forme reasons,  
Iust ones, for your abandoning the stormes  
Which threaten your owne ruine; but propose  
No shelter for her honour; what my tongue  
Hath utterd, *Auria*, is but honest doubt,  
And you are wise enough in the construction.

AURI. Necessitie must arme my confidence,  
Which if I live to triumph over friend,  
And ere come back in plentie, I prononce  
*Aurelio* heire of what I can bequeath.  
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,  
Allowd with caution, she be like to prove so.

AUREL. Who? I your heire? your wife being yet so young,  
In every probability so forward  
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

AURI. Believe it,  
Without replies *Aurelio*: keepe this note,  
A warrant for receiving from *Maritimo*  
Two hundred Ducats; as you finde occasion  
Dispose them in my absence to *Spinella*.  
I would not trust her uncle, hee good man,  
Is at an ebbe himselve, another hundred  
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me,  
Am I not poore, *Aurelio*, now? exchange  
Of more debates between us, would undoe  
My resolution: Walke a little prithe, e,  
Friends we are, and will embrace: but let's not speake  
Another word.

AUREL. Ile follow you to your horse. *Exit.*

*Enter Adurni and Futelli. A letter.*

ADUR. With her owne hand.

FUT. She never us'd my Lord,  
A second meanes, but kist the letter first,  
Orelookt the superscription: then let fall  
Some amorous drops, kist it againe, talkt to it  
Twentie times over, set it to her mouth,

Then

## The Ladies Triall.

Then gave it me, then snatch'd it backe againe,  
Then cryd, oh my poore hearr, and in an instant  
Commend my truth and secrecie, such medly  
Of passion yet, I never saw in woman.

AD. In woman? th'art deceav'd; but that we both  
Had mothers, I could say how women are,  
In their owne natures, modells of meere change:  
Of change of what is naught, to what is worse,  
She fed ye liberally.

FUT. Twenty ducates  
She forcd on me, vowd by the pretious love  
She bore the best of men, (Luse my lord)  
Her very words the miracle of men,  
*Malfato*, (then she sigh'd) this mite of gold  
Was only entrance to a farther bounty,  
Tis meant (my lord) be like presse mony.

AD. Divell! how durst she tempt thee, *Futelli*, knowing  
Thy love to me?

FUT. There lies (my lord) her cunning,  
Rather her craft: first she began what pitty  
It was, that men should differ in estates,  
Without proportion some so strangely rich,  
Others so miserable poore; and yet,  
Quoth she, since tis very deed unfit  
All should be equals; so I must confesse  
It were good justice that the properest men  
Should be prefer'd to fortune, such as nature  
Had mark't with faire abilities of which  
*Genoa*, for ought I know, hath wondrous few  
Not two to boast of.

AD. Here began her itch.

FUT. I answerd, she was happy then, whose choice  
In you, my lord, was singular.

AD. Well urgd.

FUT. She smil'd, and said, it might be so, and yet  
There stopt: then I cloz'd with her, and concluded  
The title of a lord was not enough,

# The Ladies Triall.

For absolute perfection, I had seene  
Persons of meaner quality, much more  
Exact in faire indowments; but your Lordship  
Will pardon me, I hope.

AD. And love thee for it.

FUR. Phew! let that passe (quoth she) and now wee prattle  
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,  
*Malfato* is a very pretty fellow,  
Is he not, pray Sir, I had then the truth  
Of what I lov'd at: and with more then praise,  
Approv'd her judgement in so high a straine,  
Without comparison (my honourd Lord)  
That soone wee both concluded of the man,  
The match and businesse.

AD. For delivering  
A letter to *Malfato*.

FUR. Where to I  
No sooner had consented, with protests,  
(I did protest my Lord) of secrecie,  
And service, but she kist me (as I live)  
Of her owne free accord — (I trust your lordship  
Conceaves not me amisse) pray rip the seale  
(My lord) youle finde sweet stufte, I dare believe,

AD. Present to the most accomplisht  
Of men, *Malfato* with this

*Adrys reads.*

Love a service.

Kind Supercription, prithee finde him out,  
Deliver it with complement, observe  
How ceremoniously he does receive it.

FUR. will not your lordship peruse the contents?

AD. enough I know too much be just, and cunning  
A wanton Mistresse is a common sewer  
Much never project labors in my braine ----  
Your friend heres now the *Gemini* of wit  
What od conceit is next on foot, some cast  
Of neate invention, ha sirs.

*Enter Piero.*

PIE. Very fine,

# The Ladies Triall.

I doe protest my lord.

FUT. Your lordships care shall share ith' plot.

AD. As how?

PIE. You know my lord

Young *Amoretta*, old *Trelcatio's* daughter

An honest man, but poore.

FUT. And my good lord,

He that is honest, must be poore, my lord,

It is a common rule.

AD. Well *Amoretta*,

Pray one at once my knowledge is not much,

Of her instruct me.

PIE. Speake *Futelli*.

FUT. Spare me.

*Piero* has the tongue more pregaunt:

PIE. Fie play on your creature.

FUT. Shall be yours.

PIE. Nay good.

AD. Well keep your mirth, my dainty honies agree

Some two daies hence, till when——

PIE. By any meanes,

Parrake the sport, my lord, this thing of youth.

FUT. Handsome enough, good face, quicke eye, well bred:

PIE. Is yet posselt so strangely.

FUT. With an humor of thinking, she deserves——

PIE. A Duke, a Count.

At least a Viscount, for her husband that ——

FUT. She scornes all mention of a match beneath

One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride

In a caroach without eight horses.

PIE. Six, she may be drawn to fower ——

FUT. Are for the power,

But for two horses in a coach ——

PIE. She lyes,

Th'are not for creatures of heavens making fitter ——

FUT. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,

Then people christian yet herselfe ——

# The Ladies Triall.

PIE. Her selfe walkes evermore a foot, and knowes not whether  
A Coach doth trot or amble.

FUT. But by heare-say.

AD. Stop gentlemen, you run a gallop both:  
Are out of breath sure, tis a kinde of complement  
Scarce entred to the times, but certainly  
You coyne a humour, let me understand  
Deliberately your fancie.

PIE. In plaine troath,  
My Lord, the she whom we describe is such,  
And lives here, here in Genoa, this Citie,  
This very citie, new, the very now.

AD. *Trelcatios* daughter.

FUT. Has refused suiters  
Of worthy ranke, substantiall and free parts,  
Onely for that they are not Dukes, or Counts,  
Yet she her selfe, with all her fathers store,  
Can hardly weigh above foure hundred Ducates.

AD. Now your designe for sport.

PIE. Without prevention,  
*Guzman* the Spaniard late casheerd, most grave,  
Observes the full punctilios of his nation,  
And him have we beleagred to accost  
This shee-peece, under a pretence of being  
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve Princes:

FUT. For rivall unto whom we have enrag'd  
*Fulgoso*, the rich cox-combe lately started  
A gentleman out of a Sutlers hut,  
In the late Flemish wars, we have resolv'd him  
He is descended from *Pantagruel*,  
Of famous memory by the fathers side,  
And by the mother from *Dane Fusti-Bunga*,  
Who troubled long time with a strangury,  
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,  
As drown'd the land twixt *Sirixia* and *Vere*,  
Where steeples tops are onely seene: hee casts  
Beyond the Moone, and will be greater yet

# The Ladies Triall.

In spight of Don.

AD. You must abuse the maid

Beyond amends.

FUT. But countenance the course

My Lord, and it may chance b-side the mirth,

To worke a reformation on the mayden,

Her fathers leave is granted, and thankes promised,

Our ends are harmlesse trials.

AD. I betray me secrets of such use.

AMBO. Your Lordships humblett.

*Exit.*

*Enter Aurelio and Malfato.*

AU. A Melancholy grounded, and resolv'd,

Receiv'd into a habit, argues love;

Or deepe impression of strong discontent,

In cases of these rarities a friend

Upon whose faith, and confidence, we may

Vent with security, our griefe becomes

Of times the best Physitian, for admit

Wee finde no remedy, we cannot misse

Advise in sted of comfort, and beleieve

It is an ease, *Malfato*, to disburthen

Our soules of secret clogges, where they may finde

A rest in pittie, tho not in redresse.

MAL. Let all this sence be yielded to

AU. Perhaps you measure what I say, the common nature

Of an officious curiosity

MAL. Not I Sir.

AU. Or that other privat ends

Sift your retirements ———

MAL. Neither.

*Enter Futelli.*

FUT. U der favour

Signior *Malfato*, I am sent to crave

Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

MAL. To me! your minde

FUT. This letter will informe ye.

MAL. Letter? howes this? whats here?

# The Ladies Triall.

FUT. Speake yee to me fir?

MAL. Brave riddle: Ile endeavour to unfold it.

AU. How fares the Lord *Adurni*?

FUT. Sure in health fir.

AUR. He is a noble Gentle-man; withall  
Happy in his endeavours: the generall voyce  
Sounds him for courtesie, behaviour, language,  
And every faire demeanor, an example:  
Titles of honour adde not to his worth,  
Who is himselfe an honour to his titles.

MAL. You know from whence this comes.

FUT. I doe.

MAL. D'ee laugh!

But that I must consider such as Spaniels,  
To those who feed and cloath them, I would print  
Thy pandarisme upon thy fore-head: there  
Beare backe that paper to the hell from whence  
It gave thee thy directions, tell this Lord,  
He ventur'd on a foolish policie,  
In aiming at the scandall of my bloud,  
The tricke is childish, base, say base.

FUT. You wrong him.

AU. Be wise *Malfato*.

MAL. Say, I know this whore.

She who sent this temptation, was wise  
To his abused servant, and divorc'd  
From poore *Benatzi*, sencelesse of the wrongs  
That Madam *Lenidolche* and *Adurni*  
Might revell in their sports without controule,  
Secure, uncheckt.

AUR. You range too wildly now,  
Are too much inconsiderate.

MAL. I am

A gentleman free borne, I never wore  
The raggs of any great mans lookes, nor fed  
Upon their after-meales; I never croucht  
Unto the offall of an Office promis'd



# The Ladies Triall.

Reward for long attendance, and then mist.  
I read no difference between this huge,  
This monstrous big word Lord, and Gentleman,  
More than the Title sounds; for ought I learne,  
The latter is as noble as the first,  
I'me sure more ancient.

Au. Let me tell you then,  
You are too bitter, talk you know not what,  
Make all men equals, and confound all course  
Of order, and of Nature: this is madnesse.

MAL. Tis so; and I have reason to be mad:  
Reason *Aurelio*, by my truth and hopes.  
This wit *Futells* brings a suit of love  
From *Lenidolche*, one however maskt  
In colourable privacie, is fam'd  
The Lord *Adurnes* pensioner, at least.  
Am I a husband pickt out for a strumpet,  
For a cast suit of bawdrie? *Aurelio*,  
You are as I am, you could ill digest  
The triall of a patience so unfit.

Be gone *Futells*, doe not mince one syllable  
Of what you heare: another fetch like this  
May tempt a peace to rage: so say, be gone.

FUT. I shall report your answer.

*Exit.*

MAL. What have I  
Deserv'd to bee soufd? in colder blood  
I doe confesse nobilitie requires  
Dutie and love, it is a badge of vertue,  
By action first acquit'd, and next in ranke  
Vnto anoynted royaltie wherein  
Have I neglected distance, or forgot  
Observance to superiours? sure my name  
Was in the note mistooke.

Au. We will consider the meaning of this mystery.

MAL Not so,

Let them feare bondage who are slaves to feare,  
The sweetest freedom. is an honest heart. *Exeunt.*

# The Ladies Triall. 507

## Actus Secundus.

Enter Futelli and Guzman.

FUTELLI.

**D**Exteritie and sufferance, brave Don,  
Are Engines the pure politicke must work with.

Guz. We understand.

Fut. In subtilties of warre,  
(I talke t'ee now in your owne occupation,  
Your trade, or what you please) unto a Souldier,  
Surprizall of an enemy by stratagem,  
Or down-right cutting throats is all one thing.

Guz. Most certaine : on, proceed.

Fut. By way of parallell,  
You drill or exercise your company,  
(No matter which for termes) before you draw  
Into the field, so in the feats of Courtship,  
First choyce is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,  
The set of lookes, the posture of the beard,  
*Besol as manus*, cringes of the knee,  
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ay mees.

Guz. We understand all these : advance.

Fut. Then next,  
Your enemy in face, your mistresse (marke it)  
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,  
Thats carelesse amors, or to enter battaile,  
Then fall to open treatie, or to worke  
By secret spies or gold : here you corrupt  
The Chamber-mayd, a fatall engine, or  
Place there an Ambuscado, thats contract  
With some of her neere friends, for halfe her portion,  
Or offer truce, and in the interim,  
Run upon slaughter, tis a noble treachery,  
Thats sweare and lye, steale her away : and to her

# The Ladies Triall.

Cast caps, and cry *Victoria*, the field's  
Thine owne (my Don) shee's thine.

G u z. We doe vouchsafe her.

F u r. Hold her then fast.

G u z. As fast as can the armes  
Of strong imagination hold her.

F u r. No, sh'as skipt your hold, my imaginations eyes  
Perceives she not endures the touch or sent  
Of your war-over-worne habiliments,  
Which I forgot in my instructions  
To warne you of, therefore my warlicke Don,  
Apparrell speedily your imagination  
With a more courtly out-side.

G u z. Tis soone done.

F u r. As soone as sayd, in all the cloathes thou hast,  
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.

G u z. Imagine first our rich Mockado doublet,  
VVith our cut cloath of gold sleeves, and our quellio,  
Our Diamond buttond Callamancho hose,  
Our plume of Ostrich, with the embroydred scarfe  
The Dutchesse Infanta go rowld our arme in.

F u r. I this is brave indeed.

G u z. Our Cloake whose cape is  
Larded with pearles, which the Indian lacquies  
Presented to our countrey-man *De Cortez*,  
For ransome of his life, rated in value  
At thirteene thousand pistolets, the guerdon  
Of our achievement, when wee rescued  
The Infanta from the Bore in single duell,  
Neere to the Austrian Forrest with this rapier,  
This onely, very, naked, single rapier.

F u r. Top and top-gallant brave,

G u z. VVe will appeare  
Before our *Amoretta* like the issue  
Of our progenitors.

F u r. Imagine so,  
And that this rich sute of imagination,

# The Ladies Triall.

Is on already now (which is most probable  
As that apparell) here stands your *Amoretts*,  
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Lustre of beauty,  
Not to affright your tender soule with horrour,  
We may descend to tales of peace and love,  
Soft whispers fitting Ladies cloffets, for  
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoake and fire,  
As if hells maw had vomited confusion,  
The clash of steele, the neighs of barbed Steeds,  
Wounds spouting blood, townes capering in the ayre,  
Castles pushd downe, and Cities plowd with swords,  
Become great *Guzmans* Oratory best,  
Who tho victorious, and during life  
Must be: yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

Fur. S'toot, Don, you talke too big, you make her tremble,  
Doe you not see't imaginarily?  
I doe as plainly as you saw the death  
Of the Austrian Bore, she rather heares  
Of feasting then of fighting, take her that way.

Guz. Yes we will feast my queene, my empresse saint,  
Shal'c tast no delicates but what are drest  
With cosslier spices then the Arabian bird  
Sweetens her funerall bed with, we will riot  
With every change of meates; which may renue  
Our blond unto a spring, so pure, so high,  
That from our pleasures shall proceede a race  
Of scepter-bearing princess, who at once  
Must raigne in every quarter of the globe.

Fur. Can more be said by one that feeds on herring  
And garlicke constanlie?

Guz. Yes we will feast.

Fur. Enough, shes taken, and will love you now,  
As well in buffe, as your imagin'd bravery,  
Your dainty ten times drest buffe, with this language  
(Bould man of armes) shall win upon her, doubt not  
Beyond all silken puppetry; thinke no more

## The Ladies Triall.

Of your mockadoes, calaminchaes, quellios,  
Pearle larded capes and diamond buttond breeches,  
Leave such poore out-side helpes to puling lovers,  
Such as *Fulgoso* your weake rivall is,  
That starveling braind-companion appeare you  
At first (at least) in your owne warlike fashion :  
I pray be rul'd, and change not a thred about you.

Guz. The humour takes (for I fir, am a man  
Affects not shifts) I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why so you carry her from all the world,  
Ime proud my starres designed me out an instrument  
In such an hie imploiment .

Guz. gravely spoken,  
You may be prowd ont ———

*Enter Fulgoso, and Piero.*

FUL. What is lost is lost,  
Money is trash, and Ladies are et cætera's,  
Play's play; luck's lucke, fortunes an I know what,  
You see the worst of me, and whats all this now?

PIE. A very sparke (I vow) you will be stil'd,  
*Fulgoso* the invincible, but did  
The faire *Spinella* loose an equall part  
How much in all d'ee say?

FUL. Bare threescore duckets,  
Thirty a peece, we neede not care who know it  
She plaid, I went her halfe walkd by and whistled  
After my usuall manner thus---- unmoved  
As no such thing had ever beene as it were,  
Altho I saw the winners share my money  
His lordship, and an honest gentleman  
Purfd it, but not so merrily as I  
Whistled it off.----- whistles

*whistles.*

PIE. A noble confidence.

Fut. Dee note your rivall.

Guz. With contempt I doe.

FUL. I can forgoe things neerer then my gold,

# The Ladies Triall.

Allyd to my affections, and my bloud;  
Yea honour, as it were, with the same kinde.  
Of carelesse confidence, and come off fairely  
Too as it were.

PIE. But not your love, *Fulgoso*.

FUL. No, shees inherent, and mine owne past loosing.

PIE. It tickles me to thinke with how much state,  
You, as it were, did runne at tilt in love  
Before your *Amoretta*.

FUL. Broke my lance.

PIE. Of wit, of wit.

FUL. I meane so as it were  
And laid flat on her backe, both horse and woman.

PIE. Right as it were.

FUL. What else man, as it were.

Guz. Did you doe this to her, dare you to vant  
Your triumph we being present? um, ha, um.

FUL. What thinke you Don, of this brave man?

Guz. A man?

*Fulgoso whi-  
stes the spa-  
nish Pavin.*

It is some trusse of reeds, or empty caske,  
In which the winde with whistling sports it selfe

FUL. Beare up Sir, hees your rivall, budge not from him  
An inch, your grounds are honor.

PIE. Scoutly ventured, Don, hold him too't.

FUL. protest a fine conceit,

A very fine conceite, and thus I could her,  
That for mine owne part, if shee lik'd me, so,

If not, so; for my ducke or do said I,

It is no fault of mine, that I am noble,

Grant it; another may be noble too,

And then wee'r both one noble better stil

Habs-nabs good wincke and choose, if one must have her,

The other goes without her, best of all,

My spirit is too high, to fight for woman,

I am too full of mercy to be angrie,

A foolish generous quality, from which

No might of man can beat I'me, ime resolv'd.

## The Ladies Triall.

Guz. Haft thou a spirit then ha? speakes thy weapon  
Toledo language, Bilbø, or dull Pifa?  
If an Italian blade, or Spanish mettall,  
Be briefe, we challenge answer.

Fut. Famous Don.

Ful. What does he talke? my weapon speakes no language,  
Tis a dutch iron trunchion.

Guz. Dutch?

Ful. And if need be,  
Twill maule one's hide, in spight of who saies nay

Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard, hold me.

Ful. Hold mee too

Sirrah if th'art my frind, for I love no fighting,  
Yet hold me least in pittie I flie off,

If I must fight, I must; in a scurvie quarrell

I desie hees and shees, twit me with dutch?

Hang dutch and french, hang Spanish and Italians,  
Christians and Turkes pew-waw; all's one to me,

I know whats what, I know on which side

My bread is butterd.

Guz. Butterd? dutch againe?

You come not with intention to affront us.

Ful. Front mee no fronts, if thou beest angrie squable  
Heeres my defence, and thy destruction — whistles a charge  
If friends shake hands, and goe with me to dinner.

Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth relish,  
The Cavaleiro treats on termes of honor,  
Peace is not to be baulkd on faire conditions.

Fut. Still Don is Don the great.

Pie. He shewes the greatnesse  
Of his vast stomach in the quicke embracement  
Of thothers dinner.

Fut. Twas the ready meanes to catch his friendship.

Pie. Yare a paire of worthies,  
That make the nine no wonder.

Fut. Now since fate  
Ordaines that one of two must be the man,

# The Ladies Triall.

The man of men which must enjoy alone  
Loves darling *Amoretta*, both take liberty  
To shew himselfe before her, without crosse  
Of interruption, one of tother: he  
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings  
Crownes the pursuit; be happy.

PIE. And till then, live brothers in societie.

Guz. We are fast.

FUL. I vow a match: He feast the Don to day  
And fast with him to morrow.

Guz. Faire conditions.

*Enter Adurni, Spinella, Amoretta, Castanna.*

AD. *Futehi* and *Piero*, follow speedily.

PIE. My Lord we wait yre.

FUT. We shall soone returne. *Exeunt.*

FUL. What's that? I saw a sound.

Guz. A voyce for certaine.

FUL. It nam'd a Lord.

Guz. Here are Lords too, we take it,  
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty,  
As any the twelve *Cesars*.

FUL. Gulls or Mogulls,  
Tag, rag, or other, Hoger-Mogen vanden  
Skip-lacks, or Chouses. Whoo! the brace are flincht,  
The paire of shavers are sneakt from us, Don.  
Why? what are we?

Guz. The valiant will stand too't.

FUL. So say I, we will eate and drink, and squander,  
Till all doe split againe.

Guz. March on with greediness. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Martino and Levidotche.*

MAR. You cannot answer what a generall tongue  
Objects against your folly, I may curse



# The Ladies Triall.

The interest you lay claime to in my blood,  
Your mother my deere neece did de, I thought  
Too soon, but she is happy, had she liv'd,  
Till now, and knowne the vanities of your life  
Hath dealt in, she had wisht herselfe a grave  
Before a timely houre.

LE V. Sir, consider,  
My sex, were I mankinde, my sword should quit  
A wounded honour, and reprieve a name  
From injury, by printing on their bosomes  
Some deadly Character, whose drunken surfets  
Vomit such base aspersions, as I am  
Scorne and contempt is vertue: my defect  
Stands far above their malice.

MAR. *Levidolche*, hypocrisie puts on a holy robe,  
Yet never changeth nature: call to minde,  
How in your girles dayes you fell forsooth  
In love, and married, married (*harke ye*) whom,  
A trencher-waiter, shrewd preferment: but  
Your childhood then excus'd that fault: for so  
Footmen have run away with lusty heires;  
And stable-grooms reacht to some fair ones chambers.

LE. Pray let not me be bandied sir, and biffaid  
By your intelligence.

MAR. So toucht to the quicke,  
Fine mistresse, I will then rip up at length  
The progresse of your infancie, in colour  
Of disagreement you must be divorc'd,  
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons  
On better hopes I did, nay tooke you home,  
Provided you my care, nay justified  
Your alteration, joyd to entertaine  
Such visitants of worth and ranke, as tendred  
Civill respects; but then, even then ---

LE V. What then?  
Sweet unkle doe 'not spare me.

MAR. I more shame

# The Ladies Trial.

To feare my hospitality was bawd  
And (name it so) to your unchaste desires,  
Then you to heare and know it.

LEV. Whose whore am I?

For thats your plainest meaning.

MAR. Were you modest,

The word you utterd last would force a blasse.

*Adurni* is a bounteous Lord, tis sayd,  
He parts with gold and jewels like a free  
And liberall purchaser, a' wriggles in  
To Ladies pleasures by a right of pension;  
But you know none of this :

You are growne a Taverne talke,  
Matter for Fidlers songs, I toyle to build  
The credit of my family, and you  
To pluck up the foundation, even this morning  
Before the common Councell, young *Malfato*  
Convented for some lands he held; suppos'd  
Belong'd to certaine Orphans, as I question'd  
His tenure in particulars, he answerd,  
My worship needed not to flaw his right :  
For if the humour held him, he could make  
A joynture to my over-living Neece,  
Without oppression, bad me tell her too,  
She was a kinde young soule, and might in time  
Be sued to by a loving man, no doubt.  
Here was a jolly breakfast.

LEV. Uncles are priviledged

More than our parents, some wise man in state  
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge sir,  
Whiles all the policie for publicke businesse,  
Was spent --- for want of matter, I by chance  
Fell into grave discourse; but by your leave,  
I from a strangers table rather wish  
To earne my bread, than from a friends by gift,  
Be daily subj<sup>t</sup> to untic reproofs.

MAR. Com<sup>e</sup>, come, to the poynt.

# The Ladies Triall.

LEV. All the curses  
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,  
Dambe up their gracelesse mouths.

MAR. Now you turne rampant,  
Iust in the wenches trimme and garbe, these prayers  
Speake your devotions purely.

LEV. Sir, alas,  
What would you have me do? I have no Orators,  
More than my teares, to plead my innocence,  
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend  
An open care against my honest fame.  
Would all their spight could harry my contents  
Unto a desperate ruine; Oh deare goodnesse,  
There is a right for wrongs.

MAR. There is, but first  
Sit in commission on your owne defects,  
Accuse your selfe: be your owne Iury, Iudge,  
And executioner, I make no sport  
Of my vexation.

LEV. All the short remaines  
Of undesired life, shall onely speake  
Th'extremitie of penance: your opinion  
Enjoynes it too.

MAR. Enough; thy teares prevaile  
Against credulity.

LEV. My miseries,  
As in a glasse, present me the rent face  
Of an unguided youth.

MAR. No more—— *Trelcatic*,  
Some businesse speeds you hither.

TREL. Happy newes,  
Signior *Martino*, pray your care; my nephew  
*Auria* hath done brave service: and I heare  
(Lets be exceeding private) is returnd  
High in the Duke of Florences respects,  
Tis sayd, but make no words that a' has firkt  
And mumbld the roguie-Turkes.

*Enter Trel-  
catic. A let-  
ter.*

# The Ladies Triall.

MAR. Why would you know  
His merits so unknowne?

TREL. I am not yet  
Confirmd at full, withdraw, and you shall read  
All what this paper talkes.

MAR. So; *Levidolche*, you know our minde,  
Be cheerefull, come *Trelcatio*,  
Causes of joy or grieffe, do seldome happen  
Without companions, neere thy resolutions  
Have given an other birth to my contents. *Exit.*

LE. Even so, wise uncle, much good doe ye --- discovered!  
I could flie out, mix vengeance with my love,  
Unworthy man *Malfato*, my good Lord  
My hot in bloud, rare Lord, growes could too, well  
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;  
Affection turned to hatred, threatens mischief. *Exit.*

*Enter Piero, Amoretta, Futilli, and Castana.*

PIE. In the next gallory you may behold  
Such living pictures Lady, such rich pieces,  
Of Kings, and Queens, and Princes, that you'd think  
They breath, and smile upon yee.

AMO. Ha, they crownthes,  
Great crownthes oth gold upon their headthes .

PIE. Pure gold,  
Drawne all in itate.

AMO. How many horthes pray  
Are ith their Chariots?

PIE. Sixteene, some twenty.

CAST. My sifter wherefore left we her alone?  
Where staies she gentlemen?

FUT. Viewing the roomes,  
Tis like youle meet her in the gallery.  
This house is full of curiosities,  
Most fit for Ladies sights.

AMO. Yeth, yeth, the thigh

# The Ladies Triall.

Of printhethes ith a fine thight.

CAST. Good, let us finde her.

PIE. Sweet Ladies this way; see the doores sure.

FUT. Doubt not.

*Exit.*

## SONG.

*Enter Adurni, and Spinella.*

**P**Leasures, Beauty, Youth attend ye.  
Whiles the spring of nature lasteth,  
Love and melting thoughts attend yee  
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.

Active blood, and free delight,  
Place and privacie invite.

Doe doe! be kind as faire,  
Loose not opportunity for ayre.

She is cruell that denies it,  
Bounie best appears in granting,  
Stealth of sport as soone supplies it,  
Whiles the dues of love are wanting.

Here's the sweet exchange of blisse,  
When each whisper proves a kisse.

In the game are felt no paines,  
For in all the looser gaines.

AD. Plead not faire creature without fence of pity  
So incompassionatly gainst a service,  
In nothing faulty more then pure obedience,  
My honours and my fortunes are led captives  
In triumph by your all-commanding beauty,  
And if you ever felt the power of love,  
The rigor of an uncontroled passion,  
The tyrannie of thoughts consider mine,  
In some proportion, by the strength of yours,  
Thus may you yield and conquer.

SPI. Doe not study  
(My Lord) to apparrell folly in the steed  
Of costly colours, henceforth cast off farre

# The Ladies Triall.

Far from your noblest nature, the contempt  
Of goodnesse, and be gentler to your fame,  
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

AD. Deare, how sweetly  
Reprooffe droopes from that baulmy spring your breath,  
Now could I read a lecture of my griefes  
Un-earth a mine of Jewells at your foote,  
Command a golden shower to raine downe,  
Impoverish every Kingdome of the east,  
Which trafficks richest cloathes, and silkes; would you  
Vouchsafe one, unspleend chiding to my rior,  
Else such a sacrifice can but beget  
Suspicion of returnes, to my devotion,  
In mercenary blessings, for that saint  
To whom I vow my selfe, must never want  
Fit offerings to her altar.

SPI. *Auria, Auria,*  
Fight not for name abroad, but come my husband,  
Fight for thy wife at home.

AD. Oh never canke  
(Deare crulty) one that is sworne your creature,  
Amongst your countries enemies, I use.  
No force, but humble words, deliveted from  
A tongue thats secretarie to my heart.

SPI. How poorly some, came to their wild desires,  
Fawne on abuse of vertue, pray my Lord,  
Make not your house my prison.

AD. Grant a freedome,  
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.

*Anoife  
with hin.*

*Enter Aurelio, Castanna, Amoretta, Futilli, and Piero.*

AURE. Keepe backe yee close contrivers of false pleasures,  
Or I shall force ye backe --- can it be possible  
Lockd up and singly too, chaste hospitality  
A banquet in a bed. chamber; *Adurni!*  
Dishonourable man.

# The Ladies Triall.

AD. What sees this rudenesse,  
That can broach scandall here.

AURE. For you hereafter,  
Oh woman, lost to every brave report,  
Thy wronged *Anria* is come home with glory,  
Prepare a welcome to uncrowne the greatnesse  
Of his prevailing fates,

SP1. Whiles you belike,  
Are furnishd with some newes for entertainment  
Which must become your friendship to be knit  
More fast betwixt your soules, by my removall,  
Both from his heart and memory.

AD. Rich conquest,  
To triumph on a Ladies injur'd fame,  
Without a prooffe or warrant.

FUT. Have I life Sir,  
Faith, Christianity?

PIE. Put me on the rack,  
The wheele, or the gallies, if---

AURE. Peace factors,  
In merchandise of scorne, your sounds are deadly,  
*Castana*, I could pity your consent  
To such ignoble practice, but I finde.  
Course fortunes easily seduc'd, and herein  
All clayme to goodnesse ceases.

CAST. Use your tyranny.

SP1. What rests behind for mee, out with it.

AURE. Horror,  
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience,  
Hope not that any falsity in friendship  
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not  
Leave in thy prayers (fair vow-breaking want on)  
To dresse thy soule new, whose pure & whitenesse  
Is fullyd by thy change, from truth to folly,  
A fearefull storme is hovering, it will fall,  
No shelter can avoyd it, let the guilty  
Sink under their owne ruine.

*Exit.*

# The Ladies Triall.

SPIN. How unmanly  
His anger threatens mischief!

AMO. Whom, I prethee,  
Doth the man speake to?

AD. Lady, be not mov'd,  
I will stand Champion for your honour, hazard  
All what is deereft to me.

SPIN. Mercie heaven!  
Champion for me, and *Auria* living? *Auria?*  
He lives, and for my guard my innocence  
As free as are my husbands clearest thoughts,  
Shall keep off vaine constructions, I must beg  
Your charities; sweet sister, yours to leave me,  
I need no fellowes now: let me appeare,  
Or mine owne lawyer, or in open court  
(Like some forsaken client) in my suit  
Be cast for want of honest plea --- oh misery. *Exit.*

AD. Her resolution's violent, quickly follow,

CAST. By no means (sir) y'ave followed her already,  
I feare with too much ill successe in triall,  
Of unbecomming courtesies; your welcome  
Ends in so sad a farewell.

AD. I will stand  
The roughnes of th' encounter, like a gentleman,  
And wait yee to your homes, what ere befall me. *exennt.*

---

## Actus tertius.

*Enter Fulgoso and Guzman.*

FULGOSO.

I Say, Don, brother mine, win her and weare her.  
And so will I; it's be my lucke, to loose her,  
I loose a prety wench, and theres the worst on't.

Guz. Wench said yee, most mechanically? faugh!



# The Ladies Triall.

VVench is your trull, your blowes, your dowdie, but  
(Sir brother) he who names my *Queene* of love  
Without his bonnet vaild, or saying grace,  
As at Some paranympHall feast, is rude,  
Nor verst in literature, Dame *Amorettia*,  
Lo, I am sworne thy Champion.

FUL. So am I too.

Can as occasion serves, if she turne scurvie,  
Vnswear my selfe again, and nere change colours.  
Pish man, the best, though call em, ladies, madames,  
Faires, fines, and honles, are but flesh and bloud,  
And now and then too, when the fits come on 'em,  
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry putkins.

Guz. Our choler must advance.

FUL. Dost long for a beating?

Shalls try a slash, heres that shall do't: Ile tap  
A gallon of thy braines, and fill thy hogthead  
With two of wine for't.

Guz. Not in friendship brother,

Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague; hang't,  
Be sociable: drinke till we rore and scratch;  
Then drinke our selves asleepe agen. The fashion!  
Thou dost not know the fashion.

Guz. Her faire eyes,

Like to a paire of pointed beames drawne from  
The Sunnes most glorious Orbe, does dazle sight,  
Audacious to gaze there; then over those  
A severall bow of jet securely twines  
In semicircles; under them two bankes  
Of roses red and white, divided by  
An arch of polisth *Ivorie*, surveying  
A temple from whence Oracles proceed,  
More gracious than *Apollus*, more desir'd  
Than amorous songs of Poets, softly tun'd.

FUL. Hey day, what's this?

Guz. Oh, but those other parts, all ----

FUL. All: Hold there, I barre play under boord,

# The Ladies Triall,

My part yet lies therein; you never saw  
The things you wiew-draw thus.

Guz. I have dream'd  
Of every part about her, can lay open  
Her severall inches, as exactly (marke it)  
As if I had tooke measure with a compasse,  
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

FOL. Oh rare,  
And all this in a dreame.

Guz. A very dreame.

FUL. My waking brother Souldier is turn'd  
Into a sleeping Carpenter or Taylor,  
Which goes for halfe a man—— whats he? beare up?

BEN. Death of reputation, the wheele, strappado, gallies,  
Racke, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to  
Fright babies: poore lean-sould rogues, they  
Will swowne at the scarre of a pinne: one teare  
Dropt from their harlots eyes, breeds earth- quakes  
In their bones.

FUL. Blesse us, a monster patch of dagger bumbast,  
His eyes like Copper-basons, a' has chang'd  
Haire with a shagge dogge.

Guz. Let us then avoyd him,  
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.

BEN. Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in  
fripperies, brave man at armes. Goe turne pandor doe, stalke for a  
messe of warme broath: damnable, honourable cuts are but badges  
for a fool to vaunt, the raw rib'd Apothecarie poysons *cum privile-*  
*gio*, and is payd. Oh the common-wealth of beafts is most politick-  
ly ordered.

Guz. Brother, wee'l keep aloofe, there is no valour  
In tugging with a man fiend

FUL. I'd. fie him.

It gabbles like I know not what, believe it,  
The fellowes a shrewd fellow at a pink.

BEN. Looke else; the Lion roares, and the spaniell fawnes.  
Downe Curre; the Badger bribes the Unicorne,

That

# The Ladies Triall.

That a Iury may not passe upon his pillage : here the Bearè fees the Wolfe, for he will not howle gratis, beasts call pleading howling. So then, there the Horſe complains of the Apes rank-riding : the Jockie makes mouths, but is fin'd for it : the Stagge is not jeer'd by the Monkie for his hornes : the Aſſe by the hare for his burthen : The Oxe by the Leopard for his yoke, nor the Goat by the Ram, for his beard, onely the Fox wrappes himſelfe warme in Bever, bids the Cat mouze, the Elephant toyle, the Boare gather akorns, whiles he grinnes, feeds fat, tells tales, laughes at all, and ſleepes ſafe at the Lions feet. — Save ye people.

FUL. Why ſave thee too, if thou beſt of heavens making :  
What art? --- Feare nothing Don, we have our blades,  
Are mettall men our ſelves, try us who dare.

Guz. Our brother ſpeakes our minde, thinke what you pleaſe  
on't.

BEN. A match : obſerve well this ſwitch ; with this only ſwitch  
have I paſht out the braines of thirteene Turkes to the dozen for a  
breakfaſt.

FUL. What man? thirteen? is't poſſible thoulyeſt not?

BEN. I was once a Scholler, then I beg'd without pittie : from  
thence I practiz'd law, there a ſcruple of conſcience popt me over  
the barre : a Souldier I turnd a while', but could not procure the  
letter of preferment. Merchant I would bee, and a glut of land-  
rats gnawd me to the bones ; would have bought an office, but  
the places with reverſions were catcht up : offered to paſſe into the  
Court, and wanted truſt for cloathes ; was laſtly, for my good parts  
preſt into the Gallies, tooke priſoner, redeemd amongſt other  
ſlaves by your gay great man, they call him AURIA : and am  
now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ee like me?  
ſay.

FUL. A ſhaver of all trades ; what courſe of life  
Doeſt meane to follow next? ha? ſpeake thy minde.

Guz. Nor be thou daunted fellow : we our ſelves  
Have felt the frownes of fortune in our dayes.

BEN. I want extreamply, exceedingly, hideouſſy.

LE. Take that, enjoy it freely, wiſely uſe it. *Throws a purſe.*  
Th'advantage of thy fate, and know the giver. *Exit.*

# The Ladies Triall.

FUL. Hoy da, a purse in troath wh o dropt, stay, stay,  
Vmh; have we gipsies here? oh mine is safe  
Is't your purse, brother Don?

Guz. Not mine, I seldome  
Weare such unfashionable trash about me.

FUL. Hast any money in it; honest blade?  
A bots on empty purses.

Guz. Wee desie them.

BEN. Stand from about me, as you are mortall, you are dull  
clod-pated lumpes of mire and garbish. This is the land of Fairies,  
Emperiall Queene of Elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services,  
my blood, my sinewes to thee, sweete soveraigne of largesse, and  
liberality — a French Taylor neate; Persian Cooke; dainty!  
Greeke Wines; rich Flanders Mares; stately Spanish Sallads, poy-  
nant, Venetian, wanton, ravishing, English Bawd unmatchable sirs I  
am fitted.

FUL. All these thy followers, miserable pigmies  
Prate sence and don't be mad, I like thy humour,  
Tis pretty odde, and so as one might say,  
I care not greatly if I entertaine thee,  
Dost want a master? if thou dost I am for thee  
Else choose, and sneake up; pish I scorne to flinch man.

Guz. Forsake not faire advancement, money certes  
Will fleet and drop off, like a cozening friend,  
Who holds it, holds a slippery Eele byth' tayle,  
Unlesse he gripe it fast, be rul'd by counsell.

BEN. Excellent, what place shall I be admitted to?  
Chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable.

FUL. Why one and all, th'art welcome, lets shake hands on't,  
Thy name?

BEN. *Parado* Sir

FUL. The great affaires  
I shall employ thee most in wilbe newes,  
And telling whats a clocke, for ought I know yet.

BEN. It is sir to speake punctually some hour and halfe  
Eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, Sir

FUL. I doe not aske thee now, or if I did

# The Ladies Triall.

We are not much the wiser, and for newes —

BEN. *Auria*, the fortunate is this day to bee receavd with great solemnity at the city counsell house, the streets are already throngd with lookers on.

FUL. Thats well remembred, brother Don let's tudge,  
Or we shall come too late.

Guz. By no meanes, brother.

FUL. Waite close my ragged new-come,

BEN. As your shaddowes.

*Exit.*

*Enter Auria, Adurni, Martino, Trelcatio, Aurelio,  
Piero, and Futilli.*

AURI. Your favours with these honours, speake your bounties  
And tho the low defects of my success  
Appeare in your constructions faire and goodly,  
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,  
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them,  
The Duke of Florence hath too highly prizd  
My duty in my service, by example,  
Rather to cherish and encourage vertue,  
In spirits of action, then to crowne the issue  
Of feeble undertakings. whiles my life  
Can stand in use I shal no longer rate it  
In value then it stirres to pay that debt,  
I owe my countrie for my birth and fortunes.

MART. Which to make good, our state of *Genoa*  
Not willing that a native of her owne,  
So able for her safety, should take pension  
From any other Prince; hath cast upon you  
The government of *Corfica*.

TREL. Addes thereto  
Besides th'allowance yearly due, for ever  
To you and to your heires, the full reventw  
Belonging to *Savona*; with the office  
Of Admirall of *Genoa*.

ADUR. Presenting

# The Ladies Triall.

By my hands, from their publique treasury,  
A thousand Ducates.

MAR. But they limit only  
One moneth of stay, for your dispatch, no more.

FUR. In all your great attempts, may you grow thrifty,  
Secure, and prosperous.

PIE. If you please to ranke,  
Amongst the humblest one that shall attend  
Instructions under your command, I am  
Ready to waite the charge.

AUR I. Oh still the state  
Engageth me her creature with the burthen  
Unequall for my weakenesse, to you gentlemen  
I will prove friendly honest, of all mindefull.

AD. In memory (my Lord, such is your stile now)  
Of your late fortunate exployts, the counsell  
Amongst their generall acts, have registred  
The great Dukes letters, witnesse of your merit  
To stand in characters upon record.

AUR I. Load upon load let not my want of modesty  
Trespasse against good manners, I must study  
Retirement to compose this weighty businesse  
And moderately digest so large a plenty.  
For feare it swel unto a surfeit.

AD. May I  
be bould to presse a visit?

AUR I. At your pleasure,  
Good time of day, and peace,  
Oes: health to your Lordship.

AD. What of *Spinella* yet?

FUR. Quite lost no prints,  
Or any tongue c'f'acing her, how ever  
Matters are huddled up: I doubt my Lord  
Her husband carries little peace about him.

AD. fall danger what fall can, she is a goodnesse  
Above temptation, more to be ador'd  
Then sified; I'me too blame sure.

# The Ladies Triall.

**FUR.** *Levidolche,*  
For her part too, laughd at *Malfatos* frenzie  
(Just so she term'd it) but for you (my Lord)  
She said shee thankd your charity, which lent  
Her crooked soule, before it left her body,  
Some respite, wherein it might learne againe  
The means of growing streight.

**AD.** Shee has found mercy,  
Which I will seeke, and sue for.

**FUR.** You are happy. *Exit.*

*Enter Auria, and Aurelio.*

**AUR I.** Count of *Savona*, *Genoas* Admirall,  
Lord governor of *Corfica*, enrould  
A Worthy of my country, sought and su'd to  
Prais'd, courted, flatterd; sure this bulke of mine,  
Tayles in the size a timpany of greatnesse  
Puffes up too monstrously my narrow chest,  
How surely dost thou malice, these extremes,  
Vncomfortable man? when I was needy,  
Cast naked on the flats of barren pittie,  
Abated to an ebbe so low, that boyes  
A Cocke-horse friskd about me, without plunge  
You could chat gravely then, in formall tones,  
Reason most paradoxically; now  
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising  
becalmes your learned noyse.

**AURE.** Such flourish *Auria*,  
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft  
Thy suddaine joyes into a faithlesse harbor.

**AUR I.** Canst mutter mischiefe, I observd your dulnesse,  
Whiles the whole ging crowd to me harke my triumphs  
Are eccho'd under every rooffe, the ayre  
Is streightend with the sound, there is not roome  
Enough to brace them in, but not a thought  
Doth pierce into the griefe that cabins heare,

# The Ladies Trial.

Here through a creeke a little in-let crawles,  
A flake no bigger than a sisters threed,  
Which sets the region of my heart a fire.  
I had a kingdome once, but am depos'd  
From all that royaltie of blest content,  
By a confederacie twixt love and frailtie:

AURE. glories in publick view, but adde to miserie,  
Which travailes in unrest at home.

AUR I. At home?

That home *Aurelio* speakes of, I have lost,  
And which is worse, when I have rowld about,  
Toild like a pilgrime, round this globe of earth,  
Wearied with care, and over-worne with age,  
Lodg'd in the grave, I am not yet at home,  
There rots but halfe of me, the other part  
Sleeps, heaven knowes where, would she and I my wife,  
I meane, but what alas talke I of wife,  
The woman, would we had together fed  
On any out-cast parings, course and mouldy,  
Not liv'd divided thus, I could have beg'd  
For both, for 't had been pittie she should ever  
Have felt so much extremitie.

AURE. This is not  
Patience requir'd in wrongs of such vile nature,  
You pittie her, thinke rather on revenge.

AUR I. Revenge! for what? (uncharitable friend)  
On whom? lets speake a little pray with reason,  
You found *Spinella* in *Adurnies* house,  
Tis like a' gave her welcome very likely,  
Her sister and another with her, so  
Invited, nobly done; but he with her  
Privately chamberd, he deserves no wife  
Of worthy qualitie, who dares not trust  
Her vertue in the proofes of any danger.

AURE. But I broke ope the doores upon em.

AUR I. Marry, it was a slovenly presumption,  
And punishable by a sharpe rebuke.



# The Ladies Triall.

I tell you sir, I in my younger growth,  
Have by the stealth of privacie enjoyd  
A Ladies closet, where to have prophand  
That shrine of chasticie and innocence,  
With one unhallowed word, would have exild  
The freedome of such favour into scorn.  
Had any be alive then ventur'd there,  
With soule construction, I had stamp't the justice  
Of my unguiltie truth upon his heart.

AURE. *Adorni* might have done the like, but that  
The conscience of his fault in coward blood,  
blusht at the quick surprisall.

AUR I. O fie, fie.  
How ill some argue in their sowre reproofe,  
Against a partie liable to law:  
For had that Lord offended with that creature,  
Her presence would have doubled every strength  
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit  
Of noble shame, else twas enough in both  
With a smile onely to correct your rudenesse.

AURE. Tis well you make such use of neighbours courtesie,  
Some kinde of beasts are tame, and hug their injuries:  
Such way leads to a fame too.

AUR I. Not uncivilly, though violently, friend.

AURE. Wherefore then, thinke yee,  
Can she absent her selfe, if she be blamelesse?  
You grant of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd,  
And I in person told her your returne.  
Where lies she hid the while?

AUR I. That rests for answer  
In you, now I come t'ee, vve have exchange'd  
bosomes, *Aurelio*, from our yeares of childhood,  
Let me acknowledge vvith vvhat pride I ovvne  
A man so faithfull, honest, fast, my friend:  
He vvhom if I speake fully, never faild  
by teaching trust to me, to learne of mine,  
I vvish't my selfe thine equal; if I aynd

# The Ladies Triall.

A wrong, twas in an envie of thy goodnesse,  
So dearly wisse with me my integritie,  
I layd thee up to heart, that from my love,  
My wife was but distinguisht in her sex,  
Give back that holy signature of friendship,  
Cancel'd, defac'd, pluckt off, or I shall urge,  
Accounts scor'd on the tally of my vengeance,  
Without all former complements.

AURE. D'ee imagine

I fawne upon your fortunes, or intrude  
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,  
That you cashier me at a minutes warning?  
No, *Auria*, I dare vie with your respects,  
Put both into the ballance, and the poysie  
Shall make a setled stand, perhaps the proffer,  
So frankly vowd at your departure first  
Of setling me a partner in your purchase,  
Leads you into opinion of some ends  
Of mercenary fallshood, yet such wrong  
Left suites a noble soule.

AURI. By all my sorrowes,  
The mention is too course.

AURE. Since then th'occasion  
Presents our discontinuance, use your libertie:  
For my part I am resolute to die  
The same my life profest me.

AURI. Pish, your faith  
Was never in suspition; but consider,  
Neither the Lord nor Lady, nor the bawd,  
Which shuffled them together, opportunitie  
Have fastned staine on my unquestion'd name,  
My friends rash indiscretion was the bellows  
Which blew the cole now kindled to a flame,  
Will light his slander to all wandring eyes.  
Some men in giddie zeale ore-doe that office  
They catch at, of whose number is *Aurelio*:  
For I am certaine, certaine it had beene

# The Ladies Triall.

Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,  
but my *Spinella*, trembling on her knee,  
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, have beg'd  
A speedy execution on her trespasse,  
Then with a justice lawfull as the magistrates,  
Might I have drawne my sword against *Adurni*,  
Which now is sheathed and rusted in the scabberd ;  
Good thanks to your cheape providence, once more  
I make demand --- my wife --- you --- fir.

AURE. Roare lowder

The noyse affrights not me, threaten your enemies,  
And prove a valiant tongue man --- now must follow,  
by way of method, the exact condition  
Of rage which runnes to mutinie in friendship.

*Auria* come on, this weapon lookes not pale  
At sight of that againe heare and believe it,  
What I have done, was well done and well meant ;  
Twenty times over, were it new to doe.  
I de doo't and doo't, and boast the paines religious ;  
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value  
Other severity.

AUR I. Honor and duty

Stand my compurgators, never did passion  
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword,  
Against *Aurelio*, let me rather want  
My hands, nay friend, a heart then ever suffer  
Such dotage enter here, if I must loose  
*Spinella*, let me not proceed to misery,  
by loosing my *Aurelio*, we through madnesse,  
Frame strange conceirs, in our discoursing braines,  
And prate of things as we pretend they were,  
Joyne helpe to mine (good man) and let us listen  
After this straying soule, and till we finde her,  
beare our discomfort quietly.

AURE. So doubtlesse,

She may be soone discoverd.

AUR I. Thus spoake chearefully.

# The Ladies Triall.

Why theres a friend now, — *Auria* and *Aurelio*

At oddes oh't cannot — must not, and shanot — *Enter Castanna.*

But looke *Castanna* here, — welcome faire figure  
Of a choice Jewel, lockd up in a cabinet,  
More pretious then the publique view should sully.

**CAST.** Sir how you are informd, or on what termes  
Of prejudice against my course, or custome,  
Opinion swaies your confidence, I know not  
Much anger, if my feares perswade not falsely,  
Sits on this gentlemans sterne brow, yet sir,  
If an unhappy maids word may finde credit,  
As I wish harme to no body on earth,  
So would all good folkes may with none to me.

**AUR I.** None does sweete sister.

**CAST.** If they doe, deare heaven  
Forgive them is my prayer, but perhaps,  
You might conceave (and yet methinks you shold not)  
How I am faulty in my sisters absence,  
Indeed tis nothing so, nor was I knowing  
Of any private speech my Lord intended,  
Save civill entertainement, pray what hurt  
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?  
Sure noble men will shew that they are such  
With those of their owne ranke, and that was all  
My sister can be charg'd with.

**AUR I.** Ist not friend, an excellent maide?

**AURE.** Deserves the best of fortunes;  
I ever spoke her vertuous.

**CAST.** With your leave,  
You usd most cruell language to my sister,  
Enough to fright her wits, not very kinde  
To me my selfe, she sighd when you were gone,  
Desird no creature else should follow her;  
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,  
I markd not well which way shee went.

**AUR I.** Staid she not  
Within the house then?

# The Ladies Triall.

CAST. Lasse not she ——— *Aurelio*  
Was passing rough.

AUR I. Strange! no where to be found out.

CAST. Not yet, but on my life, ere many howers,  
I shall heare from her.

AUR I. Shalt thou? worthy maide,  
Thast brought to my sicke heart a cordiall ---- friend  
Good newes ---- most sweete *Cassiana*.

AURE. May it prove so.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Benatzi as before.*

BEN. The paper in the purse for my directions appoynted this  
the place, the time now, here dance I attendance — shee is come  
already.

*Enter Levidolche.*

LE. Parado, so I over heard you nam'd:

BEN. A mushroom sprung up in a minute, by the sun-shine of  
your benevolent grace, liberality and hospitable compassion (most  
magnificent beauty) have long since lye bed-rid in the ashes of the  
old world till now, your illustrious charity hath rak'd up the dead  
embers by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours as you  
shall please to new shape mee.

LE. A gratefull man (it seemes) where gratitude  
Has harbor; other furniture becoming  
Accomplish'd qualities must needs inhabit,  
What country claimes your birth?

BEN. None, I was borne at sea, as my mother was in passage  
from cape Ludugory to cape Cligliary toward Affrick in Sardinia,  
was bred up in Aquilastro, and at yeares put my selfe in service un-  
der the Spanish Viceroy: till I was taken prisoner by the Turkes.  
I have tasted in my daies handsome store of good and bad, and am  
thankfull for both.

LE. You seeme the issue then of honest parents.

BEN. Reputed no lesse: many children oftentimes inherit their  
lands who peradventure never begot them: my mothers husband  
was a very old man at my birth, but no man is too old to father his  
wives childe, your servant I am sure I will ever prove my selfe  
entirely.

# The Ladies Triall.

LE. Dare you be secret ?

BEN. Yes.

LE. And suddaine.

BEN. Yes.

LEV. But withall, sure of hand, and spirit.

BEN. Yes, yes, yes.

LE. I use not many words, the time prevents 'em,  
A man of quality has rob'd mine honour.

BEN. Name him.

LE. *Adurni*.

BEN. A' shall bleed.

LE. *Malfato* contemn'd my proffered love.

BEN. Yoake 'em in death — whats my reward ?

LE. Propose it, and enjoy it.

BEN. You for my wife.

LE. Ha!

BEN. Nothing else, deny mee.

And ile betray your counsellis to your ruine ;

Else doe the feate couragiously --- consider.

LE. I doe dispatch the taske I have enjoya'd,  
Then claime my promise.

BEN. No such matter, pretty one,  
Weele marry first — or ---- farewell.

LE. Stay, examine  
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st  
Into thy bosome, tho I blush to say it,  
Know I have without sence of shame, or honour,  
Forsooke a lawfull marriage bed, to dally  
Betweene *Adurnis* armes.

BEN. This Lords.

LE. The same; more not content with him I courted,  
A newer pleasure, but was there refus'd by him I nam'd so late.

BEN. *Malfato*.

LE. Right, am henceforth resolutely bent to print  
My foll es on their hearts, then change my life  
For some rare pennance, canst thou love me now ?

BEN. Better I doe believe tis possible you may mend,

# The Ladies Triall.

All this breakes off no bargain.

LE. Accept my hand, with this a faith as constanc  
As vowes can urge, nor shall my haste prevent  
This contract, which death only must divorce.

BEN. Settle the time.

LE. Meete here to morrow night,  
We wil determine further, as behoves us.

BEN. How is my new love call'd?

LE. *Levidolche*, be confident, I bring a worthy portion;  
But you'l flie off.

BEN. Not I, by all thats noble,  
A kisse --- farewell --- deare fate. *Exit.*

LE. Love is sharpe sighted  
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises,  
False pleasures I casheere ye, faire truth welcome. *Exit.*

---

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Malfato, and Spinella.*

MALFATO.

HERE you are safe, (sad cosen) if you please  
May over-say the circumstance of what  
You late discourst, mine eares are gladly open,  
For I my selfe am in such hearty league  
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language  
Charmes my attention.

SPI. But my husbands honours,  
By how much more in him they sparkle cleerly  
by so much more they tempt beleefe to credit  
The wrack and ruine of my injur'd name.

MAL. Why cosen should the earth cleave to the rootes,  
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,  
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes  
Might waite the uproare, tis the guilty trembles

# The Ladies Triall.

At horrors, not the innocent, you are cruell  
In censuring a libertie allowd.  
Speake freely, gentle cousin, was *Adorni*  
Importunately wanton?

SP I. In excesse  
Of entertainment, else not.

MAL. Not the boldnesse  
Of an uncivill courtship.

SP I. What that meant,  
I never understood, I have at once

Set barres between my best of earthly joyes,  
And best of men, so excellent a man

As lives without comparision, his love  
To me was matchlesse.

MAL. Yet put case, sweet cousin,  
That I could name a creature, whose affection

Followd your *Auria* in the height : affection  
To you ; even to *Spinella*, true and fetled,

As ever *Auria's* was, can, is, or will be:  
You may not chide the storie.

SP I. Fortunes minions  
Are flattered, not the miserable.

MAL. Listen to a strange tale, which thus the authour sigh'd,  
A kinsman of *Spinella* (so it rannes)

Her fathers sisters soune, some time before  
*Auria* the fortunate possess her beauties,

Became inamor'd of such rare perfections,  
As she was stor'd with, fed his idle hopes

With possibilities of lawfull conquest,  
Propo'd each difficultie in pursuit

Of what his vaine supposall fill'd his owne,  
Found in the argument one onely flaw

Of conscience, by the nearnesse of their bloods,  
Unhappy scruple, easly dispenc'd with,

Had any friends advice resolv'd the doubt,  
Still in a lov'd, and lov'd, and wisht, and wisht,

Est-soone began to speake, yet soone broke off,



# The Ladies Trial.

And still the fondling durst not, cause a' durst not.

SP1. 'Twas wonderfull,

MAL. Exceeding wonderfull,

Beyond all wonder, yet tis knowne for truth,

After her marriage, when remaind not ought

Of expectation to such fruitlesse dotage.

His reason then, now, then could not reduce

The violence of passion, tho' a' vowd

Never to unlock that secret, scarce to her

Herselfe, *Spinella*, and withall resolv'd,

Not to come neare her presence, but to avoyd

All opportunities how ever proffered.

SP1. An understanding dull by th' infelicities

Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive

In pregnant noveltie, my eares receive

The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts

Are fastned on another subject.

MAL. Can you embrace, so like a darling, your owne woes,

And play the tyrant with a partner in them?

Then I am thankfull for advantage, urg'd

By fatall and enjoynd necessitie,

To stand up in defence of injur'd vertue,

Will against any, I except no qualitie,

Maintaine all supposition misapplied,

Unhonest, false, and villanous.

SP1. Deare cousin, as y' are a gentleman,

MAL. Ile blesse that hand,

Whose honourable pittie scales the passport

For my incessant turmoyles, to their rest!

If I prevaile, (which heaven forbid) these ages

Which shall inherit ours, may tell posteritie

*Spinella* had *Malfato* for a kinsman,

By noble love made jealous of her fame.

SP1. No more, I dare not heare it.

MAL. All is sayd:

Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,

From my unpleasent voyce, of amorous folly—

Enter Ca-  
stanna.

# The Ladies Triall. V

CAST. Your summons warn'd me hicher, I am come  
Sister, my sister twas an unkinde part,  
Not to take me along w'ee.

MAL. Chide her for it,  
*Castanna*, this house is as freely yours,  
As ever was your fathers.

CAST. we conceive so,  
Tho your late strangeness hath bred mervaile in us,  
But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?  
Am I not welcome t'ee?

SPI. Lives *Auria* safe?  
Oh prithee doe not heare me call him husband,  
before thou canst resolve what kinde of wife  
His fury termes the runne away, speake quickly,  
Yet doe not stay *Castanna*, I am lost,  
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,  
And hee, good man, believes it.

CAST. Now in truth ----

SPI. Hold, my heart trembles, I perceive thy tongue  
Is great with ill's and hastes to be delivered,  
I should not use *Castanna* so, first tell me,  
Shortly and truely tell me how he does.

CAST. In perfect health.

SPI. For that my thanks to heaven.

MAL. The world hath not another wife like this,  
Cosen you will not heare your sister speake,  
So much your passion rules.

SPI. Even what she pleases: goe on *Castanna*.

CAST. Your most noble husband  
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves  
At his soules love, *Spinellas* cautelous absence.

MAL. Why looke ye cosen now?

SPI. Indeede.

CAST. Will value no counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,  
Neither admits of likelyhood at all,  
That you are living: if you were hee's certaine  
It were impossible you could conceale

# The Ladies Triall.

Your welcomes to him, being all one with him,  
But as for jealousie of your dishonor,  
Hee both laughes at and scornes it.

SPI. Does a'.

MAL. Therein he shewes himselfe desertfull of his happinesse,

CAST. Methinks the newes should cause some motion sifter.

You are not well.

MAL, Not well.

SPI. I am unworthy,

MAL. Of whom? what? why?

SPI. Goe cosen, come *Castanna*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Trelcatio, Piero, and Futilli.*

TREL. The state in counsel is already set,  
My comming will bee late; now therefore gentlemen,  
This house is free as your intents are sober,  
Your paines shall be accepted.

FUT. Mirth sometimes falls into earnest signior.

PIE. Wee for our parts aime at the best.

TREL. You wrong your selvs & me selfe, good success t'ee. *Exit.*

PIE. *Futilli* tis our wisest course to follow

Our pastime with discretion, by which means

Wee may ingratiate as our businesse hits,

Our undertakings to great *Aurias* favour.

FUT. I grow quite weary of this lazie custome

Attending on the fruitlesse hopes of service,

For meate and ragges, a wit, a shrewd preferment

Study some scurrill jests, grow old and beg

No let em be admir'd that love foule linnen.

Ile runne a new course.

PIE. Get the coyne we spend,

And knocke 'em ore the pate who jeers our earnings--

FUT. Husht man, one suiter comes.

*Musicke.*

PIE. The tother followes.

*Enter Amoretta.*

FUT. Be not so lowd — here comes *Madona* sweete lips.

# The Ladies Triall.

Mithreth, inthooth for thooth, will lithpe it to uth.

AMO. Dentlemen then ye ith thith muchicke yourth, or can ye tell what great manths fidleth, made it tith vedce petty noyth, but who thold thend it.

PIE. does not your selfe know Lady.

AMO. I doe not uth  
To thpend lip labour upon quethtionths,  
That I my thelfe can anthwer.

FUT. No sweet madam,  
Your lips are destind to a better use,  
Or else the proverbe failes of lisping maids.

AMO. Kithing you mean pey come behind with your mockths  
My lipthas will therve the one to kith the other ---- (then,  
How now whath neckt?

## SONG.

**VV** Hat hoe we come to be merry,  
Open the doores a Joviall crew,  
Lusty boyes and free, and very,  
Very, very lusty boys are wee,  
We can drinke till all looke blew,  
Dance sing and roare,  
Never give ore.

As long as we have nere an eye to see  
Pithee, pithee, letts come in,  
One thall all our favours win,  
Dently, dently, we thall passe,  
None kitheth like the lisping lasse.

PIE. What call yee this a song?

AMO. Yeth a delithious thing, and wondroth precy,

FUT. A very country catch--doubtlesse some prince  
Belike hath sent it to congratulate  
Your nights repose.

AMO. Thinke ye tho thignior,

# The Ladies Triall.

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh  
That thuns the light.

PIE. Perhaps the prince of darkenesse.

AMO. Of darkeneth what ith he?

FUL. A courtier matchlesse

A' woes, and wins, more beauties to his love

Then all the kings on earth. *Enter Fulgoso.*

AMO. Whea thandeth hith court pey \_\_\_\_\_

FUL. This gentleman approaching I presume,  
Has more relation to his court then I,  
And comes in timet'informe ye.

AMO. Think ye thó:ime thure you know him,

PIE. Lady youl perceave it.

FUL. She seemes in my first entrance to admire me,  
Protest she eyes me round; *Fulg.* shees is thine owne.

PIE. Noble *Fulgoso.*

FUL. Did you heare the musique?

Twas I that brought it, was't not tickling? ah ha

AMO. Pay what pinth thent it.

FUL. Prince, no Prince but we,  
We set the ditty and composd the song,  
Theres nos a note or foote in't, but our owne,  
And the pure trodden mortar of this braine,  
We can doe things and things.

AMO. Doo'd thing't youa thelfe then.

FUL. Nay, nay, I could never sing  
More then a gib cat, or a very howler,  
But you shall heare me whistle it.

AMO. Thith thingth thome jether,  
Thure he belongth unto the printh of darkneth.

PIE. Yes, and ile tell you what his office is,  
His Prince delights himselfe exceedingly  
In birds of divers kindes, this gentleman  
Is keeper and instructor of his black-birds, he tooke his skill first  
from his fathers carter.

AMO. Tith wonderfull to thee by what thrange meanes  
Thome men are raisd to plathes.

# The Ladies Triall.

FUL. I doe heare you,  
And thanke ye heartily for your good wills,  
In setting forth my parts, but what I live on,  
Is simple trade of money from my lands.  
Hang sharkes, I am no shifter.

AMO. It's pothible ----  
Bleth uth whoth thith?

Enter Guzman.

FUT. Oh it is the man of might.

GUZ. May my addresse to beauty lay no scandall  
Upon my martiall honour, since even *Mars*  
Whom as in war, in love I imitate,  
Could not resist the shafts of *Cupid*, therefore  
As with the god of Warre, I deigne to stoop.  
Lady vouchsafe loves goddesse like to yield  
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portalls  
Of valiant breath, that hath ore-turnd an army.

AMO. Fay'a weather, keepe me, what a thorme it's thith?

FUT. Oh Don keepe off at further distance yet  
A little farther, doe you not observe  
How your strong breath hath terrifyd the Lady?

GUZ. Ile stop the breath of war and breath as gently  
As a perfum'd paire of sucking' bellows  
In some sweete Ladies chamber, for I can  
Speake Lyon-like, or sheepe like, when I please.

FUT. Stand by then, without noise a while brave Don  
And let her only view your parts, they'le take her.

GUZ. Ile publish them in silence.

PIE. Stand you there  
*Falgsso* the magnificentr.

FUL. Heate?

PIE. Just there,  
Let her survey you both; youle be her choyce  
Nere doubt it, man.

FUT. I cannot doubt it, man.

PIE. But speake not till I bid you.

FUL. I may whistle.

PIE. A little to your selfe, to spend the time.

# The Ladies Triall.

AMO. Both foolth you thay.

FUT. But heare them for your sport.

PIE. Don shal begin,—begin Don, she has surveyd  
Your outwards and your inwards through the rents,  
And wounds of your apparell.

Guz. She is politicke,

My out-side Lady shrowds a prince obscurd;

AMO. I thanke ye for your muthicke printh.

Guz. My words

Are musique to her.

AMO. The muthicke and the thong

You thent me by thith whichling thing, your man?

Guz. She tooke him for my man, love thou wert just.

FUL. I wonot hould, his man, tis time to speake

Before my time, oh scurvy, I his man?

That has no meanes for meat or ragges, and seame-rents.

Guz. Have I with this one rapier.

PIE. He has no other.

Guz. Past through a field of pikes, whose heads I lope

As easily as the bloody minded youth

Lopt off the poppy heads.

FUL. The puppit heads.

Guz. Have I — have I — have I?

FUL. Thou lyeest thou hast nor,

And ile mayn'r.

Guz. Have I --- but let that passe,

For tho my famous acts were damb'd to silence,

Yet my discent shall crowne me thy superior.

AMO. That I would lithen to.

Guz. Lift and wonder,

My great, great Grandfir was an ancient Duke,

Scild *Dis? vir di Gonzado.*

FUT. Thats in Spanish

An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,

An unmatched rogue, he thinkes we understand not.

Guz. So was my grandfather height Argozile.

FUL. An arrant, arrant theefe leader, pray mocke it.

# The Ladies Triall.

Guz. My grandfire by the mothers side a Condee,  
Condee Scrivano.

FUT. A crop-card Scrivener.

Guz. Whose son, my mothers father was a Marquis,  
*Huio di puts.*

PIE. Thats the sonne of a whore.

And my renowned fire Don *Piccaco.*

FUT. In proper sence a rascall — O brave Don.

Guz. *Huio di una pravado* ---

PIE. A' goes on,

Son of a branded bitch--- high spirited Don,

Guz. Had honors both by sea and land, to wit.

FUT. The Gallies and Bride-well.

FUL. He not endure it,

To heare a canting mungrell---- Heare me lady,

Guz. Tis no faire play.

FUL. I care not faire or foule,

I from a King derive my pedigree,

King *Oberon* by name, from whom my father

The mightie and courageous *Mounti-banco,*

Was lineally descended, and my mother

(In right of whose blood, I must ever honor

The lower Germany) was a *Harlequine.*

FUT. He blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother side.

FUL. Her father was Grave *Hans van Herne,* the son.

Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen

Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neck.

Guz. Oh Diabolo.

FUL. Ten thousand Divels, nor Diabolos

Shall fright me from my pedigree, my uncle

*Tacob van Flagon* draught, with *Abraham Snorten fert*

And yongster Brogen soh with fourscore hargubush,

Manag'd by well-lin'd Butter-boxes, tooke

A thousand Spanish Iobber-nowles by surpris,

And beat a sponce about their eares.

Guz. My furis



# The Ladies Triall.

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life.

*Drawes.*

AMO. Lath they thall not fight.

FUT. Feare not, sweet Lady.

PIE. Be advi'd great spirits.

FUL. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels,  
Else hang't, who cares?

Guz. Mine honour is my tutour,  
A lready try'd and knowne.

FUT. Why there's the poynt,  
Mine honour is my tutour too, Noble men  
Fight in their persons, scorn't, tis out of fashion,  
Theres none but hare-brain'd youths of metall use it.

PIE. Yet put not up your swords, it is the pleasure  
Of the faire Lady, that you quit the field,  
With brandisht blades in hand.

FUT. And more to shew  
your suffering valour, as her equall favours,  
you both should take a competence of kickes.

AMBO. How?

FUT. PIE. Thus and thus, away you brace of stinkards,

FUL. Pheugh, as it were.

Guz. Why since it is her pleasure, I dare and will endure it.

FUL. Pheugh.

PIE. Away, but stay below.

FUT. Budge not, I charge yee,  
Till you have further leave.

Guz. Mine honour claimes  
The last foot in the field.

FUL. Ile lead the van then. *Exit. Enter Trelocatio.*

FUT. yet more, be gone, are not these pretious suiters ---

TREL. What tumults fright the house?

FUT. A brace of Castrels,  
That flattered fir, about this lovely game  
your daughter, but they durst not give the souze  
And so tooke hedge.

PIE. Mee Haggards, Buzzards, Kites.

AMO, Ith korne, thuch trumpe and will thape my luffe,  
Henth

# The Ladies Trial.

Henth forth ath thall my father becht direct me.

TREL. Why now thou singst in tune, my *Amoretta*,  
And my good friends, you have likewise Physitians,  
Prescrib'd a healthfull dyer, I shall thinke on  
A bounty for your paines, and will present yee  
To noble *Auria* : such as your descents  
Commend, but for the present we must quit  
This roome to privacie : they come——

AMO. Nay predee,  
Leave me not Dantlemen.

FUT. We are your servants. *exeunt.*

*Enter Auria, Adurni, and Aurelio,*

AUR I. Y'are welcome, be assur'd you are, for prooffe,  
Retrive the boldnesse (as you please to terme it)  
Of visit to commands, if this mans presence  
Be not of use, dismisse him.

ADUR. Tis (with favour)  
Of consequence my Lord, your friend may witnesse  
How farre my reputation stands ingag'd  
To noble reconcilment.

AUR I. I observe  
No partie here amongst us, who can challenge  
A motion of such honour.

ADUR. Could your lookes  
Borrow more cleare severitie and calmnesse,  
Than can the peace of a composed soule,  
Yet I presume, report of my attempt  
(Train'd by a curiosity in youth)  
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tempests  
Which will at last break out.

AUR I. Hid now (most likely)  
I'ch darknesse of your speech.

AURE. you may be plainer.

ADUR. I shall my Lord, that I intended wrong,

AUR I. Ha? wrong? to whom?

ADUR. To *Auria*, and as farre

# The Ladies Triall.

As language could prevaile, did—

AUR I. Take advice,

(Young Lord) before thy tongue betray a secret  
Conceald yet from the world; heare and consider  
In all my flight of vanitie and giddinesse,  
VVhen scarce the wings of my exceffe were fledg'd,  
VVhen a distemperature of youthfull heat,  
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,  
Even then, and so from thence till now the down  
Of softnesse is exchang'd for plumes of age,  
Confirm'd and hardned, never durst I pitch  
On any howsoever likely rest,  
VVhere the presumption might be consterd wrong,  
The word is hatefull, and the sence wants pardon:  
For as I durst not wrong the meanest, so  
He who but onely aimed by any boldnesse,  
A wrong to me, should finde I must not beare it,  
The one is as unmanly as the other.  
Now without interruption.

ADUR. Stand *Aurelio*,

And justifie thine accusation boldly,  
Spare me the needlesse use of my confession,  
And having told no more, then what thy jealousie  
Possesst thee with againe before my face,  
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitalitie  
*Adurni* trespass in, and thou conceavst  
Against *Spinella*; why proofes grow faint,  
If barely not supposed, Ile answere guilty.

AURE. You come not here to brave us.

ADUR. No *Aurelio*.

But to reply upon that brittle evidence,  
To which thy cunning never shall rejoyne.  
I make my Iudge my Iurie, be accountant  
VVhither withall the eagernesse of spleene  
Of a suspitious rage can plead, thou hast  
Enforc'd the likelihood of scandall.

AURE. Doubt not

# The Ladies Triall.

But that I have deliverd honest truth,  
As much as I believe, and justly witness.

ADUR. Loose grounds to raise a bulwarke of reproach on,  
And thus for that; my errand hither is not  
In whining trewant-like submission,  
To cry I have offended, pray forgive me,  
I will doe so no more : but to proclaime  
The power of vertue, whose commanding sovereignty,  
Sets bounds to rebell-bloods, and checke restraines,  
Custome of folly by example teaches  
A rule to reformation ; by rewards,  
Crownes worthy actions, and invites to honour.

AURE. Honour and worthy actions, best beseme  
Their lips who practice both, and not discourse 'em.

AUR I. Peace, peace, man, I am silent.

ADUR. Some there are,  
And they not few in number, who resolve  
No beauty can be chaste, less: unattempted;  
And for because the liberty of courtship  
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,  
Meeting oft times, too many soon seduced,  
Conclade, all may be won by gifts, by service,  
Or complements of vows; and with this file  
I stood in ranke, conquest securd my confidence,  
*Spinella* ( storme not *Auria* ) was an object  
Of study for fruition ; here I angled  
Not doubting the deceit could finde resistance.

AURE. After confession followes —

AUR I. Noyse observe him.

ADUR. Oh strange: by all the comforts of my hopes  
I found a woman good ; a woman good,  
Yet as I wish believe, or doe desire  
A memorable mention, so much majesty  
Of humbleness, and scorne, appeard at once  
In faire, in chaste, in wise *Spinellas* eyes,  
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frowne  
From her, could every flame of sensuall appetite.

# The Ladies Triall.

AUR I. On fir and doe not stop.

ADUR. Without protests,

I pleaded meercely love, usd not a sillable,  
But what a virgin might without a blush,  
Have listned to, and not well arm'd have pittied,  
But she neglecting, cry'd come *Auria*, come  
Fight for rhy wife at home, then in rushd you fir  
Talkd in much fury, parted, when as soone  
The Lady vanishd, after her the rest.

AUR I. What followd ?

ADUR. My commission on mine error,  
In execution whereof I have prov'd  
So punctually severe, that I renounce  
All memory, not to this one fault alone  
But to my other greater, and more irksome,  
Now he who ever ownes a name, that consters  
This repetition, the report of feare.  
Of falshood, or imposture, let him tell me  
I give my selfe the lye, and I will cleare  
The injury, and man to man, or if  
Such justice may prove doubtfull, two to two,  
Or three to three, or any way reprive  
Th' opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

AUR I. Who can you thinke I am ? did you expect  
So great a tameness as you finde, *Adurni*,  
That you cast lowd defiance ? say —

ADUR. I have rob'd you  
Of rigor (*Auria*) by my strict self-penance,  
For the presumption.

AUR I. Sure *Italians* hardly  
Admit dispute in questions of this nature,  
The tricke is new.

ADUR. I finde my absolution,  
By vowes of change from all ignoble practice.

AUR I. Why looke ye frind, I tould you this before  
You would not be perswaded, --- let me thinke.

AURE. You doe not yet deny that you solicited

# The Ladies Triall.

The Lady to ill purpose.

ADUR. I have answerd,  
But it returnd much quiet to my minde,  
Perplext with rare commotions.

AUR I. Thats the way  
It smoothes all rubs.

AURE. My Lord.

AUR I. Foh I am thinking  
You may talke forward, if it take tis cleare  
And then and then, and so and so.

ADUR. You labour with curious engins sure,

AUR I. Fine ones, I take ye  
To be a man of credit — else,

ADUR. Suspition is needlesse, know me better.

AUR I. Yet you must not part from me fir.

ADUR, For that your pleasure.

AUR. Come fight for thy wife at home my *Auria* --- yes  
We can fight my *Spinella*, when thine honor  
Relies upon a Champion — now.

*Enter Trelcatio.*

TREL. My Lord  
*Castanna* with her sifter, and *Malfato*  
Are newly enterd.

AUR I. Benot lowd; convey them  
Into the gallery --- *Aurelio*, friend  
*Adurni* Lord, we three will sit in counsell  
And peece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.

*Exit.*

---

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Martino, Benatzi, and Levidolche.*

MARTINO.

**R**uffian out of my doores, thou comst to rob me,  
An officer, what ho! my house is haunted  
By a lewd packe of theeves, of harlots, murtherers,

Rogues,

# The Ladies Triall.

Rogues, vagabonds, I foster a decoy here,  
And she trowles on her ragged customer,  
To cut my throat for pillage.

LEV. Good sir heare me,

BEN. Heare or not heare, let him rave his lungs out,  
Whiles this woman hath abode under this roote,  
I will justifie my selfe her bedfellow in despight  
Of deniall, in despight, those are my words.

MAR. Monstrous! why sirrah, do I keepe a bawdy-house,  
An hospitall for pandors? Oh thou monster,  
Thou she-confusion! are you growne so rampant,  
That from a privat wanton thou proclaimst thy selfe  
A baggage for all gamesters, Lords or Gentlemen,  
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,  
Rorers or hangmen, hey day, set up shop,  
And then cry a market open, toot, and welcome.

LEV. This is my husband.

MAR. Husband!

BEN. Husband naturall, I have married her,  
And whats your verdict on the match signior? |

MAR. Husband, and married her!

LEV. Indeed tis truth.

MAR. A proper joyning, give ye joy great mistresse,  
Your fortunes are advanc'd, marry are they,  
What joynture is assur'd pray? some three thousand  
A yeare in oathes and vermine? faire preferment.  
Was ever such a tattered ragge of mans flesh,  
Patch'd up for Copefmate to my Neeces daughter.

LE. Sir, for my mothers name forbear this anger,  
If I have yoak'd my selfe beneath your wishes,  
Yet is my choyce a lawfull one, and I  
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosome,  
As ere my faith hath bound me.

MAR. A sweet couple.

BEN. We are so, for mine owne part, however my out-side  
Appeare ungay, I have wraстled with death,  
Signior *Martino*, to preserve your sleepes, and such

# The Ladies Triall.

As you are untroubled, a souldier is in peace  
A mockery, a very towne-bull for laughter, unthrifts,  
And landed babies, are prey-curmudgeons,  
Lay their baits for, let the warres rattle about  
Your eares once, and the securitie of a souldier is  
Right honourable amongst yee then, that day  
May shine againe : so to my businesse.

MAR. A souldier! thou a souldier, I doe believe  
Th'art lowsie; that's a pretty signe I grant :  
A villanous poore Bandetti rather, one  
Can man a queane, and cant, and pick a pocket ,  
Pad for a cloake, or har, and in the darke  
Pistoll a stragler for a quarter Ducate.  
A souldier! yes, a lookes as if a had not  
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

BEN. Let age and dorage rage together, *Levidolche* thou art  
mine, on what conditions the world shall soone witnessse: yet since  
our hands joyn'd, I have not interess'd my possession of thy bed,  
nor till I have accounted to thy injun&tion, doe I meane : kisse mee  
quick and resolute. So adieu Signior.

LEV. Deare, for loves sake, stay.

BEN. Forbear intreaties. *Exit.*

MAR. Ah thou : but what? I know not how to call thee,  
Faine would I smother grieffe, and out it must,  
My heart is broke, thou hast for many a day  
Been at a losse, and now art lost for ever :  
Lost, lost, without recovery.

LEV. With pardon,

Let me retaine your sorrowes.

MAR. Tis impossible,  
Despaire of rising up to honest fame,  
Turnes all the courses wilde, and this last action  
Will roare thy infamie, then you are certainly  
Married forsooth, unto this new-come.

LEV. Yes, and herein every hope is brought to life,  
Which long hath laine in deadnesse, I have once more  
Wedded *Benatzi* my divorced husband,



# The Ladies Triall.

MAR. *Benatzi*, this the man?

LEV. No odde disguise

Could guard him from discoverie; tis he,  
The choyce of my ambition, heaven preserve me  
Thankfull for such a bounty; yet he dreames not  
Of this deceit, but let me die in speaking,  
If I repute not my successe more happy  
Then any earthly blessing; oh sweet uncle,  
Rejoyce with me, I am a faithfull convert,  
And will redeeme the stains of a foule name,  
By love and true obedience.

MAR. Force of passion

Shewes me a childe againe, doe *Levidolbe*,  
Performe thy resolutions, those perform'd,  
I have been onely steward for your welfare,  
You shall have all betweene yee.

LEV. Joyne with me fir,

Our plot requires much speed: we must be earnest,  
Ile tell ye: what conditions threaten danger,  
Unlesse you intermedate; let us hasten,  
For feare we come too late.

MAR. As thou intendest

A vertuous honestie, I am thy second  
To any office, *Levidolbe* wittie,  
My Neece, my wittie Neece.

LEV. Let's slack no time fir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Trelcatio, Malfato, Spinella and Castanna.*

TREL. Kinsman and Ladies, have a little patience,  
All will be as you wish, Ile be your warrant,  
Feare nothing, *Angia* is a noble fellow,  
I leave yee; but be sure I am in hearing:  
Take courage. *Exit.*

MAL. Courage, they who have no hearts,  
Finde none to lose; ours is as great as his,  
Who desie danger most, sure state and ceremonie

# The Ladies Triall.

In habit here like strangers we shall wait  
Formalitie of entertainment, Cousen,  
Let us returne, 'tis paulty.

SP I. Gentle sir,  
Confine your passion, my attendance onely  
Commends a dutie.

*Enter Auria,  
and Aurelio.*

Now for heavens sake sister —  
A' comes, your husband comes, take comfort sister

AUR I. *Malfato.*

MAL. *Auria.*

AUR I. Cosen, would mine armes  
In their embraces might at once deliver  
Affectonately what interest your merit  
Holds in my estimation, I may chide  
The coyneffe of this intercourse betwixt us,  
Which a retir'd privacie on your part  
Hath pleas'd to shew; if ought of my endeavours  
Can purchase kinde opinion, I shall honour  
The meanes and practice.

MAL. Tis your charitie.

AURE. VVorthy *Malfato.*

MAL. Provident *Aurelio.*

AUR I. *Castanna*, vertuous mayd,

CAS: Your servant, brother.

AUR I. But who's that other, such a face mine eyes  
Have been acquainted with, the sight resembles  
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance;  
VVhy do's the Lady kneele? to whom? pray rise;  
I shall forget civilitie of manners,  
Imagining you tender, a false tribute,  
Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.

MAL. My Lord, you use a borrowd bravery,  
Not suiting faire constructions, may your fort unes  
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em,  
Yet this warte kinde of antique soveraigntie  
Unto a wife who equals every best  
Of your deserts, atchievements, or posteritie,

Bewrayes

# The Ladies Triall.

Bewrayes a barrenesse of noble nature,  
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughnesse,  
Cleare spirits to the humble will be humble:  
You know your wife no doubt.

AUR I. Cry ye mercie Gentleman,  
Belike you come to tutour a good carriage,  
Are expert in the nicke ont, we shall study  
Instructions queintly, wife you sayd, agreed.  
Keepe faire, and stand the triall.

SP I. Those words raise  
A lively soule in her, who almost yeelded  
To faintnesse and stupiditie, I thanke yee,  
Tho prove what judge you will, till I can purge  
Objections which require believe and conscience,  
I have no kindred sifter, husband, friend,  
Or pittie for my plea.

MAL. Call ye this welcom? we are mistook *Castanna*.

CAS. Oh my Lord, other respects were promised.

AUR I. Said yee Lady,  
No kindred, sifter, husband, friend.

SP I. Nor name,  
With this addition, I disclaime all benefit  
Of mercie from a charitable thought,  
If one or all the subtilties of malice,  
If any enginiere of faithlesse discord,  
If supposition for pretence in folly,  
Can poynt out, without injurie to goodnesse,  
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,  
Which may declare neglect in every dutie,  
Requir'd fit, or exacted.

AUR I. High and peremptory,  
The confidence is masculine.

MAL. Why not, an honourable cause gives life to truth,  
Without controll.

SP I. I can proceed, that tongue,  
Whose venome by traducing spotlesse honour,  
Hath spread, th' infection is not more mine enemy,

# The Ladies Triall.

Then theirs, or his weake and besotted braines are,  
On whom the poyson of its cankred falshood  
Hath wrought for credit to so foule'a mischiefe.  
Speake sir, the churlish voyce of this combustion,  
*Aurelio* speake, nor (gentle sir) forbear  
Ought what you know, but roundly use your eloquence  
Against a meane defendant.]

MAL. Hee's put too't,  
It seemes the challenge gravels him.

AURE. My intelligence,  
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.  
A selfe confession may crave assistance,  
Let the Ladies justice impose the penance.  
So in the rules of friendship, as of love,  
Suspicion is not seldome an improper  
Advantage for the knitting faster joynts  
Of faithfullest affection by the fevers  
Of casualtie unloos'd, where lastly error  
Hath run into the toyle.

SP I. Wofull satisfaction for a divorce of hearts.

AUR I. So resolute,  
I shall touch nearer home, behold these haire,  
(Great Masters of a spirit) yet they are not  
By winter of old age quite hid in snow,  
Some messengers of time I must acknowledge  
Amongst them tooke up lodging, when we first  
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud,  
I did prevaile with one whose youth and beauty  
Deserv'd a choyce more sutable in both.  
Advancement to a fortune could not court,  
Ambition either on my side, or hers:  
Love drove the bargaine, and the truth of love  
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd, but disproportion  
In yeares, amongst the married, is a reason  
For change of pleasures, whereto I reply  
Our union was not forc'd, 'twas by consent;  
So then the breach in such a case appears

Unpardonable;

# The Ladies Triall.

Unpardonable; say your thoughts.

SEI. My thoughts in that respect are as resolute as yours,  
The same, yet herein evidence of frailtie  
Deserv'd not more a separation,  
Then doth charge of disloyaltie objected  
Without or ground or witness, womans faults  
Subject to punishments, and mens applauded,  
Prescribe no lawes in force.

AURE. Are ye so nimble.

MAL. A soul sublim'd from drosse by competition,  
Such as is mighty *Aurias* fam'd; descends  
From its owne Spheare, when injuries profound ones  
Yield to the combat of a scoulding masterie.  
Skirmish of words hath with your wife lewdly rang'd  
Adulterating the honour of your bed;  
Hold dispute, but execute your vengeance,  
With unresisted rage we shall looke on,  
Allow the fact, and spurne her from our blouds,  
Else not dete&ed, you have wrong'd her innocence  
Unworthily, and childishly, for which  
I challenge satisfaction.

CAS. Tis a tyranny  
Over an humble and obedient sweetnesse,  
Ungently to insult —

*Enter Adurni.*

ADUR. That I make good,  
And must without exception finde admittance  
Fitting the party who hath herein interest,  
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd meerely  
To a misguided thought, and who in presence  
Except the paire of sisters faire and matchlesse,  
Can quit an imputation of like folly?  
Here I aske pardon (excellent *Spinella*  
Of only you) that granted he amongst you,  
VWho calles an even reckoning, shall meet  
An even accountant.

AUR I. Baited by confederacie,

# The Ladies Triall.

I must have right.

SP I. And I, my Lord, my Lord,  
What stirre and coyle is here? you can suspect,  
So reconciliation then is needlesse,  
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,  
And never more see one another: sister,  
Lend me thine arme, I have assum'd a courage  
Above my force, and can hold out no longer,  
*Auria* unkinde, unkinde.

CAS. She faints.

AUR I. *Spinella*, regent of my affections, thou hast conquerd,  
I finde thy vertues as I left them, perfect,  
Pure, and unflaw'd, for instance let me claime  
*Castannas* promise.

CAS. Mine?

AUR I. Yours, to whose faith  
I am a guardian, not by imposition,  
But by you chosen, looke yee, I have fitted  
A husband for you, noble and deserving,  
No shrinking backe, *Adurni* I present her  
A wife of worth.

MAL. Howes that?

ADVR. So great a blessing  
Crownes all desires of life, the motion, Lady,  
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden,  
But welcom'd & forethought, would you could please  
To say the like.

AUR I. *Castanna* doe — Speake deereft,  
It rectifies all crookes, vaine surmises,  
I prethee speake.

SP I. The courtship's somewhat quick,  
The match it seemes agreed on, doe not sister  
Reject the use of fate.

CAS. I dare not question  
The will of heaven.

MAL. Vothought of and unlookt for.

SP I. My ever honored Lord.

# The Ladies Triall.

AURE. This marriage frees  
Each circumstance of jealousie.

AUR I. Make no scruple  
(*Castanna*) of the choyce, tis firme and reall,  
Why else have I so long with tamenesse nourisht  
Report of wrongs, but that I fixt on issue  
Of my desires, Italians use not dalliance  
But execution; herein I degenerated  
From custome of our nation: for the vertues  
Of my *Spinella* rooted in my soule,  
Yet common forme of matrimoniall complements,  
Short liv'd, as are their pleasures, yet in sooth,  
My dearest, I might blame your causelesse absence,  
To whom my love and nature were no strangers,  
But being in your kinsmans house, I honour  
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.  
Now latting truce on all hands.

AURE. You will pardon  
A rash and over-busie curiositie.

SPI. It was too blame, but the successe remits it.

AD. Sir, what presumptions formerly have grounded  
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,  
On my part I shall faithfully acquite  
At easie summons.

MAL. You prevent the nicetie,  
Use your owne pleasure---

AURE. Whats the matter?

AUR I. Matter?

BEN. *Adurni* and *Malfato* found together!  
Now for a glorious vengeance.

LEV. Hold, oh hold him.

AURE. This is no place for murder, yeeld thy sword.

AURE. Yeeld it, or force it; set you up your shambles  
Of slaughter in my presence.

ADUR. Let him come.

MAL. VVhat can the Ruffian meane?

BEN. I am prevented.

*Enter Benat-  
xi, his sword  
drawn, Levi-  
doleche and  
Martino fol-  
lowing.*

# The Ladies Triall.

The temple or the chamber of the Duke;  
Had else not prov'd a sanctuarie Lord,  
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

ADUR. Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.

AUR I. Feare nothing.

LE. Yes, me you know, heaven has a gentle mercie  
For penitent offenders: blessed Ladies,  
Repute me not a cast-away, though once  
I fell into some lapses, which our sex  
Are oft intangled by; yet what I have been,  
Concernes me now no more, who am resolv'd  
On a new life. This Gentleman *Benatzi*,  
Disguis'd as you see, I have re-married,  
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly  
Submission for all errours.

MAR. Nay, tis true sir.

BEN. I joy in the discovery, am thankfull  
Vnto the change.

AUR I. Let wonder henceforth cease,  
For I am partner with *Benatzi's* counsels;  
And in them was director, I have seene  
The man doe service in the warres late past,  
VVorthy an ample mention; but of that  
At large hereafter, repetitions now  
Of good or bad, would streighten time presented  
For other use.

MAR. VVelcome, and welcome ever.

LE. Mine eyes sir, never shall without a blush  
Receive a looke from yours; please to forget  
All passages of rashnesse, such attempt  
VVas mine, and onely mine.

MAL. You have found a way  
To happinesse, I honour the conversion,

ADUR. Then I am freed.

MAL. may stile your friend your servant,

MAR. Now all thats mine, is theirs,

ADUR. But let me adde



# The Ladies Trial.

An offering to the altar of this peace.

AURI. How likes *Spinell*: this? our holy day  
Deserves the Kalender.

SP. This Gentlewoman  
Reform'd must in my thoughts live faire and worthy,  
Indeed you shal.

CAS. And mine, the novelcie  
Requires a friendly love.

LEV. You are kinde and bountifull.

*Enter Trelcatio, Futelli, Amoretta, Piero, driving  
in Fulgosa, and Guzman.*

TREL. By your leaves Lords and Ladies, to your jollities,  
I bring increase with mine too, here's a yongster  
Whom I cll sonne-in-law, for so my daughter  
Will have it.

AMO. Yeth in sooth thee will.

TREL. *Futelli* hath wean'd her from this paine.

PIE. Stand forth stout lovers.

TREL. Top & Top-gallant paire, and for his pains,  
She will have him, or none, hee's not the richest  
I'th parish; but a wit, I say Amen,  
Because I cannot helpe it.

AMO. Tith no matter.

AURI. Wee'l remedy the penury of Fortune,  
they shall with us to *Corfica*, our cousin  
Must not despaire of means, since tis believ'd  
*Futelli* can deserve a place of trust.

FUT. You are in all unfellowed,

AMO. Withly thpoken.

PIE. Thinke on *Piero* sir.

AURI. *Piero*, yes,  
But what of these two pretty ones?

FUL. Ile follow.

The Ladies, play at cards, make sport and whistle,  
My purse shall beare me out, a lazie life,

## The Ladies Triall.

Is scirvy, and debosht; fight you abroad,  
And weele be game whiles you fight at home,  
Runne high, runne low, here is a braine can doot,  
But for my martiall brother Don, prithee make him  
A what dee callt, a setting dog, a centinell  
He mend his weekely pay.

Guz. Hee shall deserve it.

Vouchsafe employment honourable

FUL. Marry.

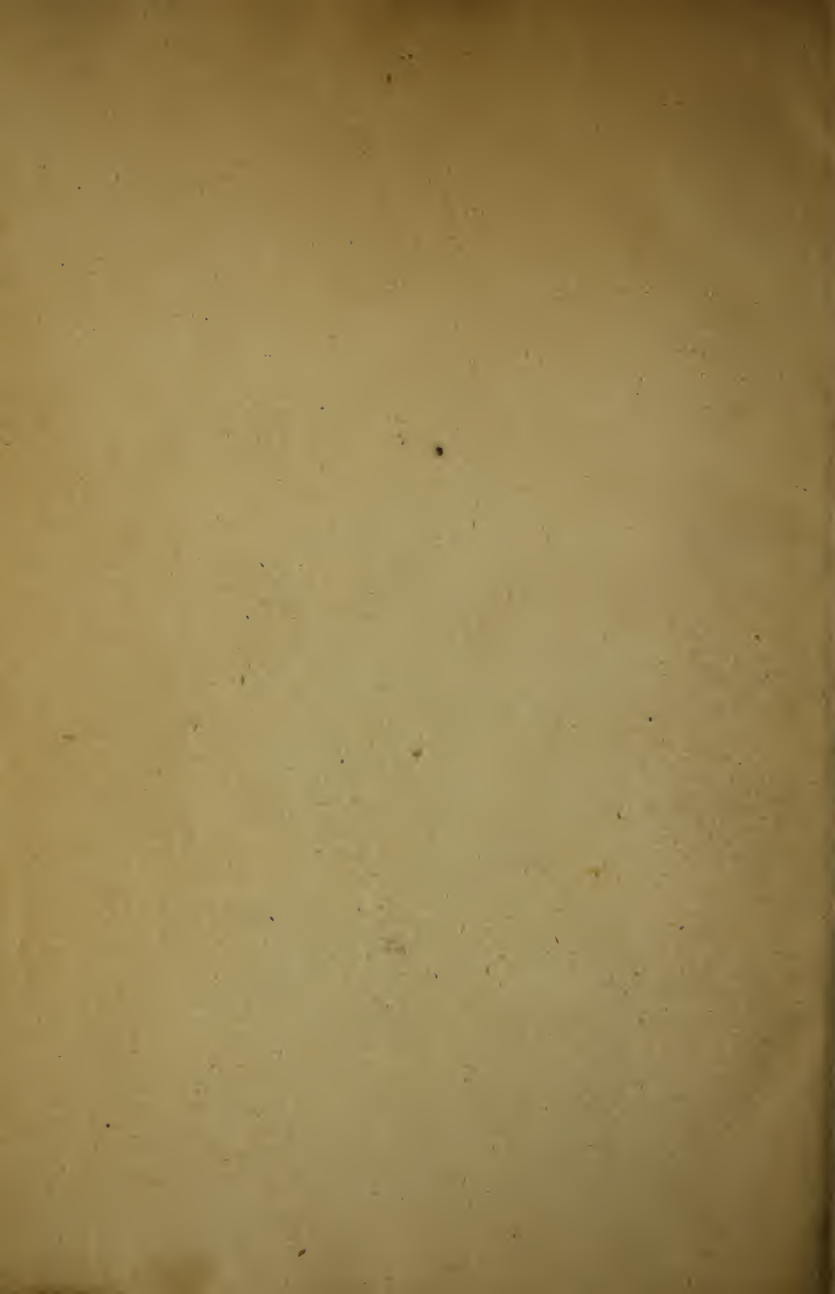
The Dons a generous Don.

AUR I. Unfit to loose him,  
Command doth limit us short time for revells,  
Wee must be thrifty in them, none I trust,  
Repines at these delights, they are free and harmelesse,  
After distresse at sea, the dangers ore,  
Safety and welcomes better taste a shore.

## EPILOGVE.

**T**He Court's on rising; tis too late  
To wish the Lady in her fate  
Of tryall now more fortunate.  
A verdict in the iuries brest,  
Will be given up anon at least,  
Till then tis fit we hope the best.  
Else if there can be any stay,  
Next sitting without more delay,  
We will expect a gentle day.





12/19/39

