



00097390

**THE  
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY**  
Town Hall, Bombay.









2. wife  
Margaret = William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle  
Lacey  
author of  
these plays.  
98.

Cast  
165  
Perfect  
13100

Lady Elizabeth Cavendish = John Egerton, 2d Earl of  
Bridgewater.

Hunt. Tho. Egerton of = Mother, 2d. of his  
Tatten Park John Busby  
ob. 1704.

Ed. Egerton LL.D. Bishop of  
Conterbury, Master Chancery  
of Hereford - Rector of  
Buckingham.  
ob. 1739. = Anne, dau. of  
Sir Francis  
Head Bart.

Jessamine Egerton, dau. of Robert  
ob. 1809. = Elizabeth, dau. of  
John Busby  
ob. 1700.

John Busby =  
ob. 1700  
John Busby  
ob. 1700  
John Busby  
ob. 1700

Sir Samuel Egerton Buryler K.J. = Mary Robinson  
of Buryler Court, in Hunt, Mch.  
& in Shropshire 1812. = 2d dau. of A. Busby.

John Barrett Buryler Barrett = other name.  
of Lee Priory in Icklam  
Capt & Lieut. 1st Regt.  
Foot Guards, Aug. 1812.

John





# PLAYES

Written by the

*Thrice NOBLE, ILLUSTRIOUS*

AND

Excellent Princess,

THE

LADY MARCHIONESS

OF

NEWCASTLE.



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ae

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LONDON,

Printed by *A. Warren*, for *John Martyn*, *James Allestry*, and *Tho. Dicus*, at the Bell in *Saint Pauls Church Yard*, 1662.



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THE  
DEDICATION.

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**T**O those that do delight in Scenes and wit,  
I dedicate my Book, for those I writ;  
Next to my own Delight, for I did take  
Much pleasure and delight these Playes to make;  
For all the time my Playes a making were,  
My brain the Stage, my thoughts were acting there.

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THE EPISTLE  
DEDICATORY

MY LORD,

**M***y resolution was, that when I had done writing, to have dedicated all my works in gross to your Lordship; and I did verily believe that this would have been my last work: but I find it will not, unless I dye before I have writ my other intended piece. And as for this Book of Playes, I believe I should never have writ them, nor have had the Capacity nor Ingenuity to have writ Playes, had not you read to me some Playes which your Lordship had writ, and lye by for a good time to be Acted, wherein your Wit did Create a desire in my Mind to write Playes also, although my Playes are very unlike those you have writ, for your Lordships Playes have as it were a natural life, and a quick spirit in them, whereas mine are like dull dead statues, which is the reason I send them forth to be printed, rather than keep them concealed in hopes to have them first Acted; and this advantage I have, that is, I am out of the fear of having them hissed off from the Stage, for they are not like to come thereon; but were they such as might deserve applause, yet if Envy did make a faction against them, they would have had a publick Condemnation; and though I am not such a Coward, as to be affraid of the hissing Serpents, or*

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stinged

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*stinged Tongues of Envy, yet it would have made me a little Metan-  
choly to have my harmless and innocent Playes go weeping from the  
Stage, and whipt by malicious and hard-hearted censurers; but the  
truth is, I am careless, for so I have your applause I desire no more,  
for your Lordships approvement is a sufficient satisfaction to me*

My Lord,

Your Lordships honest Wife,  
and faithfull Servant,

M. N.

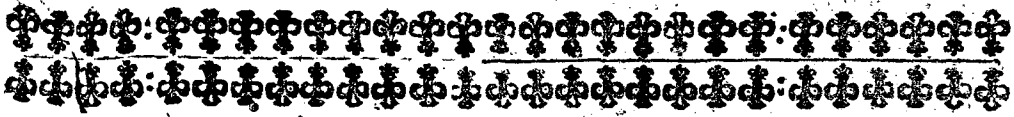


TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

**A**lthough I expect my Playes will be found fault with, by reason I have not drawn the severall persons presented in a Circular line, or to a Triangular point, making all the Actors to meet at the latter end upon the Stage in a flock together; likewise, that I have not made my Comedies of one dayes actions or passages; yet I have adventured to publish them to the world: But to plead in my Playes behalf, first, I do not perceive any reason why that the severall persons presented should be all of an acquaintance, or that there is a necessity to have them of one Fraternity, or to have a relation to each other, or linck'd in alliance as one Family; when as Playes are to present the general Follies, Vanities, Vices, Humours, Dispositions, Passions, Affections, Fashions, Customs, Manners, and practices of the whole world of Mankind, as in severall persons; also particular Follies, Vanities, Vices, Humours, Passions, Affections, Fashions, Customs, Fortunes, and the like, in particular persons; also the Sympathy and Antipathy of Dispositions, Humours, Passions, Customs, and Fashions of severall persons; also the particular Virtues and Graces in severall persons, and severall Virtues and Graces in particular persons, and all these Varieties to be drawn at the latter end into one piece, as into one Company, which in my opinion shews neither Usual, Probable, nor Natural. For since the world is wide and populated, and their various actions dispersed, and spread about by each particular, and Playes are to present them severally, I perceive no reason they should force them together in the last Act, as in one Community, bringing them in as I may say by Head and Shoulders, making the persons of each Humour, good Fortunes, Misfortunes, Nations and Ages, to have relations to each other; but in this I have not followed the steps of precedent Poets, for in my opinion, I think it as well, if not better, if a Play ends but with two persons, or one person upon the Stage; besides, I would have my Playes to be like the Natural course of all things in the world, as some dye sooner, some live longer, and some are newly born, when some are newly dead, and not all to continue to the last day of Judgment; so my Scenes, some last longer than othersome, and some are ended when others are begun; likewise some of my Scenes have no acquaintance or relation to the rest of the Scenes, although in one and the same Play, which is the reason many of my Playes will not end as other Playes do, especially Comedies, for in Tragi-Comedies I think Poets do not alwayes make all lye bleeding together; but I think for the most part they do; but the want of this swarm in the last Act and Scene, may make my Playes seem dull and vacant, but I love ease so well, as I hate constraint even in my works, for I had rather have a dull easy life; than be forced to attive gayeties, so I had rather my Playes should end dully than unnecessarily be forced into one Company, but some of my Playes are gathered into one sheaf or bundel in the latter end. Likewise my Playes

may be Condemned, because they follow not the Antient Custome, as the learned sayes, which is, that all Comedies should be so ordered, and composed, as nothing should be presented therein, but what may be naturally, or usually practiced or Acted in the world in the compass of one day; truly in my opinion those Comedies would be very flat and dull, and neither profitable nor pleasant, that should only present the actions of one day; for though Ben. Johnson as I have heard was of that opinion, that a Comedy cannot be good, nor is a natural or true Comedy, if it should present more than one dayes action, yet his Comedies that he hath published, could never be the actions of one day; for could any rational person think that the whole Play of the Fox could be the action of one day? or can any rational person think that the Alchymist could be the action of one day? as that so many several Cozenings could be Acted in one day, by Captain Face and Doll Common; and could the Alchymist make any believe they could make gold in one day? could they burn so many Coals, and draw the purses of so many, or so often from one person, in one day? and the like is in all his Playes, not any of them presents the actions of one day, although it were a day at the Poles, but of many dayes, nay I may say some years. But to my reason; I do not perceive a necessity that Comedies should be so closely packt or thrust up together; for if Comedies are either to delight, or to profit, or to both, they must follow no other rule or example, but to put them into Scenes and Acts, and to order their several discourses in a Comedy, so as Physicians do their Cordials, wherein they mix many several Ingrediencies together into one Electuary, as sharp, bitter, salt, and sweet, and mix them so, as they are both pleasing to the Taste, and comfortable to the Stomach; so Poets should order the several Humours, Passions, Customs, Manners, Fashions, and practice of Mankind, as to intermix them so, as to be both delightful to the Mind and Senses, and profitable to the Life; also Poets should do as Physicians or Apothecaries, which put not only several sorts, but several kinds of Drugs into one Medicine, as Minerals and Vegetables together, which are very different; also they will mix several Drugs and Simples out of several Climates and Countries, gathered out from all the parts of the world, and upon occasion they will mix new and old Simples together, although of one and the same sort and kind; so Poets both in their Comedies and Tragedies, must, or at leastwise may, represent several Nations, Governments, People, Customs, Fashions, Manners, Natures, Fortunes, Accidents, Actions, in one Play; as also several times of Ages to one person if occasion requires, as from Childhood to Manhood in one Play; for Poets are to describe in Playes the several Ages, Times, Actions, Fortunes, Accidents, and Humours in Nature, and the several Customs, Manners, Fashions and Speeches of men; thus Playes are to present the natural dispositions and practices of Mankind; also they are to point at Vanity, laugh at Follies, disgrace Baseness, and persecute Vice; likewise they are to extol Virtue, and to honour Merit, and to praise the Graces; all which makes a Poet Divine, their works edifying to the Mind or Soul, profitable to the Life, delightfull to the Senses, and recreative to Time; but Poets are like Preachers, some are more learned than others, and some are better Orators than others; yet from the worst there may be some good gained by them, and I do not despair, although but a Poetress, but that my works may be some wayes or other serviceable to my Readers, which if they be, my time in writing them is not lost, nor my Abuse unprofitable.



# TO THE READERS,

NOBLE READERS,

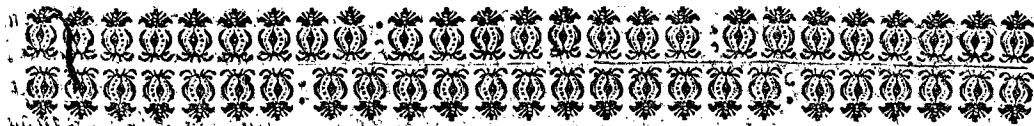
**T**Is likely you will condemn my Playes as being dull and flat, by reason they have not the high seasoning of Poetical Salt; but Sugar is more commonly used amongst our Sex than Salt. But I fear my Wit is tasteless, which I am sorry for; for though a Satyrical Speaker is discommendable, being for the most part abusive; for Bitter reproofs only are fit for rigid Pedants, Censuring and backbiting fit for pot Companions, and sharp replies is a wit for mean persons, being in a degree of scolding; a Ralery Wit, for Buffons and Jestors which abuse under the Keil of Mirth, Familiarity, and Freedome; whereas a generous discourstive Wit, although it be free, yet it is sweet and pleasing: thus as I said Satyrical Speakers are discommendable, yet Satyrical Writers are highly to be praised, as most profitable, because those reprove only the generality, as the general Vices, Follies, and errors of Mankind, pointing at no particular; and the sharpest Writers are most commonly the sweetest Speakers. But I have observed one general Folly amongst many which is, that it is expected by most Readers that the Writers should speak as they write, which would be very ridiculous; as for example, a Lyrick Poet should speak nothing but Sonnets, a Comedian or Tragedian Poet should speak nothing but set Speeches, or blanck Verse, or such Speeches which are only proper to present such and such humours, which in ordinary discourse would be improper; and though Virgil whose greatest praise is Language, yet I do verily believe he did not speak in his ordinary Conversation in such a stile, forms and Speeches, nor in such high, fine, and choice Latin, nor in such high and lofty expressions, nor apt similitudes, nor the sence of his discourse wrapt in such Metaphors, as in his writings; nay Eloquent Speakers or Orators do not alwayes speak Orations, but upon an occasion, and at set times, but their ordinary Conversation is with ordinary discourses; for I do verily believe, the greatest and most Eloquent Orators that ever were in the World, in their ordinary Conversation, conversed and spoke but as other men. Besides, in Common and ordinary Conversations, the most wittiest, Learnedst, and Eloquentest Men, are forced to speak according to the Wit, Learning, Language, and Capacities of those they are in Company and Conversation with, unless they will speak all themselves, which will be no Conversation: for in Conversation every particular person must have his turn and time of speaking as well as hearing; yet such is the folly of the world, as to despise the Authors of witty, Learned and Eloquent writings, if their Conversations be as other mens, and yet would laugh at them, or account them mad, if they should speak otherwise, as out of this ordinary way; but the greatest talkers are not the best writers, which is the cause women cannot be good Writers; for we for fear of being thought Fools, make our selves Fools, in striving to express some Wit, whereas if we had but that power over our selves as to keep

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silence, we perchance might be thought wits, although we were Fools, but to keep silence is impossible for us to do, so long as we have Speech we shall talk, although to no purpose, for nothing but Death can force us to silence, for we often talk in our Sleep; but to speak without partiality, I do not perceive that men are free from this imperfection, nor from condemning us, although they are guilty of the same fault; but we have this advantage of men, which is, that we know this imperfection in our selves, although we do not endeavour to mend it; but men are so Partial to themselves, as not to perceive this imperfection in themselves, and so they cannot mend it; but in this, will not or cannot is as one; but this discourse hath brought me to this, that if I have spoke at any time to any person or persons impertinently, improperly, untimely, or tediously, I ask their pardon: but lest I should be impertinently tedious in this Epistle, and so commit a fault in asking pardon, I leave my Readers to what may be more pleasing to them.

M. N.

TO



TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS;

**M***Y Lord was pleased to illustrate my Playes with some Scenes of his own Wit, to which I have set his name, that my Readers may know which are his, as not to couzen them, in thinking they are mine; also Songs, to which my Lords name is set; for I being no Lyrick Poet, my Lord supplied that defect of my Brain with the superfluity of his own Brain; thus our Wits join as in Matrimony, my Lords the Masculine, mine the Feminine Wit, which is no small glory to me, that we are Married, Souls, Bodies, and Brains, which is a treble marriage, united in one Love, which I hope is not in the power of Death to dissolve; for Souls may love, and Wit may live, though Bodies dye.*

*M. N.*



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I Must trouble my Noble Readers to write of one thing more, which is concerning the Reading of Playes; for Playes must be read to the nature of those several humours, or passions, as are exprest by Writing: for they must not read a Scene as they would read a Chapter; for Scenes must be read as if they were spoke or Acted. Indeed Comedies should be read a Mimick way, and the sound of their Voice must be according to the sense of the Scene; and as for Tragedies, or Tragick Scenes, they must not be read in a pueling whining Voice, but a sad serious Voice, as deploring or complaining: but the truth is there are as few good Readers as good Writers; indeed an ill Reader is, as great a disadvantage to wit as wit can have, unless it be ill Acted, for then it 'tis doubly disgraced, both in the Voice and Action, whereas in Reading only the voice is employed; but when as a Play is well and skillfully read, the very sound of the Voice that enters through the Ears, doth present the Actions to the Eyes of the Fancy as lively as if it were really Acted; but howsoever Writings must take their Chance, and I leave my Playes to Chance and Fortune, as well as to Censure and Reading.



*A General Prologue to all my Playes.*

**N**OBLE Spectators, do not think to see  
Such Playes, that's like Ben. Johnsons *Alchymie*;  
Nor *Fox*, nor *Silent woman*: for those Playes  
Did cōwin the Author with exceeding praise;  
They were his Master-pieces, and were wrought  
By wits Invention; and his labouring thought,  
And his Experience brought Materials store,  
His reading severall Authors brought much more:  
What length of time he took those Playes to write,  
I cannot guess, not knowing his wits flight;  
But I have heard, Ben. Johnsons Playes came forth;  
To the worlds view, as things of a great worth;  
Like *Forein Emperors*, which do appear  
Unto their Subjects, not above once a year;  
So did Ben. Johnsons Playes so rarely pass  
As one might think they long a writing was.  
But my poor Playes, like to a common rout,  
Gathers in throngs, and heedlesly runs out,  
Like witless Fools, or like to Girls and Boyes,  
Goe out to shew new Clothes, or such like toyes:  
This shews my Playes have not such Store of wit,  
Nor subtil plots, they were so quickly writ,  
So quickly writ, that I did almost cry  
For want of work, my time for to imploy:  
Sometime for want of work, I'm forc'd to play;  
And idly to cast my time away:  
Like as poor Labourers, all they desire,  
Is, to have so much work, it might them tire:  
Such difference betwixt each severall brain;  
Some labour hard, and offer life to gain;  
Some lazily lye, and pampred are with ease;  
And some industrious are, the world to please:  
Some are so quick, their thoughts do move so fast;  
They never stay to mold, or to forecast:  
Some take great pains to get, and yet are poor;  
And some will steal, for to increase their store:  
Some brains know not what Subjects for to chuse;  
And with considering, they their wit do lose:  
Some only in designs do spend their time,  
And some without designs do only rhyme;

And some do take more pains a Plot to lay,  
Than other some to plot, and write a Play.  
As for Ben. Johnsons brain, it was so strong,  
He could conceive, or judge, what's right, what's wrong:  
His Language plain, significant and free,  
And in the English Tongue, the Masterie:  
Yet Gentle Shakespear had a fluent wit,  
Although less Learning, yet full well he writ;  
For all his Playes were writ by Natures light,  
which gives his Readers, and Spectators sight.  
But Noble Readers, do not think my Playes,  
Are such as have been writ in former daies;  
As Johnson, Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher writ;  
Mine want their Learning, Reading, Language, Wit:  
The Latin phrases I could never tell,  
But Johnson could, which made him write so well.  
Greek, Latin Poets, I could never read;  
Nor their Historians, but our English Speed;  
I could not steal their Wit, nor Plots out take;  
All my Playes Plots, my own poor brain did make:  
From Plutarchs story I ne'r took a Plot,  
Nor from Romances, nor from Don Quixot,  
As others have, for to assist their wit,  
But I upon my own Foundation writ;  
Like those that have a little patch of Land,  
Even so much whereon a house may stand:  
The Owner builds a house, though of no shew,  
A Cottage warm and clean, though thatch'd and low;  
Vitruvius Art and Skill he doth not take,  
For to design, and so his house to make;  
Nor Carpenters, nor Masons doth not hire,  
But builds a house himself, whole and intire:  
Materials none from forein parts are brought;  
Nor hath he Stone and Timber with art wrought;  
But some sound Tree, which on his ground did grow,  
Which he cuts down with many a labouring blow;  
And with his hatchet, and his saw, he cuts  
His Tree in many parts, those parts he puts  
In several places, beams, posts, planchers layes,  
And thus a house with his own stock doth raise:  
He steals nor borrows not of any Neighbour,  
But lives contentedly of his own labour;  
And by his labour, he may thrive, and live  
To be an old rich man, and then may leave  
His wealth, to build a Monument of Fame,  
which may for ever keep alive his name.  
Just so, I hope, the works that I have writ,  
which are the buildings of my natural wit;  
My own Inheritance, as Natures child,  
But the Worlds Vanities would me beguild:  
But I have thrifly been, houswiv'd my time,  
And built both Cottages of Prose and Rhime;

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All the materials in my head did grow,  
All is my own, and nothing do I owe :  
But all that I desire when as I dye,  
My memory in my own Works may lye :  
And when as others build them Marble Tombs,  
To inurn their dust, and fretted vaulted Rooms,  
I care not where my dust, or bones remain,  
So my Works live, the labour of my brain.  
I covet not a stately, cut, carv'd Tomb,  
But that my Works, in Fames house may have room :  
Thus I my poor built Cottage am content,  
When that I dye, may be my Monument.





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To the Lady Marchioness of *Newcastle*  
upon her Playes.

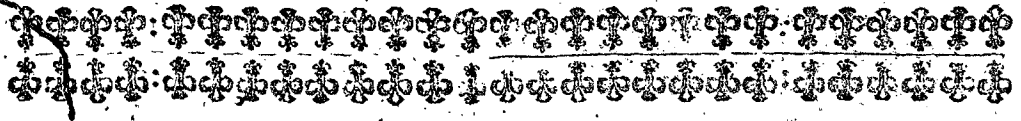
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**T**ERENCE and PLAUTUS WITS we now do scorn,  
Their Comick Socks worn out, in pieces torn,  
Only their rags of Wit remain as toys  
For Pedants to admire, to teach School Boyes ;  
It is not time hath wasted all their Fame,  
But your high Phancies, and your nobler flame,  
Which burnt theirs up, in their own ashes lies,  
Nor Phœnix like e'r out of those will rise ;  
Old Tragick Buskins now are thrown away,  
When we read your each Passion in each Play,  
No stupid block or stony heart forbears  
To drown their Cheeks in Seas of salter Tears ;  
Such power you have in Tragick, Comick stile,  
When for to fetch a tear or make a smile,  
~~Will~~ at your pleasure all our passions ly  
Obedient to your pen, to laugh or cry ;  
So even with the thread of Natures fashion,  
As you play on her heart-strings still of passion ;  
So we are all your Subjects in each Play,  
Unwilling willingly still to obey ;  
Or have a thought but what you make or draw  
Us by the power of your wits great law ;  
Thus Emperess in Sovereign power yours sits  
Over the wise, and tames Poetick wits.

W. Newcastle.







TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

**I** Make no question but my Playes will be censured, and those Censurers severe; but I hope not malicious; but they will perchance say that my Playes are too serious, by reason there is no ridiculous Jest in them, nor wanton Love, nor Impossibilities; also 'tis likely they will say that there are no plots, nor designs, nor subtil Contrivances, and the like; I answer, that the chief Plots of my Playes were to employ my idle time, the designs to please and entertain my Readers, and the contrivance was to join edifying Profit and Delight together, that my Readers may neither lose their time, nor grow weary in the reading; but if they find my Playes neither Edifying, nor Delightfull, I shall be sorry; but if they find either, I shall be pleased, and if they find both, I shall much rejoyce, that my time hath been employed to some good use.

M. N.



TO THE  
READERS.

WORTHY READERS,

**I** Have heard that such Poets that write Playes, seldome or never join or sow the severall Scenes together; they are two severall Professions, at least not usual for rare Poets to take that pains; like as great Taylors, the Master only cuts out and shapes, and his Fourny-men and Apprentices join and sow them together; but I like as a poor Taylor was forced to do all my self, as to cut out, shape, join, and sow each severall Scene together, without any help or direction; wherefore I fear they are not so well done but that there will be many faults found; but howsoever, I did my best indeavour, and took great pains in the ordering and joining thereof, for which I hope my Learned Readers will pardon the errors therein, and excuse me the work-er thereof.



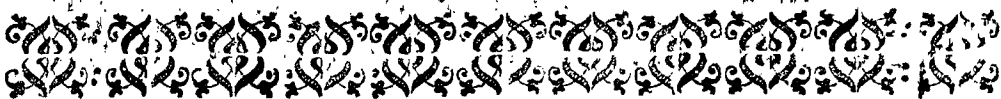
TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

I cannot chuse, but mention an erroneous opinion got into this our Modern time and men, which is, that it should be thought a crime or debasement for the noblest sort to Act Playes, especially on publick Theatres, although the Romans were of another opinion, for not only the noble youth did Act in publick, but some of the Emperours themselves; though I do not commend it in the Emperours, who should spend their times in realities, and not in feigning; yet certainly it was commendable in the noblest youths, who did practise what ought to be followed or shunn'd: for certainly there is no place, wayes or means, so edifying to Youth as publick Theatres, not only to be Spectators but Actors; for it learns them gracefull behaviours and demeanors, it puts Spirit and Life into them, it teaches them Wit, and makes their Speech both voluble and tunable, besides, it gives them Confidence, all which ought every man to have, that is of quality. But some will say if it would work such effects, why are not mercenary Players benefited so thereby? I answer, that they only Act for the lucre of Gain, and not for the grace of Behaviour, the sweetness of Speech, nor the increasing of Wit, so as they only Act as Parrots speak; by wote, and not as Learning gives to Education; for they making not a benefit of the wit, but only by the wit receive it; not neither into their consideration, understanding, nor delight, for they make it a work of labour, and not of delight, or pleasure, or honour; for they receive it into the memory, and no farther than for to deliver it out, as Servants or Factors to sell, and not keep it as purchasers to their own use; that is the reason that as soon as the Play is done, their wit and becoming graces are at an end, whereas the nobler sort, that Act not for mercenary Profit, but for Honour, and becoming, would not only strive to Act well upon the Stage, but to practise their actions when off from the Stage; besides, it would keep the youths from misemploying time with their foolish extravagancies, debaish luxuries, and base Vices, all which Idleness and vacant time produceth; and in my opinion, a publick Theatre were a shorter way of education than their tedious and expensive Travels, or their dull and solitary Studies; for Poets teach them more in one Play, both of the Nature of the world and Mankind, by which they learn not only to know other men, but their own selves, than they can learn in any School, or in any Country or Kingdome in a year; but to conclude, a Poet is the best Tutor, and a Theatre is the best School that is for Youth to be educated by or in.

M. N.

TO



TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

**I** Know there are many Scholastical and Pedantical persons that will condemn my writings, because I do not keep strictly to the Masculine and Feminine Genders, as they call them; as for example, a Lock and a Key, the one is the Masculine Gender, the other the Feminine Gender, so Love is the Masculine Gender, Hate the Feminine Gender, and the Furies are Shees, and the Graces are Shees, the Virtues are Shees, and the seven deadly Sins are Shees, which I am sorry for; but I know no reason but that I may as well make them Hees for my use, as others did Shees, or Shees as others did Hees. But some will say, if I did do so, there would be no forms or rules of Speech to be understood by; I answer, that we may as well understand the meaning or sense of a Speaker or Writer, by the names of Love or Hate, as by the names of he or she, and better: for the division of Masculine and Feminine Genders doth confound a Scholar more, and takes up more time to learn them, than they have time to spend; besides, where one doth rightly understand the difference, a hundred, nay a thousand do not, and yet they are understood, and to be understood is the end of all Speakers and Writers; so that if my writings be understood, I desire no more; and as for the nicities of Rules, Forms, and Terms, I renounce, and profess, that if I did understand and know them strictly, as I do not, I would not follow them: and if any dislike my writings for want of those Rules, Forms, and Terms, let them not read them; for I had rather my writings should be unread than be read by such Pedantical Scholastical persons.

M. N.

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TO



TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

**I** Must ask pardon, for that I said I should not trouble you with more of my works than this Book of Playes; but since I have considered with my self, there is one work more, which is very fit for me to do, although I shall not be able to do it so well as the subject will deserve, being the Life of my Noble Lord; but that work will require some time in the gathering together some several passages; for although I mean not to write of all the particulars of these times, yet forasmuch as is concerning that subject I shall write of, it will be requirable; but it is a work that will move so slowly, as perchance I shall not live to finish it; but howsoever, I will employ my time about it, and it will be a satisfaction to my life that I endeavour it.

M. N.

TO



TO THE  
READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

**T**He reason why I put out my Playes in print, before they are Acted, is, first, that I know not when they will be Acted, by reason they are in English, and England doth not permit, I will not say of Wit, yet not of Playes; and if they should, yet by reason all those that have been bred and brought up to Act, are dead, or dispersed, and it would be an Act of some time, not only to breed and teach some Youths to Act, but it will require some time to prove whether they be good Actors or no; for if they are not bred to it whilst they be young, they will never be good Actors when they are grown up to be men; for although some one by chance may have naturally, a facility to Action, and a Volubility of Speech, and a good memory to learn, and get the Parts by heart, or wrote, yet it is very unlikely, or indeed impossible, to get a whole Company of good Actors without being taught and brought up thereto; the other reason is, that most of my Playes would seem tedious upon the Stage, by reason they are somewhat long, although most are divided into first and second Parts, for having much Variety in them, I could not possibly make them shorter, and being long, it might tire the Spectators, who are forced, or bound by the rules of Civility to sit out a Play, if they be not sick; for to go away before a Play is ended, is a kind of an affront, both to the Poet and the Players; yet, I believe none of my Playes are so long as Ben. Johnson's Fox, or Alchymist, which in truth, are somewhat too long; but for the Readers, the length of the Playes can be no trouble, nor inconvenience, because they may read as short or as long a time as they please, without any disrespect to the Writer; but some of my Playes are short enough; but the printing of my Playes spoils them for ever to be Acted; for what men are acquainted with, is despised, at least neglected; for the newness of Playes, most commonly, takes the Spectators, more than the Wit, Scenes, or Plot, so that my Playes would seem lame or tired in action, and dull to hearing on the Stage, for which reason, I shall never desire they should be Acted; but if they delight or please the Readers, I shall have as much satisfaction as if I had the hands of applause from the Spectators.

M. N.

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## TO THE READERS.

NOBLE READERS,

**I** Said in the beginning of this Book of Playes, in one of my Epistles, that I should not trouble you with any more of my works, unless one, which was a History of the Life of my Noble Lord; but (since this Book of Playes was not only writ, but pack'd up, ready to send into England to be Printed, I by chance have entred into another work, like those that travel and know not where to go, wander about, and at last light upon a path-way that leads them to some Village; so I wanting some Informations from those that could truly, and would faithfully inform me of such actions and passages as were to be inscribed in my History, so as I could not go so readily on with that work; I was forced to sit idle, as having no work to do, which troubled me much, not knowing what to write of: for though I am lazie, and unactive to any other Employments, and had rather sit still, and do nothing, than have my thoughts obstructed, or disturbed from their usual Contemplations, with noise, or company, or any other Action or Employment, but writing; for writing is as pencilling thoughts, and I take as much delight as Painters, which draw men, and other creatures; So I, to draw my fancies opinions and conceptions upon white Paper, with Pen and Inke, words being the figures of thoughts, and letters of words; but writing is but the figuring of the figure, and Writers are but Copyers: But after some idle time, at last I fell upon a vein of writing Letters, and so fast did the vein run at first, as in one Fortnight I writ above threescore Letters, but I find it begins to flag, like one that hath been let much blood formerly, it may gush, or stream full out at the opening of a vein; but cannot bleed long, they will faint for want of blood, or spirit, having let out much blood formerly; so is it in my writing; for though I desire to make them up a hundred; yet I believe I shall not go much further, finding my spirits of Fancy grow weak, and dull, and the vein of Wit empty; having lately writ 21 Playes, with 12 Epistles, and one Introduction, besides Prologues, and Epilogues. My Readers may say this is an Inventory, or a bill of Fare; no, it is to let them understand my Wit is drawn dry: for though Histories of Truth need not the flourish of Wit, and no fancy ought to be inscrib'd therein; yet all such Writers, which are rather to get Fame by Feigning, than to divulge Truth by Explaining; should be attended with Wit, and dress'd with Fancy. But these Letters I mention, I thought to joyn them to this Book of Playes, believing there would not be so many of them, as to be in Folio by themselves; but fearing I should surfeit my Readers with too great a Volume, I have altered that intention, and will rather chuse to present them one Book at a time, like those that entertain with one dish of meat, to whet their Appetites; than to present more to cloy their Gusto. But it may be some will say, tis enough of my Playes, to surfeit, as being not delicious, and choyce food for the mind, as pleasant and profitable reading; My advice is, that they may taste,  
and

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and feed of one Play, and if they find it unpleasant, or hard of digestion, let them feed of no more, but let them feed of other Poetical Dishes, dress'd by other Poetic Cooks; that may better please them; for as French Cooks are accounted the best for corporal meats, so the Greeks and Latins for poetical Meats; but I am neither a Greek nor a Latin Cook; I cannot dress, or cook after the Fashions or Fancies; I never was bound Apprentice to Learning, I am as ignorant of their Arts and Meats, as of their Persons and Nations; I am like a plain, cleanly English Cook-maid, that dresses Meat rather wholesomely than luxuriously, a roast Capon without lard, a Shoulder of Mutton with a sauce of Capers and Olives, a piece of boyled Beef and Turkeys, and for desert, a plain Apple-tart, or a Pear-pye; 'Tis true, on Festival daies I have dressed Olioes, and Bisks, but neither after the French, Italian, nor Spanish way, but a compound of my own dressing, that might please home-bred Persons, although not Great, or Foreign Travellers, as great Scholars, or learned Men; neither have I Cookery to please queasie Appetites: I have only this to say for my self, I am more industrious than expensive, more cleanly than curious; and if you do not like, nor approve of my service, I will not expect much praise for my wages: You may turn me away, which is, to put my Works out of your Studies. I only desire I may not depart with your displeasures, but as an honest, poor Servant, that rather wanted Art and Skill in my Works, than Will, or Indevour to make, or dresse them to every Palate. And so Farewell.





# A N INTRODUCTION

*Enter 3. Gentlemen.*

1. *Gentleman.* Come *Tom* will you goe to a play?



2. *Gentleman.* No 1. *Gentleman.* Why?

2. *Gentleman.* Because there is so many words, and so little wit, as the words tire me more than the wit delights me; and most commonly there is but one good part or humour, and all the rest are forced in for to enterline that part, or humour;

Likewise not above one or two good Actors, the rest are as ill Actors as the parts they Act, besides their best and principle part or humour is so tedious, that I hate at last what I liked at first, for many times a part is very good to the third Act, but continued to the fifth is stark naught.

1. *Gentleman.* The truth is, that in some Playes the Poets runs so long in one humour, as he runs himself out of breath.

3. *Gentleman.* Not only the Poet, but the humour he writes of seems to be as broken-winded.

1. *Gentleman.* I have heard of a broken-winded Horse, but never heard of a broken-winded Poet, nor of a broken-winded Play before.

3. *Gentleman.* I wonder why Poets will bind themselves, so as to make every humour they write, or present, to run quite through their Play.

2. *Gentleman.* Bind say you? they rather give themselves line and liberty, say they are so far from binding, as for the most part they stretch the Line of a humour into pieces.

3. *Gentleman.* Let me tell you, that if any man should write a Play wherein he should present an humour in one Act, and should not continue it to the end: although it must be stretched, as you say, to make it hold out, he would be condemned, and not only accounted an ill Poet, but no Poet; for it would be accounted as ill as wanting a Rhime in a Copie of Verses, or a word too short, or too much in a number, for which a Poet is condemned, and for a word that is not spell'd right, he is damned for ever.

1. *Gentleman.* Nay, he is only damned if he doth not write strictly to the Orthographic.

3. *Gentleman.* Scholars only damne Writers and Poets for Orthographic, but for the others, they are damned by the generality: that is, not only all readers, but all that are but hearers of the works.

1. *Gentleman.* The generality for the most part is not foolishly strict, or just as particulars are.

3. *Gentleman.* Yes faith, they are led by one Bell-weather like a company of filly Sheep.

1. *Gentleman.* Well, if I were to write a Play, I would write the length of a humour according to the strength of the humour and breadth of my wit. Let them judge me and condemn as they would; for though some of the past, and present ages be erroneously or maliciously foolish in such cases; yet the future Ages may be more wise, and better natur'd as to applaud what the others have condemned.

But prithy *Tom* let us goe.

2. *Gentleman.* No, I will not goe for the reasons before mentioned, which is, they tire me with their empty words, dull speeches, long parts, tedious Acts, ill Actors; and the truth is, theres not enough variety in an old play to please me.

1. *Gentleman.* There is variety of that which is bad, as you have divided it, but it seemes you love youth and variety in playes, as you doe in Mistresses.

3. *Gentleman.* Playes delights Amorous men as much as a Mistris doth.

1. *Gentleman.* Nay, faith more, for a man and his Mistris is soon out of breath in their discourse, and then they know not what to say, and when they are at a *Non-pluss*, they would be glad to be quit of each other, yet are ashamed to part so soon, and are weary to stay with each other long, when a Play entertaines them with Love, and requires not their answers, nor forceth their braines, nor pumps their wits; for a Play doth rather fill them than empty them.

2. *Gentleman.* Faith most Playes doth rather fill the spectators with wind than with substance, with noise, than with newes;

1. *Gentleman.* This Play that I would have you go to, is a new Play.

2. *Gentleman.* But is there newes in the Play, that is ( is there new wit, fancy, or new Scenes ) and not taken out of old storyes, or old Playes newly translated.

1. *Gentleman.* I know not that, but this Play was writ by a Lady, who on my Conscience hath neither Language, nor Learning, but what is native and naturall.

2. *Gentleman.* A woman write a Play!

Out upon it, out upon it, for it cannot be good; besides you say she is a Lady, which is the likelier to make the Play worse; a woman and a Lady to write a Play; fye, fye.

3. *Gentleman.* Why may not a Lady write a good Play?

2. *Gentleman.* No, for a womans wit is too weak and too conceited to write a Play.

1. *Gentleman.* But if a woman hath wit, or can write a good Play, what will you say then.

2. *Gentleman.* Why, I will say no body will believe it, for if it be good, they will think she did not write it, or at least say she did not, besides the very being a woman condemnes it, were it never so excellent and rare, for men will not allow women to have wit, or we men to have reason, for if we allow them wit, we shall lose our prehemency.

1. *Gentleman.* If you will not goe *Tom*, farewell; for I will go see this Play, let it be good, or bad.

2. *Gentleman.* Nay stay, I will go with thee, for I am contented to cast away so much time for the sake of the sex. Although I have no faith of the *Au*thresses wit.

3. *Gentleman.* Many a reprobate hath been converted and brought to repentance by hearing a good Sermon, and who knowes but that you may be converted from your erroneous opinion; by seeing this Play, and brought to confesse that a Lady may have wit.

Loves

Loves Adventures.  
Play.

The Lord *Fatherly*.  
The Lord *Singularity*.  
His *Sonne*.  
Sir *Serious Dumbe*.  
Sir *Timothy Complement*.  
Sir *Humphry Bolde*.  
Sir *Roger Exception*.  
Sir *Peaceable Studious*.  
*Foster Trusty*.  
The Lady *Orphant*.

The Lady *Ignorant* wife to Sir *Peaceable Studious*.  
The Lady *Bashfull*.  
The Lady *wagtaile*.  
The Lady *Amorous*.  
Mrs. *Acquaintance*.  
Nurse *Hondly Foster Trusties* wife.  
Lady *Orphans* Nurse.  
Mrs. *Reformers* woman to the Lady *Bashfull*.  
Two Chamber-Maydes.

Prologue.

**N**oble Spectators, you are come to see,  
A Play, if good, perchance may clapped be;  
And yet our Authoress saies that she hath heard,  
Some playes, though good, hath not been so prefer'd;  
As to be mounted up on high raised praise,  
And to be Crown'd with Garlands of fresh bayes:  
But the contrary have been hissed off,  
Out from our Stage with many a censuring scoff;  
But afterwards there understanding cleer'd,  
They gave the praise, what they before had jeer'd.  
The same she saies may to her Play befall,  
And your erroneous censures may recall:  
But all such Playes as take not at first sight,  
But afterwards the viewers takes delight:  
It seemes there is more wit in such a Play,  
Than can be understood in one whole day:  
If soe, she is well content for her wits sake,  
From ignorance repulses for to take;  
For she had rather want those understanding braines,  
Than that her Play should want wits flowing ueynes.

## ACT I.

## Scene 1.

*Enter the Lord Fatherly, and the Lord Singularity his Son.*

**L**ord Singularity. Pray, Sir, do not force me to marry a childe, before you know whether she will prove vertuous, or discreet; when for the want of that knowledge, you may indanger the honour of your Line and Posterity, with Cuckoldry and Bastardry.

*Lord Fatherly.* Son, you must leave that to fortune.

*Lord Singularity.* A wise man, Sir, is to be the maker or spoiler of his own fortune.

*Lord Fatherly.* Let me tell you Son, the wisest man that is, or ever was, may be deceived in the choosing a wife, for a woman is more obscure than nature her self, therefore you must trust to chance, for marriage is a Lottery, if you get a prize, you may live quietly and happily.

*Lord Singularity.* But if I light of a blank, as a hundred to one, nay a thousand to one but I shall, which is on a Fool or a Whore, her Follies or Adulteries, instead of a praise, will sound out my disgrace.

*Lord Fatherly.* Come, Come, she is Rich, she is Rich.

*Lord Singularity.* Why Sir, gilded Horns are most visible.

*Lord Fatherly.* 'Tis better, Son, to have a rich whore than a poor whore, but I hope Heaven hath made her Chast, and her Father being an honourable, honest, and wise man, will breed her vertuously, and I make no question but you will be happy with her.

*Lord Singularity.* But Sir, pray consider the inequality of our ages, she being but a Child, and I at mans Estate; by that time she is ready for the marriage bed: I shall be ready for the grave, and youths sharp appetites, will never relish Age, wherefore she will seek to please her pallat else where.

*Lord Fatherly.* Let me tell you, Son, should you marry a woman that were as many years older, than she is younger than you; it were a greater hazard, for first old women are more intemperate than young; and being older than the husband, they are apt to be jealous, and being jealous, they grow malicious, and malice seeks revenge, and revenge disgrace, therefore she would Cuckold you meerly to disgrace you.

*Lord Singularity.* On the other side, those Women that are married young, Cuckholds there Husbands fames dishonouring them by their ignorant follies, and Childish indiscretions, as much as with Adultery. And I should assoon choose to be a Cuckhold, as to be thought to be one: For my honour will suffer as much by the one as the other, if not more.

*Lord Fatherly.* Heaven bleffe thee, Sonne, from jealousy, for thou art horrible afraid of being a Cuckold.

*Lord Singularity.* Can you blame me, Sir, since to be a Cuckhold is to be despised, scorned, laught, and pointed at, as a Monster worse than nature ever made, and all the Honour that my birth gave me and my education indued me,

my

## Loves Adventures.

my vertue gained me, my industry got me; fortune bestowed on me, and fame inthron'd me for: may not only be lost by my wifes Adultery, but as I said by her indiscretion, which makes me wonder, how any man that hath a Noble Soul, dares marry since all his honour lyes or lives in the light heels of his wife, which every little passion is apt to kick away, wherefore good Sir, let me live a single life.

*Lord Fatherly.* How Son, would you have me consent to extinguish the light of my Name, and to pull out the root of my posterity.

*Lord Singularity.* Why Sir, it were better to lye in dark oblivion, than to have a false light to devulge your disgrace; and you had better pull out the root, than to have a branch of dishonour ingrafted therein.

*Lord Fatherly.* All these Arguments against Marriage is, because you would enjoy your Mistresses with freedom, fearing you should be disturbed by a wife.

*Lord Singularity.* That needs not; for I observe, married Men takes as much liberty, if not more than Batchellors; for Batchellors are affraid they should challenge a promise of Marriage, and married Men are out of that danger.

*Lord Father.* Then that is the reason that Batchellors Court Married wives, and Married Men Courts Maides; but howsoever Son, if all Men should be of your mind, there would be no Marring nor giving in Marriage; but all must be in Common.

*Lord Singularity.* That were best Sir, for then there could be no Adultery committed, or Cuckolds made.

*Lord Fatherly.* For shame take courage, and be not a fraid of a Woman.

*Lord Singularity.* By Heaven Sir, I would sooner yield up my life to death, than venture my honour to a womans management.

*Lord Father.* Well Son, I shall not force you with threatens or commands to marry against your will and goodlikeing; but I hope Heaven will turn your mind towards marriage, and sent thee a loving, vertuous and discreet wife.

### Scene 2.

Enter the Lady Wagtaile, the Lady Amorous, Sir Timothy Compliment, Sir Humphrey Bold, and Sir Roger Exception.

*Sir Timothy Compliment.* Bright beauty, may I be Servant.

*Lady Amorous.* If I have any beauty, it was begot in your Eyes, And takes light from your commendations.

*Sir Timothy Compliment.* You are Lady, the Starre of your Sex.

*Lady Amorous.* No truly, I am but a Meteor that soon goeth out.

*Lady Wagtaile.* Preethy *Sir Timothy Compliment*, and *Lady Amorous*, do not stand prating here; but let us go a broad to some place to devert the time.

*Lady Amorous.* Dear *wagtaile*, whether shall we goe?

*Sir Timothy Compliment.* Faith let us go to a Play.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* Let's go to a Tavern.

*Sir Roger Exception.* What with Ladies!

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* Why, Ladies have been in Tavernes before now.

*Sir Roger Exception.* It were as good to carry them to a Bawdy-house.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* As good say you, faith now I think of it, better; it were the only place to pass a way idle time. Come Ladies shall we go.

*Lady Amorous.* Whether?

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* To a Bawdy-house.

*Lady Amorous.* O fyve! fyve! *Sir Humphrey Bold;* how wantonly you talk?

*Lady Wagtaile.* But would you carry us in good earnest to a Bawdy-house?

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* Why, do you question it, when every house is a secre Bawdy-house. Na! Let me tell you, there be many Right Worshipfull Nay, Right Honourable, and most Noble Pallaces made Bawdy-houfes.

*Sir Roger Exception.* Some perchance that are old and ruinous, and the right owners out.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* No, some that are new, large, and finely furnished; and the owners stately, proud, scornfull, and jeering, living therein.

*Sir Roger Exception.* They should take heed of jeering, least they be jeered and of being scornfull, least they be scorned.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* What say you Ladies, are you resolved.

*Lady Wagtaile.* No, No, we will not go with you to such places now; but I will carry you to a young Lady whose Father is newly dead, and hath left her all his Estate; and she is become a great heir.

*Sir Roger Exception.* Perchance Lady she will not receive our visit, if her Father be newly dead.

*Lady Wagtaile.* I perceive you are ignorant of Funerall customes, for widdowes, heires, and heiresles receives visits whilst the Corpes lyes above ground: And they will keep them so much the longer, to have so many more visitants: nay, sometimes they will keep them so long, as there dissembling is perceived, or so long as they stink above ground; for if they bury not the Corpes and set empty Coffins for want of embalming, their miserableness will stench up the Nostrils of their vanity.

*Sir Roger Vanity.* Nay by your favour Lady, there are some that are buried whilst they are steeming hot.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* Those are only such whose Executors, widdowes, or widdowers, feares they may revive again, and rather than that they should do so, they will bury them alive.

*Lady Wagtaile.* You say rightly true, *Sir Humphrey Bold.*

*Sir Timothy Compliment.* Sweet beautyes, let us go to see this Rich heirefs.

*Lady Amorous.* Content.

*Sir Roger Exception.* But Ladies are you acquainted with her.

*Lady Wagtaile.* O no! But you may know that all women rather than want visits, they will go to those they never saw, nor speak to: but only heares of them, and where they live, and I can direct the Coachman to this Ladye Lodging, wherefore let us go.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* I shall not deny to visit a Rich heirefs.

*Sir Roger Exception.* I shall waite upon you Ladies, but

*Lady Wagtaile.* Nay, never make buts, but let's go.

*Lady Amorous.* Pray let us call *Sir Serious Dumb,* to go along with us.

*Lady Wagtaile.* Faith *Amorous* you love his Company, because he can tell no tales.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* Pray call him not, but let him alone: for I dare swear he is inventing of some useles and foolish Art.

*Sir Timothy Compliment.* Is he so inventive say you, but if his inventions are useles, he invents in vain.



*Sir Roger Exception.* Why may not a Dumb mans Inventions be as good as a blind, for the most usefullest Artes were invented, as the learned saith, by one born blind.

*Lady Wagtaile.* Me thinkes a dumb man should not have much wit, for by my troath one that is dumb seemes to me like a fool; nay, one that speakes but little: I cannot for my life but condemn him, or her for an Ass.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* He may be a fool, although he may chance to light on some inventions; for Artes are oftner produced from chance than wit, but let us go and leave him.

*Lady Wagtaile* whispers to *Sir H. Bold.*

*Lady Wagtaile.* Faith *Sir Humphrey Bold*, we must call him, or otherwise my friend *Amorous* will be out of humour.

*Sir Humphrey Bold.* Doth she love silence so well.

*Lady Wagtaile* No, no; it is that she loves secrecy so well.

*Exit.*

CHORUS.

*In a minutes time is flown  
From a Child, to woman grown;  
Some will smile, or laughing say;  
This is but a foolish Play;  
By Reason a Comedy, should of one dayes action be!  
Let them laugh and so will I  
At there great simplicity;  
I as other Poets brings  
Severall Nations, Subjects, Kings  
All upon one stage,  
So severall times in one Age.*

Scene 3.

*Enter the Lady Orphant, and Mrs. Acquaintance.*

*Mistris Acquaintance.* How do you know the Lord *Singularity* is such a gallant man? For he hath been out of the Kingdom this 7. yeares; wherefore, you could have no acquaintance, you being yet very young.

*Lady Orphant.* Although I have no acquaintance by sight, or experienced knowledge; yet by report I have: for I remembered I heard my Father say, he was the honour of the Age, the glory of our Nation; and a pattern for all mankind to take a sample from, and that his person was answerable to his merits, for he said he was a very handsome man, of a Masculine presence, a courtly garbe, and affable and courteous behaviour; and that his wit was answerable to his merits, person, and behaviour, as that he had a quick wit, a good judgment, a ready tongue and a smooth speech.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* And did your Father proffer you to be his wife.

*Lady Orphant.* Yes, and I remember my father sighing said, he should have died in peace, and his soul would have rested in quiet, if he had been pleased have accepted of me.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* When did your Father proffer you?

*Lady Orphant.* When I was but a Child.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* He is not married, and therefore he may chance to accept of you now, if you were profer'd.

*Lady Orphant.* That were but to be refused again; for I heare he is resolved never to marry, and it will be a greater disgrace to be refused now I am grown to womans Estate, than when I was but a Child; besides my Father is dead, and my marring can give him no content in the grave; unless his soul could view the world and the severall actions therein.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* So, is his Father dead.

*Lady Orphant.* Yes, and I here that is the cause he cares not to return into his native Country.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* I have a friend that hath his picture.

*Lady Orphant.* Is it a he or a she friend.

*Lady Acquaintance.* A she friend.

*Lady Orphant.* Pray be so much my friend; as to get your friends consent to shew me the Picture.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* Perchance I may get it to view it my self, but I shall never perswade her to lend it you, jealousy will forbid her.

*Lady Orphant.* She hath no cause to fear me, for I am not one to make an Amorous Mrs. and I have heard he will never marry.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* That is all one; woman hath hopes as much as feares, or doubts what ever men doth vow for, or against.

*Lady Orphant.* Pray send to her to lend it you, and then you may shew it me.

*Mrs. Acquaintance.* I will try if she will trust me with it.

*Exit.*

*Lady Orphant Solus.*

O Heaven, grant that the praise my Father gave this Lord whilst in the world he lived, prove not as curses to me his Child, so grieve his soul with my unhappy life.

*Exit.*

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*Scene 4.*

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Mrs. Reformer her woman;  
she being in yeares.*

**M**istris *Reformer.* Madam, now you are become a Mrs. of a Family, you must learn to entertain visitants, and not be so bashfull as you were wont to be, inso much as you had not confidence to look a stranger in the face; were they never so mean persons.

*Lady Bashfull.* Alas *Reformer,* it is neither their birth, breeding, wealth, or title, that puts me out of Countenance; for a poor Cobler will put me as much out of Countenance as a Prince; or a poor Semestres, as much as a great Lady.

*Mrs. Reformer.* What is it then?

*Lady Bashfull.* Why there are unaccustomed faces, and unacquainted humours.

*Mrs. Reformer*

Mrs. Reformer. By this reason, you may be as much out of countenance as an unaccustomed Dogg, or Cat, that you never saw before; or any other beast.

Lady Bashfull. O no, for mankind is worse natured than beasts, and beasts better natured than men; besides beasts lookes not with censuring eyes, nor heares, or listens with inquisitive eares, nor speakes with detracting tongues, nor gives false judgment, or spitefull censures, or flandering reproaches, nor jecres; nor laughs at innocent or harmless Errours, nor makes every little mistake a crime.

*Enter the Lady Bashfulls Page.*

Page. Madam, there is a Coachfull of gallants allighted at the gate.

Lady Bashfull. For heavens sake, say I have no desire to be seen.

Reformer. No, say my Lady is full of grief and is not fit to receive visits.

*Enter the Ladyes and Gentlemen.*

*Whereat the Lady Bashfull stands trembling and shaking, and her eyes being cast to the ground, and her face as pale as death.*

*They speak to Reformer.*

Where is the Lady Bashfull, pray Gentlewoman tell her we are come to kiss her hands.

*Reformer offers to go forth.*

Lady wagtaile. Will you do us the favour old Gentlewoman, as to let the Lady know we are here.

Reformer. If I am not so old as to be insensible, this is she.

Lady wagtaile. Is this she, alas good Lady, she is not well, for surely she hath a fit of an Ague upon her, she doth so shake; you should give her a *Carduus-pessit* and put her to bed.

Lady Amorous. Lady, are you sick.

*She Answers not.*

Lady wagtaile. She is sick indeed, if she be speechless.

Reformer. Madam, pray pull up your spirits, and entertain this honourable Company.

Lady wagtaile. Why is the defect in her spirits.

Reformer. She is young and bashfull.

*They all laugh, except Sir Roger Exception, and Sir Serious Dumb.*

*Ha! Ha! She is out of countenance.*

Sir Roger Exception. No she is angry, because we are strangers unknown unto her; and she takes it for a rudeness that we are come to visit her, therefore let us be gone.

Lady Amorous. Let me tell you, it is meer shamefacedness.

Sir Roger Exception. I say no, for those that are angry will shake extreemly, and turn as pale as death.

Sir Humphrey Bold. Lady, take courage, and look upon us with a confident brow.

*All the while Sir Serious Dumb looks on the Lady Bashfull with fixt eyes.*

*The Lady Bashfull offers to speak to the Company, but cannot for stuttering; they all laugh again at her.*

*Reformer.* Lord, Madam ! will you make your self ridiculous.

*Lady Bashfull.* I cannot help it, for my thoughts are consumed in the fiery flame of my blushes ; and my words are smothered in the smoak of shame.

*Lady Wagtaile.* O ! she speaks, she speaks a little.

*Reformer.* Pray Madam leave her at this time, and if you honour her with your Company again, she may chance to entertain you with some confidence.

*Lady Wagtaile.* Pray let me and Sir *Humphry Bold* come and visit her once a day, if it be but halfe an hour at a time, and we shall cure her I warrant thee.

*Reformer.* I wish she were cured of this imperfection.

*Sir Humphry Bold.* She must marry, she must marry, for there is no cure like a husband, for husbands beget confidence, and their wives are brought a bed with impudence.

*Lady Wagtaile.* By your favour Sir *Humphry Bold*, marriage must give way or place to courtship, for there are some wives as simply bashfull as Virgins ; but when did you ever see, or know, or hear of courtly lovers, or Amorous courtships, to be bashfull: Their eyes are as piercing as light, and twinkles as Starrs, and their countenance as confident as day ; and the discourtes is freer than wind.

*He imbraces her.*

*Sir Humphry Bold.* And your imbraces are wondrous kind.

*Lady Wagtaile.* In troth we women love you men but too well, that is the truth of it.

*Sir Roger Exception.* Pray Madam let us go, and not stay to anger this young Lady as we do.

*Lady Wagtaile.* Farewell friend, Sir *Humphry Bold* and I will visit your Lady to morrow.

*As they were all going away, the Lady Wagtaile turnes back again.*

*Lady Wagtaile.* Pray what may I call your name.

*Reformer.* My name is *Reformer*.

*Lady Wagtaile.* Good Mrs. *Reformer*, I am heartily glad to see you well.

*Reformer.* I thank your Ladyship.

*All goeth away but Sir Serious Dumb, and he staves a little time to look upon the Lady Bashfull, and then goeth out.*

*Ex.*

*The Lady Bashfull Sola, and after they were all gone she stretches up her self*

*Lady Bashfull.* O in what a torment I have been in ; hell is not like it.

*Exit.*

*Scene*

## Scene 5.

Enter the Lady Orphant, and M<sup>rs</sup>. Acquaintance.

Lady Orphant. Have you got the Picture?

Mrs. Acquaintance. Yes, but I have seen handsomer men in my opinion than this Picture doth represent.

The Lady Orphant takes the Picture and views it with a stedfast eye.

Lady Orphant. I perceive you have no judgment in the Originall, nor skill in the Copy; for this Picture is most naturally penselled, the Painter hath drawn it so lively. That one may perceive his noble Soul to appear through his lovely, and lively Countenance; do but observe it well, and you will see as much as I.

Mrs. Acquaintance. That is impossible, unless I had your heart, for though my skill of the Copy, or shadow, may be as much as yours, yet my affections to the Originall is less; which makes my eyes not partiall.

Lady Orphant. What will the owner take for that Picture?

Mrs. Acquaintance. She will not sell it at any rate.

Lady Orphant. I wish she would, for I would buy it at any price.

Mrs. Acquaintance. She prizes it as highly as you, loving him as much, or well (as you do.)

Lady Orphant. How know you that?

Mrs. Acquaintance. Because I know she hath given him proofs of her love, which I believe you never did.

Lady Orphant. You mistake lust for love, ambition, for merit, I love not for the bodies sake, but for the soules pure spirit.

Ex.

## ACT II.

## Scene 6.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Merchant. I hear the Lord Singularity hath given the Turkes a great defeat, he is both a wise, prudent, and valiant man.

2. Merchant. Methinkes our Nation should not suffer such a person as he, to hazard his life in the service of other Countries.

1. Merchant. O it is an honour to our Nation, to let the world know what gallant men it breeds, besides our Nation is in peace with all the world; and he being active, hates to live idly, and dully at home, although he have a great estate, and is well beloved in his Country.

2. Merchant. What command doth the Venetians give him?

D 2

1. Merchant.

1. *Merchant*. He is a Generall, for he commands a great Army.

2. *Merchant*. Is he married?

1. *Merchant*. No, and it is reported he never will marry, but he loves Mistresses well, which all Souldiers doth for the most part.

2. *Merchant*. Then *Italy* is the best Countrey in the world for a souldier, there being the greatest store and most variety of *Curtizans*, for many of the *Italians* are, as many are in other Nations, rather Carpet-Knights, then fighting souldiers, they have more skill in setting muscicall notes, than pitching a battle; in kissing a Mistresses hand with a good grace, than shooting of a Cannon bullet with a great courage; they can take better aime at a window, than of an enemy. And though they often receive woundes, yet they are from fair *Venus*, not from cruell *Mars*.

1. *Merchant*. But *Mars*' souldiers when they skirmish in loves duels, receives woundes as often from fair *Venus*, as other men; and *Italy* hath as many gallant valliant men, bred and born in her, as any other Nation; and there are as many Carpet-Knights in other Nations, as in *Italy*; and if valiant, and gallant men be indued with vertue, they are not the less to be esteemed; and as for *Curtizans*, all Nations is stored as much as *Italy*, but they do not so openly profess it, as those in *Italy* doth.

2. *Merchant*. For my part, I cannot think they are so good Souldiers as they were in *Cæsars* time.

1. *Merchant*. That may be, for there is no such souldiers as *Cæsars* souldiers were, no not in the world; that is, there are no men so patient, obedient, carefull, industrious, laborious, daring, adventurous, resolute, and active, in these Warrs, in this age, as the *Romans* were in *Cæsars* time; and of all the souldiers, *Cæsars* souldiers were the best, and of all commanders *Cæsar* himself, yet those warriors was not less courtly to the feminine sex, than these of this age; and if you did talk with an understanding Souldier, he would tell you that *Amors* gave an edge to courage, and that it is a mark of a gallant man, and a brave souldier to be an *Amarato*; and as for the *Curtizans* of *Italy*, if there can be an honest act in a dishonest life, it is that the *Curtizans* in *Italy* professes what they are; so that men are not deceived by them, nor betrayed into marriage; wherein other Nations men are cozened with counterfeit modesty, and drawn into marriage by pretended chastity, and then dishonoured by foul adultery, or shamed by marrying a private *Curtizan*, not knowing she was so.

2. *Merchant*. I perceive by thee, that Merchants loves a Mistress as well as a Souldier.

1. *Merchant*. Surely by thy talk thou art ignorant of thy own profession, which is to trade, and traffick into all Nations, and with all forts; but yet, Merchants may be Souldiers if they will, and Souldiers may be Merchants if they please; but the truth is all men in the world are Merchants.

2. *Merchant*. No, beggars are not.

1. *Merchant*. But they are, for they traffick with prayers and praises for almes.

2. *Merchant*. The best Merchants I know are Priests, for they trade into Heaven; and traffick with *Jove*.

1. *Merchant*. That makes them so poor, for heavens commodities are not falseable on earth.

Ex.

Scene 7.

Scene 7.

Enter the Lady Orphant, Nurse Fondly, Foster Trusty.

**L**ady Orphant. Dear Nurse and Foster Father, grant to my desires and assist my designs.

Nurse Fondly. What to let you wander about the world like a Vagabond, besides it is against the modesty of your Sex.

Lady Orphant. Are holy Pilgrimes Vagabonds, or is it immodest for the bodies of devout soules to travell to the sacred Tombe to offer penitentiall tears.

Nurse Fondly. Why, you are no Pilgrime, nor is your journey to a godly end.

Lady Orphant. My journey will be to an honest end, for though I am loves Pilgrime, yet I shall travell to an honest heart; there to offer my pure affections.

Nurse Fondly. To a deboist man, there to offer your Virginity.

Lady Orphant. Mistake me not, for though I love beyond a common rate, even to an extream degree, yet I am chastly honest, and so shall ever be; my grave shall witness my constancy.

*The Lady Orphant weeping. Ex.*

Foster Trusty. Bewhew your tongue wife for speaking so sharply to our young Lady, she was left to our trust, care, and tender usage, and not to be inapt and quarrelled with.

Nurse Fondly. Yes, and you would betray your trust to her childish folly.

Foster Trusty. No that I would not, neither would I venture or yield up her life to loves melancholly.

Nurse Fondly. Come, Come husband, you humour her too much, and that will spoile her I am sure.

*Ex.*

Scene 8.

Enter Sir Peaceable Studious with a Book in his hand; a Table being set out, whereon is Pen, Ink and Paper. After he hath walked a turn or two, with his eyes fixt upon the ground, he sits down to the Table, and begins to write.

*Enter the Lady Ignorant his wife.*

**L**ady Ignorant. Lord Husband! I can never have your company, for you are at all times writing, or reading, or turning your Globes, or peaking through your Prospective Glasse, or repeating Verses, or speaking Speeches to your self.

*E.*

*Sir*

*Sir P. Studious.* Why wife, you may have my company at any time, Nay, never to be from me if you please, for I am alwaies at home.

*Lady Ignorant,* 'Tis true, your person is alwaies at home, and fixt to one place, your Closet as a dull dead statue to the side of a wall, but your mind and thoughts are alwaies abroad.

*Sir P. Studious* The truth is, my mind sometimes sends out my thoughts like Coye ducks, to bring more understanding in.

*Lady Ignorant,* You mistake Husband, for your thoughts are like vain, or rather like false *Scouts* that deceives your understanding, imprisons your senses, and betrayes your life to a dull solitariness.

*Sir P. Studious.* 'Tis better to live a quiet solitary life, than a troublesome and an uneasie life.

*Lady Ignorant.* What is a man born for, but to serve his Countrey, side with his friends, and to please the effeminate Sex.

*Sir P. Studious.* You say right wife, and to serve his Countrey, is to finde out such inventions as is usefull either in Peace or VVar; and to form, order and fettle Common-wealths by Denizing Laws, which none but studious brains e're did, or can do. 'Tis true, practice doth pollish beauty and adorn, but neither layes the Foundation, nor brings the Materials, nor builds the walls thereof; and to side with friends, is to defend Right and Truth with sound arguments and strong proofs, from the tyrannical usurpation of false opinions, vain phantasmes, malicious satires, and flattering oratorie, and to please the effeminate Sex, is to praise their beauty, wit, vertue and good graces in soft Numbers, and smooth Language, building up Piramides of poetical praises, Printing their fame thereon, by which they live to After-ages.

*Lady Ignorant.* Prithy Husband mistake us not, for women cares not for wide mouthed fame; and we take more delight to speak our selves whilst we live, than to be talked of when we are dead, and to take our present pleasures, than to abstain our selves for After-ages.

*Sir P. Studeous.* Well wife, what would you have me do?

*Lady Ignorance.* Why, I would have you so sociable, as to sit and discourse with our friends and acquaintance, and play the good fellow amongst them.

*Sir P. Studious.* What need we to have any other friends than our selves; our studies, books and thoughts.

*Lady Ignorance.* Your studies, books and thoughts, are but dull acquaintance, melancholly companions, and weak friends.

*Sir P. Studious.* You do not wife consider their worth; for books are conversable, yet silent acquaintance, and study, is a wise Counsellor; and kind friends, and poetical thoughts are witty Companions, wherein other Societies and Companies are great inconveniences, and oftimes produces evil effects, as Jealousie, Adulterie, Quarrels, Duels, and Death, besides slanders, backbitings and the like.

*Lady Ignorance.* Truly Husband, you are strangely mistaken; for those Societies as I would have you frequent, doth Sing, Dance, Rallie, make Balls Masks, Playes, Feasts, and the like, and also makes Frollicks or Rubices, or Playes, at Questions and Commands, Purposes or Riddles, and twenty such like Pastimes and fine sports they have.

*Sir P. Studious.* But surely Wife you would not like this kind of life, nor I neither; especially if we were in one and the same Company; for perchance you may hear wanton Songs sung, and see amorous glances, or rude or immodest Actions, and when you dance, have a secret nip, and gentle gripe of the



the hand silently to declare their amorous affections; and when you are at Questions or Commands, you will be commanded to kiss the men, or they you, which I shall not like, neither should you; or if they are commanded to pull of your Garter, which no chaste and modest woman will suffer, nor no gallant man, or honourable husband will indure to stand by to see, and if you refuse, you disturb the rest of the Company, and then the women falls out with you in their own defence, and the men takes it as an affront, and disgrace, by reason none refuses but you; This causes quarrels with Strangers, or quarrels betwixt our selves.

*Lady Ignorant.* 'Tis true, if the Company were not Persons of Quality which were civilly bred; but there is no rude Actions, or immodest behaviours offered or seen amongst them; Besides, if you do not like those sports, you may play at Cardes or Dice to pass away the time.

*Sir P. Studious.* But Wife, let me examine you, have or do you frequent these Societies that you speak so Knowingly, Learnedly and Affectively of?

*Lady Ignorance.* No otherwise Husband, but as I have heard, which reports makes me desire to be acquainted with them.

*Sir P. Studious.* Well, you shall, and I will bear you company, to be an Eye-witness how well you behave your self, and how you profit thereby.

*Lady Ignorance.* Pray Husband do, for it will divert you from your too serious studies, and deep thoughts, which feeds upon the health of your body, which will shorten your life; and I love you so well, as I would not have you dye, for this I persuade you to, is for your good.

*Sir P. Studious.* We will try how good it is.

Ex.

Scene 9.

*Enter Nurse Fondley, and Foster Trusty her Husband.*

*Nurse Fondly.* How shall I keep your Journey secret, but that every body will know of it.

*Foster Trusty.* We will give out that such a deep melancholly have seized on her, since her Fathers death, as she hath made a vow not to see any creature besides your self for two years; As for me, I have lived so solitary a life with my solitary Master, this Ladies Father, that I have few or no acquaintance; besides, I will pretend some business into some other parts of the Kingdom, and I having but a little Estate, few will inquire after me.

*Nurse Fondly.* So in the mean time I must live solitary, all alone, without my Husband, or Nurse-child, which Child, Heaven knows, I love better, than if I had one living of my own.

*Foster Trusty.* I am as fond of her, as you are, and Heaven knows, would most willingly sacrifice my old life, could it do her any service.

*Nurse Fondly.* But we indanger her life; by the consenting to this journey, for she that hath been bred with tenderness and delicateness, can never indure the coldes and heats, the dirt and dust that Travellers are subject to; Besides, to be disturbed and broaken of her sleep, and to have ill Lodging, or perhaps none at all, and then to travel a foot like a Pilgrim: Her tender feet will never indure the hard ground, nor her young legs never able to bear her body so long a journey.

*Foster Trusty.* Tis true, this journey may very much incommode her, yet if she doth not go to satisfie her mind, I cannot perceive any hopes of life, but do foresee her certain death; for her mind is so restless, and her thoughts works so much upon her body, as it begins to waste, for she is become lean and pale.

*Nurse Fondly.* Well! Heaven blefs you both, and prosper your journey, but pray let me hear often from you, for I shall be in great frights and fears.

*Foster Trusty.* If we should write, it may chance to discover us, if our Letters should be opened, wherefore you must have patience.

Ex.

Scene 10.

Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Reformer her Woman.

**L**ady Bashfull. Reformer, I am little beholding to you.

Reformer. Why Madam.

Lady Bashfull. Why, you might have told a lye for me once in your life, for if you had not spoke the truth by saying I was the Lady, they came to see; they would never have guest I had been she, for they expected me to have been a free bold Entertainer, as they were Visitors, which is, as I do perceive, to be rudely familiar at first sight.

Reformer. But to have told a lye, had been to commit a sin.

Lady Bashfull. In my conscience the Gods would have forgiven you, nay, they would have blest you; For it is a most pious and charitable act in helping the distressed; Besides, you had not only helped a present distress, but releas'd a whole life out of misery; for as long as I live my thoughts will torment me: O! They wound my very soul already, they will hinder my pious devotions; For when I pray, I shall think more of my bashfull behaviour, and the disgrace I have received thereby, than of Heaven; Besides, they will starve me, not suffering the meat to go down my throat, or else to choke me, causing it to go awry, or else they will cause a Fever; for in my conscience I shall blush even in my sleep, if I can sleep; For certainly I shall dream of my disgrace, which will be as bad as a waking memory: O! that I had Opium, I would take it, that I might forget all things; For as long as I have memory, I shall remember my simple behaviour, and as for my Page, he shall go, I am resolv'd to turn him away.

Reformer. Why madam?

Lady Bashfull. Because he let them come in.

Reformer. He could not help it, for they followed him at the heels, they never

they never stayed for an answer from you, or to know whether you were within or no, and there were a great many of them.

*Lady Bashfull.* I think there was a Legion of them.

*Reformer.* You speak as if they were a Legion of Angels.

*Lady Bashfull.* Nay, they proved a Legion of Devils to me.

*Reformer.* There was one that seemed to be a fine Gentleman, but he spake not a word.

*Lady Bashfull.* They may be all what you will make them, or describe them, for I could make no distinction whether they were men or women, or beasts, nor heard no articulated sound, only a humming noise.

*Reformer.* They spake loud enough to have pierced your ears, if strength of noise could have done it, but the Gentleman that did not speak, looked so earnestly at you, as if he would have looked you thorough.

*Lady Bashfull.* O that his eyes had that piercing faculty, for then perchance he might have seen; I am not so simple as my behaviour made me appear.

*Ex.*

Scene II.

*Enter Sir Peaceable Studious, and the Lady Ignorance his Wife.*

*Sir Peaceable Studious.* I have lost 500. pounds since you went in with the Ladies.

*Lady Ignorance.* 500. Pounds in so short a time.

*Sir P. Studious.* 'Tis well I lost no more: But yet, that 500. pounds would have bought you a new Coach, or Bed, or Silver Plate, or Cabinets, or Gowns, or fine Flanders-laces, and now its gone, and we have no pleasure nor credit for it, but it is no matter, I have health for it, therefore I will call to my Steward to bring me some more.

*Lady Ignorance.* No, do not so, for after the rate you have lost, you will lose all your Estate in short time.

*Sir P. Studious.* Faith let it go, 'tis but begging or starving after it is gone, for I have no trade to live by, unless you have a way to get a living, have you any.

*Lady Ignorance.* No truly Husband, I am a shiftless creature.

*Sir P. Studious.* Yes, but you may play the Whore, and I the Shark, so live by couzening and cheating.

*Lady Ignorance.* Heaven defend Husband.

*Sir P. Studious.* Or perchance some will be so charitable to give us suck'd bones from stinking breaths, and rotten-teeth, or greasie scraps from fowl hands; But go wife, prithy bid my Steward send me 500. pounds more, or let it alone; I will run on the score, and pay my losings at a lump.

*Lady Ignorance.* No dear Husband, play no more.

*Sir P. Studious.* How! not play any more say you, shall I break good Company with sitting out; Besides, it is a question whether I have power to leave off, now I have once begun; for Play is Witch-craft, it inchant's temperance, prudence, patience, reason and judgment, and it kicks away time, and bids him

go as an old bald-pated fellow as he is, also it chains the life with fears, care and griefs of losing to a pair of Cards and set of Dice.

*Lady Ignorance.* For Heaven sake pitty me! If you consider not your self.

*Sir P. Studious.* Can you think a Husband considers his wife, when he forgets, or regards not himself, when all love is self-love, for a man would have his Wife to be loving and chaste for his honours sake, to be thrifty for his profit sake, to be patient for quiet sake, to be cleanly, witty and beautifull for his pleasure sake, and being thus, he loves her; For if she be false, unkind, prodigal, froward, fluttish, foolish, and ill-favoured, he hates her.

*Lady Ignorant.* But if a Husband loves his wife, he will be carefull to please her, prudent for her, substence, industrious for her convenience, valiant to protect her, and conversable to entertain her, and wise to direct and guide her.

*Sir P. Studious.* To rule and govern her, you mean wife.

*Lady Ignorance.* Yes, but a Husbands follies will be but corrupt Tutors, and ill Examples for a wife to follow; wherefore dear Husband, play no more, but come amongst the effeminate Societie, you will finde more pleasure at less charges.

*Sir. P. Studious.* Well wife, You shall perswade me for this time.

*Lady Ignorance.* I thank you Husband.

Ex.

### Scene 12.

*Enter the Lady Orphant, and Foster Trusty, as two Pilgrims.*

*Foster Trusty.* My childe, you were best sit and rest your self, you cannot chose but be very weary, for we have travelled a great journey to day.

*Lady Orphant.* Truly I am as fresh, and my spirits are as lively, as if I had not trod a step to day.

*Foster Trusty.* I perceive love can work miracles.

*Lady Orphant.* Are not you Father a weary?

*Foster Trusty.* It were a shame for me to be weary, when you are not; But my childe, we must change these Pilgrims weeds, when we are out of our own Country; as when we are in *Italy*, otherwise we cannot pretend to stay in the Venetian Armie, but must travel as Pilgrims do to *Jerusalem*: But it were best we put our selves into Beggers garments until we come into the Armie, for fear we should be strip'd by Thieves; for I have heard, Thieves will strip Travellers, if their cloths be not all ragges.

*Lady Orphant.* 'Tis true, and Thieves as I have heard, will rob Pilgrims soonest, finding many good Pilladge, wherefore we will accoutre our selves like to ragged Beggers.

Ex.

## ACT III.

## Scene 13.

Enter the Lady Bashfull, as in a melancholly humour, and Reformer her Woman.

**R**eformer. Lord Madam! I hope you are not seriously troubled for being out of Countenance.

**Lady Bashfull.** Yes truly.

**Reformer.** What? as to make you melancholly!

**Lady Bashfull.** Yes, very melancholly, when I think I have made my self a corn, and hath indangered my reputation.

**Reformer.** Your reputation! Heaven blefs you, but your life is so innocent, harmless, chaste, pure and sweet, and your actions so just and honest, as all the Devils in Hell cannot indanger your reputation.

**Lady Bashfull.** But spitefull tongues, which are worse than Devils, may hurt my reputation.

**Reformer.** But spite cannot have any thing to say.

**Lady Bashfull.** Spite will lye, rather than not speak, for envie is the mother to spite, and slander is the Mid-wife.

**Reformer.** Why, what can they say?

**Lady Bashfull.** They will say I am guilty of some immodest act, or at least thoughts, or else of some heynous and horrid crime, otherwise I could not be ashamed, or out of countenance, if I were innocent.

**Reformer.** They cannot say ill, or think ill, but if they could, and did, what are you the worse, as long as you are innocent.

**Lady Bashfull.** Yes truly, for I desire to live in a pure esteem, and an honourable respect in every breast, and to have a good report spoke on me, since I deserve no other.

**Reformer.** There is an old saying, that opinion travels without a Passe-port, and they that would have every ones good opinion, must live in every mans age: But I am very confident, there is none lives or dyes without censures, or detraction; even the Gods themselves, that made man, hath given man power and free will to speak, at least to think what they will; That makes so many Achiests in thought, and so many several factions by disputation, and since the Gods cannot, or will not be free from censures, why should you trouble your self with what others say, wherefore pray put off this indiscreet and troublesome humour; for if you would not regard censure, you would be more confident.

**Lady Bashfull.** I will do what I can to mend.

## Scene 14.

Enter the Lady Orphant, and Foster Trusty, like two poor Beggars.

**F**oster. Childe, you must beg of every one that comes by, otherwise we shall not seem right Beggars.

*Lady Orphant.* If our necessities were according to our outward appearance, we were but in a sad condition; for I shall never get any thing by begging, for I have neither learn'd the tone, nor the Beggers phrase to move pity or charity.

*Foster Trusty.* Few Beggars move pity, they get more by importunity, than by their oratorie, or the givers charity.

Enter 2. Gentlemen.

*She goeth to them and begs*

*Lady Orphant.* Noble Gentlemen, pity the shiftless youth, and infirm old age that hath no means to live, but what compassionate charity will bestow.

*1. Gentleman.* You are a young boy, and may get your living by learning to work.

*Lady Orphant.* But my Father being very old, is past working, and I am so young, as I have not arrived to a learning degree of age, and by that time I have learn'd to get my living, my Father may be starved for want of food.

*2. Gent.* Why, your Father may beg for himself whilst you learn to work.

*Lady Orphant.* My Father's feeble legs can never run after the flying speed of pitiless hearts, nor can he stand so long to wait for conscience almes, nor knock so hard to make devotion hear.

*1. Gent.* I perceive you have learn'd to beg well, though not to work, and because you shall know my devotion is not deaf, there is something for your Father and you.

*2. Gent.* Nay, faith boy, thou shalt have some of the scraps of my charity to, there is for thee.

*Lady Orphant.* Heaven bless you; and grant to you, all your good desires.

*Gentlemen Ex.*

Enter a Lady and Servants.

*Lady Orphant.* Honourable Lady, let the mouth of necessity suck the breast of your charity to feed the hungry Beggars.

*Lady.* Away you rogue, a young boy and beg! You should be strip'd, whip'd, and set to work.

*Lady Orphant.* Alas Madam, naked poverty is alwaies under the lash of miserie, which forceth us to work in the quarries of stony hearts, but we finde the mineral so hard, as we cannot get out enough to build up a lively-hood.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* Imploy your selves upon some other work then,

*Lady Exit.*

*Enter a mean Trades-man.*

*Lady Orphant.* Good Sir relieve a poor begger.

*Trades-man.* Faith boy, I am so poor, as I want relief my self; yet of what I have, thou shalt share with me; there is a peny of my two pence, which is all I have, and Heaven do thee good with it,

*Trades-man Exit.*

*Lady Orphant.* I perceive poverty pities poverty, as feeling the like miserie, where riches is cruel, and hard-hearted, not knowing what want is.

*Foster Trusty.* I perceive wit can work upon every thing, and can form it self into what shape it please, and thy wit playes the Begger so well, as we needed not to have stored our selves from our own Stocks, but have lived upon the Stocks of others.

*Lady Orphant.* But if all Stocks were as insipid as the Ladies, we should have starved, if we had not brought sap from our own home; But Father, I am weighed down with the peny the poor *Trades-man* gave me.

*Foster Trusty.* Why, it is not so heavy.

*Lady Orphant.* It is so heavy, as it burthens my conscience, and I shall never be at ease, nor be able to travel any farther, until I have restored the peny to the giver again.

*Foster Nurse.* How should we do that, for it is as hard and difficult to find out that man, as to finde out the first cause of effects.

*Lady Orph.* Well, I will play the Philosopher, and search for him.

*Foster Nurse.* But if you should meet him, perchance you will not know he was he.

*Lady Orph.* O yes, for his extraordinary charity made me take particular notice of him.

*Enter the Trades-man as returning back.*

*Lady Orph.* Most charitable and -----

*Trades-man.* What boy, wouldst thou have the other peny,

*Lady Orph.* Most noble Sir, I have received from a bountifull hand, a summe of money, and since you were so charitable to divide the half of your store to me, so I desire I may do the like to you.

*Trades-man.* No boy, keep it for thy self, and thy old Father; I have a Trade, and shall get more.

*Lady Orph.* Pray take it for luck-sake, otherwise I shall never thrive.

*Trades-man.* Faith I finde boy, thou art not as most of the World are; the more riches they get, the more covetous they grow.

*Lady Orph.* Sir, pray take this.

*Trades-man.* What do you give me here, a piece of Gold?

*Lady Orph.* Yes Sir.

*Trades-man.* That were extortion, to take a pound for a peny.

*Lady Orph.* No, it is not extortion, since I can better spare this pound now, than you could your peny, when you gave it me; wherefore it is but justice,

*Trades-man.* Well, I will keep it for thee, and when you want it, come to

me again, and you shall have it: *I* live in the next street, at the signe of the *Holy-lamb*.

*Lady Orphant*. Pray make use of it, for *I* may chance never to see you more.

*Exeunt*.

Scene 15.

*Enter Sir Studios, and the Lady Ignorance his Wife.*

*Sir P. Studios*. Faith Wife, with sipping of your Gossiping-cups, *I* am half drunk.

*Lady Ignorance*. Lord Husband! There were some of the Ladies that drank twice as much as you did, and were not drunk, and to prove they were not drunk, was that they talked as much before they drunk, as after; For there was such a confusion of words, as they could not understand each other, and they did no more, when they had drunk a great quantity of Wine.

*Sir P. Studios*. That was a signe they were drunk, that they talked less, but how chance that you drank so little.

*Lady Ignorance*. Truly, Wine is so nauseous to my taste, and so hatefull to my nostrils, as *I* was sick when the cup was brought to me.

*Sir P. Studios*. *I* know not what it was to you, but to me it was pleasaunt, for your Ladies were so gamesome, merry and kind, as they have fired me with amorous love ever since.

*Enter the Lady Ignorance's maid.*

*Maid*. Madam, the Lady *Wagtail*, and other Ladies, have sent to know if your Ladyship were within, that they might come and wait upon you.

*Sir Peaceable Studios* chiks the maid under the Chin, and kisses her.

*Sir P. Studios* Faith *Nan*, thou art a pretty wench.

*Lady Ignorance*. What Husband? Do you kifs my maid before my face.

*Sir P. Studios*. Why not Wife, as well as one of your sociable Ladies in a frolick, as you kifs me, *I* kifs *Nan*.

*Lady Ignorance*. So, and when *Nan* kiffes your Barber, he must kifs me.

*Sir P. Studios*. Right, this is the kissing frolick, and then comes the striking frolick, for you strike *Nan*, *Nan* gently strikes me, and *I* justly beat you, and end the frolicks with a ----

*Enter the Lady Wagtail, and other Ladies of the Societie, with the Lady Amorous.*

*Lady wagtail*. What? a man and his Wife dully alone together! Fie for shame.

*Lady Amorous*. Lawfull love is the dullest and drouziest companion that is, for Wives are never thought fair, nor Husbands witty.

*Sir*



*Sir P. Studios.* Your Ladyship is learned in loves Societies.

*Lady Amorous.* Yes that I am, for I have observed, that if there be a match'd company, every man having a woman, their conversation is dull, every mans tongue whispering in his Mistriſs eare, whilst the women are mute, listening to that which is whisper'd unto them; but let there be but one man amongst a company of women, and then their tongues runs races, striving with each other, which shall catch that one man, as the only prize, when the weaker wits runs themselves strait out of breath.

*Sir P. Studios.* And must not one man run against them all.

*Lady Amorous.* O yes? and many times his wit bears them all.

*Sir. P. Studios.* Faith Lady? They must not be such strong winded wits as yours is, which is able to beat a dozen Masculine wits out of the field.

*Lady Amorous.* You are pleas'd to give me a complement.

*The Lady Ignorance seems melancholly.*

*Lady wagtaile.* The merry God have mercy on you? What makes you so melancholly.

*Lady Ignorance.* I am not well to day.

*Lady Wagtail.* If you are troubled with melancholly vapours, arising from crude humours, you must take as soon as you wake after your first sleep, a draught of Wormwood-wine, then lye to sleep again, and then half an hour before you rise, drink a draught of Jelly-broth, and after you have been up an hour and half, eat a White-wine-caudle, then a little before a dinner, take a Toste and Sack, and at your meals, two or three good glasses of Clarret-wine; as for your Meats, you must eat those of light digestion, as Pheasant, Partridges, Cocks, Snipes, Chickens, young Turkeys, Pea-chickens and the like; And in the After-noon, about four or five a clock, you must take Naples-bisket dip'd in Ippocras, which helps digestion much, and revives the spirits, and makes one full of discourse, and not only to discourse, but to discourse wittily, and makes one such good company, as invites acquaintance, and ties friendship.

*The whilst the Lady Wagtail talks to the Lady Ignorance, she eyes her Husband, who seems to court the Lady Amorous.*

*Lady Amorous.* Faith I will tell your Wife what you say.

*Lady Wagtail.* That is fowl play, and not done like one of the Society, especially when my Lady is not well.

*Lady Amorous.* What? Is she sick! I lay my life she hath eate too much Branne Sturgeon; or Sammon without muskadine or Sack, or Neats-tongues, Bakon and Anchoves, Caveare, or Lobsters, without Rhenish-wines, or Oysters, or Sausages without Clarret-wine, or hath she eaten Potatoc-pies without dates, Ringo-roots, Marrow and Chestnuts, have you not? i faith confers.

*Lady Ignorance.* No indeed.

*Lady Amorous.* Why? I hope you have not taken a surfeit of White-meats, those childish meats, or with Water-grewel, Ponado, Barley-grewel, those Hodge-podge meats.

*Lady Ignorance.* Neither. ----

*Lady Amorous.* Why, then you have over-heated your self with dancing

or fretting and vexing your self at your ill fortune at Cards; or your Tayler, hath spoiled some Gown, or your Coach-man was out of the way when you would go abroad; is it not so.

*Lady Ignorance.* No.

*Lady Amorous.* Why? Then your Husband hath crost some design, or hath angered you some other way.

*The Lady Ignorance blushes.*

*They all laugh, and speak at one time; She blushes, She blushes.*

*Lady wagtail.* Faith *Amorous*, thou hast found it out! Sir *peaceable Studios* you are to be chidden to anger your Wife; wherefore tell us how you did anger her, when you did anger her, and for what you did anger her.

*Sir P. Studios.* Dear, sweet, fine, fair Ladies! be not so cruel to me, as to lay my Wives indisposition to my charge.

*Lady wagtail.* But we will, and we will draw up an Accusation against you, unless you confes, and ask pardon.

*Sir P. Studios.* Will you accuse me without a Witness?

*Lady wagtail.* Yes, and condemne you too.

*Sir P. Studios.* That were unjust! if Ladies could be unjust.

*Lady Amorous.* O Madam! we have a witness; her blushing is a sufficient witness to accuse him; Besides, her melancholly silence will help to condemn him.

*Lady Ignorance.* Pardon me Ladies, for when any of our Sex are offended, or angered, whether they have cause or not, they will rail louder than *Joves* thunder.

*Lady Amorous.* So will you in time.

*Lady wagtail.* Let us jumble her abroad; Come Madam! we will put you out of your dull humour.

*Lady Ignorance.* No Madam? Pray excuse me to day; in truth I am not well.

*Lady Amorous.* No, let us let my Lady alone, but let us take her Husband, and tutour him

*Sir. P. Studios.* Ladies, give me leave to praise my self, and let me tell you; I am as apt a Scholar, as ever you met with, and as willing to learn.

*Lady Amorous.* Farewell Madam, we will order Sir *P. Studios*, and try what disposition he is of, and how apt to be instructed.

*Lady Ignorance.* Pray do Madam, he promiseth well.

*Ex.*

Scene 16.

*Enter Foster Trusty, and the Lady Orphant.*

*Lady Orphant.* Now we are come into the Armie, how shall we do? hean our selves like poor Beggers.

*Foster Trusty.* By no means, for though you beg well, yet you will never get what

what you come for with begging, for there is an old saying, that although all charity is love, yet all love is not charity.

*Lady Orphant.* It were the greatest charity in the World, for him to love me; for without his love, I shall be more miserable than poverty can make me.

*Foster Trusty.* But poverty is so scorned and hated, that no person is accepted which she presents; Nay, poverty is shunn'd more than the Plague.

*Lady Orphant.* Why? it is not infectious.

*Foster Trusty.* Yes faith, for the relieving of necessity, is the way to be impoverished.

*Lady Orph.* But their rewards are the greater in Heaven.

*Foster Trusty.* 'Tis true, but their Estates are less on earth.

*Lady Orphant.* But blessings are more to be desired than wealth.

*Foster Trusty.* Well? Heaven bless us, and send us such fortune, that our long journey may prove successfull, and not profitless, and because Heaven never gives blessings, unless we use a prudent industry; you shall put your self into good clothes, and I will mix my self with his followers and servants, and tell them, as I may truly, that you are my Son, for no mans Son but mine you are, was so importunate, as you would never let me rest, until I brought you to see the Lord *Singularity*, and they will tell him, to let him know his fame is such, as even young children adore him, taking a Pilgrimage to see him, and he out of a vaunt-glory will desire to see you.

*Lady Orphant.* But what advantage shall I get by that.

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and many Commanders attending him.*

*Foster Trusty.* Peace! here is the General.

*Commander.* The enemy is so beaten, as now they will give us some time to breath our selves.

*General.* They are more out of breath than we are, but the States are generous enemies, if they give them leave to fetch their wind, and gather strength again.

*Lady Orphant.* Father, stand you by, and let me speak.

*She goeth to the General, and speaks to him.*

*Heaven bless your Excellence.*

*Lord General.* From whence comest thou boy?

*Lady Orph.* From your native Countrey.

*General.* Cam'st thou lately?

*Lady Orph.* I am newly arrived.

*General.* Pray how is my Countrey, and Countrey-men, live they still in happy peace, and flourishing with plenty.

*Lady Orph.* There is no noise of war, or fear of famine.

*General.* Pray how continue it.

*Lady Orphant.* It is likely so to continue, unless their pride and luxurie begets a factious childe, that is born with war, and fed with ruine.

*General.* Do you know what faction is?

*Lady Orph.* There is no man that lives, and feels it not, the very thoughts are factious in the mind, and in rebellious passions arises warring against the soul.

*General.* Thou canst not speak thus by experience boy, thou art too young, not yet a mans Estate.

*Lady Orphan.* But children have thoughts, and said to have a rational soul, as much as those that are grown up to men ; but if souls grow as bodies doth, and thoughts increases with their years, then may the wars within the mind be like to School-boys quarrels, that falls out for a toy, and for a toyare friends.

*General.* Thou speakest like a Tutour, what boyish thoughts so ever thou hast ; but tell me boy ? what mad'st thee travel so great a journey.

*Lady Orph.* For to see you.

*General.* To see me boy !

*Lady Orph.* Yes, to see you Sir ; for the Trumpet or your <sup>voice</sup> did sound so loud, it struck my ears, broke open my heart, and let desire forth, which restless grew until I travelled hither.

*General.* I wish I had merits to equal thy weary steps, or means for to reward them.

*Lady Orph.* Your presence hath sufficiently rewarded me.

*General.* Could I do thee any service boy ?

*Lady Orph.* A bounteous favour you might do me Sir ?

*General.* What is that boy ?

*Lady Orph.* To let me serve you, Sir.

*General.* I should be ingratefull to refuse thee, chose thy place.

*Lady Orph.* Your Page, Sir, if you please.

*General.* I accept of thee most willingly.

*Captain.* But Sir ? may not this boy be a lying, couzening, flattering dissembling, treacherous boy.

*General.* Why Captain, there is no man that keeps many servants, but some are lyers, and some treacherous, and all flatterers ; and a Master receives as much injurie from each particular, as if they were joyned in one.

*Lady Orph.* I can bring none that will witness for my truth, or be bound for my honesty, but my own words.

*General.* I desire none, boy, for thy tongue sounds so sweetly, and thy face looks so honestly, as I cannot but take, and trust thee.

*Lady Orph.* Heaven blefs your Excellence, and fortune prosper you, for your bounty hath been above my hopes, and equal to my wishes.

*General.* What is thy name ?

*Lady Orph.* *Affectionata* my Noble Lord.

*General.* Then follow me *Affectionata*.

*Ex.*

## ACT IV.

## Scene 17.

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Reformer her woman.*

*Enter Page.*

**P**Age. Madam, there was a Gentleman gave me this Letter, to deliver to your Ladyships hands.

*Lady Bashfull.* A Letter! pray *Reformer* open it, and read it; for I will not receive Letters privately.

*Page Exit.*

*Reformer.* The supercription is for the Right Honourable; the *Lady Bashfull*; these present:

*The Letter.*

M A D A M,

*Since I have had the honour to see you, I have had the unhappines to think my self miserable, by reason I am deprived of speech, that should plead my suit, but if an affectionate soul, chaste thoughts, lawfull desires, and a fervent heart can plead without speech; let me beg your favour to accept of me for your servant; and what I want in Language, my industrious observance, and diligent service shall supply; I am a Gentleman, my breeding hath been according to my birth, and my Estate is sufficient to maintain me according to both; As for your Estate; I consider it not, for were you so poor of fortunes goods, as you had nothing to maintain you, but what your merit might challenge out of every purse; yet if you were mine, I should esteem you richer than the whole world, and I should love you, as Saints love Heaven, and adore you equal to a Dietie; for I saw so much sweetness of nature; nobleness of soul, purity of thoughts, and innocency of life, thorough your Bashfull countenance; as my soul is wedded thereunto, and my mind so restless; therefore, that unless I may have hopes to enjoy you for my wife; I shall dye;*

Your distracted Servant,

SERIOUS DUMB.

*Lady Bashfull.* Now *Reformer*; what say you to this Letter?

*Reformer.* I say it is a good honest, hearty affectionate Letter, and upon my life, it is the Gentleman I commended so; he that looked so seriously on you; and your Ladyship may remember, I said he viewed you, as if he would have looked you thorough, and you made answer, that you wished he could, that he might see you were not so simple, as your behaviour made you appear, and now your wish is absolved.

*Lady Bashfull.* VVhat counsel will you give me in this cause?

*Reformer.* VVhy? write him a civil answer.

*Lady Bashfull.* VVhy should I hold correspondence with any man, either by Letter, or any other way, since I do not intend to marry.

*Reformer.* Not marry?

*Lady Bashfull.* No, not marry.

*Reformer.* VVhy so?

*Lady Bashfull.* Because I am now Mistress of my self, and fortunes, and have a free liberty; and who that is free, if they be wise, will make themselves slaves, subjecting themselves to anothers humour, unless they were fools, or mad, and knew not how to chose the best and happiest life.

*Reformer.* You will change this opinion, and marry, I dare swear.

*Lady Bashfull.* Indeed I will not swear, but I think I shall not, for I love an easie, peaceable and solitary life, which none injoys but single persons; for in marriage, the life is disturbed with noise and company, troublesome employments, vex'd with crosses, and restless with cares; Besides, I could not indure to have Parteners to share of him, whom my affections had set a price upon, or my merit, or beauty, or wealth, or vertue had bought.

*Reformer.* So, I perceive you would be jealous, if you were married.

*Lady Bashfull.* Perchance I might have reason, but to prevent all inconveniences, and discontents, I will live a single life.

*Reformer.* Do what likes you best, for I dare not perswade you any way, for fear my advice should not prove to the best.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 18.

*Enter Affectionata, and Foster Trusty.*

*Foster Trusty.* Now you are placed according to your desire, what will you command me to do?

*Affectionata.* Dear *Foster* Father, although I am loth to part from you, yet by reason I shall suffer in my estate, I must intreat you to return home, for my Nurse your wife, hath not skill to manage that fortune my Father left me; for she knows not how to let Leases, to set Lands, to receive Rents, to repair Ruines, to disburst Charges, and to order those affairs as they should be ordered; which your knowledge, industry and wisdom will dispose and order for my advantage.

*Foster Trusty.* But how if you be discovered.

*Affectionata.* Why, if I should, as I hope I shall not, yet the Lord Singularity is so noble a person, as he will neither use me uncivilly, nor cruelly.

*Foster Trusty.* All that I fear is, if you should be discovered, he should use you too civilly.

*Affectionata.* That were to use me rudely, which I am confident he will not do, and I am confident that you do believe I will receive no more civility (if you call it so) than what honour will allow and approve of.

*Foster Trusty.* But jealousie will creep into the most confident breasts sometimes, yet I dare trust you, though I fear him.

*Affectio-*

*Affectionata.* I hope there is no cause to fear him, or doubt me, wherefore dear Father, let us go and settle our affairs here, that you may return home to order those there.

Scene 19.

*Enter Sir Peaceable Studious, and the Lady Ignorance his Wife, She being undrest, her mantle about her, as being not well.*

*Sir P. Studious.* In truth wife, it is a great misfortune you should be sick this Term-time, when the Society is so much increast, as it is become a little Common-wealth.

*Lady Ignorance.* If there be so many, they may the better spare me.

*Sir P. Studious.* 'Tis true, they can spare your company, but how can you want their companies.

*Lady Ignorance.* You shall be my Intelligencer of their pastimes.

*Sir P. Studious.* That I will wife, but it will be but a dull recreation, only to hear a bare relation.

*Lady Ignorance.* As long as you partake of their present pleasures, and pleasant actions, what need you take care for me.

*Sir P. Studious.* Yes, but I must in Justice, for since you have cured me of a studious Lethargie, I ought to do my indeavour to divert your melancholly; and there is no such remedy as the Society; wherefore dear wife, fling off this melancholly sickness, or sick melancholly, and go amongst them; for surely your sickness is in your mind, not in your body.

*She cries.*

*Sir P. Studious.* What, do you cry Wife, who hath angered you?

*Lady Ignorance.* Why you.

*Sir P. Studious.* Who, I anger'd you! why I would not anger a woman, no, not my Wife for the whole World, if I could possible avoid it, which I fear cannot be avoided, for if I should please one of your Sex, I should be sure to displease another: — But that is my comfort, it is not my fault; but dear Wife, how have I offended you.

*Lady Ignorance.* Why did you kifs my maid before my face.

*Sir P. Studious.* Why did you perfwade me.

*Lady Ignorance.* Did I perfwade you to kifs my maid.

*Sir P. Studious.* No, but you did perfwade me to be one of the Society, and there is kissing, and I thought it was as well to kifs your maid before your face, as a sociable Lady before your face.

*Lady Ignorance.* And why do you make love to the Ladies, since I suffer none to make love to me.

*Sir P. Studious.* No, for if you did, I would fling you to death, to be embraced in his cold arms; Besides, those actions that are allowable and seemly, as manly in men, are condemned in women, as immodest, and unbecoming, and dishonourable; but talking to you, I shall miss of the pleasant sports, and therefore, if you will go, come, the Coach is ready.

*Lady Ignorance.* No, I will not go.

*Sir P. Studious.* Then I will go without you.

*Lady Ignorance.* No, pray Husband go no more thither.

*Sir P. Studious.* How! not to go? nor to go no more, would you desire me from that which you perswaded me to; Nay, so much as I could never be quiet, disturbing my harmless studies, and happy mind, crossing my pleasing thoughts with complaining words, but I perceive you grow jealous, and now you are acquainted, you have no more use of me, but would be glad to quit my company, that you may be more free abroad.

*Lady Ignorance.* No Husband, truly I will never go abroad, but will inancor my self in my own house, so you will stay at home, and be as you were before, for I see my own follies, and am ashamed of my self, that you should prove me such a fool.

*Sir P. Studious.* Do you think me so wise and temperate a man, as I can on a sudden quit vain pleasures, and lawfull follies.

*Lady Ignorance.* Yes, or else you have studied to little purpose.

*Sir P. Studious.* Well, for this day I will stay at home, and for the future-time I will consider.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 20.

*Enter two Servants of the Generals.*

1. *Servant.* This boy that came but the other day, hath got more of my Lords affection, than we that have served him this many years.

2. *Servant.* New-comers are alwaies more favoured than old waiters; for Matters regards old Servants no more, than the Imagerie in an old suit of Hangings, which are grown threed-bare with time, and out of fashion with change; Besides, new Servants are more industrious and diligent than old; but when he hath been here a little while, he will be as lazie as the rest, and then he will be as we are.

1. *Servant.* I perceive my Lord delights to hear him talk, for he will listen very attentively to him, but when we offer to speak, he bids us to be silent.

2. *Servant.* I wonder he should, for when we speak, it is with gravity, and our discourse is sententious, but his is meer squibs.

*Enter Affectionata.*

*Affectionata.* Gentlemen, my Lord would have one of you to come to him.

1. *Servant.* Why, I thought you could supply all our places, for when you are with him, he seems to have no use of us.

*Affectionata.* It shall not be for want of will, but ability, if I do not serve him in every honest office.

1. *Servant.* So you will make some of us knaves.

*Affectionata.* I cannot make you knaves, unless you be willing to be knaves your selves.

2. *Servant.* What, do you call me knave?

*Affectio-*



*Affectionata.* I do not call you so.

Ex.

2. *Servant.* Well, I will be revenged, if I live.

Ex.

Scene 21.

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Reformer her woman.*

*Reformer.* Madam, I have inquired what this Sir *Serious Dumb* is, and 'tis said he is one of the finest Gentlemen in this Kingdom, and that his valour hath been proved in the wars, and that he is one that is very active and dexterous in all manly exercises, as riding, fencing, vaulting, swimming, and the like, Also that he is full of inventions, and a rare Poet, and that he hath a great Estate, only that he is dumb, and hath been so this twelve years and upwards.

*Lady Bashfull.* *Reformer.* What makes you so industrious to inquire after him, surely thou art in love with him.

*Reformer.* In my conscience I liked him very well, when he was to see you.

*Lady Bashfull.* The truth is, he cannot weary you with words, nor anger you in his discourse, but pray do not inquire after him, nor speak of him; for people will think I have some designe of marriage.

*Reformer.* I shall obey you, Madam.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 22.

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata.*

*He strokes Affectionata's head.*

*Lord Singularity.* *Affectionata,* Thou art one of the diligent boys that had.

*Affectionata.* How can I be otherwise, Sir, since you are the Governour of my soul, that commands the Fort of my passion, and the Castle of my imaginations, which are the heart, and the head.

*Lord Singularity.* Do you love me so much?

*Affectionata.* So well my Lord, as you are the architectour of my mind, the foundation of my thoughts, and the gates of my memorie, for your will is the form, your happiness the level, and your actions the treasure.

*Lord Singularity.* Thy wit delights me more, than thy flattery perswades; for I cannot believe a boy can love so much; Besides, you have not served me so long, as to beget love.

*Affectionata.* I have loved you from my infancy, for as I suck'd life from my Nuples breast, so did I Love from fames, drawing your praises forth, as I did milk, which nourished my affections.

*Lord Singularity.* I shall strive, boy, to requite thy love.

*Affectionata.* To requite, is to return love for love.  
*Lord Singul.* By Heaven? I love thee, as a Father loves a son.  
*Affectionata.* Then I am blest,

*Exeunt.*

Scene 23.

*Enter two Souldiers.*

1. *Souldier.* What is this boy that our General is so taken with.  
 2. *Souldier.* A poor Begger-boy!  
 1. *Souldier.* Can a poor Begger-boy merit his affections?  
 2. *Souldier.* He is a pretty boy, and waites very diligently.  
 1. *Souldier.* So doth other boys, as well as he, but I believe he is a young Pimp, and carries, and conveys Love-letters.  
 2. *Souldier.* Like enough to, for boys are strangely crafty in those employments, and so industrious, as they will let no times nor opportunities slip them, but they will find waies to deliver their Letters and messages.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 24.

*Enter the Lady Bashfulls Page, and Sir Serious Dumb, who gives a Note to the Page to read.*

*Page.* Sir, I dare not direct you to my Lady, as you desire me in this Note, and if I should tell her, here is a Gentleman that desired to visit her, she would refuse your visit.

*Dumb gives the young Page four or five pieces of Gold.*

*Page.* I will direct you to the room wherein my Lady is, but I must not be seen, nor confess I shewed you the way.

*Page, and Sir Serious Dumb Exeunt*

Scene 25.

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata.*

*Lord Singularity.* Come *Affectionata*, sit down and entertain me with thy sweet discourse, which makes all other company troublesome, and tedious to me, thine only doth delight me.

*Affectionata.* My Noble Lord? I wish the plat-form of my brain were a Garden of wit, and then perchance my tongue might present your Excellencies with a Posie of flowery Rhetorick, but my poor brain is barren, wanting the

*Lord Singularity.* Thou hast an eloquent tongue, (and a gentle soul.)

*Affectionata.* My Noble Lord, I have hardly learn'd my native words, much less the eloquence of Language, and as for the souls of all mankind, they are like Common-wealths, where the severall vertues, and good graces are the Citizens therein, and the natural subjects thereof; but vices and follies, as the thievish Borderers, and Neighbour-enemies, which makes inrodes, factions, mutinies, intrudes and usurps Authority, and if the follies be more than the good graces, and the vices too strong for the vertues, the Monarchy of a good life falls to ruine, also it is indangered by Civil-wars amongst the passions.

*Lord Singularity.* What passions indangers it most?

*Affectionata.* Anger, malice, and despair.

*Lord Singularity.* Were you never angry?

*Affectionata.* I am of too melancholly a nature, to be very angry.

*Lord Singularity.* Why? are melancholly persons never angry?

*Affectionata.* Very seldom, my Lord, for those that are naturally melancholly, doth rather grieve, than fret, they sooner waite into sighes, than fly about with fury; more tears flows thorough their eyes, than words pass thorough their lips.

*Lord Singularity.* Why should you be melancholly?

*Affectionata.* Alas, nature hath made me so; Besides, I find there is not much reason to joy, for what we love, perchance it loves not us, and if it doth, we cannot keep it long, for pleasures passeth like a dream; when pains doth stay, as if eternal were.

*Lord Singularity.* Thou art compos'd with such harmonie, as thy discourse is as delightfull musick, wherein the soul takes pleasure.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 26.

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, Sir Serious Dumb following her, where Reformer her Woman meets them.*

*Reformer.* Madam, now the Gentleman is here, you must use him civilly, and not strive to run away from him, wherefore pray turn, and entertain him.

*The Lady Bashfull turns to him, but is so out of countenance, and trembles so much, as she cannot speak, but stands still and mute; All the while he fixes his eyes upon her.*

*Reformer.* Pray speak to him, Madam, and not stand trembling, as if you were like to fall.

*Lady Bashfull.* My spirits is seized on by my bashfull and innocent fears, in somuch, as they have not strength to support my body without trembling.

*Reformer.* Sweet Madam, try to speak to him?

*Lady Bashfull.* Honourable Sir? give me leave to tell you, that my bash-

fullness doth smother the senses and reason in my brain, and chokes the words in my throat I should utter, but pray do not think it proceeds from crimes, but an imperfection of nature, which I have strove against, but cannot as yet rectifie

*Sir Serious Dumb Civily bows to her, and then gives Reformer his Table-book to read.*

She reads.

*Madam,*

*He hath writ here, that had his tongue liberty to speak, all that he could say, would be so far below, and inferiour to what might be said in your praise, as he should not adventure to presume to speak.*

*Lady Bashfull.* I will presume to break my brain, but I will invent some ways to be rid of his company.

*He follows her, Exeunt.*

## ACT. V.

### Scene 27.

*Enter the General, and sits in a melancholly posture. Enters Affectionata, and stands with a sad countenance.*

*The General sees him.*

**L**ord Singularity. What makes thee look so sad, my boy?

*Affectionata.* To see you sit so melancholly.

*Lord Singul.* Clear up thy countenance, for its not a deadly melancholly, though it is a troublesome one.

*Affectionata.* May I be so bold to ask the cause of it.

*Lord Singul.* The cause is, a cruel Mistriss.

*Affectionata.* Have you a Mistriss, and can she be cruel?

*Lord Singularity.* O! Women are Tyrants, they daw us on to love, and then denies our suits.

*Affectionata.* Will not you think me rude, if I should question you?

*Lord Singul.* No, for thy questions delights me more, than my Mistriss denials grieves me.

*Affectionata.* Then give me leave to ask you, whether your suit be ult?

*Lord Singul.* Just, to a Lovers desires.

*Affectionata.* What is your desire?

*Lord Singul.* To lye with her.

*Affecti-*

*Affectionata.* After you have married her ?

*Lord Singularity.* Marry her saist thou, I had rather be banish'd from that Sex for ever, than marry one, and yet I love them well.

*Affectionata.* Why have you such an adersion to marriage, being lawfull and honest.

*Lord Singul.* Because I am affraid to be a Cuckold !

*Affectionata.* Do you think there is no chaste women ?

*Lord Singularity.* Faith boy, I believe very few, and those that are men, knows not where to find them out, for all that are not married, professes chastity, speaks soberly, and looks modestly, but when they are married, they are more wild than *Bachalins*, far worse than *Satyres*, making their Husbands horns far greater than a Stags, having more branches sprouts thereon.

*Affectionata.* And doth he never cast those horns ?

*Lord Singul.* Yes, if he be a Widower, he casts his horns, only the marks remains, otherwise he bears them to his grave.

*Affectionata.* But put the case you did know a woman that was chaste, would not you marry her ?

*Lord Singul.* That is a question not to be resolved, for no man can be resolved, whether a womam can be chaste or not.

*Affectionata fetches a great sighe.*

*Lord Singul.* Why do you sighe, my boy ?

*Affectionata.* Because all women are false, or thought to be so, that wise men dares not trust them.

*Lord Singularity.* But they are fools, that will not try, and make use of them, if they can have them ; wherefore I will go, and try my Mistris once again.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene. 28.*

*Enter the Lady Ignorance, and her Maid.*

*She hears a noise.*

**L***ady Ignorance.* What a noise they make below, they will disturb my Husbands study ; go and tell those of my Servants, that I will turn them away for their carelesness, as that they cannot place, set, or hold things sure ; but let them fall to make such a noise.

*Maid.* I shall.

*maid Ex.*

*Lady Ignorance.* It shall be my study how to order my house without noise, wherefore all my Servants shall be dumb, although not deaf, and I will take none, but such as have corns on their feet, that they may tread gently, and all my Household-vessel shall be of wood, for wood makes not such a noise when it chance to fall, or is hit against a wall, as metal doth, which rings like bells, when it is but touched, neither will I have Household-vessels of Earth, for earthen-pots, pans and the like, when they fall and break, sounds as if a stone-wall fell.

## Scene 29.

*Enter the General, and three or four Commanders.*

**G**eneral. On my soul Gentlemen, the boy is an honest boy, and no wayes guilty of this you tax him for.

*Commanders.* Pardon us, my Lord, for giving your Excellence notice that the States are jealous of him for a Spie, but we do not any wayes accuse him.

*General.* Will the States examine him, say you ?

*Commanders.* So we hear, my Lord.

*General.* Well Gentlemen, pray leave me for this time, and I will take care the boy shall be forth-coming, whensoever the States shall require him.

*Commanders.* Your Lordships humble Servants -----

*Commanders Ex.*

*The General solus.*

*General.* A Spie, it cannot be, for he is neither covetous, nor malicious, revengefull, nor irreligious, but I will try him.

*Exit.*

## Scene 30.

*Enter the Lady Bashfulls Chamber-maid, and Mrs. Reformer her Gentlewoman.*

**C**hamber-maid. Mrs. Reformer, pray tell me who that handsome Gentleman is, which follows my Lady about ?

*Reformer.* He is one that is Noble, and Rich, and is in love with my Lady.

*Chamber-maid.* Truly it is the strangest way of wooing, that ever was, for my Lady goeth blushing out of one room into another, and he follows her at the heels: In my conscience my Lady is ashamed to sit down, or to bid him leave her company, and surely they must needs be both very weary of walking, but sure he will leave her, when it is time to go to bed.

*Reformer.* It is to be hoped he will.

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Sir Serious Dumb following her.*

*Reformer.* Madam, you will tire your self and the Gentleman, with walking about your house, wherefore pray sit down.

*Lady Bashfull.* What! To have him gaze upon my face.

*Reformer.* Why, your face is a handsome face, and the owner of it is honest, wherefore you need not be ashamed, but pray rest your self. -----

*Lady*

*Lady Bashfull.* Pray perswade him to leave me, and then I will.

*Reformer.* Sir, my Lady intreats you to leave her to her self.

*Sir Serious Dumb writes then, and gives Reformer his Table-book to read.*

*Reformer.* He writes he cannot leave you, for if his body should depart, his soul will remain still with you.

*Lady Bashfull.* That will not put me out of countenance, because I shall not be sensible of its presence, wherefore I am content he should leave his soul, so that he will take his body away.

*He writes, and gives Reformer the Book.*

*Reformer reads.* He writes, that if you will give him leave once a day to see you, that he will depart, and that he will not disturb your thoughts, he will only wait upon your person for the time he lives, he cannot keep himself long from you.

*Lady Bashfull.* But I would be alone.

*Reformer.* But if he will follow you, you must indure that with patience, you cannot avoid.

*Sir Serious Dumb goeth to the Lady Bashfull, and kisseth her hand, and Ex.*

*Reformer.* You see he is so civil, as he is unwilling to displease you.

*Lady Bashfull.* Rather than I will be troubled thus; I will go to some other parts of the World.

*Reformer.* In my conscience, Madam, he will follow you, wheresoever you go.

*Lady Bashfull.* But I will have him shut out of my house.

*Reformer.* Then he will lye at your gates, and so all the Town will take notice of it.

*Lady Bashfull.* Why so, they will howsoever, by his often visits.

*Reformer.* But not so publick.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 31.

*Enter the General, and Affectionata.*

**L**ord Singularity. *Affectionata.* Thou must carry a Letter from me, to my Mistress.

*Affectionata.* You will not marry her, you say.

*Lord Singul.* No.

*Affectionata.* Then pardon me, my Lord; for though I would assist your honest love by any service I can do, yet I shall never be so base an Instrument, as to produce a crime.

*Lord Singul.* Come, come, thou shalt carry it, and I will give thee 500. pounds for thy service.

*Ex.*

*Affectio-*

*Affectionata.* Excuse me, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* I will give thee a thousand pounds.

*Affectionata.* I shall not take it, my Lord.

*Lord Singul.* I will give thee five thousand, nay ten thousand pounds.

*Affectionata.* I am not covetous, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* I will make thee Master of my whole Estate, for without thy assistance, I cannot enjoy my Mistress, by reason she will trust none with our Loves, but thee.

*Affectionata.* Could you make me Master of the whole World, it could not tempt me to do an action base; for though I am poor, I am honest, and so honest, as I cannot be corrupted, or bribed there-from.

*Lord Singularity.* You said you loved me?

*Affectionata.* Heaven knows I do above my life, and would do you any service that honour did allow of.

*Lord Singularity.* You are more scrupulous than wise.

*Affectionata.* There is an old saying, my Lord, that to be wise, is to be honest.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 32.*

*Enter Sir Peaceable Studious, and meets his Ladies maid.*

*Sir P. Studious.* Where is your Lady?

*Maid.* In her Chamber, Sir.

*Sir P. Studious.* Pray her to come to me?

*Maid.* Yes Sir.

*Sir P. Studious. Exit.*

*Enter another Maid to the first.*

1. *Maid.* Lord, Lord! What a creature my Master is become; since he fell into his musing again, he looks like a melancholly Ghost, that walks in the shades of Moon-shine, or if there be no Ghost, such as we fancie, just such a one seems her, when a week since, he was as fine a Gentleman as one should see amongst a thousand.

2. *Maid.* That was because he kiss'd you, *Nan.*

1. *Maid.* Faith it was but a dull clownish part, to meet a Maid that is not ill-favoured, and not make much of her, who perchance have watch'd to meet him, for which he might have clap'd her on the cheek, or have chück'd her under the chin, or have kiss'd her, but to do or say nothing, but bid me call my Lady, was such a churlish part? Besides, it seem'd neither manly, gallantly, nor civilly.

2. *Maid.* But it shewed him temperate and wise, not minding such frivolous and troublesome creatures as women are.

1. *Maid.* Prithy, it shews him to be a miserable, proud, dull fool.

2. *Maid.* Peace, some body will hear you, and then you will be turn'd away.

1. *Maid.* I care not, for if they will not turn me away, I will turn my self away, and seek another service, for I hate to live in the house with a Stoick.



## Scene 33.

Enter the General, and Affectionata.

**A**ffectionata. By your face, Sir, there seems a trouble in your mind, and I am restless untill I know your griefs.

*Lord Singularity.* It is a secret I dare not trust the aire with!

*Affectionata.* I shall be more secret than the aire, for the aire is apt to divulge by retorting Ecohes back, but I shall be as silent as the Grave.

*Lord Singul.* But you may be tortured to confesse the truth.

*Affectionata.* But I will not confesse the truth, if the confession may any wayes hurt, or disadvantage you; for though I will not belye truth by speaking falsely, yet I will conceal a truth, rather than betray a friend. Especially, my Lord and Master: But howsoever, since your trouble is of such concern, I shall not wish to know it, for though I dare trust my self, yet perchance you dare not trust me, but if my honest fideliry can serve you any wayes, you may imploy it, and if it be to keep a secret, all the torment that nature hath made, or art invented, shall never draw it from me.

*Lord Singul.* Then let me tell thee, that to conceal it, would damn thy soul.

*Affectionata.* Heaven blefs me! But sure, my Lord, you cannot be guilty of such sins, that those that doth but barely hear, or know them, shall be damned.

*Lord Singul.* But to conceal them, is to be an Actor.

*Affectionata.* For Heaven sake then keep them close from me, if either they be base or wicked, for though love prompt me to inquire, hoping to give you ease in bearing part of the burthen, yet Heaven knows, I thought my love so honourable placed on such a worthy person, and guiltless soul, as I might love and serve without a scandal, or a deadly sin.

*Lord Singularity.* Come, you shall know it.

*Affectionata.* I'll rather stop my ears with death.

*Lord Singul.* Go, thou art a false boy.

*Affectionata.* How false a boy howsoever you think me, I have an honest soul and heart that is ready to serve you in any honest way, but since I am deceived, and couzened into love by false reports, finding the best of man-kind basely wicked, and all the World so bad, that praise nothing good, and strives to poyson vertue; I will inancor my self, and live on Antidotes of prayers, for fear of the infection.

*Lord Singul.* And will not you pray for me?

*Affectionata.* I cannot chose, my Lord, for gratitude inforces me; First, because I have loved you; next, because I have served you; and give me leave to kiss your hand, and then there drop some tears at my departure.

*weeping kneels down, and kisses her hand.*

*Lord Singularity.* Rise, you must not go away untill you have cleared yourself from being a spie.

*Affectionata.* I fear no accusations,

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF  
LOVES ADVENTURES.

**T**he Lord Singularity.

Sir Serious Dumb.

Sir Timothy Compliment.

Sir Humphry Bold.

Sir Roger Exception.

Sir Peaceable Studious.

Foster Trusty.

Collonels, Captains, Lieutenants  
and Corporals.

Petitioners.

Officers, Messengers.

Judges. Furies.

Servants.

The Lady Orphant.

Lady Bashfull.

Lady Ignorance.

Lady Wagtail.

Lady Amorous.

Nurse Fondly.

Mistriss's Reformer. Lady Bashfulls  
woman.

Chamber-maids.

E P I L O G U E.

**N**Oble Spectators, you have spent this day ;  
Not only for to see, but judge our Play :  
Our Authorefs sayes, she thinks her Play is good,  
If that her Play be rightly understood ;  
If not, 'tis none of her fault, for she writ  
The Acts, the Scenes, the Language and the Wit  
Wherefore she sayes, that she is not your Debtor,  
But you are hers, until you write a better ;  
Of even terms to be she understands  
Impossible, except you clap your hands.



THE  
SECOND PART.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter the Lady Bashfulls Chamber-maid, and Mrs. Reformer her woman.*



*Reformer.* This dumb Lover is the most diligent'st servant that ever was, and methinks my Lady is somewhat more confident than she was; for she will sit and read whilst he sits by.

*Maid.* Doth she read to him?

*Reformer.* No, she reads to herself.

*Maid.* There comes abundance of Gallants to visit my Lady every day, and they have all one answer, that is, she is not willing to receive visits, and they all go civilly away, unless Sir *Humphry Bold* and he rails horribly.

*Reformer.* I have received from several Gentlemen, above 20. Letters a day, and as fast as they come, she makes me burn them.

*Maid.* But she reads them first.

*Reformer.* No, I read them to her.

*Maid.* And doth she answer all those Letters?

*Reformer.* She never answered one in her life, and I dare swear, she never will.

*The Lady Bashfull calls, as within another Room.*

*Reformer.* Madam! -----

*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata.*

*Lord Singularity, Affectionata.* Hast thou forgiven me my fault of doubting of thy vertue, so much as to put it to a Tryal.

M

*Affectio-*

*Affectionata.* My Noble Lord, have you forgiven my facility and wavering, faith that could so easily, and in so short a time believe you could be wicked, although you did accuse your self.

*Lord Singularity.* Nay *Affectionata*, I did not accuse my self; though I did try thee.

*Affectionata.* Then I have committed a treble fault through my mistake, which requires a treble forgiveness.

*Lord Singularity.* Thou art so vertuous, thou canst not commit a fault, and therefore needs no forgiveness.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

*Enter the Lady VVagtail, and Sir Humphry Bold.*

*Sir Humphry Bold.* Madam, You have been pleased to profess a friendship to me, and I shall desire you will do a friendly part for me.

*Lady VVagtail.* Any thing that lyes in my power, good *Sir Humphry Bold*.

*Sir Humphry Bold.* Then pray, Madam, speak to the *Lady Bashfull* in my behalf, that I may be her Husband.

*Lady VVagtail.* I will *Sir Humphry*, but she is bashfull, yet I was there Yesterday, and she entertained me indifferently well, but seemed to be wonderfull coy; but howsoever I will do my poor endeavour, *Sir Humphry*.

*Sir Humphry Bold.* Pray do, Madam.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*Enter Affectionata, walking in a melancholly posture; his Hat pulled over his brows, and his arms inter-folded; To him enters the Lord Singularity:*

*Lord Singularity.* My *Affectionata*, Why walks thou so melancholly?

*He pulls of his Hat to his Lord, and Bows.*

*Affectionata.* The cause is not that I lye under an aspersion, by reason I lye not under a crime; But truly, my Lord, I am troubled that I am threatened to be tormented, for I would not willingly indure pain, though I could willingly receive death; but as for the aspersions, I am no wayes concerned; for I make no question, but my honest life, my just actions, and the truth of my words, will so clear me at the last, as I shall appear as innocent to the World, as Angels doth in Heaven.

*Lord Singularity.* Comfort your self, for I will rather suffer death, than you shall suffer pain.

*Affectionata.* Heaven defend you, my Lord, whatsoever I suffer.

*Ex.  
Scene*

Scene 5.

Enter the Lady Wagtail, and Mistris Reformer.

**Lady Wagtail.** Pray Mistris Reformer, be Sir Humphry Bold's friend to thy Lady, and I protest to thee, he shall be thy friend, as long as he and you live, and I do not see any reason your Lady should refuse him; for he is both as proper and stout a man, as any is living this day in the Land.

**Reformer.** Indeed Madam, I dare not mention it to my Lady, for she is so adverse against marriage, as she takes those for her enemies as doth but mention it.

**Lady Wagtail.** Then surely she is not a woman, for there is none of the feminine Sex, but takes it for a disgrace to live an old maid, and rather than dye one, they will marry any man that will have them; and the very fear of not marrying, is so terrible to them, as whilst they are so young, as they are not fit to make wives, they will miserably cast away themselves to the first that makes a proffer, although they be poor, base or mean, rather than venture to try out their fortunes.

**Reformer.** But my Lady is not of that humour.

**Lady Wagtail.** Come, come, I know thou canst persuade thy Lady if thou wouldst, and if you will, Sir Humphry Bold will give thee 500*l.* to buy thee a Husband, for thou hast lived too long a maid I faith.

**Reformer.** I am not a maid, Madam, I am a widow.

**Lady Wagtail.** What, a musty widow!

**Reformer.** I know not whether I am musty, but I am a widow.

**Lady Wagtail.** Let mee tell thee, that it is as great a disgrace to live a widow, as an old maid; wherefore take thee 500*l.* to get thee a second Husband.

**Reformer.** Truly I would not sell my Lady for all the World, much less, for 500*l.* neither would I marry again, if I were young, and might have my choyce.

**Lady Wagtail.** Lord blefs me, and send me out of this house, least it should infect me; for let me tell thee, were my Husband dead to morrow, I would marry the day after his Funeral, if I could get any man to marry me, and so I would serve 20. Husbans one after another.

**Reformer.** Your best way were to have 20. Husbans at one time, so that your Ladyship might not be a day without.

**Lady Wagtail.** O fie! If women might have twenty Husbans, they would have no room for courtly Servants; but prithy help Sir Humphry Bold, and take his offer, and let me speak with the Lady my self.

**Reformer.** That your Ladyship cannot at this time, for my Lady is not well.

**Lady Wagtail.** Then pray remember my most humble service, and tell her, I will come to morrow, and if she be sick, I will talk her well.

*Lady Wagtail Ex.*

*Reformer alone.*

**Reformer.** Dead you would talk her, for thou hast an endless tongue; Oh! what man is so miserable that is her Husband.

*Reformer Exit.*

*Scene*

## Scene 6.

Enter two or three Commanders.

1. **Commander.** It is reported that our Generals Page hath behaved himself so handsomly, spoke so wittily, defended his cause so prudently, declared his innocence so clearly, and carried his business so wisely, as the *Venetian* States have not only quitted him freely, but doth applaud him wonderfully, extolls him highly, and offers him any satisfaction for the injurie and disgrace that hath been done him; but he only desires, that the man that had accused him, which man, was one of the Generals men, should be pardoned, and not punished.

2. **Commander.** I hope our General is well pleased, that his beloved boy is not only cleared, but applauded.

1. **Commander.** O! He doth nothing but imbrace him, and kifs him, as if he were his only son, yet he did gently chide him that he asked pardon for his accusers; for said he, if all false accusers should be pardoned, no honest man would escape free from censure.

3. **Commander.** But I hear the States have given order to our General to meet the *Turkes* again, for it is reported by intelligences that they have recruited into a numerous body.

2. **Commander.** Faith I think the *Turkes* are like the tale of the Gyant, that when his head was cut off there rise two in the place.

1. **Commander.** I think they are like the vegetable that is named three-fold, the more it is cut the faster it growes.

3. **Commander.** I would the Devil had them for me.

2. **Commander.** We do what we can to send them to Hell; but whether they will quit thee, I cannot tell.

Exeunt.

## Scene 7.

Enter the Lord General, and Affectionata.

**Lord Singularity.** My *Affectionata* I wonder you could suffer an accusation so patiently, knowing you were accused falsely.

**Affectionata.** The clearness of my innocency needed not the fury of a violent passion to defend it, neither could passion have rectified an injury.

**Lord Singularity.** Tis true, yet passion is apt to rise in defence of innocency, and honour.

**Affectionata.** And many times passion (my Lord) destroyes the life in striving to maintaine the truth, and defend the innocent; but I find a passionate sorrow that your Lordship must go to indanger your life in the warrs again.

**Lord Singularity.** The warrs is pastime to me, for I hate idleness, and no employment pleases me better than fighting, so it be in a good cause; but you shall stay.

*Affectionata.*

*Affectionata.* Why my Lord, are you weary of my service ?

*Lord Singul.* Know *I* am carefull of thy safety, thy rest and peace, for shouldst thou not come near danger, yet the very tragical aspect will terrifie thee to death, thou art of so tender a nature, so soft and sweet a disposition.

*Affectionata.* Truly my Lord, if you leave me behind you, the very fear of your life will kill me, where if your Lordship will let me go, love will give me courage.

*Lord Singul.* Then let me tell you, you must not go, for *I* have adopted you my Son, and *I* have setled all my Estate upon thee, where, if *I* am killed, you shall be my Heir, for *I* had rather vertue should inherit my Estate than birth, yet *I* charge thee take my Name upon thee, as well as my Estate unto thee.

*Affectionata.* My noble Lord, *I* should be prouder to bear your name, than to be Master of the whole World, but *I* shall never be so base to keep my self in safety, in hope of your Estate, wherefore must intreat your leave to go with you.

*Lord Singul.* I will not give you leave, but command you to the contrary, which is to stay.

*Affectionata.* I cannot obey you in this, for love will force me to run after you.

*Lord Singul.* I will have you lash'd, if you offer to go.

*Affectionata.* Stripes cannot stay me !

*Lord Singul.* I will have you tyed, and kept by force.

*Affectionata.* By Heaven, my Lord, i'l tear my flesh, and break my bones to get lose, and if *I* have not legs to run, i'l creep thorough the Earth like worms, for though *I* shall move but slowly, yet it will be a satisfaction to my soul, that *I* am travelling after you,

*Lord Singularity.* *Affectionata,* You anger me very much.

*Affectionata.* Indeed my Lord, you grieve me more than *I* can anger you.

*Affectionata weeps.*

*Lord Singularity.* What, do you crie ! and yet desire to be a souldier ?

*Affectionata.* A valiant heart, my Lord, may have a weeping eye to keep it company.

*Lord Singularity.* If no perswasion can stay you, you must go along with me.

*Affectionata bows, as giving his Lord thanks.*

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 8.

*Enter the Lady VVagtail, the Lady Amorous, Sir Humphry Bold, Sir Timothy Compliment, to the Lady Bashfull, who hangs down her head, as out of countenance.*

**L**ady *vragtail*. Faith Lady *Bashfull*, we will have you abroad to Balls and publick meetings, to learn you a confident behaviour, and a bold speech; He! You must not be bashfull.

*Lady Amorous*. Our visiting her sometimes, hath made her so, as she is not altogether so bashfull as she was.

*Enter Sir Serious Dumb, who bows first to the Lady Bashfull, then to the rest of the Company, and then goeth behind the Lady Bashfull, and stands close by Mistriss Reformer.*

*Lady Amorous*. Surely *Sir Serious Dumb* is a domestick servant here, he stands and waits as one.

*He bows with an acknowledging face.*

*Sir Humphry Bold*. If she will entertain such servants as he, she is not so modest as she appears. Lady, perchance if I had come privately alone, I had been entertained with more freedom, and not have had my suit denied, and my person neglected with scorn, and he received with respect.

*Sir Serious Dumb comes and gives him a box on the eare, they both draw their swords, all the women runs away squeeking, only the Lady Bashfull stays, and runs betwixt their swords, and parts them; Sir Timothy Compliment looks on as affraid to stir.*

*Lady Bashfull*. For Heaven sake! fight not here, to affright me with your quarrels.

*Sir Humphry Bold*. I will have his heart-bloud.

*Lady Bashfull*. Good *Sir Serious Dumb*, and *Sir Humphry Bold*, leave off fighting.

*Sir Serious Dumb draws back.*

*Lady Bashfull*. Pray *Sir Humphry Bold*, give me your sword, that I may be sure you will not fight.

*Sir Humphry Bold*. What, yield my sword up! I will dye first.

*Enter the Ladies again.* All speak at one time, who is kill'd, who is kill'd.

*Sir Humphry Bold presses towards Sir Serious Dumb.*

*Lady Bashfull*. Good Ladies, hold *Sir Humphry Bold*, and I will try to persuade *Sir Serious Dumb*.  
They



*They hold Sir Humphry Bold.*

*Lady wagtail.* What, you shall not stir, I am sure you will not oppose us women.

*Lady Bashfull.* Noble Sir, to give me an assurance you will not fight, give me your sword.

*Sir Serious Dumb kisses the hilt of his sword, then gives it her.*

*Sir Humphry Bold gets lose from the Ladies, and goeth to assault Sir Serious Dumb; He being unarmed, the Lady Bashfull seeing him, steps betwixt them, and with Sir Serious Dumb's sword, strikes at Sir Humphry Bold, and strikes his sword out of his hand.*

*Lady Bashfull.* What, are you not ashamed to assault an unarmed man.

*Sir Humphry Bold runs to take up his sword, she also runs and sets her foot upon it.*

*Lady Bashfull.* Let the sword alone, for it is my prize; and by Heaven, if you touch it, I will run you thorough with this sword in my hand.

*Sir Humphry Bold runs, and catcheth Sir Timothy Compliments sword, and offers to make a thrust at Sir Serious Dumb, who puts the sword by, and beats it down with one hand, and with the other strikes it aside, then closes with him, and being skillfull at wrestling, trips up his heels, then gets upon him, and having both his hands at liberty, wrings out Sir mean time squeeks. Humphry Bold's sword out of his hand, then ariseth and gives the sword to the right owner, who all the time trembled for fear, and never durst strive to part them.*

*Sir Humphry Bold.* Hell take me, but I will be revenged: Lady, I hope you will give me my sword again.

*Lady Bashfull.* Never to fight against a woman, but my victorious spoils, I will deliver to this gallant Gentleman, who delivered up his life and honour into my hand, when he gave me his sword, and I indangered the loss of both by taking it, for which my gratitude hath nothing to return him but my self and fortunes, if he please to accept of that and me.

*Sir Serious Dumb bows with a respect, and kisses her hand.*

*Lady Bashfull.* Sir, I wish my person were more beautifull than it is, for your sake, and my fortune greater, with more certainty of continuance, as neither being subject to time or accident, but this certainly I will promise you, which is, my chaste and honest life; Now Sir, pray take these two swords, this was yours, fear gave me confidence, this I won, love gave me courage.

*Sir Serious Dumb leads out his Mistriss.*

*Exit.*

*Sir Humphry Bold.* I will be revenged.

*Omnes*

*Exeunt.*

## A C T II.

## Scene 9.

*Enter the Lord General, and Affectionata.*

**L**ord Singul. *Affectionata*, I hear thou hast bought Arms, I am sure thou canst not fight.

*Affectionata*, I am sure I will do my indeavour, my Lord,

Lord Singularity. Why, the very weight of thy Arms will sink thee down.

*Affectionata*. O no, my Lord ; my desire shall bear them up.

Lord Singul. Alas, thou hast no strength to fight ?

*Affectionata*. What strength my active body wants, my vigorous spirits shall make good.

Lord Singul. Prethee, my boy, do not adventure thy self, but stay in my Tent.

*Affectionata*. That would be a shame for me, and a dishonour to you, since you have adopted me your son, wherefore the World shall never say, you have bestowed your favour and your love upon a coward.

Lord Singularity. I well perceive I have adopted a very willfull boy ?

*Affectionata*. Indeed, my Lord, I have no will, but what doth follow you.

*The General strokes Affectionata on the cheek.*

*Exeunt.*

## Scene. 10.

*Enter Sir Serious Dumb, and his Mistris the Lady Bashfull.*

**S**ir Serious Dumb. The time I vowed to silence is expir'd, and though my thoughts not gloriously attired with Eloquence, for Rhetorick I have none, yet civil words, fit for to wait upon a modest Lady, and to entertain an honest mind with words of truth, though plain ? For 'tis not Rhetorick makes a happy life, but sweet society, that's void of strife.

Lady Bashfull. Sir, Rhetorick is rather for sound than sense, for words than reason.

Sir Serious Dumb. Yet my sweet Mistris, I with my voice were tuned to your eare, and every word set as a pleasing note to make such musick as might delight your mind.

Lady Bashfull. Your words flow thorough my ears, as smooth, clear, pure water from the spring of *Hellicon*, which doth not only refresh, but enrich my dull insipid brain.

*Scene*

## Scene II.

*Enter a Captain and his Corporal.*

**C**orporal. The Turks never received such a blow, as they have this time?

**C**aptain. A pox of them, they have made us sweat?

**C**orporal. Why Captain, swearing will cure the Pox, and though you curse the Turks, yet it is we that live in *Italy*, that is diseased with them.

**C**aptain. The truth is, we lost more health in the *Venetian* service, than we gain wealth.

**C**orporal. Nay faith Captain, we do not only lose our health, but waste our wealth, for what booties we get from the Turks, the Courtezans gets from us.

**C**aptain. For that cause now I have gotten a good bootie, I will return into mine own Country, and buy a -----

**C**orporal. A what Captain?

**C**aptain. An Office in civil Government.

**C**orporal. But you will never be civil in your Office.

**C**aptain. That needs not to be, for though all Magisterial Offices bears a civil Authority, yet the Officers and Magistrates therein, are more cruel and ravenous than common souldiers.

**C**orporal. Verily Captain, I think common Souldiers are more mercifull and just than they.

**C**aptain. Verely Corporal, I think you will become a *Puritan* Preacher.

**C**orporal. Why should you think so, Captain.

**C**aptain. First, because you have got the Pox, and that will make you Preach in their tone, which is, to speak thorough the nose; the next is, you have left off the ranting Oaths that Souldiers use to swear, and use their phrases; as verily my beloved brethren, which brethrens souls, they care not for, nor thinks thereof, for though they speak to the brethren, they Preach to the sisters, which edifies wonderfully by their Doctrine, and they gain and receive as wonderfull from their female flocks, for those *Puritan* Preachers have more Tithes out of the Marriage-bed, than from the Parish-stock.

**C**orporal. If it be so beneficial, Captain, I had rather be a *Puritan* Preacher, than an Atheistical States-man.

**C**aptain. Faith Corporal, I think there is not much Religion in either, but if there be, it lies in the States-man, for he keeps Peace, the other makes War.

**C**orporal. If they make wars, they are our friends, for we live by the spoils of our enemies.

**C**aptain. 'Tis true, when as we get a victory, or else our enemies lives on the spoil of us, for though we have no goods to lose, yet we venture our lives, neither do we live on the spoil of our enemies, but only in foreig'n wars, for in civil wars we live by the spoil of our Friends, and the ruining of our Country.

**C**orporal. Then we are only obliged to Preachers for civil wars.

**C**aptain. Faith Corporal, we are obliged to them for both; for as their factious Doctrine causes a Rebellion by railing on the Governours and Governments, so their flattering Sermons sets a Prince on fire, who burns in hot ambition to conquer all the World.

*Corporal.* These latter Preachers you mention, Captain, are not *Puritan* Preachers, but Royal Preachers.

*Captain.* You are right Corporal, for they are divided in two parts, although their Doctrine meets at one end, which is in war.

*Corporal.* Captain, you have discovered so fully of Preachers, that if you will give me leave, I will preach to our Company.

*Captain.* Out you rogue, will you raise a war amongst our selves, causing a mutinie to cut one anothers throats?

*Corporal.* Why Captain, it is the fashion and practice for Souldiers to Preach now adayes.

*Captain.* That is amongst the Rebel party to keep up their faction, and to strengthen the flank thereof, but amongst the Royal party, the Preaching Ministers turn fighting Souldiers, encouraging with their good example, as by their valliant onsets, and not the Souldiers Preaching Ministers.

*Corporal.* Why Captain, the Royal party needs no encouragement, the justice of their cause is sufficient.

*Captain.* You say right, they want not courage to fight, but they want conscience to plunder; Besides, the Royal party is apt to give quarter, which should not be, for Souldiers should destroy all they take in Civil-war, by reason there is no gain to be made of their Prisoners, as by the way of Ransoms, but if we stay from our Company, our General will preach such a Sermon, as may put us into despair of his favour, and indanger our lives at the Council of war.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 12.

*Enter three or four Commanders.*

1. *Commander.* I think our Generals new made son is a spirit; for when the General was furrounded with the Turks, this adopted Son of his flew about like lightening, and made such a massacre of the Turks, as they lay as thick upon the ground, as if they had been mushrooms.

2. *Commander.* Certainly the General had been taken Prisoner, if his Son had not rescued him, for the General had adventured too far into the enemies body.

1. *Commander.* 'Tis strange, and doth amaze me with wonder, to think how such a Willow-rwig could bore so many mortal holes in such strong timber'd bodies as the Turks.

2. *Commander.* By him one would believe miracles were not ceast.

3. *Commander.* Well, for my part I will ask pardon of my General for condemning him privately in my thoughts, for I did think him the most fond, (I will not say what) for adopting a poor Beggar-boy for his son, and setled all his Estate, which is, a very great one upon him.

1. *Commander.* The truth is, he is a very gallant youth, and if he lives and continues in the wars, he will prove a most excellent Souldier.

2. *Commander.* Certainly he sprung from a Noble Stock, either by his Fathers side, or by his Mothers.

1. *Commander.* By his behaviour he seems Nobly born from both.

3. *Com-*

3. *Commander*. And by his poverty, Nobly born from neither.  
 1. *Commander*. Mean persons may have wealth, and Noble births be Beggars.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 13.

*Enter Affectionata in brave cloths, Hat and Feather, and a Sword by his side, and a great many Commanders following and attending him, with their Hats off, the whilst he holds off his Hat to them.*

*Affectionata*. Gentlemen, I beseech you, use not this ceremonie to me, it belongs only to my Lord General.

*Commanders*. Your merits and gallant actions deserves it from us; Besides, it is your due, as being the Generals adopted Son.

*Affectionata*. My Lords favour may place a value on me, though I am poor in worth, and no wayes deserves this respect.

1. *Commander*. Faith Sir, had it not been for you, we had lost the batel.

*Affectionata*. Alas, my weak arm could never make a conquest, although my will was good, and my desire strong to do a service.

2. *Commander*. Sir, the service was great, when you rescued our General, for when a General is taken or kill'd, the Armies are put to rout, for then the common Souldiers runs away, never stays to fight it out.

*Affectionata*. I beseech you Gentlemen, take not the honour from my Lord to give it me, for he was his own defence, and ruine to his enemies; for his valiant spirits shot thorough his eyes, and struck them dead; thus his own courage was his own safety, and the *Venetians* victory.

*Enter a Messenger from the Venetian-States to Affectionata, he bows to him.*

2. *Messenger*. Noble Sir, the *Venetian-States* hath made you Lieutenant-General of the whole Armie, and one of the Council of War, where they desire your presence.

*Affectionata*. The honours they have given me, is beyond my management. *Messenger Exit.*

*As Affectionata was going forth, enters some poor Souldiers wives with Petitions, offers to present them to Affectionata.*

1. *Wife*. Good your Honour, speak in the behalf of my Petition.

2. *Wife*. And mine.

3. *Wife*. And mine.

*Affectionata*. Good women, I cannot do you service, for if your Petitions are just, my Lord the General will grant your request, and if they be unjust, he will not be unjust in granting them for my intreatie, nor will I intreat therefore.

*wives*. If it please your Honour, we implore Mercy, not Justice.

*Affectionata.* Where Justice and Wisdom will give leave for Mercy, I am sure my Lord will grant it, otherwise, what you call mercy, will prove cruelty, and cause ruine and destruction.

*wives.* We beseech your Honour then, but to deliver our Petitions.

*Affectionata.* For what are they?

*wives.* For the lives of our Husbands.

*Affectionata.* Are they to be executed?

*wives.* They are condemned, and to be hanged to morrow, unless the General gives them pardons.

*Affectionata.* What are their crimes?

1. *wife.* My Husband is to be hanged for plundering a few old rotten Household-goods.

*Affectionata.* Give me your Petition, necessity might enforce him.

2. *wife.* My Husband is to be hanged for disobeying his Captain when he was drunk.

*Affectionata.* When which was drunk? your Husband or his Captain?

*wife.* My Husband.

*Affectionata.* Disobedience ought to be severely punished, yet because his reason was drowned in his drink, and his understanding smothered with the vapour thereof, whereby he knew not what he did, I will deliver your Petition.

*Affectionata.* And what is yours?

3. *wife.* My Husband is to be hanged for ravishing a Virgin.

*Affectionata.* I will never deliver a Petition for those that are Violaters of Virginity, I will sooner act the Hang-mans part my self to strangle him.

*Affectionata.* And what is your Husbands crime?

4. *wife.* My Husband is to be hanged for murder.

*Affectionata.* O horrid! They that murder, ought to have no mercy given to them, since they could give no mercy to others.

*wives.* Good your Honour.

*Affectionata.* Nay, never press me, for I will never deliver your Petition.

*wives Exeunt.*

*Enter Commanders that were to be Cashiered (to Petition Affectionata.)*

1. *Captain.* Noble Sir, I come to intréat you to be my friend, to speak to the General in my behalf, that I may remain in my place, for I am to be cashiered.

*Affectionata.* For what?

1. *Captain.* For a small fault, Sir, for when the battel was begun, I had such a cholick took me in the stomach, as I was forced to go aside, and untruss a point.

*Affectionata.* It had been more for your honour, Captain, to had let nature discharge it self in your breeches. And what, are you cashiered Captain?

2. *Captain.* Marry for my good service, for when the battel begun, my Souldiers run away, and I run after to call them back, they run, and I rid so long, as we were gotten ten miles from the Armie, but I could not get them, untill such time as the battel was won.

*Affectionata.* It had been more honour for you to have fought single alone without your Souldiers, than to have followed your Souldiers, although to make them stay, and you would have done more service with your standing still than your running; and what, are you to be cashiered?

3. *Cap:*

3. *Captain*. Why Sir, my company wanted Powder, and I went to fetch or give order; for some to be brought, and before I returned to my Company, the battel was won.

*Affectionata*. It had been more for your honour and good service, to have stayed and encouraged your Souldiers by your example with fighting with your sword, for the sword makes a greater execution than the shot; but since they were not wilfull, nor malicious faults, I shall do you what service I can, for fear sometimes may seize the valiantest man. And what were your faults Colonel?

*Colonel*. Mine was for betraying a Fort.

*Affectionata*. O base! He that betrays a Fort, ventures to betray a Kingdom, which is millions of degrees worse than to betray a life, or a particular friend; for those that betrays a Kingdom, betrays numbers of lives, and those that betrays their native Country, betrays that which gave them nourishing strength, and you have had great mercy in giving you your life, although you lose your place. And what was your fault?

*Commander*. Mine was for neglecting the Watch.

*Affectionata*. That is as bad as to give leave for the enemy to surprize; only the one betrays through carelessness, the other through covetousness. And what was your fault Colonel?

*Colonel*. Mine was for disobeying the Generals Orders.

*Affectionata*. Let me tell you Colonel, he that will not obey, is not fit to command; and those that commits careless, stubborn, malicious and wicked crimes; I will never deliver their Petition, nor speak in their behalf.

*Commanders Exeunt.*

*Enter a poor Souldier.*

*Souldier*. Good your Honour save me from punishment.

*Affectionata*. What are you to be punished for?

*Souldier*. I am to be punished, because I said my Captain was a coward.

*Affectionata*. What reason had you to say so?

*Souldier*. The reason was, because he sung and whistled when he went to fight.

*Affectionata*. That might be to shew his courage.

*Souldier*. O no; it was to hide his fear.

*Affectionata*. But you ought not to have called your Captain coward, had he been so; for the faults of Superiours are to be winked at, and obscured, and not to be divulged: Besides, yours was but a supposition, unless he ran away.

*Souldier*. No Sir, he fought.

*Affectionata*. Then you were too blame for judging so.

*Souldier*. I confess it, Sir; wherefore pray speak for me.

*Affectionata*. Indeed I cannot, for to call a man coward, is to kill, at least to wound his reputation, which is far worse, than if you had kill'd the life of his body; by how much honour is to be preferred before life; but if you can make your peace with your Captain by asking his pardon; I will then speak to the General, that the sentence for your punishment may be taken off, wherefore let me advise you to go to your Captain, and in the most humblest and sorrowfullst manner ask forgiveness of him.

*Souldier*. I shall, and it please your Honour.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 14.

*Enter Sir Peaceable Studious solus.*

Sir Peaceable Studious.

**H**ow happy is a private life to me ;  
 wherein my thoughts ran easily and free ;  
 And not disturb'd with vanities and toys,  
 On which the senses gazes, as young boys  
 On watery bubbles in the aire blown,  
 which when they break, doth vanish and are gone.

*Enter the Lady Ignorance.**Lady Ignorance.* I doubt I disturb your Poetry ?*Sir P. Studious.* No wife, you rather give life and fire to my muse, being chaste, fair and vertuous, which are the chief theams for Poets fancies to work on.*Lady Ignorance.* But that wife that is despised by her Husband, and not loved, is dejected in her own thoughts, and her mind is so disquietted, as it masks her beauty, and veils, and obscures her vertues.*Sir P. Studious.* The truth is, wife, that if my affections to you, had not been firmly settled; your indiscretion and effeminate follies had ruined it, but my love is so true, as you have no cause to be jealous; but I confess you made me sad, to think that your humour could not sympathize with mine, as to walk in the same course of life as I did, but you were ignorant and would not believe me; untill you had found experience by practice, by which practice you have found my words to be true, do you not ?*Lady Ignorance.* Yes, so true, as I shall never doubt them more; But pray Husband, tell me what discourse you had with the Ladies, when you went abroad with them ?*Sir P. Studious.* Why, they railed against good Husbands, called them Uxorious Fools, Clowns, Blocks, Stocks; and that they were only fit to be made Cuckolds through their confident fondness; and that kind Husbands, appeared like simple Asses; I answered, that those Husbands that were Cuckolds, appeared not only like silly Asses, but base Cowards, that would suffer their wives to be courted, and themselves dishonoured when they ought to destroy their wives Gallants, if visibly known; and to part from their wives, at least to inancor them, and not only for being false, but for the suspicion caused by their indiscretions; otherwise said I, a kind Husband shews himself a Gallant, Noble, Generous, Just, Wise man, and contrary, he is a base man, that will strive to disgrace himself, by disgracing his wife with neglects and disrespects; and a coward, to tyranize only over the weak, tender, and helpless Sex; for women being tender, shiftless, and timorous creatures by nature, is the cause they joyn themselves by chaste Wedlock to us men for their safety, protection, honour and livelyhood, and when a man takes a woman to his wife, he is an unworthy and treacherous person, if he betrays her to scorns, or yields her to scoffs, or leaves her to poverty; and he is a base man that makes  
his



his wife sigh and weep with unkindness either by words or actions, wherefore said I, it is wisdom for men to respect their wives with a civil behaviour, and sober regard, and it is heroick to defend, protect and guard their lives and vertues, to be constant to their vows, promises and protestations, and it is generous to cherish their health, to attend them in their sickness, to comply with their harmless humours, to entertain their discourses, to accompany their persons, to yield to their lawfull desires, and to commend their good graces, and that man which is a Husband, and doth not do thus, is worthy to be fhamed, and not to be kept company with, which is not called an Uxorious Husband; for said I, an Uxorious Husband I understand to be, a honest, carefull and wise Husband.

*Lady Ignorance.* And what said they, after you said this?

*Sir P. Studios.* They laugh'd and said, my flowery Rhetorick was strewed upon a dirty ground; I answered, it was not dirty where I lived, for my wife was beautifull, chaste and cleanly, and I wished every man the like, and after they perceived that neither the railing, nor laughing at good Husbands could not temper me for their palats, they began to play and sport with one another, and sung wanton songs, and when all their baits failed, they quarreled with me, and said I was uncivil, and that I did not entertain them well, and that I was not good Company, having not a conversable wit, nor a gentle behaviour, and that I was not a gallant Cavalier, and a world of those reproches and idle discourses, as it would tire me to repeat it, and you to hear it.

*Lady Ignorance.* Pray resolve me one question more; what was it you said to the Lady Amorous, when she threatned to tell me?

*Sir P. Studios.* I only said nature was unkind to our Sex, in making the beautifull females cruel.

*Lady Ignorance.* Was that all, I thought you had pleaded as a courtly Tutor for lovers favours.

*Sir P. Studios.* No indeed, but let me tell you, and so inform you, wife, that those humour'd women, take as great a pleasure to make wives jealous of their Husbands, and Husbands jealous of their wives, and to seperate their affections, and to make a disorder in their Families, as to plot and design to intice men to court them, & Cuckold their Husband, also let me tell you; that much company, and continual resort, brings great inconveniences for its apt to corrupt the mind, and make the thoughts wild, the behaviour bold, the words vain, the discourse either flattering, rude or tedious, their actions extravagant, their persons cheap, being commonly accompanied, or their company common. Besides, much variety of Company, creates amorous luxury, vanity, prodigality, jealousy, envie, malice, slander, envie, treachery, quarrels, revenge and many other evils, as laying plots to insnare the Honourable, to accuse the Innocent, to deceive the Honest, to corrupt the Chaste, to debase the Temperate, to pick the purse of the Rich, to inflave the poor, to pull down lawfull Authority, and to break just Laws; but when a man lives to himself, within his own Familie, and without recourse, after a solitary manner, he lives free, without controul, not troubled with company, but entertains himself with himself, which makes the soul wise, the mind sober, the thoughts industrious, the understanding learned, the heart honest, the senses quiet, the appetites temperate, the body healthfull, the actions just and prudent, the behaviour civil and sober; He governs orderly, eats peaceably, sleeps quietly, lives contentedly, and most commonly, plentifully and pleasantly, ruling and go-

verning his little Family to his own humour, wherein he commands with love, and is obeyed with duty, and who that is wise, and is not mad, would quit this heavenly life to live in hellish Societies, and what can an honest Husband and wife desire more, than love, peace and plenty, and when they have this, and is not content, 'tis a sign they stand upon a Quagmire, or rotten Foundation, that will never hold or indure, that is, they are neither grounded on honesty, nor supported with honour.

*Lady Ignorance.* Well Husband, I will not interrupt your studies any longer, but as you study Philosophy, Wisdom and Invention, so I will study obedience, discretion and Housewifery.

*Omnes Exeunt.*

## A C T III.

### Scene 15.

*Enter the General, and Affectionata.*

**L**ord Singularity. *Affectionata*, Were you never bred to the Discipline of War?

*Affectionata.* Never, my Lord, but what I have been since I came to you.

*Lord Singularity.* Why, thou didst speak at the Council of War, as if thou hadst been an old experienced souldier, having had the practice of forty years, which did so astonish the grave Senators and old Souldiers, that they grew dumb, and for a while did only gaze on thee.

*Affectionata.* Indeed, my Lord, my young years, and your grave Counsel did not suit together.

*Lord Singularity.* But let me tell thee, my boy, thy rational and wise speeches, and that grave counsels was not mis-match'd.

*Affectionata.* Pray Heaven I may prove so, as your favours, and your love may not be thought misplac'd.

*Lord Singularity.* My Love thinks thee worthy of more than I can give thee, had I more power than *Cesar* had.

Scene 16.

Enter some Commanders.

1. **C**ommander. I hear that the Duke of Venice is so taken with our Generals adopted Son, as he will adopt him his Son.

2. **C**ommander. Hay-day ! I have heard that a Father hath had many Sons, but never that one Son hath had so many Fathers ; but contrary, many Sons wants fathering.

3. **C**ommander. 'Tis true, some Sons hath the misfortune not to be owned, but let me tell you Lieutenant, there be few children that hath not many such Fathers ; as one begets a childe, a second owns the childe, a third keeps the childe, which inherits as the right Heir ; and if a fourth will adopt the childe ; a fift, or more may do the like, if they please.

1. **C**ommander. So amongst all his Fathers, the right Father is lost.

3. **C**ommander. Faith, the right Father of any childe is seldome known, by reason that women takes as much delight in deceiving the World, and dissembling with particular men, as in the cuckolding their Husbands.

2. **C**ommander. The truth is, every several Lover cuckolds one another.

1. **C**ommander. Perchance that is the reason that women strives to have so many Lovers ; for women takes pleasure to make Cuckolds.

3. **C**ommander. And Cuckolds to own children.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 17.

Enter Affectionata, then enters to him, two or three Venetian Gentlemen, as Embassadors from the Duke of Venice.

1. **G**entleman. Noble Sir, the great Duke of Venice hath sent us to let you know he hath adopted you his Son, and desires your company.

**A**ffectionata. Pray return the great Duke thanks, and tell him those favours are too great for such a one as I ; but if he could, and would adopt me, as Augustus Casar did Tiberius, and make me master of the whole World ; by Heaven I would refuse it, and rather chose to live in a poor Cottage, with my most Noble Lord.

2. **G**entleman. But you must not deny him ; Besides, he will have you.

**A**ffectionata. I will dye first, and rather chose to bury my self in my own rears, than build a Throne with ingratitude.

1. **G**entleman. But it is ungratefull to deny the Duke.

**A**ffectionata. O no, but I should be the ingrate of ingratitude, should I leave my Noble Lord, who from a low despised poor mean degree, advanced me to Respect and Dignity:

*whose favours I will keep close in my heart,*

*And from his person I will never part.*

*For though I dye, my soul will still attend,*

*And wait upon him, as his faithfull friend.*

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*He offers to go away in a melancholly posture and humour, so as not considering the Gentlemen. whereupon one of them follows him, and catches hold of his Cloak.*

2. *Gentleman.* Noble Sir, will not you send the Duke an answer?

*Affectionata.* Have not I answered? Then pray present my thanks in the most humblest manner to the great Duke, and tell him he may force the presence of my person, but if he doth, it will be but as a dead carcase without a living soul; for tell him, when I am from my Lord,

*I withering vade, as flowers from Sun sight;  
His presence is to me, as Heavens light.*

*Affectionata Exit.*

1. *Gentleman.* 'Tis strange that such an honour cannot perswade a boy!

2. *Gentleman.* That proves him a boy, for if he had been at mans estate, he would not have refused it, but have been ambitious of it, and proud to receive it.

1. *Gentl.* Indeed youth is foolish, and knows not how to chose.

2. *Gentl.* When he comes to be a man, he will repent the folly of his youth.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 18.

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Lady Wagtail not knowing Sir Serious could speak.*

**L**ady wagtail. Pray Madam, let me perswade you, not to cast your self away, to marry a dumb man; for by my troth, all those that are dumb, are meer fools; for who can be witty or wise that cannot speak, or will not speak, which is as bad.

Lady Bashfull. Why Madam? wisdom nor wit, doth noth not live nor lye in words, for prudence, fortitude and temperance, expresse wisdom and capacity; ingenuity and fancie expresseth wit, and not words.

Lady wagtail. But let me advise you to chose Sir *Humpbry Bold*, he is worth a thousand of Sir *Serious Dumb*; besides, he is a more learned man by half, and speaks severall Languages.

Lady Bashfull. Perchance so, and yet not so wise; for Parrots will learn Languages, and yet not know how to be wise, nor what wisdom is, which is to have a sound judgement, a clear understanding, and a prudent forecast.

Lady wagtail. Faith all the World will condemn you to have no forecast, if you marry Sir *Serious Dumb*.

Lady Bashfull. Let them speak their worst, I care not, as not fearing their censures.

Lady wagtail. You were fearfull and bashfull.

Lady Bashfull. 'Tis true, but now am grown so confident with honest love; I care not if all the World did know of it; nay, I wish it were published to all ears.

*The Lady Bashfull offers to go away.*

**D** *Lady wagtail.* Nay, you must not go, untill you have granted my suit in the behalf of Sir Humphry Bold.

*Lady Bashfull.* Pray let me go, for I hate him more, than Heaven hates Hell.

*Lady wagtail.* Nay, then I will leave you.

*Exeunt.*

Scene. 19.

*Enter Affectionata, who weeps. Enter the Lord Singularity.*

**L** *ord Singularity.* Why weepest thou *Affectionata*?

*Affectionata.* Alas, my Lord, I am in such a passion, as I shall dye, unless it flows forth thorough mine eyes, and runs from off my tongue.

*For like as vapours from the Earth doth rise,  
And gather into clouds beneath the skies;  
Contracts to water, swelling like moist veins,  
When over-fill'd, falls down in showring rains:  
So thoughts, which from a griev'd mind are sent,  
Arise in a vaporous discontent.  
Contracts to melancholly, which heavy lies  
Untill it melts, and runs forth through the eyes;  
Unless the Sun, of comfort, dry doth drink  
Those watery tears that lyes at the eyes brink;  
Or that the rays of joy, which streams bright out  
With active heat disperseth them about.*

*Lord Singularity.* Faith *Affectionata*, I am no good Poet, but thy passion moves so sweetly in numbers and stops, so just with rhimes; as I cannot but answer thee,

*Like as the Sun beauty streams rays about;  
A smiling countenance like day breaks out:  
And though a frown obscures sweet beauties sight;  
Yet beauties beams makes cloudy frowns more bright:  
But melancholly beauty doth appear  
As pleasing shades, or Summers evenings clear.*

So doth thine *Affectionata*, but prethee do not wast thy breath into sighs, nor distill thy life into tears.

*Affectionata.* I wish I might here breath my last, and close my eyes for ever.

*Lord Singularity.* I perceive *Affectionata*, you take it unkindly I did perswade you to take the Dukes offer; But if you think I did it out of any other design than a true affection to you; By Heaven, you do me wrong by false interpretation.

*Affectionata.* If you, my Lord, did love but half so well as I, you would rather chose to dye, than part with me.

*Lord Singularity.* I love thee beyond my own interest or delight, for what is best for thee, I account as the greatest blessing, should it bring me any other wayes a curse.

*Affectionata.* Then let me still live with you, for that is best for me.

*Lord Singularity.* Here I do vow to Heaven, to do my indeavour with my life to keep thee with me, or to be alwayes where thou art.

*Affectionata.* O! what a weight you have taken from my soul, wherein my thoughts like wet-winged-birds fate heavy; my senses like as blinking Lamps which vaporious dampes of grief had neer out.

*Lord Singularity.* Let me tell thee *Affectionata*, I have travelled far, observed much, and have had divers incounters, but I never met such vertue, found such truth, nor incountered such an affection as thine.

*embraces him.*

*And thus I do embrace thee, and do wish our souls may twine,  
As our each bodies thus together joyn.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 20.*

*Enter Sir Serious Dumb, and his Mistris she Lady Bashfull.*

*Sir Serious Dumb.* Dear Mistris, do not you repent your favours, and wish your promise were never made; doth not your affection vade?

*Lady Bashfull.* No, it cannot, for never was any love placed upon a Nobler soul than my love is, which is on yours, insomuch, as I do glory in my affection, and grow self-conceited of its judgement.

*Sir Serious Dumb.* And will you be constant?

*Lady Bashfull.* Let not your humble thoughts raise a doubt of jealousie; for I am fixt, as time is to eternity.

*Sir Serious Dumb.* Then I thank nature for your Creation, honour for your Breeding, and heaven for your Vertue, and fortune that hath given you to me, for I can own nothing of that worth that could deserve you.

*Lady Bashfull.* I cannot condemn jealousie, because it proceeds from pure love, and love melts into kinds on a constant heart, but flames like Oyle on a false one, which sets the whole life on fire

*Sir Serious Dumb.* But now I cannot doubt your love nor constancies, since you have promised your heart to me; for true Lovers are like the light and the Sun, inseparable.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

Scene 21.

Enter some Commanders.

1. **Commander.** Come fellow-souldiers, are you ready to march ?

2. **Commander.** Whether ?

1. **Commander.** Into our own native Country, for our General is sent for home.

3. **Commander.** Except there be wars in our own Country, we cannot go with him.

1. **Commander.** I know not whether there be wars or peace, but he obeys ; for he is preparing for his journey.

2. **Commander.** Who shall be General when he is gone ?

3. **Commander.** I know not, but I hear the States offers to make our young Lieutenant-General, General, but he refuseth it.

2. **Commander.** Would they would make me General ?

3. **Commander.** If thou wert General, thou wouldst put all method out of order.

1. **Commander.** Faith Gentlemen, I would lead you most prudently, and give you leave to plunder most unanimously.

1. **Commander.** And we would fight couragiously, to keep what we plunder.

2. **Commander.** Come, let us go, and inquire how our affairs goeth.

*Exeunt.*

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Scene 22.

Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata.

**L**ord Singularity. Now Affectionata, we have taken our leave of the States. I hope thy mind is at peace, and freed from fears of being staid.

Affectionata. Yes my my Lord.

Lord Singularity. They did perswade thee much to stay.

Affectionata. They seemed much troubled for your Lordships departure.

Lord Singularity. Truly I will say thus much for my self, that I have done them good service, and I must say thus much for them, that they have rewarded me well.

Affectionata. I have heard, my Lord, that States seldom rewards a service done ; wherefore I believe, they hope you will return again, and fees you for that end.

Lord Singularity. I shall not be unwilling when my Country hath no employment for me.

Affectionata. Methinks, my Lord, since you have gotten a fame abroad, you should desire to live a settled life at home.

R

Lord

*Lord Singularity.* A settled life would seem but dull to me that hath no wife nor children.

*Affectionata.* You may have both, If you please, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* For children I desire none, since I have thee, and wives I care not for, but what are other mens.

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter to the Lord Singularity.*

*Lord Singularity.* From whence comest thou friend ?

*Messenger.* From *Rome*, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* If you please to stay in the next room, I shall speak to you presently.

*Messenger Exit.*

*The Lord Singularity breaks up the Letter and reads.*

*Lord Singularity.* *Affectionata*, From whence do you think this Letter comes ?

*Affectionata.* I cannot guess, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* From the Pope, who hath heard so much of thy youth, vertue, wit and courage, as he desires me to pass thorough *Rome* in my journey home; that he might see thee.

*Affectionata.* Pray Heaven his Holynesse doth not put me into a Monastery, and force me to stay behind you.

*Lord Singularity.* If he should, I will take the habit, and be incloistered with thee; but he will not enforce a youth that hath no will thereto.

*Affectionata.* Truly my Lord, I have no will to be a Fryer.

*Lord Singularity.* Indeed it is somewhat too lazie a life, which all heroick Spirits shames, for those loves liberty and action: But I will go and dispatch this Messenger, and to morrow we will begin our journey.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 23.

*Enter the Lady Wagtail, and the Lady Amorous*

**L***ady wagtail.* Faith *Amorous*, it had been a victory indeed worth the bragging off, if we could have taken Sir *Peaceable Studious* Loves prisoner, and could have infettered him in *Cupid's* bonds.

*Lady Amorous.* It had been a victory indeed, for I will undertake to inflave five Courtiers, and ten Souldiers, sooner, and in less time than one studious Scholar.

*Lady wagtail.* But some Scholars are more easily taken than the luxurious Courtiers, or deoboist Souldiers.

*Lady Amorous.* O no! for Luxurie and Rapine begets lively Spirits, but a study quenches them out.

*Lady wagtail.* One would think so by Sir *Peaceable Studious*, but not by some other Scholars that I am acquainted with.

*Lady*



*Lady Amorous.* But confels, *Lady wagtail*, do not you find a studious Scholar dull company, in respect of a vain Courtier, and a rough Souldier.

*Lady wagtail.* I must confels, they that study Philosophy, are little too much inclined to morality, but those that study Theologie, are not so restrigent.

*Lady Amorous.* Well, for my part, since I have been acquainted with Sir *Peaceable Studious*, I hate all Scholars.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 24.

*Enter three Men, as the Inhabitants of Rome.*

1. **T**Is a wonder such a youth as the Lord *Singularity's* Son is, should have so great a wit, as to be able to dispute with so many Cardinals.

2. *Man.* The greater wonder is, that he should have the better of them!

1. *Man.* 'Tis said the *Pope* doth admire him! and is extreemly taken with him.

2. *Man.* If *Jove* had so much admired him, he would have made him his *Ganimed.*

1. *Man.* He offered to make him a living Saint, but he thanked his Holyness, and said, he might Saint him, but not make him holy enough to be a Saint, for said he, *I* am unfit to have Prayers offered to me, that cannot offer Prayers as *I* ought, or live as *I* should; then he offered him a Cardinals hat, but he refused it; saying he was neither wise enough, nor old enough for to accept of it; for said he, *I* want *Uliyses* head, and *Nestors* years to be a Cardinal, for though less devotion will serve a Cardinal than a Saint, yet politic wisdom is required.

3. *Man.* Pray Neighbours tell me which way, and by what means *I* may see this wonderfull youth; for *I* have been out of the Town, and not heard of him.

2. *Man.* You cannot see him now; unless you will follow him where he is gone.

1. *Man.* Why, whether is he gone?

2. *Man.* Into his own Country, and hath been gone above this week.

3. *Man.* Nay, *I* cannot follow him thither.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 25.

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata, as being in the Country.*

**L**ord *Singularity.* *Affectionata*, you have promised me to be ruled by me in every thing, so that you may not part from me.

*Affectionata.* I have, my Lord, and will obey all your commands, so far as I am able.

R 2

Lord

*Lord Singularity.* Then I am resolv'd now I am returned into my own Country, to get thee a wife, that thy fame and worthy acts may live in thy Posterity.

*Affectionata.* Jove blefs me, a wife ! by Heaven, my Lord, I am not man enough to marry !

*Lord Singul.* There is many as young as you, that have been Fathers, and have had children.

*Affectionata.* If they were such as I am, they might father Children, but never get them.

*Lord Singularity.* Thou art modest, *Affectionata*, but I will have you marry, and I will chose thee such a wife, as modest as thy self.

*Affectionata.* Then we never shall have children, Sir.

*Lord Singul.* Love and acquaintance will give you confidence ; but tell me truly, *Affectionata*, didst thou never court a Mistriss ?

*Affectionata.* No truly, Sir.

*Lord Singularity.* Well, I will have you practice Courtship, and though I will not directly be your Baud or Pimp, yet I will send you amongst the effeminate Sex, where you may learn to sport with Ladies, as well as fight with *Turks*.

*Affectionata speaks softly to her self ; pray Jove they do not search me.*

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 26.*

*Enter the Lady Wagtail, and the Lady Amorous.*

**L***ady wagtail.* I can tell you news ?

*Lady Amorous.* What news ?

*Lady wagtail.* Sir *Serious Dumb* can speak again !

*Lady Amorous.* I am sorrow for that, for now he may tell tales out of School.

*Lady wagtail.* If he do, we will whip him with the rods of tongues, which is more sharp than the rods of wyer.

*Lady Amorous.* We may whip him with words, but we our selves shall feel the smart of reproch.

*Lady wagtail.* How simply you talk, as if reproch could hurt a woman ; when reproch is born with us, and dyes with us.

*Lady Amorous.* If reproch have no power of our Sex, why are all women so carefull to cover their faults, and so fearfull to have their crimes divulged.

*Lady wagtail.* Out of two reasons ; first, because those of the masculine Sex, which have power, as Fathers, Uncles, Brothers and Husbands, would cut their throats, if they received any disgrace by them ; for disgrace belongs more to men than women : The other reason is, that naturally women loves secrets ; yet there is nothing they can keep secret, but their own particular faults, neither do they think pleasure sweet, but what is stollen.

*Lady Amorous.* By your favour, women cannot keep their own faults secret.

*Lady*

*Lady wagtail.* O yes, those faults that may ruine them if divulged, but they cannot keep a secret that is delivered to their trust; for naturally women are unfit for trust, or council.

*Lady Amorous.* But we are fit for faction.

*Lady wagtail.* The World would be but a dull World, if it were not for industrious factions.

*Lady Amorous.* The truth is, that if it were not for faction, the World would lye in the cradle of Peace; and be rock'd into a quiet sleep of security.

*Lady wagtail.* Prothee talk, not of quiet, and peace, and rest, for I hate them as bad as death.

*Lady Amorous.* Indeed they resemble death, for in death there is no wars nor noise.

*Lady wagtail.* Wherefore it is natural for life, neither to have rest nor peace, being contrary to death.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV.

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata.*

*Affectionata.* My Lord, I hear the King hath invited you to attend him in his progress this Summer.

*Lord Singularity.* Yes, but I have made my excuse, and have got leave to stay at home; for I will tell thee truly, that I had rather march ten miles with an Artillery, than travel one with a Court; and I had rather fight a battle, than be bound to ceremony, or flattery, which must be practised if one live at Court: Besides, I have been bred to lead an Armie, and not to follow a Court; And the custom of the one have made me unacquainted, and so unfit for the other; for though I may truly say I am a good Souldier, yet I will confesse ingenuously to thee, I am a very ill Courtier.

*Affectionata.* I think they are the most happiest, that are least acquainted with a great Monarchs Court.

*Lord Singularity.* I will tell thee a discourse upon this them in the time of *Henry* the eighth of *England*, there were many Courtiers of all degrees about him, and the them of their discourse was, who was the happiest man in *England*; So all the Nobles and inferiour Courtiers agreed unanimously it was his Majesty, and it could be no man else; and they all said, that their judgements was so clear in that point, that it could not admit of a contradiction, or dispute: Said *Henry* the eighth, by the body of our Lord, you are all mistaken; then said one of the Courtiers, I beseech your Majesty to tell us who is the happiest man; By the Lord, said the King, that Gentleman that lives to his profit, and dare moderately spend for his pleasure, and that neither knows me, nor I know him, he is the happiest man in the Kingdom; and I am of *Henry* the eighths opinion; but howsoever, it were better to besuch a one that goeth with the bagge and baggage of an Armie, than one of the tail of a Court.

*Affectionata.* But your Lordship would not refuse to be as the chief, to be a Favourite; for a Favourite is more sought, feared and flattered, than King himself.

*Lord Singularity.* I think I should not refuse to be a Favourite, by reason a Favourite is a General to command, Martial and Conduct in all affairs, both at home and abroad, in peace and in war, and all by the power and authority of the commission of Favourites.

*Affectionata.* Which Commission hath a greater and larger extent than any other Commission.

*Lord Singularity.* You say right, for it extends as far as the Kings power.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 27.*

*Enter the Lady Bashfull, and Reformer her woman.*

**R***eformer.* Madam, shall your wedding be private, or publick?

*Lady Bashfull.* Private.

*Reformer.* I wonder you will have it private.

*Lady Bashfull.* Why do you wonder?

*Reformer.* Because the wedding-day is the only triumphant day of a maids life.

*Lady Bashfull.* Do you call that a triumphant day; that inflaves a woman all her life after; no, I will make no triumph on that day.

*Reformer.* Why, you had better have one day than none.

*Lady Bashfull.* If my whole life were triumphant, it would be but as one day when it was past, or rather as no day nor time; for what is past, is as if it never were; and for one day I will never put my self to that ceremonious trouble, which belongs to feasting; revelling, dressing and the like.

*Reformer.* I perceive your Ladyship desires to be undrest upon the Wedding-day.

*Lady Bashfull.* No, that I do not, but as I will not be carelessly undrest, so I will not be drest for a Pageant shew.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 28.*

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata*

**A***ffectionata.* I think there is no Family more methodically ordered, prudently governed than your Lordships.

*Lord Singularity.* It were a disgrace to my profession, if I should not well know how to command; for a good Commander in the field, can tell how to be a good Manager in his private Family, although a prudent Master of a Family knows not how to be a skilfull Commander in the field; but a prudent Master must have a trusty Steward, so a knowing General must have a care-

carefull and skilfull Lieutenant-General, or else he will be very much troubled; also both Master and General must have other Officers, or else they will not find their Accounts or Conquests as he hopes or expects; For neither General nor Master can order every particular command, nor rectifie every particular error himself; for a Generals Office, is only to direct, order and command the chief Officers, and not the common Souldiers: So the Master of a Family, is only to direct, order and command his Steward, he the rest of the Officers, and the common servants; every one must order those that belongs to their severall Offices.

*Affectionata.* Then the common Servants are like the common Souldiers.

*Lord Singularity.* They are so, and are as apt to mutiny, if they be not used with strickt discipline: Thus, if a Master of a Family have the right way in the management of his particular affairs, he may thrive easily, have plenty, live peaceably, be happy, and carry an honourable port with an indifferent Estate, when those of much greater Estates, which knows not, nor practices the right method, or rules and governs not with strictness, his servants shall grow factious, mutinous, and be alwaies in bruleries, by which disorders his Estate shall waste invisable, his servants cozen egregiously; he lives in penurie, his servants in riot, alwaies spending, yet alwaies wanting, forced to borrow, and yet hath so much, that if it were ordered with prudence, might be able to lend, when by his imprudence, he is troubled with stores, yet vex'd with necessity.

*Affectionata.* I should think that no man ought to be a Master of a Family, but those that can govern orderly and peaceably.

*Lord Singularity.* You say right, for every Master of a Family are petty-Kings, and when they have rebellions in their own small Monarchies, they are apt to disturb the general Peace of the whole Kingdom or State they live in; for those that cannot tell how to command their own Domesticks, and prudently order their own affairs, are not only uselesse to the Common-wealth, but they are pernicious and dangerous, as not knowing the benefit and necessity of obedience and method.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 29.

Enter the Lady Wagtail, and the Lady Amorous.

**L**ady Wagtail. The Lord Singularity hath brought home the sweetest, and most beautifullest young Cavalier, as ever I saw.

Lady Amorous. Faith he appears like Adonas.

Lady Wagtail. Did you ever see Adonas?

Lady Amorous. No, but I have heard the Poets describe him.

Lady Wagtail. Venus and Adonas are only two poetical Ideas, or two Ideas in poetical brains.

Lady Amorous. Why, Ideas hath no names.

Lady Wagtail. O yes, for Poets christens their Ideas with names, as orderly as Christians Fathers doth their children.

Lady Amorous. Well, I wish I were a Venus for his sake.

*Lady Wagtail.* But if you were only a poetical *Venus*, you would have little pleasure with your *Adonas*.

*Lady Amorous.* Hay ho! He is a sweet youth.

*Lady Wagtail.* And you have sweet thoughts of the sweet youth.

*Lady Amorous.* My thoughts are like Mirtle-groves to entertain the *Idea* of the Lord *Singularity's* Son.

*Lady Wagtail.* Take heed there be not a wild-boar in your Mirtle Imaginarie Grove, that may destroy your *Adonas Idea*.

*Lady Amorous.* There is no beast there, only sweet singing-birds called *Nightingals*.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 30.*

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and Affectionata.*

**A***ffectionata.* Pray, my Lord, what Lady is that you make such inquiry for?

*Lord Singularity.* She is a Lady I would have thee marry; One that my Father did much desire I should marry, although she was very young, and may be now about thy years. I hear her Father is dead, but where the Lady is, I cannot find out.

*Affectionata.* Perchance she is married, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* Then we should find her out, by hearing who she hath married.

*Affectionata.* But if she be not married, she being as old as I; I am too young for her, for Husbands should be older than their wives.

*Lord Singularity.* But she is one that is well born, well bred, and very rich; and though thou art young in years, yet thou art an aged man in judgment, prudence, understanding, and for wit, as in thy flourishing strength.

*Affectionata.* Perchance, my Lord, she will not like me, as neither my years, my person, nor my birth.

*Lord Singularity.* As for thy years, youth is alwayes accepted by the effeminate Sex; and thy person she cannot dislike, for thou art very handsome, and for thy birth, although thou art meanly born, thou hast a noble nature, a sweet disposition, a vertuous soul, and a heroick spirit; Besides, I have adopted thee my Son, and the King hath promised to place my Titles on thee, and hath made thee Heir of my whole Estate, for to maintain thee according to those Dignities.

*Affectionata.* But I had rather live unmarried, my Lord, if you will give consent.

*Lord Singularity.* But I will never consent to that, and if you be dutifull to me, you will marry such a one as I shall chose for you.

*Affectionata.* I shall obey whatsoever you command, for I have nothing but my obedience to return for all your favours.

*Lord Singularity.* Well, I will go and make a strickt inquiry for this Lady.

*Lord Singularity Exit.*  
*Affecti-*

*Affectionata alone.*

*Affectionata.* Hay ho ! what will this come to, I would I were in my Grave; for love and fear doth torture my poor life ; Heaven strike me dead ! or make me this Lords wife.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 31.

• *Enter the Lady Wagtail, and the Lady Amorous*

*Lady Amorous.* How shall we compass the acquaintance of the Lord *Singularities* Son ?

*Lady wagtail.* Faith *Amorous*, thou lovest boys, but I love men ; wherefore I would be acquainted with the Lord *Singularity* himself ; Besides, his adopted Son was a poor Beggar-boy 'tis said, and I cannot love one that is basely born.

*Lady Amorous.* His birth may be honourably, though poor, and of low and mean descent ; for if he was born in honest wedlock, and of honest Parents, his birth cannot be base.

*Lady wagtail.* O yes, for those that are not born from Gentry, are like course brown bread, when Gentry of ancient descent, are like flower often bouted to make white manchet.

*Lady Amorous.* By that rule, surely he came from a Noble and Ancient Race ; for I never saw any person more white and finely shap'd in my life than he is ; and if fame speaks true, his actions have proved he hath a Gentleman's soul ; But say he were meanly born, as being born from a Cottager, yet he is not to be despised nor disliked, nor to be lesse esteemed, or beloved, or to be thought the worse of, for was *Lucan* lesse esteemed for being a *Stone-Cutter*, or his wit lesse esteemed ; or was King *David* lesse esteemed or obeyed, for being a *Shepherd* ; or the *Apostles* lesse esteemed or believed, for being *Fishermen*, *Tent-makers* or the like ; or the man that was chosen from the Plough, to be made Emperour ; I say, was he lesse esteemed for being a Plough-man ? No, he was rather admired the more ; or was *Horace* esteemed, or his Poems thought the worse, for being Son to a freed man, which had been a slave ; or was *Homer* lesse admired, or thought the worse Poet, for being a poor blind man ; and many hundred that I cannot name, that hath gained fame, and their memories lives with Honour and Admiration in every Age, and in every Nation, Kingdom, Country and Family, and it is more worthy, and those persons ought to have more love and respect, that have merit, than those that have only Dignity, either from favour of Princes, or descended from their Ancestors ; for all derived Honours, are poor and mean, in respect of self-creating honour, and they only are to be accounted mean and base, that are so in themselves ; but those that are born from low and humble Parents, when they have merits, and have done worthy actions, they are placed higher in fames Court, and hath more honour by fames report, which sounds their praises louder than those of greater descent, although of equal worth and merit, and justly, for it is more praise-worthy, when those that were the

lowest, and are as it were trod into the earth, or was born, as the phrase is, from the Dunghill, should raise themselves equal to the highest, who keeps but where they were placed by birth; but many times they keep not their place, but fall from the Dignity of their birth, into the myer of baseness, treachery and treason, when the other rises as the Sun out of a cloud of darkness, darting forth glorious beams thorough all that Hemisphere.

*Lady wagtail.* I perceive by your discourse, Lovers are the best Disputers; Orators, and as I have heard, the best Poets; But I never heard you discourse so well, nor speak so honourably in all my life, wherefore I am confident, 'twas love spake, not you.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### Scene 32.

*Enter Affectionata, Nurse Fondly, and Foster Trusty her Husband.*

*Nurse Fondly.* My child, we can no longer conceal you, for we are accused of murdering you, and are summoned to appear before a Judge and Jury.

*Affectionata.* For Heaven sake, conceal me as long as you can; for if I be known, I shall be utterly ruined with disgrace.

*Nurse Fondly.* Whose fault was it? I did advise you otherwise, but you would not be ruled, nor counselled by me; and my Husband like an unwise man, did assist your childish desires.

*Foster Trusty.* Well wife, setting aside your wisdom, let us advise what is best to be done in this case.

*Nurse Fondly.* In this case we are either to be hanged, or she is to be disgraced; and for my part, I had rather be hanged, for I am old, and cannot live long.

*Foster Trusty.* If you were a young wench, thou mightest chance to escape hanging, the Judges would have taken pity on thee, but being old, will condemn thee without mercy.

*Nurse Fondly.* If I were not a pretty wench, and the Jurie amorous men, at least the Judges so, I should be hanged nevertheless.

*Affectionata.* Come, come, *Foster Father*, and *Nurse*, let us go and advise.

*Exeunt.*



## Scene 33.

Enter the Lady Wagtail, and a Captain.

**L**ady wagtail. Pray tell me, what manner of Country is *Italy*?

Captain. In short, Madam, there is more Summer than Winter; more Fruit than Meat, and more meat than Hospitality.

Lady wagtail. Why Captain, fruit is meat.

Captain. I mean flesh-meat.

Lady wagtail. Out upon that Country, that hath neither Flesh nor Hospitality. But Captain, what are the natures, dispositions, and manners of the *Italians*?

Captain. In general, Madam, thus, their natures, dispositions, and manners are, as generally all other people of every other Nation are, for the generality of every Nation are alike, in natures, dispositions and persons; that is, some are of good, and some are of bad, some handfom, and some ill-favour'd; but for the most part, there are more ill-favour'd than handfom, more foul than fair; and the general manner of the whole World is, to offer more than present, to promise more than perform, to be more faining than real, more courtly than friendly, more treacherous than trusty, more covetous than generous, and yet more prodigal than covetous; but as for the *Italians*, they are more luxurious than gluttonous, and they love pleasures more than Heaven.

Lady wagtail. They have reason, by my troth; for who can tell whether in *Joves* Mansion, there are so many sweet and delightfull pleasures, as in this World: But Captain, you do not tell me what pleasure the women have in *Italy*?

Captain. Those women that are married, are restrain'd and barr'd from all courtly pleasure, or as I may say, the pleasure of Courtships; but the Courtezans have liberty to please themselves, and to be their own carvers.

Lady wagtail. And there is nothing I love so well, as to carve both for my self and others.

Captain. And there is no Nation in the World, so curious, and ingenious in the art of carving, as the *Italians*.

Lady wagtail. I am resolv'd to go into *Italy*, if it be but to learn the art of carving, but I will leave my Husband behind me; for you say, wives have not that free liberty of carving, and if I leave my Husband, I may pass for a Widow, though not for a maid.

Captain. But Madam, you are past your travelling years, for the best time for women to travel, is about twenty.

Lady wagtail. By your favour, Sir, a woman never grows old, if she can but conceal her age, and say she is young.

Captain. But she must often repeat it.

Lady wagtail. She must so, which she may easily do; talking much, for women wants not words, neither are we sparing of them; But Captain, I must intreat your company, for you are acquainted with the Country, and hath the experience of the humours and natures of that people; and having been a Souldier and a Traveller, will not be so seek in the wayes of our journey.

*Captain.* I shall wait upon you, Madam.

*Lady wagtail.* No Captain, you shall be as Master, to command, and will be your Servant to obey.

*Captain.* You shall command me, Madam.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 34.

*Enter Affectionata alone.*

O! How my soul is tormented with love, shame, grief and fear (*she stops little*) I am in love, but am ashamed to make it known, Besides, have given the World cause to censure me, not only in concealing of my Sex and changing of my habit, but being alwaies in the company of Men, acting a masculine part upon the Worlds great Stage, and to the publick view; but could I live thus concealed, I should be happy, and free from censure: But Curse fortune! that pleasure takes in crossing Lovers, and busie time that makes all things as restless as it self, doth strive for to divulge my acts, when I have no defence, or honest means for to conceal them; for if I do oppose I shall become a Murtherer; and bear a guilty conscience to my grave, which may torment my soul, when as my body is turn'd to dust.

But since there is no remedy, I'll weep my sorrows forth, and with the waite of my tears, I'll strive to quench the blushing heat, that like quick lightening, flashes in my face. *Stops*

*Enter the Lord Singularity, finding Affectionata weeping.*

*Lord Singularity.* My dear *Affectionata*, What makes thee so melancholly as to be alwaies weeping?

*Affectionata.* I must confesse, my Lord, here of late my eyes have been like *Egypt*, when it is over-flown with *Nilus*, and all my thoughts like *Crocked diles*.

*Lord Singularity.* What is the cause?

*Affectionata.* Alas, my Lord, causes lyes so obscure, they are seldom found.

*Lord Singularity.* But the effects may give us light to judge what causes are.

*Affectionata.* Effects deceives, and often cozens us, by reason one effect may be produced from many several causes, and several effects proceeds from one cause.

*Lord Singularity.* But thy tears seems as if they were produced from some passion.

*Affectionata.* Indeed they are produced from passions and appetites, for passions are the rayes of the mind, and appetites the vapour of the senses, and the rayes of my mind hath drawn up the vapour of my senses into thick moist clouds, which falls in showering tears.

*Lord Singularity.* Tell me thy griefs, and thy desires, that I may help the one, and ease the other.

*Affecti*

*Affectionata.* Alas, my Lord, *I* cannot, for they lye in the conceptions, and conceptions arifeth like myfts, and my thoughts like clouds, lyes one above another.

*Lord Singularity.* Come, come, let reason the Sun of the foul verifie those misty conceptions, and difperse this dull humour, that the mind may be clear, and the thoughts ferene.

*Affectionata.* *I* will strive to bring in the light of mirth.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 35.

*Enter the Lady Wagtail, the Lady Amorous, and Sir Humphry Bold.*

**L**ady wagtail. Good Sir Humphry Bold, carry us to the Court of Judicature, to hear the great Tryal, which is faid to be to day.

*Sir Humphry Bold.* You would go to hear the condemnation of an old man, and his old wife.

*Lady wagtail.* No, we would go to hear the confessions, as whether they have murdered the young Lady that is missing, or not.

*Sir Humphry bold.* Why, that you may hear from other relations, as well as from their own mouths, and fo save you fo much pains and trouble, as you will have to get a place, and to stand fo long a time, as the examining, accusing, confelling, freeing, or condemning, which will require fo long a time, as Ladies will find great inconveniencies, and be put mightily to it.

*Lady wagtail.* But *I* long to hear and see the manner of it.

*Sir Humphry Bold.* *I* will wait upon you, but you will be very much crouded.

*Lady Amorous.* *I* had rather see them hanged, if they be guilty, than hear them judged and condemned.

*Sir Humphry Bold.* Why, a condemning Judge is the chief Hang-man, for he hangs with his word, as the other with a cord.

*Lady wagtail.* Will the Lord Singularity be there?

*Sir Humphry Bold.* Yes certainly, for he is the man that doth accuse them.

*Lady Amorous.* And will his Son be there?

*Sir Humphry Bold.* *I* know not that.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 36.

*Enter the Judges and Jury-men, as in a Court of Judicature; the Lord Singularity, Foster Trusty, and Nurse Fondly, and many others to hear them.*

**J**udges. Who accuses these persons of murder?

*Lord Singularity.* I, my Lord.

*Foster Trusty.* We beseech your Honours, not to condemn us before you have found us guilty.

*Lord Singularity.* It is a proof sufficient, my Lord, they cannot clear themselves, or produce the party that was delivered to their trust and care.

*Judges.* Jurie, do you find them guilty or not?

*Juries.* Guilty, my Lord.

*Judges.* Then from the Jurie, we can-----

*Enter Affectionata, drest very fine in her own Sexes habit, and stops the Judges sentence.*

*Affectionata.* Hold, condemn not these innocent persons for their fidelity, constancy and love; I am that maid they are accused to murder; and by good circumstances can prove it.

*All the Assembly, Judges and Jurie, seems as in a maze at her beauty, and stares on her. The Lord Singularity, as soon as he seeth her, starts back, then goeth towards her, his eyes all the time fixt on her; speaking as to himself.*

*Lord Singularity.* Sure it is that face.

*He takes her by the Hand, and turns her to the light; are not you my Affectionata, whom I adopted my Son.*

*Affectionata.* Shame stops my breath, and chokes the words I should utter.

*Lord Singularity.* For Heaven sake speak quickly, release my fears, or crown my joyes.

*Affectionata.* My Lord, pray pardon loves follies, and condemn not my modesty for dissembling my Sex; for my designs were harmless, as only to follow you as a servant: For by Heaven, my Lord? my only desire was, that my eyes, and my eares might be fed with the sight of your person, and sound of your voice, which made me travel to hear, and to see you: But since I am discovered, I will otherwise conceal my self, and live as an *Anchoret* from the view of the World. •

*Lord Singularity.* Pray let me live with you.

*Affectionata.* That may not be, for an *Anchoret* is to live alone.

*Lord Singularity.* If you will accept of me for your husband, we shall be as one.

*Affecti-*

*Affectionata.* You have declared against marriage, my Lord.

*Lord Singularity.* I am converted, and shall become so pious a devote, as I shall offer at no Alter but *Hymens*, and since I am your Convert, refuse me not.

*Affectionata.* I love too well to refuse you.

*He kneels down on one knee, and kisses her hand.*

*Lord Singularity.* Here on my knee I do receive you as a blessing, and a gift from the Gods.

*He riseth.*

*Affectionata.* Most Reverend Judges, and Grave Jury, sentence me not with censure, nor condemn me to scandals, for waiting as a Man, and serving as a Page; For though I dissembled in my outward habit and behaviour, yet I was alwaies chaste and modest in my nature.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 37.

*Enter the Lady VVagtail, and Lady Amorous.*

*Lady Vagtail.* Now *Lady Amorous*, is your mind a Mirtel-grove, and your thoughts *Nightingals* to entertain the *Idea* of your *Adonas*.

*Lady Amorous.* Her discovery hath proved the boar that kill'd him; but I desire much to be at my *Adonas* Funeral, which is the *Lady Orphants* wedding.

*Lady Vagtail.* I am acquainted with some of the *Lord Singularity's* Captains and Officers, and I will speak to some of them to speak to the *Lord Singularity* to invite us.

*Lady Amorous.* I pray do, for since my *Adonas* is dead, I will strive to inamour *Mars*, which is the *Lord Singularity* himself.

*Lady Vagtail.* Faith, that is unfriendly done, for I have laid my designs for himself.

*Lady Amorous.* I fear both of our designs may come to nothing, he is so inamoured with his own She-Page, or female Son.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 38.

*Enter Nurse Fondly, and Foster Trusty.*

*Nurse Fondly.* O Husband! This is the joyfullest day that ever I had in my whole life, except at mine own wedding.

*Foster Trusty.* Indeed, this day is a day of *Jubile*.

*Nurse Fondly.* Of *June*, say you ; but Husband, have you provided good cheer, and enough ; for here are a world of Guests come, more than was invited, and you being Master Steward, will be thought too blame, if there be any thing wanting.

*Foster Trusty.* If you be as carefull to dress the Brides Chamber, as I to provide for the bridal Guest, you nor I shall be in a fault.

*Nurse Fondly.* I faith, if you have done your part, as I have done my part, we shall deserve praise.

*Foster Trusty.* I faith, we are almost so old, that we are almost past praise.

*Nurse Fondly.* None can merit praise, but those in years ; for all Worthy, Noble and Heroick Acts requires time to do them, and who was ever wise, that was young ?

*Foster Trusty.* And few are praised that are old, for as fame divulgeth merits, so time wears out praise, for time hath more power than fame, striving to destroy what fame desires to keep. The truth is, time is a Glutton, for he doth not only strive to destroy what fame divulgeth, but what himself begets and produceth.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 39.*

*Enter the Lord Singularity, and the Lady Orphant, as Bride and Bride-groom, and a company of Bridal-guests.*

*Enter Musicians, and meets them.*

**M***usitioners.* We desire your Excellence will give us leave to present you with a Song written by my Lord *Marquis* of *New-Castle*.

*Lord Singularity.* Your present could have never been less acceptable, by reason it will retard my marriage.

*Lady Orphant.* Pray, my Lord, hear them.

*Lord Singularity.* Come, come, dispatch, dispatch.

*He seems not to listen to them. All the time his eyes fixt on the Bride.*

SONG.

*Love in thy younger age,*  
*Thou then turn'd Page ;*  
*When love then stronger grew,*  
*The bright sword drew.*  
*Then Love it was thy fate*  
*To advise in State.*

*My Love adopted me*  
*His childe to be.*  
*Then offer'd was my hap*  
*A Cardinals Cap.*  
*Loves juggling thus doth make*  
*The worlds mistake.*

*Lady*

*Lord Singularity.* By Heaven, Musitioners, you are all so dillotarie with your damnable and harsh prologue of tuning before you play, as the next Parliãment will make it felony in Fidlers, if not treason, when your Great Royal Eares ; begin with a Pox to you.

*Musitians.* Why, my Noble Lord, we have done.

*Lord Singularity.* By Heaven, there spake *Apollo* ! Give them ten Pieces.

*Musitians.* Madam, an *Eppilamian* ! we have more to express our further joy, and then we will pray for blessings on you both.

*Lord Singularity.* O ! It will be my funeral song, you rogues, know all delays doth kill me ; and at this time your best Musick sounds harsh, and out of tune.

*Lady Orphant.* Pray let them sing that one song more ; so ends your trouble of them.

*Lord Singularity.* Begin, quick, quick.

S O N G.

O Love, some says thou art a Boy !  
But now turn'd Girl, thy Masters joy !  
Now cease all thy fierce alarms ;  
In circles of your loving arms.  
Who can express the joys to night,  
'Twil charm your senses with delight.  
Nay, all those pleasures you'l controul,  
With joyning your each soul to soul.  
Thus in Loves raptures live, till you  
Melting, dissolve into a dew ;  
And then your aery journey take,  
So both one constellation make.

The Song done, the Musick playes, as the Bride  
and Bridegroom goeth.

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F I N I S

---

The Comedy named the Several Wits.

*The wise Wit, the wild Wit, the cholerick Wit, the  
humble Wit.*

• The Names of the Persons.

**M**onsieur Generosity.  
Monsieur Nobilissimo.  
Monsieur Perfection.  
Monsieur Importunate.  
Monsieur Bon Compaignon.  
Monsieur Profession.  
Monsieur Comorade.  
Monsieur Discretion.  
Monsieur Compliment.

Doct<sup>r</sup> Freedom, a Doct<sup>r</sup> of Physick.  
Madam Mere.  
Madamosel Caprisia.  
Madamosel Dolche.  
Madamosel Solid.  
Madamosel Volant.  
A Grave Matron.  
Madamosel Dolches Nurse.  
Two Maid-servants.

PROLOGUE.

**T**His Play I do present to Lady wits,  
And hope the wit, each several humour fits;  
For though all wit, be wit, as of wit kind,  
Yet different be, as men, not of one mind;  
For different men, hath different minds we know  
So different Wits, in different humours flow.  
The cholerick Wit is rough, and salt as brine,  
The humble Wit flows smooth, in a strait line:  
A wise Wit flows in streams, fresh, pure and clear,  
Where neither weeds, nor troubled waves appear:  
But a wild wit in every ditch doth flow,  
And with the mudde doth foul, and filthy grow.

THE



THE COMEDY  
 NAMED THE  
 SEVERAL WITS.

ACT I:

Scene 1.

Enter Madamofel Caprifia, and her maid.



*AID.* Madam, *Monsieur Importunate* is come to visit you.

*Madam. Caprifia.* Did not I tell you, I would receive no visits to day.

*Maid.* I did tell him that you desired to be excused; but he said, he would not excuse you, for he must see you.

*Madam. Caprif.* Go tell him I have taken Physick.

*Maid.* I did tell him so, but he said, he would stay untill it had done working.

*Madam Caprif.* I would it were working in his belly.

*Ex.*

Scene 2.

Enter Madamofel Volante, and *Monsieur Bon Compaignon.*

*Bon Compaignon.* Lady, hearing of your great wit; I am come to prove report.

*Madam. Volante.* You will find him a lyer, Sir.

*Bon Compaignon.* I had rather report should be a lyer, than I a Lover.

*Madam. Volante.* Why, then we agree in a mind, for I had rather be thought a fool, than to be troubled with a fools company.

*Bon Compaignon.* You need not be troubled with that; for love is strongest absented.

*Madam. Volante.* O! but there is an old Proverb, that love will break thorough stone-walls; wherefore if you be in love; you will haunt me like a Fairy, no locks nor bolts will keep you out, for fairy love will creep thorough a creavice.

*Bon Compaignon.* Faith Lady ! I find now, that love is the Queen of *Fayries*, for it hath crept thorough the key-hole of my eares, and hath got into my head, and their dances such roundelayes, as makes my brain diffie.

*Madam. Volante.* If once your brain begins to be diffie, your senses will stagger, and your reason will fall down from its seat, and when the reason is displaced, and the wit is distemper'd, the mind become mad, and to prevent the mischief that may follow, I will depart in time.

EX.

## Scene 3.

*Enter Madamofel Caprifia, as at the door meets Monsieur Importunate, he stops her passage.*

**M***onsieur Importunate.* You shall not pass, untill you have paid me a tribute.

*Madam. Caprifia.* What Tribute ?

*Monsieur Importunate.* A kiss.

*Madam Caprif.* I will pay no such tribute, for I will bring such a number of words armed with such strong reasons, as they shall make my way.

*Monsieur Importunate.* Your words will prove poor Pilgrims, which come to offer at the Altar of my lips.

*Madam. Caprif.* Nay, rather than so, they shall come as humble Petitioners, and as it were, kneeling at your heart, shall with innocency beg for gentle civility.

*Monsieur Importunate.* I will shut the gates of my ears against them, and my lips as a bar shall force them back, being a precise factious rout.

*Madam. Caprif.* Satire shall lead my sharp words on, break ope those gates, and anger like consuming fire shall both destroy your will and base desire.

*Monsieur Importunate.* I will try that.

*Madam. Caprif.* But I will rather make a safe retreat, than venture, least your rude strength might overcome my words.

*She goeth back, he follows her*

*Monsieur Importunate.* I will march after, at the heels of you.

Scene 4.

Enter Madamofel Doltche, and Monsieur Compliment.

**Doltche.** Sir, you prayse me so much, as I may doubt, or rather believe you flatter me; for it is not possible to be so rare a creature, as you express me to be, unless I were something divine, perchance I may be worthy of some of your inferiour Prayses, but not all your high and mighty ones.

**Monsieur Compliment.** You are more than either I can express, or think you to be.

**Mad. Doltche.** Nay, if I be above your thoughts, I am above your delight; for man-kind takes no great pleasure in that they comprehend not.

**Mons. Compliment.** I believe you do not comprehend how well I love you.

**Mad. Doltche.** No truly, for love is like infinite, it hath no circumference, wherefore I will not trouble my self in loves wayes, since it is an endlesse journey.

**Mons. Compliment.** But surely, Lady, though you cannot find that worth in me, as merits your esteem and affection, yet you will favour me for your Fathers command, and love me for his desire.

**Doltche.** If my Father desires me to dye, I shall satisfie his desire, for it is in my power to take away my own life, when I will; but it is not in my power to love those my Father would have me; for love is not to be commanded, nor directed, nor governed, nor prescribed, for love is free, and not to be controuled; Also I may marry a man my Father desires me, but sure my Father will not desire, nor command me to marry, if I cannot love the man he would have me marry, as I ought to do a Husband.

Ex.

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Scene 5.

Enter Madam. Caprisia, and a Grave Matron.

**Matron.** Madamofel Caprisia, there is a Gentleman, one of my acquaintance doth desire to see you.

**Madam. Capris.** He desires more than I do, for I never see a man, but I with a vail before my sight, or one before his.

**Matron.** Have you taken a surfeit of eyes, as you hate to look on a mans face.

**Madam. Capris.** Yes, of wanton eyes, that skips from face to face, which makes me love the blind.

**Matron.** I wonder whether the soul may be satisfied, or surfeit as the senses do.

**Capris.** The thoughts, passions and appetites, which are begot betwixt the soul and senses, will surfeit, if they be over-fed.

Y

Enter

*Enter Monsieur Bon Compaignon.*

*Bon Compaignon.* What is that Lady that is over-fed ?

*Caprif.* A fools-head.

*Bon Compaignon.* How can a fools head be over-fed ?

*Caprif.* With hearing and seeing more than it can digest into understanding.

*Bon Compaignon.* You have not such a head, Lady, for your head is so full of wit, as it perpetually flows thorough your lips ; yet whatsoever it doth receive, the Son of reason doth digest, and refines into spirits of senses.

*Caprif.* I must confess, my tongue is more fertil than my brain, the which comes more words from the one, than sense or reason from the other ; but least I should over-fill your ears with my idle talks, I will leave you.

*Ex.*

*Bon Compaignon.* And I will follow you, for my ears are unsatisfied, having but a taste of her wit, which makes a greater appetite.

*Bon Compaignon, and Matron Ex.*

*Scene 6.*

*Enter Madamofel Solid, Monsieur Profession, and Monsieur Comoradé his friend.*

**M***onsieur Profession.* Lady, you live, as if you lived not, living so solitary a life.

*Lady Solid.* Indeed, few doth live as they should, that is, to live within themselves ; for the soul, which is the supream part of the life, is never at home, but goeth wandering about, from place to place, from person to person, and so from one thing to another, and not only the soul wanders thus, but all the Family of the soul, as the thoughts and passions ; for should any thing knock at the gates of the soul, which are the senses, or enter the chambers of the soul, which is the heart, and the head, they would find them empty, for the thoughts and passions, which passions are of the Bed-chamber, which is, the heart and Presence-chamber, which is, the head where-in they ought to wait, are for the most part, all gone abroad ; as for the thoughts, they are gone to inquire news, walking and running into every Village, Town, City and Country, and Kingdom, all to inquire what such and such persons said or acted, and the particular affairs of every particular person, and every particular Family, as whether they increase with riches, or decay with poverty ; whether they live beyond their means, or keep within their compasse ; what men and women are in love, who are constant, and who are false ; what contracts are signed, or what contracts are broken ; who marries, and who lives single lives ; who is happy in marriage, and who is not ; what children is born, who hath children, and who hath none ; who is handsome, and who is ill-favoured ; who dyes, and of what diseases they died of ; whether they left wealth, or were poor, or who were their Heirs,

or

or Executors; who are Widowers, Widows or Orphants; who hath losses, crosses and misfortunes, who is in favour or disgrace with such Princes or States; who is at Law, what suits there is lost or gained; what bribes were given and taken, who was arrested, or imprisoned for debts; or set in the Pillary or Stocks for disorder, or cast into the Counter for misdemeanour; who is accused or imprisoned for Robbery, Murther or Treason; who is condemned or reprieved; what deaths they died, or torments indur'd; what Laws there is made, repeald or broke; what Officers or Magistrates there are made, plac'd or displac'd, or put out; what factions or bruleries there is, what leagues and associates there is made betwixt States and Princes; what Wars, or Peace there is, or like to be betwixt such or such Kingdoms; what triumphs, or shevvs there is, or like to be; what Mountebanks, Tumblers, and Dancers there is; what strange Birds, Beasts or Monsters there is to be seen; what Drunkards, Bavds and Whores there is; what Duels hath been fought, and the cause of their quarrels; vvhoh hath lost at play, and vvhoh hath won, what nevv fashions there is; what Stuffs, Silks, Laces, and Imbroideries there is; what Lords, Ladyes, Knights or Esquires hath nevv Coaches or Liveries; what rich cloths they had, or have; what Church is most frequented, what Balls, Masks, Plays & Feasts there is, or like to be, and many the like vain, idle, unusefull, unprofitable inquiries, observations and entertainments; their thoughts imployes and vvaists their time vwith: as for the passions and affections, they are as much abroad, as the rest of the thoughts, some being vwith such and such men, or such and such vvomen, as first vwith one, and then vwith another; or vwith such a house, or houses, or lands, or vwith such Jewels, or Plate, or Hangings, or Pictures, or the like; also the passions and affections wanders amongst Beasts, as with such a Horse, Dog, Monkey, or the like; or with Birds, as with such a Hawk, Cock of the Game, or prating Parrot, or singing Linet, or the like; or the passions and affections are attending, watching, or seeking after such or such Offices or Commands, Governments or Titles; nay, the very soul it self goeth after such and such designes, so as it doth, as it were, run away from it self, it follows the World, and worldly things, but never draws any benefit to it self, but that soul that keeps at home, which very few souls doth; imployes it self, for it self, it only views the World for knowledge, yet so, as it looks, as out of a window on a prospect, it uses the World out of necessity, but not serves the World out of slavery; it is industrious for its own tranquility, fame and everlasting life, for which it leaves nothing unfought, or undone, is a wise soul.

*Monsieur Profession.* Madam, my soul is tyed to your soul, with such an undissoluble knot of affection, that nothing, no, nor death can lose it, nor break it asunder; wherefore, wheresoever your soul doth go, mine will follow it, and bear it company.

*Madam. Solid.* Then your soul vwill be *incognita*, for my soul vwill not know whether your soul be with it, or not.

Ex.

*Monsieur Comorade.* Faith *Thom.* its happy for thy soul, to be drawn by her magnetick soul; for that may draw, lead or direct thy soul to Heaven; otherwise thy soul will fall into Hell with the pressure of thy sins, for thy soul is as heavy, as crimes can make it.

*Mons. Prof.* Why, then the diavel would have found my soul an honest soul, in being full weight, his true coyn, & the right stamp of his Picture, or Figure,

for which he would have used my soul well, and if Heaven gives me not this, Lady, Hell take me.

*Monsieur Comorade.* Certainly you may be the Devils guest, but whether you will be the Ladys Husband, it is to be doubted.

*Monf. Profession.* Well, I will do my endeavour to get her, and more, a man cannot do. *Ex.*

*Scene 7.*

*Enter Madamofel Caprifia, and Monsieur Importunate.*

**M***onsieur Importunate.* You are the rarest beauty, and greatest wit in the World.

*Mad. Caprif.* Wit is like beauty, and beauty is oftener created in the fancy, than the face; so wit oftener by opinion, than in the brain, not, but surely there may be a real beauty, and so a real wit, yet that real wit, is no wit to the ignorant, no more than beauty to the blind, for the wit is lost to the understanding, as beauty is lost to the eyes, and it is not in nature to give, what is not in nature to receive, nor in nature to shew what is not in nature to be seen; so there must be eyes to see beauty, and eares to hear wit, and understanding to judge of both, and you have neither judgments eyes, nor understandings eares, nor rational sense.

*Monsieur Importunate.* Why, then you have neither beauty nor wit.

*Mad. Caprif.* I have both, but your commendations are from report; for fools speaks by rote, as Parrots do. *Ex.*

*Monsieur Importunate solus.*

*Monsieur Importunate.* She is like a Bee loaded with sweet honey, but her tongue is the sting, that blisters all it strikes on. *Ex.*

*Scene 8.*

*Enter Madamofel Volante, and Monsieur Bon Compaignon.*

**B***on Compaignon.* Lady, why are you so silent.

*Madam Volante.* Why should I speak to those that understands me not.

*Bon Compaignon.* Why? are you so difficult to be understood.

*Mad. Volante.* No, but understanding is so difficult to find.

*Bon Compaignon.* So, and since there is such a total decay of understanding in every brain, as there is none to be found, but in your own, you will make a new Common-wealth in yours, where your thoughts, as wise Magistrates, and good Citizens, shall govern and traffick therein, and your words shall be as Letters of *Mart*, and your senses shall be as legate Embassadors that lives in other Kingdoms, which takes instructions, and give intelligence, or rather your thoughts are destinies, and fates, and your words their several decrees.

*Mad. Volante.* Do you think my thoughts can warrant Laws, or can my words decree them? *Bon*

*Bon Compaignon.* I believe your thoughts are so wise and just, that whatsoever they allow of, must be best, and your words are so witty, rational, positive and powerfull, as none can contradict them.

*Mad. Volante.* Good Sir, contradict your self, or Truth will contradict you.

*Bon Compaignon.* Nay faith, I will never take the pains to contradict my self; let Truth do what she will.

Ex.

## ACT II.

## Scene 9.

Enter *Madam la Mere*, and her daughter *Madamofel Caprisia*.

*M Adam Mere.* Daughter, did you entertain the *Lady Visit* civilly?

*Mad. Capris.* Yes Mother, extraordinary civilly, for I gave her leave to entertain herself with her own discourse.

*Mad. Mere.* That was rudely.

*Mad. Capris.* O no, for certainly it is the height of courtship to our sex, to let them talk all the talk themselves; for all women takes more delight to discourse themselves, than to hear another; and they are extremely pleased, if any listens, or at least seems to listen to them, For the truth is, that talking is one of the most luxurious appetites women have; wherefore I could not be more civiller, than to bar and restrain the effeminate nature in my self, to give her tongue liberty.

*Madam. Mere.* But you should have spoken a word now, and then, as giving her civilly some breathing rest for her discourse to lean upon.

*Mad. Capris.* Her speech was so strong, and long-winded, as it run with a full speed, without stop or stay; it neither need spur nor whip; the truth is, it had been well, if it had been held in with the bridle of moderation, for it ran quite beyond the bounds of discretion, although sometimes it ran upon the uneven wayes of slander, other times upon the stony ground of censure, and sometimes in the foul wayes of immodesty, and often upon the furrows of non-sense; besides, it did usually skip over the hedges of Truth, and certainly, if the necessities of nature, and the separations of Neighbourhood, and the changes and inter-course of, and in the affairs of the World, and men did not forcibly stop, sometimes a womans tongue, it would run as far as the confines of death.

*Mad. Mere.* But let me tell you Daughter, your tongue is as sharp, as a Serpents sting, and will wound as cruelly and deadly where it bites.

*Capris.* It proves my tongue a womans tongue.

*Mad. Mere.* Why should a womans tongue have the effects of a Serpents sting.

*Capris.* The reason is evident, for the great Serpent that tempted, and so perverted our Grandmother *Eve* in Paradise, had a monstrous sting, and our Grandmother whetted her tongue with his sting, and ever since, all her effeminate race hath tongues that stings.

Ex.  
Scene

## Scene 10.

*Enter Madamofel Doltche, and Monsieur Bon' Compaignon.*

**B***on Compaignon.* Lady, Monsieur *Nobilissimo* is so in love with you, as he cannot be happy, untill you be his wife.

*Doltche.* I wonder he should be in love with me, since I have neither beauty to allure him, nor so much riches, as to intice him, nor wit to perswade him to marry me.

*Bon Compaignon.* But Lady, you have vertue, good nature, sweet disposition, gracefull behaviour, which are sufficient Subjects for love to settle on, did you want what you mentioned, but you have all, not only what any man can wish or desire with a wife, but you have as much as you can wish and desire to have your self.

*Doltche.* I will rather be so vain, as to strive to believe you, than rudely to contradict you.

*Bon Compaignon.* It is neither erroneous; nor vain to believe a truth, Lady.

*Doltche.* Nor civil to make a doubt, Sir; but I am obliged unto you for that, you help to cover my defects, and wants in nature, with your civil commendation, and your kind estimation of me.

*Ex.*

## Scene 11.

*Enter Monsieur Importunate, and Madamofel Caprisia.*

**I***mportunate.* My fair wit, you look as if you were angry with me.

*Capris.* You dwell not so long in my mind, as to make me angry, my thoughts are strangers to your figures.

*She offers to go away, and he holds her from going.*

*Importunate.* Nay faith, now I have you, I will keep you perforce, untill you pay me the kifs you owe me.

*Capris.* Let me go, for I had rather my eyes were eternally seal'd up, my ears for ever stopt close from sound, than hear or see you.

I care not whether you hear, or see me, so you will kisse me.

*Capris.* Let me go, or otherwise my lips shall curse you, and my words being whetted with injurie, are become so sharp, as they will wound you.

*Importunate* I will keep you untill your words begs for mercy in the most humblest stile, and after the most mollifying manner.

*Capris.* Hell take you, or Earth devoure you like a beast, never to rise.

*Importunate.* Love strike your heart with shooting thorough your eyes.

*Capris.*



*Caprif.* May you be blown up with pride, untill you burst into madnesse, may your thoughts be more troubled than rough waters, more raging than a tempest; may your senses feel no pleasure, your body find no rest, nor your life any peace.

*Importunate.* May you love me with a doting affection, may I be the only man you will imbrace, and may you think me to be as handsome as *Narcissus*: did himself.

*Caprif.* You appear to me in all the horrid shapes that fancy can invent.

Enter Madam Mere.

*Madam Mere.* Why, how now daughter, alwayes quarreling.

*Caprif.* Can you blame me, when I am beset with rudeness, and assaulted with uncivil actions.

*Madam Mere.* Let her alone, Monsieur *Importunate*, for she is a very Shrew.

*Importunate.* Well, go thy wayes, for all the Shrews that ever nature made, you are the cursest one.

Ex.

Scene 12.

Enter Madamofel Volante, and a Grave Matron.

*Volante.* I am not of the humour, as most women are, vvhich is, to please themselves vvith thinking, or rather believing, that all men that looks on them, are in love vvith them: But I take pleasure, that all men that I look on, should think I am in love vvith them; vvich men vvill soon believe, being as self-conceited as vvomen are.

*Matron.* But vvhere is the pleasure, Lady.

*Volante.* Why, in seeing their phantastical garbs, their strutting postures, their smiling faces, and the jackanapesly actions, and then I laugh in my mind, to think vvhat fools they are, so as I make my self merry at their folly, and not at my ovvn.

*Matron.* But men vvill appear as much Jackanapeses, vvhen they are in love vvith you, as if they thought you vvere in love vvith them, for all Lovers are apish, more or less.

*Volante.* I grant all Lovers are, but those that think themselves beloved, appears more like the grave *Baboon*, than the skipping *Jackanapes*; for though their actions are as ridiculous, yet they are vvith more formality, as being more circumspectly foolish, or self-conceitedly vain.

*Matron.* Well, for all your derisions and getting at men, I shall see you at one time or other, shot vvith *Cupids* arrowv.

*Volante.* By deaths dart, you may; but never by loves arrowv; for death hath povver on me, though love hath none.

*Matron.* There is an old saying, that time, importunity and opportunity, vvins the chastest She, vvhen those are joynd vvith vvwealth and dignity; but

to yield to a lawfull love, neither requires much time, nor pleading, if the Suiters have but Person, Title and Wealth, which women for the most part do prize, before valour, wisdom or honesty.

*Volante.* Women hath reason to prefer certainties before uncertainties; for mens Persons, Titles and Wealths, are visible to their view and knowledge, but their Valours, Wisdoms and Honesties, doth rest upon Faith; for a coward may fight, and a fool may speak rationally, and act prudently sometimes, and a knave may appear an honest man.

*Matrons.* They may so, but a valiant man, will never act the part of a coward; nor a wise man prove a fool; nor an honest man appear a knave.

*Volante.* There can be no proof of any mans Valour, Wisdom or Honesty, but at the day of his death, in aged years, when as he hath past the danger in Wars, the tryals in Miseries, the malice of Fortune, the temptations of Pleasures, the inticements of Vice, the heights of Glory, the changes of Life, provokers of Passion, deluders of Senses, torments of Pain, or painfull Torments, and to chose a Husband that hath had the Tryals, and experiences of all these, is to chose a Husband out of the Grave, and rather than I will marry death, I will live a maid, as long as I live, and when I dye, let death do what he will with me.

*Ex.*

*Scene 13.*

*Enter Monsieur Profession in mourning; then enters his Friend, Monsieur Comorade.*

**M***onsieur Comorade.* Well met, I have travelled thorough all the Town; and have inquired of every one I could speak to, and could neither hear of thee, nor see thee.

*Profession.* It were happy for me, if I had neither ears nor eyes.

*Comorade.* Why, what is the matter, man?

*He observes his mourning, and then starts.*

*Gods-me! Now I perceive thou art in mourning: which of thy Friends is dead?*

*Profession.* The chiefest friend I had, which mas my heart; For that is dead, being kill'd with my Mistres cruelty, and buryed in her inconstancy.

*Comorade.* I dare swear, not the whole heart; for every mans heart, is like a head of Garlick, which may be divided into many several cloves: Wherefore, cheer up, man; for it is but one clove, that death, or love, hath swallowed down into his Stomach, to cure him of the wind-cholick; and since thy heart hath so many cloves, thou mayst well spare him one, and be never the worse; But if it be buryed, as you say, in your Mistresses inconstancy; it is to be hop'd it will be converted into the same inconstant humour, and that will cure the other part of thy heart.

*Pro.*

*Profession.* O ! She was the Saint of my thoughts, and the Goddesse of my soul.

*Comorade.* Prethee let me be thy moral Tutor, to instruct thee in the knowledge of Truth, and to let thee know, that vertue is the true Goddesse, to which all men ought to bow to ; and that youth, beauty and wealth, are fixt to be forsaken, when vertue comes in place ; and vertue is constant, both to its principals and promises ; Wherefore, if thy Mistresse be inconstant, she cannot be vertuous, wherefore let her go.

*Monfieur Profession fetches a great sigh, and goes out without speaking a word.*

*Comorade alone.*

*Comorade.* I think his heart is dead in good earnest ; for it hath no sense of what I have said.

*Ex.*

*Scene 14.*

*Enter Madamosel Mere, and her Daughter Madamosel Caprisia.*

**MERE.** Daughter, you have a sufficiency of wit and beauty, to get many Lovers to chose a Husband, if you had but patience to entertain, and prudence to keep them ; But your being crosse, will lose your Lovers, as soon as your beauty hath taken them.

*Capris.* It is no prize for a woman to have such Lovers, that hath amorous natures ; for it is their nature that drives them to her, and not the womans beauty or wit, that draws them to her ; and there is less force required to drive, than to draw ; but the truth is, that most men hath such threed-bare souls, as if the nap of their understanding were worn of ; or indeed, their souls seems, as if there were never any woven thereon, as that nature hath made all their souls, thin and course, or as if time had Moath-eaten them ; which makes me, although not to hate you, yet to despise that Sex ; for men that should imitate the Gods, yet are they worse than Beasts, which makes me shun their beastly company.

*Mere.* Daughter, you speak and judge passionately, and passion can never reason well ; for how is it possible, for reason to exercise its function, when passion opposes, and is too strong for it.

*Capris.* Truth may be delivered in passion, but not corrupted with passion ; for truth is truth, howsoever it be divulged, or else it is no truth, but falsehood.

*Ex.*

## Scene 14.

*Enter Monsieur Perfection, and Madamofel Solid, drest very fine.*

**P***erfection.* You are wondrous fine, to day, Madam.

*Solid.* If I seem fine, to day, I am obliged more to my fancie, than my wealth, for this finerie.

*Perfection.* The truth is, you are so adjousted, so curiously accoutred, as I perceive, judgement and wit were joynd associates in your dressing.

*Solid.* I had rather be commended, or applauded for judgement and wit, than for wealth and beauty; for I had rather have my soul commended, than my person, or fortunes.

*Perfection.* Certainly, I believe you have a more rational soul, than any other of your Sex have.

*Solid.* Alas? My soul is but a young soul, a meer Novice soul, it wants growth, or my soul is like a house, which time the architectour hath newly begun to build; and the senses, which are the Labourers, wants information and experience, which are the materials for the rational soul to be built on, or with; but such materials as hath been brought in, I strive and endeavour to make the best, and most convenient use for a happy life.

*Perfection.* How say you? the best use for a good Wife!

*Solid.* No, that little reason I have, tells me, to be a Wife, is to be unhappy, for content seldom in marriage dwells, disturbance keeps possession.

*Perfection.* If you dispraise marriage, you will destroy my hopes, and frustrate my honest design.

*Solid.* Why? what is your design?

*Perfection.* To be a Suiter to you.

*Solid.* And what is your hopes?

*Perfection.* To be your Husband.

*Solid.* If I thought marriage were necessary, although unhappy, yet there would be required more wit and judgement in chosing a Husband than in dressing my self; wherefore it were requisite, that some of more wit and judgement than my self, should chose for me, otherwise I may be betray'd by flattery, outward garb, insinuations or false-hood, and through an unexperienced innocency, I may take words and shews, for worth and merit, which I pray the Gods I may not do; for to marry an unworthy man, were to me to be at the height of affliction, and marriage being unhappy in it self, needs no addition to make it worse.

*Perfection.* Madam? Discretion forbids me to commend my self, although I am a Lover; For had I merits worthy great praises, it were unfit I should mention them; but there is not any man or woman, that is, or can be exactly known, either by themselves or others; for nature is obscure, she never divulges herself, neither to any creature, nor by, or through any creature; for she hides herself under infinite varieties, changes and chances; She disguises herself with antick Vizards, she appears sometimes old, sometimes young, sometimes vaded and withered, sometimes green and flourishing, sometimes feeble and weak, sometimes strong and lusty, sometimes deformed, and sometimes beautifull; sometimes she appears with horreur, sometimes with delight, sometimes she appears in glimfing lights of knowledge,  
•then

then clouds herself with ignorance. But, Madam, since we are as ignorant of our souls, as of our fortunes, and as ignorant of our lives, as of our deaths; we cannot make any choice upon certainties, but upon uncertainties, and if we be good whilst we live, our deaths will be our witness to prove it; in the mean time, let our promises stand bound for us, which is the best engagement we can give; although it may fail; and let our marriage be as the Bond of agreement, although we may forfeit the same, yet let us make it as sure as we can.

*Solid.* I will consider it, and then I will answer your request.

*Perfection.* That is, to yield.

*Solid.* It is like enough.

*Ex.*

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*Scene 16.*

*Enter Madamofel Caprisia, and Monsieur Importunate.*

**I***mportunate.* My fair Shrew, are you walking alone.

*Caprisia.* My thoughts are my best Companions.

*Importunate.* Pray, let a thought of me be one of the company.

*Capris.* When you enter into my mind, you do appear so mean, as my nobler thoughts, scorn that thought that bears your figure.

*Importunate.* Thoughts are as notes, and the tongue is the Fiddle that makes the musick; but your words, as the cords, are out of tune.

*Capris.* You say so, by reason they are not set to your humour, to sound your prayse.

*Importunate.* I say you are very handsome, nature hath given you a surpassing beauty, but pride and self-conceit, hath cast such a shadow, as it hath darkened it, as vaporious clouds doth the bright Sun.

*Capris.* Your opinions are cloudy, and your tongue like thunder, strikes my ears with rude, uncivil words.

*Ex.*

*He alone.*

*Importunate.* I perceive humility, dwells not with beauty, nor wit; but is, as great a stranger, as with Riches and Titles.

*Ex.*

## Scene 17.

*Enter Madamofel Volante, and Monsieur Discretion.*

*Discretion.* Madam, the fame of your wit, drew me hither.

*Volante.* I am sorry my wit hath a greater fame, than my worth, that my vain words should spread further than my vertuous actions, for noble fame is built on worthy deeds.

*Discretion.* But it were pity you should bury your wit in silence; Besides, your discourse may profit the hearers, either with delight or instructions.

*Volante.* O no, for discourses pleases according to the humour, or understanding of the hearers; Besides, it is the nature of mankind, to think each other fools, and none but themselves wise; Then why should I waste my life to no purpose, knowing times motion swift.

*Discretion.* You do not waste your life through your words, if your words gets you a fame, and esteem of the VWorld.

*Volante.* VVhat shall I be the better, in having the VVorlds esteem, nay, it is likely that prayse ( whilst I live ) may do me harm, creating vain and false opinions in my imaginations of self-conceit, of being wiser, or wittier, than really I am; which opinions may make me commit errors, and I had rather the VVorld should laugh at me, for want of wit, than scorn me for my follies.

*Discretion.* But if witty discourses, will get you an esteem, what will your wise actions, and vertuous life; and prayse is the reward to all noble endeavours; beside, prayse is no burthen, but it often serves as a ballance, to make the life swim steady in Sea-faring VVorld: But yet, Lady, I would not have your wit out-run your prayse, which it will do, if you spur it too hard, for wit must be used like a strong spirited horse, it must be restrain'd with a bridle, not prick'd with the spur, least it should run away, and fling the Rider, which is, the Speaker, into a ditch of disgrace; neither must it run wildly about, but must be wrought, to obey the hand and the heel, which is, time and occasion, to stop, and to change, as when to speak, and to whom to speak, and on what to speak, and when to make a stop of silence, otherwise, it will run out of the smooth paths of civility, or the clean wayes of modesty: Besides, wit must not only be taught, to amble in rhyme, and to trot in prose, but to have a sure footing of sense, and a settled head of reason, least it should stumble in disputes, or fall into impertinent discourses; likewise, wit may be taught to go in aires of fancies, or low, upon the ground of proof.

*Volante.* But Sir, you must consider, that women are no good managers of wit, for they spoyl all their tongue rides on, hackneys it out, untill it becomes a dull jade.

*Discretion.* Least I should give an ill example of tyreing in our allegorical discourse, I shall kiss your hands, and take my leave for this time.

*Ex.*

*Mada*

*Madamofel alone.**She fetches a great  
sigh.*

*Volante.* Monsieur *Discretion* is a handfom man, he hath a wife countenance, and a manly gab ; his discourfe is rational and witty, fober and difcret : But good Lord ! how foolishly I talk to him ? I never fpake duller, nor fo fenfelefly, fince I was taught words, and he came purpofely, as he told me, to hear me fpeak, and prove my wit ; But it was a fign he heard none, for he grew foon a weary of my company, he ftaid fo fhort a time : I am troubled often with prating fools, whose vifits are as tedious, as their discourfes : But Lord ! why do I condemn others, as fools, when this Gentleman, Monsieur *Discretion*, hath proved me one.

*Ex.*

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**ACT III.**

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*Scene 18.*~~*Enter Madamofel Caprifia, and Monsieur Importunate.*~~

**I***Importunate.* What ? mufing by your felf, alone ! May I question your thoughts ?

*Caprif.* If you do, you will not be refolved, for there is none at home, to give you an answer.

*Importunate.* Why, where are they ? wandring abroad ?

*Caprif.* They like a brood of Birds, are flown out of their Nefts ; for thoughts flies with fwifter fpeed, than time can do, having large wings, of quick defire.

*Importunate.* Faith, you are a great wit !

*Caprif.* You are a great trouble !

*She offers to go forth, He ftayes her ; She is angry.*

*Caprif.* What, you will not force me to ftay againft my will ?

*Importunate.* Yes, that I will ; For your Father faith, you fhall be my Wife, and then you will imbrace, and kifs me, as coy as you are now.

*Caprif.* Which if I do, I wifh my arms, when they do wind about your wafte, may sting as Serpents, and that my kifles may prove poyfon to your lips.

*Importunate.* What, are you ferioufly angry ; Nay, then 'tis time to leave you.

*Ex.**The Lady alone.*

*Caprif.* I have heard, that gallant men are civil to our Sex, but I have met with none, but rough, rude, rugged natures, more cruel than wild Tygars.

B b

*Enter*

*Enter Monsieur Bon Compaignon.*

*Bon Compaignon.* Why do you complain of our Sex, Lady? what is it you would have?

*Caprif.* I would have a gray-headed wisdom, a middle-aged humour, a fresh mouthed wit, a new bloom'd youth, and a beauty that every one fancies.

*Bon Compaignon.* Why, so you have.

*Caprif.* Then I have what I desire.

*She goes out.*

*Bon Compaignon.* O! She hath a sharp wit, it is vitral wit.

*Ex.*

*Scene 19.*

*Enter Madamofel Solid, and Monsieur Comorade.*

*Comorade.* Lady, you have kill'd a Gentleman.

*Solid.* Who, I! why, I never had the courage to kill a fly.

*Comorade.* You have kill'd him with your disdain.

*Solid.* I am sorry he had so weak a life, as so slight a cause, as a womans disdain, could destroy it; but for my part, I disdain no man, although I cannot intimately love all men.

*Comorade.* He is but one man, Lady.

*Solid.* And I have but one particular love to give, or rather I may say, to be gain'd, for I cannot dispose of it; for it will be only disposed by it self, without my leave, so as I must be guided by that which will not be guided by me? I can lend my pity, but not give him my love.

*Comorade.* I suppose you have given him some encouragement, and hopes, if not an assurance, by reason, he sayes, you have forsaken him.

*Solid.* Not unless common civility, be an encouragement, and ordinary conversation gives hopes; as for an assurance, indeed I gave Monsieur *Profession*; For I did assure him, I could not love him, as he would have me love him, as Husband. But, O vain man! to brag of that he never had.

*Comorade.* 'Tis no brag, Lady, to confess he is forsaken.

*Solid.* It is a brag, for in that he implies, he hath been beloved, for the one must be, before the other.

*Comorade.* Pray Madam, let me perswade you, to entertain his love, he is a Gentleman who hath worth, person and wealth, all which he offers you, as to his Goddesse, and a good offer is not to be refused, Lady, when it may lawfully be taken.

*Solid.* You say true, Sir, and could I perswade my love, as easily as you can commend the man, 'tis likely I should not refuse him.

*Comorade.* But you will be thought cruel, to let a Gentleman dye, for want of your love.

*Solid.* Why, put the case I have other Lovers, as passionate, and worthy as he; how would you have me divide my self amongst them? Or can you tell



tell me how to please them ; I cannot marry them all, the Laws forbids it , and to be the common Mistresse to them, all honour, and honesty forbids it ; for though there is some excuse for men, who hath by custom their liberty in amours, because their amours obstructs not nature, so makes no breach of honesty ; but woman are not only barr'd by nature, but custom of subjection, and modesty of education ; wherefore, if they should take liberty to severall Lovers, or loves courtships, they would not only dishonour themselves, and their whole Sex, and their living friends ; but their dishonour would outreach their Posterity, and run back to their Fore-fathers, that were dead long, long before they were born ; for their unchaste lives, would be as marks of disgrace, and spots of infamie upon the Tombs of those dead Ancestors, and their ashes would be full'd with their stains , whereas, a chaste woman, and a gallant man, obliges both the living, and the dead ; for they give honour to their dead Ancestors in their Graves, and to those friends that are living in the World, and to those that shall succeed them ; Besides, their examples of their vertues, for all Ages to take out patterns from.

*Comorade.* Madam, you have answered so well, for your self, and Sex, as I can say no more in the behalf of my friend.

*Ex.*

Scene 20.

*Enter Madam la Mere, and Madamofel Caprifia her daughter.*

*Mere.* Daughter, your tongue is so sharp, as it is not only poynted, but edged on both sides.

*Caprif.* Use, Mother, will blunt the poynt, and flat the edges.

*Mere.* No, Daughter, the more 'tis used, the sharper it will be, for words and passions, are the whetstones to that Razor.

*Caprif.* As long as that Razor shaves no reputation, let it raze, or shave, what it will.

*Ex.*

Scene 21.

*Enter Madamofel Solid, Madamofel Doltche, Madamofel Volante, and a Grave Matron.*

*Matron.* Madamofel Solid, what say you to Monsieur Rallerie's wit ?  
*Solid.* I say of him, as I would of a wild or skittish jade, who hath only strength to kick and fling, but not to travel, or to bear any weight ; so Rallerie, is antick postures, and laughing reproaches, not solid and judicious discourses, or continued speeches, the truth is, a ralleying wit, is like obstructed, or corrupted lungs, which causes difficult, and short breathing ; So that wit, is short and puffing, spurting out words, questions and replies ; 'tis squib wit, or boys sport

*Matron.* Madamofel *Doltche*, what fay you of Monsieur *Satericals* wit?

*Doltche.* As *I* would of frosty weather; his wit is sharp, but wholesome, and though he hath a frowning brow, yet he hath a clear soul.

*Matron.* Madamofel *Volante*, What fay you of Monsieur *Pedants* wit.

*Volante.* As *I* would of Leeches; for as Leeches sucks bloud from the back-parts of men, and spues it forth, when rubb'd with salt; so Monsieur *Pedant* sucks wit from other mens pens, and mouths, and then spues it forth again; being rubb'd with the itch of prayse; But all the learned knows, the wit was no more his own, than the bloud that was suck'd, was the Leeches.

*Matron.* What fay you of Monsieur *Lyricks* wit?

*Volante.* As *I* would of a Bird, that chirps more than sings.

*Matron.* Madamofel *Doltche*, What fay you of Monsieur *Tragedians* wit?

*Doltche.* As *I* would of Winter, wherein is more rain than Sun-shines, more storms than calms, more night than day; so his wit, hath more melancholly than mirth, causing, or producing tears, sighs and fadnesse; the truth is, his wit dwels in the shades of death.

*Matron.* Madamofel *Solid*, what fay you to Monsieur *Comicals* wit?

*Solid.* As *I* would of the Spring, which revives, and refreshes the life of every thing, it is lightsom and gay; So Monsieur *Comicals* wit is chearfull, pleasant, lively, natural and profitable, as being edifying.

Ex.

Scene 22.

*Enter Madam la Mere, and Madamofel Caprisia, her Daughter*

**M**ERE. Daughter, let me tell you, you have brought your Hogs to a fair Market.

*Capris.* That is better, than to keep them in a foul sty, Mother.

*Mere.* You cannot speak without crossing.

*Capris.* Nor readily crosse without speaking.

*Mere.* I am sure, your bitter discourfes, and crosse answers, hath caused the Lady, namely, the Lady *Hercules*, to send a rayling message, by a Messenger, to declare her anger for your abusive discourfes against her.

*Capris.* *I* never mentioned her in my discourfe, in my life.

*Mere.* But you speak against big, and tall women.

*Capris.* *I* gave but my opinion of the size, and Sex, not of any particular, and *I* may speak freely, my opinion of the generalities.

*Mere.* You may chance, by your opinion of the generalities, to be generally talk'd of.

*Capris.* Why, then *I* shall live in discourfe, although discourfe were dead in me, and who had not rather live, although an ill life, than dye?

*Mere.* But you might live so, as to gain every bodyes good opinion, if you would palliate your humour, and sweeten your discourfe, and endeavour to please in conversation.

\* *Capris.*

*Caprif.* Which do you mean, Mother! either to please my self, or the company?

*Mere.* Why, the company.

*Caprif.* That is impossible, for in all company, there is diversities, and contrarieties of humours, passions, appetites, delights, pleasures, opinions, judgements, wits, understandings, and the like, and for talking, speaking and discoursing, they are inter-changing, inter-mixing, reasoning, arguing, disputing, which causes contradictions; wherefore to agree in, and to every humour, passion, opinion, and discourse, is impossible; indeed one may seemly, or truly agree, and approve of any one opinion or discourse; but not a diversity of discourses, opinions; also one may flatteringly applaud, or soothe any particular persons humour, but not diverse persons, diverse humours; but to flatter, is base, as to approve in their words, and disapprove in their thoughts, as to commend, or applaud that, or those, that is not praiseworthy: But howsoever, for the soothing of any bodies humour, I will never take the pains, for why should I make my self a slave to the several humours of mankind, who is never in one humour two minutes, and why may not I think, or desire to be flattered, and humoured, as well as others, and when I am not flattered, and humoured, to be as much displeas'd at others, as others at me: Wherefore, good Mother, be not you displeas'd, that I chose rather to displeas'e my self, than any body else, besides your self.

*Mere.* You will follow your own wayes, Daughter.

*Caprif.* I cannot walk safer, than in my own ground, Mother.

*Ex.*

Scene 23.

*Enter Monsieur Perfection, and Madamofel Solid.*

*Solid.* Dear Mistres, I fear my absence hath made you forget me.

*Solid.* No certainly, I cannot forget you, by reason my brain is hung about with the memory of your worthy nature, and meritorious actions, which my love doth admire, and takes delight for to view each several piece and part.

*Perfection.* Do you love me?

*Solid.* How can I chose but love, when in my infancy, such a number of words, in your praise, was thrown into my ears, like seeds into the Earth, which took root in my heart, from which love sprouted forth, and grew up with my years.

*Perfection.* And will you be constant?

*Solid.* As day is to the Sun!

*Perfection.* Do you speak truth?

*Solid.* Truly, I have been bred up so much, and so long, in the wayes of truth, as I know no tract of dissembling; and therefore, certainly, my words will never keep within the compass of Truth, and my actions will alwaies run, and run with that byas; but why do you seem to doubt, in making such questions.

*Perfection.* I will truly confes, I have heard, that since I have been in the Countrey, you had entertained another Lover.

C c

*Solid.*

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*Solid.* It's false, but false reports, is like breathing upon a pure and clear Glasse, it dimns it for a time; but that malicious breath, soon vanishes, and leaves no stain behind it; so I hope your jealousie will do the like, it will vanish, and leave no doubt behind it.

*Perfection.* I hope you are not angry with me, for telling you, or for being my self troubled, at what was reported.

*Solid.* No, for innocency is never concern'd, it alwayes lives in peace and quiet, having a satisfaction in it self, wherefore reports only seizes on the guilty, arresting them with an angry turbulency.

*Perfection.* But, perchance you may be angry for my jealousie

*Solid.* No, for jealousie expresses love, as being affraid to lose, what it desires to keep.

*Perfection.* Then, I hope you do not repent the love you have placed on me.

*Solid.* Heaven may sooner repent of doing good, than I repent my love and choyce.

*Perfection.* Dear Mistres, my mind is so full of joy, since it is clear'd of fuspition, and assured of your love, as my thoughts doth fly about my brain, like birds in Sun-shine weather.

Ex.

## Scene 4.

Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Madamosel Doltche.

**N***obilissimo.* Sweet Lady, will you give me leave to be your Servant!

*Doltche.* I wish I were a Mistres worthy of your service.

*Nobiliss.* There is no man shall admire more your beauty, and wit, nor be more diligent to your youth, nor shall honour your merits, and love your vertue more than I.

*Doltche.* Indeed, I had rather be honoured for my merit, than for my birth, for my breeding, than for my wealth, and I had rather be beloved for my vertue, than admired for my beauty; and I had rather be commended for my silence, than for my wit.

*Nobilissimo.* It were pity you should bury your great wit in silence.

*Doltche.* My wit is according to my years, tender and young.

*Nobilissimo.* Your wit, Lady, may entertain the silver haired Sages.

*Doltche.* No surely, for neither my years, nor my wit, are arrived to that degree, as to make a good companion, having had neither the experience of time, nor practice of speech; for I have been almost a mute hitherto, and a stranger to the VVorld.

*Nobilissimo.* The VVorld is wide, and to travel in it, is both dangerous and difficult; wherefore, you being young, should take a guide, to protect and direct you, and there is no Guide nor Protector so honourable, and safe, as a Husband; what think you of marriage.

*Doltche.* Marriage, and my thoughts, live at that distance, as they seldom meet.

*Nobilissimo.* VVhy, I hope you have not made a vow, to live a single life.

Doltche.

*Doltche.* No, for the Laws of Morality, and Divinity, are chains, which doth sufficiently restrain mankind, and tyes him into a narrow compasse; and though I will not break those chaining Laws, to get lose, and so become la vles; yet I will not tye nature harder with vain opinions, and unnecessary vows, than she is tyed already.

*Nobilissimo.* You shall need no Tutour, for you cannot only instruct your self, but teach others.

*Doltche.* Alas, my brain is like unplanted ground, and my words like wild fruits, or like unprofitable grain, that yields no nourishing food to the understanding; Wherefore, if I should offer to speak, my speech must be to ask questions, not to give instructions.

*Nobilissimo.* Certainly, Lady, nature did study the architectour of your form, and drew from herself the purest extractions, for your mind, and your soul, the essence or spirits of those extractions, or rather you appear to me, a miracle, something above nature, to be so young and beautifull, and yet so vertuous, witty and wise, grac'd with such civil behaviour; for many a grave beard, would have wagg'd with talking, lesse sense, with more words.

*Doltche.* Youth and age, is subject to errors, one for want of time to get experience, the other through long time, wherein they lose their memory.

*Nobilissimo.* Pray let me get your affections, and then I shall not lose my hopes of a vertuous Lady to my wife.

Ex.

Scene 25.

Enter Madamofel Caprisia, and Monsieur Generosity.

*Generosity.* Lady, are you walking studiously alone? may I not be thought rude, if I should ask what your studies are?

*Capris.* I am studying, how some studies for pain, some pleasure, some dangers, some quarrels, some to be wicked, some to be learned, some to be ignorant, some to be foolish, some to be famous, but few to be wise.

*Generosity.* Who studies to be wicked?

*Capris.* Thieves, Murtherers, Adulterers, Lyers, and Extortioners.

*Generosity.* Who studies to be learned?

*Capris.* Linguists.

*Generosity.* Who studies to be ignorant?

*Capris.* Divines.

*Generosity.* Who studies quarrels?

*Capris.* Lawyers.

*Generosity.* Who studies dangers?

*Capris.* Souldiers.

*Generosity.* Who studies to be fools?

*Capris.* Buffoones.

*Generosity.* Who studies fame?

*Capris.* Poets.

*Generosity.* Who studies pleasure?

*Capris.*

*Caprif.* Epicures.

*Generosity.* VWho studies pain?

*Caprif.* Epicures.

*Generosity.* Do Epicures study both for pain, and pleasure?

*Caprif.* Yes, for they that surfeit with pleasure, must endure pain; and Epicures studies the height of pleasure, which no sooner enjoy'd, but pain follows.

*Generosity.* VWho studies to be wise?

*Caprif.* They that study Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude and Justice.

*Generosity.* And, what study you?

*Caprif.* I study how I may avoid the company of mankind; also, to be quit of your Lordships presence.

*He alone.*

*She goeth out.*

*Generosity.* She is so handsome, no humour can ill become her.

*Ex.*

*Scene 26.*

*Enter Monsieur Profession, and Monsieur Comorade.*

*Comorade.* *Thom.* Give me leave to rejoyce with thee, for the resurrection of thy heart, that was kill'd with thy Mistresses cruelty, and buried in her constancy.

*Profession.* VWell, well? make your self merry.

*Comorade.* But prethee, in what plight is thy heart? I doubt it is lean, weak and pale, and in a puling condition, lying in the Grave of thy Mistresses inconstancy.

*Profession.* Faith, I cannot tell; the good Angel that brought it to life, can give a better account of it, than I can.

*Comorade.* VWhere shall I seek this good Angel? amongst the effeminate or masculine Sex: For I suppose, it is an Angel that is of one Sex, although I have heard, Angels are of neither Sex; but prethee, of which shall I inquire.

*Profession.* Of the divine Sex, and the divinest of her Sex.

*Comorade.* You may as well bid me inquire of that which is not to be found, for every particular man that is a Servant to any particular of these angelical creatures, will prefer his own Mistress, to be the divinest, and so the most absolute.

*Profession.* All men that sees my Mistresse, and doth not adore her, as the only She, is damned in ignorance, and condemned to perpetual blindness.

*Comorade.* Say you so, then I will not see her, for fear I should be one of the damned, and therefore I will give over that design, as the search of her, and go to a Tavern, and drink the good health of thy heart, and leave the inquiry after it, and if you will go with me, so.

*Profession.* I cannot, without the breach of gratitude, deny thy kindnesse; wherefore, I will bear thee company.

*Ex.*

*Scene*

## Scene 27.

Enter Doctor Freedom, and Madamosel Doltche, Madamosel Solid, Madamosel Volante.

*Solid.* O, you are welcome, Doctor *Freedom*.

*Doctor.* If I be not welcome now, I shall never be welcome.

*Volante.* Why, Doctor? what Present have you brought us? that can make you so acceptable, is it perpetual youth, or undeniable beauty, or everlasting life? But prethee, Doctor, what is it that will make thee so welcome?

*Doctor.* Why, myself; here being so many young Ladies together, and not a man amongst them.

*Volante.* Thy self, Doctor! why, thou art not worth the dregs of an Urinal, of a sick water, if it were not for our charity, and generosity, more than thy merit, ability or service, you would have but a cold entertainment, and a rude welcome.

*Doctor.* Well, my young, wity, saterycal Patient, you will take a surfeit of fruit, milk, puddings, pyes, or sweet-meats, one of these dayes, and then you will flatter me.

*Volante.* You say right, Doctor; but now I speak truth, and is not that better than to flatter, or dissemble; For there is none but sick, and deprav'd souls, that will deliver Truth with a quarter, half, or three quartred face, like Merchants, or mechanick, that would sell off their ill commodities, with a broken light, but a noble and healthfull soul, shews the full face of Truth, in a clear light; wherefore, the sick and base, will flatter, but the noble and free, will speak truth.

*Doctor.* Well, I am sure you think better of me in your thoughts, than your words expresse.

*Volante.* Let me tell you, my words and thoughts, are so well acquainted, as they never dissemble, and there is such a friendship betwixt them, as they never move several wayes, but runs even together: But let me tell thee, Doctor, I have such a spleen to thy Sex, as I desire to kill them, at least, to wound them with spitefull words; and I wish I had beauty enough for to damn them, causing them to be perjured, by forsaking other women, they were bound by sacred vows, and holy bonds.

Enter Monsieur Discretion.

*Discretion.* It is well, Master Doctor, that you can be priviledg'd amongst the young Ladies, at all times, when such as *I*, that have not your Profession, are oftentimes shut, and lockt out.

*Doctor.* Faith, if you have no better entertainment, than *I* have had since *I* came, it were better you were from them, than with them, for their tongues are as sharp as needles.

*Volante.* 'Tis a sign we want work, when we are forc'd to stitch our wit upon you.

*Discretion.* How dare you anger the Doctor, when your life lyes upon his skill.

*Volante.* O! His skill lyes upon chance, and it is a chance, whether he kills, or cures, is it not, Doctor?

*Doctor.* No, for *I* can kill my Patients, when *I* will, although not cure them, when *I* will.

*Volante.* VVell, then, Doctor, when *I* would dye, *I* will fend for you, but not when *I* would live.

*Discretion.* Your Servant, Ladies.

*Monsieur Discretion goeth out.*

*Doctor.* Good Lady *wit*, follow Monsieur *Discretion*, he will make you a wise Lady, and make your wit discreet, as it should be.

*Volante.* O Doctor! how you mistake, for wit cannot be made, it is a Creator, and not a Creature; for wit was the first Master, or Mistress of Arts; the first Husband-man, Granger, Gardiner, Carver, Painter, Graver, Caster and Moulder, Mason, Joyner, Smith, Brasier, Glazier, the first Chandler, Vintener, Brewer, Baker, Cook, Confectioner, the first Spinster, Weaver, Knitter, Tayler, Shoo-maker, and millions the like; also wit was the first Navigator, Architector, Mathematician, Logitian, Geometrician, Cosmographer, Astronomer, Astrologer, Philosophicr, Poet, Historian and Hearold; also wit made the first Common-wealth, invented Laws for Peace, Arms for VVars, Ceremonies for State and Religion; also musick, dancing, dressing, masking, playing for delight and pleasure; wit divides time, imployes time, prevents time, and provides for time; it makes Heavens, and Hells, Gods and Divels.

*Doctor.* VVell, go thy wayes, for though thou hast a heavenly mind, and an angelical beauty, yet thou hast a devilish wit,

*Volante.* It shall be sure to torment thee, Doctor, but do you hear, Doctor? pray present my service to Monsieur *Discretion*, and tell him, it was a signe he lik'd not our company, he made so short a stay.

*Doctor.* He perceived by your usage of me, that if he stayd, you would beat him out of your company, with your two edged tongues; but *I* will tell him what a Rallery you are.

*Volante.* *I* hope you will give me a good report, for *I* have fully charged you.

*Doctor.* You have over-charged me, and therefore it is likely *I* shall break into exclamations.

*Ex.*



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**ACT IV.**

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*Scene 28.*

*Enter Monsieur Importunate, and Madamosel Caprifia.*

**I***mportunate.* Lady, if I may not be your Husband, pray let there be a friendship between us?

*Caprif.* What kind of friendship would you make? for there are so many, and of such different natures, as I know not which you would be; as some friendship is made by beauty, some by flattery, some by luxurie, some by factions, others by knavery, and all for interest.

*Importunate.* None for love?

*Caprif.* No, but some are made by lust, but they last not long.

*Importunate.* And is there no friendship made by vertue?

*Caprif.* O no, for vertue may walk all the World over, and meet never a friend, which is the cause she lives alone; for all the World thinks her too rigid for Society, which makes mankind adhere to her enimie vice.

*Importunate.* Doth not marriage make a friendship?

*Caprif.* Very seldom, for marriage is like a Common-wealth, which is a contract of bodyes, or rather a contract of interest, not a friendship betwixt souls, and there is as much Faction, and oftener civil Wars in marriage, than in publick Common-wealths.

*Importunate.* I desire our friendship may be Platonick.

*Caprif.* That is too dangerous, for it oftimes proves a Traytor to Charity.

*Ex.*

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*Scene 29.*

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, Madamosel Doltche, and her Nurse.*

**N***urse.* Sir, you must give me leave to chide you, for staying so long with my Nurse-child, as you keep her from her dinner, either go away, or stay and dine with her.

*Nobilissimo.* Good Nurse, be patient, for though I am engaged to dine with other company; yet her discourse is such charming musick, as I have not power to go from her, as yet.

*Doltche.* If my discourse sounds musical, 'tis only when you are by, but when you are absent, the strings of my voice, or speech, is as if they were broken, for then my tongue is out of Tune, and my wit is out of humour.

*Nobilissimo.* My dearest and sweetest Mistress, may your merits be rewarded

ded by Fame, your vertue by Heaven, your life by Nature, and all your earthly desires by Fortune.

*Doltche.* And my love by the return of yours.

*Nobilissimo.* When I forsake you, may Hell take my soul, and Devils torment it for ingratitude and perjury.

*Ex.*

*Scene 30.*

*Enter Madamofel Volante, and a Grave Matron.*

*Matron.* Madamofel *Doltche* seems to be a very fine, sweet Lady, well-behav'd, sober, modest, discreet, and of a gentle nature.

*Volante.* Most commonly, every one seems best at the first sight, by reason they put on their civilest demeanors, gracefulest garbs, modestest countenance, and speaks their most choycest phrases, or words, when they meet strangers; all which, makes them appear to their advantage, when after acquaintance, they will seem but vulgar, as when they are used to their ordinary garbs, countenances and phrases, and that their natures and dispositions were known, they will appear to be no better than their Neighbours; nay, perchance not so good; the like will Madamofel *Doltche* appear to you.

*Matron.* I do suppose she looks more familiar on her acquaintance, than strangers, and it is likely, she looks more grave, and sober on strangers, than on her known friends, and familiars; yet those several looks and countenances, may be as pleasing, and obliging; the one, as the other; for though the one may be more kind, the other may be more respectfull; for every ones countenance and behaviour, is to be ordered according to the several degrees or relations of several persons, and to several persons; and to several sexes, or according to their condition, state, life and fortune, and according to the times and occasions; for women are, or should be, more free and confident to, and in the company of women, than men; and men are more respectfull in their discourse and behaviour to women, than to their own Sex, and a merry countenance in a sad condition or state of life or fortunes, would not be seemly; mirth in the house of mourning, would be inhumane, or to dance or sing over the Graves of their Parents, Children, Husbands, Wives or Friends, would be unnatural, or to be merry in the time of a general calamity, as in time of VVars, Plagues, or Famine, or Deluges, or to be sad or froward in a general rejoycing; but a sad countenance, and a grave behaviour, is as fitting, and seems comely and handsome in a time of calamity, as a merry countenance, and a dancing behaviour, in a time of rejoycing; for tears becomes the face, sometimes, as well as smiles, and blushing may appear and expresse a modest nature to strangers, when to familiar acquaintances, blushing might be thought an accuser, or witness of some crime, yet bashfull eyes at all times, becomes modest Virgins.

*Volante.* I hate bashfull eyes, for they are like to troubled waters, thicke and unsteady, rouling from place to place, without an assurance; for modest Virgins may look upon the VWorld with a confident brow, if they have no guilt to stain their cheeks with blushes, and surely amongst well-bred persons, there

there is none so rude, injurious, or uncivil, to force the bloud to rise, or stop the light, in causing bathfull eyes, but such as condemns a confident countenance in Virgins faces; my eye of understanding will cast a despising glance on such ridiculous fools, and the tongue of reason condemns them.

*Ex.*

*Scene 31.*

*Enter Madam la Mere, and Madamofel Caprisia her daughter.*

**M**ERE. I wonder, Daughter, you should be so rudely uncivil to Monsieur *Generosity*, to use him so unkindly, as to entertain him with scornfull words, and disrespectfull behaviour.

*Caprif.* Why did he come to visit me?

*Mere.* To offer his service, and to professe his affection to your person and vertue.

*Caprif.* I care not for his service, or affection.

*Mere.* But he is a person of an honourable Title, and can make you a great Lady.

*Caprif.* Give me leave to tell you, Mother, that nature hath given me Titles of Honour, Wit and Beauty, to which all men will bow to, with respect; Titles from Kings, poor petty things to those.

*Mere.* But Daughter, let me tell you, that wit and beauty, without modesty, civility and vertuous courtesie, may insnare facile fools, and allure fond persons, but not perswade the judicious to esteem you, nor the constant to sue to you, nor true love to desire you; you may have vain Boasters, and amorous Flatterers to court you; but none that is wise, or honourable, will marry you, and to use this Noble Lord so disrespectfully, who is indued with vertue, and adorned with the Graces, and beloved of the Muses, is a crime unpardonable.

*Caprif.* Mother, the Muses and the Graces are Witches, which enchants the soul, and charms the Spirits, and makes the Senses extravagant, and the actions desperate.

*Mere.* Methinks they should charm you; if they have such power.

*Caprif.* My humour is a Spell against all such charms.

*Ex.*

## Scene 37.

Enter Monsieur Profession, and Monsieur Comorade his Friend.

*Comorade.* You are well met, for I was going to your lodging to see you.

*Profession.* And I am now going home, and therefore let us go together.

*Comorade.* Where have you been?

*Profession.* At a house you often resort to.

*Comorade.* What, at a Bawdy-house?

*Profession.* Yes.

*Comorade.* Why, how durst you venture?

*Profession.* Why?

*Comorade.* Why! why if your angelical Mistresse should come to hear of it; Faith, she would bury your heart again.

*Profession.* Yes, if it were not out of her power.

*Comorade.* Why, hath she not the Possession?

*Profession.* No faith.

*Comorade.* How comes that to passe?

*Profession.* I know not how, but upon some dislike, it grew weary, and by some opportunity, it found it stole home, and since it hath promised never to leave me again; for it hath confessed to me, it hath been most miserably tormented with doubts, fears, jealousies and despairs.

*Comorade.* Prethee let me tell thee, as a friend, that thy heart, is a false lying heart, for there inhabits no torments amongst angelical bodies.

*Profession.* By your favour, in *Plutoes* Court, there be Angels as well, and as many as in *Foves*; But let me tell you, that if I did not love you very well, I would call you to an account, for calling my heart, a false lying heart.

*Comorade.* Prethee pacifie thy self, for I am sure I have had but a heartless friend of thee, all the time of thy hearts absence, and if I should rayle of thy heart, thou hast no reason to condemn me; but prethee, tell me, had not thy heart some pleasure sometimes to mitigate the torments?

*Profession.* No faith, for my heart tells me, that what with rigid vertue, cruel scorn, and insulting pride, it never had a minutes pleasure, nor so much as a moment of ease; and if that there were no more hopes of happiness amongst the Gods in Heaven, than there is amongst the Goddesses on Earth, it would never desire to go to them, or dwell amongst them: Nay, my heart says, it should be as much affraid to go to Heaven, and to be with the Gods, as mortals are to go to Hell, to be with Divels.

*Comorade.* But if pleasure, and happiness, is not to be found with vertue; nor with the Gods, where shall we seek for it.

*Profession.* I will tell you what my heart saith, and doth assure me; that is, that pleasure lives alwaies with vice, and that good fellowship is amongst the damned, and it doth swear, it is a most melancholly life, to live with those that are called the blessed, which are the Goddesses on Earth.

*Comorade.* Why, then let us return to the house from whence you came.

*Profession.* No faith, I am dry, wherefore I will go to a Tavern.

*Comorade.* Content.

Ex.

Scene

*Scene 33.*

*Enter Madamofel Caprifia alone, in a ftudeous humour, walking for a time filently; then fpeaks.*

**C***aprif.* Which fhall I complain of? Nature or Education; I am compaffionate by nature; for though I am froward, I am not cruel, I am pious by education; for though I am froward, I am not wicked, I am vertuous by nature, and education; for though I am froward, I am neither difhoneft, unchafte, bafe, or unworthy: Why then, 'tis Fortune I muft complain of, for Fortune hath given me plenty, and plenty hath made me proud, and pride hath made me felf-conceited, felf-conceit hath bred difdain, and difdain fcorn; So pride, difdain, and fcorn, makes me difapprove all other creatures actions, or opinions, but my own; and this difapproving is that which men calls crofs, pievifh, and froward difpofition, being moft commonly, accompanied with fharp fatyrical words, and angry frowns.

*These faults i'l conquer, whererefoere they lye;  
I'l rule my froward humour, or i'l dye.*

*Ex.*

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*Scene 34.*

*Enter Madamofel Solid, and a Matron.*

**S***olid.* Lord! Lord! I wonder men and women fhould fpend their time fo idley, and wafte their lives fo vainly, in talking fo ignorantly, and acting fo foolifhly upon the great Stage, or the Stage of the great World.

*Matron.* Why, how would you have them fpend their time, or talk, or act?

*Solid.* I would have them fpend their time, to gain time, as to prevent or hinder times oblivion, and to fpeak and act to that design;

*-----That when their bodies dye;*

*Their Names and Fames; may live eternally.*

*Matron.* But it is not in every mans, or womans power, to get fame, for fome are made uncapable by nature, others are hindred by fortune, fome are obftruded by chance; others want time and opportunity, wealth, birth and education, and many that are pull'd back by envie, fpite and malice.

*Solid.* What man or woman foever, that nature is liberal to, may eternalize themfelves; as for fortune, fhe may hinder the active, the like may chance, envie, fpite and malice, but cannot hinder the contemplative; the like may time and opportunity; but poor poverty and birth, can be no hindrance to natural wit, for natural wit, in a poor Cottage, may fpend an after-life, enter-weaving feveral colour'd fancies, and threeds of opinions, making fine and curious Tapetries to hang in the Chambers of fame, or wit may

and carve Images of imaginations, to place and set forth the Gardens of fame, making fountains of Poetry, that may run in smooth streams of verse, or wit may paint and penfel out some Copies, and various Pictures of Nature, with the pensels of Rhetorick on the grounds of Philosophy, to hang in the Galleries of fame; Thus the Palace of fame may be furnished and adorn'd by the wit of a poor Cottager.

Ex.

## Scene 35.

*Enter Madamosel Caprisia, alone.*

**C***apris.* Item, I am to be courteous, but not familiar; to be merry, but not wild; to be kind, but not wanton; to be friendly, but not intimate; to be sociable, but not troublesome; to be conversable, but not talkive; to look soberly, but not frowningly; to return answers civilly, to ask questions wisely, to demand rights honestly, to argue rationally, and to maintain opinions probably: These rules I will strictly observe, and constantly practice.

*Enter Monsieur Bon Compaignon.*

**C***apris.* Sir, I cry peccavi, and ask your pardon, for speaking so unhand-somely of the effeminate Sex, when I was last in your company; for my indiscretion made me forget, so as not to remember, that all men hath either VVives, Sisters, Daughters or Mothers: But truly, my discourse proceeded neither from spite or malice, but from the consideration of my own faults, which being so many, did bury the good graces of other women; for though I am vertuously honest, yet I am but rudely fashion'd, and untoward for conversation; but though my discourse had a triangular countenance, for it seem'd foolish, spitefull and wicked; yet pray, Sir, believe, the natural fate, was a perfect, round, honest face.

**Bon Compaignon.** Lady, what faults soever, your Sex is guilty, your vertues will get their pardon, and your beauty will cover their blemishes.

**C***apris.* I wish my indiscretion had not discovered my froward imperfections, but I am sorry, and shall hereafter endeavour to rectifie my errours.

Ex.

## Scene 36.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Nurse.*

**N***obilissimo.* Good Nurse, where is my vertuous, sweet Mistresse?

**Nurse.** In her chamber, Sir.

**Nobilissimo.** VVhat is she doing?

**Nurse.** She is reading.

**Nobilissimo.** VVhat Books doth she read? are they Divinity, Morality, Philofophy, History or Poetry?

*Nurse.*

*Nurse*: Sometimes her study is of one, and then of another; But now I think, her chief study, is you, wherein she may read humanity.

*Enter Madamofel Doltche, and seeing Monsieur Nobilissimo with her Nurse, starts back, and then comes forth blushing.*

*Nurse*. Lord child! what makes you blush?

*Doltche*. Not crimes, but my blushing, is caused by a sudden assault, or surprisal meeting him; I did not expect to meet at this time, which raised up blushes in my face; for blushing is like the full and falling tide; for the blood flows to the face, and from thence ebbs to the heart, as passions moves the mind;

*And thoughts as waves, in curling folds do rise,  
And bashfull eyes, are like the troubled skies.*

*Nobilissimo*. Sweet Mistress, crimes cannot stain your cheeks with blushes, but modesty hath penseld Roses there, which seems as sweet, as they look fair.

*Doltche*. I desire my looks and countenance, may alwaies appear so, as they may never falsely accuse me; and as I would not have my looks, or countenance, wrong my innocency, or deceive the Spectators, so I would not have my heart be ungratefull to bury your presence in silence; Wherefore, I give you thanks, Sir, for the noble Present you sent me to day.

*Nobilissimo*. I was affraid you would not have accepted of it.

*Doltche*. Truly, I shall refuse no Present you shall send me, although it were ushered with scorn, and attended with death.

*Nobilissimo*. My kind Mistress, I shall never send you any Present, but what is ushered by my love, attended by my service, and presented with the offer of my life.

*Nurse*. Child, you are very free of kind words.

*Doltche*. And my deeds shall answer my words, if need requires; yet I am sorry if my speaking over-much, should offend; but I chose rather, to set bosses of words on the sence of my discourse, although it obscures the glosse of my speech, than my love should be buried in my silence.

*Nobilissimo*. Sweet Mistress, your loving expressions gives such joy unto my heart, and such delight unto my hearing, as my soul is inthron'd in happiness, and crown'd with tranquility.

*Nurse*. Pray Heaven, you both may be as full of Love, Joy and Peace, when you are married, as you express to have now; But let me tell you, young Lovers, that *Hymen* is a very temperate, and discreet Gentleman in love, I will assure you; neither doth he expresse himself in such high poetical Raptures, for his discourse is plain, and ordinary.

*Nobilissimo*. Nay, sometimes his discourse is extraordinary, as when he hath Wars; but Nurse, thou art old, and the fire of love; if ever thou hadst any, is put out by old Father *Times extinguisher*.

*Doltche*. True love never dyes, nor can time put it out.

*Nobilissimo*. 'Tis true, but Nurse seems by her speech, as if she had never known true love; for true love, as it alwaies burns clear, so it alwaies flames high, far infinite is the fuel that feeds it.

*Nurse*. Well, well? young Lovers, be not so confident, but let me advise

you to ballance reason on both sides, with hopes, and doubts, and then the judgement will be steady.

*Nobilissimo.* But in the scales of love, Nurse, nothing must be but confidence.

*Nurse.* Yes, there must be temperance, or love will forfeit, and dye with excess.

*Doltche.* Love cannot forfeit; no more than souls with grace, or Saints of Heaven.

Ex.

## Scene 37.

*Enter Madamosel Caprisia, alone.*

*Capris.* My smiles shall be as Baits, my eyes as Angels, where every look shall be a hook to catch a heart; I'll teach my tongue such art, to plant words on each heart; as they shall take deep root, from whence pure love shall spring; my lips shall be as flowery banks, whereon sweet rhetorick grows, and ciphers fancy blows; from which banks, love shall with to gather Posies of kisses, where every single kisse shall differ as Roses, Pinks, Violets, Primroses, and Daffidillies, and the breath therefrom, shall be as fragrant as the touch, soft thereon, and as the Sun doth heat the Earth, so shall my embraces heat my Lovers thoughts with self-conceit, which were before like water, frozen with a dejected and despairing cold. *Hay ho!*

Ex.

## ACT V.

## Scene 38.

*Enter Monsieur Profession, and Madamosel Solid.*

*Profession.* Dear Mistres, you are the only She that is fit to be crown'd; the sole Empreffe of the World.

*Solid.* Let me tell you, Sir? I had rather be a single Shepherdesse, than the sole Empress of the World; for I would not be a Mistres of so much power, to be as a Servant to so much trouble.

*Profession.* But, put the case *Alexander* were alive, and would crown you Empress of the World, you would not refuse that honour, but accept of it, for the sake of renown.

*Solid.* Yes, I should refuse it, for if I could not get renown by my own merits, I should wish to dye in Oblivion, for I care not; Nay, I despise such honours



honours and renowns, as comes by derivations, as being deriv'd from another, and not inherent in my self, and it is a poor, and mean renown, that is gain'd or got, only by receiving a gift from a fellow-creature, who gives out of passion, appetite, partiality, vain-glory, or fear, and not for merit or worth-sake; wherefore, no gifts but those that comes from the Gods, or Nature, are to be esteem'd, or received with thanks, but were to be refused, had man the power to chose, or to deny.

*Profession.* Sweet Mistress, nature hath crown'd you with beauty and wit, and the Gods hath given you a noble soul.

*Solid.* I wish they had, for the Gods gifts are not like to mans, and natures crown is beyond the golden crown of Art, which are greater glories, than Power, Wealth, Title or Birth, or all the outward honours gain'd on Earth; but I desire the Gods may crown my soul with reason and understanding; Heaven crown my mind with Temperance and Fortitude; Nature crown my body with Health and Strength, time crown my life with comely and discreet age; Death crown my separation with peace and rest; and Fame crown my memory with an everlasting renown; thus may my creation be to a happy end.

*Profession.* Gods, Fortune and Fates hath joyned to make me happy in your love, and that which will make me absolutely happy, is, that I shall marry you, and imbrace you as my wife.

*Solid.* The absolute happiness is, when the Gods imbraces man with mercy, and kisses him with love.

Ex.

## Scene 39.

Enter Madamosel Caprisia.

*Capris.* Hay, ho! who can love, and be wise? but why do I say so? For Reason loves wisely; 'tis only the mistaken senses that loves foolishly; indeed, the sense doth not love, but fondly, and foolishly affects, for it, 'tis an humourfome and inconstant appetite that proceeds from the body, and not that noble passion of true love which proceeds from the soul: But O! what a ridiculous humour am I fallen into, from a cholerick humour, into an amorous humour; Oh! I could tear my soul from my body, for having such whining thoughts, and such a mean, submissive, croaching, feigning, flattering humour, and idle mind; a cholerick humour, is noble to this, for it is commanding, and seems of an heroick spirit; but to be amorous, is base, beastly, and of an inconstant nature.

*Oh! How apt is busie life to go amisse;  
What foolish humours in mans mind there is:  
But O! The soul is far beyond the mind;  
As much as man is from the beastly kind.*

Ex.

## Scene 40.

Enter Madamofel Volante, and Doctor Freedom.

**D**octor. Are you weary of your life? that you fend me; for you said, you would not fend for me, untill you had a defire to dye.

*Volante.* True, Doctor, and if you cannot cure me, kill me.

*Doctor.* In my conscience, you have sent for me to play the wanton.

*Volante.* Why, Doctor? If I do not infringe the rules and laws of modesty, or civility, I cannot commit wanton faults.

*Doctor.* Yes faith, your tongue may play the wanton;

*Volante.* Indeed, Doctor, I had rather tell a wanton truth; than a modest lye.

*Doctor.* Well, what is your disease?

*Volante.* Nay, that you must guesse, I can only tell my pains.

*Doctor.* Where is your pain?

*Volante.* In my heart and head.

*Doctor.* Those be dangerous parts, but after what manner are your pains?

*Volante.* On my heart there lyes a weight, as heavy as the World on *Alias* shoulders; and from my melancholly mind, arises such damps of doubts, as almost quenches our the fire of life, did not some hope, though weak, which blows with fainting breath, keep it alive, or rather puffs than blows, which intermitting motions, makes my pulse unequal, and my blood to ebb and flow, as from my heart, unto my face; and from my face, unto my heart again; as for my head, it feels drowsie, and my spirits are dull; my thoughts uneasily doth run, crossing, and striving to throw each other down; this causes broken sleeps, and frightfull dreams, and when I awake at every noyse, I start with fears, my limbs doth shake.

*Doctor.* Why, this disease is love, wherefore I cannot cure you; for love no more than wit, can neither be temper'd, nor yet be rul'd, for love and wit, keeps neither moderate bounds, nor spares diet, but dyes most commonly of a surfeit.

*Volante.* O yes, discretion can cure both.

*Doctor.* Then fend for Monsieur *Discretion*, and hear what he sayes to you for your disease is past my skil.

*Volante.* By your industry, Doctor, help may be found, in giving directions, and ordering the cordial.

*Doctor.* So I understand you would have my counsel what you should do, and my industry to order, and get a meeting between Monsieur *Discretion* and you, and to make the match betwixt you.

*Volante.* You understand me right.

*Doctor.* Well, I will study the means, and trye if I can procure thee a man.

*Volante.* Good fortune be your guide.

*Doctor.* And Monsieur *Discretion*, your Husband,

Scene 41.

Enter Madamosel Caprifia, alone.

**C**aprif. Thoughts be at rest, for since my love is honest, and the person I love worthy, I may love honourably, for he is not only learned with study, experienced with time and practice, but he is nature's favourite, she hath endued his soul with uncontrouled reason, his mind with noble thoughts, his heart with heroick generosity, and his brain with a supreme wit; Besides, she hath presented his judgement and understanding, with such a clear Prospective-glasse of speculations, and such a Multiplying-glass of conception, as he seeth farther, and discerns more into nature's works, than any man she hath made before him.

*She stops a little time, then speaks.*

But let me consider? I have us'd this worthy Gentleman uncivilly, nay rudely, I have despised him; wherefore he cannot love me, for nature abhors neglect, and if he cannot love me in honesty, he ought not to marry me, and if I be not his wife, for certain I shall dye for love, or live a most unhappy life, which is far worse than death. *Hay ho!*

Enter Madam la Mere her Mother.

*Mere.* What, Daughter, sick with love?

*Caprif.* O, Mother? love is a Tyrant, which never lets the mind be at rest, and the thoughts are the torments, and when the mind is tormented, the body is seldom in health.

*Mere.* Well, to ease you, I will go to this Lord *Generosity*, and pray him to give you a visit.

*Caprif.* By no means, Mother, for I had rather dye with love, than live to be despised with scorn, for he will refuse your desires, or if he should come, it would be but to express his hate, or proudly triumph on my unhappy state.

*Madamosel Caprifia goes out.*

*Madamosel Mere alone.*

*Mere.* She is most desperately in love, but I will endeavour to settle her mind. \* Ex.

Scene 42.

Enter, Doctor Freedom, and Madamosel Volante.

**D**octor. Am not I a good Doctor now, that hath got you a good Husband?

*Volante.* Nay, Doctor, he is but a Suiter, as yet.

*Doctor.* Why do not you woe upon the Stage, as the rest of your Comrades doth?

*Volante.* O fyè, Doctor *Discretion* never whiffes out love in publick.

*Doctor.* So you love to be in private?

*Volante.* Why, Doctor, the purest love is most conceal'd, it lyes in the heart; and it warms it self by its own fire.

*Doctor.* Take heed, for if you keep it too tenderly, and close, it may chance to catch cold when it comes abroad.

*Volante.* True love ought to keep home, and not to gossip abroad.

*Enter a Servant-maid.*

*Servant-maid.* Madam Monsieur *Discretion* is come to visit you.

*Volante.* Come, Doctor, be a witness of our contract?

*Doctor.* I had rather stay with your maid.

*Volante.* She hath not wit to entertain you.

*Doctor.* Nor none to anger me.

*Volante.* Pray come away, for no wise man is angry with wit.

*Doctor.* I perceive, if I do not go with you, that you will call me fool.

*Ex.*

*Scene 43.*

*Enter Monsieur Comorade, and Monsieur Bon Compaignon.*

**B***on Compaignon.* Comorade, what cause makes you so fine to day?

*Comorade.* I am going to two weddings to day.

*Bon Compaignon.* Faith, one had been enough; but how can you divide your self betwixt two Bridals?

*Comorade.* I shall not need to divide my self, since the Bridals keeps together; for they are marryed both in one Church, and by one Priest, and they feast in one house.

*Bon Compaignon.* And will they lye in one bed?

*Comorade.* No surely, they will have two beds, for fear each Bride-groom should mistake his Bride.

*Bon Compaignon.* Well, I wish the Bride-grooms, and their Brides joy, and their Guests, good chear.

*Comorade.* Will not you be one of the Guests?

*Bon Compaignon.* No, for a *Bon Compaignon* shuns *Hymens* Court, neither will *Hymen* entertain him: But who are the Brides and Bride-grooms?

*Comorade.* Monsieur *Nobilissimo*, and Madamofel *Doltche*, and Monsieur *Perfection*, and Madamofel *Solid*.

*Bon Compaignon.* Is Monsieur *Profession* a Guest there.

*Comorade.* No, for he swears now, that he hates marriage, as he hates death.

*Bon Compaignon.* But he loves a Mistres, as he loves life.

*Ex.*

*Scene*

*Scene 44.*

*Enter Monsieur Generosity, and Madamosel Caprisia; he following her.*

**G***enerosity.* Lady, why do you shun my company, in going from me, praystay, and give my visit a civil entertainment; for though *I* am not worthy of your affection, yet my love deserves your civility.

*Capris.* *I* know you are come to laugh at me, which is ignobly done; for heroick, generous spirits, doth not triumph on the weak effeminate Sex.

*Generosity.* Pray believe *I* am a Gentleman, for if *I* loved you not, yet *I* would never be rude, to be uncivil to you, or your Sex; But *I* love you so well, as when *I* leave to serve you with my life, may nature leave to nourish me, fortune leave to favour me, and Heaven leave to blesse me, and then let death cast me into Hell, there to be tormented.

*Capris.* *I* am more obliged to your generous affections, than to my own merits.

*Generosity.* The ill opinion of your self doth not lessen your vertues, and if you think me worthy to be your Husband, and will agree, we will go strait to Church, and be married.

*Capri.* *I* shall not refuse you.

*Ex.*

*F I N I S.*



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 PROLOGUE.
 

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**T**HE Poetres sayes, that if the Play be bad,  
 She's very sorry, and could wish she had  
 A better plot, more wit and skill to make  
 A Play that might each severall humour take ;  
 But she sayes, if your humours are not fixt,  
 Or that they are extravagantly mixt ;  
 Impossible a Play for to present  
 With such variety, and temperment ;  
 But some will think it tedious, or find fault,  
 Say the Design or Language is stark naught ;  
 Besides, the loose unfetled brains, she fears  
 Seeth with squint eyes, and hears with Asses ears ;  
 But she is confident all in this round,  
 Their understandings clear, and judgements found ;  
 And if her Play deserves not praise, she knows  
 They'l neither scoff in words, nor preposterous shows :  
 Without disturbance, you will let it dye,  
 And in the Grave of silence let it lye.

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Youths Glory, and Deaths Banquet.

THE FIRST PART.

1. **T**he Lord de L'amour.
2. Sir Thomas Father Love.
3. Master Comfort, Sir Thomas Father Loves Friend.
4. Master Charity, the Lord de L'amours Friend.
5. Adviser the Lord de L'amours man.
6. A Justice of Peace.

1. The Queen Attention.
2. The Lady Incontinent, Mistriss to the Lord de L'amour.
3. The Lady Mother Love, wife to Sir Thomas Father Love.
4. The Lady Sanparelle, daughter to Sir Thomas Father, and Lady Mother Love.
5. The Lady Innocence, the affianced Mistriss or Wife to the Lord de L'amour.
6. Passive, the Lady Innocences maid.
7. Falshood, an informer to maids of the Lady Incontinent.

Physitians.

Natural Philosophers, Moral Philosophers, young Students.

Souldiers, Lovers, Mourners, Virgins, Servants and others.



## ACT I.

## Scene 1.

*Enter Sir Thomas Father Love, and his wife, the Mother Lady Love.*



*Other Love*, Husband, you have a strange nature, that having but one child, and never like to have more, and this your childe a daughter; that you should breed her so strictly, as to give her no time for recreation, nor no liberty for company, nor freedom for conversation, but keeps her as a Prisoner, and makes her a slave to her book, and your tedious moral discourses, when other children have Play-fellows, and toys to sport and passe their time withall.

*Father Love*. Good wife be content, doth not she play when she reads books of Poetry, and can there be nobler, amiabler, finer, usefuller, and wiser companions than the Sciences, or pleasanter Play-fellows than the Muses; can she have freer conversation, than with wit, or more various recreations than Scenes, Sonets and Poems; Tragical, Comical, and Musical, and the like; Or have prettier toys to sport withall, than fancie, and hath not she liberty so many hours in the day, as children have to play in.

*Mother Love*. Do you call this playing? which sets her brain a working to find out the conceits, when perchance there is none to find out, but are cheats, and cozens the Readers with empty words, at best, it fills her head but with strange phantasmes, disturbs her sleep with frightfull dreams of transformed bodyes of Monsters, and ugly shaped vices of Hells and Furies, and terrifying Gods of Wars and Battles, of long travels, and dangerous escapes, and the pleasantest is but dark groves, gloomy fields, and the happiest condition; but to walk idly about the *Elizium* fields; and thus you breed your daughter, as if your Posterity were to be raised from a Poets phantastical brain.

*Father Love*. I wish my Posterity may last but as long as Homers lines.

*Mother Love*. Truly, it will be a fine airey brood! No no, I will have her bred, as to make a good houswife, as to know how to order her Family, breed her Children, govern her Servants, entertain her Neighbours, and to fashion herself to all companies, times and places, and not to be mewed and moped up, as she is from all the World, infomuch, as she never saw twenty persons in one company in all her life, unless it be in pictures, which you set her to stare on above an hour every day: Besides, what Father doth educate their Daughters, that office belongs to me; but because you have never a Son to tutor, therefore you will turn Cotquean, and teach your daughter, which is my work.

*Father Love*. Let me tell you, Wife, that is the reason all women are fools; for women breeding up women, one fool breeding up another, and as long as that custom lasts there is no hopes of amendment, and ancient cu-

stoms being a second nature, makes folly hereditary in that Sex, because their education is effeminate, and their times spent in pins, points and laces, their study only vain fashions, which breeds prodigality, pride and envy.

*Mother Love.* What? would you have women bred up to swear, swagger, gaming, drinking, Whoring, as most men are?

*Father Love.* No, Wife, I would have them bred in learned Schools, to noble Arts and Sciences, as wise men are.

*Mother Love.* What Arts? to ride Horses, and fight Dewels.

*Father Love.* Yes, if it be to defend their Honour, Country and Religion; For noble Arts makes not base Vices, nor is the cause of lewd actions, nor is unseemly for any Sex; but baseness, vice and lewdness, invents unhandsome and undecent Arts, which dishonours by the practice either Sex.

*Mother Love.* Come, come, Husband, I will have her bred, as usually our Sex is, and not after a new fashioned way, created out of a self-opinated, that you can alter nature by education: No, no, let me tell you, a woman will be a woman, do what you can, and you may as soon create a new World, as change a womans nature and disposition.

*Enter the Lady Sanspareille, as to her Father, as not thinking her Mother was there.*

*Sanspareille.* O, Father! I have been in search of you, to ask you a question concerning the Sun.

*when she sees her Mother, she starts back.*

*Mother.* What have you to do with the Sun, and lives in the shade of the Worlds obscuritie.

*Sansp.* Why, Madam? where would you have me live? can I live in a more serene aire, than in my Fathers house; or in a purer, or clearer light, than in my Parents eyes, or more splendrous, than in my Parents company.

*Mother.* I would have you live at Court there, to have honour, favour and grace; and not to lose your time ignorantly, knowing nothing of the World, nor the World of you.

*Sansp.* Can I live with more honour, than with my Father, and You, or have more favour than your loves; or is there a greater grace, than to be Daughter of vertuous Parents; can I use, or imploy my time better, than to obey my Parents commands? need I know more than honesty, modesty, civility and duty: As for the World, mankind is so partial to each self, as they have no faith on the worth of their Neighbour, neither doth they take notice of a Stranger, but to be taken notice of.

*Mother Love.* Yes, yes, your beauty will attract eyes and ears, which are the doors to let in good opinion, and admiration.

*Sansp.* Had I a tongue like a Cerces-wand to charm all ears that heard me, it would straight transform men from civil Obligers, to spitefull Detractors; or false Slanderers; my beauty may only serve, but as a bribe to tempt men, to intrap my youth, and to betray my innocency.

*Mother.* To betray a fools-head of your own! Lord! Lord! how the dispo-

dispositions of Youth is changed since I was young! for before I came to your Age, I thought my Parents unnaturall, because they did not provide me a Husband.

*Sanspareille.* If all youth were of my humour, their dispositions are changed indeed; for Heaven knows, it is the only curse I fear, a Husband.

*Mother Love.* Why? then you think me curst in Marrying your Father.

*Sansp.* No Madam, you are blest, not only in being a Wife, (a condition you desired) but being married to such a man that wishes could not hope for.

*Mother Love.* Why then, my good Fortune may encourage you, and raise a hope to get the like.

*Sansp.* O no! It rather drives me to despair, beleiving there is no second.

*Mother Love.* Come, come, you are an unnaturall Child to flatter your Father so much, and not me, when I endured great pains to breed, bear, and nurse you up.

*Sansp.* I do not flatter, Madam, for I speak nothing but my thoughts, and that which Love and duty doth allow, and truth approve of.

*Father Love.* Come, come Wife, the Jeerals wit will out-argue both ours.

*Ex.*

*Scene 2.*

*Enter the Lord de l'Amour, and the Lady incontinent.*

*Lady Incontinent.* Have I left my Husband, who was rich, and used me well? and all for love of you! and with you live as a VVanton! by which I have lost my esteem, and my honest reputation, and now to be forsaken, and cast aside, despised and scorned! O, most base! for what can be more unworthy, than for a man to profess friendship to a Lady, and then forsake her?

*Lord de l'Amour.* Madam, you do me wrong, for my heart is as firmly yours, as ever it was, and burns with as clear a flame, as ever it did.

*Lady Incontinent.* It is not like it will continue so, since you now are resolved to marry.

*Lord de l'Amour.* The reasons are so powerfull, that perswades me, by reason there is none left of my Family besides my self; and my Fathers commands so terrifying, and my vows so binding, as I know not how to avoid it.

*Lady Incontinent.* But since your Father is dead, what need you fear his commands, and for your vows, those may be dispenced with, for a summe of money to the Church for the poor.

*Lord de l'Amour.* But would you have me cut off the line of my Posterity by never marrying?

*Lady Incontinent.* Perchance, if you marry, you may have no children, or your wife may prove barren, or if you have children, they may prove fools; for the you are affianced to, is none of the wisest.

*Lord de l'Amour.* That is none of my fault.

*Lady Incontinent.* But why will you marry so soon?

*Lord de l'Amour.* I will not marry yet, for my affianced is young, and well may stay two or three years.

*Lady Incontinent.* But if you will not marry her this two or three years, why must she come to live with you in your house.

*Lord de l'Amour.* By reason her Father is newly dead, and hath left her to my protection, as having right to her, and by her will her estate.

*Lady Incontinent.* And when she comes, I must deliver up the rule and government of your house and Family to her; for I suppose you will make her the Mistress to command, dispose and order as she pleaseth.

*Lord de l'Amour.* By no means, for you that are the Mistress of my heart, shall also be Mistress of my Estate.

*Lady Incontinent.* Then pray give her to my charge and education; for I hear she is of a high spirit, and a proud heart, being spoiled with self-will, given her by the fondness of her Father.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Pray order her as you think good, she shall be your hand-maid.

*Exeunt*

### Scene 3.

*Enter the Lady Sanspareille, repeating some verses of her own making.*

**S**anspareille. *Here flows a Sea, and there a fire doth flame,  
Yet water and fire still is but the same:  
Here the fixt earth, and there the aire streams out;  
All of one matter moving round about;  
And thus the earth, and water, fire and aire,  
Out of each others shapes transformed are.*

*Enters her Mother, and hears her last verse.*

*Mother.* I am sure you are transformed from what you should be, from a sober, young maid, to a Stage-player, as to act Parts, speak Speeches, rehearse Verses, sing Sonets, and the like,

*Sansp.* Why, Madam; Stages and publick Theaters, were first ordained and built, for the education of noble youth, where they might meet to practise how to behave themselves civilly, modestly, gently, comely, gracefully, manly, and majestically; to speak properly, timely, fitly, eloquently, elegantly, tunably, tonably, readily, sagely, wittily. Besides, Theaters were not only Schools to learn or practise in, but publick patterns to take example from; Thus Theaters were profitable, both to the Actors and Spectators: for as these Theaters were publick Schools, where noble principles were taught, so it was the dressing rooms of vertue, where the Actors, as her Servants did help to set her forth. Also these Theaters were as Scaffolds, where on vices were publickly executed; and, Madam, if you please but to consider

der, you will perceivè, that Thrones are but glorious Theaters, where Kings and Princes, and their Courtiers acts their parts ; likewise places of Judicature, are but places where Judges and Lawyers acts their parts ; Nay, even Churches are but holy Theaters, where the Priest and People acts their devout parts. But, Madam, you mistake, making no difference betwixt the noble and base, the generous and mercenary ; for, shall all noble persons that fights dewels of honour, be call'd Fencers ; or shall a King, when he runs at the Ring, or Tilt, main be called a Jockey, or Post, when he rides horses of Manage, shall he be a Quirry, or a Rider ; or shall Kings, Princes or noble Persons, that dances, sings, or playes on Musick, or presents themselves in Masks, be thought, or called Dancers, or Fiddlers, Morrif-dancers, Stage-players, or the like, as in their masking attire : No those are Riders, Fencers ; Dancers, Fiddlers, Stage-players, and the like, that are mercenary, setting *Vertuosus* to sale, making a mercenary profit, and living thereof ; but if such opinions should be held, then no *Vertuosus* should be learn'd of noble Persons, because there are mercenary Tutours and Teachers, nor no arts understood, because of Mechanicks, nor no Sciences understood, because of Pedants ; nor no manners, nor gracefull behaviours practised because of Players, nor none must write, because of Clerks, nor none must pray because of beneficed Priests, nor there must none understand the Laws, or plead their own causes, because of feed Lawyers ; if these opinions or rules were followed, all the nobler and better sort, would be boars, clowns and fools, nor no civility ; good manners, nor virtues would be known amongst them.

*Mother.* Well, well, I will have you shew your self, and be known, and I known by you ; for why should not I be as ambitious to be praised in your beauty, as your Father in your wit ; but by that time you have gotten a sufficient stock of wit to divulge to the World, your beauty will be dead and buried, and so my ruines will have no restoration, or resurrection.

*Sansp.* Madam, I do humbly and dutifully acknowledge, that what beauty or wit I have, it was derived from my Parents.

*Mother.* Wherefore you ought to do, as your Parents will have you, and I say, I will have you be a Courtier.

*Sansp.* Would you have me go to live at the Court, Madam ?

*Mother.* Yes marry would I.

*Sansp.* And to do as Courtiers do ?

*Mother.* Yes marry would I.

*Sansp.* Alas, Madam, I am unpractised in their arts, and shall be lost in their subtle and strange waies.

*Mother.* Therefore I would have you go to learn them, that you may be as expert as the best of them, for I would have you shoot such sharp darts thorough your eyes, as may wound the hardest and obduratest hearts.

*Sansp.* Amorous affections, Madam, and wanton glances are strangers to my eyes and heart ; neither can I perswade nor command them to be otherwise than they are.

*Mother.* Why, I would not have you either wanton, or amorous, but to be kind and civil, to invite a rich, noble Husband.

*Sansp.* Why, say I had the power to pick and choose amongst the noblest and the richest men, a Husband out, you cannot promise me a happy life, fortune may set a Crown of Diamonds on my head, yet prick my heart with thorns, bind up my spirits with strong chained fears, my thoughts imprisoned in dark melancholly, and thus my mind may prove

a Hell unto my life, and my Husbands actions devils to torment it.

*Mother.* No disputing, but let my will be obeyed.

*Sansp.* It is fit it should be by me, although it brings my ruine.

*Lady Mother goes out.*

*Sanspareille alone.*

*Sanspareille.* Joy gave me wings, and made my spirit fly;  
 Hope gave me strength to set ambition high;  
 Fear makes me old, as paulsie shakes each limb,  
 My body weak, and both my eyes are dim:  
 Like to a Ball, which rackets beats about,  
 So is my heart strucken twixt hope and doubt.

*Ex.*

Scene 4.

*Enter the Lady Incontinent, and one of her women.*

*Lady Incontinent.* I observe, the Lord de L'amour useth the Lady Innocence with more respect than he was used to do; and I observe his eyes meets her when she comes in place where he is, and follows her wherefoever she goeth, and when she stands still, they are fixt upon her.

*woman.* Truly she hath power, if she will put it in force to command a heart, at least to perswade a heart to love her; for certainly, she is very beautiful, if it were not obscured under a sad countenance, as the Sun behind a dark cloud; but sometimes, do what she can in despite of her sadnesse, it will keep out, and the other day when you were gone abroad, I saw her dance, sing and play on a Gittarn, all at one time.

*Lady Incontinent.* And how did it become her?

*woman.* Truly, she sung so sweetly, played so harmoniously, danced so gracefully, and looked so beautifully, that if I had been a man, I should have been in love with her.

*Lady Incontinent.* I charge you break her Gittar, tell her she sings not well, and that her dancing doth ill-become her.

*woman.* Perchance she will not believe me.

*Lady Incontinent.* Oh yes, for youth are credulous, even against themselves.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## Scene 5.

Enter the Lady Sanspareille, and walks a turn or two, as contemplating.

*Sanspareille.* Ambitious thoughts flies high, yet never tires,  
Wing'd with the swiftest thoughts of desires;  
Then thoughts of hopes runs busily about,  
Yet oft are stop'd with thoughts of fear and doubt  
And thoughts of mirth and melancholly strives,  
All thoughts are restless till the body dyes.

Enter Sir Father Love.

*Father Love.* My childe, it is a sign you are melancholly, that you are in a poetical vain.

*She weeps.*

*Father.* Why do you weep?

*Sansp.* Melancholly thoughts makes tears to flow thorough my eyes.

*Father.* Melancholly! why, thou art not come to the years of melancholly; 'tis aged brows on which sad *Saturn* sets, and tired thoughts on which he reigns, and on griev'd heart his heavy taxes layes; but those that are young, he leaves to other powers, neither hath fortune set her turning foot upon thy head, for thou art in the same worldly condition that thou wert born to; wherefore thy mind may be quiet, and thy thoughts merry and free.

*Sansp.* Surely, sir, it is not alwaies age, nor yet crosse fortunes that clouds the mind, for some are old and mean, poor and despised, yet merry, and humours gay, and some are young and fairer, and rich, and well esteemed, honoured and loved, and yet their thoughts dejectedly doth move, and humour dull as lead; 'tis nature makes melancholly, neither age nor evil fortune brings it.

*Father.* But what makes thee sad, my child?

*Sansp.* Ambition, Sir.

*Father.* What doth your ambition aim at? If it be honour, I have an Estate will buy thee an honourable Husband; if it be riches, I will be saving, and live thriftily, if it be gallantry, or bravery, I will maintain thee at the height of my fortune, wear Frieze my self, and adorn thee in Diamonds, Silver and Gold.

*Sanspareille.* Heaven forbid! that my vanity should prodigally spend your Estate, or my covetousnesse pinch and starve your Life, or that my pride should be match'd with noble honour, which should be as humble as great.

*Father.* It cannot be for wit and beauty, for, surely nature hath made her self poor, by giving you so much.

*Sansp.* My dear Father, know it is fame I covet, for which were the ambitions of *Alexander* and *Cæsar* joyned into one mind, mine doth exceed them, as far as theirs exceeded humble spirits, my mind being restless to get the highest place in Fames high Tower; and I had rather fall in the adventure, than never try to climb; wherefore, it is not titled Honour, nor Wealth, nor Bravery, nor Beauty, nor Wit that I covet, but as they do contribute to adorn merit, which merit is the only foundation whereon is built a glorious fame, where noble actions is the architectour thereof, which makes me despairingly melancholly, having not a sufficient stock of merit, or if I had, yet no waies to advance it; but I must dye like beasts, forgotten of mankind, and be buried in Oblivions grave.

*Father.* If it be fame my child covets, it is a noble ambition; and Heaven pardon me, if I speak vain-gloriously of what is my own; yet I speak but my opinion, when I say, I do believe there is none so fit to raise a fame, as thou art.

*Sansp.* Sir, your love speaks, as willing to incourage me; but know Sir; it is not a vulgar fame I covet, for those that goeth with equal space, and even hights, are soon lost, as in a crowd or multitude; but when fame is inthron'd, all Ages gazes at it; *and being thus supremely plac'd up high; Like as an Idol, gets Idolatry:* Thus singularity as well as merit, advances fame.

*Father.* Child, thou speakest alwaies reason, and were my life the only singular way to raise thy fame, thou shouldst have it.

*Sansp.* Heaven forbid! For that would raise my infamie, if I should build upon my Fathers noble life. But, Sir, do you love me?

*Father.* Yes, above my life! for thou art the life of my life!

*Sansp.* Do you love me as well as you think you could your Grand-children?

*Father.* No comparison can be made, for thou art come immediately from my loynes, those but from the loines of my Issue, which is estranged from me; and for their affections, Grand-childrens is but weak; only they keep alive my name, not love, for that dyes in the second descent, and many times the first.

*Sansp.* But, Sir; would not you think me strangely unnatural, and unworthy of your love, to wish or desire you to break the line of your Posterity, and bury succession in my grave?

*Father.* Unnatural! no, for your vertue can ask nothing of me, that my love will think unreasonable to give, and for my Posterity, I had rather it should end with merit, than run on in follies; or who knows but their evil or base actions may blemish all their Predecessours; besides, it is with succession, as with a married pair; for if the wife be chaste, the World will give the honour only to the woman, but if she be false, the World will lay the disgrace on the Husband, and think she fees some defect, which makes her prefer another before him. So in succession, if their succession proves fools; cowards, avaricious, treacherous, vitious, or the like, the World straight judges these imperfections and vices were in hereditarie, and that they were attaint, or stained from the root or stock, but if they prove wise, valiant, generous, just, or the like, they think they were particular gifts of nature, or education, thus the faults of succession many descents after, may darken like black clouds, the bright light of their Predecessours worth and merit; Besides, there is no certainty of a continued line, nor doth many children give an assurance to their Father at the day of his death; for when he dyes, doubts closes his eyes,



eyes, and fears blowes out lifes fire ; therefore I had rather live in thy fame, than live or dye in an infamous and foolish succession.

*Sansp.* Heaven make me thankfull that my desires and my fathers improvement agrees. Sir, you have not only bred me with a tender love, but with a prudent Industry. And I have followed your instruction with a Religious Ceremony. Kept to your principles with a pious Conscience, and since nature and education hath joyned together in my tender years, to make my life propitious, If fortune favour me, and opportunity promote me ; but we are to consider which way I shall steer the course of my life, and if you will please I will tell you how I have designed my voyage.

*Father.* Heaven prosper the through it, and send the a safe passage, where-soever thou adventurest.

*Sansp.* Then first, it is to be considered, I am but a small and weak vessell, and cannot swim upon the rough and boysterous Seas, which are pitch fields, and fighting Armyes, wherein I shall be shattered in the croud, and drowned in the confusion of disorder, wherefore I must swim in the calm rivers of peace where there is no such storms, nor high billows, only some cross winds may chance to rise, which may hinder me but not drown me ; this calm river is a Theater, and the rough Sea as I said a pitch field ; my self the ship, you the steerdg, and fame the port, then thus I will relate how I have designed the voyage of my life ; first never to marry, if I may have your consent to live a single life, for that time which will be lost in a married condition, I will study, and work with my own thoughts, and what new Inventions they can find out, or what probabilities they conceiye, or phancies they create, I will publish to the world in print before I make them common by discourse, but if I marry, although I should have time for my thoughts and contemplations, yet perchance my Husband will not approve of my works, were they never so worthy, and by no perswasion, or reason allow of there publishing ; as if it were unlawfull, or against nature, for Women to have wit. And strives allwayes if their wives have wit, to obscure it. And I am of that opinion, that some men are so inconsiderately wise, gravely foolish and lowly base, as they had rather be thought Cuckolds, than their wives should be thought wits, for fear the world should think their wife the wiser of the two ; and that she rules, and governs all the affairs at home ; for most men, rather than they will not shew their power, and Authority, will appear a Quat-queen, that is an effeminate scold. Secondly, I will not receive, nor give private visits, or entertainments ; but from those, and to those, that duty, and gratitude and loyalty enjoyns me ; for in private visits, or entertainments, is onely so much time stult with senceless, vain, idle, light discourses, or flattering compliments, wherein time and life is unprofitably lost. Thirdly, I would never speak but in publick, for if nature, and education, have given me wit, I would not willingly bury it in private discourses ; besides, privat hearers are secret Thieves, and boldly steals, having no witnesses, to betray, or reveale the truth, or divulge their thefts ; and so they will adorn their discourses with my wit, which they steal from me. Fourthly, I will never speak of any considerable matter, or subject, or of any new conception, but I will have them ready writ to print them, so soon as my discourse of them is past, or else print them before I discourse of them ; and afterwards explain them by my tongue, as well as by my pen, least they should mistake the sence of my workes, through Ignorance ; for those subjects that are only discoursed off, in speech, flies away in words ; which vanissheth as smoak, or shadows,

shadows, and the memory or remembrance of the Author, or Oratour, melts away as soyle, leaving no sign in present life, or else moulders as dust, leaving no Monument to after-posterity, to be known or remembred by; when writing, or printing, fixes it to everlasting time, to the publick view of the World; besides, a passing discourse makes the tongue, but as an Almner, to give wit to poor Sharkes to feed them; which Sharkes eats, without giving praise or thanks, never acknowledging at whose cost they live at: Nay, so unthankfull they are, that they will bely the Authors and themselves: saying, it was their own; and it is a certain rule, that those Authors they steal most from, they will dispraise, and rale most at: And some are so foolish, and of such short memories, that they will repeat the Authors wit, to the Authors self; and as confident, as it had been created, or invented, out of their own brains. Fifthly, I will select times, for several discourses and subjects, to discourse in publick, to several Audiences; to which, you may, if you please, invite the grave and wise, to hear me, and being a woman Oratour, the singularity will advance my fame the more; besides, many accidents may we chance to meet, which may prove as steps to ascend, or Mount up. Thus Sir, if you please to approve of my design, I shall follow the means, or wayes unto it; if not, I shall submit to what you shall think will be better for me.

*Father.* I do approve of your design so well, as I cannot but admire it. And I believe the best designer that ever was, never cast such a mould, or laid such a plot, or drew such a draught, to raise a fame on; or to work a fame out.

*Sansp.* But Sir, you must arm your selfe against all Oppositions, and Baracodo your ears against all cross perswaders; and muster your forces of hopes, drawing them into a body of confidence, and march with a resolution; either to dye in the adventure, or to triumph with victory, and to live everlastingly, in a glorious fame; for Sir, we shall meet wranglers, and jesters, scorners, and scoffers, disputers, and opposers, contradictors and lyers; which envy and malice will bring against us, but consider Sir, that when the foot of fame hath trod upon the tongue of envy, it will be silent.

*Father.* Never fear me child, if thou faintest not.

*Sansp.* I fear not my self, for I have an undoubted faith, that the Child of such a father can neither be a Coward, nor a fool; for from you I receive a value or prize, although of my self I should be worth nothing; and Parents and Children may speak freely their thoughts, let them move which way they will, for Children ought not to conceal them; but if deceit must be used: let it be with strangers not friends.

*Father.* O Child! thou hast spoke but what I thought on, and the very same I wisht; finding thy tongue volable, thy voyce tuneable, thy speech eloquent, thy wit quick, thy expressions easy, thy conceits and conceptions new, thy fancies curious and fine, thy Inventions subtle, thy disposition sweet and gentle, thy behaviour gracefull, thy countenance modest, thy person beautifull, thy yeares young; all this I thought to my self might raise the a Trophy, when a Husband would bury the in his armes; and so thou to become thy own fames Tomb.

*Sansp.* Oh! But how shall we pacify my mother, who is resolved not to be quiet, untill I go to live at the Court; as likewise to marry.

*Father.* I have thought of that, and you know that your mother is well bred, a tender mother and a chaste wife; yet she is violent, and is not to be altered from her opinions, humours, and will, till time wearyes her out of them

them, wherefore we must not oppose her ; but rather sooth her in her humour, and for marrying, we will allwayes find some fault in the man, or his Estate, person or breeding, or his humour, or his wit, prudence, temperance, courage, or conduct, or the like, which we may truly do without dissembling ; for I believe there is no man, but that some exceptions may be justly found to speak against him ; but you and I will sit in Council about it.

Ex.

Scene 6.

Enter the Lord de l'Amour, and meets the Lady Innocence.

**L**ord de l'Amour. Well met, for if accident had not befriended me, you would not have been so kind as to have met me ; for I percieve you strived to shun me.

**Lady Innocence.** The reason is, I was affraid my presence would not be acceptable.

**Lord de l'Amour.** You never stay to try whether it would or not, but surely if your conversation be answerable to your beauty, your Company cannot but be pleasing.

**Lady Innocence.** I doubt I am too young to be handsome, for time hath not shapt me yet into a perfect form, for nature hath but laid the draught, & mixt the colours, for time to work with, which he as yet hath neither placed, nor drawn them right, so that beauty in me is not as yet fully finished ; and as my beauty, so I doubt my wit, is imperfect, and the ignorance of youth makes a discord in discourse, being not so experientedly learned, nor artificially practised, as to speak harmoniously, where the want makes my conversation dull with circumspection and fear ; which makes my wordes flow through my lips, like lead, heavy and slow.

**Lord de l'Amour.** Thy wit sounds as thy beauty appears, the one charms the eares, the other attracts the eyes.

**Lady Innocence.** You have been more bountifull to me in your praises, than Nature in her gifts.

**Lord de l'Amour.** Since I percieve you to be so pleasing, we will be better acquainted.

Ex.

## Scene 7.

Enter 2. or 3. Philosophers.

This Scene of the  
Phylosophers the  
Lord Marquess  
writ.

1. **Philosopher.** Come my learned brothers, are we come now to hear a girle to read lectures of naturall Philosophy to teach us? Are all our studies come to this?

2. **Philosopher.** Her doting father is to blame, he should be punished for this great affront, to us that's learned men.

3. **Philosopher.** Philosophers should be men of yeares, with grave and Auster lookes, whose countenances should like rigid lawes affright men from vanities; with long wise beards, sprinkled with gray, that every hair might teach, the bare young Chins for to obey. And every sentence to be delivered like the Law, in flames and lightning, and flashes with great thunder, a foolish girle to offer for to read: O times! O manners!

1. **Philosopher.** Beauty and favour and tender years, a female which nature hath denyed hair on her Chin, so smooth her brow, as not to admit one Philosophycall wrinkle, and she to teach, a Monster tis in Nature; since Nature hath denyed that sex that fortitude of brain.

2. **Philosopher.** Counsel her father that her mother may instruct her in high huswifery, as milking Kyne, as making Cheese, Churning Butter, and raising past, and to preserve confectionary, and to teach her the use of her needle, and to get her a Husband; and then to practise naturall Philosophy without a Lecture.

3. **Philosopher.** 'Tis a prodigious thing, a girle to read Philosophy; O divine Plato! how thy Soul will now be troubled, Diogenes repents his Tub, and Seneca will burn his bookes in anger. And old Aristotle wish he had never been the master of all Schooles, now to be taught, and by a girle.

1. **Philosopher.** Have patience and but hear her, and then we shall have matter store to speak and write against her, and to pull down her fame; indeed her very lecture will disgrace her more than we can write, and be revenged thus by her tongue.

2. **Philosopher.** Content, let us then go and hear her, for our sport, not being worth our anger.

Ex.

Here ends the Lord Marquess of Newcastle.

## ACT III.

## Scene 8.

*Enter the Lady Innocence and her Maid.*

**M**aid. By my truth Mistrifs the *Lord de l'Amour* is a fine person.  
*Lady Innocence.* The truth is, that he seems as if Nature had given to time the finest and richest stuff in her Shop, to make his person off, and time as the Tayler hath wrought and shapt his person into the most becoming fashion; but yet, if his Soul be not answerable to his person, he is fine no otherwayes; but as a fashionable and gay sute of Cloath on a deformed body, the Cloathes may be fine and hanfome, but the body ill favoured; so the body may be hanfome, but the Soul a foul deformed creature.

*Maid.* But a fine and hanfome body may hide a deformed Soul, although a fine sute of Clothes will not hide a deformed body; for a deformed body will be perceived in dispight of the fine Clothes.

*Lady Innocence* So will a deformed Soul in the dispight of a hanfome body, for the Soul will appear in the Actions, as the body in the shape; being as crooked in vice as the body in Limbs.

*Maid.* What is the actions of the Soul?

*Lady Innocence.* The passions and will.

*Maid.* But man obscures the passions and restrains the will.

*Lady Innocence.* So man may obscure his body; and bombast his Cloathes; but it is as impossible to restrain an evill will, as to make a crooked body straight.

*Ex.*

## Scene 9.

*Enter Sir Thomas Father Love, bringing in the Auditours into a large roome, nobly furnished, where at one end or side is a place raised and railed with guilt rayles; for the Lady Sanspareille to stand on.*

**F**ather Love. Gentlemen; pray do not think me rude by drawing you from your serious studies; by an intruding invitation; to hear a young student discourse.

*1. Philosopher.* 'Tis true Sir, we should have been glad to have heard you discourse, for you might instruct us, where as a young student is rather to be instructed; for it is time that brings knowledg or gets wit, or speakes eloquently.

*Father Love.* 'Tis true; but yet in some naturall ingenuity it is as strong as time, and produceth that which time of it selfe could not do.

*2. Philoso-*

2. *Philosopher.* Sir, if your young students wit, be as fine as her standing place, it will be delightfull.

3. *Philosopher.* Sir, you have adorned her Theater to inthronè her wit.

*Father.* Gentlemen. I wish her wit may furnish, and so adorn your understanding, but if you please to fit, such as it is, shall be presented to you.

*Being all placed, the Lady Sanspereiile enters upon the mounted place, drest all in black; fit for the gravity of the Company.*

*The Company upon her entrance seems to be struck with amaze of her beauty, they speak to her Father.*

1. *Philosopher.* Sir, we perceive now, you have invited us to feast our eyes, not our eares.

*Father.* Gentlemen, if you please to give her so much patience to hear her, then judge, or censure, as you please.

*Then they all cry whist, whist.*

*After the Lady by her Civill bows had given respect to all the Company, with a modest and amiable Countenance, with a gentle and well pleased eye, and a gracefull and winning behaviour, thus speaks.*

*Lady Sanspareiile.* The Majesty of Age, and sage gravity, are objects able to put unexperienced and unpracticed youth out of Countenance; and bashfullness is the greatest enemy to discourse, for it discomposes the Countenance, disturbs the thoughts, disorders the words, and confounds the sense therein; but youth hath many times this advantage, that it apprehends not the disgrace, that experienced years and deeper judgment doth; For the truth is, bashfullness proceeds from too great an apprehension; but I not apprehending far enough, may comit errors through a confident ignorance, but if you think my confidence too much, for my youth; yet pray judge not my modesty to little for my Sex, for speaking belongs as much to the Female Sex as to the Masculine; so as it be on sober Subjects, and to grave Fathers, and wise men, or intruth to any degree of Age, or Sex, or Birth; so as it be timely, suitably, rationally, and modestly delivered; And why may not women speak in publick and to publick assemblies, as well as in privat visits, and particular entertainments, and to particular persons and acquaintance? And in reason it should be more commendable, that womens discourse and actions are such, as they fear no witness. Nay, they ought never to speak or shew themselves to those persons that are not domestick, without sufficient witness, for privat discourses, which are like whisperings, and secret meetings, and particular entertainments, are subject to loos customs, rude behaviours, and lascivious discourses, mischievous designs, and dangerous plots, all which takes leave without warrant, and assaults without warning; yet it is probable this Auditory will think my Father is too indulgent to his Child, to let her to make publick Orations, or that he is too vain glorious, as to believe or hope his Child may get applause, or esteem in the world, by her discourses. But First, I must remember them, that it is naturall for Parents to be fond of their Children; Secondly, it is no crime nor indiscretion, for a Father to believe or think his Child may have as much wit as any other mans Child, if he have given as good education: Thirdly, it is not against nature and reason, but that

That women may discourse of several subjects as well as men, and that they may have as probable opinions, and as profitable inventions, as fresh fancies, as quick wits, and as easy expressions, as men; if their education be answerable to their naturall capacityes and ingenuityes; As for my selfe, I must tell this assembly, I have been bred industriously, for I have been instructed with as much knowledg as my yeares was capable to understand; but the truth is, that my educatours strove to ripen my understanding, before the naturall time, like those that hastens fruit to be ripe, forcing it by artificiall means, not staying for the naturall heat of the Sun, so was my understanding, like as the tree, and my wit as the fruit, by which it wants the Aromaticall, and delicious relish, that naturall time gives; which makes me fear, my wit will relish to the eares of the hearers, as such forced fruits to the tast of the eaters: I have only this request, that, though you may dislike it for want of the naturall sweetness; yet pray esteem of it for the rarity, as being not usuall for one of my years and Sex, to speak, argue, and make Orations in a publick assembly; but it is likely, this assembly may think this is a vain glorious Prologue, to my following discourse; But I must tell this worthy, grave, and learned, assembly, that I am not bound to follow a vain custome, nay, I may say, a dishonest one, as when Oratours do dissemble, as on my Conscience most do, selfe love being naturall to all; besides, many times they disgrace their birth, by a dissembling humbleness, and bely their thoughts, knowledge and education; when as they say, they are unworthy to speak to such an assembly; and that they are unlearned, their knowledg is little, their understanding dull, their judgment weak; their capacity narrow, and that they are unexperienced and unfurnished of expressions, to deliver the subject, or matter of their discourse; if this or the like which they say be true, they abuse the Auditory, and themselves, to invite them or draw them, to hear that, they think is not worth the listening to, and if they be not so (as they say) they bely the nature, and education, which heaven forbid I should be so ungratefull to nature, so base to my birth, so undutifull to my Educatour, and so unthankfull to the Gods. No, no, I will not be so, for I will publickly acknowledg natures favours, who hath given me more wit, than time hath given me yeares; she hath furnished me with ingenuity, beyond an ordinary proportion, and hath drawn the platform of my mind Mathematically, and pensiled me with her best colourd dyes, for which I am bound morally to serve her; As for my birth, as I am of the same kind of Mankind; I am equall with the rest, let my condition be never so poor, I have no reason to be ashamed of the Kind; but my birth is Honourable by length of time, as for my education, it hath been singular, having not been bred as other Children accustomed are, who hath liberty to sling away their youthfull time in idle sports, or useles learnings, and those that they are taught by, are young and unexperienced Tutours; but I must tell this worthy and experienced assembly, that I was not bred with powdered Curles, but silver hairs, Age, I bowed to, and obeyed with duty, Age, I viewed with respects, and listened to with attention; Age, directed my senses, manured my brain; pulled up, or out, the rootes of ignorance, and weedes of errours, sowed knowledg, and planted understanding; for, my educatour, which was my dear Father, hath been industrious, carefull, prudent, bountifull, and studious, for my improvement; for which my treble duty both attend his life, and my prayers supplicates for to prolong it, which heaven knows, I desire beyond my own; As for the Gods which gives all good, let those that dare be unthankfull, I dare not, such as Atheists that believes in

none; but pardon me for intruding on your patience, with a tedious and self discourse, although I could not well avoid it, but now, with your leave, most Noble Auditours, I shall first treat of Nature, although Nature is an endless Theam to treat of; for though that the principles of Nature, or Natures principles may be easily numbred, yet the varietyes which change doth make on those principles are infinite; for well may Nature, if man by Art can make infinite varietyes, by change of few principles, as for example in musick, from 8. Notes, by change, infinite Tunes, are, or can be made; from the figure of 1. to 9. what Multiplication? From 24. letters, how far can the mind dictate it self in, numerous words, and different languages? Thus Nature the tutress to man, and onely man, have taught him to imitate her; for, though she is the Mother to all other Creatures, yet man is her beloved Child; for she, like as a fond parent, leads and directs man to discoveryes, and as it were, points and markes out their wayes, and as a diligent Tutress explains and expounds her selfe by her works, and her severall works, like as severall books hath severall prints, and are bound in severall vollums, and are kept safe in severall Libraryes, of severall Ages, by aged time; but sometimes Nature behaves her selfe like a Huntress, and makes Mankind as her Hounds, to hunt out the hidden effects of unknown causes, leading Mankind by three severall strings, as by the string of observation, the string of conception, and the string of experience, and as hounds snuffs and snuffels on the Paths they tread, so mans thoughts, like as hounds noses, are busily employed. And as hounds springs out upon a following sent, and with open mouth makes a loud cry; so men, when they make any new discoveryes, divulges it with their voyces, or noyses of the tongue and pen; yet man at this hath no reason to take exceptions, because he gaineth knowledg thereby, and Nature may use her own as she pleases; but sometimes Nature is as a Paintress, and the mind of man is as the Copy of Nature, drawn by her selfe; for the mind of man is as infinite as Natures selfe, having no dimension, nor extension, and the thoughts are the infinite Creatures therein, and the brain is the ground to paint on, and the motions of life are the penfills to work, or draw with. And in these Copyes Nature views her selfe, yet all animal Creatures, especially Mankind, seems of a middle mixrure, as, not so gros as the Earth, nor so pure as the Heavens, which is the cause man is difficult to some things, and easy to others; as it is easyer for the eyes to look down on the earth, than to stare up to the Heavens, and for the feet to step down on steps, than to step up on stayres, or for the whole body to slyde down a hill, than to clamber up a hill, so it is easier for life to slyde down to vice, than to mount up to virtue, for what is purest is still placed highest, that is the reason that the Coelestiall bodyes are placed over us, as the Terrestriall body under us; and we being mixt, are placed in the midst: Upon this Text give me leave to treat of the two Globes, the Coelestiall, and the Terrestriall, in the Coelestiall, there are Seven Worlds, where the Sun is the Center World, which being a flame, streams forth in lynes of light, upon the other Six Worlds; and as those Six Worlds, or the Seventh World, moves, so have they light or darknes; but the Sun which is the flaming World, or the World of flame, is fed as a Lamp with an oyle substance, from the other Six Worlds, which oyle substance the Sun sucks to him, from thence, by attracting Motions, these Six Worlds I will simlize to Six Udders, paps, or breasts, from which the Sun, like as a young greedy appetite sucks, and draws out, each in their turns, and as I said by attraction, this oyle moisture, which oyle moisture is as the milk,



milk; the Worldly Udders, or Uddery Worlds, doth as all Udders doth, which as soon as they are drawn dry fills again, and if they be not sufficiently drawn, their moisture grows thick and gross; like as crudled milk, which corrupts and becomes Ulcerous, from whence runs venomous matter, which falling down breeds amongst animals, many diseases as the rot murring, and the like amongst beasts; And amongst men the Smale pox, measles, and all sorts of feavers, even to the plague, & according as the corruptions are, or runs, the diseases are more dangerous, or less violent, or weaker, lasts longer, or ends sooner; and if these Udders be drawn faster than they can be naturally filed, they become chopt and dry, empty and shrunk, which causeth dearth and famine; And though we cannot see a dearth in the face of the Moon, and the rest of the Planets, as on the face of the Earth; nor see famine in the face of the Moon, as in the face of a Man; yet for all we know, there may be dearths, plagues, and warres in those Planets, as in particular Kingdoms; although the Planets have no such Intelligences from each other, as particular Kingdoms hath; yet questionless they have Traffick and Commerce, though mankind cannot visibly perceive, which way, or by what means. Also the Planets, by their circular motions, may draw up vapours from the Sea, and earth, like as the Wheels of water Mills. As for the Terrestriall globe, it turns upon a Pole, as a Pig upon a Spit, and the Sun is the fire that roasts it; but when the Sun is scorching hot, the earth like overroasted meat, is burnt and black, and when that over cold moist vapors, quenches out the heat of these fiery beams, then is the earth as raw; but when as equall heat, at equall distance, by equall Motions, agrees Simparhetically, then is the Terrestriall globe well drest, and full of gravy, which causes nourishing health; but to draw to a conclusion of my Philosophicall lecture, I will simlize the Coelestiall, and Terrestriall globes, which globes, are as Man and Wife, the Coelestiall as the Husband, the Terrestriall as the Wife, which breeds and bears, what the Coelestiall begets, For the Coelestiall and the Terrestriall globes are Natures working houses, where, Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals, are wrought into several figures, shapt, and formed into divers fashions, like as Smiths makes diverse fashioned things out of mettals, so Nature is as the Smith, the Earth as the mettal, the Sun as the fire, the Sea as the quenching water, the aire as the Bellows, youth is the Furnace, time is the Forge, and motion is the Hammer, both to shape, and break assunder; but for fear I should break your patience, I shall desist from speaking any more at this time.

*After a modest and humble respectiue bow to the assembly.*

*She goeth out.*

*The whilst the Audience holds up their hands in admiration.*

1. *Philosopher.* Now you have heard her, what do you say?
2. *Philosopher.* I say let us go home and make a funeral pile of our bookes, that are Philosophy, burn them to ashes, that none may rise as Phenix like out of that dust. This written by my Lord Marques.
3. *Philosopher.* No, throw them at those foolish men that walk in black, who would be thought learned by the outside, although they are unlettered.
4. *Philosopher.* Take heed of that, for so they may have hopes of a resurrection, and so rise again in ragged covers, and tattered torn sheets, in old Duck-lane, and quack their to be bought.

1. *Philosopher.* No, no, we will all now fend for Barbers, and in our great Philosophies despair, shave of our reverend beards, as excrements, which once did make us all esteemed as wise, and stuff boyes foot-balls with them.

2. *Philosopher.* Nature, thou dost us wrong, and art too prodigall to the effeminate Sex; but I forgive thee, for thou art a she, dame Nature thou art; but never shewed thy malice untill now, what shall we do?

3. *Philosopher.* Faith all turn gallants, spend our time in vanity and sin, get Hawks and Hounds, and running Horses, study the Card and Dye, Rich Cloathes and Feathers, wast our time away with what this man said, or what that man answered, backbite and raile at all those that are absent, and then renounce it with new Oathes *Alamode.*

4. *Philosopher.* No, no, honour this Virgin whose wit is supreme, whose judgment is Serene as is the Sky, whose life is a Law unto her selfe and us, virtue her handmaid, and her words so sweet, like to harmonious musick in the Aire, that charms our Senses and delights the Soul, and turns all passions in our hearts to love, teaches the aged, and instructs the youth, no Sophister, but Mistriss still of truth.

Ex.

*Here ends my Lord Marquisses.*

Scene 10.

*Enter the Lord de l'Amour, and the Lady Innocence.*

**L**ord de l'Amour. I begin to be so fond of your Company, as I cannot be long absent therefrom.

*Lady Innocence.* 'Tis your favours to me; which favours are above my merits, indeed I have no merits, but what your favour creates.

*Lord de l'Amour.* You seem so virtuous, and sweetly dispositioned, and are so beautifull and witty, as I cannot but admire, and love you.

*Lady Innocence.* I dare not be so rude, nor yet so ungratefull, to speak against my selfe, now you have praised me, for your words are like to Kings, which makes all currant coyn they set their stamp on; although the substance should be mean and of no value.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Thy words are Musicall.

*Lady Innocence.* I wish I could speak as eloquently upon every subject, as several birds sings sweetly in several Tunes, to please you.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Do you love me so well, as to wish it onely for my sake.

*Lady Innocence.* Yes, and how should I do otherwise, for my affections to you was ingrafted into the root of my infancy, by my Fathers instructions and perswasions; which hath grown up with my Age.

*The Lady Incontinent peeps in, and sees them together, (speaks to her selfe) in the mean time they seem to whisper.*

*Lady Incontinent.* Are you both so serious in discourse, I will break your friendship, or I will fall to the grave of death in the attempt.

*Lady Incontinent goes out.  
Lord de l'Amour.*

*Lord de l'Amour.* Heaven make you as virtuous as loving, and I shall be happy in a Wife.

*Lord de l'Amour goes out.*

*Lady Innocence alone.*

*Lady Innocence.* Heaven make him as constant, as I virtuous, and I shall be sure of a gallant man to my Husband.

*Ex.*

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## ACT IV.

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### Scene II.

*Enter the Lady Sanspareille, and takes her place, her Father, and her Audience about her, being all Morall Philosophers.*

*when she had done her respects speaks.*

*Sansp.* By my fathers relation to me, I understand, that all this worthy Assembly, are students in morality, wherefore I shall treat this time of passions, wherein I make no question, being all sage, that you have not only learnt to distinguish them, but have practiced, how to temper, and govern them; but perchance you will say to your selves, what need she speak of that, which have been so often treated of, only to make repetitions of former Authors; but you all know without my telling you, that new applications may be made, on often preached Texts, and new arguments may be drawn from old principles, and new experiences may be learnt from former follies; but howsoever, my discourse shall not be very long, least tedious impertinencies should make it unpleasant to your eares, & cause too great a loss of time, to your better employments; but my discourse is, as I said on the passions, which I will first divide, as the Ancient Philosophers, into two, love, and hate. First, I will treat of pure love, which is self-love, for love to all other things is but the effects thereof. And is derived therefrom, self-love is the sole passion of the Soul, it is a passion pure in it self, being unmixt, although all other passions do attend it, this passion, called self-love, is the legitimated Child of Nature, being bred in infinite, and born in eternity; yet this passion of self-love, being the Mother of all other love is oftentimes mistaken for a fond, or a facile disposition, bred from a weak constitution of the body, or a strong, or rather extravagant appetite of the Senses; or from a gross constitution, or evill habit, or custome of life, or an ill example of breeding; but these Childish humours, facile, and easy dispositions, foolish and earnest desires, gross, and greedy appetites, Inconstant, and evill Natures, these are not pure love, as the effects of self-love, for it doth it self hurt; but they are the effects of the body, and not of the Soul, for some of them proceeds from a gross strength, of body, hot, and active spirits, others from a tenderness, and weakness of body, and faint spirits; but the true passions of love, which is self-love, but mistake me not, for when I say self-love, I mean all such love, as is appertaining

raining thereto, as love of honour, love of virtue, humane love, naturall love, pious love, Sympatheticall love, which are the true begotten Children of self-love: This love, hath no other object, but perfection, it hath an absolute command over life, it conquers death, and triumphs over torments, but every soul hath not this pure love, for there is a seeming self-love, and a reall self-love; but as I said, every soul hath it not, for it is with souls, and the passions therein, as with bodyes, and the sensuall life, some bodyes are more healthfull, and strong, others infirm and weak, some are fair, and well favoured, others foul and ill favoured, some are straight & well shapt, others crooked and deformed, some high, some low, some are of long life, others of short life, some lives have more actions than others, some more sensitive relishes, than others, some good Natures, some bad, and all of that sort of Animals, we call mankind, and as the body and sensitive Spirits, so for the Soul and rationall Spirits, for some hath (as I may say) more Soul than others, as some hath larger Souls than others, some purer than others, as being more Serene, & some hath more ingenuity, and understanding than others. So passions, although one and the same sorts of passion, yet in some Souls, they are more Serene, and elevated than others; but many times the pure passions of the Soul is so allyed, with the gross humours of the body, as they become base, and of no good use; but in the passion of pure love, for the most part, dwels naturally Melancholly: I mean, not that dry, cold, sharp humour, bred in the body, which makes it *Inspid*, inclosing the Soul, (as it were,) within Walls of stone, which causeth a dull, heavy, and stupid disposition, as it oppresseth, and lyes, like a heavy burthen on the Soul, hindering the active effects thereof; but this naturall Melancholly, dwelis not in every Soul, but onely in the noblest; for it is the noblest effect, of the noblest passion, in the noblest Soul. As for the passion of hate, it is not that lothing, or aversion, which is caused by a full, or sick Stomack, or surfettted Senses, or glutted Appetites, or cross humours, or an Antipathy of dispositions, or evill fortunes, or the like; but the true passion of hate, is, in the Soul, not bred in the body; yet hate is a bastard passion of self-love, begot by opposition, bred from corruption, and born with disturbance, this hate as it is derived, from the bowels, and loynes of self-love, so it pursues self-loves enemyes, which is suspect falshood, and neglect: With this passion of hate, anger is a great Companion; these two passions being seldome assunder; but anger is oftentimes mistaken, as all the rest of the passions are, but this passion of anger, is one of the useles passions of the Soul, and is so far from assisting fortitude, as many think it doth; as it is an opposite enemy to it, for it cannot suffer patiently, and oftentimes knows not what it Acts, or on what it Acts, or when it Acts; this passion is one of the furies of the Soul, which oftentimes deposes reason; but a Chollerick disposition, is sooner to be pardoned, and less to be feared, being bred in the body, and as the humour ebbes, and flowes, this disposition is less, or more. But to return to the two Principle passions, which is love, and hate; I will at this time simlize them, to two severall Kingdoms, or Regions, love being the largest, for it reaches to the shades of death, and strongest, for it can indure, and hold out the assaults of any torment, being intrenched with fidelity, fortified with constancy, imbatled with courage, victualled with patience, and armed, or manned with resolution; and were it not for the many labyrinths of fears, running in and out, with continuall doubts, wherein, the content of the mind, is oftentimes lost, otherwayes it would be as pleasant a Kingdome, as it is a strong one, having large prospects of honour, and Land

Skips of perfection; green Meddows of hopes, wherein grows sweet Prim-  
 roses of Joy, and clear springs of desires, runs in swift streams of industry, by  
 the banks of difficulty, besides this Kingdome is allwayes serene, for  
 the Sun of Fervency allwayes shines there: In this large Kingdome of  
 love, reigns naturall Melancolly, who is the Heroick Royallest, soberest,  
 and wisest Prince born, in the mind, he directs his Actions with pru-  
 dence, defends his Kindome with courage, indures misfortunes with  
 patience, moderates his desires with temperance, guides his Senses  
 with judgment, orders his Speech with Sence, and governs his thoughts with  
 reason, he is the commander of the Appetites; living in the Court of ima-  
 ginations, in the City of silences, in the Kingdome of love, in the little world  
 called Man; and the greatest favorite to this Prince, is wit, and the Muses,  
 are his Mistresses, to whom he applies his Courtship, recreating himself in  
 their delightfull Company, entertaining himself with Balls, Maskes, Pasto-  
 ralls, Comedyes, Tragedyes, and the like, presenting them in the Bowers of  
 fancy, built in the Gardens of Oratory, wherein growes flowers of Rhetorick;  
 but the greatest enemies to this Prince, is unseasonable mirth, which oftimes  
 disturbs his peace, by bringing in an Army of empty words, founding their  
 loud Trumpets of laughter, shooting of bald jests, beating the drums of idle-  
 ness, with the sticks of ridiculous Actions. But hate, although it be a King-  
 dome that is very strong, by reason it hath high mountainous designes, hard  
 Rocks of cruelties, deep pits of obscurity, many Quagmires of subtilty, by  
 which advantages, this Kingdome is inpregnable; yet the Kingdome of its  
 self is barren, and *Inspid*, bearing nothing but thorny Bushes, of mischief and  
 moss, of ill Nature, no noble thoughts, or worthy Actions, the climate is  
 various, for the Aire of the mind is gross, having thick mists of envy, which  
 caueth several sicknesses of discontent, other whiles it is very cold and sharp  
 with spight, other times it is sulphury hot, with malice, which flashes light-  
 ning of revenge, which in a thundery fury breaks out: In this Kingdome of  
 hate, reigns anger, who is a Tyrant, and strikes at every smale offence, and  
 many times on Innocence, and so unjust, as he seldome takes witnesses, pride,  
 and jealousy, are his favourites, which governs all with scorn, and executes  
 with fury; he imposes taxes of slander, and gathers levies of detracti-  
 on; exception is his secretary, to note both wordes and Actions, he accu-  
 seth the Senses with mistakes, and beheads the Appetites, on the Scaffold of  
 dislike; he strangles truth, with the Cords of Erronious opinions, and tor-  
 tures the thoughts one Wheels of foul suspicion, whipping imagination with  
 disgrace, he confounds the Speech with disordered hast, that neither Sence,  
 nor wordes, can take their right places; but anger dyes as most Tyrants  
 doth, being kild by repentance, and is buryed in salt teares; betwixt these  
 two Kingdoms of love, and hate, runs a salt Sea, of sorrow, which sometimes  
 breaks into the Kingdome of love, and sometimes into the Kingdome of  
 hate, from this Sea arises thick vapours of grief, which gathers into dark  
 Clouds of sadness, which Clouds dissolves into showring tears, or windy  
 sighs; but if this Sea be rough with the storms of misfortunes, or fomented  
 with the tempest of impatience, it makes a dolourous noise of complaints,  
 and laments, roleing with restless bellows of discontent, this in the King-  
 dome of love, but when this Sea breaks into the Kingdome of hate, it makes  
 a hideous noise, a roaring, with exclamations, and cursings. Also from this  
 Sea flowes four rivers, quite through these two Kingdoms; two through the  
 Kingdome of hate, and two through the Kingdome of love, those two  
 through

through the Kingdome of love, are pity, and compassion; which when they meet makes a full tide, of Charity, and overflows with bounty; but those that runs through the Kingdome of hate, are the two rivers, of fury, and despair, when these two rivers meet, they make a full tide of madness, and overflows with mischief; but fearing I should drown your patience with my overflowing discourse, I shall desist for this time.

*After a Civill respects*

*She goeth out.*

*And one of the Company after she was gone speaks thus.*

*My Lord Marques writ this following speech.*

Were all dead Moralls Writers, risen again, and their each several soule crüsh't into one, that Soule would languish, till it fled the earth, in deep despair, to see their gloryes last, and all their vaster writings, so dispis'd.

*Thus by the Musick of a Ladyes tongue,  
whose Cords, with wit, and judgment, is thus strung.*

*Ex.*

*Here ends my Lord Marques.*

*Scene 12.*

*Enter the Lady Innocence and Adviser, an old Man, of the Lord de l'Amours, as following the Lady Innocence.*

**A**dviser. Pray young Lady stay, and take good Counsel along with you.

*Lady Innocence.* Good Counsel is a guest I would willingly entertain, and be glad of his acquaintance, and endeavour, to make a perfect friendship with, and a constant Comparison.

*Adviser.* Then pray Madam have a care of the Lady *Incontinent*, for she is full of designs against you, as I perceive by what I hear her say to my Lord.

*Lady Innocence.* Your Lord is a person of so much worth, and merit, a he will not yield to plots of destruction, to destroy the Innocent, he hath more Charity to heal a wound, than cruelty to make one; his tender Nature, and compassionat disposition, will strive to dry wet eyes, not force dry eyes to weep.

*Adviser.* My Lord, Madam, is a generous, and noble Lord, but she is a dissembling crafty Lady, and knowes how to attract my Lord, and to win him, to be of her believe, and I give you warning as a faithfull Servant, both to my Lord and you.

*Lady Innocence.* I thank you friend, for your advertizing me of this Lady; but I shall trust my self to heavens protection, fortunes favour, and your Lords noble, and just Nature.

## Scene 13.

*Enter two Men.*

1. *Gentleman.* The Lady *Sanspareilles* wit, is as if it would over-power her brain.

2. *Gentleman.* O no, for her brain seems so well tempered; as if there were no conceptions, which springs therein, or propositions, or knowledge, presented thereunto; but it doth digest them with great ease, into a distinguishing understanding, otherwise she could not deliver her mind, and express her conceits, or opinions, with such method, and facility, as she doth.

1. *Gentleman.* She hath a Monstrous wit.

2. *Gentleman.* No, her wit is not a Monstrosity, but a generosity of Nature, it is Natures bounty to her.

1. *Gentleman.* Certainly, Nature was never so bountifull, to any of that Sex, as she hath been to her.

2. *Gentleman.* The truth is, she favours the Female Sex, for the most part, more than she doth the Masculine Sex; because she is of the Female kind herself.

1. *Gentleman.* Faith, I could wish that I never wisht before.

2. *Gentleman.* What wish is that?

1. *Gentleman.* Why, I wish, I were a Woman, but such a Woman as the Lady *Sanspareille*.

2. *Gentleman.* *Ovid* speaks of a Woman, that wisht her self a Man, and the Gods granted her wish; and she became a Man; but I never heard of a Man that was changed into a Woman.

1. *Gentleman.* That was, by reason they never wisht that change.

2. *Gentleman.* That is a sign they thought the change would be far the worse.

1. *Gentleman.* Indeed, generally it would be so.

2. *Gentleman.* Well, for thy sake, I wish thou hadst thy wish.

Ex.

## Scene 14.

*Enter the Lady Innocence, as musing by her self alone!**Then Enter her Maid Passive!*

*Passive.* My dear Mistriss, what makes you so studious, as you are become pale with musing?

*Lady Innocence.* The reason is, that my Soul is flown out of my body, with the wings of desire, to seek for love; and my thoughts laboriously wanders after it, leaving my Senses, to a soiltary life, and my life to a Melancholly musing.

*Passive.* Faith, I had rather be buried under the ruins of hate, than have a Melancholly life.

*Lady Innocence.* And I am Melancholly, for fear I should be so buried.

*Passive.* If you would have love, you must give love.

*Lady Innocence.* Indeed love is like a Coy-Duck, it goeth out to invite, or draw in others.

*Passive.* Nay faith, a Coy-Woman cannot do so, for the Coyer she is, the fewer Lovers she will have, for Coynes starves Lovers, wherefore, if you would not starve your beloved, you must be free, and twine about him, as the Ivy doth the Oke.

*Lady Innocence.* Modesty forbids it, but were it lawfull, and that it did not infringe the Lawes of modesty, I could hang about his neck, as the earth to the Center, but I had rather starve my delights, than do an Act immodest, or surfit his affection.

Ex.

## ACT V.

### Scene 15.

*Enter the Lady Sanspareille, and her father, with the Audience, she takes her place, and, after a Civill respects to the Company, speaks:*

*Sanspareille.* Noble Gentlemen, you are welcome, and, though I cannot promise to feast your Eares, with an eloquent Banquet; yet I hope it will prove so, as I hope it will not cause a dislike; for the severall dishes of my discourse shall neither be bitter with rayling, nor sharp with spite, nor salt brined with Satyr, nor luscious with flattery, and, though it may prove tasteless to the gusto of your humour, yet it will not be disagreeing to the stomach of your reason, nor dangerous to the life of your understanding; but, by reason this worthy Assembly is mixt, as Oratours, Poets, young Students, and Souldiers, it will be hard for me to divide my discourse so, as to give each Company a Civill entertainment, but howsoever my indeavour shall not be wanting; for that wit I have, I shall waite upon you, I shall first speak to the young Students, because youth, and learning, is the beginning of life, and knowledge, and young brains are like plain paper books, where time as a hand, experience as a pen, and practice as Ink, writes therein; and these books contains severall, and divers Chapters. The First, is of knowledge. The Second, and Third Chapters, are of memory and understanding; these Chapters are but short. The Fourth, and Fift Chapters, are conceptions and imaginations; this Chapter contains more than half the book. The Last Chapter, is remembrance, which is also a very long Chapter, and the variety of thoughts are the severall letters, in which these Chapters are writ, but they, are not all writ after one kind of writing, neither are they writ with one, and the same language; For knowledge is writ in great and plain letters, memory and understanding, in finer, and smaller letters; Conceptions, and Imaginations, after that manner of way, as like Hieroglyphiks, Remembrance is writ, as after the like way of Characters; Knowledge is writ, in the Originall Language

as



as we may liken to Hebrew; Memory and Understanding, are writ, in a language derived therefrom: Conception, and Imagination, are written in heathen Greek; Remembrance is writ in a mixt, or compounded language, like as English, but yet it is most like, that we call old English: But the most profitablest School is consideration; And the best Tutour is reason, and when the mind is distempered, or obstructed with Ignorance, education is the best Physick which purges it, cleanses and freeth it, from all gross, and foul, and filthy Errours; but the Educatours, which are the Physitians, should be well chosen; for the plain truth is, that youth should be taught by those that are grave, and sage, that they may learn experience by the Second hand, otherwayes Age only knows, but hath no time to practise in; but if that youth be taught good principles, their life growes high by Noble deeds, and broadly spreads with Honours, but when that youth have liberty to sport, and play, casting their learning time away, they grow like poisonous plants, or weeds, which makes their life swell big, with venomous passions, and dispositions, and burst with evill deeds; but youth, their understanding is like their years, and bodyes, little and weak, for the Soul is improved by the Senses, but Educatours, their Physitians presents to their Senses, the most wholesom, and nurishing meat; for, as the body is nurished and grows strong, by good digestion, so doth the Soul gain knowledge by information, but, if the food be unwholesom, or more than the Stomack be able to digest, or that the body is not fed sufficiently, the body becoms lean, weak, faint, and sick, so the Soul, or mind; If the senses be imperfect, or the objects more than can be well discust, or too many for the temper of the brain, or that the brain be too cold, or too hot, then the Soul or mind, like the body, decayes, for, like as the bodily senses, so the senses of the Soul decayes; for the understanding as the Spirits, grows faint; the judgment as the liver, wan, and weak, the memory as the eyes, grows dim and blind; the thoughts as the severall limbs, grows feeble and lazy; but some remedy is for those diseases; for speculative notes helps the dull memory, cordiall learning, the faint understanding, purging, and opening, experience, the wan and obstructed judgment, and necessity exercises the lazy thoughts; but if the brain be defective, or the Soul imperfect from the birth, there is no remedy, for then the reason proves a dwarf, and the understanding a fool; but if the Soul be perfect, and the brain well tempered, then the Soul is like the serene and azure Sky, wherein reason as the Sun, gives light to all the Animal World, where the thoughts, as severall Creatures, lives therein; some being bred in the deep, and restless Ocean, of Imagination, others, as from the fixt Earth of knowledge, springs; and, as the Gods governs the World, and the Creatures therein, so the Soul should govern the body, and the Appetites thereof; which governing, is to govern still to the best: As for the continuance of the World, so for the prolonging of the life of the body, which government I wish to the Soul of every young Student here. In the next place, I shall speak to Oratours, whose study, and practice is language, and language, although it is not born with man, yet it is bred with man, or in man, either by their education, or their own Invention; for, if language had a beginning, it was invented by the Creature, if no beginning, it was taught them by the Gods; for, though that Nature made such Organs, as was proper to exprefs language with, yet it seems as if she did not Creat language, as a principal work, but if she did, then Oratours tongues are Natures Musically instruments; but the best Musically Instruments were better to lye un-

plaid with, than to sound out of Tune, or to strike jarring discord, which displeaseth more than the harmony can delight, so likewise it were better not to speak, than to speak to no purpose, or to an evill design, but Oratory, or Rhetorick, is as all other Musick is, which lives more in sound than in substance, it charms the eare, but it cannot inchant the reason, it may enslave the passions, but not conquer the understanding, it may obstruct truth, and abuse virtue, but it can neither destroy the one, nor corrupt the other, it can flatter up hopes, and raise up doubts, but it cannot delude experience, it can make factions, and raise tumults; but seldom rectify disorders; for it is to be observed, that in those States, or Nations, where Oratory, and Rhetorick flourisheth most, the Common-wealth is for the most part distempered, and Justice looses her seat, and many times the State looses its former Government, Customs and Lawes, witness the Romans, Athens, and Lacedemonians, and others, that were ruined by their flourishing Rhetorick, and factious Oratory; but it is thought that the flowers of Rhetorick is much vaded since the time of the Athens, through the whole World, and that the lively Cullours are quite lost, if it be so, then surely the defect is much in the first education, of Children; for in Infancy is a time, these should take a good print, but their Nurfes is their Grammar, and her tongue is their first Tutour, which most commonly learns them the worst parts of Speech, which parts are Eight; as impertinent questions, cross answers, broken relations, false reports, rude speeches, mistaking words, misplacing words, new words of their own making without a signification; Wherefore, parents that would bring up their Children elegantly, and eloquently, they must have a learned Grammar, and a wise Tutour at the first, to teach them, for the mouth as the Press, Prints the breath as the paper, with words, as the Ink, and reason, and sense, bindes them up into a book, or vollume of discourses; but certainly the Oratours of this Age for eloquence, and elegancy, comes not short of the eloquent Oratours of Athens, or any other State, they only use it to better designs, than to make Warrs on their Neighbours, to banish their Citizens, or those that ought to be rewarded, to alter their Government, and ruine their state; no worthy Oratours, you use your eloquence for peace, love, and unity, and not for faction War and ruine; for which, may the Gods of eloquence assist you. But there is two sorts of Oratours, the one bred up in Schools of Art, to rules forms and tenes, the other is bred up in the School of Nature, which only observes her rules, and studies her works; for though all Oratours are not Poets, yet all Poets are naturall Oratours, and hath a naturall, eloquent, and elegant, and easy expression, for, if a man should have a Poeticall brain, if he had not a full expression to deliver his conceits, they would be as if they were not, for, as their may be several fancies, and conceits, raised from one object or subject, so there requires several significant words, to express them; for, as time is the markes of eternity, so words are the markes of things, but indeed Poets hath a harder task than Oratours, for Oratours builds their discourse upon solid grounds, when Poets builds their discourse upon airy foundations, but the two principles of Poetry, is simlizing, and distinguishing, which are fancy, and judgment, and some Poets brains are so happy, that as soon as they have bre, or created any fancy, the tongue is ready to deliver them; but some brains are a long time in breeding, and some fancies puts the brain into great pains, and hot, and painfull throwes, and some tongues as ill Midwives, strangles strong fancies in the birth, but a

volable tongue, is like an expert, and understanding Midwife, which makes easy, safe, and quick dispatch, for wit and judgment, are both the Children of the brain, begot by Nature; being both Twin Sisters, and so Ingenious, and Inventive they are, that they build their arguments so curiously, and compile the sense into so small a compass, that there is no waste room, nor superfluous wordes, nor painted phraises, nor useles parentheses, nor obstructed Sentences; for they build with phancy, and compile with simlizing cut, and carved, with Allegoryes, polisht with numbers, and oftimes adorned with Rhime, the persons to which wit, and judgment, the Children of Nature are placed, as Sojourners, or Boorders, are Poets, who are Natures favourites, and for the education of her Children, she rewards them, by enriching their mindes, though not their purses; for she leaves that to Fortune, but Fortune through Envy to Nature, is seldome their friend: Also Nature, gives her Favourite Poets delights; for Poets takes more delight, and pleasure in their own thoughts and conceptions, than an absolute Monarch in his power and Supremacy; for like as Birds, that hops from Bough to Bough, whereon they sit and sing, so Poets thoughts moves, from Theam, to Theam, making sweet Melody; and as Hens broods Chickens, which Chickens, are not hacht, untill they have strength to pick a passage through their shels, with their Bills, and when they are fledg'd, flies from their Nest on a high perching branch, so the brain layes Imaginations, and broods fancies, and the tongue as a Bil, picks a passage through the lips, and being feathered with words, winged with verse, flies up even with numbers, to fames high Tower; but the Muses the Handmaid's to Nature, doth as all other Maidens, loves the Courtship of the Masculine Sex, which is the cause, or reason they seldome visit their own Sex, but passes their time in the Company, and Conversation of men; by some men, they are only admired, and loved, by others, they are sued to, and enjoyed, which happy Suters, are Poets; but the Muses, as all other Femals takes a delight to enjoy their Lovers alone, that makes them seperate themselves from other Company; and Poets as all Lovers, doth love solitude: wherefore, Poets the lovers of the Muses, and the Muses lovers of the Poets, oftimes chooseth a soletary life, as being a Paradise, for Innocent delight, wherein the Senses lyes on soft banks of repose, the whilst the mind with a sober, and serious peace, walkes in the silent shades of contemplation, shunning the hot and burning Sun of high ambition, and there the active thoughts; the Children of the mind, in harmless sports, doth with the Muses play, and on their heads Garlands of Phancy wear, made all of Rhetoricks choisest flowers, whose Cullours fresh and gay, thus are the thoughts adorned and deckt, as the fair Month of *May*; about this paradise, which paradise is a soletary life, the calm smooth River of safety flowes, which Winds, or Circles in the life, from suffering, or acting injury, or wrong: And from this River of safety, runs many streams of pleasures, wherein the mind refreshing Bathes, secure and free, no false witness to accuse their Innocency; no tempestuous storms, nor dreadfull Thunders hard, nor flashing lightning there appears, all is their Serene and clear, unless sometimes thin Clouds of Melancholly falls in fresh showring tears, or from the heart ariseth some gentle sighs, which breathing out Fans, like to *Zephyrus* Winds; and in this solitary life. Trees doth grow, Peace, Rest, and Silence, are they named, the fruits they bare, is plenty, ease, and quiet.

*On which the mind deliciously doth feed,  
 Whose luscious Juice, tranquillity as fat doth breed;  
 Reason the Nerves, and Grissels of the mind,  
 Grows strong, and cures the understanding blind;  
 Ther's none but Fools, this happy life would shun,  
 Such as would seek in rugged wayes to run:  
 O Fools! O Fools! to love their torments so,  
 That they will rather choose to hell, than Heaven go.*

But there is no man can enjoy this Worldly Paradise, without a defence; for none can live in peace, that is not prepared as ready for War, for both the Theologicall, Civill, Common, and Accustomary Lawes, are protected by the Marshall Law, and the Marshall Power, is the Supream Authority, placing, and displacing, and is the Monarchicall Power, that doth not only protect all other Lawes, but commands them with threats, and is obeyed with Terrour and fear, honoured for the fame, and hated for the Tyranny; but Souldiery is a painfull, carefull, and dangerous, although noble profession, but as I said, tis one of the safest, and securest protections; for it is protection to the weak, and infirm, to the decreped, and aged, to the shiftless youth, and to the faint, fearfull, and tender effeminate Sex, it is a gard unto the Ashes of the dead, to the Monuments of the Meritorious, and to the Temples of the Gods. And were it not for Marshall-Discipline, their could be no peace kept, truth and right would be torn from the Owners, Justice would be pulled out of her Seat, Monarchy thrown out of his Throne, and though a Souldier may loose his life sooner than Nature did ordain; yet in recompence, honour buryes him, and fame builds him a glorious Monument, over his sleeping Ashes; but by reason that fame is a Souldiers chief reward, I ought not to pass it by, without mentioning it; As for fame, it is a second life, and as I may say, the Soul of merit; but there is a difference, betwixt the Records of time, Fame, and Infamy; for there are many things, that are writ in the Records of time, that is, neither in Fames Tower, nor Infamies Dungeon, that which is writ in the Records of time, is strange accidents, unlucky chances; unusuall Objects, unexpected preferments, or advancements, by Fortunes favour, or partiall affections, also great ruines, losses, and crosses; also Plagues, Dearths, Famines, Warres, Earthquakes, Meteors, Comets, unusuall Seasons, extraordinary Storms, Tempests, Floods, Fires, likewise great strength, very old Age, Beauty, deformities, unnaturall Births, Monsters; and such like, which time Records: But Fame is the Goddess, of eminent, and Meritorious Actions, and her Pallace is the Heaven, where the renowns which are the Souls of such Actions, lives; I say Eminent, and Meritorious Actions; for all Meritorious Actions, are not Eminent, but those that transcends an usuall degree, as extraordinary valour, Patience, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Constancie, Gratitude, Generosity, Magnanimity, Industry, Fidelity, Loyalty, Piety, also extraordinary Wisdome, Wit, Ingeniities, Speculations, Conceptions, Learning, Oratory, and the like; but it is not sufficient to be barely indued with those virtues, and qualities, but these virtues, and qualities, must be elevated, beyond an ordinary degree, in so much as to produce some extraordinary Actions, so as to be Eminent; for Fame dwells high, and nothing reaches her, but what is Transcendent, either in worth, or power; for it is to be observed, that none but Joves Mansion is

purely free, from deceit, and corruptions, for Nature is artified, and fame is often forced by fortune, and conquering power, and sometimes bribed by flattery, and partiality, and in Times Records their is more false reports than true, and in Infamous Dungeon, which is deep, although not dark, being enlightened by the eye of knowledge, and the lamp of Memory, or Remembrance, which divulges, and shewes to several, and after Ages, the evill deeds which lyes therein, as Thefts, Murther, Adultery, sacriledg, Injustice, evill Government, foolish Counsell; Tyranny, Usurpation, Rapine, Extortion, Treason, broken promises, Treachery, Ingratitude, Cosening, Cheating, Sherking, Lying, Deluding, Defrauding, factions, Disobedience, Follies, Errours Vices, Fools, Whores, Knaves, Sicophants, Sloth, Idleness, Injury, Wrong, and many Hundreds the like; yet many Innocent virtues, and well deserving deeds, at least good Intentions, lyes in the Dungeon of Infamy, cast therein by false constructions, evill Events, Malice, Envy, Spight, and the like; sometimes some gets out by the help of right interpretation, friendly assistance, or eloquent pleading; but yet these are very seldome, by reason the Dungeon is so deep, that it almost requires a supernaturall strength, to pull out any dead therein, for therein, they are oftner buried in Oblivion, than translated by pleading; but as I said, many Innocents are unjustly cast into Infamies Dungeon, and lyes for ever therein, and many a false report is writ in times Records, and never blotted thereout: And many vain, and unworthy Actions, fained virtues, and vitious qualities, hath got not only into Fames Pallace, but are placed high in Fames Tower; and good succesles, although from evill designs, and wicked deeds, doth many times usurp, the most cheifest, and highest places, as to be set upon the Pinnacle, for fortune conquering, power and partiality, forceth, carries, and throwes more into fames Pallace, than honest Industry, leads, or merit advances therein, or unto which is unjust, yet not to be avoided; for Fortune, and victory, are powerfull, and so powerfull, as many times they tred down the Meritorious, and upon those pure footstool, they raise up the unworthy and base; thus fames base Born, thrust out the Legitimat heirs, and usurpe the Right, and Lawfull Inheritance, of the Right owners of fames Pallace: Wherefore worthy Heroicks, you cannot enjoy fame, when you will, nor make her sound out so loud, as you would, nor so long as you would, nor where you would have her, unless you force her, which is only to be done by the assistance of time, the providence of forecast, the diligence of prudence, the Ingenuity of Industry, the direction of opportunity, the strength of Power, the agility of Action, the probability of opinion, the verity of truth, the favour of Fortune, the esteem of Affection, the gifts of Nature, and the breeding of education; besides that, fame is of several humours, or Natures, and her Pallace stands on several soyles, and her Trumpet sounds out several Notes, Aires, Strains, or Dittees; for some Aires, or Strains, are pleasant, and chearfull, others sad and Melancholly; and sometimes she sounds Marches of War, some to Charge, some to Retreat; sometimes her Pallace stands on Rocks of adversity, other times on the flat soyles of prosperity, sometimes in the Sun shine of plenty, other times in the shade of poverty, sometimes in the flowery Gardens of peace, other times in the bloody fields of War; but this is to be observed, that fame at all times sounds out a Souldiers Renown louder than any others; for the sound of Heroick Actions spreads furthest, yet the renown of Poets sounds sweetest; for fame takes a delight to sound strains of wit, and Aires of Fancies, and time takes pleasure to record them; but worthy Heroicks, give

me leave to tell you, that if time and occasion doth not fit, or meet your Noble ambitions; you must fashion your Noble ambitions to the times, and take those opportunities that are offered you; for if you should slip the season of opportunity, wherein you should see the seeds of Industry, you will loose the harvest of Honourable deeds, so may starve, wanting the bread of report, which should feed the life of applause; but noble Heroicks, when you adventure, or set forth, for the purchase of Honour, you must be armed with fortitude, and march along with prudence, in an united body of patience, than pitch in the field of fidelity, and fight with the Sword of Justice, to maintain the cause of right, and to keep the priviledges of truth, for which, you will be intailed the Heirs, and Sons of fame; and my wishes and Prayers shall be, that you may be all Crowned with Lawrell.

*After she had made her respects.*

*She goeth out.*

*My Lord Marques, writ these following Speeches.*

*A Souldier.* Silence all thundring Drums, and Trumpets loud, with glistering Arms, bright Swords, and waving Plumes.

*And the feared Cannon powdered, shall no more;  
Force the thin Aire with horrour for to roare;  
Nor the proud Steeds; with hollow hoofes to beat  
The humble Earth, till Ecchoes it repeat,*

*This Lady makes Greek Tactics to look pale,  
And Casars Comentaries blush for shame.  
The Amazonian Dames, shakes at her Name.*

*Poets.* The Lady Muses are deposed, unthroned from their high Palace, of Parnassus-Hill.

*where she in glory, with Poetick flames, there sit,  
In Triumph, Emperess of wits;  
where her bright beams, our Poets doth inspire,  
As humble Mortalls, from her gentle fire:  
She is the only Muses, gives Phancy store,  
Else, all our Poets, they could write no more.*

*Oratour,* Were the oyled tongue of Tully now alive, and all the rest of glibed tongued Oratours, with their best arguments, to force a truth, or else with subtilty of flight to avoid it; those tongues with trembling Palfies, would be all struck dumb, with wonder and amazement, to hear truth Cloathed so gently, as to move all Oratours, their passions into love, admired Virgin.

*Then all the Auditory goeth out.*

*Here ends my Lord Marques.*

THE SECOND PART OF  
Youths Glory, and Deaths Banquet.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter the Lord de l'Amour, and the Lady Innocence; the Lord de l'Amour seems to appear angry.*



*Lady Innocence.* My Lord, what makes you frown on me; surely I never willingly offended you?

*Lord de l'Amour.* But the report I hear of you offends me.

*Lady Innocence.* I hope my behaviour is not lyable to any asperſion or evil cenſure; for, as you have uſed me civilly, ſo I have behaved my ſelf modestly.

*Lord de l'Amour.* I perceive you are a ſubtil inſinuating young Lady.

*Lady Innocence.* Think me not ſubtil, for being ſo bred as not to ſlight your Love; nor ſo uncivil, as to ſcorn your noble favours; but ſtrive to merit your worthy affections; but if I have erred in my endeavours, pray pardon me, and if you pleaſe to tell me my error, I ſhall rectify it.

*Lord de l'Amour.* I hear you will ſpeak more lyes, than tell truths.

*Lady Innocence.* Truly I am too ſtrict a Votary to truth to tell a lye.

*Lord de l'Amour.* I ſhould be glad you were vowed one of her Order.

*Lady Innocence.* I am ſo, and have taken the habit of ſincerity upon me.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Tell me truly, do you never uſe to lye?

*Lady Innocence.* If you have opinion that I never, or ſeldome, ſpeak truth, let me ſay what I will, you will ſtill believe it is a lye; but truly, I did never tell a lye as I do know of, but did alwayes ſpeak truth.

*Lord de l'Amour.* I hear to my great grief you have many faults, pray mend them.

*Lady Innocence.* I am ſory there are ſo many ill reports, or rather aſperſions laid on me as to grieve you; but ſurely, youth cannot commit many faults; but Age, that hath had time to commit faults in; but if you can believe my faults ſurmounds not all accounts: I ſhall deſire to know them.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Examine yourſelf, and you will find them.

*Lady Innocence.* I ſhall call a particular Council, and make a General ſearch, and what thoughts, words, or actions, I can find guilty, or prove Criminal, I ſhall condemn, and ſacrifice them on the Altar of Repentance, and crave mercy and forgivenes.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Pray do ſo.

*Ex.*

*Lady Innocence alone.*

'Tis strange his humour should be so suddenly changed, from loving professions, kind expressions, and pleasing smiles, to sharp words, and angry frowns; and that he should seem to love me as much as he did, & now, to believe me so little, as it seems he doth, I hope it is only the superfluties of his affections, that runs into the indiscretion of jealousy.

Ex.

*Enter Sanspareile and her Audience. As soon as she hath taken her standing place,*

*A Messenger Enters.*

*Messenger.* The Queen of Attention is come to be one of your Audience.

*The Company makes a bustle.*

*Enter the Queen of Attention, and her Train.*

*Sir Thomas Father Love kneels down, and kisses her hand.*

*Queen.* I am come to hear, and see your Daughter, whom fame reports to be the wonder of this Age.

*Father.* It had been more proper, and fit, for my Daughter to have waited at your Court-Gates, untill your Majesty had comanded her into your presence, than for your Majesty to come hither, to hear, and see her; but she being a plain bred girl, durst not be so bold.

*Queen.* If your Daughters wit be answerable to her beauty, she is a wonder indeed.

*Sanspareile comes off from the place where she stands, and makes 3. Obeysances, and coming near kneels down, and kisses the Queens hand.*

*Lady Sanspareile.* Madam, this gracious honour, and honourable grace, is beyond the management of my young years; the evill of my weak confidence, and the compats of my little wit, and my obscure breeding, hath made me so Ignorant, that I know not in what manner I should behave; or address my self towards your Majesty; but if I commit faults in misbehaviour, pray impute it to my ignorant youth, and not to disobedience.

*Queen.* I see nothing yet in your behaviour, but that you may be not only a pattern for young, but also for grave Age, to take example from.

*Sanspareile.* Madam, the generosity of your Majesties Nature, the Magnificence of your Majesties mind, and the Charity of your Majesties disposition, gives an overflowing commendation, like to the goodness of the Gods, that gives more to the Creature, than the Creature can deserve.

*Queen.* Let me tell you young Lady, your speeches are as pleasing to the care, as your beauty is delightfull to the eye.

*Sanspareile.* Your Majesty is like a Deity, can turn or translate words, like poor Mortals, into a glorified sence, like as into a glorified body.

*Queen.*



*Queen.* Sir Thomas Father Love, if your Daughter speak at all times, and always so eloquently, I should not wonder you let her speak in publick.

*Father,* I beseech your Majesty, that you will rather judge me an over fond Father, which is natural, than a vain opiniatour, in that I give her liberty to speak in publick.

*Queen.* If it were a vanity, it might be well forgiven; but pray let me hear her speak.

*Sanspareile makes three obeysances as she steps back from the Queen to her standing-place, and then ascends.*

*Sanspareile.* Great Queen! I, nor no other, should offer, or dare to speak before, or to such Supreme persons as your Majesty, without a fore premeditation; for the words and behaviours of speakers should be fitted to the degrees and qualities, Powers, Offices, and Authorities, of the Auditory; But your Majesties commands makes that an obedient duty, that would otherwayes be a presumption; wherefore, on the ground of duty I speak at this time before your Majesty; but the Royalty of your person, the brightnesse of your beauty, the fame of your vertues, and the glorious splendour of your Majestical Grandeur hath so amazed me, that my understanding is as it were blind, which will cause my tongue to stagger, and my words to run stumbling out of my mouth; but I hope your Justice will pardon them; For, as Divine Justice belongs to the Gods, moral Justice to Nature; so humane Justice to Monarchical Princes, which justice is weighed and measured out according to merit, or desert, be they good or bad; For which Justice Gods and Princes are both feared and loved; and Justice is the chief Pillar or upholder of Monarchical States and Common-wealths; for without Justice there can be no Government, and without Government there can be no Rule, and without Rule there can be no peace, and where peace is not, there will be warrs and, warrs causeth ruine and destruction; But for the most part, those Kingdomes that have arrived to the height of Glory, declines or falls to ruine: The reason is, that a low condition is necessitated, and weak; wherefore they seek for help to strengthen themselves, which makes or rather forces every particular person to associate, & unite either by Laws or Covenants, to which they submit and obey: But when a Kingdom is in a Glorious condition, and is full of prosperity, every particular Citizen or man thinks he can stand upon his own foundation, flinging off their supporters, which is Duty, and obedience, which makes them fall to ruine; For when men comes to that height of pride, caused by prosperity, that they all strive to be Superiours, and Commanders; they become Factionous and mutinous against the Magistrates, Rulers, or Governours; which Factions begets warrs, either by calling in Forriegers, or by making, or siding into parties amongst themselves; for it is to be observed, that States, or Monarchies do oftner fall by the pride and Factions of the Commons, or Subjects, than by the Tyranny of the Rulers or Governours; But it is the nature of the vulgar sort of man-kind, to be the most basest, fearfulest & dejected Creatures in adversity, that Nature hath made, and in prosperity to be the proudest, insultingest and imperious and cruelest of all Creatures. But Kings and Royal Princes should do as Gods, which is to keep their Subjects in aw, with the Superstitious fear of Ceremonies; wherefore Princes should do no actions, no, nor the meanest, without Ceremony to astonish the vulgar; for Ceremonies be-

gets fear, fear begets Superstition, Superstition Reverence, Reverence Obedience, Obedience brings Peace, Peace brings Tranquility; But where Ceremonie is not used, the Gods are neglected, and Princes despised; for Ceremonie is the Throne on which Gods and Princes sit on, which being pulled away, they fall from their Glory; for Ceremonie is the Royal Crown which makes them Majestical, it is the Scepter by which they rule, it is the Altar at which all the Subjects kneel, do bow, and they offer up there their natural free liberty.

But most glorious Princess, you and your Subjects are like the Sun, and the rest of the Planets, moving perpetually, keeping their proper Sphere, they moving in civiler loyalty about you, to receive the light of your Authority, and you move in them as the just center, spreading your glorious beams round about the Circumference of your Dominions, and in the light of your commands they see their duty: And your Laws are like the fixed Starrs, which twinkling move in the night of great offences, and doth assist the innocent with sparkling light. And your Majesty governs like the Gods, your wisdom by your Works is known, and by your Wisdom is your Power Immenfe.

*So doing her respects, comes off from her standing, and with three Reverences comes to the Queen.*

*Queen.* Young Lady let me tell you, that you are fit to be a Governesse, (although you be very Young) that can speak so well of Government.

*Sanspareile.* 'Tis happier for me to be a Subject to so gracious a Sovereign, than if I were to govern a people myself.

*Ex.*

*Scene 2.*

*Enter the Lady Innocence, and her Maid.*

*Passive.* Madam, you retire your self more to solitary than you were used to do.

*Lady Innocence.* Because I find the world not only more foolish, but more wicked than I thought it was, but who would endure the world, or the worlds folly, since solitarinesse is sweet and melancholly?

*Passive.* The truth is, that words pleaseth the world more than reason; and vice is exercised more than vertue.

*Lady Innocence.* You say right, for words takes the world of man-kind by the ears, drawing them about even where they please; when reason is not heard, also vice will be imbraced, and vertue kickt away; thus words and vice will get a room, both in the head and heart, when reason and vertue are barr'd out, but if perchance they are crowd'd in, they are straight thrown out as unfit guests, or troublesome intruders.

*Passive.* But Madam, let me advise you from so much solitude, for obscurity shadows vertue, and buries beauty.

*Lady Innocence.* And Solitude doth hide defects, as well as Excellencies.

*Passive.*

*Passive.* But you have no defects to hide.

*Lady Innocence.* Nor Excellencies to divulge.

Enter the Lady Innocence, the Lord de l'Amour

*Ex. Passive.*

*Lord de l'Amour.* Tis strange you can be so crafty in dissembling, and yet so young; for you appear to me to be innocently modest, and of a bashfull Nature, and yet it is told me you are so impudently bold, speaking so wantonly, as it is a shame to Nature, which makes me fear you will prove dishonest.

*Lady Innocence.* Perchance I might learn modest words, but not the signification; yet surely I never spake such words. I understood not, nor have I many speaking faults to accuse me.

*Lord de l'Amour.* I am told you speak so knowingly of marriage, as if you were a mother of many children.

*Lady Innocence.* The mystery of marriage I neither know, nor guesse at, neither do I know how children are bred or born.

*Lord de l'Amour.* If you be so ignorant, you may loose your Virginitie for want of knowledge and wit to keep it.

*Lady Innocence.* I have been taught, none can be devirginated that suffers not immodest actions, if so. I am a pure Virgin, and my thoughts are so innocent, and my life so honest, as I wish the Chambers of my mind or soul, (which is the brain and the heart) were set open to your view; there should you see the pictures in the one, and read the letters in the other, for truth records all in the heart, and memory pencils all that the imaginations or Senses brings into the brain.

*Lord de l'Amour.* I cannot but believe what is so confidently reported; but your words are such charms, as they inchant my angry passions, and makes my will a prisoner.

*Lady Innocence.* Let reason, as a Knight of Chevalry, and truth as his Esquire, set him free, and open the gates of understanding, then you might see vertue cloathed with white Innocency, and truth free from the bonds of falshood.

*Lord de l'Amour.* So you were as wise as witty.

*Lady Innocence.* Wisdome is built upon the Foundation of Experience; wherefore none can be wise but those that are old; but though I am too young to be wise, yet not to be vertuously honest.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Pray Heaven you prove so.

*Ex.*

*Lady Innocency alone.*

Heaven blesse my innocency from Thieves of Slander, that strives to steal away my honest Fame.

*Scene 3.**Enter two Men, or Scholars.*

1 **G**entleman. This Lady *Sanspareile* hath strange spreading wit, for she can plead causes at the Bar, decide causes in the Court of Judicature, make Orations on publick Theaters; act parts, and speak speeches on the Stage, argue in the Schooles, preach in the Pulpits, either in Theology, Philosophy, moral and natural, and also phisick and Metaphysick.

2. *Gent.* The truth is, she is ushered by the Muses, led by the Sciences, and attended by the Arts.

*Enter the Lady Innocence, alone.*

*Lady Innocence.* I do perceive my shiftlesse youth is round beset with enemies.

*Suspitions round about me placed,  
With standring words my fame disgraced:  
My innocency, as craft is thought,  
My harmlesse life to ruine brought;  
Who will adore the Gods, if they  
Vice, & vertue, in one ballance laye*

**ACT II.***Scene 5.*

*Enter the Lady Sanspareile, all in white Satin, like as a Bride,  
and her Father and her audience, which are all Lo-  
vers; these stand gazing upon her.*

**S**anspareile. This Noble assembly may chance to think it a vanity in me, never to receive any particular visit or adresse from any particular, or single person, but I do so, by reason life is lost in particular acquaintance, as small Rivers are in running through the earth. But in the publick, life swims as in a full Sea, having a fair gale of observation, and Sailes of opportune time to swim withall, marking the Card of actions, and the Needle of dispositions drawn

drawn or turned by the Loadstone of affection, to the North-pole of Experience, to guide me safe from the Rocks of slander, and quick-sands of scandal, till I come to the Port of death, there to unload my Lifes Merchandise; and I hope my Voyage may be so prosperous, as I may be enriched with the praises of After-Ages.

Likewise, the reason why I choose to speak in publick, is, that I would not speak idely, for in publick I shall take care of what I speak, and to whom I speak, when in private visitations to single persons, my speech may be carelesse with negligence, in which I may throw away my time with my words; For, to speak to no purpose, is to make words useles, and words is the marks to distinguish things, and Figures to number merits with, and Notes to record the noble Acts of men.

But at this time I am to speak by my Fathers command, upon a Subject, which my contéplation hath no acquaintance with, which is marriage, and I hear by my Father, that you have all treated with him, or rather intreated him to bestow me in marriage, which is to make me unhappy, not but that I believe what I hear, which is, that you are all persons of Quality, Birth, Breeding, and Merit, far beyond my desert, yet with the best, if any best there be, being all worthy; yet were I a wife to any one, I might be unhappy, by reason marriage is an incumbered life, although the Husband and the Wife were fitly matcht for years, Births, Fortunes, Dispositions, Humours, Capacities, Wits, Conversations, Constancies, Vertues, and affections; and first, by your leave, I will discourse of mens marriage, by reason Man being accounted the Supremé Creature, and alwayes bearing Rule, he shall be first placed. As for marriage, to men it is a great hinderance to a speculative life, it cuts off Phancies Wings, and quenches out the Poetical Fire, it breaks the Engine of invention, disturbs sweet contéplation, corrupts honest Counsels, obstructs all Heroick actions, obscures fame, and often times causes infamy by the wifes inconstancies, and many times by her indiscretion; for a man is dishonoured if his wife is but thought wanton, or but inclining to be amorous, and though she be as sober in her Nature, and as constant as any woman can be, yet the very suspition is a disgrace, and if the suspition is a disgrace, what is a visible truth? His very Neighbours makes Horns as he passeth by their doors, whilst he sadly and shamefully hangs down his head with a dejected countenance, which makes him seem a Coward and a Fool, although it be unjust that the faults of the wife should be a blemish to the Husbonds honour; yet so it is, this being the greatest cause why Husbonds are jealous, which jealousy is more for their Honours sake, than for their Wives affections; thus you see how dangerous a thing it is for man to marry, who must trust his honour to the management of a Foolish Woman, and women naturally like children, inconstant, unlesse education doth rectifie their frail natures, peevish humours, various appetites, and inconstant affection: Likewise marriage is not only apt to corrupt the mind with jealousy, but with Covetousnesse; for the extreme fondnesse and natural love of Parents to their Children, makes them strive by all their endeavours to enrich them; this makes them gorge their Tennants, pinch and half starve their seryants, quarrel and dispute with their neighbours, corrupt Judges take Bribes, besides it makes men apt to rebell, and turn Traitorus, murmuring at their Taxes and impositions, it also makes them timorous and fearful in warrs, by reason their wife and children may be ruined by their death. Also it makes them dull in their Con-

versations, by reason they are alwayes plodding for their worldly affairs; and for the Muses, had a husband time to entertain them, yet the wife would right them, or drive them from him, with their quarreling disputes, or fencelesse prizes; besides most women are as jealous of the Muses, as of their Maids; but to treat or discourse of married women, is to discourse of a most unhappy life, for all the time of their lives is insnared with troubles, what in breeding and bearing children, what in taking and turning away Servants, directing and ordering their Family, counting their expences, and disbursing their revenues, besides the vexations with their servants, for their quarreling and combining, for their sloth and sluttishness, for their spoiles and carelesse, for their treachery and couzenage; and if they have Children, what troubles and griefs do nsue? Troubled with their frowardnesse and untowardnesse, the care for their well being, the fear for their ill doing, their grief for their sicknesse, and their unsufferable sorrow for their death; Yet this is the best part, and not to be avoided: But if these troubles be joynd with an ill Husband, it heightens their torments; for if he be a Drunkard, she had better be marryed to a Beast, her nostrils is stench with the Lees of wine, her eyes are offended with his rude behaviour, and her ears are struck with a cursed noise of cursing and Oaths; and if he be a Gamester, she lives in an unsettled condition, she knows not how soon she may want; for if she have plenty one day, she may be in a condition to beg the next. And if her Husband be inconstant, and loves variety of women: O how jealousie torments her, besides the wrongs she suffers from him! what affronts she receives from his Mistresse! How is she despised amongst her neighbours? slighted by her servant; suspected by the world for having some defect? as either to be incontinent, sluttish, foolish, froward, cross, unkind, ill natured, sickly, or diseased, when perchance the woman may be worthy to be matcht with a temperate, wise, valiant, honest, rich and honourable man; and if women go fine, and take pleasure in themselves, and Garments, their Husbands are jealous; and if they regard not themselves or Garments, their Husbands dislikes them; For though men will swear to their wives they like them better in their old cloaths, than other women in their glorious Apparrel; because they would not have them expensive, yet if their wives neglect themselves, regarding not their dressing, but slight all outward Adornments, and change of Garments as prodigal spend-thrifts, they starve their Husbands esteem in their thrifty plainness; Consumes their affections in their peiced Petticoates, and buries their Husbands love in their dirty raggs; And from the Dunghill of dirty raggs, and grave of foul Linnen, is their Husbands transformed to beastly Adulteries, stealing by degrees out of one Form into another; as from a doting Husband, to a fond Husband, from a fond to a discreet Husband, from a discreet, to a careful Husband, from a careful, to a carelesse, from a carelesse, to a disliking, from a disliking, to a hating, and then they begin to wander; As first, an eye glances, from an eye glance, to an admirer; from an admirer, to a professour, from a professour, to a dissembler; from a dissembler, to an Adulterer; then for the dresses and garments of his Mistresse, First, from clean, to new; from new, to fine; from fine, to brave; from brave, to glorious; from glorious to fantastical; from fantastical to profusely various from profusely, various to any dirty Slut. - But his wife (on the other side, if his wife desires) appears handsome, and practises civil behaviour, and endeavours to be fine, takes care to be cleanly, observes to be fashionable, her

Huf-

Husband straight becomes jealous, although she doth this for his sake, and to keep his affection, yet he thinks it is for the affection and sake of some other man, which causeth private discontents; from private discontents to quarreling disputes; from quarreling disputes, to publick exclamations, from publick exclamations, to open defiance; from open defiance, to devorcement; and though I cannot say this by, or from experience, having it only from relation, yet I do as faithfully believe it, as if I were experienced therein: On which faith, I made a vow never to marry, since I hear men are so hard to please, and apt to change; wherefore if I were married, instead of discoursing of several arguments, I should be groaning and sighing, and weeping, with several pains and vexations; and instead of a silent solitary contemplation, a clamorous quarrelsome conversation; instead of a peaceable life, I should be alwayes in civil wars; and instead of being happy, I should be miserable; for marriage is like a ship, which always lyes on the roughest Bilows of the Sea, rouling from side to side with discontents, sailing uncertainly, with inconstancy, and various winds. But noble, civil, kind and affectionate Gentlemen, as I have told you, I have made a vow never to marry, and surely marriage is not so happy an estate, or so pleasing a condition of life, as to perswade me to break my vow, neither can flattering Rhetorick, nor inticing beauty, nor adoring, admiring, deploring, praying, weeping *Suters* perswade me; no, not a bleeding Suter, were I sure he would dye, did he not enjoy me; for I will never be so dishonourable, perjurious, and impious, to break the holy Laws, and pull the Virgin Altars down, built in the conscience, on which are vows offered to Gods on high: Should I blow out that with faint inconstancy, that pure bright Vestal Fire of innocency, from whence the Essence of chaste thoughts ascends to Heaven high; But rather than I would break my vow, I with my ears as deaf as death, that hears no flattering sounds, nor sad complaints, nor terrifying threats, my eyes as dark as night, lest light should bring some false deluding object in, for to deceive me; my heart like Adamant, so hard love cannot enter, nor pity nor compassion wound; but howsoever, I cannot be wife to you all; wherefore since I cannot be every mans wife, I will dye every mans Maid. But I must tell this Noble Assembly, their meeting hath occasioned a quarrel here; for bashfulnesse, and confidence hath fought a Duel in my Cheeks, and left the staines of bloud there.

*After her Respects.*

*Ex.*

*All her Audience, her Lovers goeth out silently, some lifting up their eyes, others their hands, some striking their hands on their breast, and the like.*

*Ex.*

S

*Scene*

## Scene. 6.

Enter the Lady Innocence alone.

**W**Hilst I was in his favour; my mind was like a pleasant Garuen, where severall Phancies like severall Birds, did make sweet melody; and in this Garden a large, high Tree of Noble ambition grew; whereon hung fruits of hopes, but low misfortunes now hath cut it down, and therewithall have built a house, where melancholly dwels, darkened with Clouds of discontents, and winds of sighs, and showers of tears, doth blow and powre thereon.

She weeping and sighing.

Ex.

## Scene. 7.

Enter the Lady Incontinent, and the Lord de l'Amour.

**L**ady Incontinent. Faith you will be well wived, for your affianced is known to be a Lyer, and feared she will be a Whore, and proved a Thief.

Lord de l'Amour. How, a Thief?

Lady Incontinent. Why, she hath stolen my Pearl Chain worth a thousand Pounds.

Lord de l'Amour. Tis impossible.

Lady Incontinent. It is not impossible to prove a Thief.

Lord de l'Amour. No, for there is too many to misse; but sure it is impossible she should prove one, she is so honourably born, and I never heard but she was Vertuously bred.

Lady Incontinent. By your favour, Covetousnesse or Necessity, may tempt Honourable Births, and corrupt minds, that with plenty would be honest enough.

Lord de l'Amour. I grant, misery may prove some Noble souls sprung from Honourable stocks, yet not to be so wickedly base as to steal, although so unworthy as to shark.

Lady Incontinent. Why, sharking is next Neighbour to stealing, or as near Kindred as an Equivocation is to a Lye.

Lord de l'Amour. But she was never so necessitated, as to make her either a shark, or a Thief, having alwayes plenty.

Lady Incontinent. But she is covetous, and youth that is fond of all things they see, desires to enjoy all things they have not, and will endeavour by any means or wayes to compass their desires.

Lord de l'Amour. I never found my Youth prompt to any such Acts.

Lady Incontinent. Without more discourse, she hath stole my Chain, and I can prove it.

She goeth out alone.

Lord de l'Amour



*Lord de l'Amour alone*

*'Tis strange, I know not what to think, or how to judge, which of the two Ladies is a Divel; for surely one of them is.*

*Ex.*

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ACT III.

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*Scene 8.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gentleman.** The Lady *Sanspareille* is the miracle of this age, the world doth not parrallel her with the like; for her behaviour is graceful and becoming, her Countenance modest and wise, her speech Majestical and witty, yet grave and learned, and her Oratory is after a New way.

**2 Gent.** It is reported, that there are many men come from all parts of the world to hear her, and those that cannot understand this Language, comes only to see her, so famous is she to all the world.

**1 Gent.** She is a great Honour to our Nation.

**2 Gent.** I hear she doth intend to plead in the behalf of poor Suiters, and hath asked leave of the Queen to be a pleader at the Barr, for all such as suffered wrong as injustices, and for such Clients as hath just causes, but hath not means to follow the Law, as to fee the Lawyers, & she will plead for them *gratis*.

**1 Gent.** It is a pious and Noble Act.

**2 Gent.** Also her Father hath challenged all the eloquent Oratours of our Nation, to make Orations extemporately; likewise he hath challenged the most famous Schollars and learned men to dispute with her.

**1 Gent.** Her Father is most doatingly fond of her.

**2 Gent.** He hath reason, and out of love to her he is building a very fine Library, to lay in all her Works; for they say she writes much, and hath writ many excellent Works.

**1 Gent.** She deserves a Statue for her self, as well as a Library for her Works.

*Ex.*

## Scene 9.

Enter the Lady Innocence, and Adviser, the Lord  
de l'Amours Man.

**A** Adviser. Madam, my Lord and the Lady *Incontinent* hath sent me to tell you, you must come to be examined about the Chain.

*Lady Innocence*. I am so shrunk up with fear, that methinks I could thrust my self into a Nut-shell to hide my self.

*Adviser*. Faith if you could, it would not conceal you; for they would crack the Nut-shell and find you out.

*Adviser goes out.*

*Lady Innocence alone.*

*O that Innocency should tremble as much as guilt, with fear; but if they did but know how little I value the riches of the world, they would not believe I should steal so frivolous a thing.*

Enter as to the Lady Innocence, the Lord de l'Amour, the Lady  
*Incontinent*, and a Justice; and the Ladies two Maids,  
Informer and Falshood.

*Lord de l'Amour*. The Lady *Incontinent* hath brought a Justice, who hath power to make you confesse.

*She falls a shaking.*

*Lady Incontinent*. You may perceive her guilty, she trembles and shakes & looks so pale.

*Lady Innocence*. Pray judge me not guilty by my countenance, bring it not as a witness against me, for the childish fears in my heart, causeth a trembling, which like an Earthquake, shakes my body, and makes my breath as pent up Air, that pants for passage, striving to get forth, and my innocent bashfulness, or my bashful innocency, makes my eyes like perturbed lights, that see nothing clearly; my words to flow like rough and broken streams; for my mind is so troubled, and my passions in such a storm, as my words can neither flow easie, nor free,

*Lady Incontinent*. Here be two that will witness that she stole the Chhain.

*Falshood*. I will swear she took the Chain of Pearl, and put it in her pocket, and so went out of the room with it.

*Lord de l'Amour*. Why did not you follow her, and take it from her.

*Falshood*. I thought she would bring it again, for I never suspected she would deny it.

*Lord de l'Amour*. And will you witness the same *Informer*?

*Informer*. I will witness I saw it in her hand, looking on it.

*Lord de l'Amour*. What say you for your self *Lady Innocence*?

*Lady*

*Lady Innocence.* I say my accusèments doth not make me guilty of a crime; but I confesse I took the Chain in my hand, out of a curiosity, and trial of my judgment or skill, to see whether I could find any defect, in somuch valued, esteemèd, and high-prized a thing as Pearl; but not any wayes out of a covetous Appetite, as to steal it, nor had I any tempting thoughts thereto, nor with I that or the like should be lawfully given me.

*Lord de l'Amour.* What did you with it, when you had done viewing it?

*Lady Innocence.* I laid it on the Table from whence I took it off.

*Lady Incontinent.* But here are those that will swear you carried it away with you.

*Maids.* Yes that we will.

*Lady Innocence.* I cannot alwayes avoid a false accusation.

*Lord de l'Amour.* Will you swear you did not?

*Lady Innocence.* Yes, If my Oath will be taken.

*Lady Incontinent.* Well, you did take it that is certain, wherefore you were best confesse it, or you shall be wrackt to make you confesse it.

*Lady Innocence.* I will never bear false-witness against my self; I will dye first.

*Lady Incontinent.* My Lord, pray let her be carried away, and be whipt, until she be forced to confesse it.

*Lady Innocence.* Let me killed first; for to be whipt is base, and is only fit for Gally-slaves, or those that are born from Slaves; but to be kill'd is Noble, and gives an Honourable triumph.

*Justice.* Young Lady, you are heere accus'd by two Witnesses, and unless you can bring Evidence to clear you, you are liable to punishment.

*Lady Innocence.* Truly Sir, I have but two invisible Witnesses, Conscience and Innocency, to plead for me, and Truth my Judge, who cannot be brib'd, although it may be over-powr'd; by false and slanderous reports.

*Justice.* But it is imagin'd by your best friends, you are guilty.

*Lady Innocence.* Neither my friends, nor enemies, can create me a Criminal, with their Imaginations.

*Lord de l'Amour.* But speak, are you guilty?

*Lady Innocence.* To what purpose should I speak? for what can I say to those that make it their delight to accuse, condemn, and execute? or what justice can I expect to have, where there is no equity? wherefore, to plead were a folly, when all hopes are cut off; to desire life, a double misery, if I must indure Torments; but silence, and patience, shall be my two Companions, the one to help me in my suffering, the other to cut of impertinencies.

*She goes out from them.*

*Lord de l'Amour.* What think you Justice, is she guilty?

*Lady Incontinent.* Why should you make a question, when it hath been proved by Witnesses? Come Justice, Come, and drink a Cup of Sack, and give your opinion then.

*The Lady Innocence comes, as passing by, alone.*

*Lady Innocence.* I am so confidently accus'd of this Theft, as I am half-perwaded I did take the Chain, but that Honour and Honesty sayes I did not.

*Ex.*

*Scene 10.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Father Love at one door, and a Servant-Maid at the other door.*

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* Where is your Mistress? the people do flock about the house to see her, as I think they will pull it upon my head if she shews not her self to them, wherefore call her.

*The Maid goes out.*

*Enter the Lady Sanspareille.*

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* Come, Come Child, there are such expectations without for thee, but what makes thee to look so heavy?

*Lady Sanspareille.* Truly Sir, I am not well.

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* Not well? Heaven blefs thee; where art thou Sick?

*Lady Sanspareille.* I cannot say I am very sick, or in any great pain; but I find a general alteration in me, as it were a fainting of spirits.

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* Præthee say not so, thou dost so affright me; but thou art not very sick, art thou?

*Lady Sanspareille.* I hope I shall be better Sir.

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* My dear Child go to bed, whilst I send for some Doctors to thee.

*Ex.*

*Scene 11.*

*Enter the Lady Innocence, alone.*

**T**O whom shall I powre out my sad complaint? for all do shun a Melancholy mind. O Gods! how willingly would I be buried in the grave with dust, and feast the worms, rather than live amongst mankind! Oh! Oh! that these Melancholy damps arising from my afflicted Soul could extinguish the Lamp of life, or that my sad and griev'd thoughts that feed upon my troubled Spirits, could bite with sorrows teeth, the thread of life asunder.

*She sits down on the ground, leaving her Cheek on her hand, and weeps.*

*Enter to her, her Maid Passive.*

*Passive.* My sweet Mistress, why do you weep?

*Lady Innocence.* The spring of grief doth send forth streams of tears to wash off my disgrace; and the foul spots which standing tongues have stain'd, or rather stain'd my reputation; for which my eyes, did they not weep, would seem unnaturally unkind; but my dead reputation is imbalm'd with salt tears, bitter groans, shrowded in sorrows, and intomb'd in misery.

*Passive.* My dear Lady, you are imbalm'd with the pretious gums of  
Virtue,

Virtue, and sweet spices of wit wrapt up in youth and beauty, and are intomb-  
ed, or rather intronced in honest hearts; wherefore waste not your self with  
grief; for certainly the world will condemn your Accusers, and not you.

*Lady Innocence.* Those feeble hopes cannot my spirits uphold, they give  
no light of comfort to my mind; for black despair, like Melancholy night,  
ruffles my thoughts, and makes my Soul as blind. O but why do I thus  
mourn in sad complaints, and do not curse Fortune, Fates, and destiny; their  
Wheels, there spindle, threads, and Chains?

*She heaves up her hands, and lifts up her eyes.*

*May Nature great, turn all again to nought,  
That nothing may with joy receive a thought.*

*She goes out in a very Melancholy posture.*

*Passive alone.*

She is deeply Melancholy, Heavens ease her mind.

*Ex.*

*Scene 12.*

*Enter 2. or 3. Doctors.*

1. **D**octor. The Lady *Sanspareille* cannot live, for she hath no pulse.  
2. Doctor. No; she is descending to the grave.  
3. Doctor. But had we best tell her Father so?  
1. Doctor. No, by no means as yet.  
2. Doctor. Why not? he will know when she is dead.

*Enter the Lady Mother Love, as to the Doctors.*

*Lady Mother Love.* Mr. Doctors, What, do you mean to let my Daugh-  
ter dye? will you not prescribe something to give her?

1. Doctor. Madam, we shall do our best, you may be confident.

*Lady Mother.* What if you prescribed a Glister, or a Purge?

1. Doctor. It shall not need Madam.

*Lady Mother.* Why, if any one be sick, they ought to have some re-  
medies applyed to them:

2. Doctor. We shall consider what course is best to be taken.

*Lady Mother Love.* For Gods sake do not neglect her.

*Ex.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Father Love, to the Doctors.*

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* Mr. Doctors, what is your opinion of my Daughter?

1. Doctor. Truly Sir, she is very dangerous sick.

*Sir Thomas Father Love.* I can find no pulse she hath.

2. Doctor. Nor we Sir, that makes us doubt her.

*Father Love.* Pray consult about her what is best to be done.

Doctor. We shall Sir.

*Ex.*

*Tr 2*

*Scene 13.*

## Scene 13.

*Enter the Lord de l'Amour, and the Lady Innocence.*

**L**ord de l'Amour. What makes you look so gasty pale?

**Lady Innocence.** I am so ashamed of my accusation, as my bashfulness is beyond all blushing, as greatest griefs are beyond all tears, it causes my limbs to tremble, face look pale, like Death's assault, making my courage fail.

**Lord de l'Amour.** Perchance you are ashamed to confess so base a crime; you may confess to me, for I shall strive to hide your faults, and cover them with some excuse; wherefore confess; for though it be a fault to steal, yet it is a double fault to hide it with a Lye, and by these crimes you do offend the Gods; nor will their anger be remov'd, unless you confess and ask pardon.

**Lady Innocence.** Your Doctrine is very good, and Application well applied, had I been Guilty; but being Innocent, they are vainly uttered.

**Lord de l'Amour.** I hope you will agree to resign the interest you have to me, if I should desire you.

**Lady Innocence.** Saints never offered up their Souls to God more willingly, than I all interest to you; not but that I love you, yet I should be loath to be bound to one that hath so ill an opinion of me, as you have.

**Lord de l'Amour.** The World would condemn me, if I should marry you, to stain my Posterity with your Crimes.

**Lady Innocence.** O Heavens, is my scandal of so deep a dye, as to stain Predecessors and Posterity! yours may avoid it, but my Predecessors are spotted all over.

*She goes out weeping.*

**Lord de l'Amour.** I cannot chuse but love her, although I fear she is guilty; but I perceive she is resolv'd not to confess, as being ashamed of it.

*Ex.*

## Scene 14.

*Enter the Lady Sanspareile in a bed, as being sick, the bed drawn on the stage, and her Father kneels by the bed-side whilst she speaks as dying.*

**Sanspareile.** Let spotless Virgins bear me to my grave, and holy Anthems sing before my Herse, and soft-toucht Instruments to play the while, and keep just time with tears, that trickling fall from the sad eyes of my most sorrowful friends; and one my Coffin spread upon a covering of smooth Sattin, white, to signify here how I lived a Virgin, pure I lived and dyed; and let my works which I have wrought, and spun out of my brain, be given to times Library, to keep alive my name.

*And set a Lilly-Garland on my Herse,  
On every leaf therein, stick on a verse;*

*And when my Coffin to the grave you bring,  
Let Poets on my Herse some verses fling.  
For whilst I liv'd I worship'd Nature great,  
And Poets are by Nature favoured.  
I in the Muses Arms desire to Dye,  
For I was bred up in their Company:  
And my request's to them, when I am dead,  
I may amongst them be remembered.*

But death drawes near, my destiny is come; Father farewell: may time take up my years, which death cuts off, and add them to your life: Peace keep your mind; and Comfort give you rest. *He weeps.*

But why do you weep dear Father? my life's not worth your tears; yet Heavens doe weep, and mingle with dull earth their Cristal streams, and earth's refresh't thereby; so is not death, for death is ever dry.

*Father.* O Child! O Child! my heart will break.

*Sanspareille.* Sir, why do you sigh and groan, and grieve, that I must dye? life is perpetual, and death is but a change of shape.

*Only I wish that Death may order it so,  
That from your rootes I may your flower grow.  
I fear not Death, nor am I loath to dye:  
Yet I am loath to leave your Company.*

But O the Muses stay my dying lips to close.  
Farewel

*Dyes.*

*Her Father starts up from her Bed-side, and stares about the Bed; and the dead Lady is drawn off the stage.*

*Father.* What art thou fled? dear Soul where dost thou goe? stay and I will bear thee Company. *Stares about.*

Where art thou Soul? why mak'st thou such great haste? I pray thee stay, and take thy aged Fathers Soul along with thee, lest it should wander in the dark and gloomy shades to find thee out. O! O death! quick dispatch, Let me unprisoned be, my body is old, decayed and worn, times ruins shews it. Oh! Oh! let life fall, for pitty pull it down. [*stops a time*] Am I not dead? you cruel powers above, to lengthen out an old mans life in misery and pain; why did not Time put out the sight of both my eyes, and also deaf my ears, that I might neither hear, nor see, the death of my lifes joy? O Luxurious Death, how greedily thou feedst on youth and beauty, and letst old Age hang withering on lifes tree? O shake me off, let me no longer grow; if not, grief shall by force snip off my tender stalk, and pitty lay me in the silent grave. Hark, Hark, I hear her call me? I come, I come Childe.

*He fetches a great sigh.*

O no, she is gone, she is gone, I saw her dead; her head hung down, like as a Lilly, whose stalk was broke by some rude blusterous wind. *He stares about.*

There, there I see her on her dutious knee; Her humble eyes cast to the ground; Her spotlesse hands held up for blessings crave, asking forgiveness for faults not done. O no, She is dead! She is dead! I saw her eye-lids cloze

like warry Clouds, which joyn to shut out the bright Sun; and felt her hands which Death made cold and numb, like as to Cristal balls; She is gone, she is gone, and restless grows my mind; thoughts strive with thoughts, & struggle in my brain, passions with passions in my heart make War.

*My Spirits run like furies all about;  
Help help for Heavens sake, and let life out.*

Ex.

## Scene 15.

*Enter the Lady Mother Love alone.*

**L**ady Mother Love. O my daughter! my daughter is dead, she is dead. Oh that ever I was born to bear a Childe to dye before me. Oh she was the Comfort of my Heart, the pleasure of my Eyes, the delight of my life. Oh she was Good, she was Sweet; she was Fair. O what shall I do, what shall I do?

Ex.

## Scene 16.

*Enter Sir Thomas Father Love, half distracted.*

**S**ir Thomas Father Love. Mercury lend me thy winged feet, that I may fly to Heaven, there to observe, how all the Gods and Godeffes doe gaze upon my Beautiful Childe; for she is fairer than the light that great Apollo gives; and her discourse more ravishing than the Musick of the Spheres; but as soon as she sees me, she will leave them all, and run unto me, as she used to do, kneeling will kiss my hands, which she must not do, being a Goddeff, and I a Mortal, wherefore, I must kneel to her, and carry her an offering; but what shall the offering be? Let me think. Why I will kneel and offer up my Aged life unto her Memory; but now I think of it better, I cannot dye in Heaven; wherefore, let me Study, let me Study, what she did love best when she lived upon the Earth; O I now remember, when I did ask her what she lov'd best, she would Answer, her Father and her Fame; but I believe, if she were here it would be a hard Question for her to resolve, which she preferr'd; and being not to be separated in Affection, we will not part in our Resurrection; wherefore Mercury farewell: for I will fly up with the Wings of her good Fame.

*And carry up her Wit, and there will strow  
It on Heavens floor, as bright as Stars will show;  
Her Innocency shall make new Milky-maies,  
Her Virtue shall Create new worlds to praise  
Her never-dying Name.*

Ha, Ho! It shall be so, it shall be so.

Ex.  
ACT IV.



ACT IV.

Scene 17.

*Enter the Lady Innocence alone, studious, with her eyes to the ground, then casting them up speaks.*

**L**ady Innocence. I am not so much in love with the World, as to desire to live, nor have I offended Heaven so much, as to be afraid to dye; then why should I prolong my life, when Honour bids me dye? for what Noble Soul had not rather part with the Body, than live in Infamy? Then tis not Death that affrights me, and yet I find my Soul is loath to leave its bodily Mansion; but O to be buried in Oblivions grave is all I fear; no Monumental Fame, nor famous Monument, my Soul displeases, that makes it loath to leave the body in forgotten dust, whilst it doth sadly wander in the Aire.

*She walks a turn or two as in a musing thought, then speaks.*

Soul be at ease, for the Memory of the dead is but like a dying Beauty, vades by degrees, or like a Flower whither'd, hath neither Sent, Colour, nor Taft, but moulders into dust: so hath the mind no form of what is past.

*But like as formless heaps those Objects lye,  
And are intomb'd in the dark Memory.*

O Foolish Vanity, to be so much a slave to Fame, since those that Fame doth love the best, and favoureth most, are not Eternal. Wherefore

*Nature perswades me to release my woe,  
Though foolish Superstition Natures foe  
Forbids it, yet Reason aloud sayes dye;  
Since Ease, Peace, Rest, doth in the grave still lye.*

*walkes about as in a silent musing, then speaks.*

I am resolv'd, then Come sweet Death, thou friend that never fails, give me my liberty. But stay my hasty resolution; for I would not willingly go to the grave as beasts doe, without Ceremony; for I being friendless, those humane Funeral rites will be neglected, none will take the pains, nor be at the charge to see them perform'd; but some base vulgar person will throw me into the Earth without respect or regard; wherefore I will Living perform the Ceremonies, and as a guest or friend be at my own Funeral; it shall be so, and I will prepare it.

*Ex.*

## Scene 18.

*Enter Sir Thomas Father Love alone, and for a time walkes as in a musing or thinking, with his eyes cast on the ground, then speaks.*

**F**ather Love. *Multitudes of Melancholy thoughts croud in my brain,  
And run to pull down Reason from his Throne ;  
Fury as Captain leads the way,  
Patience and Hope is trod upon :  
O these distracted thoughts hurrie my Soul about,  
Seeking a place to get a passage out.*

But all the Ports are stopp'd. O Curfed Death, for to prolong a life that is so weary of its Mansion.

*Enter Mr. Comfort Sir Thomas Father Loves friend.*

*Friend.* Sir, will you give order for your Daughters Funeral, and direct how you will have her interred ?

*Father Love.* How say you ? why I will have you rip my body open, and make it as a Coffin to lay her in, then heave us gently on sighs fetcht deep, and lay us on a Herse of sorrowful groans, then cover us with a Dark, Black, Pitchy, Spungy Cloud, made of thick Vapour; drawn from bleeding hearts ; from whence may tears of showers run powring down, making a Sea to drown remembrance in.

*But O remembrance, is a fury grown,  
Torments my Soul, now she is gone.*

*Friend.* Sir, where there is no remedy, you must have patience.

*Father Love.* Patience, out upon her, she is an Idle lazy Gossip, and keeps none Company but Cowards and Fools, and slothful conscientious Persons ; neither is she usefull but for indifferent employments: for what is of extraordinary worth, Patience doth but disgrace it, not set it forth ; for that which is transcendent and Supreme, Patience cannot reach. Wherefore give me Fury, for what it cannot raise to Heaven, it throwes it straight to Hell ; were you never there ?

*Friend.* No, nor I hope shall never come there.

*Father Love.* Why Sir, I was there all the last Night, and there I was tortured for chiding my Daughter two or three times whilst she lived ; once because she went in the Sun without her Mask ; another time because her Gloves were in her Pocket, when they should have been on her Hands ; and another time, because she slep'd when she should have studied, and then I remember she wept. O ! O ! those pretious tears ! Devil that I was to grieve her sweet Nature, harmless Thoughts, and Innocent Soul. O how I hate my self, for being so unnaturally kind. O kill me, and rid me of my painful life.

*Friend.* He is much distracted, Heaven cure him.

*Exeunt.  
Scene 15.*

Scene 18.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gentleman. The Miracle is deceas'd, the Lady *Sanspareille* I hear is dead.

2. Gent. Yes, and it's reported her Statue shall be set up in every College, and in the most publick places in the City, at the publick charge; and the Queen will build a Sumptuous and Glorious Tomb on her sleeping Ashes.

1. Gent. She deserves more than can be given her.

2. Gent. I hear her death hath made her Father mad.

1. Gent. Though her death hath not made every one mad like her Father, yet it hath made every one melancholy; for I never saw so general a sadness in my life.

2. Gent. There is nothing moves the mind to sadness, more than when Death devours Youth, Beauty, Wit, and Virtue all at once.

Ex.

Scene 19.

There is a Hearse placed upon the Stage, covered with black, a Garland of Ciprus at the head of the Hearse, and a Garland of Mirtle at one side, and a Basket of Flowers on the other.

Enter the Lady Innocence alone, dressed in white, and her hair bound up in several coloured Ribbons; when she first comes in speaks thus.

Lady Innocence. O Nature, thou hast created bodies and minds subject to pains & torments, yet thou hast made death to release them! for though Death hath power over Life, yet Life can command Death when it will; for Death dares not stay, when Life would passe away; Death is the Ferryman, and Life the Waitage. *She kneels down and prayeth*

*But here grent Nature, I do pray to thee,  
Though I call Death, let him not cruel be;  
Great Jove I pray, when in cold earth I lye,  
Let it be known how innocent I die.*

[Then she rises and directs her self to her Hearse.]

These Verses  
the Lord  
Marquesse  
writ.

*Here in the midst my sadder Hearse I see;  
Covered with black, though my chief Mourners be,  
Yet I am white, as innocent as day,  
As pure as spotlesse Lillies born in May;  
My loose and flowing hair with Ribbons ty'd,  
To make Death Amorous of me, now his Bride;*

Xx

watchet

*Watchet for truth, hair-colour for despair,  
And white as innocent as purest Ayre;  
Scarlet for cruelty to stop my breath,  
Darkning of Nature, black, a type of death.*

[Then she takes up the Basket of Flowers, and as she strews them speaks.]

*Roses and Lillies 'bout my Coffin strew,  
Primroses, Pinks, Violets fresh and new:  
And though in deaths cold arms anon I lye  
I'll weep a shower of tears these may not dye.  
A Cyprus Garland here is for my head,  
To crown me Queen of Innocence, when dead;  
A Mirtle Garland on the left side plac't,  
To shew I was a Lover; pure & chaste;  
Now all my saddest Rites being thus about me,  
And I have not one wish that is without me.*

[weeps]

[She placeth her self on her Herse, with a Dagger or pointed knife in her hand.]

*Here on this Herse I mount the Throne of death,  
Peace crown my soul, my body rest on earth;  
Yet before I dye,  
Like to a Swan I will sing my Elegie.*

[She sings as she is sitting on the Herse; thus.]

This Song  
the Lord  
Marquesse  
writ.

*Life is a trouble at the best,  
And in it we can find no rest;  
Joyes still with sorrows they are Crown'd;  
No quietnesse till in the ground,  
Man vexes man, still we do find,  
He is the torture of his kind:  
False man I scorn thee in my grave  
Death come, I call thee as my slave.*

Here ends my Lords Writing.

And just then sta<sup>l</sup> her self.

*In the mean time the Lord de l'Amour comes and peeps through the Curtain; or Hanging, and speaks as to himself, whilst she is a dying.*

*Lord de l'Amour.* I will observe how she passes away her time, when she is alone.

*Lady Innocence.* Great Jove grant that the light of Truth may not be put out, with the extinguisher of Malice.

*Lord de l'Amour.* How she feeds her melancholy!

*He enters and goeth to her,*

*What are you acting a melancholy Play by your self alone?*

*Lady Innocence.* My part is almost done.

Lord

Lord de l' Amour. By Heaven she hath stabb'd her self.

[Calls Help, Help]

Lady Innocence. Call not for help, life is gone so farr tis past recovery ; wherefore stay and hear my last words ; I die, as judging it unworthy to out-live my honest Name, and honourable Reputation. As for my accusers, I can easily forgive them, because they are below my Hate or Anger, neither are worthy my revenge ; But you, for whom I had not only a devout, but an Idolatrous Affection, which offered with a zealous Piety and pure Flame the sincerity of my heart ; But you, instead of rewarding my Love, was cruel to my life and Honour, for which my soul did mourn under a Veil of sadness, and my thoughts covered with discontent fate weeping by : But those mourning Thoughts I have cast off, cloathing my self with Deaths pale Garments ; As for my pure Reputation, and white Simplicity, that is spotted with black Infamy by Hellish slander, I have laid them at Heavens Gates, just Gods to scoure them clean, that all the World may know how innocent I have been : But Oh ! farewell, my fleeting Spirits pure Angels bear away.

Lord de l' Amour. O speak at the last ! Are you guilty or not ?

Lady Innocence. I am no more guilty of those crimes laid to my charge ; than Heaven is of sin.

O Gods receive me. Oh ! Oh !

Dies.

Lord de l' Amour. Great Patience assist me ; Heart hold life in ; Till I can find who is guilty of this sinn.

Ex.

The Herse drawn off the Stage.

Scene. 20.

Enter Sir Thomas Father Love, brought in a Chair as sick, his Friend by him.

Mr. Comfort Friend. How are you now ?

Father Love. O Friend ! I shall now be well, Heaven hath pittie on me, and will release me soon ; and if my Daughter be not buryed, I would have her kept as long out of the Grave as she can be kept, that I might bear her company.

Friend. She cannot be kept longer, because she was not unbowelled.

Father Love. Who speaks her Funeral Oration ?

Friend. Why Sir, your distemper hath so disordered all your Family, as it was not thought of.

Father Love. She shall not go to the Grave without due Praises, if I have life to speak them : Wherefore raise me up, and carry me to the Holy place before her Herse, thus in my Chair, sick as I am ; For I will speak her Funeral Oration, although with my last words, Thus will I be carryed living to my Grave.

He is carried out in a Chair by Servants.

Ex.

Scene.

## Scene 21.

*Enter the Lord de l'Amour alone, as in a Melancholy humour.*

**L**ord de l'Amour. When I do think of her, my mind is like a tempestuous Sea, which foams and roars, and roles in Billows high; My brain like to a Ship is wracked, and in it's ravenous Waves my heart is drowned; And as several winds do blow, so several thoughts do move; some like the North with cold and chilly Fears; others as from the South of hot Revenge do blow;

*As from the East despairing storms do rise,  
A Western grief blows tears into mine eyes.*

Walks about, and weeps.

*Enter Master Charity his Friend.*

**Mr. Charity.** My Lord, why are you so melancholy for that which is past, and cannot be help'd?

**Lord de l'Amour.** Oh! the remembrance of her death, her cruel death, is like the Infernal Furies, torments my soul, gives it no ease nor rest; For sometimes my soul is flung into a Fire of Rage,

*That burns with furious pain,  
And then with frozen despair it rips it up again.*

But I unjust and credulous, I was the cause of her untimely death.

*Enter the Maid that accused her.*

**Falshood.** O my Lord, forgive me, for I have murdered the innocent Lady you grieve for; for my false Accufation was the hand that guided the dagger to her heart; but my Ladies command was the Thief that stole the Chain, for she commanded me to take the Chain, and accuse the Lady of the Theft, for which she gave me the Chain for a reward; This I will witness by oath unto you and all the World; For it is heavier than a world upon my Conscience.

**Lord de l'Amour.** Why did your Lady so wicked an act?

**Falshood.** Through Jealousie, which bred Envy, Envy Malice, Malice Slander, and this Slander hath produced Murder.

*Enter Informer, the other Maid.*

**Informer.** Oh my Lady! My Lady hath hanged her self; for when she heard **Falshood** was gone to tell your Lordship the truth of the Chain, she went into a base place and hung her self; and upon her breast I found this written Paper.

*She gives it de l'Amour to read.*

**Lord de l'Amour.** It is the Lady *Incontinents* Hand-writing. *He reads it.*

*I have been false to my Marriage-bed, lived impudently in the sin of Adultery.*

in the publick face of the world; I have betray'd the trust impos'd to my charge, slandered the Innocent, poysoned the Instrument I employ'd, Falshood. All which being summ'd up, was worthy of hanging. [Falshood falls down dead.]

Lord de l' Amour. She hath sav'd me a labour, and kept my Heroick Honour free from the stains of having laid violent hands on the Effeminate Sex.

Friend. What shall be done with this dead Body?

Lord de l' Amour. Let her Ladies body, with hers, be thrown into the Fields, to be devoured of Beasts.

Ex.

ACT V.

Scene 22.

Enter the Funeral Herse of the Lady Sanspareile, covered with white Satine; a silver Crown is placed in the midst; her Herse is born by six Virgins all in white, other Virgins goe before the Herse, and strew Flowrs, white Lillies, and white Roses: The whilst this Song is sung.

This Song was writ by the Lord Marquessie.

Spotlesse Virgins as you go,  
 Wash each step as white as Snow  
 With pure Chrystal streams, that rise  
 From the Fountain of your eyes.  
 Fresher Lillies like the day  
 Strew, and Roses as white as they;  
 As an Emblem to disclose  
 This Flower sweet; short liv'd as those.

The whilst her Father is carryed as sick in a Chair, the Chair covered with black, and born black by Mourners, he himself also in close Mourning; when they have gone about the Stage

The Herse is set neer to the Grave, there being one made.

Then the Father is placed in his Chair, upon a raised place for that purpose, the raised place also covered with Black; he being placed, speaks her Funeral Sermon;

Father Love. Most Charitable and Noble Friends, that accompany the Dead Corps to the Grave; I must tell you, I am come here, although I am as a Dead Man to the World, yet my desire is to make a living Speech, before I go out of the world, not only to divulge the Affections I had for my Daughter, but to divulge her Virtue, Worth, and good Graces; And as it is the custome for the nearest Kindred, or best and constantest Friends, or longest acquaintance, to speak their Funeral Oration, wherein I take my self to be all,

Y y

where

wherefore most fit to speak her Funeral Oration ; For I being her Father, am her longest acquaintance, and constantest Friend, and nearest in Relation, wherefore she, fittest to declare unto the world my natural and Fatherly Love, Death will be a sufficient witness ; For though I am old, yet I was healthful when she lived, but now I cannot live many hours, neither would I, for Heaven knows, my affections struggle with Death, to hold Life so long as to pay the last Rites due to her dead Corps, struck by Death's cruel Dart : But most Noble and Charitable Friends, I come not here with eyes fill'd with salt tears, for sorrows thirsty Jaws hath drunk them up, suck'd out my blood, & left my Veins quite dry, & luxuriously hath eat my Marrow out; my sighs are spent in blowing out Life's Fire, only some little heat there doth remain, which my affections strive to keep alive to pay the last Rites due to my dead Child, which is, to set her praises forth, for living Virtuously ; But had I *Nestors* years, 'twould prove too few, to tell the living Stories of her Youth; for Nature in her had packed up many Piles of Experience, of Aged times, besides, Nature had made her Youth sweet, fresh and temperate, as the Spring ; and in her brain, Flowers of Fancies grew, Wit's Garden set by Nature's hand, wherein the Muses took delight, and entertained themselves therein, Singing like Nightingales, late at Night; or like the Larks ere the day begin ; Her thoughts were as the Coelestial Orbes, still moving circular without base ends, surrounding the Center of her Noble mind, which as the Sun gave light to all about it ; her Virtues twinkled like the fixed Stars, whose motion stirs them not from their fix'd place ; and all her Passions were as other starres, which seem'd as only made to beautifie her Form ; But Death hath turned a Chaos of her Form, which life with Art and Care had made, and Gods had given to me : O cursed death, to rob and make me poor ! Her life to me was like a delightful Mask, presenting several interchanging *Scenes*, describing Nature in her several Dresses, and every Dresse put in a several way ; Also her life was like a Monarchy, where Reason as sole King, did govern all her actions ; which actions, like as Loyal Subjects did obey those Laws which Reason decreed ; Also her life was like *Joves* Mansions high, as being placed above this worldly Globe ; from whence her Soul looked down on duller earth, mixt not, but viewed poor mortals here below ; thus was her life above the world, because her life prized not the Trifles here ; Perchance this Noble Company will think I have said too much, and vainly, thus to speak.

*That Fathers should not praise their Children so,  
Because that from their Root and Stock did grow ;  
Why may not Roots boast if their Fruites be good ?  
As hindring worth in their own Flesh and blood,  
Shall they dissemble, to say they are naught,  
Because they are their own ? sure that's a fault  
Unpardonable, as being a lye that's told,  
Detraacting lyes, the baser lyes I hold.  
Neither can Strangers tell their life and worth,  
Nor such affections have to set them forth,  
As Parents have, or those that's neer of Kin,  
Virtuous Partiality, sure that's no sin,  
And virtue, though she be lowliest when undrest*



Yet she is pleas'd, when well she is exprest,  
 But Oh! my words have spent my stock of breath,  
 And Life's commanded forth by powerful Death;  
 When I am dead, this company I pray,  
 The last rites done, me by my daughter lay;  
 And as her soul did with the Muses flye,  
 To imitate her in her a Verse, I dye.

He falls back in his Chair and is dead.

Mr. Comfort. Noble Friends, you heard his request, which was, to be buried in his daughters grave; and whilst you show your charity, in laying the Corps of his daughter in the grave, I will carry out his body, and put it into a Coffin, and then lay him in the same grave. [The Company said, Do so.]  
 Goes out with the body.

The whilst the Virgins take up the Lady Sanspareilles Herse, and whilst they are putting it into the grave, this Song following was sung.

This Song was writ by the Lord Marquesse of New-castle.  
*Tender Virgins, as your Birth,  
 Put her gently in the earth,  
 What of Morals, or Divine,  
 Here is lapt up in this Shrine;  
 Rhetorick dumb Philosophy,  
 Both those arts with her did dye.  
 And griev'd Poets cannot choose,  
 But lament for her their Muse.*

When she was putting into the Grave, this Song following was sung.

*Her Tomb, her Monument, her Name,  
 Beyond an Epitaph her Fame;  
 Death be not proud, imbracing more  
 Now, than in all thy reign before;  
 Boasting thy Triumphs, since thou must  
 But justly glory in her dust,  
 Let thy Dart rust, and lay it by,  
 For after her none's fit to dye.*

[After this her Peal is Rung on Lutes, by Musicians.]  
 And the Company goes out.

Scene. 23.

A Tomb is thrust on the Stage, then the Lord de l'Amour enters.

**L**ord de l'Amour. Now I am free, no hinderance to my own Tragedy. [He goeth to the Tomb.]

This Tomb her sacred Body doth contain.

[He draws his Sword, then he kneels down by the Tomb, and then prays.]

Dear Soul, pardon my crimes to thee; they were crimes of ignorance, not malice.

*Sweet gentle Spirit; flye me not, but stay,  
And let my Spirits walk thy Spirits way;  
You lov'd me once, your Love in death renew,  
And may our soules be as two Lovers true;  
Our Blood's the Bonds, our wounds the Seals to Print  
Our new Contract, and Death a witnesse in't. [He takes his Sword.]  
Had I as many lives as Poors in skin,  
Ile sacrificize them for my ignorant sin.  
[As he speaks he falls upon his Sword.]*

*Enter his Friend, Master Charity.*

*[He seeing him lye all in blood, almost dead, runs to him, and beares him up.]*

*Friend.* I did fear this, which made me follow him, but I am come too late to save his life. O my Lord speak if you can!

*Lord de l'Amour.* Friend, lay me in this Tomb, by my affianced Wife; for though I did not usher her to the grave, I will wait after her. *[Dies.]*

## EPIL O G U E.

Noble Spectators, now you have seen this Play,  
And heard it speak, let's hear what now you say;  
But various judgements, various sentences give,  
Yet we do hope you'll sentence it may live.  
But not in Prison be condemn'd to lye,  
Nor whipt with censure, rather let it dye  
Here on this Stage, and see the Funeral Rites,  
Which is to put out all the Candle lights.  
And in the grave of darknesse let it rest,  
In peace and quiet, and not molest  
The harmlesse soul, which hopes *Mercury* may  
Unto the *Elizium* fields it safe convey.  
But if you sentence life, the *Muses* will  
Attend it up unto *Parnassus* Hill.  
If so, pray let your hands, here in this place,  
Clap it, as an applause, the triumph grace.

## FINIS.

---

*The first Part of the Lady Contemplation.*

---

The Actors Names.

<i>Lord Title.</i>	<i>The Lady Conversation.</i>
<i>Lord Courtship.</i>	<i>The Lady Visitant.</i>
<i>Sir Experience Traveller.</i>	<i>The Lady Ward.</i>
<i>Sir Fancy Poet.</i>	<i>The Lady Virtue.</i>
<i>Sir Golden Riches.</i>	<i>Lady Amorous.</i>
<i>Sir Effeminate Lovely.</i>	<i>Mrs. Troublesome.</i>
<i>Sir Vain Complement</i>	<i>Mrs. Governesse, the Lady Vir-</i>
<i>Sir Humphrey Interruption.</i>	<i>tues Attendant.</i>
<i>Mr. Adviser.</i>	<i>Nurse Careful, Nurse to Lady</i>
<i>Doctor Practise, and other Gen-</i>	<i>Ward.</i>
<i>tlemen.</i>	<i>Maudlin Huswife, Roger Far-</i>
<i>Tom Purveyer.</i>	<i>mers wife.</i>
<i>Roger Farmer.</i>	<i>Mall Mean-bred, the daughter.</i>
<i>Old Humanity.</i>	<i>Nan Scape-all, Maid to the La-</i>
<i>Servants, and others.</i>	<i>dy Virtue.</i>
<i>The Lady Contemplation.</i>	

*The first Part of the Lady Contemplation.*

A C T I.

Scene 1.

*Enter the Lady Contemplation, and the Lady Visitant.*



*Visitant.* What Lady *Contemplation*, musing by your self alone?

*Contemplation.* Lady *Visitant*, I would you had been ten miles off, rather than to have broken my Contemplation.

*Visitant.* Why, are you so godly, to be so serious at your Devotion?

*Contemplation.* No faith, they were Contemplations that pleas'd me better than Devotion could have done; for those that contemplate of Heaven, must have death in their mind.

*Visitant.* O no, for there is no Death in Heaven to disturb the joyes thereof.

*Contemp.* But we must dye before we come to receive those joyes; and the terrifying thoughts of Death, take away the pleasing thoughts of Heaven.

*Visitant.* Prethee let me know those pleasing thoughts.

*Contemplation.* I did imagine my self such a Beauty, as Nature never made the like, both for Person, Favour, and Colour, and a Wit answerable to my Beauty, and my Breeding and Behaviour answerable to both, my Wisdome excelling all: And if I were not thus as I say, yet that every one should think I were so; for opinion creates more, and perfecter Beauties, than Nature doth. And then that a great powerful Monarch, such a one as *Alexander*, or *Cæsar*, fell desperately in love with me, seeing but my Picture, which was sent all about the world; yet my Picture (I did imagine) was to my disadvantage, not flattering me any wayes; yet this Prince to be enamoured with this shadow for the substance sake: Then Love perswaded him to send me his Picture, which represented him to the life, being extreamly handsome, yet had a manly and wise countenance. This Picture being brought by Embassadours, which Embassadours when they came, treated with me about marriage with this sole Emperour, all other Kings and Princes being but Tributaries; receiving these Embassadours with great civility and respect, yet behaving my self with a reserved and Majestical behaviour, which the Embassadours observing, said, I was the only Lady that was fit to be the only Emperours wife, both for my Beauty, Carriage, and Wit: When ~~there~~ a modest Fear, and seeming Humility, I had reason'd against the marriage, at last by their perswasion I consented; then was there Post after Post, and Messenger after Messenger, sent with letters from the Emperour to me, and from me to the Emperour; he admiring my letters, for the elegancy of the stile, and eloquency of the wit, and admiring my Picture for the beauty; one while

read.

reading my letters, and another while viewing my Picture, made him impatient for my Company, which made him send to his Embassadors, that with all speed they should bring me away, sending to all the Princes whose Kingdomes I was to passe thorow, that they should guard me with Armyes, but not retard me with *Olimpias*, or the like, but to convey me safe and speedily: Whereupon I took my Journey (most of the Kingdome where I was born petitioning to wait on me); but by reason I could not take them all, unlesse I should depopulate the Kingdome, I would carry none, lest I should displease those that were to be left behind; but as I went out of the City where I dwelt, all the streets were strewed with dead Lovers, which had lived only on hopes, so long as I lived amongst them: But when they knew for certain I was to depart, their hopes vanished, and they dyed with despair. The Embassadors seeing such a Mortality, caused the Army that was my guard to march apace, and my Coaches to trundle away, thinking it was the Plague; but at last, after my Beauty had killed millions in the Kingdomes I passed thorow, I arrived at that part of the world where the Emperour was, who was a joyed man to hear of my coming, and had made great preparations against my arrival; but some few dayes before my arrival, he sent a Chariot which was made of the thinnest plated gold, because it should be light in the Carriage, but the body of the Chariot was enameled and set with precious stones, the Horses trappings were only great Chains of pearls, but the horses reigns were Chains of gold, that might be strong enough to check their hot Spirits, and swift speed; as for my self, I was only cloathed in white Satin, and a Crown of Diamonds on my head, like a Bride, for I was to be marryed as soon as I met the Emperour; but as I pass along, all the Highways were beset with Crouds of people, which thronged to see me, and when they saw me, they cryed out I was an Angel sent from the Gods; but your coming spoyld the Triumph, and brake the Marriage.

*Visitant.* No. no it is retarded for a time, the next musing Contemplation the marriage Nuptial will be.

*Contemplation.* If you had not come and hinder'd me, I should have governd all the world before I had left off Contemplating.

*Visitant.* But if you make such hast to be at the Government of the whole world, you would want a Theam for your thoughts to work upon, for you can aim at no more than all the world.

*Contemplation.* O yes, rather than fail I would make new worlds, but this wil last me a long time in shewing you what wise Laws I make, what upright Justice I give, ordering so, as the whole world should be as one united Family; and when I had shewed my wisdom in Peace, then my thoughts should have raised Warres, wherein I would have shewed my valour and conduct.

*Visitant.* Prethee be not so imprudent to cast away, precious time, and to bury thy life in fantasms.

*Contemplation.* Why prethee, they manage time best, that please life most; For it were better not to be, than to be displeas'd; for there is none that truly lives, but those that live in pleasure, & the greatest pleasure is in the imagination not in fruition; for it is more pleasure for any person to imagin themselves Emperour of the whole world, than to be so, for in imagination they reign & Rule, without the troublesome and weighty cares belonging thereto; neither have they those fears of being betrayed or usurped as real Emperours have;

Besides, the whole general Race of Man-kind, may this way be the particular Emperour of the whole World, if they will; but those that desire to be Emperours any other wayes, have but sick judgements, for the mind is all, for if that be pleased, man is happy.

*Visitant.* Well, well, I had rather have the Material world, than you Airy Fictions. ----- But confesse really to me, if you should not think your self accurst if you were to have no other Lovers, but what your Fancy creates.

*Contemplation.* No truly, for I finding none so exact as my Fancy creates, makes all men appear worse than they are: For imagination doth like *Painters*, which takes all the gracefulllest lines, and exactest Features from two or three good faces, and draws them into one: this is the reason that there may be handsomer Pictures drawn, than any Creature born; because, Nature distributes and divides her Favours, as to the generality, when Painter contract them into particulars; for there was never any, unlesse born as a wonder, that hath no exceptions; besides, my Lovers which my Fancy creates, never make me jealous, nor never disturb me; come to me; and goe from me; speak or are silent as I will have them, and they are behaved, qualified, and adorned to my humour, also of what Birth, Age, Complexion, or Stature I like best; thus their persons and souls are created in my brain, live in my Contemplation, and are dead and buried in my forgetfulness, but have a Resurrection in my remembrance,

*Visitant.* Prethee do not lose the pleasure of the World, for the sake of dull Contemplation.

*Contemplation.* Why, the greatest pleasures that can be in Fruition, I take in Imagination: for whatsoever the sense enjoys from outward objects, they may enjoy in inward thoughts. For the mind takes as much pleasure in creating of Fancies, as Nature to create and dissolve, and create Creatures anew: For Fancy is the Minds creature, & *imaginations* are as several worlds, wherein those Creatures are bred and born, live and dye; thus the mind is like infinite Nature.

*Visit.* Prethee leave thy infinite folly.

*Contem.* It is my infinite delight.

EX.

## Scene 2.

*Enter the Lady Poor Virtue weeping, and her Governesse.*

**G***overness.* Madam, why do you weep, and grieve your self almost to death?

*Poor Virtue.* Have I not reason? my Father being kill'd, and I left friendlesse all alone, my Mother dying as soon as I was born.

*Governesse.* There is no reason you should grieve for your Father, since he dyed in the defence of his King and Country.

*Virtue.* Tis true, and I glory in his valiant loyal Actions, yet I cannot choose but mourn for the losse of his life, and weep upon his death.

GOUER.

*Governess.* Methinks the greatest cause you have to weep, is, for the loss of your Estate, which the Enemy hath seized on, and you left only to live on Charity.

*Poor Virtue.* I cannot mourn for any thing that is in Fortunes power to take away.

*Governess.* Why? Fortune hath power on all things in the World.

*Poor Virtue.* O no, she hath power on nothing but base dross, and outward forms, things moveable; but she hath neither power on honest hearts, nor noble Souls; for 'tis the Gods infuse grace, and virtue; nor hath she power or Reason, or Understanding, for Nature creates, and disposes those; nor doth she govern Wisdom, for Wisdom governs her; nor hath she power on Life and Death, they are decreed by Heaven.

*Governess.* And will you weep at Heavens decree?

*Poor Virtue.* The Heavens decrees hinder not humanity, nor natural affection.

*Governess.* Well, ever since your Mother dyed, I have governed your Fathers House, and pleased him well; but since he is kill'd, and that there is nothing for me to govern, I will take my leave of you and seek another place; and I hope fortune will favour me so as to direct me to some Widdower, or old Batchelour, which desires a comely hufwifly woman to order their private affairs.

*Poor Virtue.* I wish you all happiness, and if I were in a condition, I would make you a present.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 3.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gentleman.* Sir, My Lord is so busy since his Fathers Death, with Stewards, Attornies, and such like, about ordering his Estate, as I am loath to disturb him; but as soon as he hath done speaking to them, I will wait upon you to my Lord.

2. *Gentleman.* Sir, I shall wait my Lords leasure.

*Enter the Lady Ward and Nurse Careful, they pass over the Stage.*

2. *Gent.* Sir, what pretty young Lady is that which passes by?

1. *Gent.* She is a great Heirefs, and was Ward to my old Lord, and he upon his Death-bed charged his Son my young Lord to marry her.

2. *Gent.* Surely small persuasions might serve turn; for her Virtue is Rhetorick enough to perswade, nay to force affection.

1. *Gent.* Yet my Lord is discontented, he would rather choose for himself, than that his Father should have chosen for him; for it is the Nature of Mankind to reject that which is offered, though never so good; and to prize that they cannot get, although not worth the having.

2. *Gent.* Of what Quality, of Birth, and Nature, and disposition is she of?

1. *Gent.* She is Honourably Born, and seems to be of a sweet disposition; but of a Melancholy Nature.

A a a

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, my Lord desires the Gentleman would be pleased to walk in.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Scene 4.*

*Enter the Lady Contemplation, and Sir Humphrey Interruption.*

**I***nterruption.* Lady, what makes you so silently sad?

*Contemplation.* Pardon me Sir, I am not sad at this time, for my thoughts are merry, and my spirits lively.

*Interruption.* There is no appearance of mirth in you, for mirth hath alwayes a dancing heel, a singing voyce, a talking tongue, and a laughing face.

*Contemplation.* I have such merry Companions sometimes; but I feldome dance, sing, talk, or laugh my self.

*Interruption.* Where are those Companions? I desire to be acquainted with them, and keep them Company.

*Contemplation.* You cannot keep them Company, for the place they inhabit in, is too little for your Corporal body to enter; besides, they are so curious, choyce, and nice Creatures, as they will vanish at the very sight of you.

*Interruption.* Why Lady, I am none of the biggest sized Men, nor am I of a terrible aspect; I have seen very fine and delicate Creatures.

*Contemplation.* But you never saw any of these Creatures.

*Interruption.* Pray where do they dwell, and what are their Names? I long to visit them.

*Contemplation.* They dwell in my head, and their Surnames are called thoughts; but how you will visit them I cannot tell, but they may visit you.

*Interruption.* Faith Lady, your relation hath made me despair of an enter-view, but not a friendly entertainment, if you please to think well of me.

*Contemplation.* Thoughts are free, and for the most part they censure according to fancy.

*Interruption.* Then fancy me such a one, as you could like best, and love most.

*Contemplation.* That I cannot doe, for I love those best which I create my self, and Nature hath taught me to prize whatsoever is my own most, although of smaller vaw, than what's anothers, although of greater worth.

*Interruption.* Then make me yours, by creating me anew.

*Contemplation.* That is past my skill; but if you will leave me alone, I will think of you when you are gone; for I had rather of the two entertain you in my thoughts, than keep you Company in discourse; for I am better pleased with a solitary silence, or a silent solitariness, than with a talking conversation, or



an entertaining talking, for words for the most part are rather useles spent, than profitably spoke, and time is lost in listning to them, for few tongues make Musick, wanting the Cords of Sense, or found of Reason, or fingers of Fancy, to play thereon.

*Interrupt.* But you will injure your wit, to bury your wit in solitary silence.

*Contempl.* Wit lives not on the tongue, as language doth, but in the brain, which power hath, as Nature, to create.

*Interrupt.* But those are aery not material Creatures.

*Contempl.* 'Tis true, but what they want in substance, they have in variety; for the brain can create Millions of severall Worlds fill'd full of severall Creatures, and though they last not long, yet are they quickly made, they need not length of time to give them form and shape.

*Interrupt.* But there is required Speech to express them, or they are made in vain, if not divulged.

*Contempl.* Speech is an enemy to Fancy; for they that talk much, cannot have time to think much; and Fancies are produced from thoughts, as thoughts are from the minde, and the minde which doth create the thoughts, and the thoughts the fancies, is as a Deity, for it entertains it self with it self, and only takes pleasure in its own works, although none other should partake, or know thereof; but I shall talk a World out of my head, wherefore farewell.

*Ex.*

*Scene 5.*

*Enter Poor Virtue, and her Maid Nan Scrapeall.*

**N***an Scrapeall.* Now your Estate is seized on, you have not means to keep a Servant, as to pay them for their service.

*Poor Virtue.* No truly *Nan*, but that which grieves me most, is, that I have not wherewithall to reward thee for thy past service.

*Nan Scrapeall.* I have served you these seven years, and have had nothing but my bare wages, unless it were some of the worst of your cast Clothes; for Mrs. *Gouverness* took order I should have none of the best; but I hope you will pay me my half years wages that is due to me.

*Poor Virtue.* Truly *Nan* I am not able, for not only my Estate, but all the Money, Jewels, Plate, and other goods you know was seized on, all that my Father left, or had a right to, unless it were my single self; and if you will take my service for half a year for payment, I will be very honest, dutiful, and diligent.

*Nan Scrapeall.* No by my troth, for you have been bred with so much attendance, curiosity, and plenty, as you will rather prove a charge than a payment; but if you can get means by your youth, and beauty, I shall come and claim what is owing me.

*Poor Virtue.* When I am able you shall not need to challenge it; for I will pay you before you ask:

*Nan Scrapeall goes out, and Poor Virtue sits down as in a deep study.*

A a a z

*Enter*

*Enter an old gray headed man, namely Humanity, who seeing her in  
so Melancholy a Posture, falls a weeping.*

*Poor Virtue.* Why weepst thou old *Humanity*?

*Humanity.* For the ruine of your noble family. I came a boy to your Grandmother the great and rich Lady Natures service, she being then newly married to your Grandfather the Lord Propriety; from whence sprung your Father the Lord Morality; your Grandfather, and Grandmother dying, I served your Father, who soon after married your Mother the Lady Piety, they living, whilst she lived, with Peace and Tranquillity; but she dying, left you only to your Father, as a pledg of their loves; and indeed, you are so like them both, as all must confes they were your Parents, although they knew not your Birth; and yet none can tell which you resembled most: thus have I lived to see your Grandfather, and Grandmother, and Father, and Mother dead, and Peace, and Tranquillity fled; and you sweet *Virtue* left desolate and forlorn, both of friends and fortune; but sweet Lady comfort your self, for I have a little fortune, which I got honestly in your Fathers service; and as long as that lasts you shall not want.

*Poor Virtue.* I thank you, but you are old *Humanity*, and ready to go upon Crutches, and age and infirmities are shiftless; wherefore keep it for thy own use.

*Humanity.* Why, so is unexperienced youth, both shiftless, and strengthless.

*Poor Virtue.* Tis true, yet youth hath an encreasing advantage; for time carries youth up, but time pulls Age down; wherefore I will not take that from thee, that will cause thee to be the poorer, or hazard you to want; I shall only desire your advise, what I shall do, and what course I shall follow.

*Humanity.* Alas sweet Lady, necessity will drive you into many extremities.

*Poor Virtue.* I shall have fortitude to arm me; but what Counsel will you give me?

*Humanity.* The best way for you will be to get into some great Ladies service, and in such a place or office as to attend upon her Person, there you may live with honour and respect.

*Poor Virtue.* I had rather throw'd my honest Poverty in a thatcht house, than live in a Palace to be pointed at for my misfortunes; for in this Age, misfortunes are accounted crimes, and poverty is condemned as a thief, and hang'd in the Chains of scorn; wherefore if I could get a service in an honest poor Farmers house, I might live happy, as being most obscure from the World, and the Worlds Vices; for vice encreases more in Palaces than in Cottages; for in Palaces Pride Plows, Faction Soves, Riot Reaps, Extortion Threshes, Covetousness Whoords up the grain or gain; there youth is corrupted with Vanity, Beauty catcht with Flattery, Chastity endangered with Power, and Virtue slandered by Envy; besides, great Persons use their Servants too unequally, making them either Masters, or Slaves; where in an humble Cottage the industrious, and laborious Masters command their Servants friendly and kindly, and are obeyed with love; wherefore good *Humanity*, seek me out such a Place to live in, to serve.

*Humanity.* I will, for I will never forsake you as long as I live, or at least so long as I have legs to goe.

*Poor Virtue.*

*Poor Virtue.* When you cannot visit me, I will visit you, for I shall never be ungratefull. *Ex.*

Scene 6.

Enter the Lady Conversation, and Sir Experience Traveller.

*Conversation.* Sir *Experience Traveller*, you that have been so great a traveller, pray tell me what Nations have the rarest Beauties, and which the greatest Wits?

*Sir Experience Traveller.* In all my travels, the rarest Beauty that I have seen, and the greatest Wit that I have heard of, is your self, sweet Lady *Conversation*.

*Conver.* Then you have lost your labour; for you might have seen my Beauty, and have heard my Wit, at lesse Charges, and more ease.

*Experience Tra.* Tis true Madam, had I only travelled to see a fair Lady, and hear a witty discourse.

*Conver.* Why, many travel to lesse purpose.

*Experience Tra.* Tis true Madam, for some travel meerly to learn to make a leg or congy with a good grace, and to wear their cloaths, or acouster themselves fashionably. But I have observed in my travels, that very cold Countries, and very hot Countries, have neither so many Beauties; nor so much Wit, at lest not so much as more temperate Countries have.

*Conver.* What is the reason of that?

*Exper. Trav.* I cannot conceive the reason, unlesse the extreame coldness of the Climate should congele their Spirits, and stupifie their Brains; making the Spirits unactive to get, and the Brain too barren to breed and bear Wit.

*Conversation.* So then you make the Spirits and the Brain the Parents to Wit.

*Exper. Trav.* Yes Madam.

*Conver.* And what reason give you for the scarcity of Beauties in very cold Climates?

*Exper. Trav.* Beauty, Madam, is as tender and fading in the growth, as a Flower, although it be fresh and sweet; and the more delicate it is, the more subject to be nipt with the hard Frost, and to be withered with raw colds.

*Conver.* Then hot Countries should produce good store.

*Exper. Trav.* No Madam, for extreame heat dryes up Wit, as water in a Spring, and Sun-burns beauty.

*Conver.* But hot Brains are thought to produce the greatest Wits.

*Expe. Trav.* Yes, if they be equally tempered with moisture; for as heat in moisture are Generators of all Creatures, so of Wit; but if the moisture exceed the heat, the Brain, or Mind becomes stupid, if the heat exceeds the moisture, the Brain or Mind becomes mad.

*Conver.* What Nation hath the best Language?

*Expe. Trav.* There are but three commendable things in Language, those

are to be significant, copious, and smooth; and the *English* tongue hath the perfection of all, there being an oyle, or butter made of the cream of all other Languages. Thus, what with the Temperature of the Climate, and the soft, smooth, spreading Language, *England* produces rarer Beauties, and eloquenter Orators, and finer Poets, than any other Nation in the world; and the Nobility and Gentry live not only in greater grandeur, than in other Nations, but naturally appear or look with a more splendid Greatness.

*Conver.* Tis true, they did so in former times, when the Crown kept up Ceremony, and Ceremony the Crown; but since that Ceremony is down, their grandeur is lost, and their splendor put out, and no light thereof remains: But they are covered with a dark rudeness, wherein the Clown justles the Lord, and the Lord gives the way to the Clown; the Man takes the wall of his Master, and the Master scrapes legs with Cap in hand to the Servant, and waits upon him, not out of a generous and noble Nature, but out of a base servile fear, and through fear, hath given the Power away.

*Exper. Trav.* I am sorry to hear the Nobility is so degenerated.

*Ex.*

*Scene. 7.*

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and his Friend Master Adviser.*

*Adviser.* I wonder your Lordship should be so troubled at your Father's commands, which was to marry the Lady *Ward*, unless she had been ill-favoured and old.

*Lord Courtship.* O that's the misery! that she is so young, For I had rather my Father had commanded me to marry one that had been very old, than one that is so young; for if she had been very old, there might have been some hopes of her death; but this young Filly will grow upon me, not from me; besides, those that are young give me no delight, their Company is dull.

*Adviser.* Why, she is not so very young, she is fifteen years of Age.

*Lord Court.* Give me a Lady to embrace about the years of twenty, rather than fifteen; then is her Beauty like a full-blown Rose in *June*, her *Vi* like fruit is ripe and sweet, and pleasant to the ear; when those of fifteen are like to green sharp Fruit, not ripened by the Sun of Time. Yet that's not all that troubles me; but I cannot endure to be bound in *V*edlocks shackles for I love variety, and hate to be ty'd to one.

*Adviser.* Why, you may have the more variety by marrying.

*Lord Court.* No faith, 'tis a Bar; for if I should but kisse my wives Maid which a thousand to one but I shall, my wife, if she doth not beat her Maid making a hideous noise, with scoldings, yet she will pout, and cry, and feign her self sick, or else she would Cuckold me, and then I am paid for all.

*Adviser.* Faith my Lord, it is a hundred to one but a man when he is married

ye shall be Cuckolded, were he as wise as *Solomon*, as valiant as *David*, as fortunate as *Cæsar*, as witty as *Homer*, or as handsome as *Absalom*; for Women are of the same Nature as men, for not one man amongst a thousand makes a good Husband, nor one woman amongst a thousand makes an honest Wife.

*Lord Court.* No faith, you might well have put another Cypher and made it ten thousand.

*Adviser.* Well my Lord, since you must marry, pray let me counsel you: This Lady *ward* being very young, you may have her bred to your own Humour.

*Lord Court.* How is that?

*Adviser.* Why, accustome her to your wayes before you marry her; let her see your several Courtships to several Mistresses, and keep wenches in your houle; and when she is bred up to the acquaintance of your customes, it will be as natural to her.

*Lord Court.* What, to be a whore?

*Adviser.* No, to know your humours; and to be contented thereat.

*Lord Court.* Well, I will take your advice; although it is dangerous: And as the old saying is, the Medicine may prove worse than the disease.

*Adviser.* Why, the worst come to the worst, it is but parting.

*Lord Court.* You say true; but yet a divorce will not clearly take off the disgrace of a Cuckold.

Ex.

Scene 8.

Enter Poor Virtue, and old Humanity.

*Humanity.* I have found out a service, a Farmer which hath the report of an honest labouring man, and his wife a good huswifely woman; they have onely one daughter about your years, a pretty Maid truly she is, and seems a modest one; but how you will endure such rough and rude work, which perchance they will employ you in, I cannot tell, I doubt you will tire in it.

*Poor Virtue.* Do not fear, for what I want in strength, my industry shall supply.

*Humanity.* But you must be fitted with cloaths according, and proper to your service.

*Poor Virtue.* That you must help me to.

*Humanity.* That I will.

Ex.

## ACT III.

## Scene 9.

*Enter Sir Fancy Poet, and the Lady Contemplation.*

*Sir Fancy Poet.* Sweet *Lady Contemplation*, although your thoughts be excellent, yet there are fine curiosities and sweet pleasures to be enjoyed in the use of the world.

*Contemplation.* Perchance so, but would not you think that man a Fool that hath a great estate, a large convenient house, well situated, in sweet and healthfull Aire, pleasant and delightful, having all about for the eyes to view Landskips, and Prospects; beside, all the inside richly furnished, and the Master plentifully served, and much company to passe his time with, as a resort of men of all Nations, of all Ages, of all qualities or degrees; and professions, of all humours, of all breedings, of all shapes, of all complexions: Likewise a recourse for all Wits, for all Scholars, for all Arts, for all Sciences; Also Lovers of all sorts Servants of all use, and imployments; Thus living luxuriously with all rarities and varieties, and yet shall go a begging, debasing himself with humble crouching, enslaving himself to Obligations, living upon cold Charity, and is denied often times unkindly, or kickt out scornfully, when he may be honoured at home, and served in state, would not you think that this man had an inbred baseness, that had rather serve unworthily, than command honourably; that had rather be enslaved, than free? Besides, that mind is a fool that cannot entertain it self with it's own thoughts; a wandring Vagabond, that is never, or seldome at home in Contemplation; A Prodigal to cast out his thoughts vainly in idle words, base to enslave it self to the Body, which is full of corruption, when it can create bodiless Creatures like it self in Corporalities; with which self Creatures, it may nobly, honestly, freely, and delightfully entertain it self. With which, the mind may not only delight it self, but improve it self; for the thoughts, which are the actions of the mind, make the soul more healthful and strong by exercises; for the mind is the soules body, and the thoughts are the actions thereof.

*Fancy Poet.* After what manner will you form this Body?

*Contempl.* Thus, Understanding is the Brain, Reason the Liver, Love is the heart, Hate the Spleen, Knowledge the Stomach, Judgement the Sinews, Opinions the Bones, Will the Veins, Imaginations the Blood, Fancy the Spirits, the Thoughts are the Life, and Motion, or the Motions of the Life, the outward Form is the Mind it self, which sometimes is like a Beast, sometimes like a Man, and sometimes like a God.

*Fancy Poet.* And you my fair Goddesse.

*Ex.*

*Scene*

Scene 10.

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and the Lady Amorous.*

**L**ady Amorous. My Lord, you are too covetous to take a wife meerly for her riches.

Lord Courtship. Believe me Madam, I do esteem of such Riches as Money; as I do of Marriage, and in my nature I do hate them both; for a man is en-slaved by either: wherefore I would shun them if I could, and turn them out of doors, but that some sorts of necessity and conveniency inforce me to entertain them; the one for Posteritie sake, the other for subsistence of present life, besides convenient pleasures.

Lady Am. The Lady ward, who is to be your wife, seems of a very dull disposition.

Lord Court. She is so; but I like her the better for that, for I would have a deadly dull Wife, and a lively Mistresse, such a sprightly Lady as you are.

Lady Am. In truth my Lord, I am of a melancholy Nature.

Lord Court. Certainly Madam, you onely know the Name, not the Nature; for your Nature is alwayes fresh, and sweet, and pleasant, the Spring.

Lady Am. O no, my mind is like to Winter, and my thoughts are numb and cold.

Lord Court. If your thoughts were so cold, your words would be as if they were frozen between your lips, all your discourse would melt by drops, not flow so smoothly and swiftly into mens eares, as they at all times do.

Lady Am. Tis true, I am merry when I am in your company, but in your absence I am as dull as a cloudy day, and as melancholy as dark night.

Lord Court. I cannot believe so well of my self, as that my company can be the light of your mirth, but I know that your company is the Sun of my life; nor could I live without it.

*Ex.*

Scene 11.

*Enter the Lord Title, Sir Effeminate Lovely, and Sir Golden Riches.*

**L**ord Title. This is a barren Country, for in all this progresse I have not seen a pretty Country wench.

Effeminate Lovely. Nor I.

Golden Riches. Nor I.

Lord Title. If an person can tell, it is Tom Purveyer.

Ccc

*Enter*

*Enter Tom Purveyer.*

Now *Tom Purveyer*, are there no pretty wenches in this part of the Country?

*Tom Purveyer*. Yes that there are, an it please your Lorchip, and not far off two as pretty wenches as are in the Kingdome, and no dispraise to the rest.

*They all speak.*

*All*. Where? where?

*Tom Purveyer*. Hard by here, at a Farmers House; the one is his Daughter, the other is his Servant-Maid.

*All*. Præthee *Tom* show us the house.

*Tom Purveyer*. Not all at once; but one after another.

*All*. Nay faith *Tom*, let us all see them at once; but we will Court them apart.

*Tom Purveyer*. Content.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 12.*

*Enter the Lady Conversation, and Sir Fancy Poet.*

**L**ady *Conversation*. What is the reason that *Mercury* is feign'd to be the patron of Thieves?

*Sir Fancy Poet*. That is to be the patron of Scholars, for Scholars are the greatest Thieves, stealing from the Authours they read, to their own use.

*Lady Convers*. And why are Scholars counted the greatest Thieves?

*Sir Fancy Poet*. Because that they steal the Spirits, or life of renown, out of the treasury of Fame; when all other sorts of Thieves steal but the goods of Fortune, which is nothing but a Corporal dross.

*Convers*. And why is he feigned the talkative God?

*Sir Fancy Poet*. Because Scholars talk more than other men, and most commonly so much, as they will let none speak but themselves; and when there is a Company of Scholars together, they will be so fierce in disputes, as they will be ready to go to cuffs for the Prerogative of their opinion.

*Convers*. The Prerogative of the tongue you mean; but why are Scholars apt to talk most?

*Sir Fancy Poet*. Because they overcharge their heads with several Authours, as *Epicures* do their Stomacks with variety of meats, and being overcharged, they are forced to vent it forth through the mouth, as the other through the gut; for the tongue, as a Feather, tickles the throat of Vainglory, vomiting out the slime of Learning, into the ears of the hearers; but some heads, as Stomacks which are naturally weak, are so grip'd, by reason it doth not digest well, as they vent nothing but windy Phrases; and other brains which are hot and moist, by reason of a facil memory, digest so fast, as they do nothing but purge loose Sentences; and other brains that are too dry and Incipid, are so costive, as their restringency strains out nothing but strong lines.

*Convers*. What is that, Non-sense?



*Sir Fancy Poet.* Indeed they are hard words without sense.

*Convers.* What makes a good Poet?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* A quick Fancy.

*Convers.* What makes a good Oratour?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* A ready Tongue.

*Convers.* What makes a good Physician?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* Much Practice.

*Convers.* What makes a good Divine?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* A Holy Life.

*Convers.* What makes a good States-Man?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* Long experience, great observance, prudent industry, ingenuous wit, and distinguishing judgment.

*Convers.* What makes a good Souldier?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* Change of Fortune, Courage, Prudence, and Patience.

*Convers.* What makes a good Courtier?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* Diligence, Flattery, and time-serving.

*Convers.* What makes a good Prince, or Governour?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* Justice, Clemency, Generosity, Courage, and Prudence mixt together.

*Convers.* What makes a good Woman?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* A Poet.

*Convers.* Why a Poet?

*Sir Fancy Poet.* By reason the Poetical wits convert their natural defects into sweet graces, their follies to pure innocencies, and their Vices into Heroick Virrues.

*Convers.* By these descriptions, you make as if women were more obliged to Poets than to Nature.

*Sir Fancy Poet.* They are so; for where Nature, or Education, makes one good, or beautiful Woman, Poets make ten; besides, Poets have not only made greater numbers of beautiful women, but perfecter beauties than ever Nature made.

*Convers.* Then let me tell you, that women make Poets; for women kindle the masculine brains with the fire of Love, from whence arises a Poetical flame; and their Beauty is the fuel that feeds it.

*Sir Fancy Poet.* I confes, were there no women, there would be no Poets; for the Muses are of that Sex.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

## Scene 13.

Enter Roger Farmer, and Maudling his Wife.

**M**audling Huswife. Truly Husband our Maid *Poor Virtue* is a very industrious Servant as ever I had in my life.

*Roger Farmer.* Yes wife, but you were angry with me at first because I persuaded you to take her.

*Maudling Huswife.* Why, she seem'd to be so fine a feat, as I thought she would never have settled to her work.

*Roger Farmer.* Truly Wife, she does forecast her business so prudently, and doth every thing so orderly, and behaves her self so handsomely, and carries her self so modestly, as she may be a Pattern to our Daughter.

*Maudling Huswife.* I am a better Pattern my self.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 14.

Enter *Poor Virtue* with a Sheephook, as coming from tending her sheep, and the Lord Title meets her.

**L**ord Title. Fair Maid, may I be your Shepheard to attend you.

*Poor Virtue.* I am but a single Sheep that needs no great attendance, and a harmless one, that strays not forth the ground I am put to feed.

*Lord Title.* Mistake me not fair Maid, I desire to be your Shepheard, and you my fair Shepheardess, attending loving thoughts, that feed on kisses sweet, folded in amorous arms.

*Poor Virtue.* My mind never harbors wanton thoughts, nor sends immodest glances forth, nor will infold unlawful love, for chastity sticks as fast unto my Soul, as light unto the Sun, or heat unto the fire, or motion unto life, or absence unto death, or time unto eternity, and I glory more in being chaste, than *Hellen* of her beauty, or *Athens* of their learning and eloquence, or the *Lacedemonions* of their Lawes, or the *Persians* of their Riches, or *Greece* of their Fables, or the *Romans* of their Conquests; and Chastity is more delightfull to my mind, than Fancy is to Poets, or Musick to the Ears, or Beauty to the Eyes, and I am as constant to Chastity, as truth to Unity, and Death to life; for I am as free, and pure from all unchastity as Angels are of sin.

*Poor Virtue goes out.*

*Lord Title alone.*

*Lord Title.* I wonder not so much at Fortunes gifts, as Natures curiosities, not so much at Riches, Title and power, as Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, joy'd

in

in one; besides, she doth amaze me by expressing so much learning, as if she had been taught in some famous Schools, and had read many histories, and yet a Cottager, and a young Cottager, tis strange.

*Ex.*

*Scene 15.*

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and Mr. Adviser.*

*Adviser.* My Lord, doth my Counsel take good effect?

*Lord Courtship.* Yes faith, for she seems to take it very patiently, or else she is so dull a Creature as she is not sensible of any injury that's done her.

*Adviser.* How doth she look when you adrefs, and salute your Mistress?

*Lord Courtship.* She seems to regard us not; but is as if she were in a deep contemplation of another world.

*Adviser.* I think she is one of the fewest words, for I never heard her speak.

*Lord Courtship.* Faith so few, as I am in good hope she is tongue-tyed, or will grow dumb.

*Adviser.* That would be such a happiness, as all married men would envy you for.

*Lord Courtship.* They will have cause, for there is nothing so tedious as talking women, they speak so constraintly, and utter their Nonsense with such formality, and ask impertinent questions so gravely, or else their discourse is snip snap, or so loud and shrill, as deafs a mans ears, so as a man would never keep them Company, if it were not for other reasons.

*Adviser.* Your Lordship speaks as if you were a woman-hater.

*Lord Courtship.* O Pardon me, for there is no man loves the Sex better than I; yet I had rather discourse with their beauty than their wits; besides, I only speak of generalities, not particularities.

*Ex.*

*Scene 16.*

*Enter the Lady Contemplation, and Sir Humphrey Interruption.*

*Interruption.* Lady, pray make me partaker of some of your conceptions.

*Contempl.* My conceptions are like the tongue of an extemporary Orator; that after he hath spoke, if he were to speak upon the same subject he could hardly do it, if it were not impossible just to speak as he did, as to express the same subjects in the same expressions, and way of his natural Rhetorick; for the sense may be the same, but the expressions, & way of Rhetorick will hardly be the same; but 'tis likely will be very different, and so differing, as not to be like the same; but the same premeditated Rhetorick, will many times

serve to many several designs, or preaching, pleading, or speaking, the Theatrical or cause being altered; This is the difference betwixt extemporary Oratory, and premeditated Oratory, the one may be spoke, as many times as an Orator will, and make the same Oratory serve to many several Subjects; the other being not fixt, but voluntary, vanishes out of the remembrance, the same many times do my conceptions.

*Interrup.* But I hope all are not vanished, some remain; wherefore pray expresse or present any one of your conceptions after what manner of way you please.

*Contempl.* Why then I will tell you, I had a conception of a Monster, as a Creature that had a rational soul, yet was a Fool: It had had a beautiful and perfect shape, yet was deformed and ill-favoured; It had clear distinguishing senses, and yet was senseless; It was produced from the Gods, but had the nature of a Devil; It had an eternal life, yet dyed as a Beast; It had a body, and no body.

*Interrup.* What Monster call you this?

*Contempl.* I call him Man.

*Interrup.* This is a Man of your own conception.

*Contempl.* A man of Nature's creating is as monstrous: for though man hath a rational soul, yet most men are fools, making no use of their reason, and though Man hath a beautiful and perfect shape, yet for the most part, they make themselves deformed and ill-favoured with antick postures, violent passions, or brutish vices; and man hath clear distinguishing Senses, yet in his sleep, or with fumes, or drink, he is senseless: Man was produced immediately from the Gods, yet man being wicked, and prone to evil, hath by evil wickedness the nature of a Devil; Man 'tis said, shall live for ever, as having an eternal life, yet betwixt this life and the other, he dyes like a Beast, and turns to dust as other Creatures do; but the only difference between the man Nature creates, and the man my Conceptions create is, that Nature's man hath a real substance as a real body; whereas my conceiv'd man is only an Idea, which is an incorporal man, so as the body of my conceiv'd man, is as the soul of Nature's created man, an incorporality.

*Ex.*

*Scene 17.*

*Enter the Lord Title, and Mall Mean-bred.*

Written by my  
Lord Marquess of  
*New-castle.*

**L**ord Title. Well, I have lost my first Course in Love, and now like an angry bloody Gray-hound, I will down with the first I meet, were she as innocent as a Dove, or as wise as a Serpent, down she goes.

*Enter Mall Mean-bred.*

But soft, here's Loves game, and Ile flye at her. Fair One, for so you are.

*Mall*

*Mall Mean-bred.* Truly Sir I am but a Blouse.

*Lord Title.* Think better of your self, and believe me.

*Mall Mean.* My Father hath told me, I must not believe a Gentleman in such matters.

*Lord Title.* Why sweetest? I am a Lord.

*Mall Mean.* A Lord; Lord blesse your Worship then, but my Father gave me warning of a Lord, he said they might nay, say and swear too, and do any thing, for they were Peers of the Realm, there was no meddling with them he said, without a Rebellion, blesse me from a Lord, for it is a naughty thing, as they say, I know not.

*Lo. Title.* Do you value me so little, when I can make you an Apocryphal Lady?

*Mall Mean.* The Apocrypha forsooth is out of my Book, I have been bred purer than to meddle with the Apocrypha, the Gods blesse us from it, and from all such ill things.

*Lo. Title.* Well, in short, will you love me?

*Mall Mean.* I am so ashamed to love a Lord forsooth that I know not how to behave my self.

*Lo. Title.* I will teach you.

*Mall Mean.* If your Honour will take the pains to teach a poor ignorant Country Maid, I will do the best I can to learn forsooth; but will it not be too much pains for your Honour, do you think?

*Lo. Title.* No no, it will be both for my Honour, and my pleasure, and for the pleasure of my Honour.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Blesse us, how the Lords doe it backward and forward at their pleasure, the finest that ever was; but what would your Honour have of me?

*Lo. Title.* By this kifs Ile tell you.

*He goes to kifs her, she seems nice and coy.*

*Mall Mean.* O fie, fie, good your Honour, do not scandalize your lips to kisse mine, and make me so proud as never to kisse our Shepherd again.

*He offers.*

*Mall Mean.* No fie.

*Lo. Title.* I will and must kisse you.

*[He strives]*

*Mall Mean-bred.* Nay, good your Honour, good your Honour.

*He kisses her.*

What are you the better now? But I see there is no denying a Lord, forsooth it is not civil, and they are so peremptory too, the Gods blesse them, and make them their Servants.

*Lo. Title.* This kisse hath so inflamed me, therefore for Loves sake, meet me in the Evening, in the Broom close here.

*Mall Mean.* I know the Close forsooth, I have been there before now.

*Lo. Title.* Well, and when we meet I will discover more than yet I have done.

*Mall Mean.* So you had need forsooth, for nothing is discovered yet, either on your side, or mine, but I will keep my promise.

*Lo. Title.* There spoke my better Angel; so adiew.

*Mall Mean.* An Angel, I will not break my word for twoa ngels, and I hope there will be no dew neither, God shield you forsooth.

*Here ends my Lord Marquesse.*

*Ex.  
Scene*

## Scene 18.

*Enter Sir Effeminate Lovely, following Poor Virtue.*

**S***ir Effeminate Lovely.* Fair Maid, stay and look upon my person.

*Poor Virtue.* Why, so I do.

*Effem. Love.* And how do you like it?

*Poor Vir.* As I like a curious built house, wherein lives a vain and self-conceited owner.

*Effem. Love.* And are not you in love with it?

*Poor Vir.* No truly, no more than with a pencilled Picture.

*Effem. Love.* Why, I am not painted.

*Poor Vir.* You are by Nature, though not by Art.

*Effem. Love.* And do you despise the best and curiouslest Works of Nature?

*Poor Vir.* No, I admire them.

*Effem. Love.* If you admire them, you will admire me, and if you admire me, you will yield to my desires.

*Poor Vir.* There may be admiration without love, but to yield to your desires, were to abuse Natures Works.

*Effem. Love.* No, It were to enjoy them.

*Poor Vir.* Nature hath made Reason in man, as well as Sense, and we ought not to abuse the one, to please the other; otherwise man would be like Beasts, following their sensualities, which Nature never made man to be; for she created Virtues in the Soul, to govern the Senses and Appetites of the Body, as Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Conscience.

*Effem. Love.* Conscience? What is that, natural fear?

*Poor Vir.* No, it is the tenderest part of the Soul, bathed in a holy dew, from whence repentant tears do flow.

*Effem. Love.* I find no such tender Constitution, nor moist Complexion in my Soul.

*Poor Vir.* That is, by reason the Fire of unlawful Love hath drunk all up, & feared the Conscience dry.

*Effem. Love.* You may call it what Fire you will, but I am certain it is your Beauty that kindles it, and your Wit that makes it flame, burning with hot desires.

*Poor Vir.* Pray Heaven my Virtue may quench it out again.

*Poor Virtue goes out.*

*Lovely alone.*

*Effem. Love.* I am sure Nature requires a self-satisfaction, as well as a self-preservation, and cannot, nor will not be quiet without it, esteeming it beyond life.

*Exit*

*Scene*

## Scene 19.

Enter the Lady Ward, and Nurse Careful.

*Lady ward.* I wonder my Lord *Courtship*, he being counted a wise man, should make me his Baud, if he intends to make me his Wife, and by my troth Nurse, I am too young for that grave Office.

*Nurse Careful.* How ignorantly you speak Child? it is a sign you have been bred obscurely, and know little of the world; or rather it proves your Mother dyed before you could speak, or go, otherwise you would be better experienced in these bufinesses.

*Lady ward.* My Mother, Nurse, Heaven rest her soul, she would never have made me a Baud.

*Nurse Careful.* No, why then she would not do as most Mothers do now a dayes; for in this age Mothers bring up their daughters to carry Letters, and to receive messages, or at least to watch at the door lest their Fathers should come unawares, and when they come to make some excuse; and then the Mother laughs, and sayes her daughter is a notable witty Girl.

*La. ward.* What, for telling a lye?

*Nurse Careful.* Yes, when it is told so; as to appeare like a truth.

*Lady ward.* But it is a double fault, as to deceive the Father, and be a Baud to the Mother.

*Nurse Careful.* Why, the Mother will execute the same Office for the daughter when she is marryed, and her self grown into years; for from the age of seven or eight years old, to the time they are marryed, the Daughter is a Baud to the Mother; and from the time of their marriage, to the time of their Mothers death, the Mother is a Baud to the Daughter; but if the Mother be indifferently young, and hath a young tooth in her head, as the old saying is, they Baud for each other.

*Lady ward.* But why doth not the Mother Baud for her Daughter, before she is marryed.

*Nurse Careful.* O there is reason for that, for that may spoil her fortune, by hindering her marriage: for marriage is a Veile to cover the wanton face of adultery, the like Veil is Baud-mothers, and Baud-daughters; for who would suspect any lewdnesse, when the Mother and the Daughter is together?

*La. ward.* And are not Sons Pimps for their Fathers, as Daughters are for their Mothers?

*Nurse Careful.* No faith, Boys have not facility, or ingenuity as Girles have; besides, they are kept most commonly so strictly to their Bookes, when Girles have nothing else to do; but when they have cast away their Books, and come to be marryed men, then they may chance to Pimp for their Wives.

*Lady ward.* O fie Nurse, surely a man will never play the Pimp to Cuckold himself.

*Nurse Careful.* O yes, if they be poor, or covetous, or ambitious; and then if they have a handsome woman to their wife, they will set her as a bait to catch their designs in the trap of Adultery; or patient; quiet, simple, fearful,

men will, if they have a Spritely wife, they will play the Pimp, either in fear, or quiet; for such men to such wives, will do any thing to please them, although it be to Cuckold themselves.

*La. Ward.* But surely Nurse no Gentleman will do so.

*Nurse Care.* I know not who you call Gentlemen, but those that bear up high and look big, and vant loud, and walk proud, and carry the out-side of a Gentleman, will do so.

*La. Ward.* Certainly Nurse they are but Bastard Gentry, or else they are degenerated.

*Nurse Careful.* An incipid Branch may spring from a sound Root; many a withered and rotten Plum may hang on a good Tree.

*La. Ward.* And do Wives play the Bauds for their Husbands, as the Husbands play the Pimps for their Wives?

*Nurse Care.* Most often; for they will make Gossiping meetings, on purpose for their Husbands to Court other women; for they know when their Husbands minds are fill'd with amorous love, they will not muse upon their actions, nor examine their wayes; besides, when as the Husband would take his liberty without disturbance, he will wink at the liberty his wife takes, and so will be procurers for each other, and the Ladys acquaintance are Confidants.

*La. Ward.* Confidants, what is that, Nurse?

*Nurse Careful.* Why it is thus, two Ladies make friendship, or at least call Friends, and if any man desires to be a Courtly Servant to one of them, he addresses himself to the other, and expresses what Passions and Affections he hath for her friend, and so makes his complaints and affections known to her; whereupon she recommends his addresses and service to her Friend; thus doing a friendly Office by carrying and declaring his professions, and returning her Friends civil answers, appointing places for each others love-meetings, the other will do as much for her.

*La. Ward.* Why this is a Baud.

*Nurse Care.* O peace Child, for if any body heard you say so, they would laugh at you for a Fool, but 'tis a sign you never was a Courtier, for I knew a young Lady that went to Court to be a Maid of Honour; and there were two young Ladies that were Confidants to each other, and a great Prince made love to one of them, but address'd himself to the other, as being her Friend; this young Maid askt why he did so, it was answered, she was the Princes Mistresse *Confident*; and just as you ask me, what said she, is a confident a Baud; whereupon the whole Court laugh'd at her, and for that only question condemn'd her to be a very Fool, nay, a meer Changling.

*La. Ward.* Well Nurse, say what you will, Confident is but a Courtly name for a Baud.

*Ex.*

*Scene*



Scene 20.

Enter Sir Effeminate Lovely, and Mall Mean-bred.

SIR Effeminate Lovely. Those wandering Stars that shine like brightest day, are fixt on me, the Center of your love. *This following Scene was writ by the Lord Marquess of Newcastle.*

Mall Mean-bred. O Heavens!

Sir Effem. Lovely. Happy to touch those Lillies in your cheeks mingled with Roses, loves perfum'd bath.

Mall Mean-bred. They grow forsooth in our Garden.

Sir Effem. Lovely. You are the Garden of all sweets for love, your blushing lips of the Vermillion die, and those twin cherries, give me leave to taste.

Mall Mean-bred. Truly Sir, I understand no Latin, but I will call our Vicar to you, and he shall expound.

Sir Effem. Lovely. No dearest Dear, my lovely Dear, my dearest Love, my lovelyest Dear.

Mall Mean-bred. I never cost you any thing as yet, Sir.

Sir Effem. Lovely. Why, then no Lady of Arcadie bred.

Mall Mean-bred. Truly Sir, this is as our Vicar saith, like Hebrew without poynts, to be read backwards; say any thing forward in Nottingham-shire; speak, that I may guess at, and I will answer your VVorship, though truly, it is as fine as ever I understood not.

Effem. Lovely. Why then sweet heart I love you, and would gladly enjoy you.

Mall Mean-bred. O fie, enjoy is a naughty word forsooth, if it please you.

Effem. Lovely. It would please me, your thoughts of what you mince.

Mall Mean-bred. Thoughts are free forsooth, and I love whole joints without mincing.

Effem. Lovely. Why then in plain English, I would have your Maiden-head.

Mall Mean-bred. O dear, how will you get it, can you tell? Truly, truly, I did not think such naughty words would come forth of so fine a Gentleman's mouth.

Effem. Lovely. But tell me truly, do you think me fine?

Mall Mean. You will make me blush now; and discover all; so fine cloaths, the Taylor of Norton never made such, and so finely made, unbuttoned and untruss doth so become you; but I do hang down my head for shame; and those Linnen Boot-hose (as if you did long to ride;) do so become you; and your short Coat to hang on your left arm; O sweet, O sweet; and then your Hat hid with so fine a Feather, our Peacocks tails are not like it; and when your hair so long, so finely curled, and powder'd in sweets, a sweeter Gentleman I never saw. My love's beyond dissembling, so young, so fresh, so every thing, I warrant you; O Sir, you will ravish me, but yet you cannot.

Effem. Lovely. O how you have made me thankfulness all over for this.

your bounty to me; wherefore my earthly Paradise, let us meet in the next Close, there under some sweet Hedge to taste Loves aromatick Banquet at your Table.

*Mall Mean.* O Sir, with blushes I consent; farewel; do not bettay me then, you must not tell.

*Farewell my sweetest, granting of my sute,  
Shall still instave me, and be ever mute.*

Here ends my Lord Marquesse's Scene.

*Ex.*

*Scene 21.*

*Enter Poor Virtue, and Sir Golden Riches following her.*

**G**olden Riches. Stay lovely Maid, and receive a Fortune.

*Poor Virtue.* I am Fortune proof Sir, she cannot tempt me;

*Gold. Rich.* But she may perswade you to reason.

*Poor Virtue.* That she seldome doth, for she is alwayes in extremes, and

*Extremes are out of Reason's Schools,  
That makes all those that follow Fortune Faoles.*

*Gold. Rich.* What do you Rime, my pretty Maid?

*Poor Virtue.* Yes Rich Sir, to end my discourse.

*Golden Riches.* I will make you Rich, if you will receive my gifts.

*Poor Virtue.* I love not gifts Sir, because they often prove bribes to corrupt.

*Gold. Rich.* Why, what do you love then?

*Poor Vir.* I love Truth, Fidelity, Justice, Chastity; and I love obedience to lawful Authority, which rather than I would willingly and knowingly infringe, I would suffer death.

*Gold. Rich.* Are you so wilful?

*Poor Vir.* No, I am so constant.

*Gold. Rich.* But young Maid, you ought not to deny all gifts, for there are gifts of pure affection, Love-gifts of Charity, gifts of Humanity, and gifts of Generosity.

*Poor Virtue.* They are due debts, and not gifts; For those you call gifts of pure Love, are payments to dear deserving friends; and those of Charity are payments to Heaven; and those of Humanity are payments to Nature, and those of Generosity, are payments to Merit; but there are vain-glorious gifts, covetous gifts, gifts of fear, and gifts that serve as Bauds to corrupt foolish young Virgins.

*Gold. Rich.* Are you so wise to refuse them?

*Poor Vir.* I am so virtuous as not to take them.

*Ex.*  
**ACT**

ACT V.

Scene. 22.

Enter the Lady Contemplation, and the Lady Visitant:

**V**isitant. What still musing, O thou idle creature?

**Contemp.** I am not idle, for I busie my self with my own fancies.

**Visitant.** Fancies are like dust, soon raised, and suddenly blown away.

**Contemp.** No, they are as fire-works that sparkling flie about; or rather stars, set thick upon the brain, which gives a twinckling delight unto the mind.

**Visitant.** Prethee delight thy friends with thy conversation, and spend not thy time with dull thoughts.

**Contemp.** Pray give me leave to delight my self with my own thoughts, since I have no discourse to entertain a hearer.

**Visitant.** Why, your thoughts speak in your mind, although your tongue keeps silence.

**Contemp.** 'Tis true; but they disturb not the mind with noise, for noise is the greatest enemy the mind hath: and as for my part, I think the most useles sense that Nature hath made, is hearing: the truth is, that hearing and smelling might well have been spared, for those two senses bring no materials into the brain; for sound and scent are incorporal.

**Visitant.** Then put out all the senses.

**Contemp.** There is no reason for that, for the eyes bring in pictures which serve the mind for patterns to draw new fancies by, and to cut, or carve out figurative thoughts, and the last serves towards the nourishment of the body, and touches the life.

**Visitant.** But wisdom comes through the ear by instruction.

**Contemp.** Wisdom comes through the eye by experience; for we shall doubt of what we only hear, but never doubt of what we see perfectly: But the ground of wisdom is Reason, and Reason is born with the soul, wherefore the ear serves only for reproof, and reproof displeases the mind, and seldom doth the life any good; nay many times it makes it worse, for the mind being displeas'd, grows angry, and being angry, malicious, and being malicious, revengful, and revenge is war, and war is destruction.

**Visitant.** But if you were deaf, you would lose the sweet harmony of musick.

**Contemp.** Harmony becomes discord by often repetition, and at the best it doth but rock the thoughts asleep; whereas the mind takes more pleasure in the harmony of thoughts, and the musick of fancy, than in any that the senses can bring into it.

**Visitant.** Prethee let this harmonious musick cease for a time, and let us go and visit the Lady Conversation.

**Contemp.** It seems a strange humour to me, that all mankind in general should have an itching tongue to talk, and take more pleasure in the wagging thereof, than a beggar in scratching where a louse hath bit.

*Visitant.* Why, every part of the body was made for some use, and the tongue to express the sense of the mind.

*Contemp.* Pardon me, tongues were made for taste, not for words, for words was an art which man invented: you may as well say, the hands were made to shuffle cards, or to do juggling tricks, when they were made to defend and assist the body; or you may as well say, the legs were made to cut capers, when they were made to carry the body, and to move, as to goe from place to place; for, though the hands can shuffle cards, or juggle, and the legs can cut capers, yet they were not made by Nature for that use, nor to that purpose; but howsoever, for the most part, the sense and reason of the mind is lost in the number of words; for there are millions of words for a single figure of sense, and many times a cyphre of nonsense stands instead of a figure of sense: Besides, there are more spirits spent, and flesh wasted with speaking, than is got or kept with eating, as witness Preachers, Pleaders, Players, and the like, who most commonly die with Consumptions; and I believe, many of our effeminate Sex do hurt the lungs with over-exercising of their tongues, not only with licking and tasting of Sweet-meats, but with chatting and prating, twirling and twatling; for I cannot say speaking, or discoursing, which are significant words, placed in a methodical order, then march in a regular body upon the ground of Reason, where sometimes the colour of Fancy is flying.

*Visitant.* Now the Flag of your wit is flying, is the fittest time to encounter the Lady *Conversation*; and I make no question but you will be Victorious, and then you shall be Crowned the Queen of Wit.

*Contempl.* I had rather bury myself in a Monument of Thoughts, than sit in the Throne of Applause for Talking.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 23.

*Enter the Lord Title to Poor Virtue, who sat under a little hedge, bending like a Bower. He sits down by her.*

**L**ord Title. Sweet, why sit you so silently here?

Poor Virtue. My speech is buried in my thoughts.

Lord Title. This silent place begets melancholy thoughts.

Poor Virtue. And I love melancholy so well, as I would have all as silent without me, as my thoughts are within me; and I am so well pleased with thoughts, as noise begets a grief, when it disturbs them.

Lord Title. But most commonly Shepherds and Shepherdesses sit and sing to pass away the time.

Poor Virtue. Misfortunes have untuned my voice, and broke the strings of mirth.

Lord Title. Misfortunes? what misfortunes art thou capable of? Thou hast all thou wert born to.

Poor Virtue. I was born to die, and 'tis misfortune enough I live, since my life can do no good: I am but useless here.

Lord

*Lord Title.* You were born to help increase the world.

*Poor Virtue.* The world needs no increase, there are too many creatures already, especially mankind; for there are more than can live quietly in the world; for I perceive, the more populous, the more vicious.

*Lord Title.* 'Tis strange you should be so young, so fair, so witty as you are, and yet so melancholy; thy poverty cannot make it, for thou never knewest the pleasure of riches.

*Poor Virtue.* Melancholy is the only hopes I do rely upon, that though I am poor, yet that may make me wise; for fools are most commonly merriest, because they understand not the follies that dwell therein, nor have enough considerations of the unhappiness of man, who hath endless desires, unprofitable travels, hard labours, restless hours, short pleasures, tedious pains, little delights, blasted joys, uncertain lives, and decreed deaths; and what is mirth good for? it cannot save a dying friend, nor help a ruined Kingdom, nor bring in plenty to a famished Land, nor quench our malignant Plagues; nor is it a ward to keep misfortunes off, though it may triumph on them.

*Lord Title.* But you a young Maid, should do as young Maids do, seek out the company of young Men.

*Poor Virtue.* Young Maids may save themselves that labour, for Men will seek out them, or else you would not be sitting here with me.

*Lord Title.* And are you not pleas'd with my company?

*Poor Virtue.* What pleasure can there be in fears?

*Lord Title.* Are you afraid of me?

*Poor Virtue.* Yes truly; for the ill example of men, corrupts the good principles in women: But I fear not the perverting of my Vertue, but mens incivilities.

*Lord Title.* They must be very rudely bred, that give you not respect, you being so very modest.

*Poor Virtue.* 'Tis not enough to be chastly modest and honest, but as a servant to my Mr. and Mrs. I must be dutiful, and careful to their commands, and on their employments they have put to me: wherefore I must leave you Sir, and go fold my sheep.

*Lord Title.* I will help you.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 24:*

*Enter Sir Golden Riches, and Mall Mean-bred.*

**G**olden Rich. Sweet-heart, I have no Sonnets, Songs, or stronger Lines, with softer Poetrie to melt your Soul, nor Rhetorick to charm your Eares, or Logick for to force, or ravish you, nor ap'r in richer cloaths embalm'd in Sweets, nor Courtly Language; but am an Ancient Squire, by name Sir Golden Riches, which hath force in all things, and then in Love; for *Cupid* being blinde, he is for feeling, and look here my Wealth, this purse is stuff'd with Gold, a hundred pounds.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Let me see, poure it on the ground.

*This Scene was written by my Lord Marquis of Newcastle.*

*Gold. Rich.* I will obey thee: Look here my Girl.

*Mall Mean-bred.* O dear, how it doth shine forth! it almost blinds mine eyes; take it away, yet pray let it stay: truly I know not what to do with it.

*He pourses it  
the ground.*

*Gold. Rich.* No? why it will buy you rich Gowns, ap'd in the Silk-worms toys, with stockings of the softer filk, to draw on your finer legs, with rich lace shoes, with roses that seem sweet, and garters laced with spangles like twinkling Stars, embalm your hair with *Gessimond Pomatums*, and rain Odoriferous Powders of proud *Rome*.

*Mall Mean-bred.* O Heaven! what a Wench shall I be, could I get them! But shall we have fine things of the Pedlar too?

*Gold. Rich.* Buy all their packs, and send them empty home.

*Mall Mean-bred.* O mighty! I shall put down all the Wenches at the May-pole; then what will the Bag-piper say, do you think? Pray tell me, for he is a jeering knave.

*Gold. Rich.* Despise the Rural company, and that windy bag, change it for Balls with greatest Lords to dance, and bring the Jerkin Fiddles out of frame.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Then I shall have a Mail-Pillion, and ride behind our *Thomas* to the dancing.

*Gold. Rich.* No, you shall ride in rich gilt Coaches, Pages and Lacquies in rich Liveries, with Gentlemen well cloath'd, to wait upon you.

*Mall Mean-bred.* And be a Lady; then I will be proud, and will not know *Thomas* any more, nor any Maid that was acquainted with me.

*Gold. Rich.* You must forget all those of your Fathers house too; for I'll get a Pedigree shall fit you, and bring you Lineally descended from Great *Charlemain*.

*Mall Mean-bred.* No, I will have it from *Charls wayn* my Fathers Carter; but I would so fain be a Lady, and it might be: I will be stately, laugh without a cause, and then I am witty, and jeer sometimes, and speak nonsense aloud. But this Gold will not serve for all these fine things.

*Gold. Rich.* Why then we will have hundreds and thousands of pounds, until you be pleas'd, so I may but enjoy you in my Arms.

*Mall Mean-bred.* No Maid alive can hold out these Assaults, Gold is the Petarr that breaks the Virgins gates, a Souldier told me so. Well then, my Lord *Title*, farewell, for you are an empty name; and Sir *Effeminate Lovely*, go you to your Taylor, make more fine cloaths in vain.

*I'll stick to Riches, do then what you will,  
The neereft way to pleasure buy it still.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scen.*

*Scene 25.*

*Enter the Lady Ward alone.*

**L***ady ward.* Why should Lord *Courtship* dislike me? Time hath not plow'd wrinkles in my face, nor digg'd hollows in my cheeks, nor hath he set mine eyes deep in my head, nor shrunk my sinews up, nor suck'd my veins dry, nor fed upon my flesh, making my body insipid and bare; neither hath he quenched out my wit, nor decay'd my memory, nor ruin'd my understanding; but perchance Lord *Courtship* likes nothing but what is in perfection; and I am like a house which Time hath not fully finished, nor Education throughly furnished.

*Scene 26.*

*Enter Poor Virtue, and Sir Golden Riches meets her coming from Mall Mean-bred.*

**G***olden Riches.* Sweet-heart, refuse not Riches, it will buy thee friends; pacifie thy enemies; it will guard thee from those dangers that throug upon the life of every creature.

*Poor Virtue.* Heavenly Providence is the Marshal which makes way for the life to pass through the croud of dangers, and my Vertue will gain me honest friends, which will never forsake me, and my humble submission will pacifie my enemies, were they never so cruel.

*Gold. Rich.* But Riches will give thee delight, and place thee in the midst of pleasures.

*Poor Virtue.* No, it is a peaceable habitation, a quiet and sound sleep, and a healthful body, that gives delight and pleasure, and 'tis not riches; but riches many times destroy the life of the body, or the reason in the soul, or, at least, bring infirmities thereto through luxury; for luxury slackens the Nerves, quenches the Spirits, and drowns the Brain, and slackned Nerves make weak Bodies, quenched Spirits, timorous Minds, a drowned Brain, a warry Understanding, which causeth Sloth, Effeminacy, and Simplicity.

*Gold. Rich.* How come you to know so much of the world, and yet know so few passages in it, living obscurely in a Farmers house?

*Poor Virtue.* The Astronqmers can measure the distance of the Planets, and take the compass of the Globe, yet never travel to them, nor have they Embassadors from them, nor Liegers to lie therein to give Intelligence.

*Gold. Rich.* How come you to be so learnedly judicious, being so young, poor, and meanly born and bred?

*Poor Virtue.* Why, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals, are Volumes large enough to exprefs Nature, and make a Scholar learn to know the course of her works, and to understand many effects

fects produced therefrom. And as for Judgment and Wit, they are brother and sister; and although they do not always, and at all times agree, yet are they alwayes the children of the Brain, being begot by Nature. Thus what Wit or Knowledge I have, may come immediatly from Nature, not from my Birth or Breeding; but howsoever, I am not what I seem.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 27.*

*Enter the Lady Contemplation, and the Lady Visitant.*

*Visitant.* What makes you look so sad?

*Contempl.* Why *Monsieur Amorous's* visit hath been the cause of the death of one of the finest Gentlemen of this Age.

*Visitant.* How, pray?

*Contempl.* Why thus; my Imagination (for Imagination can Create both Masculine and Feminine Lovers) had Created a Gentleman that was handsomer and more beautiful than *Leander*, *Adonis*, or *Narcissus*; valiantly than *Tamberlain*, *Scanderbeg*, *Hannibal*, *Cesar*, or *Alexander*; sweeter-natur'd than *Titus*, the delight of mankind; better-spoken, and more eloquent than *Tully*, or *Demosthenes*; wittier than *Ovid*, and a better Poet than *Homer*. This man to fall desperately in love with me, as loving my Vertues, honouring my Merits, admiring my Beauty, wondring at my Wit, doting on my Person, adoring me as an Angel, worshipping me as a Goddess; I was his Life, his Soul, his Heaven. This Lover courted my affections with all the industry of Life, gifts of Fortune, and actions of Honour; sued for my favour, as if he had sued to Heaven for mercy; but I, as many cruel goddesses do, would neither receive his obligations, nor regard his vowes, nor pity his tears, nor hearken to his complaints, but rejected his Sute, and gave him an absolute denial; whereupon he was resolved to dye, as believing no torments could be compared to those of my disdain; and since I would not love him living, he hoped by dying, his death might move my pity, and so beget a compassionate remembrance from me; whereupon he got secretly neer my chamber-door, and hung himself just where I must go out, which when I saw, I started back in a great fright, but at last running forth to call for help to cut him down, in came *Monsieur Amorous*, which hinderance made me leave him hanging there, as being ashamed to own my cruelty; and he hath been talking, or rather prating here so long, as by this time my kind Love is dead.

*Visitant.* O no, for Lovers will hang a long time before they dye; for their necks are tuff, and their hearts are large and hot.

*Contempl.* Well, pray leave me alone, that I may cut him down, and give him Cordials to restore life.

*Visitant.* Faith you must let him hang a little time longer; for I have undertaken to make you a sociable Lady this day; wherefore you must goe abroad to a friends house with me.

*Contempl.* Who I? what do you think I will goe abroad, and leave my Lover in a twisted string? his legs hanging dangling down, his face all black and swelled, and his eyes almost started out of his head? no, no, pray goe alone by your self, and leave me to my *Contemplation*.

*Visitant.*



*Visitant.* Well, if you will not gye, I will never see you, nor be friends with you again.

*Contempl.* Pray be not angry, for I will go, if you will have me, although I shall be but a dull companion; for I shall not speak one word; for where-soever I am, my thoughts will use all their Industry to cut the string, and take him down, and rub and chafe him against a hot fire.

*Visitant.* Come, come, you shall heat your self with dancing, and let your Lover hang.\*

*Contempl.* That I cannot; for active bodies and active brains are never at once, the one disturbs the other.

*Visitant.* Then it seems you had rather have an active brain, than an active body.

*Contempl.* Yes; for when the brain doth work, the understanding is enriched, and knowledge is gained thereby: whereas the body doth oft-times waste the life with too much exercise.

*Visitant.* Take heed you do not distemper your brain with too much exercising your thoughts.

*Contempl.* All distempers proceed from the body, and not from the minde; for the minde would be well, did not the humours and appetites of the body force it into a distemper.

*Visitant.* Well, upon the condition you will goe, you shall sit still, and your wit shall be the Musick.

*Contempl.* Prethee let me rest at home; for to day the strings of my wit are broken, and my tongue, like a fiddle, is out of tune: Besides, Contemplative persons are at all times dull speakers, although they are pleasant thinkers.

*Exeunt.*

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**FINIS.**

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*The Second Part of the Lady Contemplation**The Actors Names.*

*Lord Title.*  
*Lord Courtship.*  
*Sir Fancy Poet.*  
*Sir Experienced Traveller.*  
*Sir Humphry Interruption.*  
*Sir Golden Riches.*  
*Sir Effeminate Lovely.*  
*Sir John Argument.*  
*Sir Vain Complement.*  
*Master Inquirer.*  
*Doctor Practice.*  
*Old Humanity.*  
*Roger Farmer.*  
*Thom. Purveyor.*  
*2. Beadles, Gentlemen and others.*  
*Lady Amorous.*

*Lady Ward.*  
*Lady Contemplation.*  
*Lady Conversation.*  
*Lady Visitant.*  
*Poor Virtue.*  
*Mistress Troublesome.*  
*Mistress Gossip.*  
*Mistress Messenger, Lady Amorous's*  
*woman.*  
*Nurse Careful.*  
*Maudlin Huswife, Roger Farmers*  
*wife.*  
*Mall Mean-bred, their daughter.*  
*Mistress Troublesomes maid.*  
*Servants and others.*

**THE**

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*The Second Part of the Lady Contemplation,*

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ACT I.

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Scene. 1.

*Enter Sir Effeminate Lovely, and Poor Virtue.*

**E***ffeminate Lovely.* Sweet-heart, you are a most Heavenly Creature.

*Poor Virtue.* Beauty is created and placed oftner in the fancy, than in the face.

*Effem. Lovely.* 'Tis said there is a Sympathy in likeness; if so, you and I should love each other, for we are both beautiful.

*Poor Virtue.* But 'tis a question whether our Souls be answerable to our Persons.

*Effem. Lovely.* There is no question or doubt to be made, but that loving souls live in beautiful persons.

*Poor Virtue.* And do those loving souls dye, when their beauties are decayed and withered?

*Effem.* The subject pleads it self, without the help of Rhetorick, for Love and Beauty lives and dies together.

*Poor Virtue.* 'Tis Amorous Love that dies when Beauty is gone, not Vertuous Love; for as Amorous Love is bred, born, lives, and dies with the appetite: so Vertuous Love is Created, and shall live with the Soul for ever.

*Effem. Lovely.* You may call it what love you please.

*Poor Virtue.* It is no love, but a disease.

*Exeunt.*

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Scene 2.

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and the Lady Ward.*

**L***ord Courtship.* Why did you leave the Lady Amorous company so uncivilly, as to go out of the room, leaving her all alone?

*Lady ward.* I heard your Lordship was coming, then I thought it was fit for me to withdraw; for I have heard Lovers desire to be alone.

*Lord Courtship.* Do you desire to be alone with a man?

*Lady ward.* I am no such Lover, for I am too young as yet, but I know not what I shall or may be wrought or brought to, but time and good example may instruct and lead me into the way of amorous love.

*Lord Courtship.* May it so?

*Lady ward.* Why not? for I am docible, and youth is apt to learn.

H h

*Lord*

*Lord Court.* But before I marry you, I would have you learn to know how to be an obedient wife, as to be content, and not murmur at my actions, also to please my humour, but not to imitate my practice.

*Lady Ward.* If I might advise your Lordship, I would advise you to take such a Portion out of my Estate, as you shall think just or fit, and then quit me, and choose such a one as you shall like, for I shall never please you; for though I may be able to learn what will please my self, yet I am dull and intractable to learn obedience to anothers will, nor can I flatter their delights.

*Lord Court.* I finde you have learned, and now begin to practice how to talk; for now your sober silence seems as dead and buried in the rubbish of foolish words: But let me tell you, a talking wife will never please me; wherefore practise patience, and keep silence, if you would enjoy the happiness of peace.

*The Lord Courtship goes out.*

*Lady Ward alone.*

*Lady Ward.* There can be no peace, when the mind is discontented.

*Exit*

*Scene. 3.*

*Enter Lord Title, and Poor Vertue.*

**P***oor Vertue.* Why do you follow me so much, as never to let me rest in peace and quiet alone? Is it that you think I have beauty? and is it that you are in love with? why, to cure your disease, I will deform it; or do you think I have wit to cure that Imagination? I will put my tongue to silence. I am sure it cannot be my Vertue that inflames you to an intemperance; for Vertue is an Antidote against it: But had you all the beauty in Nature squeez'd into your form, and all the wit in Nature prest into your brain, and all the prosperities of good fortune at your command, and all the power of Fate and Destiny at your disposal, you could not persuade me to yield to your unlawful desires; for know, I am honest without self-ends; my virtue, like to Time, still running forward; my chastity fix'd as Eternity, without circumferent lines; besides, it is built on the foundation of Morality, and roof'd and ciel'd with the faith of Religion, and the materials thereof are Honour, which no subtil Arguments can shake the one, nor no false Doctrine can corrupt or rot the other; neither is the building subject to the fire of unlawful love, nor the tempestuous storms of torments, nor the deluge of poverty, nor the earthquakes of fear, nor the ruines of death; for so long as my Soul hath a being, my Chastity will live. But were you as poor as I, even to move pity, or so lowly and meanly born, as might bring contempt and scorn from the proud, yet if your mind and soul were endued with noble qualities, and heroical virtues, I should sooner embrace your love, than to be Mistress of the whole World; for my affection to merit hath been ingrafted into the root of my Infancy, which hath grown up with my yeares, so that the longer I live, the more it increaseth.

*Lord Title.* You cannot think I would marry you, although I would lie with you.

*Poor*

*Poor Virtue.* I cannot but think it more possible that you should marry me, than I to be dishonest.

*Lord Title.* Thou art a mean poor wench, and I nobly descended.

*Poor Virtue.* What though I am poor, yet I am honest, and poverty is no crime; nor have my Ancestors left marks of infamy to shame me to the world.

*Lord Title.* Thy Ancestors? what were they but poor peasants? wherefore thou wilt dignifie thy Race, by yielding to my love.

*Poor Virtue.* Heaven keep them from that dignity that must be gained by my dishonesty: no, my chastity shall raise a Monumental Tomb over their cold dead ashes.

*Poor Virtue goes out.*

*Lord Title alone.*

*Lord Title.* What pity it is Nature should put so noble a soul into a mean-born body.

*Exit.*

*Scene 4.*

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and the Lady Ward.*

**L***ord Courtf.* Pray go visit the Lady *Amorous*, and if her husband be absent, deliver her this letter.

*Lady ward.* Excuse me my Lord.

*Lord Courtf.* Wherefore?

*Lady ward.* I am no Carrier of Love-letters.

*Lord Courtf.* But you shall carry this.

*Lady ward.* But I will not.

*Lord Courtf.* Will you not?

*Lady ward.* No, I will rather endure all the torments that can be invented.

*Lord Courtf.* And you shall; for I will torture you if you do not; for I will have you drawn up high by the two thumbs, which is a pain will force you to submit.

*The Lady Ward falls into a passion.*

*Lady ward.* Do so if you will; nay scrue me up into the middle-Region, there will I take a Thunderbolt, and strike you dead, and with such strength I'll fling it on you, as it shall press your soul down to the everlasting shades of death.

*Lord Courtf.* Sure you will be more merciful.

*Lady ward.* No more than Devils are to sinful souls; there will I be your Bawd, to procure you variety of torments; for I had rather be one in *Pluto's* black Court, caused by my own revenge, than to be a Bawd on earth, which is a humane Devil.

*Lord Courtf.* You are mad.

*Lady ward.* Might every word I speak prove like a mad dogs bite, not only to transform your shape, and turn your speech to barks and howlings, but that your soul may be no other than the souls of beasts are.

*Lord Courtf.* You are transformed from a silent young Maid to a raging Fury

*Lady ward.* May all the Furies that Hell inhabites, and those that live

on earth, torment your minde, as racks do torture bodies, and may the venom of all malice, spleen, and spight, be squeez'd into your soul, and poyson all content, your thoughts flame like burning oyl, and never quench, but be eternally a fiery Animal; and may the fire feed onely on your self, and as it burns, your torments may increase.

*The Lady Ward goes out.*

*Lord Courtship alone.*

*Lord Courtf.* She is mad, very mad, and I have only been the cause.

*Exit.*

*Scene 5.*

*Enter the Lord Title, and Poor Virtue,*

**L**ord Title. Fairest, will not you speak?

*Poor Virtue.* My words have betrayed my heart, as discovering the secrets therein: wherefore I will banish them, and shut the doors of my lips against them.

*Lord Title.* What, for saying you love me.  
Sweet, why do you weep?

*Poor Virtue weeps.*

*Poor Virtue.* Tears are the best Cordials for a heart oppress'd with grief.

*Lord Title.* I should hate my self, if I could think I were the cause. But pray forbear to weep.

*Poor Virtue.* Pray give my grief a liberty, my tears are no disturbance, they showre down without a ratling noyse, and silent fall without a murmuring voice; but you disturb me: Wherefore for pity-sake leave me, and I will pray you may enjoy as much prosperity as good fortune can present you with, and as much health as Nature can give you, and as much tranquillity as Heaven can infuse into a mortal creature.

*Lord Title.* Neither Fortune, Nature, nor Heaven can please me, or make me happy in this world without you.

*Poor Virtue.* O you torment me.

*Exit, the Lord follows her.*

*Scene 6.*

*Enter Sir Humphry Interruption to the Lady Contemplation.*

**S**ir Humphry Inter. Surely Lady Contemplation your thoughts must needs be very excellent, that they take no delight but with themselves.

*Lady Contempl.* My thoughts, although they are not material, as being profitable, yet they are innocent, as being harmless.

*Sir Humphry Inter.* Yet your thoughts do the world an injury, in burying your words in the grave of silence.

*Lady Contempl.* Let me inform you, that sometimes they creep out of their

their graves as Ghosts do ; and as Ghosts walk in solitary places, so I speak to my solitary self, which words offend no ears, because I speak to no ears but my own ; and as they have no flatterers to applaud them, so they have no censurers to condemn them.

*Sir Humphrey Inter.* But you bury your life, whilst you live retir'd from company.

*Lady Contempl.* O no, for otherwise my life would be buried in company, for my life never enjoys it self, but when it is alone ; and for the most part, all publick societies are like a discord in Musick, every one playing several contrary parts in their actions, speaking in several contrary notes, striking on several contrary subjects, which makes a confusion ; and a confused noise is like a disorder'd multitude, only the one offends the ear, as the other offends the eyes ; and there can be no pleasure but in harmony, which harmony is Quantity, Quality, Symmetry, and Unity ; and though quality, quantity, and symmetry are brought by the Senses, yet Unity is made in the mind. Thus Harmony lives in the minde ; for without the minde, the senses could take no delight.

*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

*Scene. 7.*

*Enter the Lady Ward, and Doctor Practice.*

**D**octor *Practice.* How do you Lady ?

*Lady ward.* Why very well Doctor, how do you ?

*Doctor Prac.* Why I was sent, as being believed you are mad.

*Lady ward.* Troth Doctor that's no wonder ; for all the world is mad, more or less.

*Doctor Prac.* Do you finde any distemper in your head ?

*Lady ward.* My head will ake sometmes.

*Doctor Pract.* I mean a distemper in your minde.

*Lady ward.* My minde is troubled sometmes.

*Doctor Pract.* That is not well : let me feel your pulse.

*Lady ward.* Why Doctor, can you know the temper of my mind, by the feeling of my pulse ?

*Doctor Pract.* There is a great Sympathy between the Minde and the Body.

*Lady ward.* But I doubt, Doctor, your learned skill is many times deceived by the pulse ; you will sooner find a mad distemper in the tongue or actions, than in the wrists.

*Doctor Pract.* In troth Lady, you speak reason, which those that are mad do not do.

*Lady ward.* O yes, Doctor, but they doe, as you cure Diseases, by chance.

*Exeunt*

*Scene 8.**Enter the Lord Title alone.*

**L**ord Title. O Love, dissembling love, that seem'st to be the best of passions, and yet torments the soul !

*He walks in a melancholy muse.**Enter Master Inquirer.*

*Master Inquirer.* What makes your Lordship so melancholy, as to shun all your friends, to walk alone?

*Lord Title.* I am in Love.

*Master Inqui.* There are many remedies for love.

*Lord Title.* I would you could tell me one.

*Master Inqui.* May I know the Lady you are in love with ?

*Lord Title.* The Lady say you ? she is a poor Lady.

*Master Inqui.* Your Lordship is so rich, as you may marry without a portion,

*Lord Title.* O I could curse my fate, and rail at my destiny.

*Master Inqui.* For what ?

*Lord Title.* To make me fall in love with one I am ashamed to make her known.

*Master Inqui.* Is she so mean, and yet so beautiful ?

*Lord Title.* O she hath all the Beauties and Graces that can attract a soul to love ; for surely Nature sate in Council to make her body, and the Gods sate in Council to compose her mind,

*Master Inqui.* May not I see her ?

*Lord Title.* Yes.

*Master Inqui.* Where may I find her ?

*Lord Title.* Upon the next Plain, under a bush that bends much like a bower, there she most commonly fits to watch her sheep ; but I will goe with you.

*Master Inqui.* Your Lordship is not jealous ?

*Lord Title.* All Lovers think their Beloved is never secure enough.

*Exeunt.**Scene 9.**Enter Nurse Careful, as in a fright, unto the Lady VVard.*

**N**urse Careful. O my Child, I am told that on a sudden you turned mad !

*Lady ward.* Surely Nurse your fear, or what else it may be, you seem to me to be more mad than I can find in my self to be.

*Nurse Caref.* That shews you are mad.

*Lady ward.* If I am mad, I suck'd the madness from your breast.

*Nurse*



*Nurse Caref.* I do confefs, Child, I have not had thofe mad vagaries fince I gave fuck, as I had before.

*Lady Ward.* 'Tis a figne you are grown old, *Nurse.*

*Nurse Caref.* I confefs, Youth is oftner mad than Age; but dear Child tell me, art thou mad?

*Lady Ward.* Prethee *Nurse,* left thou fhouldft become mad, goe fleep to fettle thy thoughts, and quiet thy mind, for I remember a witty Poet, one Doctor *Don,* faith,

*Sleep is pains eafie falue, and doth fulfil  
All Offices, unlefs it be to kill.*

*Nurse Careful cries out, as in a great fright.*

*Nurse Caref.* O Heavens, what fhall I do, what fhall I do!

*Enter Doctor Practice.*

*Doctor Pract.* What is the matter *Nurse,* what is the matter you fhreek out?

*Nurse Caref.* O Doctor, my Child is mad, my Child is mad; for ſhe repeats Verfes.

*Doctor Pract.* That's an ill figne indeed.

*Lady Ward.* Doctor, did you never repeat Latine Sentences when you have read Lectures, nor Latine Verfes, when you did Difpute in Schools?

*Doctor Pract.* Yes, Sweet Lady, a hundred times.

*Lady Ward.* Lord, Doctor, have you been mad a hundred times, and recovered fo often!

*Nurse Caref.* Thofe were Latine Verfes, thofe were Latine Verfes Child.

*Doctor Pract.* Faith Lady you pofe me.

*Lady Ward.* Then Doctor go to School again, or at leaft return again to the Univerfity and ftudy again, and then practice not to be pofed.

*Doctor Pract.* *Nurse,* ſhe is not well, ſhe muſt be put to a diet.

*Lady Ward.* But why, Doctor, ſhould you think me mad? I have done no outrageous action; and if all thofe that ſpeak extravagantly ſhould be put to a diet, as being thought mad, many a fat waſte would ſhrink in the doublet, and many a Poetical vein would be dryed up, and the flame quench'd out for want of radical oyl to prolong it; Thus Wit would be ſtarved, for want of vapour to feed it; The truth is, a ſpare diet may make room in a Scholars head for old dead Authors to lie in; for the emptyer their heads are of wit; the fuller they may be fill'd with learning; for I do imagine, old dead Authors lie in a Scholars head, as they ſay ſouls do, none knows where, for a million of ſouls to lie in as ſmall a compaſs as the point of a needle.

*Doctor Pract.* Her brain is hotly diſtemper'd, and moves with an extraordinary quick motion, as may be perceiv'd by her ſtrange fancy: wherefore *Nurse* you had beſt get her to bed, if you can, and I will preſcribe ſome medicine and rules for her.

*Exit Doctor.*

*Nurse Caref.* Come ſweet child, let me put thee to bed.

*Lady Ward.* I will go to bed, if you would have me, but good *Nurse* believe me, I am not mad; it's true, the force of my paſſion hath made my Reason to erre; and though my Reason hath gone aſtray, yet it is not loſt: But conſider well *Nurse,* and tell me what noble minde can ſuffer a baſe ſentiment without rebellious paſſions? But howſoever, ſince they are of this opinion, I am content to cherish it, if you approve of it; for if I ſeem mad,

the next of my kindred will beg the keeping of me for the sake of my Estate; and I had rather lose my Estate, and be thought mad, than lose my honour in base offices, and my free-born liberty to be inflav'd to whores; and though I do not fear my honest youth can be corrupted by ill example, yet I will not have my youth a witness to wicked and base vice.

† *Nurse Caref.* By no means, I do not approve of these strange wayes; besides, you are a Ward to a gallant man, and may be Mariage will alter his humour; for most commonly those back-holders that are the greatest Libertines, make the best Husbands.

*Lady Ward.* 'Tis true, he is of a noble nature; valiant and generous, prudent, and just, and temperate in all delights, and free from all other vices but Incontinency, civil and obliging to all the world, but to me, and I could love him better than life, could he be constant, and only love me as he ought to do a Wife; otherwise, Death were more pleasing to me.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 10.*

*Enter the Lady Contemplation musing, and the Lady Visitant comes to her.*

**L** *Ady Contempl.* You were born to do me a mischief.

*Lady Visit.* Why how?

*Lady Contempl.* Why you have routed an Army.

*Lady Visit.* Which way?

*Lady Contempl.* I did imagine my self Married, my Husband being a General of an Army, who had fought many Battels, and had won many Victories; conquer'd many Nations, at last an unfortunate day of Battel being fought, my Husband being too active and venturous, making lanes of slain bodies as he went, and his horse riding thorow Rivers of blood; those Rivers rising so high, as his horse was forced to swim; but the blood growing thick to a jelly, obstructed his way, which made his horse furious, which fury added to his strength, forced a passage over a hill, or heap of slain bodies; but the horses spirits being spent with fury and labour, fell strengthless to the ground, with my Husband upon his back; and being in the midst of his Enemies Army, his Enemies seeing him fall, ran about him in great numbers; and so took him prisoner: whereupon his Souldiers soon missing him, thought he was kill'd; upon which belief, their courages grew cold, their limbs unactive, and their spirits so benumm'd, as they all seemed like to a number of stone-statues; which unactive dulness gave their Enemies the Day without any after-blows. I being in the Camp, hearing of my Husbands misfortunes, ran with a distracted fear towards the Enemies Camp; I being espy'd by some of my Husbands scatter'd Troops, was stop'd in the way, and so brought back to my Tent again; where, when I was there, some of my Husbands Officers of the Army told me, That though the Day was lost, yet there was a considerable Body left; which I no sooner heard, but my spirits took new life, and then excusing my fear, told those Commanders it was not through fear that made me run out of my Tent; for I did not

not fly from my Enemies, but to them, and that I sought death, and not life; and to express my courage, I told them, That if they would give me leave, I would take my Husbands Office, and lead the Army: They told me, that if the rest of the Commanders would agree to it, they were well contented: So when all the Commanders met together, I spake thus unto them.

Noble Friends, and valiant Souldiers, you may think it a vain ambition for me to desire to lead your Army, especially against so potent an Enemy, and being a woman, which female Sex are usually unexperienced in Martial Affairs, as also by nature fearful, which fears may ruine an Army, by giving wrong direction, causing a confusion through distraction; and truly an Army were not to be trusted unto a womans management and ordering, if that Records had not given us Precedents, which is, that Women have led Armies, have fought valiantly themselves, and have had good success; and not so much by fortunes favour; as by their own wise Conduct: And to shew that *Pallas* is a friend unto her own Sex, is, that in all History, there are very few women that can be found, that have lost Battels in the field of Wars, but many that have won Battels; and in all publick Affairs it is to be observed, the Gods do generally assist our Sex, whereby to shew their own power, and to abate the haughty pride of men. But to induce you more; for men trust not so much unto the Gods, as to their own strength, is, that you are present in all Councils and Act ons, to assist and direct me; besides, I am Wife unto your General, who was and is an expert Souldier, and a valiant man, although he now had ill fortune; but ill fortune neither lessens valour nor experience, but rather increases them. This gallant and wise man, my Husband and your General, his Discourses have been my Tutors, and his Example hath and shall be my Guide; and if you dare trust me, I dare venture; otherwise I shall stay in my Tent, and pray for your good success. After I had left off speaking, an old Commander which had served long in the Wars, and was much esteemed, answered me as thus.

Noble Lady, although your youth doth dissuade us, yet your beauty and wit doth encourage us; for what man, although he were possess'd with fear itself, can run away when a fair Lady fights; for beauty triumphs in all hearts, and commands the whole world: wherefore that man that shall or will deny to follow your Command, is of a bastard-kind, although a lawful Issue. With that all the rest of the Commanders cry'd or call'd out, that none was so fit to Lead and Command them as I. Thus being chosen, I call'd a general Muster of my Souldiers, and then gave order that some of the broken Regiments should be mended and made up with other broken Regiments; also I made new Officers in the room of those that were slain or taken prisoners; and after, I surveyed my Artillery and Ammunition; which done, I drew my Army into a Body, and after I had given Orders and Directions for the Souldiers to march towards the Enemies Camp, which when the Enemy heard of a new Army coming towards them, they drew out the Body of their Army in Battel Array: But I shunn'd to fight so soon as appeared, by reason my Army was tyred with marching; wherefore I gave order to Intrench: Besides, I thought it might give my souldiers more courage, when accustomed to the sight and neighbourhood of the Enemies: But withall, I made some of them give intelligence to the Enemy that a woman led the Army, by which they might despise us, and so be-

come more negligent, by which negligence we might have an advantage: In the mean time I sent to Treat of a Peace, and to have my Husband set at liberty; but the Enemy was so averse to a peace, as they returned me both jesting and scornful Answers: So when I saw no peace could be made, I drew out my Army into Battel Array; which when the Enemy perceiv'd; they did the like; but it will be too tedious at this time to tell the Form and Figures I put my Army into, as also what Commanders led, or who commanded the Horse, or who commanded the Foot that day; only let me tell you, I led the Van my self, and was Accoutred after this manner: I had a Masculine Suit, and over that a cloth of silver Coat, made close to my wattle, which reached to the ankles of my legs; and those Arms I wore being all gilt, were Back, Brest, Gorget, Pot and Gantlet, all being made light according as my strength would bear: In my hand I carried my Sword; for being not accustomed, I could not wear a sword by my side, as men do; but whensoever rested, I tyed it to my Saddle-bow, and on my Head-piece I wore a great Plume of Feathers: As for my Horse, he was cole-black, only a white star on his fore-head, and three white feet; my Saddle was crimson Velvet, but so imbroidred with silver and gold, as the ground not be seen: But when I was mounted, I spoke as following unto the common souldiers.

Worthy Friends, and laborous, and valiant Souldiers, you may justly wonder to see a Woman thus Accoutred like a man, and being one of the tender female Sex to be arm'd as a souldier, and in a posture to fight a Battel: Also you may fear the successe of my Command, by reason I am young, and unexperienced, as also unpractised in the Wars: But fear not, the gods are with me, and will assist me, and have promised to give you victory by my Conduct; for they will conduct me: But the Gods suffer'd the other Battel to be lost, because many Victories had made you proud, and conceited of your selves, and your own valours, trusting more to your own strength, than to their favours or powers, whereupon the Gods destroy'd many of you; but since they have taken pity of you, drawn to it by your humility: whereupon the Gods have commanded me to Lead and Conduct you; and they have also commanded me to tell you, That if you trust in them, and fight courageously, that you shall have Victory, and rich Spoils; for I heard the common people, of which common souldiers were of, were apt to be superstitious, and to believe in any new reports, as also to believe in Miracles, Prophecies, and the like, and withall, very covetous; all which, made me feign my self to be commanded immediately from the Gods, and to be sent as from the Gods to command them, and to declare such promises to them; for all the common souldiers fight for Spoils, not for Honour.

*Lady Visitant.* O but it is not good to dissemble.

*Lady Contempl.* Pardon me; for without policy (which is deceit) there can be neither government in peace or war: wherefore it is a vertue in a Statef-man, or a Commander, to be a dissembler, although it be a vice in any other man; but you have put me out as you always do, and therefore I will tell you no more.

*Lady Visitant.* Nay, pray make an end.

*Lady Contempl.* I will not; but I could have told you how I kill'd the General of the Enemy with my own hand, and how I releas'd my Husband, and of such gallant Acts as you never heard the like of.

*Lady Visitant.* O pray tel me.

*Lady*

*Lady Contempl.* Which if I do, let me never contemplate more, which would be worse than death to me, by reason it is the onely pleasure of my life.

*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene. 11.

*Enter Poor Vertue alone.*

**P***oor Vertue.* O Love, though thou art bred within the Soul, yet by the Senses thou art begotten, or else by some Opinions; for Virtue is but the Tutor, or Guide, for to instruct or lead thee in a perfect way; but though I lead Love right, yet may it meet Opposers.

*Exit.*

Scene 12.

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and Doctor Practice.*

**L***ord Courtf.* How do you find my Ward?

*Doctor Pract.* Truly she is somewhat distemper'd; for her wit is very quick.

*Lord Courtf.* That's it; for she being naturally of a dull disposition, and of a milde humour, and her brain flow of conceits, as also unpractis'd in speaking, should of a sudden fall into high raptures.

*Doctor Pract.* You say true, my Lord; and it is to be fear'd this distemper will increase.

*Lord Courtf.* Pray Doctor have a regard and care to her distemper; for I would not willingly have a Wife that is more mad than natural women are.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 13.

*Enter Lord Title, and Master Inquirer.*

**L***ord Title.* She is not here.

*Enter Poor Virtue, with a sheephook in her hand.*

*Lord Title.* O yonder she comes.

*Master Inqui.* She hath a garb not like a Farmers Maid, but rather one that's

that's nobly born, and her garments, though mean, sit neatly on her body.  
*Master Adviser goes to her.*

Fair Shepherdess, it is a melancholy life you lead.

*Poor Virtue.* It is a course of life suits best to my condition.

*Master Inqui.* You may change this condition if you please.

*Poor Virtue.* I had rather lie honoured in death, than by dishonour raised to glorious state of life.

*Master Inqui.* But here you live like a creature not produced by mankind, amongst beasts, having no conversation by discourse.

*Poor Virtue.* Want of Speech makes men beasts, but want of Reason makes a man a beast; and speech rather disturbs than benefits the life; when silence and pure thoughts make men like Angels, whereas speech sometimes expresses men like Devils, blaspheming Heaven and God, fomenting factions amongst their kind, betraying trust and friendship, cozening innocency, flattering vice, reproaching virtue, and with distractions strive to pull down honour from its seat; where silence refines the thoughts, elevates the fancy, quickens wit, strengthens judgment, allays anger, sweetens melancholy, and collects the Reason.

*Master Inqui.* Thou art a wonder, and for this one Speech I doe adore thee.

*Poor Virtue.* I should be sorry so worthy a person, and so noble a Gentleman as you seem to be, should adore my Speech, when it might be chance that did produce it, and not wit or judgment.

*Master Inqui.* Thy Speech is like to Orpheus Harp, it charms all ears that hear it.

*Poor Virtue.* I wish my Speech were like a Loadstone, to draw the iron hearts of men to pity and compassion, to charity and devotion.

*Poor Virtue offers to be gone.*

*Lord Title.* Pray stay and choose me for your Love, and let me go along with you.

*Poor Virtue.* An Amorous Lover, as I believe your Lordship is, never walks in sober pace, nor hath a constant and assur'd minde; for Amorous Lovers run with might and main, as if desires were catch'd with haste.

*Poor Virtue goes out, Lord Title follows her.*

*Master Inquirer alone.*

*Master Inqui.* I perceive Farmers breed pretty Maids, and honest, as well as Lambs and Doves, and witty and well-behav'd Maids, as well as Courts and Cities do. O that I were unmarried, that I might wed this Sweet, Fair Country-maid!

*Enter Mall Mean-bred, with a pail in her hand.*

*Master Inqui.* But stay, here comes another by my troth, a very pretty Lass, but yet her garments sit not so neat, nor becoming, nor is her behaviour so graceful as the other Maids was, Sweet Mistris!

*Mall Mean-bred.* Pray keep your jeers to your self, I am no Mistris.

*Master Inqui.* You may be my Mistris, if you please, and I will be your servant.

*Mall Mean-bred.* What to do?

*Master*

*Master Inqui.* What you please.

*Mall Mean-bred.* I am feldome pleased, and an idle fellow will anger me more.

*Master Inqui.* I will be very industrious, if you please to set me to work.

*Enter Maudlin Huswife her Mother, she falls a beating her.*

*Maudlin.* You idle slut, do you stand loytering here, when it is more than time the Cows were milk'd?

[*Mall Mean-bred flings away her milking-pail.*]

*Mall Mean-bred.* Go milk them your self with a murrain, since you are so light-finger'd.

*Maudlin.* I will milk your sides first.

*The Mother goeth to beat her again, Mall Mean-bred her daughter runs away from her mother, she follows her, running to catch her.*

*Master Inqui.* I marry Sir, this is right as a Farmers daughter should be, out in my Conscience the other Maid that was here before her is a bastard, begot by some Gentleman.

*Exeunt.*

*Scens. 14.*

*Enter Sir John Argument, and the Lady Conversation.*

**L***ady Conversa.* Let me tell you, *Sir John Argument*, Love delivers up the whole Soul to the thing beloved; and the truth is, none but one soul can love another.

*Argum.* But Justice, Madam, must be the rule of Love; wherefore those souls which Love must give the bodies leave to joyn.

*Conversat.* O no; pure souls may converse without gross bodies.

*Argument.* Were it not for the Senses, Madam, souls could have no acquaintance, and without an acquaintance, there can be no reciprocal affection; and will you make the Senses, which are the souls chief confidence, to be strangers or enemies?

*Conversat.* I would have them converse, but not interrupt.

*Argum.* The bodies must have mutual friendship and correspondency with each other, or otherwise they may dissemble, or betray the souls, or abuse the trust, loose appetites or wandring senses or contrary humours; and what can interrupt Love more than the disagreement of bodies?

*Conversat.* The Senses and Appetites of the Body, are but as subject to the Soul.

*Argument.* But 'tis impossible for Forein Princes, as I will compare two loving souls unto, can live in peace and mutual amity, if their subjects disagree.

*Enter Mistris Troublesome.*

*Conversat.* O Mistris *Troublesome*, you are welcome ; for you shall end the dispute between Sir *John Argument* and I.

*Troublesome.* If you cannot decide the Dispute your selves, I shall never do it. But what is the Dispute Madam ?

*Conversat.* Whether there can be a perfect friendship of Souls without a reciprocal and mutual conversation and conjunctions of Bodies ?

*Troublesome.* Faith, Madam, I think it would be a very faint friendship betwixt the Souls, without the Bodies.

*Conversat.* I perceive Sir *John Argument* and you would never make *Platonick Lovers*.

*Troublesome.* Faith, Madam, I think *Platonick* is a word without sense.

*Argument.* You say right, Mistris *Troublesome*, it is an insensible love.

*Conversat.* It is the Soul of Love.

*Troublesome.* What's that, Madam, a Ghost, or Spirit ?

*Conversat.* Indeed it hath no material body.

*Argument.* No, for it is an incorporal thing.

*Troublesome.* What is an incorporal thing, Sir *John* ?

*Argument.* Why, nothing.

*Troublesome.* Pray leave this discourse, or else you will talk nonsense.

*Argument.* That's usual in Conversation.

*Conversat.* Setting aside this discourse at Mistris *Troublesomes* request, Pray tell me how the Lady *Contemplation* doth ?

*Troublesome.* Faith Madam, by the course of her life one might think she were an incorporal thing.

*Conversat.* Why ?

*Troublesome.* Because she makes but little use of her Body, living always within her Minde.

*Conversat.* Then her Body stands but as a Cypher amongst the Figures of her thoughts.

*Troublesome.* Just so, by my Troth.

*Conversat.* Pray bring me acquainted with the Lady *Contemplation*.

*Troublesome.* If it be possible, I will ; but the Lady *Visitant* can do it better than I.

*Conversat.* I am resolv'd I will visit her.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 15.

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and the Lady Ward.*

**L**ord Courtship. What, is your passion over ?

Lady ward. My passion will strive to maintain my honour, and you may take my life ; but as long as I live, my passion will fight in the quarrel. But what man of honour will make a Bawd of her he intends to make his Wife ? and what man of honour will be cruel to those that are weak, helpless, and shiftlesse ? and what man of honour will be uncivil to the meanest of our Sex ? It is more noble to flatter us, than to quarrel with us ;

but



but that I have heard you are valiant, I should think you were a base coward, and such a one that would quarrel in a Brothel-house, rather than fight in a Battel: But I perceive you are one that loves Pleasure more than Honour, and Life more than Fame; and I hate to be in that mans company, or to make a Husband, whose courage lies in Voluptuousness, and his life in Infamy: I will sooner marry Death, than such a man.

*The Lady Ward goes out.*

*Lord Courtship alone.*

*Lord Courtf.* Her words have shot through my soul, and have made a sensible wound therein. How wisely she did speak! how beautiful appear'd! Her minde is full of honour, and the actions of her life are built upon noble principles; so young, so wise, so fair, so chaste, and I to use her so basely as I have done! O how I hate my self for doing so unworthily!

*Exit.*

*Scene 16.*

*Enter Sir Effeminate Lovely, and Poor Virtue.*

*Effemin. Lovely.* The more ground is troden on, the easier the path to walk in.

*Poor Virtue.* It seems so, that you visit me so often.

*Effem. Lovely.* Why, thou art such sweet company, and behav'st thy self so prettily, as I cannot choose but visit thee.

*Poor Virtue.* I would, if I could, behave my self so to the world, as my indiscretion might not defame me.

*Effem. Lovely.* Why do you think of a Fame?

*Poor Virtue.* Why not? since fame many times arises from poor Cottages, as well as from great Palaces; witness the Country labouring-man, that was taken from the plough, and made an Emperour, as being thought fittest to rule, both for Justice and Wisdom, and he was more famous than those that were born of an Heroick Line, and were of Royal dignity; and David a shepherd, became a King. 'Tis Merit that deserves a fame, not Birth; and sometimes Merit hath its desert, though but seldom.

*Effem. Lovely.* Thy discourse would tempt any man.

*Poor Virtue.* Mistake not my discourse, it hath no such devilish design; for to tempt, is to pervert: 'Tis true, my Nature takes delight to delight and please others, and not to crosse or displease any, yet not to tempt, or to delude with counterfeit demeanors, or fair insinuating words, smooth speech, or oiled tongue, to draw from Virtues side; but to perswade and plead in Virtues cause.

*Effem. Lovely.* Thy very looks would gain a cause, before thy tongue could plead.

*Poor Virtue.* Alas! mans countenance is like the Sea, which ebbs and flows as passion moves the minde.

*Effem. Lovely.* I am sure Love moves my minde, and makes it in a fiery heat.

*Poor Virtue.* If it be noble Love, it is like the Sun, which runs about to give both light and heat to all the world, that else would sit in darknesse, and be both cold and sterill; so doth a noble minde run with industry to help those in distresse, his bounty heats, his counsel and advice gives light.

*Effem. Lovely.* I love you so much, Sweet-heart, that since you will not be my Mistris, you shall be my WIFE.

*Poor Virtue.* Indeed I will not.

*Effem. Lovely.* Will you refuse me?

*Poor Virtue.* Yes.

*Effem. Lovely.* Wherefore?

*Poor Virtue.* Because I know, though you may use me well at first, after a time you'll be divorc'd.

*Effem. Lovely.* I will never part from thee.

*Poor Virtue.* O yes but you will, for youth and beauty most commonly are inconstant; for vain ambition, and flattering praises, corrupt that mind that lives therein, and is pleas'd therewith.

*Poor Vertue goes out.*

*Effeminate Lovely alone.*

*Effem. Lovely.* Well, I will become a new man, and cast off all vanity, and study Moral Philosophy, to gain this Maid; for then perchance she will love me.

*Exit.*

*Scene 17.*

*Enter Lady Conversation, and Sir Vain Complement.*

*Lady Conversat.* Compliments are the worst sort of Conversation, for they are not sociable; besides, Truth holds no intelligence nor correspondence with them.

*Sir Vain Compl.* Truth is no Complement as flattery, and I speak nothing but what truth hath dictated to my tongue.

*Lady Conversat.* Those praises you gave me were writ by speech, in so fine a style of Eloquence, with such flourishing Letters of words, as I cannot believe but that custome of self-conceited wit or passion, hath given the Scribe, which is the Tongue, a bribe to flatter me.

*Enter the Lady Contemplation, and Mistris Troublesome, to the Lady Conversation, and Sir Vain Complement.*

*Lady Conversat.* This is a wonder to see you, *Lady Contemplation*, abroad, I doubt it doth prognosticate some change of Fortune, pray *Jove* it be good.

*Lady Contempl.* All the ill will fall on me, Madam.

*Mistris Troubles.* Nay, faith Madam, she accounts company a worse fortune than the ruine of a Kingdome, and you cannot conceive with what difficulty I have got her abroad; for at first I did perswade her with all the Rhetor-

Rhetorick I had, and pleaded with as powerful arguments as I could finde, any promised more than I was able to perform, and nothing of this could get her forth, unill I told her I would bring your Ladyship to visit her, and that forced her out; for she said, she would rather trouble you, than you should trouble her.

*Lady Conversat.* Faith, *Contemplation*, thou art only fit to keep beasts company; for what difference is there betwixt beasts and men, but Conversation.

*Lady Contempl.* Indeed beasts want that folly of idle Conversation, and the error of speaking, as much as the vanity of dressing, and the custome of dissembling; for they spend their time more prudently, quietly, easily, honestly, so more happily; and if it were for no other reason than speaking, I had rather be a beast, than of mankinde.

*Lady Conversat.* O fie, O fie, you are a beastly Lady.

*Lady Contempl.* No, Madam, beasts have no false Titles of Honour, their honour lives in their nature, not in their names.

*Lady Conversat.* Who that may choose, or have their liberty, would spend their time in idle thoughts?

*Lady Contempl.* All that are wise, and would be happy; for should not we think that man were mad, that leaves a peaceful habitation, and thrusts himself in forein broyls? or should not we think a King were most unjust, that makes his peaceful and obedient subjects slaves to strange Princes? The Mind's a Common-wealth, and the Thoughts are the Citizens therein, and Reason rules as King, or ought to doe: But there is no reason we should vex our Thoughts with outward things, or make them slaves unto the world.

*Lady Conversat.* But thoughts would want employment, were it not for the world, and idlenesse were worse than slavish toyls.

*Lady Contempl.* The thoughts, without the worlds materials, can Create millions of worlds, only with the help of Imagination.

*Lady Conversat.* Then your Minde and the World are meer strangers.

*Lady Contempl.* I say not so; for though the World draws not my Minde, wander up and down; yet my Minde draws the World to it, then pensils it each severall part and piece, and hangs that Landskip in my Brain, on which my thoughts do view with Judgments eyes. Thus the world is in my inde, although my Minde is not in the world.

*Lady Conversat.* Then you inchant the world?

*Lady Contempl.* I had rather inchant the world, than the world should inchant me.

*Lady Conversat.* If the Minde be a Common-wealth, as you said even now was, Pray tell me of what degree the Passions are of?

*Lady Contempl.* They are the Nobles thereof, and Magistrates therein; each severall Passion still governs in its turn and office.

*Lady Conversat.* And what are the Appetites?

*Lady Contempl.* The Appetites are none of the Mind's Citizens, but they are an unruly Rout that dwell in the Senses, which are the Suburbs of the body: Indeed the Appetites are the Out-Lawries, and doe oft-times, much hurt with their disorders, insomuch as they, many times, disturb the mindes tranquillity, and peace. But, Madam, lest the appetite of talking should disturb the Mind, I shall kiss your Ladyships hand, and leave you to those that are more delightful and pleasanter company than I am.

*Mistress Trouble.* Lady *Conversation*, I perceive you and Sir *Vain Complement* are grown dull with the Lady *Contemplations* company.

*Lady Conversat.* Mercury defend me from her; for I would not keep her company for *Joves* Mansion.

*Vain Compl.* And *Cupid* defend me from her; for I would not be bound to Court her for the Favours *Venus* gives to *Mars*.

*Conversat.* Lord what a dull piece of gravity she is!

*Vain Compl.* She looks as if she convers'd with none but Ghosts and Spirits, walking in Moon-shine, and solitary and dismal places.

*Conversat.* Let us talk of her no more; for I am so far from keeping her acquaintance, as I hate to hear her nam'd.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 18.

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and the Lady Ward.*

**L**ord *Courtship.* My Sweet, Fair Maid, I cannot hope thy Pardon, for my crimes are not only great, but many; for I have not only us'd you unkindly, uncivilly, ungentlemanly, which are vices and crimes that Canker-fret the Fame of Honour, and burie all noble qualities; but I have us'd you barbarously, cruelly, and inhumanly, which are sins sufficient to annihilate all the Masculine Race; and surely, if there be that we call Justice in Nature, it will, unless thy virtue redeem them, and save them with thy pity: wherefore, for the sake of the generality, though not for my particular, pardon me. Thus will you become a Deity to your whole Sex and ours.

*Lady Ward.* I am sure your Lordship is a particular punishment to me which Heaven send me quit of.

*She goes out, he follows her.*

ACT IV.

Scene 19.

*Enter Sir Fancie Poet, and the Lady Contemplation.*

**S**ir *Fan. Poet.* Lady, you smother your thoughts, and stifle your conception in the close Closet of Study.

*Lady Contempl.* No Sir, I only keep them warm, being tender and weak.

*Sir Fan. Poet.* They will grow stronger in the Air of Conversation; but when continually kept close in the Chamber of Contemplation, they will be apt to fall into many several diseases, as melancholy Opinions, and extravagant Fancies, which may over-heat the minde, and fire the thoughts: wherefore Lady let me give you Counsel.

*Lady Contempl.* What Counsel would you give me? as a Lawyer, or Physician?

*Sir.*

*Sir Fan. Poet.* As a Physician.

*Lady Contempl.* For the Body, or the Minde ?

*Sir Fan. Poet.* For the Minde.

*Lady Contempl.* The Physicians for the Minde are Divines.

*Sir Fan. Poet.* No, the best physicians for the Minde are Poets.

*Lady Contempl.* How will you prove that ?

*Sir Fan. Poet.* By Example and Skill ; for when the Minde is raging mad, Poets, with gentle perswasions, in smooth numbers, and soft musick, cure it ; and when the Mind is despairing, Poets draw hopes into numbers, which beats out the doubtful Foe : And for Example.

*David* with his Poetical Inspirations, and Harpical harmonious Musick, allay'd the ill Spirit, and raging passion of *Saul* ; for Poets take from the sweet Spring of Nature, an Oil of Love, and from Heaven, the Balsom of Mercy, and pour them through golden numbers, and pipes of wit, into the fester'd wounds of despair ; when oft-times Divines, in stead of suppling Oil, pour in corroding Vitriol, and in stead of healing Balsoms, pour in burning Sulfure, which are terrifying threats, and fearful menaces : wherefore *Lady*, let me advise you as a Poetical Physician, to keep your minde cool, and your thoughts in equal temper ; wherefore in order thereto, when the minde is wrapt in the mantle of Imagination, if it finds it self very hot therewith, let it lay that mantle by, and bathe it self in the fresh, clear, pure Rivers of Discourse.

*Lady Contempl.* By your favour, Sir, for the most part, the Mind becomes hotter with the motion of the tongue, than the mantle of Imagination ; for when the tongue hath liberty, it runs wildly about, and draggs the minde after it ; and rather than I will have my minde dragg'd and hurried about by my unruly tongue, which will neither endure the bit of Reason, nor the bridle of Discretion, but runs beyond all sense, I will tye up my tongue with the cords of silence, in the stable of the mouth, and pull down the Port-cullis of the teeth before it, and shut the doors of my lips upon it. Thus shall it be treble lock'd, and kept with the Key of Judgment, and the Authority of Prudence.

*Exeunt:*

Scene 20:

*Enter the Lady Conversation, and a Grave Matron.*

*Lady Conversat.* Did you hear him say he had layn with me ?

*Matron.* Yes, Madam.

*Lady Conversat.* O the wicked, base vain-glory of men, to bely the pure chastity of a woman ! But surely he did not plainly expresse so much in clear words, as by nods, winks, shrugs, dark sentences, or broken discourses ?

*Matron.* He said plainly, he had layn with you in an unlawful manner.

*Lady Conversat.* Fates assist me in revenge ; for it is no dishonour to be reveng'd of a base person, that hath maliciously slander'd me, or vain-gloriously injur'd me.

*Matron.* Revenge is against the Laws of Honour, Madam.

*Lady Conversat.* It may be against the Tenets of some particular Religion,

gion, or religious Opinions. But a noble revenge is the ground or foundation of Heroick Honour.

*Matron.* But what do you call a Noble Révenge ?

*Lady Conversat.* First, to be an open Enemy, as to declare the enmity ; next, to declare their endeavour to prosecute to the utmost of their power, either their Enemies Estate, Liberty, and Life ; whereas a base Revenger is to dissemble, in professing they have forgotten and forgiven their injury, and pardon'd their Enemy, yet under-hand and disguisedly endeavour to do their Enemy a mischief. Not but an honourable Revenger may choose their time for executing their revenge ; but they must declare they will be revenged before they execute their revenge, and let their Enemies stand upon their Guard.

*Matron.* But a revengeful woman is not good.

*Lady Conversat.* Why not, as well as a revengeful man ? For why may not a woman revenge her scandaliz'd honour as well as a man ? Is there any reason why it should be a dishonour for a man to pass by a disgrace, and for a woman to revenge her disgrace ? Is it not as great a blemish to the honour of a woman, to be said to be unchaste, as for a man to be said to be a Coward ? And shall a woman only sit and weep over her lost honour, whilst a man fights to regain his ? And shall it be thought no dishonour for a man to pistol, or at least bastonade another man for an injury, or an affront receiv'd, and a fault for a woman to do, or cause to be done the like ? Must women only sit down with foolish patience, and endure wrong, when men may execute revenge with fury ? These were both injustice, and an unjust act of Education to our Sex ; as also it would be an unjust sentence, not only from men, but from the Gods, since neither Gods nor men will suffer injury, wrong, or dishonour, without revenge : But if Gods, Men, and Education should be so unjust to our Sex, yet there is no Reason in Nature we should be so unjust to our selves : But for my part, as I am constant to an honest friend, and can easily forgive an honourable Enemy, so I can never forgive a malicious Foe, nor forget a vain-glorious bragging fool, or false slandering knave, but will persecute them to the utmost of my power, and the weight of my revenge should be according to the pressure of my injury, or dishonour.

*Matron.* But let me tell you, Madam, those that brag are seldom believ'd, and there is none that believe these vain bragging Ranters ; for it's well known, that all Ranters are idle déboÿst persons, and do usually belye the most Honourable and Chaste Ladies, for which all worthy persons hate them, and account them so base, as they will shun their companies ; no man of honour will come near them, unless it be to beat them. But if you appear to the world as concerned, you may raise those doubts which would never have been raised, had you took no notice thereof.

*Lady Conversat.* Indeed Disputes raise doubts ; wherefore I will not bring it into a Dispute, but take your Counsel, and take no notice of it.

*Matron.* You will do wisely, Lady.

Exeunt

*Scene. 21.*

*Enter Sir Golden Riches to Poor Virtue.*

*Sir Gold. Rich.* I wish my tongue as smooth as oil, to make my words as soft as Air, that they may spread about your heart, there intermixd with your affection.

*Poor Virtue.* Words cannot win my love, no more than wealth, nor is my heart subject to those infections.

*Sir Gold. Rich.* I will build thee Palaces of burnish'd gold, where thou shalt be worshipd whilest thou livest; and when thou diest, I will erect a Monument more famous than *Mausolus's* was.

*Poor Virtue.* My Virtue shall build me a Monument far richer, and more lasting; for the materials with which it shall be built, shall be try'd Chastity, as pure Gold, and Innocency, as Marble white, and Constancy, as undissolving Diamonds, and Modesty, as Rubies red, Love shall the Altar be, and Piety, as Incense sweet, ascend to Heaven, Truth, as the Oil, shall feed the Lamp of Memory, whereby the flame of Fame shall never goe out.

*Exit.*

*Sir Golden Riches alone.*

*Sir Gold. Rich.* And is She gone? are Riches of no force? Then I will bury my self within the bowels of the Earth, so deep, that men shall never reach me, nor Light shall find me out.

*Exit.*

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*Scene. 22.*

*Enter Mistris Messenger, and the Lady Amorous's woman, and Lord Courtship.*

*Mistris Messenger.* My Lord, my Lady, the Lady *Amourous*, remembers her Service to you, and sent me to tell you her Husband is gone out of Town, and She desires to have the happiness of your company.

*Lord Courtship.* Pray present my Service in the humblest manner to your Lady, and pray her to excuse me; for though I cannot say I am sick, yet I am far from being well.

*Mistris Messen.* I shall, my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 23.*

*Enter the Lord Title, and then enters a Servant to him.*

**S***ervant.* My Lord, there is an old man without desires to speak with you.

*Lord Title.* Direct him hither.

*Servant goes out.*

*Enter Old Humanity.*

*Lord Title.* Old man, what have you to say to me?

*Old Humanity.* I am come to desire your Lordship not to persecute a poor young Maid, one that is friendless, and your Lordship is powerful, and therefore dangerous.

*Lord Title.* What poor Maid do you mean?

*Old Human.* A Maid call'd *Poor Virtue.*

*Lord Title.* Do you know her?

*Old Human.* Yes.

*Lord Title.* Are you her Father?

*Old Human.* No, I am her servant, and have been maintain'd by her Noble Family these threescore years, and upwards.

*Lord Title.* Ha, her Noble Family! what, or who is She?

*Old Humanity.* She is a Lady, born from a Noble Stock, and hath been choisely bred, but ruin'd by misfortunes, which makes her poorly serve.

*Lord Title.* Alas he weeps! Who were her Parents?

*Old Human.* The Lord *Morality*, and the Lady *Piety.*

*Lord Title.* Sure it cannot be: But why should I doubt? her Beauty, Wit, and sweet Demeanour, declares her Noble Pedigree: The Lord *Morality* was a Famous man, and was a great Commander, and wise in making Lawes, and prudent for the Common Good: He was a Staff and Prop unto the Common-wealth, til Civil Wars did throw it down, where he fell under it. But honest friend, how shall I know this for a truth?

*Old Human.* Did not your Lordship hear he had a Child?

*Lord Title.* Yes that I did, an only Daughter.

*Old Human.* This is She I mention, and if Times mend, will have her Fathers Estate, as being her Fathers Heir; but to prove it, and her Birth, I will bring all those servants that liv'd with her, and with her Father, and all his Tenants, that will witness the truth.

*Lord Title.* When I consider, and bring her and her Actions to my minde, I cannot doubt the truth, and for the news, thou shalt be my Adopted Father, and my Bosome-friend; I'll be a staff for thy Old Age to lean upon, my shoulders shall give strength unto thy feeble limbs, and on my neck shalt lay thy restless head,

*Old Human.* Heaven blefs you, and I shall serve you as my Old Age will give me leave.

*Exit Lord Title, leading him forth.*



Scen 24.

*Enter Lord Courtship, and the Lady Ward.*

**L**ord Courtf. Thou Celestial Creature, do not believe that I am so presumptuous to ask thy love, I only beg thy pardon, that when my body lies in the silent grave, you give my restless soul a pass, and leave to walk amongst sad Lovers in dark and gloomy shades, and though I cannot weep to shew my penitence, yet I can bleed.

*He offers her a Dagger.*

Here, take this Instrument of Death, for only by your hands I wish to die.

*Give me as many Wounds as Pores in skin,  
That I may bleed sufficient for my sin.*

**Lady Ward.** It seems strange to me, that you, a wise man, or at least accounted so, should fall into such extreams, as one while to hate me to death, and now to profess to love me beyond life!

**Lord Courtf.** My Debaucheries blinded my Judgment, nor did I know thy worth, or my own error, until thy wise wit gave the light to my dark understanding, and you have drawn my bad life, and all my unworthy actions therein, so naturally in your discourse, as now I view them, I do hate my self as much as you have cause to hate me.

**Lady Ward.** I only hate your Crimes, but for those excellent Qualities, and true Virtues that dwell in your Soul, I love, and honour, and if you think me worthy to make me your Wife, and will love me according as my honest life will deserve your affections, I shall be proud of the Honour, and thank Fortune or Heaven for the Gift.

**Lord Courtf.** Sure you cannot love me, and the World would condemn you if you should, and all your Sex will hate you.

**Lady Ward.** The World many times condemns even Justice her self, and women, for the most part, hate that they should love and honour.

**Lord Courtf.** But can you love me?

**Lady Ward.** I can, and do love you.

**Lord Courtf.** How happy am I, to enjoy a world of Beauty, Wit, Virtue, and sweet Graces.

*Leads her forth.*

*Exeunt.*

## Scen. 25.

Enter the Lord Title, and Roger Farmer, and Maudlin  
Huswife his Wife.

**L**ord Title. Honest Roger and Maudlin, I present  
you with a kind Good-morrow.

*This Scene was writ-  
ten by the Lord Mar-  
quiss of Newcastle.*

Roger. Present me ? Bless your Lordship, I should  
present you with a couple of Capons.

Lord Title. 'Tis a salutation when you salute ; but how do you then ?

Roger. Very well, I thank your Honour : How do you ?

Lord Title. Well, enough of Compléments, I am come with a Petition  
to you.

Roger. What is that, if't please your Honour ?

Lord Title. A Sute.

Roger. Byrlaken I have need of one, for I have but poor and bare cloath-  
ing on.

Lord Title. No, Roger, it is a request and desire I have you should grant.

Roger. Grant, or to Farm let, no Sir, I will not part with my Lease.

Lord Title. Roger, you understand me not, therefore let me speak with  
Maudlin your Wife.

Roger. There she is Sir, spare her not, for she is good metal I'll warrant  
your Honour ; wipe your lips Maudlin, and answer him every time that he  
moves thee, and give him as good as he brings : Maudlin, were he twenty  
Lords, hold up your head, Maudlin, be not hollow.

Maudlin. I'll warrant you Husband, I'll satisfie him.

Lord Title. Honest Maudlin.

Maudlin. That's more than your Lordship knows.

Lord Title. Why then Maudlin.

Maudlin. That's my name indeed.

Lord Title. You have a maid here in your house.

Maudlin. I hope so forsooth ; but I will not answer for no Virgin in this  
wicked world.

Roger. Well said Maudlin ; Nay your Honour will get nothing of my  
Maudlin, I'll warrant you.

Lord Title. Well, this supposed Maid is Poor Virtue, that's her name, I de-  
fire you will let her live with me, this Poor Virtue.

Maudlin. God bless you Honour from her, it is not fit for a Lord, and a  
great Noble-man to meddle with Virtue, your Honour should not foul your  
fingers with her : Besides, she will never stay in a great mans house, neither  
is it fit she should ; and your Honours servants will hate her like the Devil,  
for she will please no body as she should do, a very peevish, ill-natur'd girle  
forsooth she is.

Lord Title. Why how doth she agree then with you ?

Maudlin. Alas forsooth, if it please your Honour, Virtue may live in a  
Cottage, when she will be whipt out of a Court, or a great Lords Palace ;  
they may talk of her, but they will never give her leave to live and board  
with them : It may be they give their Chaplain leave to talk of her a Sun-  
days, or so forsooth, but talk's but talk, for they forget her the six days after  
and

and never mind her ; for indeed she is a very peevish girl, and not fit for Gentlefolks company, that's the truth of it, hardly for poor folks.

*Lord Title.* Why you agree well with her?

*Maudlin.* Nay by the faith of my body do I not ; for I can hardly goe to Market, and be merry, as I use to be, and all long of her peevishnesse : nay I cannot goe to order one of our busie Thrashers, but she troubles me ; or to speak with the Carter, but she whips in presently ; or discourse with the Plough-man about his plough-share, how he should order it for my advantage, but she troubles me ; or about our Husbandman, how and where he should sow his Seed, but she vexes me still : Such a life, the Gods help me, as I am e'en weary of my self. Speak *Roger*, is it not true ?

*Roger.* True *Maudlin* as steel, I never was merry since she was in my house, the May-pole is down since she came.

*Maudlin.* If *Roger* that 'tis, the more the pity.

*Roger.* And the Towns Green is a Meadow, and the poor Bag-pipers cheeks are fallen into a Consumption, hardly wind to speak vwithall ; the Morris-dancers bells are silenc'd, and their crosse garters held superstitious, idolatrous, and profane ; the *May-Lord* and his *Lady* depos'd, and the *Hobby-horse* is forgotten ; nay the *Whitson-Lord* and *Lady* are banish'd, Merry *Wakes* abolish'd, and the poor *Ale-wives* beggar'd,

*Maudlin.* I, I, and all since this melancholy girl *Virtue* came into our house. *She cries.*

I cannot choose but cry.

*Lord Title.* Thou art true *Maudlin* then.

*Maudlin.* Yes, with small beer, that's the calamity of it ; therefore blesse every good subject from so melancholy a thing as this girl *Virtue* is : But we have a Daughter, and it please your Honours worship, that will give you good content, and please most of your Household ; for she is a lusty Wench, though I say't that should not say't : Did you but see her swim like a Tench on our Town-green, incircling the *May-pole*, and at the end of a Horn-pipe, when she is to be kiss'd, how modestly she wryes her head away, but so as to be civil ; nay she hath been well Educated, my own natural Daughter, for indeed *Roger*, I was with Child with her before you married me.

*Roger.* Peace *Maudlin*, all Truths are not to be spoken of ; for should that be, many a Worshipful Person would be very angry ; but our Vicar made all well betwixt thee and me, *Maudlin* : But I beseech your Honour take my Daughter, for you will find her another manner of woman than *Virtue* is, for she is not like her ifaith, nor any thing that belongs to her, she is better blest than so.

*Lord Title.* No, I will have *Poor Virtue*, or none.

*Roger.* Faith if you have *Virtue*, you are sure to have her poor, for I never knew any of her Family rich, the Gods do not blesse them, I think, in this world ; but if you will have her, take her, shall he not, *Maudlin* ?

*Maudlin.* Yes, Husband, and the house is well rid of her, and let us blesse our selves for it ; for now we shall be like our Neighbours again, we will not abate them an hair, the best in the Parish shall not live merryer than we will now for all Sports : Why, Vanity and Sin, Husband, is the Liberty of the Subject, and the seven Deadly Sins are the Fundamental Laws of the Kingdome, from the greatest to the least, if poor folks might have their right. Well, your Honour shall have her, but you will be as weary of her as we have been, the Gods blesse your Honour, but alas you do not know what this

Girl *Virtue* is, Lords have no guests at her.

*Lord Title.* Well *Maudlin*, let me have her, I desire no more.

*Maudlin.* Nor we neither, if it pleases your Honour, and so the Gods give you good of her.

*Roger.* Let me speak to his Honour, *Maudlin*.

*Lord Title.* Do so *Roger*.

*Roger.* I give yourship many thanks.

*Lord Title.* For what?

*Roger.* For ridding our house of this troublesome Girl.

*Lord Title.* And I thank you for it too.

*Roger.* *When thanks on all sides happen, we are eas'd.*

*Lord Title.* *And I with your Poor Virtue am well pleas'd.*

*The Lord goes out.*

*As they were going forth, Maudlin speaks.*

*Maudlin.* Mark the end of it, *Roger*.

*Roger.* Yes *Maudlin*, the End Crowns the Work.

*Exeunt.*

*Here ends my Lord Marquis's Scene.*

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## ACT IV.

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### Scene. 26.

*Enter the Lady Visitant to the Lady Contemplation, who was musing to her self.*

**L**ady *Visit.* What always musing? Shall I never find thee in a sociable humour?

*Lady Contempl.* I would you had come sooner, or stayd longer away.

*Lady Visit.* Why prethee?

*Lady Contempl.* I will tell you: A while since, there came the Muses to visit me, being all either mad, or drunk, for they tofs'd and tumbl'd me, and rumbl'd me about, from one to the other, as I thought they would a divided me amongst them: At last came in the Sciences to visit me, with sober Faces, grave Countenances, stayd and formal Behaviours, and after they had Saluted me, they began to talk very seriously to me, their Discourse being Rational, Probable, Wise, Learned, and Experienc'd; but all the while the Muses would not let me alone, one pull'd me to Dance, another to Sing, another to play on Musick, others to recite Verses, speak Speeches, and Act parts of Plays, and the like: Whereupon I gravely turned the incorporal head of my rational Soul, nodding it to them to be quiet, and let me alone, but still they playd with me: At last my Thoughts, which are the language of the Soul, spoke to them, and pray'd them to forbear, until such time as the Sciences were gone; but they would not be quiet, nor silent, doe  
what

what I could, but would interrupt the Sciences in the midst of their Discourse, with their idle Rimes, light Fancies, and odd Numbers, inſomuch as the Sciences departed: Whereupon the Muses did rejoyce, and skip, and run about, as if they had been wilde: And in this jocund humour, in came the Arts, even a whole Common-wealth; for there were not only Politick Arts, Civil and Combining Arts, Profitable and necessary Arts, Military Arts, and Ceremonious Arts; but there were Superstitious Arts, Idolatrous Arts, false, factious, and mischievous Arts, destructive and wicked Arts, base and mean Arts, foolish, childish, vain, superfluous and unprofitable Arts: Upon all these Arts the Muses made good sport; for at some they flung jests, scorns, and scoffs, and some they stripp'd naked, but to others they were cruel, for some they flayd their skins off, and others they made very Skeletons of, dissecting them to the very bones; and the truth is, they spared not the best of them, but they had one saying or other to them: But when all the Arts departed, they took me, and carry'd to the Well of *Helicon*, and there they threw me in over head and eares, and said they would soufe me in the Liquor of Poetry; but when I was in the Well, I thought verily I should have been drown'd, for all my outward Senses were smother'd and choak'd, for the water did blind my eyes, stop'd my ears and nostrils, and fill'd my mouth so full, as I had not so much space as to spout it forth; besides all my body was so numb, as I had no feeling, inſomuch, as when they took me out of this Well of *Helicon*, into which they had flung me, I seem'd as dead, being quite senseless: Whereupon they all agreed to take and carry me up on *Parnassus Hill*, and to lay me on the top thereof, that the Poetical Flame, or Heat therein, might dry and warm me; after which agreement they took me up, every one bearing a part of me, or was industrious about it, for some carried my Head, others my Legs, some held my Hands, others imbraced my Waste, another oiled my Tongue, and others powr'd Spirits into my Mouth, but the worst-natur'd Muse pinch'd me, to try if I was sensible, or not, and the sweetest and tenderest-natur'd Muse wept over me, and another was so kind as to kiss me; but when they had brought me up to the top of the Hill, and laid me thereupon, I felt such a heat, as if they had laid me on *Aetna*; but after I had layn some time, I felt it not so hot, and so less and less, until I felt it like as my natural heat; just like those that goe into a hot Bathe, at first crie out it is insufferable and scalding hot, yet with a little use will finde it cool enough: But whilest I lay on *Parnassus Hill*, I began to make a *Lyrick Verse*, as thus,

*Bright, Sparkling hot Poetick fire,  
My duller Muse Inspire  
Unto thy Sweeter Lyre:  
My Fancies like as Notes all fit  
To play a Tune of Wit  
On well-strung Numbers fit.*

But your unfortunate Visit hath pull'd me so hastily down from the Hill, that the force of the speed hath crack'd my Imaginary Fiddle, broke the Strings of my Wit, blotted the Notes of Numbers, so spoil'd my Song.

*Lady Visit.* Prethee, there is none that would have taken the pains to have sung thy Song, unlesse some blind Fidler in an Alehouse, and then not any one would have listen'd unto it, for the fume of the drink would stop the

sense of their ears : Besides, Drunkards love not, nor delight in nothing but beastly Nonsense ; but howsoever I had done thee a friendly part, to fetch thee down from off that monstrous high Hill, whereby the vastness of the height might have made you so dizzy, as you might have fallen there-from on the sharp stones of Spite, or at least, on the hard ground of Censure, which might have bruised, if not wounded the Reputation of thy Vir.

*Lady Contempl.* Let me tell you, you had done me a Courtesie to have let me remain'd there some time ; for if you had let me alone, I might there have improv'd the Stature of my Wit, perfected the Health of my Judgment, and had nourished the Life of my Muse.

*Exeunt*

*Scene 27.*

*Enter the Lord Title, and the Lady Virtue, Cloathed like her Self.*

**L***ord Title.* Still I fear my fault is beyond a Pacification, yet the Gods are pacified with submissive Actions, as bended knees, repentant tear, imploring words, sorrowful Sighs, and dejected Countenances, all which I gave to thee.

*Lady Virtue.* Though there is always in my minde an obedient respect to Merit, yet a scorn is a sufficient cause to make a rebelling of thoughts, words, and actions ; for though I am poor, yet I am virtuous, and Virtue is to be prefer'd before Wealth or Birth, were I meanly born. But howsoever, true Love, like a great and powerful Monarch, soon disperses those rebellious passions, and quiets those factious thoughts, and all murmuring speeches, or words, are put to silence, banishing all frowning Countenances, returning humble looks into the eyes again.

*Lord Title.* Then you have pardon'd me.

*Lady Vertue.* Yes.

*Lord Title.* And do you love me ?

*Lady Virtue.* As Saints do Heaven.

*Lord Title* *kisses* *Lady Virtues hands*

*Lord Title.* Your Favours have rais'd my spirits from the grave of Melancholy, and your pure Love hath given me a new Life.

*Lady Virtue.* So truly I love you, as nothing but death can destroy it ; nay, I am of that belief, that were I dead, and turned to ashes, my dust, like firm and lasting steel, would fly unto you, as to the Loadstone, if you were at such distance as nothing might oppose.

*Lord Title.* Thus Souls, as well as Bodies, love.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 28.

*Enter the Lord Courtship, and the Lady Amorous.*

**L***ady Amorous.* Since I cannot have the happinesse of your Lordships company at my House, I am come to wait upon you at your House.

*Lord Courtf.* Your Ladyship doth me too great an honour.

*Lady Amorous.* Your Lordship is grown very Courtly. Pray how comes our familiar friendship so estranged, and set at distance with Compliments?

*Lord Courtf.* Madam, my wilde manners have been so rude to your Fair Sex, as I am become a scorn and shame unto my self.

*Lady Amorous.* I hate Civility and Manners in a man, it makes him appear sneakingly, poorly, and effeminate, and not a Cavalier: Bold and free Actions become your Sex.

*Lord Courtf.* It doth so in a Camp amongst rude and rough Souldiers, whose Breeding never knew Civility, nor will obey gentle Commands, submitting only to rigorous Authority: But to the fair, tender, effeminate Sex, men should offer their service by their admiring Looks, civil Discourses, and humble Actions, bowing as to a Deity; and when they are pleased to favour their servants, those Favours to be accounted beyond the Gifts of *Jove*.

*Lady Amorous.* Have I Cuckolded my Husband, dishonour'd my Family, defam'd my self for your sake, and am I thus rewarded and thrown aside with civil Compliments? O basest of men!

*Lord Courtf.* I am sorry I have wronged your Husband, but more sorry I have dishonour'd you, and what satisfaction a true repentance can make, I offer upon the Altar of a Reformed Life.

*Lady Amor.* Do you repent? O false man! May you be cursed of all your Sex, and die the death of *Orpheus*.

*Lady Amorous goes out.*

*Lord Courtship alone.*

*Lord Courtf.* It is beyond the power of *Jove* to please the various humours of Woman-kind.

*Exit*

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Scene 29.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gentleman.* There was never so many Noble Persons Married in one day, in one City, I think, before those that are to Marry to morrow.

**2** *Gentlem.* Who are they?

**1** *Gentlem.* Why, do you not hear?

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2 Gensl.

2 *Gentlem.* No.

1 *Gentlem.* Surely you have been either dead or deaf.

2 *Gentlem.* I have been in the Country.

1 *Gentlem.* That is some reason indeed ; but the Newes of the City <sup>would</sup> travel in Letters on Post-horses into the Country.

2 *Gentlem.* No faith, for the most part they come in slow Waggon ; but tell me who those are that are to be Married to morrow ?

1 *Gentlem.* Why first there is the Lord *Title* and the Lady *Virtue*. Secondly, the Lord *Courtship* and the Lady *Ward*. Thirdly, there is Sir *Pamie Poet* and the Lady *Contemplation*. Fourthly, the Lady *Conversation* and Sir *Experienc'd Traveller*. And fifthly, the Lady *Visitant* and Sir *Humphry Interruption*.

2 *Gentlem.* I will do my endeavour to see them all ; for I will go to each Bridal House.

1 *Gentlem.* How will you do so, being all married on a day ?

2 *Gentlem.* Why I will bid Good-morrow to the one, and I will go to Church with another, and dine with the third, and dance the afternoon with the fourth, and see the fifth a bed.

1 *Gentlem.* That you may do.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 30.*

*Enter Mistris Troublesome, and her Maid.*

**M***istris Troubles.* Lord there are so many Weddings to be to morrow, as I know not which to go to ! Besides, I shall displease those I go not to, being invited to them all.

*Maid.* If you would displease neither of them, you must feign your self sick, and go to none of them.

*Mistris Troubles.* None of them, say you ? that would be a cause to make me die ; for I would not but be a guest to one of them for any thing could be given me : But I am resolved to go to the Lady *Conversation* and Sir *Experienc'd Travellers* Wedding, for there there will be the most company, and it is company that I love better than the Wedding-cheer ; for much company is a Feast to me.

*Maid.* Truly Mistris, I wonder you should delight in company, you being in years.

*Mistris Troubles.* Out you naughty Wench, do you say I am old ?

*Maid.* No indeed, I did not name old.

*Mistris Troubles.* Then let me tell you, that those women that are in years, seek company to divulge their Wit, as youth to divulge their Beauty ; and we Aged Wits may chance to catch a Lover from a young Beauty : But I should applaud my own wit, if it could contrive to bring each Bride and Bridegroom into one Assembly, making *Hymen's* Monarchy a Republick, where all should be in common.

*Maid.* So Mistris you would prove a Traytor to *Hymen*, which is a Bawd.

*Mistris Troubles.* Faith I will turn you away for your boldness.

*Enter*



*Enter Mistris Gossip.*

O Mistris *Gossip* you are welcome, what Newes !

*Mistris Gossip.* I am come to tell you, that the five Bridals meet with their Guests and good Chèer at the City-Hall, and make their several Companies Joyning as one, as one Body, and there will be such Revelling, as the like was never before.

*Mistris Trouble.* *Juno* be thanked, and *Venus* be praised for it; for I was much perplex'd concerning their Divisions, till you came and brought me this good Newes of their Corporation.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 31.*

*Enter the Lord Title, and the Lady Virtue as his Bride, both of them richly attired, and Old Humanity following them.*

**L**ord *Title.* Come *Old Humanity*, and be our Father, to joyne and give us in the Church; and then when we are Married, we will live a Country-life, I as a Shepherd, and this Lady as my Fair Shepherdes.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 32.*

*Enter the Lady Ward as a Bride, and her Nurse Nurse Careful.*

**N**urse *Careful.* My dear Child, you appear as a sweet budding Rose this morning.

*Lady ward.* Roses are beset with thorns, Nurse, I hope I am not so.

*Nurse Caref.* By'r Lady your Husband may prove a thorn, if he be not a good man, and a kind Husband; but Oh my heart doth ake.

*Lady ward.* Wherefore doth it ake ?

*Enter Lord Courtship as a Bridegroom.*

*Lord Courtf.* Come Sweet, are you ready ? for it is time to go to Church; it is almost twelve a clock.

*Lady ward.* I am ready, but my Nurse doth affright me, by telling me her heart doth ake, as if she did fore-know by her experient age some ill fortune towards me, or that I shall be unhappy in my marriage.

*Lord Courtf.* Her heart doth not ake for you, but for her self, because she cannot be a young fair bride, as you are, as being past her youth; so that her heart doth ake out of a sad remembrance of her self, not for a present, or a future cause for you.

*Nurse Caref.* Well, well, I was young indeed, and a comely bride when I was married, though I say it, and had a loving bridegroom, Heaven-rest his soul.

P p 2

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 33.*

*Enter the Lady Visitant as a Bride, to the Lady Contemplation, another Bride.*

**L***ady Visit.* Come, I have brought all my bridal guests hither to joyn with yours, for we will go to Church together: Wherefore prethee come away, our Bridegrooms and our Guests stay for you.

*Lady Contempl.* I will go to them by and by.

*Lady Visit.* Why, I hope you do not stay to muse upon Phantasmes, faith Mariage will banish them out of your head, you must now employ your time with Realities.

*Lady Contempl.* If I thought Mariage would destroy or disturb my Contemplations, I would not marry, although my Wedding-guests were come, and my Wedding-dinner ready drest, and my Wedding-cloaths on; nay, were I at the holy Altar, I would return back.

*Lady Visit.* That would be such an action, as all the Kingdome would say you were mad.

*Lady Contem.* I had rather all the World should not only say I were mad, but think me so, rather than my self to be unhappy.

*Lady Visit.* Can want of Contemplation make you unhappy?

*Lady Contem.* Yes, as unhappy as a body can be without a soul; for Contemplation is the life of the soul, and who can be happy that hath a dead soul?

*Lady Visit.* By my troth I had rather be dead, than have such a dull life.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Madam, the Bridegroom is coming hither.

*Lady Contempl.* I will prevent him, and meet him.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 34.*

*Enter the two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gentlem.* Come away, come away, they'l be all married before we shall get to Church.

**2** *Gentlem.* There will be enough Witneses, we may well be spared; but so I share of the Feast, I care not whether they be married or not.

**1** *Gentle.* The truth is, the benefit to us will be only in eating of their meat, and drinking of their wine.

**2** *Gentlem.* And I mean to be drunk, but not for joy of their Mariages, but for pleasure of my Gusto.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

Scene 35.

Enter the five Couples, and all the Bridal Guests: The Bridegrooms and the Brides dance, and the while the Bridal Torches are held in their hands: Then a Poet speaks thus to them.

Speaker. *What Lines of Light doe from those Torches spin,  
Which winds about those Ladies whiter skin?  
But from their Eyes more Splend'rous Beams doe run,  
As bright as those that issue from the Sun,  
Wherein the lesser Lights wax dull and dim,  
Or like as Minnaes in an Ocean swim.*

Enter Mall Mean-bred.

*The Lord Maquiss  
writ this Scene*

**M**all Mean-bred. By your good leave Gentlefolks, I am come here to complain of this Hog-grubber Sir Golden Riches, who did tempt me with Gold till he had his desire; you know all what it is, and I like an honest woman, as it were, kept my word, and performed truly as any woman could do: Speak, canst thou detect me either in word or deed? and like a false and covetous wretch as thou art, performed nothing with me as thou shouldst have done, I am sure of that: Is't not a truth? I speak covetous wretch, speak.

Sir Gold. Rich. Why, what did I promise you?

Mall Mean-bred. Why thou didst promise me an hundred pounds in gold; shew'd it me, and then took it away again; nay further, thou saidst I should be a Lady, and have a great parimanus Coach gilt, with neighing Horses, and a Coachman, with a Postilion to ride afore: Nay, nay, I remember well enough what you said, you talkd of Gesemond, Pomatum, and Roman Gunpowder for my hair, and fine gowns and stockings, and fine lac'd silk garters, and roses shining like Stars, God bless us!

Sir Gold. Rich. Did I, did I?

Mall Mean-bred. Yes, that you did, you know what you did; and how you did, and so do I; and Gentlefolks, as I am a true woman, which he knows I am, I never had more than this white fustion wastecoate, and three pence to buy me three penyworth of pins, for he would allow me no inkle to tie it withall, and this old staniel peticoate, that was his great Grandmothers in Eighty eight, I am no two-legg'd creature else.

Sir Gold. Rich. But I bought you velvet to gird it withall.

Mall Mean-bred. Yes, that's true; an old black velvet Jerkin without sleeves, that had belonged to one of Queen Elizabeth her learned Counsel in the Law of blessed Memory, primo of Her Reign, and you bought it of an old Broker at Nottingham; and as I am a true Christian woman, if our Neighbour Botcher could almost sew it on, it was so mortified.

Sir Gold. Rich. I bought you shooes, and ribbons to tie them withall.

*She shewes her shooes.*

Mall Mean-bred. Look Gentlefolks, a pair of wet-leather shooes, that have given me a Colds, and two leather points that he calls ribbons; like a lying false man:

*Sir Gold Rich.* I am sure I bought you stock ins and garters.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Old *Doncaster*-stockins, that I was fain to wash my self with a little borrow'd sope, and they were footed with yellow fustion too, and the garters he talks of werelists of cloth, which a Taylor gavē me for my New-years-gift, and I cannot chuse but grieve to see his unkindnesse; I gave you satisfaction often, but you never satisfied me, I will take it upon my death.

*Sir Gold Rich.* Go *Gill Flirt*, pack away hence.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Nay that puts me in mind of the Pedlars pack you promis'd me, and I never had so much bought as that I might whistle for them; but I will follow thee to Hell, but I will have something more out of thee than I have had, or else I will make all the TOWN ring of me.

*Enter two Beadles.*

*Sir Gold Rich.* Here Beadles, take her to the Correction-house, *Bridewell*, and let her be punished.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Is it so, thou miscreant? well, I thought to be thy Bride, and not *Bridewel*, I never thought it in my conscience.

*Here ends my Lords writing.*

*Lord Title.* Pray stay.

*Enter Thom. Purveyor.*

*The Lord Title whispers to Thom. Purveyor, then turns to Mall Mean-bred.*

*Lord Title.* *Mall*, although you deceived me, and broke your promise, yet I will not only save you from the punishment you were to suffer at the Correction-house, but I will give thee a Husband here, lusty *Thom. Purveyor*, to whom, for taking thee to Wife, I will give him a lease of fifty pounds a year: Here *Tom*, take her and go marry her.

*Mall Mean-bred.* Heaven blefs your Honour.

*Tom.* Come *Mall*, let us go Wed, for fifty pounds a year is better than thy Maiden-head.

*Exeunt.*

**FINIS.**

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The First Part of the Play called WITS CABAL.

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The Actors Names.

<i>Monsieur Heroick.</i>	<i>Madamoiselle Pleasure.</i>
<i>Monsieur Tranquillities Peace.</i>	<i>Madamoiselle Bon Esprit.</i>
<i>Monsieur Vain-glorious.</i>	<i>Madamoiselle Faction.</i>
<i>Monsieur Satyrical.</i>	<i>Grave Temperance, Governess to Ma-</i>
<i>Monsieur Centure.</i>	<i>damoiselle Pleasure.</i>
<i>Monsieur Sensuality.</i>	<i>Madamoiselle Portrait.</i>
<i>Monsieur Inquisitive.</i>	<i>Mother Matron.</i>
<i>Monsieur Busie.</i>	<i>Wanton, Excess, Ease, Idle, Sur-</i>
<i>Monsieur Frisk.</i>	<i>fet, waiting-maids to Madamoiselle</i>
<i>Liberty, the Lady Pleasure's Gentle-</i>	<i>Pleasure.</i>
<i>man-Usher.</i>	<i>Flattery, Madamoiselle Superbe's wait-</i>
<i>Madamoiselle Ambition</i>	<i>ing-maid.</i>
<i>Madamoiselle Superbe.</i>	<i>Servants and others.</i>

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**THE**

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The First Part of the Play called WITS CABAL.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Enter Madam Ambition alone.

**A**mbition. I would my Parents had kept me up as birds in darkness, when they are taught to sing Artificial Tunes, that my ears only might have been employ'd; and as those Teachers whistle to birds several tunes, so would I have had Tutors to have read to me several Authors, as the best Poets, the best Historians, the best Philosophers, Moral and Natural, the best Grammaticians, Arithmeticians, Mathematicians, Logicians, and the like. Thus perchance I might have spoke as eloquently upon every subject, as Birds sing sweetly several tunes but since my Education hath been so negligent, I wish I might do some noble Action, such as might raise a monumental Fame on the dead Ashes of my Fore-fathers, that my Name might live everlastingly.

Exit.

Scene 2.

Enter Mademoiselle Superbe, and Flattery her Woman.

**M**adam Superbe. I hate to be compared to an inferiour, or to have an inferiour compared to me: wherefore if I were *Jove*, I would damn that creature that should compare me to any thing lesse than my self.

*Flattery*. Your Ladyship is like a Goddess, above all comparison: wherefore I think there is none worthy to match in Mariage with you, unless there were some Masculine Divine Creature on Earth to equal you, as surely there is none.

*Superbe*. I shall not willingly marry, unless it were to have a command over my Husband.

*Flattery*. But Husbands, Madam, command Wives.

*Superbe*. Not those that are Divine Creatures.

*Flattery*. Husbands, Madam, are Reprobates, and regard not Divinity, nor worship Earthly Deities.

*Superbe*. Whilst they are Suters, they worship, and women command their wooing servants.

*Flattery*. The truth is, all Suters do worship with an Idolatrous zeal, but their zeals tire at length, as most zeals do, and men are content to be commanded, whilst they are Courting servants, and do obey with an industri-

ous

ous care, and with an humble and respectful Demeanor, a submissive and awful Countenance, with an admiring and listning Ear, pleasing and applausive Speech, insomuch as their Mistris might think they commanded not only their Senses, but also their Souls; yet after they are married, they become from being servants, to be Masters, and they are so far from obeying, as they command, and instead of an humble and respectful demeanour, and an awful countenance, they will be haughty and surly, and their faces will be cloathed in frowns, and instead of an admiring eye and a listning ear, they will neither regard nor take notice of their Wives, unless it be to throw a scornful glance, and instead of a pleasing and applausive speech, they will reprove, discommend, or threaten. Thus, although they serve as Slaves when they are wooing Suters, yet they rule as Tyrants when they are Husbands, as all Slaves do that come to rule, prove Tyrants, like as the most fierce zealous Supplicants oft-times prove Atheists, or Reprobates.

*Superbe.* Then I must never marry; for I cannot endure to be commanded, but must be admired and adored.

*Flattery.* 'Tis fit you should, being a Divine Creature, Madam.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

*Enter Mademoiselle Pleasure, and Grave Temperance her Governness, and five Waiting-maids, namely, VVanton, Idle, Ease, Excess, and Surfet.*

**VV** *Anton.* Women that love the Courtship of men, must change themselves into as many several humours as *Protheus* shapés; as sometimes gay and merry, sometimes grave and majesticall, sometimes melancholy, sometimes bashful and coy, sometimes free and confident, sometimes patient, and sometimes cholerick, sometimes silent, and sometimes discourfivive, according as they find those humours they meet with.

*Ease.* Let me tell you, *wanton*, they must love Courtship well, that will take such pains to transform themselves so often, to please, or rather to get Lovers.

*Temperance.* You say well, *Ease*, but they rather lose than gain by the bargain; for the charge of troublesome observance, is more than the profit they receive therefrom.

*Ease.* Truly, Mistris *Temperance*, there is no delight in pains-taking, ask my Lady *Pleasure*.

*Madam. Pleasure.* No truly *Ease*; but a sweet civility, a modest behaviour and countenance, and a pleasing speech, gains more Lovers than a metamorphos'd humour.

*Temperance.* In truth a well-temper'd humour is easie to themselves, and delightful to others.

*wanton.* You speak for Lovers, but there is a difference betwixt Courtship and Love; for dull Love is contented to be entertained only with plain truth, and is constant to an honest heart, but sprightly Courtship delights in extravagancies, lives in varieties, but dies in particulars or singularities.

*Pleasure.* True delight lives in true love.

R r r

*Temperance*

*Temperanc.* And true Love lives in Temperance.

*Eafe.* And Temperance lives in Eafe.

*Idle.* And Eafe lives in Idlenefs.

*wanton.* And Idlenesse lives in Wantonnesse, and Wantonnesse lives in Pleasure.

*Pleasure.* Let me tell you, *WVanton*, that Pleasure doth not live in *WVantonnesse* nor *Idlenesse*; for Pleasure lives in Peace, maintained by Plenty, instructed by Prudence, protected by Justice, and governed by *Grave Temperance* here.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*Enter Monsieur Vain-glorious, and his Man.*

*Vain-glorious.* All the Ladies in the City are in love with me; and that woman thinks her self happy that can receive a Courtship from me; but I mean to marry none but *Madamoiselle Ambition*, nor would I marry her but for my particular ends, for she is rich.

*Servant.* She is so, if they be rich that have vast desires. But are you sure you shall have her?

*Vain-glorious.* Yes, for her Friends and I am agreed, and I know she cannot deny me; for what woman would not be proud to marry me?

*Servant.* 'Tis said she is a Noble Lady.

*Vain-glorious.* Faith she will be but a trouble to me; but I will only keep her for breed, and entertain my self, and lead my life with *Madamoiselle Pleasure*, and she shall share of the riches that *Madamoiselle Ambition* brings.

*Servant.* Now you talk of riches Sir, what shall we do with the rich Cabinet you bought? must that be carried to *Madamoiselle Pleasure*?

*Vain-glorious.* Yes, but I have other presents to send along with it, which I will give order for.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 5.

*Enter Monsieur Sensuality, and Monsieur Censure.*

*Sensuality.* Live under these lawes? I will sooner live under the *Turks*.

*Censure.* What makes thee such an enemy to these lawes, *Monsieur Sensuality*?

*Sensuality.* Why *Monsieur Censure*, I am fined a hundred pounds for kissing a *Mistress*, and getting a child.

*Censure.* Indeed the *Turks* government is the only government for such men as would have many *Wives*, *Concubines*, and *Slaves*.

*Sensuality.* Why, he is a slave that lives not under such government; for what greater slavery is there than to be tyed to one woman? I am sure our *Fore-fathers*, who were godly men, were not tyed to such slavery; they had their



their liberty as the *Turks*, and such like wise governments, a to have as many Wives and Mistresses as they please, or at least as many as they can maintain.

*Censure.* Although you may think that government wise, because it fits your Appetite, yet well-temperd men, 'tis likely, will be of another opinion, as to think the strict Canon-Laws of *Europe* are better for the good of Common-wealths, and every particular Family, by restraining one man to one woman, than to let them have more, or as many a they will.

*Sensuality.* If well-temperd men be of that opinion, they are fools, which I will soon prove them to be. As first for the Common-wealth, there is nothing more disadvantageous; for those Commonwealths flourish with greatest glory, that are fullest populated; by reason populated Kingdomes are strongest, both for their own defence, and against Foreign Enemies, as being able to conquer others by Invasions, inlarging their Dominions with their numbers, increasing their numbers with their numerous issues, begot and born from their many Wives, Concubines, and Slaves: when by our niggardly laws Kingdoms become uninhabited and barren for want of men to till and manure the ground: And as for our Wars, they'd seem as private Challenges, and our Armies as particular Duellers, being met with their Seconds to decide their petty quarrels, and to shew their valour by the hazard of their lives, and our Battels seem slight Skirmishes, or like a Company or Rout that kill each other in an idle Fray. Thus in comparison of other Empires, all *Europe* is but as one Kingdom; for numbers of men, and Martial Forces, when by the Extent it may be accounted the fourth part of the known World. And as for particular Families, want of children breeds discontent, and not only destroys industry, but makes spoil and unthrifts; for those that have no children, they care not what becomes of their goods, lands, or livings, spending them through carelesness, or through riot: And as for Women, it spoils them from being good wives; for being sole Mistresses, having no Co-partners, nor Sharers, neither of their Husbands, children, or estates, and being the only She that is served or attended, imbraced, loved, or maintained, grows proud, imperious, insults and domineers, and disputes with her Husband for prehemincy; and the truth is, for the most part, obtains it. Thus men become slaves to the distaff for quietness sake, otherwise there is such quarrels and brawleries, that his house and home, that should be his Couch of Ease, his Bed of Rest, his peaceable Haven, or haven of Peace, is for the most part his couch of thorns, his bed of cares, his hell of torments, or tormenting hell, and his whole Family are like a tempestuous Sea, where Passions hurl into Factions, and rise in waves of discontent: But when men have an absolute power over their wives, they force them into quiet obedience; and where men have many Wives, Concubines, and Slaves, the women are humbled into a submission, each woman striving which should be most serviceable, and who can get most love and favour; and as for Bastards, they are as much the Father's children, as those that are got in Wedlock.

*Censure.* But it is likely that Concubines and slaves will be false, and father their children on those that never begot them.

*Sensuality.* Why so may Wives, and 'tis most probable they do so; but as other Nations do allow many Wives, Concubines, and slaves, so they give men power and rule to govern and restrain them; and the men are so wife in other Nations, as they suffer no other men but themselves to come

neer them, hardly to look at the outside of their *Seraglio's*, as that part of the house they are lodged in.

*Censure.* Thou hast spoke so well, and hast made so learned a Speech for many Wives, Concubines, and slaves, as I am converted, and will, if thou wilt, travel into such Kingdomes as allow such numbers and varieties, that I may be naturalliz'd to their liberties.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 6.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and Monsieur Inquisitive.*

*Inquisitive.* What is the reason, Monsieur *Satyrical*, you do not marry?

*Satyrical.* The reason, Monsieur *Inquisitive*, is, that I cannot find a wife fit for me.

*Inquisitive.* Why, there are women of all Ages, Births, Humours, Statures, Shapes, Complexions, Features, Behaviours, and Wits. But what think you of marrying the Lady *Nobilissimo*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady that out-reaches my Ambition.

*Inquisitive.* What think you of the Lady *Bellissimo*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady for Admiration, and not for use.

*Inquisitive.* What think you of marrying the Lady *Piety*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady to be pray'd unto as a Saint, not to be imbraced as a wife.

*Inquisitive.* What think you of the Lady *Modesty*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady that will not only quench amorous love, but the free matrimonial love.

*Inquisitive.* What do you think of the Lady *Sage*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady to rule as a Husband, and not to be ruled as a Wife.

*Inquisitive.* What think you of the Lady *Politick*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady fitter for Counsel than for Marriage.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Ceremony*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady fitter for a Princely Throne, than the Marriage-bed.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Poetical*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady fitter for Contemplation than Fruition.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Humility*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady sooner won than enjoy'd.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Sprightly*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady that will disquiet my rest, being fitter for dancing than sleeping.

*Inquisitive.* What say to the Lady *Prodigal*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady I might feast with, but could not thrive with.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Vanity*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady too various and extravagant for my humour.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Victoria*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady I had rather hear of, than be inflav'd by.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the Lady *Innocent Youth*?

*Satyrical*

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady that may please with imbracing, but not with con-  
ersing; she is fitter for love than for company, for *Cupid* than for *Pallas*,  
or sport than for counsel.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the *Lady wanton*?

*Satyrical.* She is fitter for an hour than for an Age.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the *Lady Poverty*?

*Satyrical.* She is fitter for my Charity than my Family.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the *Lady Ill-favoured*?

*Satyrical.* She is a Lady fitter for a Nunnery than a Nurfery; for Beads,  
han for Children.

*Inquisitive.* What say you to the *Lady weakly*?

*Satyrical.* She is fitter for Death than for Life; for Heaven, than the  
World.

*Inquisitive.* By your Answers I perceive you will not Marry.

*Satyrical.* Have I not reason, when I can finde such Answers from the  
ex?

*Inquisitive.* But the Gods have commanded Marriage?

*Satyrical.* But Saints doe choote a single life, and in case of Marriage, I  
will sooner follow the Example of the Saints, than the commands of the  
Gods.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 7.

Enter *Madamoiselle Ambition, Superbe, Bon' Esprit, Pleasure,*  
*Portrait, Faction, Grave Temperance, and Mother Matron* .

*Grave Temperance.* Ladies, what think you of good Husbands?

*Portrait.* I think well of good Husbands.

*Bon' Esprit.* But it is a question whether good Husbands will think well  
f us.

*Faction.* I think good Husbands may be in our thoughts, but not actually  
i the World.

*Ambition.* I am of your opinion, they may be mention'd in our words,  
ut not found in our lives.

*Pleasure.* Faith we may hear of good husbands, and read of good wives,  
ut they are but Romances.

*Portrait.* You say right; for we may as soon finde an Heroick Lover,  
nd see all his impossible Actions out of a Romance Book, as a good Hus-  
ands; but as for Wives, I will not declare my Opinion.

*Bon' Esprit.* Nor I; but were there such men that would make good hus-  
ands, it were as difficult to get them, as for a Romantick Lover to get his  
Mistris out of an Incharned Castle.

*Pleasure.* For my part I had rather die a Maid, than take the pains to get  
good Husband.

*Superbe.* I wonder our Sex should desire to Marry; for when we are un-  
arried, we are sued and sought to, and not only Mistris of our selves, but  
ur Suters: But when we are married, we are so far from being Mistrisses, as  
re become slaves.

*Pleasure.* The truth is, there is no Act shews us, or rather proves us to be so much fools as we are, as in marrying: for what greater folly can there be, than to put our selves to that condition which will force us to sue to power, when before that voluntary slavery we were in a condition to use power, and make men sue to us.

*Ambition.* We must confess, when we well consider, it is very strange, since every Creature naturally desires and strives for prehemency, as to be superior, and not inferior; for all Creatures endeavour to command, and are unwilling to obey; for it is not only Man, but even the Beasts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, and the Fishes in the Sea; and not only Beasts, Birds, and Fish, but the Elements those creatures inhabite in, strive for superiority; only Women, who seem to have the meanest souls of all the Creatures Nature hath made; for women are so far from endeavouring to get power, as they voluntarily give away what they have.

*Portrait.* Talk not of womens souls, for men say we have no souls, only beautiful bodies.

*Bon' Esprit.* But beautiful bodies are in a degree of souls, and in my Conscience please men better than our souls could do.

*Superbe.* If any thing prove we have no souls, it is in letting men make such fools of us.

*Matron.* Come, come Ladies, by Womens Actions they prove to have more, or at least better souls than Men have; for the best parts of the Soul are Love and Generosity, and Women have more of either than Men have.

*Grave Temperance.* The truth is, that although Reason and Understanding are the largest parts of the Soul; yet Love and Generosity are the dearest parts of the Soul.

*Enter Monsieur Heroick.*

*Heroick.* Goodmorrow young Ladies, you appear this morning like sweet-smelling flowers, some as Roses, others as Lillies, others as Violets, Pinks, and Primroses, and your associating in a company together, is like as a Posie which Love hath bound up into one Bucket, which is a fit Present for the Gods.

*Bon' Esprit.* If you would have us presented to the Gods, we must die; for we are never preferred to them but by Death: wherefore we must be given to Death, before the Gods can have us; they may hear us whilest we live, and we may hear of them, but partake of neither until we die.

*Heroick:* O that were pity, Ladies; for there is nothing more sad in Nature, than when Death parts a witty Soul from a young beautiful Body, before the one hath built Monuments of Memory, and the other gained Trophies of Lovers: And as for the Gods, you will be as acceptable to them when you are old, as when you are young.

*Ambition.* As nothing could make me so sad as untimely death of Youth, Wit, and Beauty, so there is nothing could anger me more, as for Fortune to frown upon Merit, or not to advance it according to its worth, or to bury it in Oblivion, hindring the passage into Fames Palace.

*Temperance.* For my part, I believe Death will neither call nor come for you before his natural time, if you do not send Surfet and Excess to call him to take you away.

*Pleasure.* Indeed Mankind seem as if they were Deaths Factors; for they do

do strive to ingross and destroy all other creatures, or at least as many as they can; and not only other creatures, but their own kinde, as in Wars; and not only their own kinde, but themselves, in idle and unprofitable Adventures, and gluttonous Excess, thus as I said, they are Deaths Factors, buying sickness with health, hoping to gain pleasure, and to make delight their profit, but they are cozen'd, for they only get Diseases, Pains, and Aches.

*Matron.* Pray Ladies mark how far you are gone from the Text of your discourse, as from sweet-smelling flowers to stinking carrion, which are dead carkasses; from a lively good-morrow, to a dead farewell; from mirth to sadness.

*Portrait.* You say right, *Mother Matron*; wherefore pray leave off this discourse, for I hate to hear off death; for the thoughts of death affright me so, as I can take no pleasure of life when he is in my mind.

*Heroick.* Why Ladies, the thought of death is more than death himself; for thoughts are sensible of imaginable things, but Death himself is neither sensible nor imaginable.

*Portrait.* Therefore I would not think of him; and when I am dead, I am past thinking.

*Superbe.* Let us discourse of something that is more pleasing than Death.

*Heroick.* Then by my consent, Ladies, your discourse shall be of *Venus* and *Cupid*, which are Themes more delightful to your Sex, and most contrary to death; for Love is hot, and Death is cold; Love illuminates life, and Death quenches life out.

*Bon' Esprit.* Let me tell you Sir, Love is as apt to burn life out, as Death is to quench it out, and I had rather die with cold, than be burnt with heat; for cold kills with a dead numbness, when heat kills with a raging madnesse.

*Pleasure.* But Lovers are tormented with fears and doubts, which cause cold sweats, fainting of spirits, trembling of limbs; it breaks the sweet repose of sleep, disturbs the quiet peace of the mind, vades the colours of beauty, nips or blasts the blossome of youth, making Lovers look withered; before Time hath made them old.

*Heroick.* It is a signe, Lady, you have been in love; you give so right a Character of a Lover.

*Pleasure.* No, there requires not a self-experience to find out a Lovers trouble, for the outward Actions will declare their inward grief and passion.

*Superbe.* Certainly she is in love, but conceals it, she keeps it as a Secret.

*Pleasure.* Love cannot be secret, the passion divulges it self.

*Portrait.* Confess, Are you not in love?

*Faction.* Nay she will never confess a Secret, unless you tell her one; for those that tell no secrets, shall hear none.

*Portrait.* O yes, for a Secret is like a child in the womb; for though it be concealed for a time, it will come out at last, only some comes out easier than others, and some before their time.

*Ambition.* Nay whensoever a secret comes out, it's untimely.

*Faction.* Secrets are like Coy Ducks, when one is flown out, it draws out others, and returns with many.

*Pleasure.* Then like a Coy Duck I will try if I can draw all you after me.

*Boz' Esprit.* She shall see she is like a Duck, which is like a Goose, and we like her, for we will follow her.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 8.

*Enter Monsieur Tranquillities Peace, and his Man.*

**T***ranquill. Peace.* Have you been at Monsieur *Busie's* house, to tell him I desire to speak with him?

*Servant.* Yes, I have been at his house.

*Tranquill. Peace.* And will he come?

*Servant.* Faith Sir the house is too unwieldy to stir, and Monsieur *Busie* is too Active to stay at home: but the truth is, I went at four a clock this morning, because I would be sure to find him and his servants, and their Master was flown out of his nest an hour before: Then I told his servants I would come about dinner-time, and they laugh'd, and ask'd me what time was that? I said I supposed at the usual time, about Noon, or an hour before or after, but they said their Master never kept any certain time of eating, being full of business. Then I asked them what time that would be when he would come home to bed: They answered, that his time of Resting was as uncertain as his time of Eating. Then I pray'd them to tell me at what time they thought I might find him at home: They said it was impossible for them to guess, for that their Master did move from place to place, as swift as thoughts move in the Mind. Then I pray'd them that they would tell him when he came home, that you would desire to speak with him: They told me they would, but they did verily believe he would forget to come to you, by reason his head was so full of busie thoughts, or thoughts of business, as there was no room more for a thought to stay in. So I went away in despair, but coming home, I chanced to see him at a little distance; so I made all the haste I could to overtake him, placing my Eyes fixedly upon him, because I would not lose him; but his pace was so swift, and his several turnings in several Lanes and Allyes were so many, as it was impossible for me to keep my measure, pace, or sight, for like a Bird, he did not only fly out of my reach, but out of my view; but by a second good fortune, I met him just at your Gate, and I stopp'd his way until I had told him your Message, which was, you would speak with him: He answered me, he could not possibly stay, for his business called him another way. I told him, that if he did not come and speak with you, or stay until you did come and speak with him, his Law-sute, which was of great Importance, would be lost, for you could not do him any further service to your Friends, that should help him, until he had resolv'd you of some questions you were to ask him; besides that, you wanted a Writing that he had. He told me that he was very much oblig'd to you for your favour to him, but he could not possibly stay to speak with you, for he had some business to do for two or three other men, and he must of necessity go seek those men out whom the business concerned; so that I could not persuade him by any means, although for his own good, to come in, or to stay till you went to him.

*Tranquill. Peace.* Faith he is so busie, that he will neither do himself good  
nor

nor any other man ; for he runs himself out of the Field of Business, being over-busy, neither holding the Reins of Time, nor sitting steady in the Seat of Judgment, nor stopping with the Bit of Discretion, nor taking the Advantages of Opportunity ; but totters with Inconstancy, and falls with Losse. Thus his busy thoughts do tire his Mind, so that his life hath a sorry, sore, and weary Journey.

*Servant.* I think he is a man that is full of Projects.

*Tranquill. Peace.* So full, as his head is stuff'd with them, and he begins many designs, but never finisheth any one of them ; for his designs are built upon vain hopes, without a Foundation : But were his hopes solid with probability, yet his inconstancy, and unsteady doubts, and over-cautious care, would pull down, or ruine his designs before they were half built.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 9.*

*Enter Bon' Esprit, Portrait, Ambition, Superbe, Pleasure, Faction, Grave Temperance, Mother Matron.*

*Enter Monsieur Sensuality.*

*Portrait.* Monsieur *Sensuality*, let us examine you. What company have you met vwithall, that hath caused you to break your Word vwith us, when you had promised you would come, and carry us to a Play ?

*Pleasure.* If he carry us all, he will carry a very heavy load.

*Matron.* Ladies should be heavy, and not light.

*Portrait.* But Monsieur *Sensuality*, pray tell us where you have been, and with whom.

*Sensuality.* Why I have been with as proper a Lady as any is in this City.

*Ambition.* What do you mean by a proper Lady ?

*Bon' Esprit.* He means a prop'd Lady.

*Sensuality.* I mean a Tall, Proportionable Lady ; which is a comely ght.

*Faction.* Not to my Eyes ; for I never see a tall big woman, but I think she ather proceeds from the race of *Titan* than *Jove*, for she seems to be more body than Soul, more Earth than Flame.

*Sensuality.* For my part, I think there cannot be too much of a fair Lady ; and if I were to choose, I would choose her that had more body than soul, for her soul would be uselesse to me, by reason souls cannot be enjoy'd as bodies are.

*Ambition.* Yes, in a spiritual conversation they may.

*Sensuality.* I hate an incorporeal Conversation.

*Superbe.* Why then you hate the Conversation of the Gods.

*Sensuality.* I love the Conversation and Society of fair young Ladies, such as you are.

*Portrait.* That is not the Answer to my question.

*Sensuality.* Then let me tell you, Ladies, that most of our Sex do venture leaven for your sakes, and will sooner disobey the Gods than you.

T t t

*Bon' Esprit*

*Bon' Esprit.* So you make as if Women commanded Men against the Gods.

*Sensuality.* No Lady, but we serve Women, when we should serve the Gods, and pray to your Sex, when the Gods would have us pray to them.

*Pleasure.* The more wicked creatures are men.

*Sensuality.* No, the more tempting creatures are women.

*Faction.* So you will make us Devils at last; for the original of temptation came from *Pluto*.

*Sensuality.* Temptation, Lady, was bred in Nature, born from Nature, and inhabites with all your Sex, as with Natures self, whom I have heard is a most beautiful Lady, and that is the reason, I suppose, she hath favoured women more than men, being her self of the Effeminate Sex: And the truth is, Nature hath been cruel to our Sex; for she hath not only made you so beautiful, as to be admired and desired, but so cruel, as to despise, reject and scorn us, taking pleasure in our torments.

*Portrait.* If all Women were of my mind, we would torment you more than we do.

*Faction.* We have tormented him enough with talking, therefore let us leave him.

*Sensuality.* Nay Ladies, I will wait upon you.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

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### Scene 10.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and Monsieur Frisk.*

*Frisk.* Monsieur *Satyrical*, I can tell you sad News.

*Satyrical.* Let sadnesse sit upon the grave of Death, for I desie it.

*Frisk.* But that man is in danger that stands as a Centre in a Circumference, from whence all the malignant passions shoot at him, as Suspition, Spight, Envy, Hatred, Malice, and Revenge; and the more dangerous, by reason their Arrows are poysoned with Effeminate Rage.

*Satyrical.* Let them shoot, for I am arm'd with Carelesnesse, and have a Spell of Confidence, which will keep me safe. But who are they that are mine Enemies?

*Frisk.* No less than a dozen Ladies.

*Satyrical.* If I can attain to fight with them apart, hand to hand, I make no question but to come off Conquerour; and if they assault me altogether, yet I make no doubt but I shall so skirmish amongst them, as I shall be on equal terms. But what makes the breach of peace betwixt me and the Ladies, and such a breach as to proclame Open Wars?

*Frisk.* The Cause is just, if it be true as it is reported.

*Satyrical.* Why what is reported?

*Frisk.* It is reported you have divulged some secret favours those Ladies have given you.

*Satyrical*



*Satyrical*. It were ungrateful to conceal a favour : for favours proceed from generous and noble Souls, sweet and kind Natures.

*Frisk*. But Ladies favours are to be concealed and lock'd up in the Closet of secrecie, being given with privacy, and promise not to divulge them ; and it seems by report you have broke your promise, for which they swear to be revenged.

*Satyrical*. Faith all Women, especially Ladies, their natural humour is like the Sea, which will be neither quiet it self, always ebbing and flowing, nor let any thing be at rest on it : I know not what the Fishes are that are in it, but for any thing I can perceive to the contrary, they live in a perpetual motion : So doe Ladies ; for their Passions and Affections ebb and flow from object to object ; for one while they flow with love, then ebb with hate, sometimes they are rough with anger, and stormy with rage, then indifferent calm with patience, but that is seldome : But in the Spring-tide of Beauty they overflow all with pride, and their thoughts, like Fishes, are in a perpetual motion, swimming from place to place, from company to company, from one meeting to another, and are never at rest.

*Frisk*. Thou deserv'st to die the death of *Orpheus*.

*Satyrical*. 'Tis likely I shall, by reason I am a Satyrical Poet, and Women hate Satyre in Poetry, although not Wood or Forrest Satyrs ; and the most extravagant and maddest Actions that ever were done, were done or acted by Women, and the truth is, Women are not only Batchelling some parts of the year, but all their life-long, for they drink vanity, and are mad-drunk with wantonnesse.

*Frisk*. Let me tell you, that if I should be brought as a Witnessse, and should declare the truth, there were no hopes of mercy for thee.

*Satyrical*. I grant it, if Women were to be my Judges.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.*

*Enter Excess, VVanton, Idle, and Surfet.*

*Excess*. Where shall we go for pastime to day ? for our Lady hath left us to our own pleasures to day.

*Idle*. Let us go and swim in a Boat upon the River.

*Wanton*. That is but a wattrish Recreation ; besides it is very dangerous, for many have been drowned in their idle pastimes.

*Surfet*. If you will take my Counsell, let us go to the Lodge in the Park, and drink Sullybubs.

*Wanton*. Yes, let us go, for the Lodge puts me into a good humour, and Sullybubs make me merry.

*Idle*. You have reason, for it is a cheerly Cup, and a Cup of good fellowship, for we may all eat and drink together.

*Surfet*. Yes by spoonfuls.

*Excess*. I love to be drunk by spoonfuls, for then I am drunk by degrees, and not at one draught, as a pinte, or a quart at a draught, as men do ; besides, though it be allowable for the sobrest noblest Women to be drunk with Wine-caudles, Sullybubs, Sack-poffets, and the like, so it be by spoonfuls, yet it were abominable and most dishonourable for Women to be

drunk with plain Wine, and great draught, as men are; besides, in great draughts there is not that pleasure of taste, as in a little at a time.

*Idle.* I believe that is the reason that *Flemmings* love to sip their Wine, because they would have the pleasure of Taste.

*wanton.* No question but they learn'd that of the Effeminate Sex, who love to taste of every thing.

*Surfet.* I do believe it; for all women love spoon-meat.

*Excess.* 'Tis true, and to drink in spoons.

*Idle.* Talk no more of eating and drinking, but eat and drink without talking, and afterwards talk to digest it.

*Excess.* And after it is digested, let's eat and drink again.

*wanton.* So we shall do nothing but eat, drink, and talk.

*Surfet.* Women do nothing else all their life-long.

*wanton.* By your favour but we do.

*Excess.* Come, come, let us go.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 12.*

*Enter the Lady Ambition alone.*

**A***mbition.* O that I might enjoy those pleasures which Poets fancy, living in such delight as nature never knew; nor that all Poets did write of me, not only to express their Wit, but my Worth, and that I might be praised by all mankind; yet not vulgarly, as in a croud of others praises, but my praises to be singularly inthron'd above the rest, and that all others commendations might have no other light but what proceeds from the splendor of my Fame: Also I wish that Nature had made me such a Beauty, as might have drawn the Eyes of the whole World as a Loadstone to gaze at it, and the splendor thereof might have inlightned every blind eye, and the beams therefrom might have comforted every sad heart, and the pleasing Aspect therein might have turned all passions into love; then would I have had Nature, Fortune, and the Fates, to have given me a free power of the whole World; and all that is therein, that I might have prest and squeezed our the healing Balmes, and sovereign Juices, and restoring Simples, into every sick wounded and decayed body, and every disquieted or distemper'd mind: Likewise, that I might have been able to have relieved those that were poor and necessitous, with the hidden riches therein, and that by my power I might not only have obliged every particular creature and person, according to their worth and merit, but to have made so firm a peace amongst mankind, as never to be dissolved.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 8.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and Monsieur Inquisitive.*

**I***nquisitive.* I wonder you should be an Enemy to Women.

*Satyrical.* I am so far from being an Enemy to the Effeminate Sex, as I am the best friend they have: for I do as a friend ought to do, which is, to tell them truth, when other men deceive them with flattery.

*Inquisitive.* But they complain, and say you exclaim and rail against them.

*Satyrical.* Their complaints proceed from their partial Self-love and Luxury: for they love pleasing flattery, as they do Sweet-meats, and hate rigid truth, as they do a bitter potion, although the one destroys their health, the other prolongs their life.

*Inquisitive.* But they are so angry, as they all swear, and have made a vow to be revenged on you.

*Satyrical.* Let them throw their spleens at me, I will stand their malice, or dart forth Amorous glances, they will not pierce my heart: for *Pallas* is my Shield, and *Cupid* hath no power.

*Inquisitive.* If they cannot wound you with their Eyes, they will sting you with their Tongues, for Women are like Bees.

*Satyrical.* If they are like Bees, their stings lie not in their Tongues.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 14.

*Enter Mother Matron, Bon' Esprit, Portrait, Faction, Ambition, Pleasure*

**M***atron.* I can tell you News, Ladies.

*Portrait.* What News, *Mother Matron*?

*Matron.* Why there is a rich young Heir come to Town.

*Superbe.* Some foolish Son of a miserable Father, who hath spared from his back and belly, to make his Son vain and prodigal. But what shall we be the better for this rich Heir?

*Matron.* Why marry if you can get him, you will be so much the better is a rich Husband can make you.

*Ambition.* He will first be got by the Cheats in the Town, which Cheats have more subtilty, and will be more industrious to get him, than the youngest and beautifullest, and wittiest Lady of us all; so as there is no hopes of gaining him, until he is so poor, as he is not worth the having.

*Faction.* But if he could be had whilest he were rich, it were no great victory; for I dare say his Mothers Landry-maid might be as soon a Conquest, as a great Lady: But if we could conquer and imprison Monsieur *Satyrical* in Loves Fetters, that would be a Conquest worthy Fames Trumphet.

*Pleasure.* O that would be such an Exploit, as it would be an Honour to our Sex.

*Bon' Esprit.* There is nothing I desire more, than to be she that might infetter him.

*Portrait.* I long to insnare him.

*Ambition.* So do I.

*Bon' Esprit.* Faith I will lay an Ambuscado for him.

*Matron.* Fie Ladies, fie, I am asham'd to hear the Designs you have to catch Monsieur *Satyrical*; such Fair, Young, Noble Ladies to be so wanton, as none will content you but a wilde, rough, rude Satyr.

*Bon' Esprit.* If I were sure there were no other ways to get him, I would become a Wood-nymph for his sake.

*Matron.* You have forgot the Nymph that was turned into a Bear.

*Bon' Esprit.* O she was one of cruel *Diana's* Nymphs; but I will be none of her Order.

*Matron.* No, I dare swear you will not; for 'tis unlikely you should, when you desire to imbrace a Satyr.

*Bon' Esprit.* I do not desire to imbrace him, but to enamour him.

*Matron.* Well, Ladies, your Parents gave you to my Care and Charge; but since you are so wilde, to talk of nothing but Nymphs, Woods, and Satyrs, I will resigne up the Trust which was impos'd on me, to your Parents again; for I will not adventure my Reputation with such wanton young Ladies.

*Bon' Esprit.* *Mother Matron,* let me tell thee, thy Reputation is worn out of thee, Time hath devoured it, and therefore thou hast no Reputation to lose.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 15.

*Enter Monsieur Censure, and Monsieur Frisk.*

*Frisk.* Faith *Tom.* I have empty'd thy pockets.

*Censure.* Thou hast pick'd my pockets with thy juggling Dice, for which, if thou wert a woman, and in my power, I would be reveng'd for my loss.

*Frisk.* Why, what would you do if I were a Woman?

*Censure.* I would condemn thee to a solitary silent life, which to a woman is worse than Hell; for company and talking is their Heaven, and their Tongues are more restless than the Sea, their Passions more stormy than the Winds, and their Appetites more unsatiable and devouring than fire; they are lighter than Air, more changing than the Moon.

*Frisk.* What makes thee thus rail at the Effeminate Sex?

*Censure.* Have I not reason, when Fortune is of the same gender?

*Enter Mademoiselle Faction.*

*Frisk.* Faith *Tom,* I must tell.

*Faction.* What will you tell?

*Frisk*

*Frisk.* Why I will tell you, Lady, he hath rail'd most horribly against your Sex.

*Faction.* That is usual: for all those men which never received, nor hope to receive any favour from our Sex, will rail against it.

*Censure.* Those men have no reason, Lady, to commend you, if they never received neither profit nor pleasure from you; and those that have been cruelly used by your Sex, may lawfully rail against it.

*Faction.* The Laws of Honour forbid it.

*Censure.* But the Laws of Nature allow it, and Nature is the most prevailing law.

*Faction.* Nature's law is for Men to love Women, and Women Men, but in you and I there is not that Sympathy; for I dislike your Sex, as much as you do ours, and could rail with as free a will against it. The truth is, that although I do not hate men, yet I despise them; for all men appear to me either Beasts or Butter-flies, which are either sensual or vain: Indeed most men are worse than beasts; for beasts are but according to their kind, when men are degenerated by beastly Sensualities, from which they were made; for as most men are worse than beasts, so you are worse than most men.

*Censure.* It is a favour, Lady, from your Sex, to rail against ours; for it is a sign you have considered us, and that we live in your memory, although with your ill opinions; yet it is better to live with Enemies, than not to be; and of all men, I have received the greatest favour from the chiefest of your Sex, which is your self; in that you have considered me most, though you have found me worst, yet it proves you have thought of me.

*Faction.* If those thoughts and dispraises be favours, I will binde so many together, until they become as thick and hard as steel, of which you may make an Armour, to keep your Reputation from wounds of reproach.

*She goes out.*

*Frisk.* There Tom. she hath paid thee both for thy Railings and Complements.

*Censure.* She hath not payd me in current cōyn.

*Frisk.* It will pass for disgrace, I'll warrant thee.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 16.

*Enter Madam Ambition, Faction, Portrait, Bon' Esprit, Pleasure.*

**B**on' Esprit. There are but three things a gallant man requires, which is, a Horse, a Sword, and a Mistress.

*Ambition.* Yet a gallant man wants Generosity; for the greatest honour for a man, is to be generous; for Generosity comprises all Virtues, good Qualities, and sweet Graces; for a generous man will never spare his life, purse, nor labour, for the sake of just Right, plain Truth, Honest Poverty, Distress, Misery, or the like; for a generous man hath a courageous, yet compassionate Heart, a constant and noble Mind, a bountiful Hand, an active and industrious Life; and he is one that joyes more to do good, than others to receive good.

*Pleasure.* There are few or none that have such noble Souls, as to prefer anothers good before their own.

*Portrait.* The truth is, men have more promising Tongues, than performing deeds.

*Faction.* For all I can perceive, mans life is composed of nothing but deceit, treachery, and rapine.

*Bon' Esprit.* Indeed mans mind is like a Forest, and his thoughts, like wilde beasts, inhabit therein.

*Ambition.* Mans Mind is like a Sea, where his Thoughts, like Fishes, swim therein, where some Thoughts are like huge Leviathans, others like great Whales, but some are like Sprats, Shrimps, and Minnies.

*Enter Monsieur Sensuality.*

*Sensuality.* What is like a Minnie?

*Ambition.* A mans Soul.

*Sensuality.* It is better have a soul, although no bigger than a Minnie, than none at all, as Women have; but if they have, I dare swear it is no bigger than a pins point.

*Bon' Esprit.* Very like, which point pricks down thoughts into the Brain, and Passions in the heart, and writes in the Brain witty Conceits, if the point be sharp.

*Sensuality.* No, no, it serves onely to raise their brains with Vanity, to ingrave their hearts with Falshood, and to scratch out their lives with Discontent.

*Pleasure.* We oftner scratch out mens lives than our own.

*Sensuality.* Nay, you oftner scratch out our honour than our lives.

*Faction.* For my part, I have an itch to be scratching.

*Sensuality.* I believe you, for you have a vexatious soul.

*Faction.* It hath cause to be vexatious, for the point of my soul is whetted with *Aqua Fortis* against your Sex.

*Sensuality.* I'm sure, Lady, your tongue is whetted with *Aqua Fortis*.

*Faction.* So is yours.

*Sensuality.* If it be, let us try which point is sharpest.

*Faction.* I will leave the Trial to Time and Occasion.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 17.

*Enter Madam Superbe, and an Antient Woman.*

**W**oman. Madam, I am an humble Suter to your Ladyship.

*Superbe.* What is your sute?

*woman.* That you will be pleased to take a young Maiden into your service of my preferring.

*Superbe.* In what place?

*woman.* To wait and attend on your person.

*Superbe.* Let me tell you, that those servants that attend on my person, do usually accompany me in all my Pastimes, Exercises, and sometimes in Conversation

versation : Wherefore they must be such as are well born, well bred, well behav'd, modest, and of sweet dispositions, virtuous, and of strict life, otherwise they are not for me ; and if I find them not so, I shall soon turn them away.

*Woman.* Why Madam, even *Diana* her self, as severe and strict as she was, had some wanton Nymphs, that would commit errors; although they seem'd all sober and modest, and profess'd chastity, yet they would slip out of the way and her presence sometimes.

*Superbe.* But she never failed to turn them out of her service, and some she cruelly punished ; so that what her severity could not prevent, yet her severity did punish ; for *Diana's* practice was not to watch her wanton Nymphs, nor to hunt out their evil haunts, or lurking-places, to see their evil actions, but her practice was to hunt the more modest and temperate creatures, which were the beasts of the Fields and Forests : So, like as *Diana*, I shall not watch my Maids, nor pardon their rude or dishonourable actions.

*Woman.* Pray Madam try this Maid, for she is very honourably born, and well bred, but poor.

*Superbe.* I shall not refuse her for poverty : But as I will have some bound for the truth and trust of my vulgar servants, so I will have some bound for the behaviour, virtue, and modesty of my honourable servants, or else I will not take them.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene 18.

*Enter Mother Matron, and meets Monsieur Frisk.*

*Matron.* Monsieur *Frisk*, you are well met, for I was even now sending a Footman for you.

*Frisk.* For what, good *Mother Matron* ?

*Matron.* Marry to come to a company of young Ladies, who do half long for you.

*Frisk.* They shall not lose their longing, if I can help them.

*Matron.* Now by my Troth, and that is spoke like a Gentleman ; but let me tell you, there is a great many of them.

*Frisk.* Why then there is the more choice.

*Matron.* But there is no choosing amongst Ladies, you must take better for worse.

*Frisk.* There is no worst amongst Ladies, they are all fair and good.

*Matron.* Yfaith I perceive now why the Ladies desire your company so much as they do.

*Frisk.* Why my dear *Mother Matron* ?

*Matron.* Because you speak well of them behind their backs, and promise them much to their faces ; and I will assure you, they have as pro-

ming faces as you can promise them; but great Promisers are not good.  
*Frisk.* Will you say the Ladies faces are not good?

*Matron.* I say mens promises are not good. But you are very quick with me, Monsieur *Frisk*, to take me upon the hip so suddenly; but, beshrew me; your sudden frisking Answer hath put me into a Passion, which hath perturbed the sense of my Discourse. Lord, Lord, what power a villanous word hath over the passions!

*Frisk.* If you please, *Mother Matron*, a kiss shall ask pardon for your villanous word.

*Matron.* And now, by my troth, I have not been kiss'd by a young Gentleman above this twenty years; but now I am in haste, and cannot stay to receive your gift, wherefore I will refer it until another time.

*Frisk.* But I may forget to give it.

*Matron.* Never fear that, for I shall remember you of it, when time shall serve: But come away, for the Ladies will be horrible angry I have stayd so long, for they were all going to dance, for the Fiddles were tuned, Tables and Stools removed, room made, and they in a dancing posture, only they stay for you to Frisk them about.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 19.*

*Enter Madam Superbe, and Flattery her Maid.*

**F***lattery.* Madam, you behav'd your self more familiar to day, than your Ladyship was wont to do.

*Superbe.* 'Tis true, because those I convers'd with to day were but inferiour persons, and I speak more familiar to such persons as are below my quality, than those that are equal to me, to do them grace and favour; and if they take it not so, I can onely say my Civility was ignorantly placed on foolish and ignorant persons.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 20.*

*Enter Bon' Esprit, Portrait, Faction, Ambition.*

**P***ortrait.* Some say Poems are not good, unlesse they be gloriously Attired.

*Faction.* What do they mean by glorious Attire?

*Ambition.* Rhetorick.

*Bon' Esprit.* Why gay words are not Wit, no more than a fair Face is a good Soul; and it is Wit which makes Poems good, not words.

*Ambition.* Indeed Rhetorick is no part of the Body of Wit, no more than of the Soul, only it is the outward garment, which is Taylors work.

*Bon' Esprit.* Then it seems, as if the Grammarians, Logicians, and Rhetoricians, are the Taylors for Oratory, who cut shapes, fit places, seam and  
 sew



few words together to make several Eloquent Garments, or Garments of Eloquence, as Orations, Declarations, Expressions, and the like worditive work, as they please, or at least according to the fashion.

*Ambition.* They are so.

*Portrait.* Why then those that say Verse is not good, unless gloriously Artyr'd, do as much as to say a man is a fool that hath not a fine Suit of Cloaths on, or, that a Curl'd Hair, sweetly powder'd, is a wise, or witty Brain, powder'd with Fancies. This surely is an unpardonable mistake, or rather an incurable madnesse, for there is neither Sense nor Reason in it.

*Bon' Esprit.* It is not so much a madnesse, nor that we call Natural Fools, but Amorous Fools, or Finical Fools, or such as are Opinionated Fools, or Self-conceited Fools, or High-bound Fools:

*Portrait.* High-bound Fools? What doe you mean by High-bound Fools?

*Bon' Esprit.* Strong-lin'd Fools.

*Faction.* Those are Learned Fools.

*Bon' Esprit.* No, they are Conceited Fools; for their strength of Wit lies in a Conceit.

*Ambition.* Those, for the most part, their Wit is buried in Oblivion.

*Faction.* If there be any Wit to bury.

Enter Monsieur Sensuality.

*Sensuality.* Who is so foolish to bury Wit?

*Faction.* You, in the rubbish of words.

*Portrait.* The only Grave to Wit is a foolish Ear.

*Sensuality.* Let me tell you, Ladies, that Wit is so far from lying in a Grave, as it hardly settles any where; for it is so Agile, and flies so swiftly, and yet extends in breadth so far, as it spreads the wings of Fancy, not only over all the World, and every particular thing in the World, but one Infinite and Eternal Nature, and with the Bill of Conception picks a hole, whereby the Eyes of Imagination spy out the dark Dungeons of Pluto, and the glorious Mansions of Jove.

*Portrait.* Then Poems need not the garments of Rhetorick.

*Sensuality.* No more than a Fair Lady: And as for my part, I like Poems as I like a Woman, best unclothed, for then I am sure they cannot deceive or delude me with false and feigned Shews.

Exeunt.

Scene 21.

Enter Mademoiselle Pleasure, and Grave Temperance, and her Woman.

**T**emperance. Madam, will you please to go abroad, and take the cool refreshing Air to day?

Pleasure. Yes, Temperance, if you will; but I had rather stay and entertain Monsieur Serious Contemplations company.

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*Temperance.* Indeed Madam I will forbid his frequent Visits; for otherwise you will bury your self in his melancholy Conversation.

*Pleasure.* Pray do not, for he is the greatest delight in life.

*Temperance.* And then he brings such a numerous Train of Fancies and Opinions, as fills up your Head; which is the largest room in your bodily house; insomuch, as none of your domestick Thoughts, which are the Minds usefulest servants, can stir about your lifes ordinary affairs.

*Pleasure.* Why *Temperance*, Fancies are pretty youths, which make harmless and innocent sport; to pass the time away.

*Temperance.* We have so little time, as we shall not need to passe it idly away.

*Pleasure.* As much as we complain of want of time, we have more than we can tell well how to spend.

*Temperance.* Then pray forbid Monsieur *Serious Contemplation* not to bring his wilde, stubborn, and useles Opinions; for they make more disorder, and louder noise, and greater Factions, than if all the Dogs and Bears in the Town were set together by the ears, and more mischief comes thereby, than I can rectifie.

*Enter Liberty, and Madamoiselle Pleasures Gentleman-Usher.*

*Pleasure.* Now *Liberty*, you are a Fore-runner of Visitants.

*Liberty.* Yes Madam, for there are the five Sistres, the five Senses, come to visit you.

*Pleasure.* They are the troublesomest Visitants that are; they are so extravagant, so impertinent, so various, and so humourfome, as I know not how to entertain them: But pray *Liberty* usher them into the Gallery where my pictures hang, drawn by the Rarest and most Famous Masters; and let the Room be sweetly perfum'd, and bring a Banquet of the most delicious and choicest Drinks and Meats, and let there be fine linnen Napkins, and spread all the Floor over with downy Carpets, and set soft Cushions on the Couches, and whilest they are there, let the Musick sound harmoniously, with soft strokes, pleasing notes, and gentle strains: And *Temperance*, I desire you to Order the rest of the Entertainment, and let *Ease* wait upon you: As for you, *wanton* and *Surfet*, I forbid you, as not to come into their Company.

*Exit Lady and Temperance.*

*wanton.* Always when my Lady makes a great Entertainment, we are forbid to appear.

*Surfet.* Although my Lady forbids me, yet the Company never leaves until they have found me out, so that I am still at the end of the Entertainment, like an Epilogue to a Play.

*wanton.* And I sometimes come in like a *Chorus*.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 22:

Enter Madamoiselle Ambition, Bon' Esprit, Portrait, Faction,  
Monsieur Heroick, Monsieur Frisk.

**P**ortrait. O that I might have my wish !  
Ambition. What would you wish ?

Portrait. I would wish to be the only Beauty.

Heroick. And if I might have my wish, I would wish to conquer all the World, and then to divide it to the Meritorious, and not to rule it my self : for I desire not the Power, but the Fame.

Bon' Esprit. And if I might have my wish, I would wish to be the Supreme Wit in Nature.

Frisk. You three are sympathetical in Ambition ; for one desires to captivate all Hearts with her Beauty ; the other desires to conquer all the World with his Valour ; the third desires to confute all Mankind with her Wit.

Heroick. And what do you wish, Madamoiselle Ambition ?

Ambition. I wish I were Destiny, to link you all three together.

Faction. Come leave your wishing, and let us go to see the Monster that is to be seen.

Bon' Esprit. The most monstrous Creature I imagine, is a headless Maid.

Frisk. What is that, a devirginated Maid ?

Bon' Esprit. Yes.

Ambition. When she is devirginated, she is no Maid.

Bon' Esprit. O yes ; for as a Wife is one that is married, a Widow one that hath been married, so a Maid is one that was never married, and a Virgin ; one that never knew man, and a headless Maid is one that hath lost her Virginitie, and yet was never married.

Faction. If a devirginated Maid be a headless Monster, in the World there are many headless Monsters.

Heroick. But the best of it is, Lady, their Monstrosity is invisible.

Bon' Esprit. You say true ; but they are not monstrous in Nature, but in Vice, for they are transformed by their Crimes.

Ambition. So are Drunkards.

Bon' Esprit. They are so ; for all Courtizans and Drunkards are beasts : For though a Drunkard is not a headless beast, yet he is a brainless beast.

Portrait. But what Monster is that you would have us to see ?

Faction. Why a woman with a Hogs face.

Bon' Esprit. Then 'tis likely she hath a Sows disposition. But howsoever let us go.

Exeunt.

## Scene 23.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and Monsieur Inquisitive.*

**I***nquisitive.* One witty word, or saying from a fool, is, for the most part, remembred, and often repeated, when from a Wit it would be hardly taken notice of.

*Satyrical.* There is reason for that: for wit is more remarkable from fools than those that have natural wits.

*Enter Mother Matron.*

*Matron.* Monsieur *Satyrical*, I am come with a Message from a company of fair young Ladies; the Message is this: They desire that you would do them the favour to come to them, to judge of a Poem which they have made amongst themselves.

*Satyrical.* Women make Poems? burn them, burn them; let them make bone-lace, let them make bone-lace.

*Inquisitive.* You are an unjust Judge, to condemn their Poems to the fire, before you have examin'd them.

*Satyrical.* The best tryal of a Ladies wit is the fire; besides, the fire will supply that want of Poetical heat which should make Poems, which heat womens brains cannot suffer.

*Matron.* You are mistaken Sir, and mis-inform'd: for we women have as hot brains as any of the Masculine Sex of you all have.

*Satyrical.* I grant your Sex have an unnatural heat, which makes them all mad.

*Matron.* I think the Ladies were mad when they sent me for you.

*Satyrical.* No doubt of it, and you are mad for coming.

*Matron.* Your words will make me mad before I go away, although I came well-temper'd hither: beshrew me my very bones do quiver in my flesh to hear you.

*Satyrical.* If thy bones quiver so much as to shake, they will soon powder into dust: for Age hath almost dissolv'd thee into ashes already, and Time hath eaten off thy flesh, as Crows do carrion.

*Matron.* Out upon thee Satyr, a beastly man you are by my Troth, and for I will deliver you to the Ladies.

*Satyrical.* You shall not deliver me to the Ladies, I will deliver my self to Death first.

*Matron.* Thou art so bad, Death will refuse thee: but I will do your Errand and I'll warrant you, I'll set a mark upon you that shall disgrace you.

*Satyrical.* Thou canst not set a fouler mark than thy self upon me, therefore come not near me.

*Matron.* Worse and worse, worse and worse. O that I were so young and fair, as my Beauty might get me a Champion to revenge my quarrel. But I will go back to the Ladies, they are fair and young enough, as being in the Spring of Beauty, although I am in my Autumnal years.

*Satyrical.* Thou art in the midst of the Winter of thine Age, and the Snow of Time is fallen on thy head, and lies upon thy hair.

*Matron*

*Matron.* They that will not live untill they are old, the Proverb sayes, They must be hang'd when they are young, and I hope it is your Destiny.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 24.

*Enter Liberty, and Wanton, and Surfet.*

**L***iberty.* I am come to tell you, *wanton* and *Surfet*, that my Lady is gone to receive the Visit of Monsieur *Tranquillities Peace*, who is come to see her, and old *Matron Temperance* is gone to wait upon her; wherefore you may go, for there is none left with the five Senses but *Excess*.

*They run out, then enters the Five Senses in Antick Dresses, to distinguish them, but they behave themselves as mad-merry, dancing about in Couples, as Hearing with Wantonness, Idle with Scent, and Excess with Sight, and Surfet with Taste, and Touch dances alone by her self, and when they have danced, they go out.*

*Exeunt.*

Scene 25.

*Enter Bon' Esprit, Superbe, Faction, Portrait, Ambition.*

**F***action.* I wonder *Mother Matron* should stay so long.

*Portrait.* I cannot guess at the reason.

*Bon' Esprit.* She might have deliver'd her Message twice in this time.

*Enter Mother Matron; All the Ladies speak at once.*

*Ladies.* *Mother Matron*, Welcome, welcome, welcome: What Newes? what Newes?

*Faction.* What says Monsieur *Satyrical*?

*Bon' Esprit.* Will he come?

*Portrait.* Or will he not come? pray speak.

*Superbe.* Are you dumb, *Mother Matron*?

*Matron.* Pray Ladies give me some time to temper my passion; for if a house be set on fire, there is required some time to quench it.

*Ambition.* But some fires cannot be quenched.

*Matron.* Indeed my fire of Anger is something of the nature of the unquenchable fire of Hell, which indeavours to afflict the Soul, as well as to torment the Body.

*Superbe.* Jove bless us, *Mother Matron*! Are you inflamed with Hell-fire?

*Matron.* How should I be otherwise, when I have been tormented with a Devil?

*Ambition.* Jupiter keep us! What have you done, and with whom have you been?

*Matron.* Marry I have been with a cloven-tongu'd Satyr, who is worse, far worse, than a cloven-footed Devil.

*Bon' Esprit.* Is all this rage against Monsieur Satyrical?

*Matron.* Yes marry is it, and all too little, by reason it cannot hurt him.

*Faction.* How hath he offended you?

*Matron.* As he hath offended you all, railed against you, most horribly railed against you: He says you are all mad, and hath condemned your Poems to the fire, and your imployment to the making of bone-lace.

*Bon' Esprit.* Why these sayings of his do not offend me.

*Ambition.* Nor me.

*Portrait.* Nor me.

*Superbe.* Nor me.

*Matron.* But if he had said you had been old, and ill-favour'd, carrion for Crows, dust and ashes for the grave, as he said to me, then you would have been as angry as I.

*Bon' Esprit.* No truly, I should have only laughed at it.

*Faction.* By your favour, I should have been as angry as *Mother Matron*, if I had been as old as she; for I should have been concerned in the behalf of my Age.

*Matron.* Marry come up, are you turned Lady Satyrical, to upbraid me with my Age? Is this my reward for my jaunting and trotting up and down with your idle Messages to more idle persons, men that are meer Jack-straws, flouting companions, railing detractors, such as are good for nothing but to put people together by the ears?

*Faction.* By the Effects it proves so, for you and I are very neer falling out: But I thought you would have given me thanks for what I said, as taking your part, and not inveterates your spleen.

*Matron.* Can you expect I should give you thanks for calling me old? Can the report of Age be acceptable to the Effeminate Sex? But Lady, let me tell you, if you live you will be as old as I, and yet desire to be thought young: For although you were threescore, yet you would be very angry, nay in a furious rage, and take those to be your mortal Enemies that should reckon you to be above one and twenty, for you will think your self as beautiful as one of fifteen.

*Faction.* I do not think so, although I believe our Sex have good opinions of themselves, even to the last gasp; yet not so partial, as to imagine themselves as one of fifteen at threescore.

*Matron.* It is proved by all Experience, that all Mankind is self-conceited; especially the Effeminate Sex; and self-conceit doth cast a fair shadow on a foul face, and fills up the wrinkles of Time with the paint of Imagination.

*Portrait.* But the Eyes must be blind with Age, or else they would see the wrinkles Time hath made, in the despite of the paint of Imagination.

*Superbe.* By your favour, Self-conceit doth cause the Eyes of Sense to be like false glasses, that cast a youthful gloss, and a fair light, on a wither'd skin: For though the deep lines in the face cannot be smoothed, yet the lines, or species, in, or of the sight, may be drawn by self-conceit so small as not to be perceived: And were it not for the Eyes of Self-conceit, and the Paint of Imagination, as *Mother Matron* says, which preserves a good Opin-

nion of our selves, even to the time of our Death, wherein all remembrance is buried, we should grow mad, as we grow old, for the losse of our Youth and Beauty.

*Matron.* I by my faith you would grow mad, did not Conceit keep you in your right wits.

*Faction.* The truth is, our Sex grow melancholy, when our Beauty decays.

*Portrait.* I grow melancholy at the talking of it.

*Ambition.* Let us speak of some other subject that is more pleasing than Age, Ruinte, and Death.

*Bon' Esprit.* Let us talk of Monsieur *Satyrical* again.

*Matron.* He is a worse subject to talk of than Death.

*Bon' Esprit.* As bad as he is, you shall carry another Message to him.

*Matron.* I will sooner carry a Message to *Pluto*; for in my Conscience he will use me more civilly, and will send you a more respectful Answer than Monsieur *Satyrical*.

*Bon' Esprit.* Indeed I have heard that the Devil would flatter; but I never heard that a Satyrical Poet would flatter.

*Matron.* But a Satyrical Poet will lye, and so will the Devil; and therefore talk no more of them, but leave them together.

*Exeunt*

Scene 26.

*Enter Temperance, and Madamoiselle Pleasure.*

*Pleasure.* O *Temperance*, I am discredited for ever, the Ladies the Senses are all sick: What shall I do?

*Temperance.* You must send for some Doctors.

*Pleasure.* What Doctors shall I send for?

*Temperance.* Why Old Father *Time*, he hath practised long, and hath great Experience, then there is *Rest* and *Sleep*, two very good & safe Doctors.

*Pleasure.* Send *Ease* presently to fetch them, bid her make haste.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the five Senses, as being very sick, yet Touch seems not so sick as melancholy: They all pass silently over the Stage.*

*Enter Temperance, and Madamoiselle Pleasure*

*Pleasure.* *Temperance*, are the Doctors come?

*Temperance.* Yes, and gone again.

*Pleasure.* And what have they prescribed?

*Temperance.* Abstinence.

*Pleasure.* And will that cure them?

*Temperance.* They say it will prove a perfect cure: *Probatum est.*

*Pleasure.* The next act I do, shall be to turn away *Wanton*, *Idle*, *Excess*, and *Surfet*.

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*Temperance*

*Temperance.* You will hardly get them out of your Service, although you should beat them out.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene 27.

*Enter Mademoiselle Ambition, and her Waiting-woman.*

**W***oman.* Madam, me thinks Monsieur *Vain-glorious* is a very proper man, and would be a fit Match for your Ladyship.

*Ambition.* Let me tell you, I will never marry a man whose Soul hath *Vacuum*; but that man I would marry, should have a soul filled with Natures best Extractions; his Head the Cabinet of Natures wisest Counsels, and curiousest Fancies; his Heart the Treasury of Natures purest, currentest, and Heroick Virtue: For if ever I marry, I will have a Husband that is able to govern Kingdoms, to Marshal Armies, to Fight Battels, and Conquer Nations; and not a self-conceited Fool, or fantastical Gallant, such as speaks ranting Words, wears flanting Cloaths, walks with a proud Garb, looks with a disdainful Countenance, Courts Mistresses, loves Flatteries, hates Superiors, and scorns Inferiors, keeps a greater Retinue than his Revenue will maintain, who like moths, eat through the cloth of his Estate, and he like another fly, plays so long in his *Vain-glorious* Flame, until he is consumed therein, spending with an open purse, and prodigal vanity, and yet receives with a covetous hand: So Vanity flies and flutters about in the heat of Prosperity, and dies in the Winter of Adversity. No, I will have a Husband, if ever I have any, whose Minde is settled like the Centre, which can neither rise nor fall with good or bad Fortune; and not a little Soul in a narrow Heart, and wileless Brain.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 28.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and another Gentleman.*

**G***entlem.* Sir, I desire you will pardon me; but I am commanded to bring you here a Challenge.

*Gives it.*

*Satyrical.* Are you the Second, Sir?

*Gentlem.* No Sir.

*He reads.*

*Satyrical.* Are you a Pimp, Sir?

*Gentlem.* I scorn your base words, for I am a Gentleman.

*Satyrical.* Many a Gentleman scorns base words, but not base Actions.

*Gentlem.*



*Gentlem.* I scorn both base words, and base Actions.

*Satyrical.* It doth not seem so by the Challenge you have brought.

*Gentlem.* Why, what is the Challenge?

*Satyrical.* The Challenge is from a Woman, and I will read it to you.

*He reads the Challenge.*

*Monfieur Satyrical,*

*I Challenge you, and am resolv'd to fight,  
Not in the Field of Mars, as Champion Knight,  
Nor in the Court of Venus will I be,  
But to the Lists of Mercury Challenge thee:  
where all the Muses will Spectators sit,  
To Judge which is the great st Victor of wit.  
The weapons which we fight with must be words,  
For I a woman am, not us'd to Swords:  
Custome and Education leaves us bare  
To Natures Arms, the Arms of Death we fear.*

Your Servant,

*Bon' Esprit.*

*Satyrical.* These two last Lines make you a Pimp, Sir.

*Gentlem.* I must be contented, for there is no Revenge to be taken against Ladies: But *Mother Matron* had been a more proper Messenger than I for this Challenge.

*Satyrical.* I shall send my Answer by a more inferiour person than you are, and so shall take my leave for this time.

*Gentlem.* Your Servant.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 29.

*Enter Mademoiselle Bon' Esprit, Portrait, Faction, Ambition, Superbe.*

**F***action.* All Poets and Musicians are mad, more or less: for Madness is caused by a distemper of the Brain, like as the Pulse, which beats quicker than the natural motion.

*Bon' Esprit.* You mistake madness; for madness is not caused by the quickness of motion, but by the irregularity of the motion: And as for Poetical and Musical Motions, although they are quick, yet they keep Time, Tune and Order, when those Motions that cause madness do not: But the quick-moving brains of Poets are caused by their lively & elevated Spirits, which are Active and Industrious, always creating for delight or profit, as Verses, Fancies, Scenes, Sonnets, or inventing Arts: And if you account these Ingenious and Divine Spirits to be mad, I shall desire to be mad too, as they are.

*Faction.* But some Spirits are so quick, that they out-run all Invention.

*Bon' Esprit.* Those are neither the spirits of Poets nor Musicians; not but that Poets and Musicians may be mad as other men, but their madness is not

caused by the Poetical and Harmonical spirits, but some other defects of the brain, or distemper of the spirits; but there are many mad, that are so far from Poetical Fancies, or Musical skill, or Inventions, as they can neither conceive the one, or learn the other, or understand either; but Musick and Poetry have oft-times cured madness, and certainly are the best and most excellent Physicians for that disease: For though madness is but one and the same disease, as madness, yet the Causes and Effects are divers.

*Superbe.* A Fever in the Brain causeth madness.

*Bon' Esprit.* It rather causeth madness to have outragious Effects; but a cold brain may be mad: But it is neither heat nor cold that causeth madness, but the irregularity of the Spirits.

*Ambition.* But heat and cold may cause the irregularity of the Spirits: for as cold Livers make the Veins like standing ponds, which putrifies the blood for want of motion; so very cold Brains may be like Snow or Ice, to obstruct or bind the Spirits, hindring the regular motions.

*Bon' Esprit.* You say right, and that is a stupid madness: And as a hot Liver may boyl and inflame the blood, so hot Brains may inflame the Spirits, causing Combustious Motions, as Thundring, which is a raging madness.

*Enter Monsieur Censurer.*

*Censure.* Who is raging-mad?

*Faction.* A despairing Lover.

*Censure.* Hang him in his Mistris Frowns, or strangle him in the Cords of her Cruelty.

*Superbe.* Would you be served so?

*Censure.* Yes, when I am a mad Lover: For I had rather die than be in love with a hard-hearted Mistris; for of the two I had rather embrace death than Court her, in which Courtship I should be Transform'd, or Metamorphos'd into many several things: As I should be a River of Lovers Tears, a Ventidock of Lovers Sighs, an Aquaduct of Lovers Griefs, and a Chilling grotto of Lovers Fears; and rather than I would endure these Transformations, I would be well contented to be annihilated.

*Ambition.* O fie, had you rather be nothing than a Lover?

*Censure.* I had rather be nothing, than a thing worse than nothing.

*Faction.* Well, I hope to see you a desperate Lover one time or other.

*Censure.* I hope not, for I have no cause to fear: for my Mind cannot be perswaded by my Fancy, or forced by my Appetites, nor betrayed by my Senses; for Reason governs my Brain, Temperance rules my Appetites, Prudence guards my Senses, and Fortitude keeps the possession and Fort of my Heart.

*Faction.* Love will unthrone Reason, corrupt Temperance, bribe Prudence, and beat Fortitude out of the Fort of your Heart.

*Censure.* For fear of that I will leave you, Ladies.

*Exit.*

Enter Mother Matron.

*Matron.* News, News, Monsieur *Satyrical* hath vouchsaf'd to return you an Answer to your Challenge.

*Bon' Esprit.* Who brought it?

*Matron.* A scrubbed fellow in a thred-bare cloak, the rest of the Ladies say. Read it, read it, Madamoiselle *Bon' Esprit*.

*She reads it to them.*

*Lady, you Challeng'd me in Arms to fight,  
Appoint the place, the best time is at night  
For Natural Duellers; yet I submit,  
And shall obey to what hour you think fit:  
I am content my Health for to engage,  
And venture Life to satisfy your rage.  
I am no Coward, I am not afraid  
To fight a Duel with a young fair Maid,  
Although old Mother Matron she should be  
Your Second, for to Judge what she doth see.*

*Matron.* He makes me the scurvy burthen of his more scurvy Verse, and scurrilous Answer: But I hope this Answer of his to your Challenge, will invertuate your spleen as much as his upbraiding my Age did mine.

*Bon' Esprit.* I have not such reason to be so concern'd as you are, for I am honest, though you are old.

*Matron.* May the Infamy of Vice wither the Blossoms of Youth, as Age doth the Flowers of Beauty, that there may be an equal return of Reproach.

*Bon' Esprit.* Indeed there is some Reciprocalness in Vice and Age.

*Matron.* No, Vice and Youth are Reciprocal.

*Ambition.* But I see no Reciprocalness betwixt Love and Monsieur *Satyrical*.

*Bon' Esprit.* I make no doubt but to bring Monsieur *Satyrical* into *Cupid's* snare.

*Faction.* You may sooner bring your self into *Vulcan's* Net.

*Bon' Esprit.* We'll mark the end and success.

*Superbe.* Nay, rather we shall mark the endless folly.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 30.

Enter Madamoiselle Pleasure, and Monsieur Vain-glorious.

*Vain-glorious.* Lady *Pleasure*, you are the sweetest young Lady in the World, and the only delight in life.

*Pleasure.* O Sir, you give a Wooers sentence, and self-love hath bribed your Judgment: for most speak partially, according to their Affections, and not according to Truth.

A a a a

Vain-

*Vain-glor.* Truth is a prating, preaching, tatling, twatling Gossip, and tells many times that which would be better conceal'd.

*Pleasure.* Truth is the Eye of Knowledge, which brings men out of Ignorance: It is the Scale of Justice, the Sword of Execution, the Reward of Merit: It is the Bond of Propriety, and the Seal of Honesty.

*Vain-glor.* Truth is a Tyrant, condemning more than she saves.

*Pleasure.* She condemns none but Fools, Knaves, Cowards, Irreligious, Licentious, and Vain-glorious persons, to be unworthy, base, false, and wicked.

*Exit.*

*Vainglorious alone.*

*Vain-glorious.* She condemns Pleasure; for truly there is no such thing as Pleasure.

*Exit.*

*Scene 31.*

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical alone.*

*Satyrical.* I must marry, or bury succession in my Grave; but it's dangerous, very dangerous. O Nature, Nature, hadst thou no other way to Create a man, unless thou mad'st a woman! But if thou wert forc'd by the Fates to make that Sex, yet thou hadst liberty to make her of a constant Mind; but thou art inconstant thy self, as being of female kind: But since I must marry, Discretion shall make the Choise, which will choose Virtue before Wealth, Wit before Beauty, Breeding before Birth; if she hath Virtue, she will be Chaste; if she hath Wit, she will be Conversable; if she hath good Breeding, she will be modest and well-behav'd. But where is that woman that is virtuously Chaste, wittily Conversable, and Modestly-behav'd? If any woman be thus, as I would have her, it is Mademoiselle *Bon' Esprit*, she seems to have a Noble Soul by her Honourable Actions, which women, for the most part, are so far from, as they seem, for the most part, to have no souls at all, by their mean and petty actions: Also she hath a Supernatural Wit, I mean supernatural, as being a woman; and her Wit is not only Ingenious, but Judicious, by which she will set a value on subjects of Merit and Worth, and despise those that are base; when fools know not how to prize the best, but chuse that is bad, not knowing what is good, so walk in Errours ways, which leads unto dishonour; but she, having Wit and Honour, knows the benefit of Honesty so well, as she will be Chaste for her own sake, were it not for her Husbands. But I most satyrically have translated her sweet and harmless mirth, which was presented in her Elevated Verse into a wanton Interpretation. *Diana*, thou Goddess of Chastity, pardon me! But stay thoughts, whither wander you? let me examine you before you pass any farther, as whether or no you are not led by the bow-string of *Cupid*, or the girdle of *Venus*, into the foul paths of vain desires, and deluding beauty, to the labyrinth of destruction, there to be kept and incaptivated by the intanglements and subtil windings, and turnings, and various passages of Amorous Love? But a strict Examination requires Time; and a just Judge

Judge decides not a Cause without Debate; therefore I will have another Contemplation of Consideration, before I address my Sure, or make known my Desires.

*Exit.*

Scene 32.

*Enter Mademoiselle Ambition, and Monsieur Vain-glorious.*

**V**ain-glor. Madam, why should you refuse me?

*Ambition.* Because I cannot love.

*Vain-glor.* Not love me? why I am Valiant, Wise, Witty, Honest, Generous, and Handsome: And where will you find a man where all these Excellencies do meet in one?

*Ambition.* Now you have bragg'd of your self, I will plainly prove to you, that you are neither perfectly Valiant, nor Wise, nor Witty, nor Generous, nor truly Honest.

*Vain-glor.* You cannot.

*Ambition.* I can: And first for Valour. Have you gone to the Wars, and fought? why, millions do the like, and a poor Common Souldier will venture for sixpence on that which a vain Cavalier will hardly do to gain an immortal Fame: Or peradventure you have fought Duels, why every Drunkard will do as much, who in their drink they not reason to consider Valour, which is only to fight for the sake of Honour; but most commonly Duels are fought through Anger, or Fear, or Scorn, or Revenge, or the like, which is not true valour, but they fight rather like beasts than men, as with Force, Fury, or Appetite, caused by natural Antipathies, or through the heat of the blood, or desires or dislikes of the Senses: whereas true Valour is just, temperate, patient, prudent, and is the Heroick part, or Virtue of the Soul: And to be valiant, is to fight for the right of Truth, and the defence of Innocency, without Partiality, Covetousness, or Ambition: Also to prove your self Valiant, have you received misfortunes with patience, and suffred torments with fortitude? Have you forgiven your Enemies, or spared a bloody Execution for humanities sake, or releas'd rich prisoners without Ransome, and poor without slavery? Have you heard your self slanderd with Patience, justify'd your wrongs with Temperance, fought your Enemies without Anger, maintained your Honour without Vain-glory, then you are Valiant.

And for Wisedome, what do you call Wisedome? to speak Hebrew, Greek, and Latine, and not understand them? or to understand them, and cannot speak them? Or to cite dead Authors? Or to repeat their Learned Opinions? Or to make Sophisterian Disputes? Or to speak Latine Sentences? Or to tell stories out of Histories? Or to write several Hands? Or to spell with true Orthography? Or to talk of the Sciences, but study none? Or to talk of Morality, but practice none? This you may call Learned, but not Wisedome. But to be Wise, Have you settled a Kingdome in peace, and put it in order, when it was imbroyled with Civil Wars, or insnared with confused and intangled Laws? Or have you appeas'd a mutinous and half-starv'd Army? Have you led an Army with Order, pitch'd a Field with Art,

fought a Battel with Prudence, or have made a safe and honourable Retreat? Or have you been so provident, as to relieve Famine with fore-stor'd provisions? Or to prevent misfortunes with fore-sight? Or have you distinguished a Cause clearly, or given an upright Judgment? Or have you delivered judicious Counsel, and given seasonable and suitable Admonitions? Have you compos'd a Common-wealth, or made profitable Laws to uphold a Common-wealth? Have you defended a Common-wealth from Enemies, or purged a Common-wealth from Factions? Have you made Officers worthy of Employments, Magistrates able to Govern, Souldiers skilful to Command? Have you fitly matched men and busines, and offices with men? Have you imploy'd the idle, and given light to the ignorant? Have you discharged a Common-wealth of Superfluity, or superfluous Commodities, and brought in those which are more useful, such as they have wanted? Have you Manured a barren Country, or enrich'd a poor Kingdome? Have you made honest Associats, faithful Agreements, and safe Traffiques? Then you may think your self Wise, and be silent; for the Actions will proclame it.

Also what do you call Wit? Imitating Extravagancies like a Jackanapes, or a Buffoon, to extort the Countenance with making wry faces? Or with much laughter to shew the teeth, which perchance are all rotten in the head? Or foolishly to divulge the infirmities of particular persons in an open Assembly? Or putting Innocency or Youth out of Countenance? Or to disturb the Serious with Idle Sports? Or disorder the Wise with foolish and rude Jest? Or do you call Wit affected Dresses, affected Garbs, affected Countenances, or vain-strain'd Compliments, or uselesse Words, or senselesse Speeches, or crosse Answers, or impertinent Questions? But for your Wit, Hath your Fame flown beyond *Euripides*, *Homer*, or *Ovid*, your Descriptions beyond *Horace*, or your Verse beyond *Virgil*? Have you Oratory to equal the Orarors of *Athens*, *Lacedemonians*, or *Rome*? or have you devised any Ingenious Inventions, or produced any profitable Arts, or found out any new Sciences? Then you are Witty.

Likewise what do you call Honesty? to live luxuriously to your self, nor meddling, nor intermingling your self and home-Affairs with the publick Affairs of the World? To keep open House at *Christmasts*? To give your scraps to the poor? To pay Wages duly, Debts justly, Taxes quietly? To kisse your Maids privatly? And although all this is good and commendable; but the kissing of your Maids, yet it is not enough to make a perfect honest man: But to be perfectly honest, Have you temper'd your unsatiable Appetite with Abstinency, moderated your violated passions with Reason, governed your unruly actions with Prudence? Have you not exacted unjustly, judged partially, accused falsely, betrayed treacherously, kept wrongfully; took forcibly? but have you advanced Virtues, defended the Innocent? Have you witnessed for Truth, pleaded for Right, and stood for the defenceless? Then you are perfectly Honest.

Also what do you call Generosity? To give a present to a lewd Mistris? To bribe a corrupted Judge? Or see a subtil Lawyer? Or feast the vain Courtiers? Or maintain Sycophants and Flatterers? Or Bail a just Arrest? Or to be bound for the Deboist? Or to give Ladies Collations? Or to lend or give idle drunken fellows money? Or to give when you think to hear of it again? This is Prodigality, not Generosity. But to be Generous; Have you set your prisoner free, Ransomed the Captives, or bought off the chains

of the Gally-slaves? Have you maintained young Orphans, or helped poor Widows? Have you cheered the Aged, nourished the Hungry, succoured the Infirm, relieved the Distressed, comforted the Sorrowful, and guided the Ignorant? Or have you upholden an Antient Family from sinking? Then you are Generous.

As for your Person, the more Handsome and Beautiful you are, the more Effeminate you seem. But to conclude, That man that hath a narrow Heart, and a mean Soul, that only seeks his own delights, which all vain-glorious persons do, I will not marry: For Noble Ambition hath a heart, whose veins with bounty flow, and wears her life only for Honours use and Virtues need.

*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

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Scene 33.

*Enter* Grave Temperance, Superbe, Bon' Esprit, Faction, Portrait.

**T**emperance. There is no behaviour so inconvenient, or so unfitting a woman, especially a young beautiful Lady, as to be familiar: for that gives way and liberty for men to be rude and uncivil.

*Portrait.* Why how would you have a young Lady to behave her self?

*Temperance.* Modestly, reservedly, and civilly, which behaviour will keep men in order, and at a distance.

*Superbe.* To seem very modest, is to appear simple; to be much reserved, is to be formal, which is only fit for State-Ladies; to be very civil, is to be too humble, and appears mean, and only fit for Country wives.

*Temperance.* No Lady, for those that give no respect, will receive none; but those that are civil to others, others will be civil to them: for they will be ashamed to be rude to those that are civil: And as for Gravity, it puts Boldness out of countenance, and Modesty quenches unlawful desires, converting the beholders to Purity, Love, and Esteem.

*Faction.* There is no behaviour like to the French Mode, to be careless and free, to discourse in Raillery.

*Temperance.* To be careless, is to be rude; to be free, is to be wanton; to raillery, is to reproach under the protection of wit, it is a reproachful Wit, and a wit of Reproach.

*Bon' Esprit.* All wit is commendable.

*Temperance.* No Lady, a Jesters wit is not fit for a grave Judge, or a great Prince, he may keep a Fool, or make a Fool to make him merry, and to laugh at their Jest and Gestures, but not to be a Buffoon or Jester himself.

*Bon' Esprit.* Let me advise and counsel you, *Temperance*, which is, to con-

demn no kind of Wit, but especially a Mode-Wit, lest you should be accounted a foolish Judge.

*Temperance.* Let me tell you, they will be the greatest Fools that judge the Judge.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 34.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical alone.*

**S***atyrical.* I am resolv'd, yet being a Criminal, how to address my Sute, I am in doubt: To ask pardon for my faults, were to make my faults seem greater than they are; to excuse them, were to make my judgment seem weaker than I think it is; to justify them, were to condemn her. Well, I will neither ask pardon, nor make excuse, nor yet justify them; but in plain language declare my pure Affections, honest Desires, and honourable Requests; if she believes the first, approves the third, and consents to the second, I hope to be happy, if not, I must be content: for it is a folly to mourn, when it brings no remedy.

*Exit.*

Scene 35.

*Enter Bon' Esprit, Portrait, Faction, Ambition, Superbe, Mother Matron,*

**F***action.* The Lady *Variety*, now she is a Widow, she tricks and dresses up her self in her Mourning, and is more fond of the company of men, than we that are Maids.

*Bon' Esprit.* 'Tis a sign she knows by Experience that the Masculine Sex are better, and more pleasurable company than any of her own Sex, which Maids do not know, by reason they are for the most part restrain'd.

*Portrait.* Why should you find fault with Widows, when married Wives endeavour by all the Arts they can to get the company of men, and do strive by inticements to allure them to Courtships, as much as Widows or Maids to lawful and honest Marriage?

*Ambition.* One would think that married women, by their neglect and disrespect to their Husbands, they loved not the company of men.

*Superbe.* They may love the company of men, though not the company of one man; as their Husbands.

*Matron.* Come, come, Ladies, Maids are always spiteful to Married Women, because they be preferred in Mariage before them, and are jealous of Widows, for fear that they should get their Servants and Suters from them.

*Faction.* I should sooner be jealous of a Widow, than spiteful to a Married Wife: for most Wives are in a condition to be pity'd rather than envied;



vy'd; but Widows have such a magnetick power, as one Widow will draw away the Servants and Suters from a dozen Maids.

*Bon' Esprit.* Indeed Widows are very prevalent; for a poor widow shall have more Suters, and better Choice, than a rich Maid, and an ill-favour'd Widow, than a handsome Maid, an old Widow, than a young Virgin.

*Ambition.* I wonder at it.

*Faction.* Why should you wonder at it? since they know the humours, weakneses, and strengths of men, better than Maids do, by which they know how to work and draw them to their bent and design.

*Bon' Esprit.* No, that's not the Cause.

*Faction.* What's the Cause then?

*Bon' Esprit.* Why men think Widows wiser than Maids, as being more known and experienc'd.

*Portrait.* Indeed they have more knowledge than Maids, or else they have very ill luck.

*Ambition.* Why, Maids are more desirous to marry Widowers than Batchelours.

*Superbe.* What is the reason of that?

*Bon' Esprit.* I know not, except it be the former reason.

*Faction.* No, no, it is because it is said that Widowers love their second wives better than the first.

*Portrait.* And what their third wife?

*Faction.* I suppose Love increaseth with the number.

*Ambition.* But women, 'tis said, love their first husbands better than the second.

*Superbe.* That's only an excuse to marry a third; and so a fourth Husband.

*Bon' Esprit.* Indeed Death and *Hymen* are great friends to Widows and Widowers: for if once a woman buries her husband, or a man his wife, they never leave marrying and burying, until they have had five or six husbands and wives.

*Faction.* If it were always so, I would I had been married, and had buried my husband; O whar a Gossipping life should I have had! Gossipping at my husbands Funerals, and Gossipping at my Married Nuptials, besides the pleasure of being woo'd.

*Bon' Esprit.* But you would have more trouble and vexation in the time between your Marriage-day and your Husbands Death, than pleasure betwixt your Husbands Death and Marriage-day.

*Faction.* O no: for I suppose if Death be a friend, he will take away every Husband as soon as that time is past they call Honey-moneth.

*Enter Monsieur Inquisitive.*

*Inquisitive.* Ladies, I will tell you News.

*Portrait.* What News?

*Inquisitive.* The young Widow, the Lady *Variety*, hath the Small Pox.

*Faction.* That's no Newes; for all sorts of Diseases are too frequent to be News: If they were, it would be happy for all animal creatures, if disease were strangers.

*Inquisitive.* But it is News that she should have them.

*Faction.* It is in respect of a new face, or otherwise not: for all mankind

in these parts of the World have that disease at one time or other, if they live to't.

*Inquisitive.* Truly I pity her.

*Ambition.* I hope she is not in such a condition to be pitied: for pity is a kin to scorn, as near as Cousin-germans, for reproach and shame are brother and sister, and scorn is the son of reproach, and pity is the daughter of shame: But although the Small Pox may set marks of deformity, they set none of dishonour; they only mark the Body, not the Soul; and that is only to be accounted shame, and to be ashamed of, as the infirmities of the Soul, for which they may be pitied.

*Inquisitive.* That deserves scorn.

*Ambition.* Baseness only deserves scorn, and not infirmities, loss, or misfortunes; but there is a difference betwixt infirmities, losse, misfortunes, baseness, and wickedness. Infirmities proceed directly from Nature, Losse from Possession, Misfortunes from Interpositions, Baseness from that creature called Man, and Wickedness from Devils: The first is caused by the carelessness of Nature, the second by the lack of Power, the third by the necessity of Fate, the fourth by the corruption of Man, the last by the persuasion and temptation of the Devil. The first, second, and third are not to be avoided, the fourth not to be practised, the fifth not to be followed nor fostered. The first is to be pitied, the second to be grieved for, the third to be lamented for, the fourth to be scorned, and the fifth to be hated and abhorred. Thus we may grieve for the loss of her Beauty, but not pity her, having no natural defect in the Soul, which is the Understanding, and the Rational part.

*Inquisitive.* But Sickness is a natural defect.

*Ambition.* No, Sickness is no more a natural defect, than Time, or Death, Life, or Growth: for they are only Natural Effects, but not Natural Defects.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 36.

*Enter Mademoiselle Pleasure, Wanton, Surfet, Idle, Excess,  
her Maids: They all weep.*

*All speak.* Pray turn us not out of your Service for one fault.

*Pleasure.* Why you are the ground wherein all Mischief is sown, and whereon all Vice grows; besides, you are the only Bawds for Adultery.

*wanton.* No indeed, the chief Bawds to Adultery, are publick Meetings of all kinds, either Divine, Customary, Triumphant, or Recreative: Also Bravery, whether Ceremonious Gallantry, or Magnificency: Likewise Beauty, Wit, Diligence, Observance, and rich Presents; besides Jealousie and Coverousness.

*Pleasure.* No, *wanton*, it is your glancing Eyes, simpering Countenance, and toyish Tricks.

*wanton.* Truly Madam, *Idle* and I are fitter to make Wenches than Bawds,

'tis

'tis your Ladyship that is the Lady of Pleasure, which perswades more to Adultery than we poor harmless creatures.

*Pleasure.* Go get you out of my house, for I will not keep such bold rude Wenches as you are.

*Temperance.* Pray Madam pardon them for this time.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 37.

*Enter Mademoiselle Ambition, Superbe, Faction, Pleasure, Portrait, Monsieur Heroick, Monsieur Tranquillities Peace, Monsieur Frisk, Monsieur Censure, Monsieur Inquisitive;*

*Pleasure.* How shall we pass our time to day?

*Tranquill. Peace.* For us men we cannot pass our time better, or more pleasanter, than in the company of fair young Ladies.

*Ambition.* To avoid tedious Compliments and Discourses to particular ears, or the confusion of many Tongues speaking at once, let us sit and discourse in Dialogues.

*Heroick.* Agreed; but shall we discourse in Rhime or in Prose?

*Superbe.* In Rhimes by any means: for Rhimes many times hide and obscure that Nonsense that would be discover'd in Prose.

*Vain-glor.* Then it seems Rhime is a Veil to cover the face of Nonsense.

*Superbe.* They are so: for one can never discover an ill Poem, until the Rhimes be dissolved into Prose, which shews whether there be Sense, Reason, Wit, or Fancy in them.

*Ambition.* But to be turned into Prose, the Poems will lose the Elegance of the Style, and the Eloquence of the Language.

*Faction.* Why, if a man should lose his Hat and Feather, and be stript of a fine and gay Suit of Cloaths, he would neither have the less brain nor blood, nor soul, nor body, beauty nor shape; and though gay and glorious Apparel may allure the Eyes of a young Lady, or a Novice Gentleman, or may draw the ignorant vulgar to Admiration, and so to an Esteem and Respect; yet those that have clear Understandings, solid Judgments, quick Wits, and knowing Wisdoms, will be so far from admiring the man for the sake of his gay Cloaths, or esteeming him for his glorious Attire, as they will be apt to condemn him as a vain man.

*Inquisitive.* Then you reject the cloathing of Poems in fine Language.

*Faction.* No; but I despise those Poems that have nothing but Language and Rhimes.

*Frisk.* Then it is a folly to write in Verse, if Rhimes be not accounted of.

*Pleasure.* Verse is to be accounted of for the sake of Numbers, which is harmonious; yet neither Harmonious Numbers, nor Chyming Rhimes, or Gay Rhetorick, is Reason, Wit, nor Fancy, which is the Ground, Body, and Soul of a good Poem.

*Censure.* Yet no Poem is esteem'd, but condemn'd, that is not in gay and new-fashion'd cloathing.

*Ambition.* Then Chancers Poems, which are in plain and old-fashion'd

garments, which is Language, is to be despised, and his Wit condemned; but certainly *Chaucers* Witty Poems, and Lively Descriptions, in despite of their Old Language, as they have lasted in great Esteem and Admiration these three hundred years, so they may do Eternally among the *Wise* in every Age.

*Heroick.* Gentlemen, leave off your Disputes, for the Ladies will be hard for us: for they are always Conquerors in peace and war, both in Schools and in the Fields, in the City and in the Court.

*Portrait.* Pray leave off this particular Dispute, and let us discourse in general.

*Tranquill. Peace.* Agreed.

*Superbe.* Begin.

*Inquisitive.* Who shall begin?

*Faction.* I will begin; for a womans Tongue hath priviledge and preeminency in the first place.

*The Dialogue-Discourses.*

*Faction.* Old brains are like to barren ground,

*Censure.* Or like a wilderness forlorn,

*Portrait.* Or like crack'd bells that have no sound,

*Tranquill. Peace.* Or like a child Abortive born;

*Ambition.* For Time the fire of Wit puts out,

*Heroick.* And fills the brain with vapour cold,

*Superbe.* And quenches Fancy without doubt,

*Vain-glor.* For Wit is feeble when 'tis old.

*Portrait.* Wit neither fails, weakens, decays, nor dies,

*Inquisitive.* Though bred and born, as other creatures are,

*Faction.* Only the Brain, the Womb wherein it lies:

*Censure.* But when 'tis born, Fame nurses it with care,

*Erisk.* And to Eternity doth it prefer.

*Pleasure.* Wit makes the brain sick when it breeding is,

*Tranquill.* And painful throws before, and at its birth;

*Ambition.* But when 'tis born, if good, a Comfort 'tis,

*Heroick.* The Parent Poetry creates with mirth,

*Superbe.* He joys to see his Issue fairly spring,

*Vain-glor.* And hopes with time in numbers may increase,

*Portrait.* And being multiply'd may honours bring,

*Erisk.* As a posterity that never cease.

*Faction.* Wit, the Issue, and Off-spring of the Soul,

*Censure.* From which the Nature sublimely is Divine,

*Pleasure.* Dimensions hath, and parts, yet in the whole,

*Tranquill.* United is, of breaches there's no sign.

*Ambition.* Wit, like the Soul is, which no body hath,

*Heroick.* No latitude, yet hath a perfect form,

*Superbe.* Yet flies all sev'ral ways, yet keeps a path,

*Vain-glor.* A path of Sense, which never turns therefrom.

*Portrait.* But wondrous strange, and monstrous is Wit,

*Inquisitive.* That all contrarieties in it do dwell:

*Faction.* For it all Shapes, Employments, Humours fit,

*Censure.* Like Beasts, Men, Gods, or terrible Devils in Hell.

*Temperance.* O fie, O fie, this discourse is like dancing the Hay, or dancing a Scotch Gig, which will put you out of breath strait.

*Faction.* You would have us discourse in the measure of a Spanish Pavist.

*Temperance.* No, but the measure of a French Galliard would do very well.

*Censure.* For my part, Lady, I like Gigs best, and therefore, if you please, begin another Gig.

*Faction.* The Spring is dress'd in buds and blossoms sweet :

*Censure.* The Summer laughs until her Cheeks look red,

*Pleasure.* The plenteous Autumn warm under our feet,

*Tranquill.* *Peace.* The Winter shaking cold, is almost dead.

*All speak.* Go on with the twelve Moneths.

*Ambition.* PIERCE furious *March* comes in with bended brows,

*Heroick.* Commanding storms and tempests to arise,

*Superbe.* Beating the trees and clouds, as if it meant

*Vain-glory.* To make them subject to his tyrannies.

*Portrait.* Then follows *April*, weeping for her buds,

*Erisk.* For fear rude *March* had all her young destroy'd,

*Faction.* But when she thought her tears might rise to floods,

*Censure.* With Sun-beams dry'd her Eyes, his heat her joy'd.

*Pleasure.* Then wanton *May* came full of Amorous Sports,

*Tranquill.* *Peace.* Decking her self with gawdy Colours gay,

*Ambition.* And entertaining Lovers of all sorts,

*Heroick.* In pleasure she doth pass her time away.

*Superbe.* Then enters *June* with fair and full fat face,

*Vain-glor.* Her Eyes are bright and clear as the Noon-Sun,

*Portrait.* And in her carriage hath a Majestick grace,

*Inquisitive.* In Equinoctial pace she walks, not run.

*Faction.* But *July's* sultry hot, Ambitious proud,

*Censure.* And in a fiery Chariot she doth ride,

*Pleasure.* When angry is, the thundring speaks aloud,

*Tranquill.* *Peace.* Shoots Lightning through the clouds on every side.

Enter Monsieur Sensuality, and breaks off their Dialogue-Discourse.

*Sensuality.* Jove bless us ! what Designs have you Ladies and Gentlemen that you sit so gravely together in Council.

*Portrait.* Our chief Design is Wit.

*Sensuality.* A witty Design : But really, what are you doing ?

*Temperance.* They are idly Rhyming.

*Sensuality.* Hang idle Rhyming, give me Reason.

*Ambition.* Although our Rhymes are not good, yet they are not foul, by reason they are made on fair and pure Subjects.

*Sensuality.* Why, what are the Subjects they are made on ?

*Portrait.* They are made of the several Seasons and Moneths of the Year.

*Sensuality.* By your favour, Lady, there be some of the Seasons and Months cry foul.

*Pleasure.* But we have Rhym'd of none but the fair Months as yet.

*Sensuality.* Then let me advise you to stop your Poetical Vein : for if you go farther, you will meet with foul weather and rain.

*They all speak.* Out, out of our company.

*Faction.* Dō you come here to rail at our Rhymes, and yet Rhyme your self, and worse than any of the company?

*Sensuality.* I only Rhyme to make my self Free of the Company, though not of the Wits.

*Inquisitive.* So you will call us fools by and by.

*Sensuality.* No faith, your Rhymes have named you already, and so prevented me.

*Portrait.* Why this is worse and worse.

*Faction.* Let us seek a revenge.

*Ambition.* What revenge shall we take?

*Pleasure.* We will tye him to an Asses head.

*Superbe.* No, we will tye him to a Foxes tail.

*Sensuality.* Ladies tye me to what you please, so you do not tye me to a Horn.

*Faction.* Yes, to *Altheas* Horn, the Horn of plenty.

*Sensuality.* 'Tis a sign *Althea* is a Woman, that she gives her gifts in a Horn; but I had rather starve, than receive plenty in such a thing.

*Exit.*

*Portrait.* Let us transform him as *Ateon* did.

*Faction.* And follow him as his hounds did.

*Temperance.* Young Ladies, be not so wilde and fierce, to be the hounds your selves to follow in pursuit.

*Portrait.* No, no, we will be as *Diana*, that transformed him.

*Temperance.* Then you must be liable to the same Censure, which is, to be thought cruel.

*Superbe.* The more Cruel our Sex is, the more Chaste we are thought to be.

*Exeunt.*

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*FINIS.*

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**Epilogue**

## EPILOGUE

**O**Ur Auth'refs bids me tell you She thought fit  
For to divide this Fair CABAL of WIT.  
For one Play twas too long, which was her sorrow,  
The other half, if come, you'l see to morrow.  
You'l thank her then, dividing it to make  
You rise with Appetites, no Surfets take.  
WIT'S Surfet's dangerous: Take the Fruition  
Of new-born Fancies without Repetition,  
But hold your hands, as you are men to day,  
And as our Friends to morrow Clap our Play.

*The Marquiss of Newcastle  
writ this Epilogue.*

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D d d d

THE

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## The Actors Names.

*Monsieur Heroick.*  
*Monsieur Tranquillitous Peace.*  
*Monsieur Vain-glorious.*  
*Monsieur Satyrical.*  
*Monsieur Censure.*  
*Monsieur Sensuality.*  
*Monsieur Inquisitive.*  
*Monsieur Busic.*  
*Monsieur Frisk.*  
*Liberty, the Lady Pleasure's Gentle-*  
*man-usher.*  
*Madamoiselle Ambition.*  
*Madamoiselle Superbe.*

*Madamoiselle Pleasure.*  
*Madamoiselle Bon' Esprit.*  
*Madamoiselle Faction.*  
*Grave Temperance, Governess to Ma-*  
*damoiselle Pleasure.*  
*Madamoiselle Portrait.*  
*Mother Marron.*  
*Wanton, Excess, Ease, Idle, Sur-*  
*fet, waiting-maids to Madamoiselle*  
*Pleasure.*  
*Flattery, Madamoiselle Superbe's wait-*  
*ing-maid.*  
*Servants and others.*



The Second Part of the Play called WITS CABAL.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Enter Mademoiselle Ambition, Faction, Pleasure, Superbe, Portrait, and Mother Matron enters as meeting them.



*Matron.* O Ladies, there is the rarest Beauty come to the City, out of the Countrey, that ever was seen, she surpasseth *Hellen* of *Troy*, or *Aeneas* Mother Queen *Venus*.

*Pleasure.* If she surpasseth their Appetites, as you say she doth their Beauties, she may chance to fire this City with flames of Love, or cause a War to destroy it.

*Portrait.* Have you seen her, *Mother Matron*?

*Matron.* No, but a friend of mine hath seen her.

*Faction.* Perchance your friend's a fool, and knows not how to judge.

*Matron.* Indeed my friend's a woman, and women have none of the best judgments.

*Ambition.* But there is more probability that she hath a surpassing beauty if a woman praise her, than if a man had praised her: for men have a partial love to the Effeminate Sex, which multiplies their beauties to their sights, and makes a candle in the night seem like a Blazing Star.

*Matron.* In truth and Love is dark: for 'tis said he is blind.

*Portrait.* But Envy is quick-sighted, and therefore I am afraid the Lady you speak of is surpassing, since those of her own Sex can find no blemish or imperfection to cloud her from a praise.

Enter Monsieur Busie.

*Busie.* Ladies, I am come to give you intelligence of a rare Beauty that is come to this City.

*Ambition.* Her Fame hath out-run your Intelligence, Sir; but have you seen her?

*Busie.* No Lady, not I.

Enter Monsieur Inquisitive.

*Inquisitive.* Ladies, there is a rare Beauty come to this Town to increas the number of your Cabal.

*Superbe.* Our Cabal is of Wit, not of Beauty.

*Inquisitive.* It's a Cabal of both, Lady.

*Faction.* Have you seen her?

*Inquisitive.* No Lady, but I have heard of her Beauty.

*Enter Monsieur Sensuality.*

*Sensuality.* Ladies, there is such a Beauty come to Town, that now or never you will be out-shin'd.

*Portrait.* Jupiter bless us, and grant that she may not ingross to her self all Mankind, and so leave all the rest of her Sex destitute and forlorn!

*Sensuality.* It is to be hoped she will humble you, as to bring you to be more compliant to us men than you have been.

*Ambition.* Have you seen her, Monsieur *Sensuality*?

*Sensuality.* No not I.

*Ambition.* Why then she is a Miracle, that every one hears of, but nobody seeth.

*Faction.* May she continue a Miracle still: for I had rather that she should only be heard of, than be visibly seen.

*Sensuality.* But I will do my endeavour to see her.

*Buſte.* So will I.

*Exit Men.*

*Pleasure.* I long to see her as much as the men do

*Ambition.* So do I.

*Faction.* And I.

*Superbe.* And I.

*Portrait.* And I.

*Ambition.* But how shall we compass the sight of her?

*Portrait.* Faith let's go to a Play, I'll warrant you she'll be there.

*Pleasure.* If she be, we shall only see her Mask, not her Face: for at the common Play-houses all the Effeminate Sex sit mask'd and muff'd.

*Portrait.* Why then let us go to that Church which is most frequented, as where some Famous Preachers preach; and certainly, if she be such a Beauty, she will be there: Besides, there our Sex sit to the full View, to Attract the Eyes of the Gods.

*Matron.* No, no, Lady, they sit to the full View, to tempt the Appetites of men: for they think not on the Gods, nor care the Gods should think of them.

*Pleasure.* Fie, fie, *Mother Matron*, you will make Women damnable creatures, if they could be made so by your Description: But Women go to Church to present their prayers of Request, and praises of Thanksgiving, and not to shew themselves to men, nor to tempt their Appetites, as you say.

*Matron.* Come, come, Ladies, search your own Consciences, and you will find I have spoke the truth: for if you only went to present your prayers to the Gods, you would go as humble petitioners, or sorrowful penitents, cloathed in sackcloth, and ashes on your head; and not attir'd in gold and silver, painted, patch'd, and cur'd, unless you think the Gods are like to men, to be delighted and enamour'd with Vanity, Beauty, and Bravery: for you make the Church a Masking-room, rather than a place of Devotion.

*Portrait.* No, we rather strive to make it like Heaven, which is glorious and splendrous; and the Heavenly Society is said to be beautiful.

*Matron.* Yes, such a Heaven, where Maskers are instead of Saints.

*Faction.* Why, Angels are describ'd by Painters to have fine-colour'd wings,

wings, and by Preachers, to hold fine gold branches in their hands, and the Heavens are described to us to be most gloriously adorn'd, with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearl, Emeralds, Gold, and Crystal, which shews the Gods delight in braveries: Wherefore we, to delight the Gods, make our selves fine and gay.

*Matron.* No, no, Ladies, you strive not to delight the Gods, but to be Ador'd and Worship'd as Goddeses by the Masculine Sex, whom you would have to be your Saints.

*Superbe.* I know not whether we desire to be Goddeses, or not, but I am sure, if women be as irreligious as you make them to be, they will prove Devils.

*Faction.* And *Mother Matron* here will prove the chief She-Devil amongst our Sex.

*Matron.* No, no, Lady, I'm devout, for I say my prayers every night and every morning.

*Ambition.* May be so you do, and all the time you are saying your prayers, you are thinking of your snarl'd Periwig, or how you shall trim up your old Gown that was given you by some of our Cabal.

*Matron.* Faith I must confess I have had some such thoughts when I have been at my prayers, God forgive me for't.

*Portrait.* And for all you exclaim against young Beauties, for there is your spight now your beauty is gone; yet I have observed, that when you are at Church, you will cast your eyes about, and mop and mew, and simpering, bridde in your Chin, in hopes to catch some beardless boy; and when you look up on the Preachers face, if he be a young Lecturer, it is not out of Attention, of what he preaches, but in hopes to perswade him to marry you, as thinking he would imagine you would make a good Vertuous Religious woman, fit to make a Parsons Wife.

*Matron.* No faith, I will never be a Parsons Wife: for Preachers are given so much to Contemplation, as they seldom speak but in the pulpit; but if they do, it will be of subjects I understand not, as of such subjects as they have read out of dead Authors.

*Superbe.* Why then you will have the more liberty to speak your self; if your Husband speak but seldom.

*Matron.* That's true; but those which love to speak much, are like drunkards, which is, they love company: for Questions and Answers are like drinking and pledging, and Arguing is like drinking Healths, and quarrels and friendships, and friendships and quarrels proceed from the one as often as from the other.

*Faction.* Then it seems you are both kind and quarrelsome, both in your talk and drink: for you speak very experienc'd of both.

*Matron.* So much experience I have, living long in the World, as to know that drink makes one talk, and talking makes one dry.

*Pleasure.* Well, leaving this dry discourse, *Mother Matron*, you must find out some way or means whereby we may be acquainted with the rare Beauty which every one talks of,

*Matron.* I will do my indeavour, and imploy the wisdom of my brain to compass it.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2.

Enter Mademoiselle Bon' Esprit, and her Maid enters  
Soon after.

**M**aid. Madam, there is Monsieur *Satyrical* come to visit you.  
Bon' Esprit. Cupid and *Venus* possess him, and *Pallas* guard me.  
Conduct him hither.

Enter Monsieur *Satyrical*.

Bon' Esprit. Monsieur *Satyrical*, you appear like a Comet to our Sex.

*Satyrical*. If all your Sex had been like you, I should have been as constant as one of the Planets.

Bon' Esprit. I hope you have not that Influence on our Sex, as the Planets have on Earthly Creatures.

*Satyrical*. I wish I had, for then I might cast such an Influence of Love, as might cause you to love me.

Bon' Esprit. But you are like the Planet of *Saturn*, and not of *Venus*: for you frown, when *Venus* smiles.

*Satyrical*. I shall not do so when you smile.

Bon' Esprit. You will when I quarrel with you.

*Satyrical*. I hope you will not quarrel with me; but if you do, I will receive your anger, as subjects receive the punishments of Laws, obediently, although it ruins me.

Bon' Esprit. I will make you Judge of the Cause, as of the Laws. Have I not reason to quarrel with you, when I Challenge'd you to an Honourable Fight, and you return'd my Challenge back with scorn and flight?

*Satyrical*. Whatsoever my Answer was, I confess I am conquer'd, and yield my self your prisoner, to dispose of me as you please: But if you will, take a Ransome of current Love, which I have brought you in the Chest of my Heart, wherein it is so fast lock'd, that nothing but your Acceptance can open it.

Bon' Esprit. If it be capable of being taken forth, empty.

*Satyrical*. Your Virtue will still furnish it with more, Your pure Chastity increase the store.

Bon' Esprit. Your Wit is very apt to take your part, To keep your own, yet strives to steal my heart:

But if you do not use it nobly well,  
It will complain to Gods, the truth will tell.

*Satyrical*. May I be curs'd, my Wit be quenched out;  
If I give you a cause my Love to doubt,  
Or I your Virtues highly not admire,  
Preferring them before a loose desire,  
May all the Gods their vengeance on me cast,  
And may their punishments for ever last.

Bon' Esprit. I was in jest at first; but since I find  
Your Love so honest, and your words so kind,

I cannot doubt, nor yet my self deny  
The union Friendship in firm bonds to tye  
Of everlasting love ; and if I break,  
May Gods be deaf when I in pray'rs do speak.

*Satyrical.* Madam, the Poetical Duel hath ended in Friendship, and if you please, in Mariage.

*Bon' Esprit.* I consent ; but do not prize me the less for being soon won : for I loved you before you asked my Love ; and being ask'd, I could not deny you.

*Satyrical.* I value your love as Saints do Heaven, and prize it as highly as Gods their power ; and for my crimes committed against you and your Sex, I offer up my heart on the Altar of Repentance, as a sacrifice to you my Goddes for an Atonement of your Anger.

*Bon' Esprit.* I accept of thy Offering, and shall receive it as a Trophy of my Victory.

*Satyrical.* I am your slave.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

*Enter Superbe, Ambition, Faction, Pleasure, and Portrait.*

**A**mbition. It is said that Women are the greatest Conquerors, because they conquer conquering men, and make them become slaves : For it is said, that Women have conquer'd the wisest man, as *Solomon*, the wittiest man, as *David*, the strongest man, as *Sampson*, the fairest man, as *Paris* of *Troy*, the valiantest man, as *Achilles*, the subtlest man, as *Ulysses*, the powerfullest men, as *Alexander* and *Cesar*.

*Faction.* By your favour, Women never made a Conquest of the two latter, and therefore cannot be said to be absolute Conquerors: for none are absolute Conquerors but those that conquer power, that is, those that get absolute dominion over all the World, which *Alexander* and *Cesar* are said to have done by their Valour and Conduct ; and never any Woman or Women conquer'd those men, as to get them to yield up their power for a womans sake, which shews they were not rul'd by women, although they lov'd women ; by which it is to be proved, that women never made an absolute Conquest of men, because they could never conquer absolutely those two absolute Conquerors and Masters of the World.

*Pleasure.* But *Livia* Conquer'd *Augustus Cesar*, and Ruled his Power ; and he was as absolute a Master of the Worlds Power, as *Julius Cesar* and *Alexander*.

*Faction.* He was rather to be said the Possessor of the Worlds power, than the absolute Conqueror of the Worlds power.

*Superbe.* It is as good to be a Conqueress of the possessor of power, as to conquer the Conqueror of power.

*Ambition.* It is as good for the Benefit, but not so much for the Honour of it.

*Portrait.* But *Alexander* nor *Cesar* lived not so long a time, as to be Conquer'd by women : for women must have time and opportunity for to gain the Conquest in, as well as men have.

*Fashion.* If *Alexander* and *Cæsar* must have been old before they possibly could have been conquer'd, it proves that women do rather conquer Age, than power weakens the strength; and the truth is, women conquer nothing but the vices, weaknesses, and defects of men: As they can conquer an unexperienc'd Youth, and doting Age, ignorant Breeding, effeminate Natures, wavering Minds, facile Dilpositions, soft Passions, wanton Thoughts, unruly Appetites, and the luxurious Lives of men; but they cannot conquer mens fix'd Resolutions, their heroick Valours, their high Ambitions, their magnificent Generosities, their glorious Honours, or their conquering or over-ruling Powers: Nor can women conquer their moral Vertues, as their Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance. But put the case a man had the power of the whole World, and could quit that power for the enjoyment of any particular woman, or women, yet he quits not that power for the womans sake, but for his minds-sake, his pleasure-sake, as to satisfie his Fancy, Passion, or Appetites: And what Conquest soever Women make on Men, if any Conquest they do make, is more by the favour of Nature, than the Gods.

*Ambition.* Well, I wish I may be the Conqueress of one man, let the favour proceed from which it will.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*Enter Ease, Wanton, and Idle.*

*Ease.* There hath been such a Skirmish, or rather a Battel.

*Idle.* How, and betwixt whom?

*Ease.* Why, betwixt *Grave Temperance* and *Mother Matron*.

*Idle.* What was the cause of their falling out.

*Ease.* Why *Mother Matron* had a spic'd pot of Ale in her hand, so she set it to her mouth, and drank a hearty draught of it, and finding it very good and refreshing, drank another draught: By my faith, said she, this is a cheery cup indeed, and a comfortable drink, and with that drank another draught, and so long-winded she was, as she drank up all the Ale therein: Whereupon, *Grave Temperance* rebuked her for drinking so much, saying, that though a little, as one draught, or so, might refresh the Spirits, yet a great quantity would make her drunk: Whereupon *Mother Matron*, who could not then suffer a reproof, in anger she flung the pot, which was still in her hand, at *Grave Temperance's* head.

*Idle.* It was a sign she had drank all the good liquor out, or otherwise she would not have thrown the pot avay.

*Ease.* It was a sign she was drunk, or else she would not have done so outrageous an act, as to have broke *Grave Temperance's* head.

*Enter Mother Matron as half drunk, and scolding.*

*Matron.* Reprove me! teach me! Have not I liv'd long enough in the World to be able to govern my self, but *Temperance* must govern me? Am I a Child? am I a Novice, that I must be governed by *Temperance*? No, no,

So, let her go to Numeries, and let her be the Lady Prior's to govern Nuns, for yfaith she shall not frior me.

*Idle.* Not Frior you, do you say

*Matron.* No nor Nunn me neither : for I will be neither Fryerd, nor Nunn'd.

*Ease.* Why what will you be ?

*Matron.* Why what should I be, but as I am, a wife, sober, and discreet Governess to a company of young Ladies ? Ladies that love the World better than Heaven, and hate a Nunnery worse than Death ; and by my Faith they have reason, for liberty is the joy of life, and the World is the place of sensual pleasures, and sensual pleasures are substantial, and in being, when the pleasures after death are uncertain ; but if they were certain, yet I had rather have a draught of Ale in this World, than a draught of Nectar in the next.

*Idle.* This Ale hath heat her into a Poetical height.

*Matron.* What do you say, into a pots head ?

*Idle.* No, I say your head is a pot, filled with the fume of Ale.

*Matron.* What have you to do with my head ?

*Ease.* What had you to do with *Grave Temperances* head ?

*Matron.* I would *Temperances* grave head were in your throat, and then here would be two fools heads one within another.

*Idle.* Come, let's leave her, or she will talk her self into a fit of madness.

*Ease and Idle go out*

*Matron alone.*

*Matron.* A couple of Gill-flirts, to heat me thus.

*Exit.*

Scene 5.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and Mademoiselle Bon' Esprit.*

*Satyrical.* Dear Mistris, have you freely pardon'd and forgiven me my faults ?

*Bon' Esprit.* Yes.

*Satyrical.* But will you not reprove me for them hereafter ?

*Bon' Esprit.* In a pardon all faults ought to be forgiven, if not forgotten, and no repetitions ought to be made of the same : for a clear pardon, and a free forgiveness, blots out all offences, or should do so. But you imagine your offences greater than they are, and by your doubts, I to be of less good nature than I am.

*Satyrical.* There are none that have offended what they love, but fears, and hopes, and doubts, fight Duels in their Minds.

*Bon' Esprit.* Banish those doubts, and let the hopes remain to build a content belief to keep out jealousy, otherwise it will take possession, and destroy, at least disturb affection.

*Satyrical.* Not my affection to you.

*Exeunt.*

Ffff

Scene

## Scene 6.

Enter Superbe, Ambition, and Portrait

**F**ashion. For Heavens sake let's go see *Mother Matron*: for tis said she's mad-drunk.

**Ambition.** If she be mad-drunk, she's rather to be shunn'd than sought after.

**Superbe.** Why, do not we give money to see mad people in *Bedlam*? and we may see her for nothing.

**Ambition.** Those people are not madly drunk, nor drunkly mad: for they, poor creatures, drink nothing but water.

**Portrait.** Perchance if they did drink strong drink, it might make them soberly in their right wits.

Enter *Mother Matron* as partly drunk.

**Matron.** Where is *Monfieur Frisk*? O that *Monfieur Frisk* were here!

**Fashion.** What would you have with *Monfieur Frisk*?

**Matron.** I would challenge *Monfieur Frisk*.

**Ambition.** What, to fight?

**Matron.** Yes, in *Cupids Wars*.

**Portrait.** By *Venus* I swear, thou hast been Cashier'd from *Cupids Wars* this thirty years.

**Matron.** Come, come, Ladies, for all your frumps, you are forced to make me General, to lead up the Train, and Generalissimo, to set the Battalia, so that though I am too old to be a common Souldier, I am young enough to be a Commander.

**Superbe.** Thou art at this time but a drunken Commander.

**Matron.** If I am drunk, I am but as a Commander ought to be, or as a Commander usually is.

**Ambition.** Pray do not accuse *Mother Matron*: for though her Brain may be a little disturb'd, yet her Reason is sober, and governs her Tongue orderly.

**Matron.** O sweet *Monfieur Frisk*!

Exit *Mother Matron*

**Fashion.** If her Reason governs her Tongue, I do not perceive it governs her Humour.

**Fashion.** Her Humour, say you, you mean her Appetites.

Exeunt.



## ACT II.

## Scene 7.

*Enter Mademoiselle Pleasure, and Monsieur Tranquillitous Peace.*

**P**leasure. Passions are begot betwixt the Soul and the Body, the Reason and the Sense; and the Habitation of the Passions is the Heart, which is in the midst of man, as betwixt the Rational part, the Head, and the Sensual Part.

*Tranquill.* What part is that, Madam?

*Pleasure.* The bestial part.

*Tranquill.* What part is the bestial part? for I cannot perceive but beasts and men are alike in most parts.

*Pleasure.* I am not a Lectural Reader of parts.

*Tranquill.* One would think you were by your former Discourse.

*Pleasure.* Why, I may mention parts, without Preaching on parts.

*Tranquill.* But if Women would Preach of the parts of the Body, and leave Preaching of the Spirit and Soul, it would be better for themselves, their Husbands, Friends, and Neighbours, than it is: And if men would do the like, it would be better for themselves, their wives, and neighbours: But they preach altogether of the Soul, and yet know not what the Soul is.

*Pleasure.* How would you have them preach of the Body?

*Tranquill.* First, as for themselves, if they would consider: for they must consider before they Preach, which is, to Teach: If they would consider, I say, how frail the parts of Mankind are, how tender and weak every part of the body is, how apt they are to sickness & diseases, how they are subject more to pain than to pleasure, how difficult it is to keep the body from harm, how soon the body withers, decays, and dies: If Mankind did consider this of the body, they would study what was the guard, and the preservation of every part of the body; in which study they would find Temperance the only preservation of parts, and life of pleasure: for in Excess pleasure dies, and pains possess the body. Thus we can destroy the body sooner by Excess, and preserve it longer by Temperance, than otherwise it would be.

Secondly, for those that are married, temperance keeps both man and wife chaste, patient, and healthful, because gluttony, debauchery, and intemperate anger, hurts the body, and destroys the body. Thus temperance keeps the peace of Wedlock: for a Wife being patient, the Husband lives peaceably, being chaste, he lives honourably, being healthful, he lives comfortably; and the Husband, being temperate, he will neither be a Glutton, a Drunkard, an Adulterer, nor Gamester: for gaming hurts the body, with vexing at the losses, and sitting still, which hinders the Exercise of the body, or keeping unseasonable hours, which is pernicious to the health of the Body, as to the quiet of the Mind, and waste of their Estates. Thus a man and wife lives free from jealousies and fear of poverty

Thirdly, for their Neighbours : If they be temperate, they will neither be covetous, quarrellsome, nor envious, which will keep them from doing injury or wrong, and will cause them to be friendly and kind : for if they love not their neighbours goods, they will not strive to possess their neighbours right ; if they be not envious, they will be sociable, and helpful to each other, as good neighbours ought to be : thus they will not vex each other with Law-sutes, and quarrelling Disputes, nor Adulteries, and the like : And if men live peaceably, it is good for the Common-wealth, as being free from faction and tumult : Besides, Peace and Love are the ground whereon all the Commands of the Gods are built on.

*Pleasure.* You may preach temperance, but few will follow your Doctrine.

*Tranquill.* Yes, Pleasure will : for without temperance there can be no lasting pleasure.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 8.*

*Enter Idle and Ease.*

*Ease.* Yonder's *Mother Matron* so metamorphos'd, as at first I did not know her.

*Idle.* How metamorphos'd is she ?

*Ease.* Most strangely attir'd for her Age, and as strangely behav'd.

*Idle.* How, for *Jupiters* sake ?

*Ease.* Why she hath a green Sattin gown on, but it is of an ill-chosen green, for it is of the colour of goof-dung, and an Orange-yellow Feather on her head.

*Idle.* I hope she is not jealous.

*Ease.* Then is she beset with many several colour'd Ribbons, as Hair-colour, Watcher, Blush-colour, and White.

*Idle.* What, to expresse her Despair, Constancy, Modesty, and Innocence ?

*Ease.* I think she may despair, but for her constancy, I doubt it, and for modesty, I dare swear she never had any ; but if she had, it was so long since, as she hath quite forgot it ; as for her innocence, I will leave it to the Examination or Accusation of her own Conscience.

*Idle.* But how is her behaviour ?

*Ease.* Why she simpers, and draws the deep lines in her face into closes, and her wrinkles are the quick-set hedges ; then she turns her Eyes aside in coy glances, and her Body is in a perpetual motion, turning and winding, and wreathing about, from object to object, and her Gate is jetting, and sometimes towards a dancing pace ; besides, she is toying and playing with every thing, like a Girl of fifteen, and now and then she will sing quavering, as a Note or two betwixt a word or two, after the French and Courtly Mode.

*Idle.* Surely she is mad.

*Exit.*

*Enter Wanton.*

*wanton.* Who's mad?

*Idle.* ~~*Mother Matron.*~~

*wanton.* No otherwise than all Amorous Lovers use to be.

*Idle.* Why is she an Amorous Lover?

*wanton.* Yes, a most desperate one.

*Ease.* Who is she so amourously affected with?

*wanton.* With Monsieur *Frisk*.

*Idle.* Why he is not above one and twenty years of Age.

*wanton.* That's the reason she's in love with him: for it is his youth, and his dancing, she amourously affects him for, for she swears that the very first time she saw him dance, *Cupid* did wound her, and shot his golden Arrows from the heels of Monsieur *Frisk*.

*Ease.* Why she is threecore and ten, at least.

*Wwanton.* That's all one: for *Cupid* wounds Age as well as youth.

*Ease.* But I had thought that an old womans heart had been so hard Love could not have enter'd.

*Wwanton.* Old *Mother Matron* proves it otherwise: for her Heart is as tender as the youngest Heart of us all.

*Idle.* While I am young I will be a Lover, because I will not be a Fool when I am old.

*Ease.* That's the way to be a Fool whilst you are young, and a Lover when you are old.

*Wwanton.* No, that is to be a Curtezan whilst she is young, and a Bawd when she is old.

*Idle.* Nay faith, when I can no longer traffique for my self, I will never trade for any other.

*Wwanton.* Covetousness will tempt your reverent Age.

*Exeunt.*

*[Enter Ambition, Pleasure, Faction, Portrait, Bon' Esprit, Superbe, Wanton, Ease, Excess.]*

**P**leasure. How shall we entertain our time?

*Portrait.* Let us sit and chuse Husbands.

*Bon' Esprit.* What, in the Ashes?

*Portrait.* No, in our Speeches.

*Faction.* Content.

*Ambition.* Begin; but let your Maids, Lady *Pleasure*, sit and chuse Husbands with us.

*Pleasure.* If I were to chuse a Husband, I would chuse a man that was honourably born, nobly bred, wisely taught, civilly behav'd; also I would have him to speak rationally, wittily, and eloquently; to act prudently, valiantly, justly, and temperately; to live freely, magnificently, and peaceably. I

would have him honourably born, because I would not have him a Boor by Nature, which is surly, rude, grumbling, and miserable : I would have him nobly bred, because I would not have him a Shark, a Cheat, or a Sycophant : I would have him wisely taught, because I would not have him an ignorant fool, nor a pedantical fool : I would have him civilly-behav'd, to please my Eyes : I would have him to speak rational, witty, and eloquent, to please my Ears : I would have him valiant, to defend his Country, to guard his Family, and to maintain his Honour : I would have him prudent, to foresee misfortunes, and to provide for the future, that I may never want for the present : I would have him temperate, lest Excess should ruine his Fortune, Health, or Esteem ; I would have him just, because others should be just to him ; to live freely, as not to be inflav'd ; to live magnificently, for to be respected ; to live peaceably, to avoid brawleries. And such a man as this, will be kind to his Wife, loving to his Children, bountiful to his Servants, courteous to his Friends, civil to Strangers, faithful to his Trust, and just to his Promise.

*Superbe.* If I were to choose a Husband, I would choose a man that were Rich, honour'd with Titles, and were Powerful. I would have him Rich, because I would have him live plentifully, to feed luxuriously, to be adorn'd gloriously : I would have him to have Titles of Honour, because I would take place of my Neighbours, to have the chief place at a Feast, and to have the first and choicest meats offer'd me : I would have him Powerful, to oppose my Opposers, to insult over my Enemies, and to neglect my Friends ; which, if I be poor and helpless, they will do me : Thus I shall be honour'd by my Superiours, crouch'd to by Inferiours, flatter'd by Sycophants, brag'd of by my Friends, obey'd by my Servants, respected by my Acquaintance, envy'd by my Neighbours, fought to by my Enemies. Thus I might advance my Friends, punish my Enemies, tread down my Superiours, inflave my Inferiours, insult over my Foes, and inthrone my self.

*Ambition.* If I were to choose a Husband, I would choose a man whom all other men are slaves to, and he mine. And what can I desire more than to be absolute ?

*Bon' Esprit.* If I were to choose, I would choose a man for a Husband that were an honest and plain-dealing man, patient and wise, that I might neither be deceiv'd by his falshood, nor troubl'd with his quarrels, nor vex'd with his follies.

*Faction.* If I were to choose a Husband, I would choose a subtil crafty Knave, that can cheat an honest Fodl, with which cheats I can entertain my time, like those that go to see Juglers play tricks.

*Wanton.* If I were to choose a Husband, I would choose a man that were blind, deaf, and dumb, that he might neither trouble me with his impertinent Questions, nor see my indiscreet Actions, nor hear my foolish Discourses : Thus I may say what I will, and never be cross'd, do what I will, and never be hinder'd, go where I will, and never be watch'd, come when I will, and never be examin'd, entertain whom I will, and never be rebuk'd. Thus I may Govern as I will, Spend as I will, Spare as I will, without Controlment.

*Portrait.* If I were to choose a Husband, I would choose a man that were industrious, thrifty, and thriving : for the pleasure is not so much to enjoy, as getting, like those that are hungry, have more pleasure in eating their meat, than when their stomachs are full.

*Excess.* If I were to choose a Husband, I would choose a man that were a buse Fool, which would continually bring me fresh, although false News: for his buse mind, which fills his Head with Projects, which Projects will feed my excessive Ambition, with his high Designs, although improbable; and set my thoughts at work with his several Achievements, although there is no leading-path therein: But howsoever, this will furnish my Imagination, imploy my Thoughts, please my Curiosity, and entertain my time with Varieties, wherein, and wherewith, I may pass my life with fine Phantasms, or like a fine Dream.

*Pleasure.* It is a sign you love sleep excessively well, so as you would have your life pass as a dream.

*Excess.* Why, Madam, sleeping is the lifes *Elizium*, and our dreams the pastime therein, and our beds are our living graves, to the greatest part of our life, and most are best pleased therein: for it gives rest to our wearied and tired limbs, it revives the weak and fainting spirits, it eases the sick and pained, it pacifies the grieved, it humours the melancholy, it cherishes age, it nourishes youth, it begets warmth, it cools heat, it restores health, it prolongs life, and keeps the mind in peace.

*Ease.* I will not choose, but wish and pray, which is, if ever I marry, I pray *Jove* that I may out-live my Husband.

*Bon' Esprit.* O fie, Women pray that their Husbands may out-live them.

*Ease.* If they do, in my Conscience they dissemble, but howsoever I will never pray so: for I perceive when men are Widowers, they are more hasty to marry again than Batchellors are, and the last love blots out the first; and I should be sorry to be blotted out.

*Ambition.* But if men do marry after they have buried their first Wife; yet perchance they will not love their second Wife so well as the first.

*Ease.* I know not that, but yet to the outward view I perceive a man seems to forget his first Wife in the presence of his second Wife.

*Fashion.* By your favour, a second Wife puts a Husband in remembrance of his first Wife, either for goodness or badness.

*Ease.* For my part, I would not be kept in remembrance by one in my room; but howsoever, I shall love myself better than I'm sure I shall love my Husband, and therefore I desire to live long: for I had rather live and have him in remembrance, than die and so forget him; and I had rather remember than be remember'd.

*Enter Grave Temperance.*

*Pleasure.* O *Temperance*, I heard say that you have seen the rare Beauty, Madamoiselle *la Belle*.

*Portrait.* And is she so handsome as she is reported to be?

*Temperance.* Truly she is a pretty young Lady.

*Fashion.* Is she only a pretty Lady?

*Bon' Esprit.* Why she is young, and those that are very young, are only pretty; but those that are at full growth are beautiful and handsome, and those in their Autumnal years are Lovely, and those that are old are ill-favour'd.

*Temperance.* No, no, those Women that have been once handsome, never grow ill-favour'd.

*Pleasure.* Well, setting aside old women, what say you to the young Lady?

*Temperance.* I say she is handsomer at a distance than near hand.

*Superbe.* That's well, for then her praises will be only at a distance.

*Temperance.* No by'r Lady, she hath Beauty enough to be praised to her face.

*Portrait.* I had rather appear handsomer at a distance than at a near view, than seem worse at a distance, and handsomer at a near view.

*Ambition.* Why so?

*Portrait.* By reason there is no Woman but is seen more by strangers than acquaintance; besides, whole streets of people view Ladies as they passe through in their Coaches, when perchance not above half a dozen neighbours and acquaintance see them near hand.

*Faction.* So you may have many Admirers, but few Lovers.

*Portrait.* Faith the rarest Beauties that ever were, the more they were known and seen, the less Esteem'd and Admir'd they were: for an unacquainted face appears, or at least pleaseth better, although but an indifferent Beauty, than a common face, although it excels with Beauty.

*Pleasure.* Did you not hear Mademoiselle *la Belle* speak?

*Temperance.* No faith, she may be dumb for any thing I know.

*Bon' Esprit.* How is she behav'd?

*Temperance.* After the Country Mode.

*Ambition.* What manner of Woman is her Mother?

*Temperance.* A Country Lady.

*Faction.* Faith if Mademoiselle *la Belle* hath neither Wit nor Behaviour, her Beauty will be dim'd for the want of either: for Wit and Behaviour are the Polishers of Beauty, otherwise Beauty is but like a Diamond unfil'd, or unpolish'd, or like gold untry'd, or unrefin'd.

*Temperance.* Nay Ladies, she may have a great Wit for all that I know: for she did not express either simplicity or ignorance, whilst I was in her company she spake not one word.

*Superbe.* Let us examine no more, but let us go see her, and then discourse with her.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 10.*

*Enter Mother Matrons Maid, and Monsieur Frisk.*

**F***risk.* Pretty Maid, would you speak with me?

*Maid.* Yes, and if't please your Worship.

*Frisk.* From whom come you?

*Maid.* From my Mistris.

*Frisk.* Who is your Mistris?

*Maid.* Mother Matron.

*Frisk.* What Message hath Mother Matron sent to me?

*Maid.* She hath sent your Worship a Letter, and desires your Worship to send her an Answer.

*Frisk.* Go and stay within, and I will give you an Answer.

*Exit Maid.*

*Frisk.*

*Frisk.* This Letter is concerning some of the young Ladies that are in Love with me.  
 Blessed Letter, that art the Messenger of Love, the Presenter of Youth, Beauty and Wit, and the Inviter to Pleasure.

*He kisseth the Letter,*

*He opens the Letter, and reads it aloud, as to himself.*

### The Letter.

Sweet Monsieur Frisk,

**O** Dear Monsieur Frisk, since I last saw you, and heard you speak so wisely, as that you would wait upon the Ladies, and proffer so kindly, as to proffer me a kiss, meeting you in the Lane called Loves Folly. O that Lane, that fortunate or unfortunate Lane! for as my wishes succeed, the Lane proves good or bad: for since that time of meeting, I have loved you, or rather, I may say, I have been in Love with you, or rather, I may say, I have Fancy'd you beyond all other young Gentlemen, and I hope you will return the like to me: For though I am not in my blooming Beauty, yet I am not quite decay'd, but there remains some fresh colour, wherewith a young Gentleman may take delight; and let me tell you, the Autumn is more pleasant than the Spring, for the Spring is raw and cold, the Autumn is warm and comfortable: wherefore let me persuade you, sweet Monsieur Frisk, to chuse the Autumnal fruits, and reject the Springing buds, which are incipid and tasteless: Ripe fruits are better than green, and Winter-fruits more lasting than the fruits of the Summer: Staid Gravity is more happy to live with, than wilde Inconstancy; the wisdom of Age is more profitable than the follies of Youth; not that I say I'm old, nor pray think me not so, but that I am as wise as Age can make me, and Wisdom is not a portion that is given to every one, yet what wisdom I have, I will impart to you, sweet Monsieur Frisk, you shall be the Receiver, the Treasurer, and the Disposer; also with my wisdom I give my heart, with my heart I give you my person, which wisdom, heart, and person, is not to be despised: for by my wisdom you will receive Counsel, with my heart Love, and with my person that Beauty Time hath left me, who like a cheating knave, hath rob'd me of some, but yet there is enough left, dear Monsieur Frisk, to delight your view: for although I am not like Hellen of Greece, yet I am like Hellen, when she was Hellen of Troy, for then, by my faith, she was in her Autumnal years, as I am, which was about fifty, or by'r Lady, somewhat more, and then she was as dear to her Paris, witness Troy, and as much desired of her of . . . witness the Greeks, as when she was but fifteen. wherefore, dear Frisk, let me be thy Hellen, and be thou my Paris, and let our Loves be as bright as the fire of Troy, but not so consuming; but if thou deny'st me, I shall consume in mine own flames, and be buried in mine own ashes, which will fly in the face of thy cruelty, to revenge me thy

*Languishing Lover, namely*

Mother Matron.

*Frisk.* A pox of her luxurious Appetite, to be Amorous at fourscore, one might have thought, nay sworn, that Cupids fire had been put out with Times Extinguisher; but I perceive by Mother Matron, that time hath no power over that Appetite, but I am sorry time hath made her such a creature, as not to be capable of curses, for she is her self a curse beyond all I could give her; but if she were capable, I would bury her under a mountain of curses, for

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raising

raising up my hopes to the height of young beautiful Ladies by the outside of the Letter, and then frustrating my expectation by the inside, causing me to fall from the bower of blifs, into the grave of life, the habitation of death, from a young Beauty, to an old doting Woman: Oh, I will tear this letter that hath deceived me; but stay, I will keep this letter to make sport amongst the young Ladies, which sport may perchance insinuate me into some favour with the young Ladies: for as idle and ridiculous pastime, or means as this is, hath got many times good success amongst Ladies: wherefore, I will, for their sport-sake, jestingly Court *Mother Matron*, and in the mean time of the Progress, write her a letter.

*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### Scene II.

*Enter Mademoiselle Ambition, and Monsieur Inquisitive.*

*Inquisitive.* I hear, Mademoiselle *Ambition*, you are to marry Monsieur *Vain-glorious*.

*Ambition.* No, for I am too honest to marry one man, and love, admire, and esteem another man beyond him; but when I marry, I will marry such a one as I prize, honour, love, and admire above all other men, or else I will never marry.

*Inquisitive.* What man could you esteem, honour, and love most?

*Ambition.* He that I thought had the noblest Soul, and had done the most worthyest Action.

*Inquisitive.* But put the case that man that were as you would have him, were so engag'd as you could not enjoy him in lawful marriage?

*Ambition.* I could lawfully enjoy him, although I could not lawfully marry him.

*Inquisitive.* As how?

*Ambition.* As in Contemplation, for I could enjoy his Soul no otherwife, if I were married to him: for if I were married, I could but contemplate of his Merits, please my self with the thoughts of his Virtues, honour his generous Nature, and praise his Heroick Actions: And these I can do as much, although I should live at distance from him, nor never be his Wife: for the marriage of Bodies, is no enjoyment of Souls.

*Inquisitive.* This would only be an opinion of delight, but no true enjoyment of pleasure: for though an Opinion may affright the Soul, yet the Opinion cannot pleasure the Body. But say an Opinion could delight the Soul without the Senses, yet the pleasures of the Senses are to be preferred before the delight of the Soul: for the truth is, that the spirits of life take more delight in sensual pleasures, than in the Soul's imagination: for life lives in the Senses, not in the Soul: for were there no Senses, there would be no Life.

*Ambition*



*Ambition.* By your favour, there is life in the Soul, when Death hath extinguish'd the Senses.

*Inquisitive.* That's more than you know, you believe it only upon report; but who hath had the trial or experience of the truth of it? So that the report is upon an unknown ground, and your belief is built upon an unsure Foundation!

*Ambition.* What belief is for my advantage, I will strive and endeavour to strengthen it, on what foundation soever it's built upon.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 12.

*Enter Monsieur Frisk, and Mother Matrons Maid.*

*Frisk.* You will pardon me, pretty Maid, for causing you to stay so long, for an Answer of your Mistress's Letter.

*Maid.* There requires no pardon Sir, for I have been ver well entertain'd by your man, I thank him.

*Frisk.* I perceive my man hath had better fortune than his Master, for he hath had youth to entertain; but I hope if you receive the mans entertainment so thankfully, you will not refuse the Masters.

*Maid.* My Mistress would be jealous of your Worship, if you should entertain me.

*Frisk.* Why, doth your Mistress love me so much?

*Maid.* So much, as she cannot sleep quietly for dreaming of you, nor lets me sleep: for she wakes me every night to tell me her dreams.

*Frisk.* What dreams she?

*Maid.* One dream was, she dream'd that she was *Diana*, and you *Aleon*.

*Frisk.* What, to set horns on my head?

*Maid.* No, my Mistress said, that she in her dream did more as a Goddess ought to have done, than *Diana* did: for she was generous in her dream, and not cruel, for instead of horning you, she invited you into her Bath.

*Frisk.* I hope you were one of her Nymphs.

*Maid.* Another time she dream'd you were *Mercury*, and she *Herce*; and another, that she was *Venus*, and you *Adonis*; but the last night she awaked out of a fearful dream.

*Frisk.* What dream was that?

*Maid.* She dream't that she was Queen *Dido*, and you the Prince *Aneas*, and when you were ship'd and gone away, she stab'd her self.

*Frisk.* If she were *Dido*, I should prove *Aneas*.

*Maid.* On my Conscience she fetch'd as many sighs when she awak'd, and made as many pitious complaints and lamentations, as if her dream had been true, and she really had been Queen *Dido*, inasmuch as I was afraid that she would have killed he self indeed, and was running forth the Chamber to call in company to hinder her, but that she commanded me to stay, saying, that it was but the passion of her dream, for she hoped that you would prove a more constant and faithful Lover, than to leave her to despair.

*Frisk.* The next time she is in the same passion, tell her I will be like

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*Aneas;*

*Aeneas*, meet her in Hell : In the mean time carry her this Letter.

*Maid*. Lord, Lord, she will be a joy'd woman, to receive a letter from you, and I shall be a welcome Messenger unto her, and the letter will be worth a new gown to me.

*Frisk*. I wish it may be a gown of price to thee.

*Exeunt*

Scene 13.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical, and Madamoiselle Bon' Esprit.*

*Bon' Esprit*. How shall I pacifie my companions, or qualifie their spleens? who will be in a furious rage, when they perceive and know my real love to you : for they made me as their hook to the line of their Angle, and hope to catch you like a Gudgeon.

*Satyrical*. All that Angle do not catch ; yet you have drawn me forth of the salt Satyrical Sea.

*Bon' Esprit*. But their desire is, that you should lie gasping on the shore of Love.

*Satyrical*. Would they be so cruel, as not to throw me into a fresh River ?

*Bon' Esprit*. No : for they joy in the thought of your torments, and their general prayers are to *Cupid*, imploring him to wound you with a golden-headed Arrow, and she you love, with an Arrow headed with lead : As for their particular prayers, they are after this manner.

One prays you may sigh your self into Air, and the Air so infectious, as it may plague all the Satyrical of your Sex.

Another prayeth you may weep tears of Vitriol, and that the sharpness of those tears may corrode your soul.

Another prays that your passion of love may be so hot, as it may torment you, as Hell-fire doth the damned ; but *Mother Matron*, besides saying *Amen* to all their prayers, makes her prayers thus ; That she for whose sake you must endure all these torments, may be the oldest, and most ill-favour'd deform'd woman that ever Nature, Accident, and Time made.

*Satyrical*. She would have me in Love with her self, it seems by her prayer.

*Bon' Esprit*. If she did hear you, she would die for want of Revenge.

*Satyrical*. But Mistris, what prayer made you for me ?

*Bon' Esprit*. Not a cursing prayer : for though *Mother Matron* would have carried me up to the top of the Hill of Rage, and instead of a prayer for you, there to have made curses against you, yet she could neither force me up the one, nor perswade me to the other : for I told her I would give a blessing instead of a curse, and for fear of that, she left persisting.

*Satyrical*. I perceive I had been in danger, had not you sav'd me, and like a merciful Goddess kept me from their fury ; but I'm afraid, that for my sake they will curse you now.

*Bon' Esprit*. No doubt of it ; but the best of't is, that their cursing prayers, or prayers of curses, go no farther than their lips.

*Satyrical*. For all their furious rage, self-conceit perswades me, that if I had

had address'd my self as a Suter to any one of them, they would have been more merciful than to have deny'd my sute.

*Bon Esprit.* I can think no otherwise : for I shall judge them, by my self.

*Satyrical.* Pray let's go, and invite them to our Wedding.

*Bon Esprit.* By no means : for they will take that as ill, as if you did indeed invite them to a poyson'd Banquet : But if I may advise, it is not to tell them our Design, but let them find it out themselves.

*Satyrical.* I shall agree to your Counsel.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 14.

*Enter Mother Matron, and her Maid.*

*Matron.* Come, come, I have watch'd and long'd for your Return above two hours, I may say above two years, for so the time did seem to me. O *Venus*, thou Fair and Amorous Goddess, send me a comfortable Answer, if't be thy will !

*Maid.* I have brought you a Letter from Monsieur *Frisk* ; but for my part I know not what comfort he hath sent you.

*Matron.* O *Cupid*, O *Cupid*, be my friend !

*She opens the Letter and reads it aloud.*

The Letter.

Amorous Mother Matron,

**T**hough Time hath made you fit for Heaven, having worn out your body, a substance for Love to work upon, converting or translating it all into Soul, an incorporeal shadow, which none but the Gods can employ to any use ; yet since you Esteem and Love me as a God, to resign up that incorporeality, I can do no less than return you thanks, although I never did merit such a gift : But my sins, I confess are many, and deserve great punishments, yet I hope the Gods will be more merciful, than to leave me void of reason, or to suffer Nature to make me to have extravagant appetites, or Heaven to leave me to extravagant appetites ; but howsoever, as occasions fall out, I shall shew reverence to your Motherly Gravitie, and in the meantime rest

Your Admirer,

FRISK.

*Matron.* I know not by this Letter whether he will be my Lover, or not ; yet I will kiss it for his sake.

*She kisses the Letter.*

O sweet Letter, thou happy Paper, that hast receiv'd the pressure of this hand ! What did he say when he gave you this letter to bring me ?

*Maid.* He talk'd of *Pluto*, and of *Hell*.

*Matron.* How, of Hell!

*Maid.* Yes, but it was concerning *Aeneas* and *Dido*.

*Mother Matron fetches a great sigh.*

*Matron.* I hope he will not make me such an Example as Queen *Dido*, nor himself so false a Lover as *Aeneas*; but if he should, I will cry out, O thou my cruel *Aeneas* hast slain me!

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

*Enter Superbe, Portrait, Faction, and Pleasure.*

*Faction.* Now I have seen Madamoiselle *la Belle*, I perceive Fame gives more praise than Nature Beauty.

*Superbe.* To some she doth.

*Portrait.* Nay faith, for the most part, to all.

*Enter Monsieur Sensuality.*

*Sensuality.* O Ladies, there is the greatest loss befallen me, that ever befall man!

*Portrait.* What loss?

*Sensuality.* Why Madamoiselle *la Belle* is gone.

*Pleasure.* How gone? Is she married, or dead?

*Sensuality.* Faith she's as bad as dead to me, and worse than if she were married: for if she were a Wife, there would be some hopes; but her careful Father hath carry'd her away into the Country, being jealous of the much company that came to visit her.

*Faction.* It seems he knew she was apt to be catch'd, that he durst not trust her: But how came you to receive a greater loss than the rest of the Masculine Visitors?

*Sensuality.* Because I had greater hopes than I perceive the rest had.

*Portrait.* Why, had you a design to get her for a Wife?

*Sensuality.* No faith, mine was a better design, which was to get her for a Mistress.

*Superbe.* But it was likely she would never have been your Mistress.

*Sensuality.* It was likely she would have been my Mistress: for she was fair and foolish, kind and toyish, and had an inviting Eye.

*Pleasure.* Why you may follow her into the Country.

*Sensuality.* No, the City is so well stored, as I shall not need to put my self to that trouble, as to journey after her.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 16.

*Enter Mother Matron alone.*

**M**atron. O Love! thou tormenter of soft hearts, or a melter of hard ones, soften the hard heart of Monsieur *Frisk*, and ease my soft and tender heart, inflame his spirits to love, and refresh mine with his kindness: O *Venus*, persuade thy Son in my behalf, and consider me by thy self! Ha, ho!

*Exit.*

## Scene 17.

*Enter Temperance, Faction, Portrait, Pleasure, Ambition, and Superbe.*

**T**emperance. I would never have an extraordinary Beauty seen but once, and that should be in a publick Assembly.

*Pleasure.* It is a sign, *Temperance*, your beauty is past: for would you have an extraordinary Beauty to be buried in oblivion?

*Temperance.* No: for I would have all the World see, if it could be shewn to the whole World; but I would have it shewn but once, and no more.

*Superbe.* Why so?

*Temperance.* Because what is common, is never highly priz'd, but rather despis'd, or at least neglected by continuance: for that which is at first admir'd as a wonder, when it comes to be as a domestick, is not regarded: for it is an old saying; That the greatest wonder lasts but nine days.

*Portrait.* But there is such a sympathy betwixt beauty and sight, that as long as beauty doth last, sight will take delight to look thereon; and the Design, End, or Fruition of Beauty, is to be gaz'd upon: for from the sight it receives Praise, Love; and Desire, and by reflection sets all hearts on fire.

*Faction.* O that I had such a Beauty as would burn every Masculine heart into cinders!

*Temperance.* Why are you so cruel, Lady, to wish such a wish to the Masculine Sex?

*Faction.* My wish proceeds out of love to my self, and mercy to men. First, out of love to my self: for as I am a woman, I naturally desire Beauty, and there is no woman that had not rather have beauty, although attended with an unfortunate life, than be ill-favour'd, to enjoy prosperity.

The last wish is out of mercy to men: for their hearts are so false and foul, as no way but burning can purifie them.

*Ambition.* That were the way to try their constancy.

*Temperance.* For my part, if it were in my power to choose, I would rather have Wit than Beauty: for Wit pleaseth the Ear, both longer and more, than Beauty pleaseth the Sight; and the sound of the one, spreads farther than

than the sight of the other: Besides, Wit recreates the Mind, and entertains the Reason, Beauty only the Sense, and but one sense, as the sight, when Wit is a companion not only to the sense of Hearing, but the soul of Understanding; and it is not only a delightful Companion, but a subtil Observer, an ingenious Inventioner, an excellent Artificer, a politick Counsellour, a powerful Commander, a prudent Ruler, and a divine Creator; it observes all natures works; it invents all useful Arts, it frames all Common-wealths, it guides the Senses, rules the Appetites, commands the Passions, counsels the Thoughts, regulates the Opinions, creates the Conceptions, Imaginations, and Fancies; it builds Potiecal Castles, and makes Gardens of Rhetorick, and makes the sound Harmonical, playing with words, as on musical Instruments: Besides, Wit continues to old Age, when Beauty vades in a year or two.

*Superbe.* Come, come, *Temperance*, if you were young, you would prefer Beauty before a Wit, by which you might get more pleasure by the one, than profit by the other; But all our Sex, when they grow in years, desire to be thought Wits, when they can no longer be thought Beauties, which makes them dispute for Wit, and dispraise Beauty, by undervaluing it.

*Enter Madamoiselle Bon' Esprit.*

*Pleasure.* Madamoiselle *Bon' Esprit*, you are welcom: for we long to hear the success of your design, since we have heard that Monsieur *Satyrical* hath been to visit you, hath he not?

*Bon' Esprit.* Yes.

*Ambition.* But have you catch'd him?

*Bon' Esprit.* Sure enough.

*Portrait.* Then strangle him with *Cupid's* bow-string.

*Faction.* Hang him, that's not punishment enough.

*Superbe.* No; but when he's a confirm'd Lover, report he's mad.

*Ambition.* We shall not need to report that: for when he is a confirm'd Lover, he will do such ridiculous actions, and behave himself so extravagantly vain, and so constrainly foolish, and speak such non-sense, in striving to speak beyond the power of words, inso much as all that hear and see him, will swear he's mad.

*Pleasure.* They will swear nothing but the truth; for all Lovers are mad, more or less. But Madamoiselle *Bon' Esprit*, are you sure you have him in *Cupid's* snare?

*Bon' Esprit.* I do verily believe I have him in Loves bonds.

*Portrait.* O how I joy, to think how we shall triumph!

*Superbe.* What shall our Triumphant-Chariot be?

*Faction.* Scorns, scorns, set on the wheels of laughter, drawn by a company of lame, fore, scurvy words.

*Bon' Esprit.* Will you have your Triumphant-Chariot drawn by a company of foolish words? that will be as bad, and as much disgrace, as lean, jaded horses in a brave gilded Coach.

*Pleasure.* No, no, sprightly jests were better.

*Bon' Esprit.* They may chance to run you out of the field of Civility, at least out of the right ways of Wit.

*Ambition.* Let them run where they will, so they carry his reproach with them.

*Bon' Esprit.* Will you carry this reproach along with you, and leave him behind you?

*Faction.*

*Faction.* We will carry his reproach about the World.  
*Bon' Esprit.* While you bear the burthen, he will rest at home in ease and peace in his mind.  
*Faction.* Good Lord, what makes you thus to contradict our Designs?  
*Bon' Esprit.* I do not contradict your Designs, but shew you the Error of your Conduct.  
*Pleasure.* Why then conduct u better.  
*Bon' Esprit.* So I shall, if you will give me leave: for I shall conduct you through the fair ways of peace, and not through the foul ways of malice, which are myery and deep with revenge, in which you may stick, or be thrown in disgrace; but I will carry you through the sweet Meadows of good Nature, wherein runs clear Rivulets of Charity, in which you may bathe your selves under the fruitful trees of good works, and take the fresh Air of Applause, and be cool'd with the soft winds of Praise. Thus wash'd, cleans'd, and refresh'd, you will be fit to enter into the Palace of Fame.  
*Faction.* Heyday, where will your Tongue carry us?  
*Bon' Esprit.* As high as it can, even to the House of Fame, which stands on the highest pinnacle of Heaven.  
*Ambition.* Let me examine you, Are you not carry'd by love to the top of Parnassus Hill?  
*Superbe.* By Jupiter, she that went to catch Love, is catch'd by Love her self.  
*Portrait.* Venus forbid: for that would be such a disgrace, as we shall be never able to pull off, or rub out.  
*Bon' Esprit.* What you cannot rub out, or pull off, you must be content to wear with patience.

Exit Bon' Esprit.

*Pleasure.* I suspect her.  
*Ambition.* I confess I doubt her.  
*Superbe.* I fear your doubts.  
*Faction.* I am confident we have lost her, striving to catch him.  
*Portrait.* Let us follow her, and examine her.

Exeunt.

Scene 18.

Enter Monsieur Sensuality, and Monsieur Censure.

*Sensuality.* I hear that thou intend'st to be a marry'd man shortly.  
*Censure.* Yes saith; I am going to put my neck into the nooze.  
*Sensuality.* Nay, if you nooze it, harg it; for the nooze of mariage is ten times worse than the halter of death.  
*Censure.* I am not of your Opinion.  
*Sensuality.* Why then thou art not of a wise opinion: for in Death there is no trouble, and in Mariage no quiet.  
*Censure.* A single life is melancholy, being solitary.  
*Sensuality.* So I perceive rather than you I want company; thou wilt associate thy self with cares and vexations.  
*Censure.* No, I will associate my self with Wife and Children.

Kkkk

Sensu

*Sensuality.* Well, let me tell you, if that thou marriest, a hundred to one but thou wilt be a Cuckold.

*Censure.* I hope not.

*Sensuality.* How canst thou have hopes, when that the Gods are Cuckolds? wherefore 'tis impossible mortal men should escape.

*Censure.* All the Gods are not so, it is but only limping *Vulcan* that is one.

*Sensuality.* Pardon me: for if their divine Wives make them not Cuckolds, yet their humane Wives do.

*Censure.* But the Gods marry not humane creatures.

*Sensuality.* But humane creatures marry the Gods, and that is all one: for in all Religions there are Nuns are the Gods humane wives, and did not *Cataline* Cuckold the Gods, when he lay with a Vestal Nun? And many more are mentioned in Story, and you may well believe all are not Recorded.

*Censure.* Well, if the Gods be Cuckolds, I may have the less cause to murmur, if I should be one: for it is an honour to be like the Gods.

*Sensuality.* VWell, I wish as thy friend, that thou mayst flourish in that Honour.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

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### Scene 19.

*Enter Ambition, Faction, Pleasure, Portrait, Superbe, Temperance, as following Madamoiselle Bon' Esprit.*

**P***leasure.* VVe do not like your dark Answers: for Truth is clear.

*Ambition.* Confess, have you deceived us, or not?

*Bon' Esprit.* I have not deceived you: for you did intrust me to draw him to Love, and to be in love as a Lover, and I have discharged your trust, and have brought your designs to pass.

*Faction.* But our designs were that he should be beloved of you, but hated of all our Sex.

*Bon' Esprit.* Why then you did spread your designs beyond your reach: for do you think you have the power of Fate, to rule, govern, and dispose of the passions of Mankind as you please, when alas you are so powerless, as you cannot rule, govern, and dispose of your own passions, and so ignorant, that you know not your own destinies, nor how, nor to what your passions will lead you to: Besides, you injoynd not my passions, you did not forbid me to love him, but only imploy'd my Wit to make him a Lover, and so I have.

*Portrait.* And you have prov'd your self a Fool, in becoming a Lover.

*Bon' Esprit.* Losers may have leave to speak any thing, and therefore I will not quarrel with you.

*Superbe*



*Superbe.* We are not losers by the loss of you.

*Faction.* But we are, for with the loss of her, we have lost our sweet revenge: for by her we thought to have catch'd him like a Woodcock in a Net, and then to have cut off his wings of Fancy, and to have pull'd out his feathers of Pride, or else to have intic'd him like a fool with a rattle, and then to have toss'd him on Satyrical Tongues, as in a blanket of shame: But now, instead of a blanket of shame, he will lie in the Arms of Beauty, and instead of being toss'd with satyrical tongues, he will be flatter'd with kisses, for which we may curse the Fates.

*Pleasure.* But it is strange to me, that she can love such a railing ill-natur'd man as Monsieur *Satyrical*.

*Ambition.* I wonder she doth not blush at her choice! Are you not out of countenance, to be in love with such a man, that is the worst of men?

*Portrait.* Confess, do not you repent?

*Bon' Esprit.* So far am I from repenting, as I love him so well, as he seems to me to be such a person, as to be so much above the rest of Mankind, as he ought to be ador'd, worship'd, kneel'd down and pray'd to, as to a Deity; and the beginning of those prayers offer'd to him should be, O thou worthy-est, meritorious-est, and best of men!

*Faction.* She's mad, she's stark mad: wherefore let us binde her with chains, and whip her with cords, to bring her to her wits again.

*Enter Monsieur Satyrical.*

*Bon' Esprit.* Oh Sir, you are a person born to relieve the distressed, and comfort the afflicted: for you are come in a timely hour, to release me from a company of Furies that threaten me.

*Satyrical.* These Ladies appear too fair to be the daughters of Night, who are said to be the Furies. But Ladies, I hope you will pardon me for taking away so pleasing a companion from you, as my Mistress is; but by her I shall be made Master of a world of happiness, and I shall not only enjoy a world, but a Heavenly Paradise, wherein all Goodness, Virtues, Beauties, and sweet Graces are planted: And what man would not challenge or claim Heaven, if Heaven could be gain'd by claiming; wherefore I challenge and claim this Lady, as being mine to enjoy.

*Faction.* If you had challeng'd or claim'd any other Lady, in my conscience you would have been refused.

*Satyrical.* I desire no more than what I have.

*Exit Satyrical; and his Mistress Bon' Esprit.*

*Portrait.* I could cry with anger.

*Temperance.* Ladies, take my counsel, which is, to be friends with Madam *Bon' Esprit*, and Monsieur *Satyrical*, otherwise they will laugh at you to see what fools they have made you.

*Pleasure.* She gives us good advice; wherefore let us follow it, and be friends.

*Faction.* I may be seemingly friends, but never really friends.

*Temperance.* Why seeming friendship passes and traffiques as well in the world, as those that are real.

*Superbe.* You say well: wherefore let us seem to be friends.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 20.

*Enter Monsieur Frisk, and Mother Matrons, Maid.*

**F***risk.* My fair Maid, what Message have you brought me now ?

*Maid.* My Mistris remembers her loving love unto you, and bids me tell you, that she takes it wondrous unkindly that you shew'd the young Ladies the Letter, and that she heard you mock'd and jeer'd at her.

*Frisk.* Tell her I did but as all Lovers use to do, vaunt of their Mistris's love, and boast of their Mistris's favours.

*Maid.* She doth not like your boasting ; but howsoever, to shew and express her constant love and affectionate heart, she hath sent you two hundred pounds to buy you a Nag.

*Frisk.* I accept of the Present, and tell her I will ride the Nag for her sake.

*Maid.* My Mistris will be a joy'd Woman, to hear that you will ride for her sake.

*Frisk.* But is thy Mistris rich ?

*Maid.* Yes by my truth is she ; for she hath store of bags in her Chests.

*Frisk.* But are they full of gold and silver ?

*Maid.* Yes : for I have seen her tell the money in the bags, bag after bag.

*Frisk.* Is it all her own ?

*Maid.* Yes certainly it is all her own.

*Frisk.* How came she to be so rich ?

*Maid.* Why the young Ladies Parents give her money or moneys worth to Govern and Educate their Daughters, and the young Ladies bribe her to keep their counsels, and see her to be their Agent, and their Courty Servants present her with rich gifts to prefer their Sutes, and to speak in their behalfs to the young Ladies ; and thus she gains on every side, and takes gifts on both hands, and she being miserable and sparing, must needs be rich ; but now she is become a Lover, she begins to grow prodigal, as all Lovers are ; but if she had a million, she says, nay swears, she could bestow it all on her beloved, which beloved is your Worship.

*Frisk.* I could be well content to marry her wealth, and lie with her Maid, but I would not be troubled with the Mistris.

*Maid.* My Mistris, I believe, will be a very fond Wife.

*Frisk.* And that fondness is the second obstacle I stick at : for first to be old, and then to be fond, will be a double misery, as being an intolerable trouble, and a nauseous vexation ; for there is nothing more hateful, than an amorous fond old woman : But if thou wilt be fond of me, I shall like it well ; and if any thing could perswade me to marry thy Mistris, next to her wealth, I will be in hopes of thy kindness. What say you, will you be kind ?

*Maid.* I shall not be undutiful : when you are my Master, I shall deny no service I can do your Worship.

*Frisk.* That's well promis'd : In the mean time remember me to thy Mistris, and thank her for her Present, and tell her, the more such Presents she sends, the welcomer they shall be.

*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene 21.

Enter Monsieur Sensuality, and Madamoiselle Portrait.

**S**ensuality. Madamoiselle, you may do a charitable Act.

Portrait. As how?

Sensuality. As to marry me.

Portrait. If it be a Charity to you, it would be none to my self, but the contrary: I should prove cruel to my self, in making my life unhappy.

Sensuality. Yet it will be a meritorious Act: for what is more meritorious than to save a soul?

Portrait. So I shall rob Pluto of his due and just right.

Sensuality. He will never miss his loss: for on my Conscience he is not so good an Arithmetician, as he could count and number the Millions of souls he hath in Hell, or those he hath right to; nay, if he had the skill of *Ulick*, he could not number them, for they surmount all Accounts.

Portrait. But the torments he puts souls to will find them out.

Sensuality. It is a question whether souls are capable of torments; but howsoever; to put it out of question, pray marry me: for I am become of a sudden very consentious.

Portrait. But there will be another question, which is, Whether Mariage will save you, or not?

Sensuality. O yes: for the Purgatory of Mariage doth purifie Souls, and make them fit for Heaven.

Portrait. But I fear, that if I should marry you, I should do like those that strive to save a drowning man; so I, endeavouring to save you, should lose my self.

Sensuality. There is no Honourable Act, without some danger to the Actor.

Portrait. But all wise Actions have security.

Sensuality. There is no security in Nature.

Portrait. I will consider, although after a wise consideration I do a foolish action, as most considerers do.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene 22.

Enter Monsieur Heroick, and Madamoiselle Ambition.

**H**eroick. Madam, I hear I live in your good Opinion

Ambition. Your merits do.

Heroick. I hope if you do esteem my merits, if I have merits to be esteem'd, you will not despise my Person, nor deny my Sute.

LIII

Ambition

*Ambition.* I esteem of your person for your merits sake, and those that have merits, and are worthy, will make no ignoble Sute: wherefore I may grant it before I know it.

*Heroick.* My Sute is, to accept of me for your Husband.

*Ambition.* I shall not deny to be your Wife.

Enter as to these Couple all the Cabal, as Pleasure, Portrait, Faction, Superbe, Bon' Esprit, Temperance, Matron, Wanton, Excess, Ease, Tranquillous Peace, Vain-glorious, Censure, Satyrical, Frisk, Sensuality, Busie, Inquisitive, Liberty.

*Tranquill.* Well met, Monsieur *Heroical*, and Madamoiselle *Ambition*.

*Inquisitive.* Now we are all met, how shall we pass the time away?

*Pleasure.* Nay rather, how shall we recreate our time?

*Vain-glor.* Let us sit and declare what we love or hate.

*All speak.* Agreed,

*Superbe.* Shall we declare our love or our hate first?

*Censure.* Our love first.

*Heroick.* Nay faith let love close up our discourse.

*Ambition.* Then let hate be the Gentleman-Usher.

*Bon' Esprit.* She will usher you into foul ways.

*Sensuality.* Let her usher us into as foul ways as she will, we will follow her.

*All speak.* Begin, begin.

*Superbe.* I hate poverty: for that dejects the Spirits, and oppresth the Life.

*Satyrical.* I hate falshood: for that deceives my Reason, and blind-folds my Senses.

*Bon' Esprit.* I hate a fool, because he obstructs my Understanding, and sets my Brain on the Rack.

*Tranquill.* I hate noise, because it disturbs my thoughts, hurts my hearing, and buries sense, reason, and auricular words.

*Pleasure.* I hate sickness, because it is a friend to Death.

*Vain-glor.* I hate vain follies, because they bring neither content, pleasure, nor profit.

*Ambition.* I hate a Court, because it puts Modesty out of countenance, Patience out of humour, and Merit out of favour.

*Heroick.* I hate a slavish Peace, because there is no employment for noble active spirits.

*Excess.* I hate truth, because it tells me my faults.

*Busie.* I hate truth, because it hinders my search thereof.

*Ease.* I hate motion, because therein there is no rest.

*Inquisitive.* I hate rest, because it makes no Inquiries.

*Temperance.* I hate life, because therein is more pain and trouble than pleasure or peace.

*Liberty.* I hate restraint, because it inflaves life.

*wanton.* I hate a Nunnery, because it doth not only restrain, but bar our Sex from the sight of men.

*Temperance.* Thoulovest men well, that their very sight delights thee.

*Censure.* I hate light, because it discovers Lovers.

*Faction.* I hate darkness, because it conceals Adulteries.

*Sensuality*

*Sensuality.* I hate a chaste Beauty, because she quenches my hopes, and inflames my desires.

*Portrait.* I hate Madamoiselle *la Belle*, because Monsieur *Sensuality* did like her.

*Frisk.* I hate Age : for that vades Beauty, and banishes Lovers.

*Matron.* No more of Age and Hate, take Love without Beauty.

*Bon' Esprit.* Mother *Matron* would have you take her.

*Frisk.* Nay faith we will leave Mother *Matron*, and begin with Love.

*Inquisitive.* I love plenty : for in plenty lives happiness.

*wanton.* I love freedom : for in freedom lives pleasure.

*Temperance.* By your favour, Plenty may want happiness, and Freedom pleasure.

*Sensuality.* I love to go to Church.

*Temperance.* What, to hear a Sermon ?

*Sensuality.* No, to meet a Mistress.

*Temperance.* Out upon thee thou Reprobate, would you make a Church a Bawdy-house ?

*Sensuality.* No, I would make that place where Beauties were, a Church, and the fairest should be the Gods I would pray to.

*Temperance.* There are not any that are fair will hear you.

*Sensuality.* And those that are foul I will not pray to.

*Censure.* Follow Love : for that makes all things fair and pleasing.

*Ease.* I love silence : for in silence my life lives easily, my thoughts freely, and my mind harmoniously.

*Temperance.* Sometimes the thoughts disturb the mind, and so the life more than noise disturbs the thoughts.

*Vain-glor.* I love Honour for in Honour lives Respect.

*Portrait.* I love Beauty : for in Beauty lives admiration.

*Heroick.* I love Fame : for in Fame lives the memory of the best of my Actions.

*Ambition.* I love power : for in power lives Adorations.

*Satyrical.* I love Wit : for that delights my self, and recreates my friends.

*Bon' Esprit.* I love Eloquence : for that delights my Ear.

*Temperance.* But Eloquence will deceive your Judgment, delude your Understanding, and flatter your Passions with insinuating persuasions, and will draw you into an Erroneous Belief, and by that unto unjust actions.

*Sensuality.* I love Madamoiselle *Portrait*.

*Portrait.* I love Monsieur *Sensuality*.

*Heroick.* I love Madamoiselle *Ambition*.

*Ambition.* I love Monsieur *Heroick*.

*Satyrical.* I love Madamoiselle *Bon' Esprit*.

*Bon' Esprit.* I love Monsieur *Satyrical*.

*Vain-glor.* I love Madamoiselle *Superbe*.

*Superbe.* I love Monsieur *Vain-glorious*.

*Tranquill.* I love Madamoiselle *Pleasure*.

*Pleasure.* I love Monsieur *Tranquillitous Peace*.

*Censure.* I love Madamoiselle *Faction*.

*Faction.* I love Monsieur *Censure*.

*Busie.* I love *ma filia Excess*.

*Excess.* I love Monsieur *Busie*.

*Liberty.* I love *ma filia wanton*.

*Wanton.* I love Monsieur *Liberty*.

*Ease.* I love a single life : for in Mariage lives too much trouble to live in Ease.

*Temperance.* I love to continue a Widow : for Temperance is banish'd from most places and persons.

*Matron.* I love Monsieur *Frisk* ; but Monsieur *Frisk* loves not me.

*Censure.* Faith I'll perswade him to love, if not thy person, yet thy wealth, for thou art rich, and he hath hardly enough means to bear up his Gentility : Besides, one Maid and one Widow is enough, more would be too much.

*Faction.* And one Batchelour.

*Censure.* Who's that ?

*Faction.* Monsieur *Inquisitive*.

*Censure.* Faith 'tis fit and proper he should live a Batchelour : for an Inquisitive Husband would not be good, neither for his own sake, nor his Wifes.

*Temperance.* But Gentlemen and Ladies, although you all say you love such a Lady, and such a Lady loves such a Gentleman, yet you do not say you will marry each other.

*Faction.* You may be sure, if we do publickly profess love, we intend to marry : for though we may love and not marry, or marry and not love, yet not profess it in an open Assembly ; for Love without Mariage lives *incognito*.

*Tranquill.* But mariage without love is visible enough : for it lies to the view of all their neighbours knowledge.

*Temperance.* Well, noble Gentlemen, and vertuous Ladies, if you resolve all to marry, I would advise you to marry all in one day.

*Bon' Esprit.* O Madam *Temperance*, you are sick.

*Temperance.* Why ?

*Superbe.* By reason healthful temperance never gives such surfering counsel : for there are as many of us as might be marrying a year, and keeping their Festivals, and you would have all marry'd in one day.

*Ambition.* Madam *Temperance* means, she would have a whole year as one Wedding-day

*Heroick.* And one Wedding-day to the Bride and Bridegroom, is as one whole year.

*Satyrical.* Not to every Bride and Bridegroom : for on my Conscience Monsieur *Frisk*, if he should marry *Mother Matron*, will think his Wedding-day but a minute long.

*Faction.* But *Mother Matron* will think the day an Age.

*Portrait.* You speak so loud, she'l hear you.

*Faction.* O no, for the most part she is deaf : for she many times stops wool into her ears to keep out the cold.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 23.

Enter two Gentlemen.

**G**entlem. I hear that *wits Cabal* is removing out of *Cupids Court* into *Hymens* prison, and there to be bound in bonds of Mattrimony.

**2 Gent.** Faith I pity the *Cabal*, and condemn their Wit, by reason it did not keep them out of slavery.

**1 Gentle.** Wit is both a Pander and a Traitor: for Wit is a Pimp in *Cupids Court*, and betrays his Court to *Hymens* Prison.

**2 Gentlem.** There are no prisoners look so dejectedly as *Hymens* prisoners.

**1 Gentle.** There is great reason for it: for they are almost starv'd for want of variety, and they have less liberty than other prisoners have.

Exeunt.

Scene 24.

Enter two other Gentlemen.

**1 Gentle.** You hear of the great Mariages that are concluded on, and they are to be dispatch'd out of hand.

**2 Gent.** Hear of them (say you) I must stop my Ears, and shut my Eyes, if I did not both hear and see their preparations: for all the Tradefmen are so busily imploy'd, as if they were never to sell or work more after these Mariages.

**1 Gent.** What Tradefmen are those?

**2 Gent.** Why Taylors, Shoemakers, Hofiers, Seamstresses, Feather-men, Periwig-makers, Perfumers, Clothiers, Linnengers, Silk-men, Mercers, Milleners, Haberdashers, Cutlers, Spurriers, Saddlers, Coach-makers, Upholsterers, besides Confectioners, Cooks, Bakers, Brewers, Butchers, Poulterers, and twenty more I cannot think of.

**1 Gent.** They will kill and destroy so many creatures for their Feasts, that they will make a massacre.

**2 Gent.** A Famine I think:

**1 Gent.** But there will be great dancings at the Court they say: for there will be Masks, Plays, Balls, and such braveries as never was.

**2 Gent.** These publick Weddings, and such publick Revellings, put the Gentry to more charges, than many times they are able to spare; which if it were not for Revelling, there would be no need of such vain and idle Expences.

**1 Gent.** I mean to be at some charges, as to make me a new Suit or two of Cloaths.

**2 Gent.** Faith I will spare my purse, and stay at home.

Exeunt.

## Scene 25.

Enter the several Couples, Heroick and Ambition, Tranquillitous Peace and Pleasure, Satyrical and Bon' Esprit, Vain-glorious and Superbe, Censure and Faction, Sensuality and Portrait, Busie and Excess, Liberty and Wanton, Frisk and Mother Matron.

**V** *Ainglor.* Where will you keep your Wedding-Feast;

*Heroick.* We will keep ours at the Court.

*Censure.* So will we.

*Vain-glor.* And so will we.

*Busie.* And so will we.

*Tranquill.* If you please, Mistris, we will keep ours in the Country.

*Pleasure.* I approve of it.

*Satyrical.* If my Mistris agree, we will keep ours at the Play-house, and feast and dance upon the Stage.

*Bon' Esprit.* I agree and approve of your Choice.

*Censure.* An Ordinary, or Tavern, is a more commodious place for the Society of the Wits: for I am sure all the Wits will meet there.

*Satyrical.* But if an Ordinary, or Tavern, be more commodious, yet they are not so publick places as the Theaters of Players; so that Wits may be merrier and freer in a Tavern, but not so divulged as on a Stage in a Play-House.

*Heroick.* The truth is, an Ordinary or Tavern is a more proper place for Monsieur *Sensuality* and his Mistris to keep their Wedding-Feast, than for Monsieur *Satyrical* and his Mistris.

*Sensuality.* By your favour, the most proper place for us is the Court.

*Busie.* I think that an Hospitable Gentlemans House in the Country, is most proper for Monsieur *Sensuality* to keep his Wedding-Feast in.

*Superbe.* That is a more proper place for *Liberty* and *Wanton*.

*Faction.* Nay, by your favour, another House (which shall be nameless, for fear of offending) is fitter for them.

*Matron.* My Honey sweet Love, where shall we keep our Wedding-Feast?

*Frisk.* For your sake, my Sugar-sweeting, we will keep it in *Bedlam*, and Monsieur *Busie* and his Bride shall keep us company.

*Matron.* Thou art a very wag, my Love.

• *Tranquil.* We are all agreed.

*Sensuality.* Pray Jove we speed.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.



The UNNATURAL TRAGEDIE.

The Actors Names,

- 
- Monsieur Pere.
  - Monsieur Frere, and his Friend.
  - Monsieur la Marry.
  - Monsieur Malateste.
  - Monsieur Sensible.
  - Monsieur Fefy, Mounseur Malatestes Friend.
  - Two Gentlemen.
  - Madam ma Soeur.
  - Madam Bonit, the first Wife of Monsieur Malateste.
  - Madam Malateste, the second Wife.
  - Mademoiselle Amor, daughter to Monsieur sensible.
  - The Sociable Virgins.
  - Two Matrons.
  - Nan and Jone, two Maid-servants of Madam Bonit.
  - Servants and others:
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# PROLOGUE

**A** Tragedy I usher in to day,  
All Mirth is banish'd in this Serious Play ;  
Yet sad Contentment may She to you bring,  
In pleas'd Expressions of each sev'ral thing.  
Our Poetres is confident, no Fears,  
Though 'gainst her Sex the Tragick-Buskins wears,  
But you will like it, some few howers spent, (meant,  
She'l know your Censure by your hands what's

*This Prologue was written by my Lord  
Marquiss of Newcastle.*

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THE

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THE  
UNNATURAL TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter Monsieur Frere, and his Friend.*



*Monsieur Frere.* Since we are come out of our own Country to travel, we will go into *Turky*, if you will, and see that Country.

*Friend.* With all my heart; but now I think on't better, I will stay here a while longer for the *Curtezans* sake: for we shall never get such store, nor such choice of *Mistrisses*; therefore, though the sober and chaste women are kept up here in *Italy*, yet the wild and wanton are let loose to take their liberty: But in *Turky*, that barbarous Country, all are kept close, those that will, as well as those that will not; but if they had the custome of *Italy*, to keep up only their honest women, it were a Charity: for otherwise a man loses his time in Courting those women that will not accept of his love: for how should a man know whether women will, or will not, having all sober faces, and demure countenances, coy carriages, and denying words?

*Frere.* But yet they consent at last: for Importunity and Opportunity, 'tis said, wins the chastest she.

*Friend.* Faith all the flowry Rhetorick, and the most observing times, and fittest opportunities, and counterfeiting dyings, win nothing upon a cold Icy Constitution, or an obstinate Morality; 'tis true, it may work some good effect upon an Icy Conscience.

*Enter a man to Monsieur Frere with a Letter.*

*Frere.* From whence comes that Letter?

*Man.* From *France* Sir I believe, from your Father.

*Exit man.*

*He opens it, and reads it to himself.*

*Friend.* What News? Hath thy Father sent thee money?

*Frere.* Yes, but it is to return home: for he hath sent me word my Sister is marry'd to a very rich, honest, and sweet-natur'd man; and that also he would have me come home to marry a rich Heir, one that is his Neighbors Daughter: for my Father says he desires to see me settled in the World before he dies, having but us two, my Sister and I.

N n n n

*Friend*

*Friend.* Why, is he sick, that he talks of dying?

*Frere.* No, but he is old, and that is more certain of Deaths approach.

*Friend.* But is your sister marry'd, say you?

*Frere.* Yes.

*Friend.* Faith I am sorry for't: for I thought to have marry'd her myself.

*Frere.* Marry she would have had but a wilde Husband, if she had marry'd you.

*Friend.* The thoughts of this rich Heir, make thee speak most precisely, as if thou wert the most temperate man in the world, when there is none so debouish as thou art.

*Frere.* Prethee hold thy tongue, for I am very discreet.

*Friend.* Yes, to hide thy faults, to dissemble thy passions, and to compass thy desires; but not to abate any of them: Well, if thy sister had not been marry'd, I would have prais'd thee, but now I will rail against thee: for losers may have leave to talk.

*Frere.* Why, what hopes could you have had to marry her?

*Friend.* Why, I was thy Friend, and that was hope enough. But is thy sister so handsome as Fame reports her?

*Frere.* I cannot tell; for I never saw her since I was a little boy, and she a very child, I being kept strictly at School, and from thence to the University: And when I was to travel, I went home, but then she was at an Ants house a hundred miles from my Fathers house, so as I saw her not; but I must leave off this discourse, unless you'll return into *France* with me.

*Friend.* No faith, thou shalt return without me: for I will not goe so soon, unless my Friends had provided me a rich Heiress to welcom me home: but since they have not, I mean to stay and entertain my self and time with the plump *Venetians*.

*Frere.* Fare thee well Friend, and take heed you entertain not a disease.

*Friend.* Thou speakest as if thou wert a *Convertito*.

*Exeunt*

*Scene 2.*

*Enter Madam Bonit alone, and sits down to work, as sewing; as she is working, Monsieur Malateste, her Husband, enters.*

**M***onsieur Malateste.* You are always at work, for what use is it? You spend more money in silk, cruel, thread, and the like, than all your work is worth.

*Madam Bonit.* I am now making you bands.

*Malateste.* Pray let my bands alone: for I'm sure they will be so ill favour'd as I cannot wear them.

*Bonit.* Do not condemn them before you have try'd them.

*Malateste.* You may make them; but I wil never wear them.

*Bonit.* Well, I will not make them, since you dislike it.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

Enter two Gentlemen.

**G**ent. Come, will you go to the Gaming-house?

**2 Gent.** What to do?

**1 Gent.** To play at Cards, or the like Games.

**2 Gent.** I will never play at such Games but with women.

**1 Gent.** Why so?

**2 Gent.** Because they are Effeminate Pastime; and no manly Actions; neither will I meerly rely upon Fortunes favour without merit, as Gamblers do.

**1 Gent.** Why then will you go to a Tavern?

**2 Gent.** For what?

**1 Gent.** To drink.

**2 Gent.** I am not thirsty.

**1 Gent.** But I would have you drink until you are thirsty.

**2 Gent.** That's to drink drunk.

**1 Gent.** And that's that I desire to be.

**2 Gent.** What?

**1 Gent.** Why drunk.

**2 Gent.** So do not I: for I will not wilfully make my self incapable, as I can neither be able to serve my King, Country, nor Friend, nor defend my Honour: for when I am drunk, I can do neither; for a man drunk, is weaker than a child that hath not strength to go or stand; and is worse than those that are dumb; for the dumb keep silence, when those that are drunk, do stutter and stammer out non-sense, and make themselves fools; besides, every Coward will take courage to beat, at least affront a man that is drunk; when as he dares not look aside, or come near him without respect, when he is sober.

**1 Gent.** Come, come, thou shalt go, if it be but to decide our drunken quarrels, and allay the wrathful vapour of *Bacchus*.

**2 Gent.** No, I will never decide the disputes of Fool, Mad-men, Drunkards, nor Women: for Fools understand no Reason, Mad-men have lost their Reason, Drunkards will hear no Reason, and Women are not capable of Reason.

**1 Gent.** Why are women not capable of Reason?

**2 Gent.** Because it is thought, or rather believ'd, that women have no rational souls, being created out of man, and not from *Jove*, as man was.

**1 Gent.** If *Jove* hath not given them rational souls, I am sure Nature hath given them beautiful bodies, with which *Jove* is enamour'd, or else the Poets lye.

**2 Gent.** Poets describe *Jove* according to their own passions, and after their own appetites.

**1 Gent.** Poets are *Joves* Priests.

**2 Gent.** And Natures Panders.

**1 Gent.** Well, if you will neither go to the Gaming-house, Tavern, nor Bawdy-house, will you go and visit the sociable Virgins.

**2 Gent.** Yes, I like sociable Virginity very well. But pray what are those

fociable Virgins, which you would have me go to see?

1 *Gent.* VVhy a company of young Ladies that meet every day to discourse and talk, to examine, censure, and judge of every body, and of every thing.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis pity, if they have not learn'd the rules of Logick, if they talk so much, that they may talk sense.

1 *Gent.* I will assure you they have voluble Tongues, and quick VVits.

2 *Gent.* Let us go then.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 4.*

*Enter Monsieur Malateste, to his Wife Madam Bonit.*

**M**alateste. Lord, how ill-favour'd you are drest to day!

Bonit. VVhy I am cleanly.

Malateste. You had need be so: for if you were ill-favour'dly drest and sluttish too, it were not to be endur'd.

Bonit. VVell Husband, I will strive to be more fashionably drest.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 5.*

*Enter Monsieur Pere, and Monsieur Frere, as newly come from Travelling.*

**M**onsieur Pere. Well Son, but that you are as a stranger, having not seen you in a long time, I would otherwise have chid you for spending so much since you went to travel.

Frere. Sir, travelling is chargeable, especially when a man goeth to inform himself of the Fashions, Maners, Customs, and Countries he travel-leth through.

*Enter Madam la Sœur, and Monsieur Marry, her Husband, where they salute and welcome their Brother home.*

Pere. Look you Son, I have increas'd my Family since you went from home, your Sisters Beauty hath got me another Son.

Sœur. And I make no question but my Brothers noble and gallant Actions will get you another Daughter.

Pere. Well Son, I must have you make haste and marry, that you may give me some Grand-children to uphold my Posterity, for I have but you two; and your sister, I hope, will bring me a Grand-son soon: for her Maids say she is sick a mornings, which is a good sign she is breeding, although she will not confes it: for young marry'd Wives are aham'd to confes when they are with Child, they keep it as private, as if their Child were unlawfully begotten.

*Monsieur*

*Monsieur Frere all the while looks upon his Sister very stedfastly.*

*Marry.* Me thinks my Brother doth something resemble my Wife.

*Frere.* No Sir, Brother, so rude a made face as mine, can never resemble so well a shap'd face as my sisters.

*Marry.* I believe the *Venetian Ladies* had a better opinion of your face and person than you deliver of your self.

*Sour.* My Brother cannot choose but be weary, coming so long a Journey to day: wherefore it were fit we should leave him to pull off his boots.

*Pere.* Son, now I think of't, I doubt you are grown so tender since you went into *Italy*, as you can hardly endure your boots to be roughly pull'd off.

*Frere.* I am very sound Sir, and in very good health.

*Pere.* Art thou so? Come thy ways then.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 6.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste, and Madam Bonit his Wife.*

*Malateste.* Wife, I have some occasion to sell some Land; and I have none that is so convenient to sell as your Joynture.

*Bonit.* All my Friends will condemn me for a fool, if I should part with my Joynture.

*Malateste.* Why then you will not part with it?

*Bonit.* I do not say so: for I think you so honest a man; that if you should die before me, as Heaven forbid you should.

*Malateste.* Nay leave your prayers.

*Bonit.* Well Husband, you shall have my Joynture

*Malateste.* If I shall, go fetch it.

*She goes out, and comes back and brings the writing, and gives it him, and then he makes haste to be gone.*

*Bonit.* Surely Husband, I deserve a kifs for't.

*Malateste.* I cannot stay to kifs.

*Enter Madam Bonits Maid Joan.*

*Joan.* Madam, what will you have for your supper: for I hear my Master doth not sup at home.

*Bonit.* Any thing *Jone*; a little *Ponado*, or *Water-gruel*.

*Joan.* Your Ladyships Diet is not costly.

It satisfies Nature as well as costly *Olio's* or *Bisks*; and I desire onely to feed my Hunger, not my *Gusto*: for I am neither gluttonous nor lickerish.

*Joan.* No, I'll be sworn are you not.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 7.

Enter the Sociable Virgins, and two Grave Matrons.

1 **M**atron. Come Ladies, what discourse shall we have to day?

1 *Virgin*. Let us sit and rail against men.

2 *Matron*. I know young Ladies love men too well to rail against them; besides, men always praise the Effeminate Sex, and will you rail at those that praise you?

2 *Virgin*. Though men praise us before our faces, they rail at us behind our backs.

2 *Matron*. That's when you are unkind, or cruel.

3 *Virgin*. No, 'tis when we have been too kind, and they have taken a surfeit of our company.

1 *Matron*. Indeed an over-plus of Kindness, will soon surfeit a mans Affection.

4 *Virgin*. Wherefore I hate them, and resolve to live a single life; and so much I hate men, that if the power of *Alexander* and *Cesar* were joyn'd into one Army, and the courage of *Achilles* and *Hector* were joyn'd into one Heart, and the wisdom of *Solomon* and *Ulysses* into one Brain, and the Eloquence of *Tully* and *Demosthenes* into one Tongue, and this all in one man, and had this man the Beauty of *Narcissus*, and the youth of *Adonis*, and would marry me, I would not marry him.

2 *Matron*. Lady, let me tell you, the Youth and Beauty would tempt you much.

4 *Virgin*. You are deceiv'd: for if I would marry, I would sooner marry one that were in years: for it were better to chuse grave Age, than fantastical Youth; but howsoever, I will never marry: for those that are unmarried, appear like birds, full of life and spirit; but those that are married, appear like beasts, dull and heavy, especially married men.

1 *Matron*. Men never appear like beasts, but when women make them so.

1 *Virgin*. They deserve to be made beasts, when they strive to make women fools.

2 *Virgin*. Nay, they rather think us fools, than make us so: for most Husbands think, when their Wives are good and obedient, that they are simple.

1 *Virgin*. When I am married, I'll never give my Husband cause to think me simple for my obedience: for I will be cross enough.

3 *Virg*. That's the best way: for Husbands think a cross and contradicting Wife is witty; a bold and commanding Wife, of a heroick spirit; a subtil and crafty Wife to be wise, a prodigal Wife to be generous, a false Wife to be beautiful: And for those good qualities he loves her best, otherwise he hates her; nay, the falser she is, the fonder he is of her.

4 *Virgin*. Nay, by your favour, for the most part, Wives are so inflav'd, as they dare not look upon any man but their Husbands.

1 *Matron*. What better object can a woman have than her Husband?

1 *Virgin*. By your leave, *Matron*, one object is tiresome to view often, when variety of objects are very pleasing and delightful: for variety of objects clear the senses, and refresh the mind, when only one object dulls both sense



sense and mind, that makes married wives so sad and melancholy, when they keep no other company but their Husbands; and in truth they have reason: for a Husband is a surfet to the Eyes, which causes a loathing dislike unto the mind; and the truth is, that variety is the life and delight of Nature's works, and Women being the only Daughters of Nature, and not the Sons of *Jove*, as men are feigned to be, are more pleased with variety, than men are.

*Matron.* Which is no honour to the Effeminate Sex; but I perceive, Lady, you are a right begotten daughter of Nature, and will follow the steps of your Mother.

*Virgin.* Yes, or else I should be unnatural, which I will never be.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

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### *Scene 8.*

*Enter Monsieur Pere, and Monsieur Frere.*

*Monsieur Frere.* Sir, I wonder, since my sister is so handsome, that you did not marry her more to her advantage.

*Pere.* Why Son, I think I have marry'd her very well for your advantage: for her beauty was her only Portion, and she is marry'd to a noble Gentleman who hath a very great Estate.

*Frere.* But Sir, her beauty doth deserve a King, nay an Emperour, a *Cæsar* of the World.

*Pere.* O Son, you are young, which makes you partial on your sisters side.

*Exeunt.*

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### *Scene 9.*

*Enter Madam Bonit, and her Maid Nan.*

*Bonit.* It's a strange forgetfulness not to come near me in two hours, but let me sit without a fire: if you were my Mistis, I should make a conscience to be more diligent than you are, if I did take wages for my service; you do.

*Nan.* If you do not like me, take another.

*Bonit.* If you be weary of my service, pray change; perchance you may at a better Mistis, and I hope I shall get as careful a servant.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 10.

Enter the Sociable Virgins, and the Matrons.

1 *Virgin*. I would have all women bred to manage Civil Affairs, and men to manage the Military, both by Sea and Land; also women to follow all Manufactures at home, and the men all Affairs that are abroad; likewise all Arts of Labour, the men to be employ'd in, and for all Arts of Curiosity, the women.

2 *Virgin*. Nay certainly, if women were employ'd in the Affairs of State, the World would live more happily.

3 *Virgin*. So they were employ'd in those things or business that were proper for their strength and capacity.

1 *Matron*. Let me tell you, Ladies, women have no more capacity than what is as thin as a Cobweb-laun, which every eye may see through, even those that are weak and half blind.

4 *Virgin*. Why we are not Fools, we are capable of Knowledge, we only want Experience and Education, to make us as wise as men.

*Matron*. But women are incapable of publick Employments.

1 *Virgin*. Some, we will grant are, so are some men: for some are neither made by Heaven, Nature, nor Education, fit to be State-men.

2 *Virgin*. And Education is the chief: for Lawyers and Divines can never be good State-men, they are too learned to be wise; they may be good Orators, but never subtil Counsellors; they are better Disputers than Contrivers; they are fitter for Faction than Reformation; the one makes quarrels, or upholds quarrels, the other raises doubts: But good State-men are bred in Courts, Camps, and Cities, and not in Schools and Closets, at Bars and in Pulpits; and women are bred in Courts and Cities, they only want the Camp to give them the perfect State-breeding.

3 *Virgin*. Certainly, if we had that breeding, and did govern, we should govern the world better than it is.

4 *Virgin*. Yes, for it cannot be govern'd worse than it is: for the whole World is together by the Ears, all up in Wars and Blood, which shews there is a general defect in the Rulers and Governors thereof.

1 *Virgin*. Indeed the State-Counsellors in this Age have more Formality than Policy, and Princes more plausible words, than rewardable deeds; in-somuch as they are like Fiddlers, that play Artificially and Skilfully, yet it is but a sound which they make and give, and not real presences.

2 *Virg*. You say true; and as there is no Prince that hath had the like good fortune as *Alexander* and *Cesar*, so none have had the like Generosities as they had, which shews, as if Fortune (when she dealt in good earnest, and not in mockery) measur'd her gifts by the largeness of the Heart, and the liberality of the hand of those she gave to: And as for the death of those two Worthies, she had no hand in them, nor was she any way guilty thereof: for the Gods distribute life and death without the help of Fortune.

*Matron*. 'Tis strange, Ladies, to hear how you talk without knowledge; neither is it fit for such young Ladies as you are to talk of State-matters; leave this discourse to the Autumnal of your Sex, or old Court-Ladies, who take upon them to know every thing, although they understand nothing. But your

your Discourse should be of Masks, Plays, and Balls, and such like Recreations, fit for your Youth and Beauties.

Scene 11.

Enter Monsieur Malateste, and Madam Bonit.

**M**alateste. What's the reason you turn away *Nan*?

**Bonit.** Why she turns away me: for she is more willing to be gone, than I to have her go.

**Malateste.** It is a strange humour in you, as never to be pleas'd: for you are always quarrelling with your servants.

**Bonit.** Truly I do not remember that ever I had a dispute or quarrel with any servant since I was your Wife, before this with your Maid *Nan*; and to prove it, is, that I do not speak many words in a whole day.

**Malateste.** Those you speak, it seems, are sharp.

**Bonit.** Let it be as you say: for I will not contradict you.

**Malateste.** Well, then take notice I will not have *Nan* turn'd away.

**Bonit.** I am glad she pleases you so well, and sorry I can please you no better.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 12.

Enter Monsieur Frere alone.

**F**riere. She is very handsom, extreme handsom, beyond all the women that ever Nature made. O that she were not my sister!

Enter Madam Sœur.

*He starts.*

**Sœur.** I doubt, Brother, I have surpriz'd you with my sudden coming in, or you start.

**Frere.** Your Beauty, Sister, will not only surprize, but astonish any man at looks thereon.

**Sœur.** You have us'd your self so much to dissembling Courtships since you went into *Italy*, as you cannot forbear using them to your sister: But lay leave off that unnecessary civility to me, and let us talk familiarly, as others and sisters use to do.

**Frere.** With all my heart, as familiarly as you please.

**Sœur.** Pray Brother tell me, if the women in *Italy* be handsom, and what fashions they have, and how they are behav'd.

**Frere.** To tell you in short, they are so Artify'd, as a man cannot tell whether they are naturally handsom, or not: As for their Behaviour, they are very Modest, Grave, and Ceremonious, in publick and in private, confident, bold, and free, after an humble and insinuating manner: they are bred to all virtues, especially to dance, sing, and play on Musical Instruments: they are

naturally crafty, deceitful, false, covetous, luxurious, and amorous; they love their pleasures better than Heaven: As for their fashion of garments, they change as most Nations do, as one while in one, and then in another: As for their Houses, they are furnish'd richly, and themselves adorned cost-ly when they keep at home in their houses: for they dress themselves finest when they entertain strangers or acquaintance; but this Relation is only of the Curtezans: As for those that are kept honest, I can give little or no account: for they are so inclos'd with locks and bolts, and only look through a jealousy, so as a stranger cannot obtain a sight, much less an acquaintance.

*Sœur.* Then they have not that liberty we French women have.

*Frere.* O no.

*Sœur.* Why, do they fear they would all turn Curtezans if they should be left to themselves?

*Frere.* The men are jealous, and will not put it to the trial: for though they are all Merchants, even the Princes themselves, yet they will not venture their wives.

*Sœur.* I would not live there for all the World, for to be so restrain'd: for it is said, that Italian men are so jealous of their wives, as they are jealous of their Brothers, Fathers, and Sons.

*Frere.* They are so: for they are wise, and know Nature made all in common, and to a general use: for particular Laws were made by Men, not by Nature.

*Sœur.* They were made by the Gods, Brother.

*Frere.* What Gods Sister, old men with long beards?

*Sœur.* Fie, fie, Brother, you are grown so wild in *Italy*, as *France*, I doubt, will hardly reclaim you; but I hope when you are marry'd, you will be reform'd, and grow sober.

*Frere.* Why Sister, are you become more sober or reform'd since you are marry'd?

*Sœur.* No Brother, I never was wild nor wanton, but always modest and honest.

*Frere.* Faith Sister, me thinks you might have been marry'd more to your advantage than you are, had not my Father been so hasty, in marrying you so young.

*Sœur.* Why do you say so Brother, when the man I'm marry'd to is so worthy a person as I do not merit him? neither would I change him for all the World.

*Frere.* Nay Sister, be not angry: for 'tis my extreme love, having no more sisters but you, that makes me speak.

*Sœur.* Prethee Brother do not think I am angry: for I believe it proceeds from love, and that it is your affection that makes you so ambitious for me.

*Frere.* Know Sister, I love you so well, and so much, as 'tis a torment to be out of your company.

*Sœur.* Thank you Brother, and know I desire never to be in any other Company than my Husband, Father, and Brother, nay any other company is troublesome.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

## Scene 13:

Enter the Sociable Virgins, and Matron.

**M**atron. Ladies, how are your wits to day?

**1 Virgin.** Faith my brain is like *Salisbury Plain* to day, where my thoughts run Races, having nothing to hinder their way, and my brain, like *Salisbury-plain*, is so hard, as my thoughts, like the horses heels, leave no print behind, so as I have no wit to day: for Wit is the print and mark of thoughts.

**2 Virgin.** And I am sick to day, and sickness breaks the strings of Wit; and when the strings are broke, no harmony can be made.

**3 Virgin.** It is with Wits as it is with Beauties, they have their good days, as to speak quick, and to look well, to look cloudy, and to speak dully; and though my tongue to day is apt to run like an Alarm-clock, without any intermission, yet my mind being out of order, my tongue will go out of time, as either too fast or too slow, so as no one can tell the true time of sense.

**4 Virgin.** For my part I am so dull to day, as my Wit is buried in stupidity, and I would not willingly speak, unless my speech could work upon every passion in the heart, and every thought in the head.

**1 Virgin.** For my part, if any can take delight in my unfolded tongue and unpolish'd words my discourse is at their service.

**Matron.** Me thinks, Ladies, your Wits run nimbly, fly high, and spread far; wherefore make a witty match, or a match of Eloquence.

**1 Virgin.** With all my heart: for in the Combat of Eloquence I shall do like to a valiant man in a batle; for though he wins not the Victory, yet he proves not a Coward; so though I should not get the victory of Wit, or Eloquence, yet I shall not prove my self a fool.

**2 Virgin.** I will make no such match: for though I have read some few books, yet I have not studied Logick nor Rhetorick, to place and set words in order; and though I have read History, and such like books, yet I have not got their Speeches by heart, nor parts of them, as the parts of one Oration, and a part of another Oration, and of three or four to make up an Oration of my own; as all Orators do now adays; neither have I studied the Morals, or the Fathers, so much as to have their sayings and sentences to stuff my Discourse as Preachers do, and to speak a natural way, although extraordinary witty, as to have their Orations as full of wit as of words, yet it would be condemn'd if the Speaker is not learned, or that their Speeches express not learning.

**3 Virgin.** Now you talk of Speeches and Orations, it seems very strange to me to read the Speeches that Chronologers write down to be truly related, as from the mouths of those that spoke them, especially such as are spoken *ex tempore*, and on a sudden; but more especially those that are spoken in Mutinies, and to a tumultuous multitude, wherein is nothing but distraction, both in the Speakers and Hearers, frights and fears in Opposers, and Assaulters: As for Example; when *Tacitus* set down the Speeches of some persons at such times, when and where, every one is in such fears and disorders, as there seem'd to be not any one person that could have the leisure, time, rest, or silence, to get those Speeches by heart, to bear them away in

their memory, or had they Place, Time, Ink, Pen, or Paper, to write them down.

4 *Virgin*. But the Speeches that *Thucidides* sets down, may be better credited, because most of them were premeditated, and soberly, orderly, and quietly deliver'd, which might more easily be noted, and exactly taken to deliver to posterity.

3 *Virgin*. Another thing is, how *Tacitus* could come to know the particulars and private speeches betwixt man and man, as Friend and Friend, Brother and Brother; and not only the Speeches of the Roman Nations, of which he might be best informed, but the Speeches of persons of other Nations, whose Language was not easily understood, or frequent amongst the Romans; nay not only so, but he hath writ the thoughts of some Commanders and others.

*Matron*. Lady, you must not be so strict in History, as to have every word true: for it is a good History, if the sense, matter, maner, form, and actions be true: As for Example; Say a man should be presented all naked, is he less a man for being naked? or is he more a man for being cloathed, or for being cloathed after another Fashion than his own? So a History is not the less true, if the Actions, Occasions, Forms, and the like be related, although every word be not express'd as they were; so that *Tacitus's* Speeches may be true, as to the sense, although he should express them after his manner, fancy, wit, or judgment. Thus the body or subject of those Speeches might be true, only the dress is new.

3 *Virgin*. But by your leave, let me tell you, that Chronologers do not only new dress truth, but falsifie her, as may be seen in our later Chronologers, such Writers as *Camden*, and the like: for they have written not only partially, but falsly: As for particular Families some *Camden* hath mistaken, and some of Antient Descent he hath not mention'd, and some he hath falsly mention'd, to their prejudice, and some so slightly, as with an undervaluing, as if they were not worth the mention, which is far worse than if he should rail or disclame against them: But I suppose he hath done as I have heard a Tale of one of his like Profession, which was a Schoolmaster, as *Camden* was, which went to whip one of his Scholars, and the boy to save himself, promised his Master, that if he would give him his pardon, that his Mother should give him a fat pig; whereupon the fury of the Pedant was not only pacify'd, but the boy was strok'd, and made much of; so it is to be observ'd, that most Schoolmasters commend those of their scholars most, as to be the most apt and ingenious to their learning, although meer dunces, whose Parents and Friends see or bribe them most, which causes them both to flatter their scholars and their parents: So *Camden*, to follow the practice of his Profession, hath sweeten'd his pen as towards his scholars and their families; and 'tis likely most towards those scholars that were more beneficial to him; but to such persons whose parents had Tutors for them at home, not suffering them to go to common Schools, he hath pass'd over, or lightly mention'd their Families, or hath dip'd his pen in vinegar and gall.

1 *Virgin*. Nay faith is is likelier that he might take some pett at those that did not entertain him at their Houses when he went his Progress about the Kingdome to inform him of the several parts of the Country, before he writ of the same.

2 *Virgin*. I observ'd one Errour in his Writing, that is, when he mentions such Places and Houses, he says, the antient situation of such a worthy Family;

mily, when to my knowledge, many of those Families he mentions, bought those Houses and Lands, some one Descent, some two Descents, some three before, which Families came out of other parts of the Kingdom, or the City, and not to the Antient and Inhereditary Families; but he leaves those Antient Families unmention'd.

*Virgin.* Perchance he thought it fit, that those Families that were so ill Husbands, or had so ill fortunes, as they were forc'd to sell their Antient Inheritance, their memories should be buried in their ruines.

*1 Virgin.* What say you of the Chronologer of the Gods and gallant *Heroes*, which was *Homer*?

*3 Virgin.* I say he was a better Poet than an Historian.

*2 Virgin.* Why *Homers* Works are only a Poetical History, which is a Romance: for Romance Writers heighten natural actions beyond natural power, as to describe by their wit impossible things, yet to make them sound or seem probable.

*1 Virgin.* Nay faith, impossible can never be described to be probable.

*4 Virgin.* I am sure *Homer* was out, or else Noble Persons were not so well bred in his time as they are now in our time; as when he makes them miscall one another, giving one another ill names when they met to fight, as dog, and the like names; when in these our days, when Noble persons meet to fight, they bring Complements in their mouths, and Death in their hands, so as they strive as much in Civility as Courage; indeed true Valour is Courage.

*1 Virgin.* If you condemn *Homer* for making men to speak so, you may condemn him much more for making the Gods to speak after that manner: for he hath made the Gods to speak so, as to call one another dogs, and the like names.

*Virgin.* The truth is, *Homer*, as excellent a Poet as he is fam'd to be, yet he hath not fitted his terms of Language proper to those he makes to speak, or the behaviour of those persons he presents, proper to their Dignities nor Qualities: for, as you say, he makes the Gods in their contentions and fights not only to speak like mortals, but like rude-brad, ill-natur'd Clowns, and to behave themselves like rude, barbarous, brutish and cruel men, when he should have made the Gods to have spoken the most Eloquentest of Humane Language, and after the most Elegant manner, by reason Eloquence hath a Divine Attraction, and Elegance a Divine Grace.

*3 Virgin.* For my part, I can never read *Homer* upon a full stomach: for if I do, I am sick to hear him describe their broyl'd, roast, and boyl'd meats.

*1 Virgin.* For my part I can read him at no time: for my stomach is always so weak, or at least nice, as the discourse of the large Thighs or Chines of Beef and Mutton, with their larded fat, suffocates my spirits, and makes me ready to swoon: for the discourse makes me imagine I smell the strong favour of the gross meats, and the drunken favour of wine.

*Matron.* They had meat fit for souldiers, and not Ladies.

*1 Virgin.* I hope their Concubines, that lay in their Tents, had finer meats, or else they would appear foul purfy slurs.

*4 Virgin.* Why, if they were, they would be handsom enough to serve those slovenly *Heroes*.

*Matron.* Why do you call those great and brave *Heroes* slovens?

*4 Virgin.* Because they kill'd and drest their own meat; and there are no

such greasie fellows as Butchers and Cooks, and therefore must needs stink most horribly.

*2 Virgin.* It was a sign they had excellent stomachs in *Homers* days.

*3 Virgin.* It was a sign *Homer* had a good hungry stomach himself, that he could talk so often and long of meat.

*Matron.* Let me tell you, Ladies, it was a sign those persons in those times were Hospitable and Noble Entertainers; but in these times the Nobler sort are too curious and delicate.

*1 Virgin.* I have observ'd that one pen may blur a Reputation; but one pen will hardly glorifie a Reputation.

*2 Virgin.* No; for to glorifie, requires many pens and witnesses, and all little enough.

*4 Virgin.* It is neither here nor there for that: for merit will get truth to speak for her in Fames Palace; and those that have none, can never get in, or at least to remain there: For have not some Writers spoke well of *Nero*, and striv'd to have glorify'd him, who was the wickedst of all the Emperours? And have not some Writers done the like for *Claudius*, who was the foolishst of all the Emperours? yet they were never the more esteem'd in the House of Fame. And have not some Writers writ ill, and have indeavour'd to blot and blur the Renowns of *Julius Caesar*, and *Augustus Caesar*, and of *Alexander*, and yet they are never the worse esteem'd in the House of Fame; but Heroick Actions, and wise Governors, force pens, although pens cannot force swords.

*2 Virgin.* By your favour, but pens and prints force swords sometimes, nay for the most part: for do not books of Controversies, or ingraving, or printed Laws, make Enemies, and such Enemies, as to pursue with fire and sword to death.

*Virgin.* Well, for my part I do not believe it was the glory of Victory, and conquering the most part of the World, which made *Alexander* and *Cesar* to be so much reverenc'd, admir'd, and renown'd by those following Ages; but that their Heroick Actions were seconded with their generous deeds, distributing their good fortune to the most deserving and meritorious persons in their Parties.

*1 Virgin.* You say true; and as there have been none so Heroical since their deaths, so there have been none so Generous.

*Matron.* Ladies, by your leave you are unlearned, otherwise you would find that there have been Princes since their times; as Heroical and Generous as they were.

*2 Virgin.* No, no, there have been none that had so noble souls as they had; for Princes since their days have been rul'd, check'd and aw'd by their petty Favourites; witness many of the Roman Emperors, and others, when they rul'd and check'd all the World.

*4 Virg.* Indeed Princes are not so severe, nor do they carry that State and Majesty as those in former times for: they neglect that Ceremony now adays, which Ceremony creates Majesty, and gives them a Divine Splendor: for the truth is, Ceremony makes them as Gods, when the want thereof makes them appear as ordinary men.

*1 Virgin.* It must needs: for when Princes throw off Ceremony, they throw off Royalty; for Ceremony makes a King like a God.

*2 Virgin.* Then if I were a King, or had a Royal Power, I would create such Ceremonies, as I would be Deify'd, and so worship'd, ador'd, and pray'd to whilst I live.

*1 Virgin*



*I Virgin.* So would I, rather than to be Sainted or pray'd to when I were dead.

*4 Virgin.* Why, Ceremony will make you as a God, both alive and dead, when without Ceremony you will not be so much as Sainted.

*I Virgin.* I had as lieve be a Saint as a God: for I shall have as many prayers offer'd to me, as if I were made a God.

*Matron.* Come, come, Ladies, you talk like young Ladies, you know not what.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 14.

*Enter Madam Bonit, and her Maid Joan.*

*Joan.* Lord Madam, I wonder at your patience, that you can let *Nan*, not only be in the house, and let my Master lie with her, for she is more in my Masters chamber than in yours; but to let her triumph and domineer, to command all as chief Mistris, not only the servants, but your self, as you are come to be at her allowance.

*Bonit.* How should I help it?

*Joan.* Why if it were to me, I would ring my Husband such a peal, as I would make him weary of his wench, or his life.

*Bonit.* Yes, so I may disquiet my self, but not mend my Husband: for men that love variety, are not to be alter'd, neither with compliance or rousness.

*Joan.* 'Tis true, if he would, or did love variety; but he onely loves *Nan*, a Wench which hath neither the Wit; Beauty, nor good Nature of your Ladyship.

*Bonit.* I thank you *Joan* for your commendations.

*Joan.* But many times a good-natur'd Wife will make an ill-natur'd Husband:

*Bonit.* That's when men are fools, and want the wit and judgment to value worth and merit, or not to understand it.

*Joan.* Why then my Master is one; but why will you be so good as to spoil your Husband? for in my conscience, if you were worse, he would be better.

*Bonit.* The reason is, that Self-love hath the first place, and therefore I will not dishonour my self, to mend or reform my Husband: for every one is only to give account to Heaven, and to the World, of their own actions, and not of any others actions, unless it be for a witness.

*Joan.* Then I perceive you will not turn away this Wench.

*Bonit.* It is not in my power.

*Joan.* Try whether it be or not.

*Bonit.* No, I will not venture at it, lest I and my Maid should be the publick discourse of the Town.

*Joan.* Why, if she should have the better, yet the Town will pity you, and condemn my Master, and that will be some comfort.

*Bonit.* No truly: for I had rather be bury'd in silent misery, and to be forgotten of mankind, than to live to be pity'd.

*Joan.* Then I would, if I were you, make him a scorn to all the World, by cuckolding him.

*Bonit.* Heaven forbid that I should stain that which gave me a Reputation, my Birth, and Family, or defame me my self, or trouble my conscience, by turning a whore for revenge.

*Joan.* Well, if you saw that which I did see, you would hate him so, as you would study a revenge.

*Bonit.* What was that?

*Joan.* Why, when you came into my Masters Chamber to see him when he was sick of the French Pox, I think you chanced to taste of his broth that stood upon his Table; and when you were gone, he commanded *Nan* to fling that broth out which you had tasted, and to put in fresh into the porringer to drink.

*Bonit.* That's nothing: for many cannot endure to have their pottage blown upon.

*Joan.* It was not so with him: for he, before he drank the fresh broth, *Nan* blew it, and blew it, and tasted it again and again, to try the heat, and another time to try if it were salt enough, and he seem'd to like it the better; besides, he was never quiet whilst you were in the Chamber, until you went out; he snap'd you up at every word; and if you did but touch any thing that was in the Chamber, he bid you let it alone, and at last he bid you go to your own Chamber, and seem'd well pleas'd when you were gone.

*Bonit.* Alas, those that are sick, are always froward and peevish; but prethee *Joan* have more Charity to judge for the best, and have less passion for me.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene 15.

*Enter the Sociable Virgins, and Matron.*

**M***atron.* Come Ladies, what will you discourse of too day?

*1 Virgin.* Of Nature.

*Matron.* No, that is too vast a Subject to be discours'd of: for the Theme being infinite, your discourse will have no end.

*2 Virgin.* You are mistaken: for Nature lives in a quiet Mind, feeds in a generous Heart, dresses in a Poetical Head, and sleeps in a dull Understanding.

*3 Virgin.* Natures Flowers are Poets Fancies; and Natures Gardens are Poetical Heads.

*Matron.* Pray leave her in her Garden, and talk of something else.

*4 Virgin.* Then let us talk of Thoughts: for thoughts are the children of the Mind, begot betwixt the Soul and Senses.

*1 Virgin.* And Thoughts are several Companions, and like Courtly

*Ser.*

Servitors, do lead and usher the Mind into several places.

2 *Virgin.* Pray stay the Discourse of Thoughts. for it's a dull Discourse.

4 *Virgin.* Then let us talk of Reason.

3 *Virgin.* Why should we talk of Reason, when there are so many seeming reasons, as the right cannot be known?

1 *Virgin.* Seeming reasons are like seducing flatterers, perswade 'tis truth, when all is false they say.

2 *Virgin.* Let us talk of Justice.

4 *Virgin.* Justice, to the Generality, hath a broad full face; but to particulars, she hath but a-quarter and half-quarter face; and to some particulars, she veils it all over: Wherefore to talk of Justice, is to talk blind-fold.

2 *Virgin.* Let us talk of Bashfulness.

3 *Virgin.* What, should we talk of our own disgrace?

*Matron.* A Grace you mean, Lady.

3 *Virgin.* No surely, a distemper'd Countenance; and a distorted Face, can be no grace.

1 *Virgin.* Let us talk of the Passions.

2 *Virgin.* It is easier to talk of them, than to conquer and govern them, although it is easier to conquer the perturbed passions of the Mind, than the unruly Appetites of the Body: for as the Body is grosser than the Soul, so the Appetites are stronger than the Passions.

4 *Virgin.* Let us talk of Gifts.

5 *Virgin.* There are no Gifts worth the talking of, but Natural Gifts, as Beauty, Wit, good Nature, and the like.

4 *Virgin.* Let us talk of Wit, that is a Natural Gift.

1 *Virgin.* Nature gives true Wit to very few: for many that are accounted Wits, are but Wit-leeches, that suck and swell with wit of other men, and when they are over-gorg'd, they spue it out again; besides, there are none but Natural Poets that have variety of Discourses, all others talk according to their Professions, Practice, and Studies, when Poets talk of all that Nature makes, or Art invents; and like as Bees that gather the sweets of every flower, bring honey to the Hive, which are the Ears of the Hearers, wherein Wit doth swarm: But since we are not by Nature so indu'd, Wit is a subject not fit to be pursued by us.

5 *Virgin.* Let us talk of Beauty.

3 *Virgin.* Those that have it, take greater pleasure in the Fame, than in the Possession: for they care not so much to talk of it, as to hear the praises of it.

*Matron.* Come Ladies, let us go: for I perceive your Wits can settle upon no one subject this day.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 16.**Enter Monsieur Frere alone, as being melancholy.*

**F**re. O how my Spirit moves with a disorder'd haste ! my thoughts run  
 multuously together throng, striving to pull down Reason from his throne,  
 and banish Conscience from the Soul,

*walks as in a melancholy posture.**Enter Monsieur Pere.*

**Pere.** What Son, Lover-like already, before you have seen your Mistris ?  
 Well, her Father and I am agreed, there's nothing wanting but the Priest  
 and Ceremony, and all is done.

**Frere.** Sir, there are our Affections wanting ; for we never saw one a-  
 nother : Wherefore it is not known whether we shall affect or not.

**Pere.** I hope you are not so disobedient, to dispute your Fathers will.

**Frere.** And I hope, Sir, you will not be so unkind, as to force me to mar-  
 ry one I cannot love.

**Pere.** Not love ? why she is the richest Heirefs in the Kingdom,

**Frere.** I am not covetous, Sir, I had rather please my Fancy, than increase  
 my Estate.

**Pere.** Your Fancy ? Let me tell you, that your fancy is a fool ; and if you  
 do not obey my will, I will dis-inherit you.

**Frere.** I fear not poverty.

**Pere.** Nor fear you not a Fathers curse ?

**Frere.** Yes Sir, that I do.

**Pere.** Why then be sure you shall have it, if you refuse her.

**Frere.** Pray give me some time to consider of it.

**Pere.** Pray do, and consider wisely, you had best.

*Exeunt.**Scene 17.**Enter two Servants.*

**1 Servant.** I doubt my Lady will die.

**2 Servant.** I fear so : for the Doctor, when he felt her pulse, shook  
 his head, which was an ill sign.

**1 Servant.** It is a high Feaver she is in.

**2 Servant.** The Doctor says a high continual Feaver.

**1 Servant.** She's a fine young Lady, 'tis pity she should die.

**2 Servant.** My Master puts on a sad face ; but yet me thinks his sadness  
 doth not appear of a through-die.

*Exeunt.**Scene*

Scene 18.

Enter the Sociable Virgins, and two Grave Matrons.

**M**atron. Come Ladies, how will you pass your time to day?  
 1 Virgin. Pray let us fit and Rhime, and those that are out, shall  
 ofe a Collation to the rest of the Society,

All speak. Agreed, agreed.

1 Virgin. Love is both kind and cruel,  
 As fire unto fuel;  
 It doth imbrace and burn,  
 Gives Life, and proves Deaths Urn.

2 Virgin. A lowring Sky and Sunny wrays,  
 Is like a commendation with dispraise;  
 Or like to Cypress bound to Bays,  
 Or like to tears on Wedding days.

3 Virgin. A flatt'ring Tongue, and a false Heart,  
 A kind Imbrace which makes me start,  
 A Beauteous Form, a Soul that's evil,  
 Is like an Angel, but a Devil.

4 Virgin. A woman old to have an Amorous passion,  
 A Puritan in a fantastick Fashion,  
 A formal Stares-may which dances and skips about,  
 And a bold fellow which is of countenance out.

5 Virgin. A Scholars head with old dead Authors full,  
 For want of wit is made a very gull.

1 Virgin. To laugh and cry, to mingle smiles and tears,  
 Is like to hopes and doubts, and joys and fears:  
 As sev'ral passions mixes in one mind,  
 So sev'ral postures in one face may find.

2 Virgin. To love and hate both at one time,  
 And in one person both to joyn,  
 To love the man, but hate the crime,  
 Is like to sugar put to brine.

Matron. Ladies, you had better tell some Tales to pass your time with:  
 for your Rhimes are not full of wit enough to be delightfully sociable.

3 Virgin. Agreed, let us tell some Tales.

4 Virgin. Once upon a time Honour made Love to Vertue, a gallant and  
 Heroick Lord he was, and she a sweet, modest, and beautiful Lady, and na-  
 ked Truth was the Confident to them both, which carried and brought love  
 messages and presents from and to each other.

2 Matron. Out upon beastly truth: for if she goeth naked, I dare say she  
 is a wanton Wench; and Virtue, I dare swear, is little better than her self; if  
 she keeps her company, or can behold her without winking; and I shall  
 shrewdly suspect you, Ladies, to be like her; if you discourse of her; but  
 more, if you have any acquaintance with her: And since you are so wilde  
 and wanton, as to talk of naked truth, I will leave you to your scurrilous dis-  
 course: for I am asham'd to be in your company, and to hear you speak  
 such Ribauldry: O fie, O fie, naked Truth! Jove blefs me, and keep me

from naked Truth, as also from her sly Companion Virtue, out upon them both.

*She goes out, and the Sociable Virgins follow her, saying, Stay, or else Truth would meet her, and cloath her in a fools coat.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 19.*

*Enter Madam Sœur, and Monsieur Frere.*

**M***adam Sœur.* Now you have seen your Mistris; Brother, tell me how you like her.

*Frere.* It were a rudeness to your Sex, if I should say I dislike any Woman.

*Sœur.* Surely Brother you cannot dislike her: for she is handfom, well-behav'd, well-bred, a great Estate, and of a good Fame and Family.

*Frere.* And may she have a Husband answerable.

*Sœur.* Why so she will, when she marries you.

*Frere.* I cannot equal her Virtues, nor merit her Beauty; wherefore I will not injure her with marriage.

*Sœur.* Will you not marry her?

*Frere.* No.

*Sœur.* I hope you speak not in Earnest.

*Frere.* In truth Sister I do not jest.

*Sœur.* Prethee Brother do not tell my Father so: for if you do, he will be in such a fury, as there will be nopacifying him.

*Frere.* If you desire it, I will not.

*Sœur.* First reason with your self, and try if you can perswade your Affections.

*Frere.* Affections, Sister, can neither be perswaded either from or to: for if they could, I would imploy all the Rhetorick I have to perswade them. O sister!

*He goes out in a melancholy posture.*

*Enter Monsieur Pere.*

*Pere.* Where is your Brother?

*Sœur.* He is even now gone from hence.

*Pere.* How chance he is not gone to his Mistris?

*Sœur.* I know not Sir; but he looks as if he were not very well.

*Pere.* Not well? he's a foolish young man, and one that hath had his Liberty so much, as he hates to be ty'd in wedlocks Bonds; but I will go rattle him.

*Sœur.* Pray Sir perswade him by degrees, and be not too violent at first with him.

*Pere.* By the Mass Girl thou givest me good counsel, and I will temper him gently,

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

Scene 20.

*Enter two or three Maid-servants.*

*1 Servant.* O she's dead, she's dead, the sweetest Lady in the World she was.

*2 Servant.* O she was a sweet-natur'd creature: for she would never speak to any of us all, although we were her own servants, but with the greatest civility; as pray do such a thing, or call such a one, or give or fetch me such or such a thing, as all her servants lov'd her so well, as they would have laid down their lives for her sake, unless it were her Maid *Nan*.

*1 Servant.* Well, I say no more; but pray God *Nan* hath not given her a Spanish Fig!

*3 Servant.* Why, if she did, there is none of us knows so much, as we can come as Witnesses against her.

*Enter Nan.*

*Nan.* It is a strange negligence, that you stand prating here, and do not go to help to lay my Lady forth.

*Exit Nan the Maid.*

*Enter Monsieur Malateste, and passes over the Stage, with his handkerchief before his eyes.*

*1 Servant.* My Master weeps; I did not think he had lov'd my Lady so well.

*2 Servant.* Pish, that's nothing: for most love the dead better than the living; and many will hate a friend when they are living, and love them when they are dead.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 21.

*Enter Monsieur Frere, and Madam Sœur comes after, and finds him weeping.*

*Sœur.* Brother, why weep you?

*Frere.* O Sister, Mortality spouts tears through my eyes, to quench Loves raging fire that's in my Heart! But 'twill not do, the more I strive, with greater fury doth it burn.

*Sœur.* Dear Brother, if you be in love, she must be a cruel woman that will deny you: for pure and virtuous love softens the hardest hearts, and melts them into pity.

*Frere.* Would I were turn'd to stone, and made a marble Tomb, where lies nothing but cold death, rather than live tormented thus!

*Exit.*

*She alone.**Sœur.* Heaven keep my fears from proving true.

## Scene. 22

*Enter Monsieur Sensible, and Mademoiselle Amor his Daughter.***M***onsieur Sensible.* Daughter, how do you like Monsieur *Frere* ?*Amor.* Sir, I like whatsoever you approve of.*Sensible.* But setting aside your dutiful Answer to me; tell me how you affect him ?*Amor.* If I must confess, Sir, I never saw any man I could love but him.*Sensible.* You have reason : for he is a fine Gentleman ; and those Marriages most commonly prove happy, when Children and Parents agree.*Amor.* But Sir, he doth not appear to fancy me so much, or so well as I fancy him.*Sensible.* It's a sign, Child, thou art in Love; that you begin to have doubts.*Amor.* No Sir, but if I thought he could not love me, I would take off that Affection I have placed on him whilst I can master it, lest it should grow so strong as to become masterless.*Sensible.* Fear not Child.*Exeunt.*

## Scene 23.

*Enter the Sociable Virgins, and Matrons.***1** *Matron.* 'Tis said that *Malatestè* is a Widower.**1** *Virgin.* Why then there is a Husband for me.**2** *Virgin.* Why for you ? he may choose any of us as soon as you, for any thing you know.**3** *Virgin.* I'm sure we are as fair.**4** *Virgin.* And have as great Portions:**5** *Virgin.* And are as well bred as you are.**1** *Virgin.* Well, I know he is allotted to my share.**2** *Matron.* Pray do not fall out about him: for surely he will have none of you all, for 'tis said he shall marry his Maid.**1** *Virgin.* Why he is not so mad: for though his Maid served to vex and grieve his wife into her grave, and also to pass away idle hours with him, yet he will not marry her, I dare warrant you; for those that are married, must take such as they can get, having no liberty to choose, but when they are free from wedlocks bonds, they may have choice.*Enter*



*Enter Monsieur Malateste all in mourning.*

*1 Virgin.* So Sir, you are welcome, for you can resolve a question that is in dispute amongst us.

*Malateste.* What is it Lady?

*1 Virgin.* The question is, whether you will marry your Maid or no.

*Malateste.* No sure, I cannot forget my self, nor my dead wife so much, as to marry my Maid.

*1 Virgin.* Faith that is some kindness in Husbands, that they will remember their wives when they are dead, although they forget them whilst they live.

*Malateste.* A good wife cannot be forgotten neither dead nor alive.

*1 Virgin.* By your favour, Sir, a bad wife will remain longest in the memory of her Husband, because she vex'd him most.

*Malateste.* In my Conscience, Lady, you will make a good wife.

*1 Virgin.* If you think so, you had best try.

*Malateste.* Shall I be accepted Lady?

*1 Virgin.* I know no reason I should refuse Sir; for Report says you have a great Estate, and I see you are a handsome man; and as for your nature and disposition, let it be as bad as it can be, mine shall match it.

*Malateste.* My Nature loves a free spirit.

*1 Virgin.* And mine loves no restraint.

*Malateste.* Lady, for this time I shall kiss your hands, and if you will give me leave, I shall visit you at your lodging.

*1 Virgin.* You shall be welcome Sir.

*Exit Monsieur Malateste.*

*1 Virg.* Ladies, did not I tell you I should have him?

*2 Virgin.* Jest and Raillery doth not always make up a Match.

*1 Virgin.* Well, well, Ladies, God be with you, for I must go home and provide for my Wedding: for I perceive it will be done on the sudden; for Widowers are more hasty to marry, than Bachelors, and Widows, than maids.

*1 Matron.* Say Lady, you must first get the good will of your Parents.

*1 Virgin.* All Parents good will concerning Marriage, is got before hand, without speaking; if the Suter be rich; and if he prove a good Husband, then Parents brag to their acquaintance, saying, How well they have match'd their Child! making their acquaintance believe it was their prudence and industry that made the match, when the young couple were agreed before their parents ever knew or guess'd at such a match; but if they prove unhappy, then they complain to their acquaintance, and shake their heads, crying, it was their own doings, saying their children were wilfull, and would not be rul'd, although they forc'd them to marry by threatnings and cursings; the unjust partiality of self-love, even in parents, which will not allow right to their own own branches! But I forget my self. Farewell, farewell.

*All Virgins.* Bid us to your Wedding, bid us to your Wedding.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

## Scene 24.

*Enter Madam Sœur, and Monsieur Frere follows her.*

*Sœur.* Why do you follow me, with sighs fetch'd deep, and groans that seem to rend your heart in two ?

*Frere.* Be not offended : Sisters should not be so unnatural, as to be weary of a Brothers company, or angry at their grief ; but rather strive to ease the sorrow of their hearts, than load on more with their unkindness.

*Sœur.* Heaven knows, Brother, that if my life could ease your grief, I willingly would yield it up to death.

*Frere.* O Gods, O Gods, you cruel Gods, commanding Nature to give us Appetites, then starve us with your Laws, decree our ruine and bur fall ; create us only to be tormented !

*Exit Monsieur Frere.*

*Madam Sœur alone.*

*Sœur.* I dare not ask his griefs, or search his heart, for fear that I should find that which I would not know.

*Exit.*

## Scene 25.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste's Steward, and Servants.*

*Steward.* My Master and our new Lady are comming home ; wherefore you must get the House very clean and fine : You Wardropian, you must lay the best Carpets on the Table, and set out the best Chairs & Stools ; and in the Chamber wherein my Master and Lady must lie, you must set up the Cross-stitch bed, and hang up the new suit of Hangings, wherein is the story of *Abraham* and *Sarah*, and *Hagar* her Maid. And you Pantler, must have a care that the glasses be well wash'd, and that the Basin and Yewer, Voider and Plates be bright scowr'd, as also the silver Cistern, and the silver Flagons standing therein, and to have a care that the Table-cloaths be smooth, and the Napkins finely knip'd and perfum'd, and that the Limons, Orengees, Bread, Salt, Forks, Knives, and Glasses, be set and placed after the newest Mode.

*Enter Nan.*

*Steward.* O Mistress *Nan*, you have prevented me : for I was going to seek you out, to let you know my Master and our new Lady will be here before night ; wherefore you must see that the Linnen be fine, and the Sheets be well

well dry'd and warm'd, and that there be in my Ladies Chamber all things necessary.

*Nan.* Let her comand one of her own maids: for I am none of her servant.

*Steward.* Why, whose servant are you?

*Nan.* My Masters, who hir'd me, and pays me my wages: I never saw her, nor she me.

*Steward.* But all my Masters servants are my Ladies: for Man and Wife divide not their servants, as to say, those are mine, these are yours.

*Nan.* Why, I'm sure in my other Ladies time, all the servants were my Masters, and none my Ladies: for she had not power to take or turn away any one.

*Steward.* The more was the pity; for she was both virtuous and wise: Besides, beautiful and well-bred, rich and honourably born, and of a sweet disposition. But 'tis said this Lady hath such a spirit, as she will share in the Rule and Government.

*Nan.* Yes, yes, for a little time, as long as Honey-moneth lasts: I dare warrant you she shall reign nor rule no longer.

*Exit Nan.*

*Steward.* Come my friends and fellow-servants; let's every one about our several Affairs!

*Exeunt.*

Scene 25.

*Enter Mademoiselle Sœur, as sitting in her Chamber: Enters Monsieur Frere, and comes to her, and kneeling down, weeps.*

*Sœur.* Dear Brother, why do you kneel and weep to me?

*Frere.* My tears, like as distress'd Petitioners, fall to the ground, and at your feet crave mercy: it is not life they ask; but love that they would have.

*Sœur.* Why so you have: for I do vow to Heaven I love you better than ambitious men love power, or those that are vain-glorious love a Fame, better than the body loves health, or the life loves peace.

*Frere.* Yet still you love me not as I would have you love.

*Sœur.* Why how would you have me love?

*Frere.* As Husbands love their Wives, or Wives their Husbands.

*Sœur.* Why so I do.

*Frere.* And will you lie with me?

*Sœur.* How! would you have me commit Incest?

*Frere.* Sister, follow not those foolish binding Laws which frozen men have made, but follow Nature's Laws, whose Freedome gives a Liberty o' all.

*Sœur.* Heaven blefs your soul: for sure you are possess'd with some strange vicked spirit, that uses not to wander amongst men.

*Frere.* Sister, be not deceiv'd with empty words, and vainer tales, made nly at the first to keep the ignorant vulgar sort in awe, whose Faith, like to their greedy Appetites, take whatsoever is offer'd, be it nere so bad or ill to their stomachs; they never consider, but think all good they can get down;

so whatsoever they hear, they think 'tis true, although they have no reason or possibility for it.

*Sœur.* But learned and knowing men, wise and judicious men, holy and good men, know this you ask is wicked.

*Frere.* They do not know it, but they believe as they are taught: for what is taught men in their Childhood, grows strong in their Manhood; and as they grow in years, so grow they up in Superstition. Thus wise men are deceiv'd and cozen'd by length of time, taking an old forgotten deed to be a true seal'd bond: wherefore, dear Sister, your Principles are false, and therefore your Doctrine cannot be true.

*Sœur.* Heaven hath taught that Doctrine; wherefore we cannot erre.

*Frere.* Heaven considers us no more than beasts, that freely live together.

*Sœur.* O that I should live to know my only Brother turn from man to beast!

*She goes out.*

*Monsieur Frere alone.*

*Frere.* I am glad the Ice is broke, and that her fury rages not like fire.

*Exit.*

*Scene. 26.*

*Enter Monsieur Sensible, and Mademoiselle Amor.*

*Monsieur Sensible.* Daughter, I do perceive that Monsieur Frere doth neglect you; besides, he is a wilde debauch'd young man, and no ways likely to make a good Husband: wherefore I charge you on my blessing, and the duty you owe me, to draw off those affections you have placed upon him.

*Amor.* Good Sir do not impose that on my duty which I cannot obey: for I can sooner draw the light from the Sun, or the World from its Center, or the fix'd Stars from their assigned places, than draw away love from him.

*Sensible.* Why, how if he will not have you?

*Amor.* I can only say I shall be unhappy.

*Sensible.* I hope you will be wiser than to make your self miserable for one you cannot have to be your Husband.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene.*

Scene 27.

*Enter many of Monsieur Malateste's Servants, waiting against their Master and Ladies coming home. Enter Monsieur Malateste and his Lady.*

*Servants.* Heaven give your Worship joy, and our noble Lady.

*Madam Mal.* What, is this your best House?

*Monsieur Mal.* Yes, and is it not a good one Sweet?

*Madam Mal.* Fie upon it, I hate such an old-fashioned House; wherefore pray pull it down, and build another more fashionable, as that there may be a Bell-view and Pergalis round the outside of the House, also Arched Gates, Pillars and Pilasters, and carved Frontispeeces, with Antick Imagery, also I would have all the lower rooms vaulted, and the upper rooms flat-roof'd, painted and gilded, and the Planchers checker'd and inlaid with silver, the Stair-case to be large and winding, the steps broad and low, as shallow; then to rake in two or three Fields about your House to make large Gardens, wherein you may plant Groves of Mirtle; as also to make Walks of green Turf, and those to be hanging and shelving; as if they hung by Geometry: also Fountains and Water-works, and those Water-works to imitate those Birds in Winter, that only sing in Summer.

*Monsieur Mal.* But this will cost a great sum of money Wife.

*Madam Mal.* That's true, Husband; but to what use is money, unless to spend?

*Monsieur Mal.* But it ought to be spent prudently.

*Madam Mal.* Prudently, say you? why Prudence and Temperance are the Executidners of Pleasure, and Murtherers of Delight: wherefore I hate them, as also this covetous humour of yours.

*Exeunt Monsieur Malateste and his wife.*

*1 Servant.* I marry Sir, here is a Lady indeed: for she talks of pulling down this House before she hath thoroughly seen it, and of building up another.

*2 Servant.* If you will have my opinion, the old servants must go down as well as the old house.

*3 Servant.* I believe so: for she look'd very scornfully upon us, nor spoke not one word either good or bad to us.

*4 Servant.* Well, come let us go about our employments, and please as long as we can, and when we can please no longer, we must seek other Services.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 28.**Enter Monsieur Frere, and Madam Sœur.*

**M***Adam Sœur.* Do not pursue such horrid Acts, as to Whore your Sister, Cuckold your Brother-in-Law, dishonour your Father, and brand your life and memory with black infamy. Good Brother consider, what a world of misery you strive to bring upon your self and me.

*Frere.* Dear Sister pity me, and let a Brothers pleading move your heart, and bury not my youth in Death before the natural time.

*Sœur.* 'Tis better you should die, and in the grave be laid, than live to damn your soul.

*Frere.* To kill my self will be as bad a crime:

*Sœur.* O no: for Death any way is more honourable than such a life as you would live.

*Exeunt.**Scene 29.**Enter the two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gent.** Friend, prethee tell me why you do not marry.

**2 Gent.** Because I can find no woman so exact as I would have a Wife to be: for first I would not have a very tall woman, for she appears as if her soul and body were mis-match'd, as to have a pigmy soul, and a gyantly body.

**1 Gent.** Perchance her soul is answerable to her body.

**2 Gent.** O no: for it is a question whether women have souls or no; but for certain, if they have, they are of a dwarfish kind: Neither would I have a wife with a masculine strength; for it seems præposterous to the softness and tenderness of their Sex: neither would I have lean wife; for she will appear always to me like the picture of Death, had she but a sythe and hour-glass in her hand: for though we are taught to have always Death in our Mind, to remember our End, yet I would not have Death always before my Eyes, to be afraid of my End: But to have a very lean wife, were to have Death in my Arms, as much as in my Eyes, and my Bed would be as my Grave.

**1 Gent.** Your Bed would be a warm Grave.

**2 Gent.** Why man, though Death is cold, the Grave is hot: for the Earth hath heat, though Death hath none.

**1 Gent.** What say you to a fat woman?

**2 Gent.** I say a fat woman is a bed-fellow only for the Winter, and not for the Summer; and I would have such a woman for my Wife, as might be a nightly companion all the year.

**1 Gent.** I hope you would not make your Wife such a constant bed-fellow, as to lie always together in one bed.

**2 Gent.** Why not?

**1 Gent.**

1 *Gent.* Because a mans stomach or belly may ake, which will make wind work, and the rumbling wind may decrease love, and so your wife may dislike you, and dislike in time may make a Cuckold.

2 *Gent.* By your favour it increases Matrimonial Love: 'tis true, it may decrease Amorous Love; and the more Amorous Love increases, the more danger a man is in: for Amorous Love, even to Husbands, is dangerous; for that kind of Love takes delight to progress about, when Matrimonial Love is constant, and considers Nature as it is: Besides, a good Wife will not dislike that in her Husband, which she is subject to her self; but howsoever I will never marry, unless I can get such a Wife as is attended by Virtue, directed by Truth, instructed by Age, on honest grounds, and honourable principles, which Wife will neither dislike me, nor I her, but the more we are together, the better we shall love, and live as a married pair ought to live, and not as dissembling Lovers, as most married couples do.

1 *Gentlem.* What think you of choosing a Wife amongst the *Sociable Virgins*?

2 *Gent.* No, no, I will choose none of them; for they are too full of discourse: for I would have a Wife rather to have a listening Ear, than a talking Tongue; for by the Ear she may receive wise instructions, and so learn to practise that which is noble and good; also to know my desires, as to obey my will; when by speaking much, she may express her self a fool: for great Talkers are not the wisest Practisers: Besides, her restless Tongue will disturb my Contemplations, the Tranquillity of my Mind, and the peace, quiet, and rest of my Life.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 30.

*Enter Madam Malateste, and another Maid, and Nan, the former Ladies Maid.*

**M** *Adam Mal.* Ate you she that takes upon you to govern, and to be Mistris in this House?

*Nan.* Why I do but that I did in the other Ladies time.

*Madam Mal.* Let me tell you, you shall not do so in my time; nay you shall have no doings, wherefore get you out of the House.

*Nan.* I will not go.

*Madam Mal.* No? but you shall.

*She speaks to her other Maid.*

Go you and call one of those servants I brought with me.

*The maid goes out, and enters a man-servant.*

Here take this wench, and put her out of the Gates.

*Exit Lady.*

*Nan.* You Rogue, touch me and you dare, I shall have one to defend me.

*Man.* I defie your Champion.

*The man takes her up and carries her, she shrieks or cries out, Monsieur Malateste enters.*

V v v v

*Monsieur*

*Monsieur Mal.* VWhat you Villain, will you force her? set her down.

*Man.* I did no more than what I was commanded.

*Monsieur Mal.* VWho commanded you?

*Man.* My Lady, Sir, commanded me to carry her out of the gates.

*Monsieur Mal.* Pray let her alone until I have spoke with my wife.

*Man.* I shall Sir.

*Exit man.*

*She cries.*

*Monsieur Mal.* VWhat's the matter *Nan*?

*Nan.* Only my Ladies dislikes of my person: for it could not be through any neglect of my service, or faithful diligence, or humble duty, but through a passionate humour, because she hath heard you were pleas'd heretofore to favour me.

*Malateste.* But now we are very honest *Nan*.

*Nan.* Yes, the more unkind man you, to win a young Maid to love, and then to turn her away in disgrace.

*Malateste.* I do not turn you away.

*Nan.* Yes but you do, if you suffer my Lady to turn me away.

*Malateste.* How should I help that? for she hath such a strong spirit, as not to be controll'd,

*Nan.* O Sir, if you bridle her, you may guide her as you will.

*Malateste.* How should I bridle her?

*Nan.* VWhy put her to her allowance, and take the government of your Family out of her hands, as you did to your former Lady.

*Malateste.* My other wife was born with a quiet obedient nature; and this with a high and turbulent nature; and if I should cross her high working spirit, she would grow mad.

*Nan.* VWhy then you would have a good excuse to tie her up.

*Malateste.* Her Friends would never suffer me; besides, the world would condemn me, and account me a Tyrant.

*Nan.* Why it is better to be accounted a Tyrant than a Fool.

*Malateste.* O no; for men ought to be sweet and gentle-natur'd to the Effeminate Sex.

*Nan.* I see by you, that the worse that men are us'd, the better Husbands they make: for you were both unkind and cruel to your other Lady, neither could you find, or at least would not give such Arguments for her.

*Malateste.* Will you rebuke me for that which you perswaded me unto, by dispraising your Lady unto me?

*Nan.* Alas Sir, I was so fond of your company, that I was jealous even of my Lady, and love is to be pardon'd: wherefore, Dear Sir, turn me not away; for Heaven knows I desire to live no longer than when I can have your favour, and I wish I were blind, if I might not be where I may see you, and my heart leaps for joy, whensoever I hear your voice: wherefore good Sir, for loves sake pity me.

*She seems to cry.*

*Malat.* Well, I will speak to my wife for you.

*Exit Monsieur Malateste.*

*Nan alone.*

*Nan.* Well, if I can but get my Master but dance once, to kiss me again,  
which



which I will be industrious for, I will be revenged of this domineering Lady: I hope I shall be too crafty for her.

*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene 31.

*Enter Monsieur Frere, and Mademoiselle Sœur.*

*Sœur.* Brother, speak no more upon so bad a subject, for fear I wish you dumb: for the very breath that's sent forth with your words, will blister both my ears: I would willingly hide your faults, nay I am asham'd to make them known; but if you do persist, by Heaven I will discover your wicked desires, both to my Father and Husband.

*Frere.* Will you so?

*Sœur.* Yes that I will.

*Frere.* Well, I will leave you, and try if Reason can conquer your evil desires, or else I'll die.

*Sœur.* Heaven pour some holy Balsom into your fester'd soul.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 32.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste, and Madam Malateste his Wife.*

*Monsieur Mal.* Wife, I am come an humble Petitioner to you in the behalf of *Nan*, she hath been a servant here ever since I was first married to my other Wife.

*Madam.* No, no, Husband, I will have none of your whores in the house where I live; if you must have whores, go seek them abroad.

*Monsieur.* Pray let not your jealous Passion turn away a good servant.

*Madam.* Had you rather please your servant, a whore, or me?

*Monsieur.* Why you.

*Madam.* Then turn her away.

*Monsieur.* But surely Wife you will let me have so much power, as to keep an old servant.

*Madam.* No Husband, if your old servant be a young lusty wench.

*Monsieur.* But I have pas'd my word that she shall stay.

*Madam.* And I have sworn an Oath that she shall go away.

*Monsieur.* But my promise must be kept: wherefore she shall not go away.

*Madam.* I say she shall go away; nay more, I will have her whip'd at the end of a Cart, and then sent out of doors.

*Monsieur.* As I am Master, I will command none shall touch her; and let me see who dares touch her.

*Madam.* Who dares touch her? why I can hire poor fellows for money, not only to whip her, but murder you.

*Monsieur.* Are you so free with my Estate? I will discharge you of that Office of keeping my money.

*Madam.* If you do, I have Youth and Beauty, that will hire me Revengers, and get me Champions.

*Monsieur.* Will you so?

*Madam.* Yes, or any thing rather than want my will; and know, I perfectly hate you, for taking my Maids part against me.

*Monsieur.* Nay prethee Wife be not so cholerick: for I said all this but to try the

*Madam.* You shall prove me, Husband, before I have done.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 33.

*Enter Madam Sœur alone.*

*Sœur.* Shall I divulge my Brothers Crimes, which are such Crimes as will set a mark of Infamy upon my Family and Race for ever? or shall I let Vice run without restraint? or shall I prove false to my Husbands bed; to save my brothers life? or shall I damn my Soul and his, to satisfy his wilde desires? O no, we both will die, to save our Souls, and keep our Honours clear.

*Exit.*

Scene 34.

*Enter Monsieur Frere alone.*

*Frere.* The more I struggle with my Affections, the weaker do I grow for to resist. If Gods had power, they sure would give me strength, or were they just, they would exact no more than I could pay; and if they cannot help, or will not help me, Furies rise up from the infernal deep, and give my Actions aid; Devils assist me, and I will learn you to be more evil than you are; and when my black horrid designs are fully finish'd, then take my soul, which is the quintessence of wickedness, and squeeze some venom forth upon the World, that may infect mankind with plagues of sins

*There multitudes will bury mine,*

*Or count me as a Saint, and offer at my Shrine.*

*Exit.*

Scene 35.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste, and his Maid Nan.*

**M**alateste. Nan, you must be contented, for you must be gone: for your Lady will not suffer you to be in the house.

Nan. Will you visit me, if I should live near your House, at the next Town?

Malateste. No: for that will cause a priting betwixt my Wife and me, which I would not have for all the World: wherefore Nan, God be with you.

Nan. May your House be your Hell, and your Wife be your Devil.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 36.

*Enter Madam Malateste, and her Maid.*

**M**aid. What will your Ladyship have for your Supper?

Madam. Whatsoever is rare and costly

*Exit maid.*

*Enter Steward.*

Steward. Did your Ladyship send for me?

Madam Mal. Yes: for you having been an old servant in my Fathers House, will be more diligent to observe and obey my commands: wherefore go to the Metropolitan City, and there try all those that trade in vanities, and see if they will give me credit, in case my Husband should restrain his purse from me, and tell them that they may may make my Husband pay ny debts. The next is, I would have you take me a fine house in the City: or I intend to live there, and not in this dull place, where I see no body but ny Husband, who spends his time in sneaking after his Maids tails, having no other employment; besides, solitariness begets melancholy, and melancholy begets suspition, and suspition jealousy; so that my Husband grows morous with idleness, and jealous with melancholy. Thus he hath the pleasure of variety, and I the pain of jealousy: wherefore be you industrious to obey my command.

Steward. I shall Madam:

*Exeunt.*

## Scene. 37.

*Enter Mademoiselle Amor, as to her Father Monsieur Sensible.*

**M***Adam Amor.* Good Sir conceal my Passion, lest it become a scorn, when once 'tis known: for all rejected Lovers are despised, and those that have some small returns of Love; yet do those faint Affections triumph vaingloriously upon those that are strong, and make them as their slaves.

*Sensible.* Surely Child thy Affections shall not be divulged by me, I only wish thy Passions were as silent in thy breast, as on my tongue, as that lie thou lovest so much may lie as dead and buried in thy memory.

*Amor.* There's no way to bury Love, unless it buries me.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 38.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste, and Madam Malateste.*

**M***onsieur Mal.* I hear Wife that you are going to the Metropolitan City.

*Madam.* Yes Husband: for I find my self much troubled with the Spleen, and therefore I go to try if I can be cur'd.

*Monsieur.* Why, will the City cure the Spleen?

*Madam.* Yes, for it is the only remedy: for melancholy must be diverted with divertisements; besides, there are the best Physicians.

*Monsieur.* I will send for some of the best and most famous Physicians from thence, if you will stay.

*Madam.* By no means: for they will exact so much upon your importance, as they will cost more money than their journey is worth.

*Monsieur.* But Wife, it is my delight and profit to live in the Country; besides, I hate the City.

*Madam.* And I hate the Country.

*Monsieur.* But every good Wife ought to conform her self to her Husbands humours and will.

*Madam.* But Husband, I profess my self no good Wife: wherefore I will follow my own humour.

*Exit Madam.*

*He alone.*

*Monsieur Malateste.* I finde there is no crossing her, she will have her Will.

*Exit.*

*Scene*

Scene 39.

Enter Monsieur Marry, and Madam Sœur.

**M**onsieur Marry. Wife, I am come to rob your Cabinet of all the Ribands that are in it: for I have made a running match betwixt Monsieur *la whips* Nag, and your Brothers Barb; and he saith that he shall not run, unless you give him Ribands: for he is perswaded your Favours will make him win.

*Sœur.* Those Ribands I have, you shall have, Husband: But what will my Brother say if his Barb should lose the match?

*Marry.* I ask'd him that question, and he answer'd, that if he lost, he would knock his Barbs brains out of his head.

*Sœur.* Where is my Brother?

*Marry.* Why he is with your Father; and such a good companion he is to day, and so merry, as your Father is so fond of his company, insomuch as he hangs about his neck as a new-married wife: But I conceive the chief reason is, that your Brother seems to consent to marry the Lady *Amor*.

*Sœur.* I am glad of that with all my soul.

*Marry.* But he says, if he doth marry her, it must be by your perswasions.

*Sœur.* He shall not want perswading, if I can perswade him.

*Marry.* Come Wife, will you give me some Ribands?

*Sœur.* Yes Husband, I will go fetch them.

*Marry.* Nay Wife, I will go along with you.

Exeunt.

Scene 40.

Enter Madam *Amor* alone, as in a melancholy humour.

**M**adam *Amor.* Thoughts, cease to move, and let my Soul take rest, or let the damps of grief quench out lifes flame.

Enter Monsieur *Sensible*.

*Sensible.* My dear Child, do not pine away for Love: for I will get thee a hand some man than Monsieur *Frere*.

*Amor.* Sir, I am not so much in love with his person, as to dote so fondly thereon.

*Sensible.* What makes you so in love with him then? for you have no great acquaintance with him.

*Amor.* Lovers can seldome give a Reason for their Passion; yet mine grew from your superlative praises; those praises drew my Soul out at my Ears to entertain his love: But since my Soul misses of what it seeks, will not return, but leave my body empty to wander like a ghost, in gloomy sadness, and midnight melancholy.

*Sensible.* I did mistake the subject I spoke of, the substance being false, those praises were not current: wherefore lay them aside, and fling them from thee.

*Amor.* I cannot: for they are minted, and have Loves stamp, and being out, increases like to Interest-money, and is become so vast a sum, as I believe all praises past, present, or what's to come, or can be, are too few for his merits, and too short of his worth.

*Sensible.* Rather than praise him, I wish my Tongue had been for ever dumb.

*Amor.* O wish not so, but rather I had been for ever deaf.

*She goes out.*

*He alone.*

*Sensible.* My Child is undone.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 41.

*Enter two servants of Monsieur Malateste's.*

*1 Servant.* My Master looks so lean and pale, as I doubt he is in a Consumption.

*2 Servant.* Faith he takes something to heart, whatsoever it is.

*1 Servant.* I doubt he is jealous.

*2 Servant.* He hath reason: for if my Lady doth not cuckold him, yet she gives the World cause to think she doth: for she is never without her Gallants.

*1 Servant.* There is a great difference betwixt our Lady that is dead, and this.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste.*

*Malateste.* Is my Wife come home yet?

*1 Servant.* No Sir.

*Malateste.* I think it be about twelve of the Clock.

*1 Servant.* It is past one Sir.

*Malateste.* If it be so late, I will sit up no longer watching for my Wives coming home, but I will go to bed; for I am not very well.

*1 Servant.* You do not look well, Sir.

*Malateste.* Indeed I am sick.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 42.

*Enter Madam Sœur, and Monsieur Frere.*

*M Adam Sœur.* Lord Brother, what is the reason you are come back so soon? Hath not your Barb run the Race?

*Frere.* No.

*Sœur.*

*Sœur.* What makes you here then?

*Frere.* To see you.

*Sœur.* To see me? why I shall give you no thanks, because you left my Husband behind you.

*Frere.* I do not come for your thanks; I come to please my self.

*Sœur.* Prethee Brother get thee gone: for thy face doth not appear so honest as it uses to do.

*Frere.* I do not know how my Face doth appear; but my Heart is as it was, your faithful Lover.

*Sœur.* Heaven forbid you should relapse into your old disease.

*Frere.* Let me tell you, Sister, I am as I was, and was as I am, that is; from the first time I saw you, since I came from Travel, I have been in love with you, and must enjoy you; and if you will imbrace my love with a free consent, so, if not, I'll force you to it.

*Sœur.* Heaven will never suffer it, but cleave the Earth, and swallow you alive.

*Frere.* I care not, so you be in my Arms; but I will first try Heavens power, and struggle with the Deities.

*He takes her in his arms, and carries her out;  
she cries help, help, murder, murder.*

*Exeunt.*

Scene 43.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste as being not well, and his Wife Madam Malateste.*

*Monsieur Mal.* Wife, Is this the way to cure melancholy? to sit up all night at Cards, and to lose five hundred pounds at a sitting? or to stay all night abroad a Dancing and Revelling.

*Madam.* O yes: for the Doctors say there is nothing better than good company, to imploy the Thoughts, with (outward Objects) otherwise the Thoughts feed too much upon the Body; besides, they say that Exercise is excellent good to open Obstructions, and to disperse melancholy Vapour; and the Doctors say, there is no Exercise better than Dancing, because here are a great Company meet together, which adds Pleasure to the Labour.

*Monsieur.* My other Wife did not do thus.

*Madam.* Wherefore she died in her youth with melancholy; but I mean to live while I am old, if mirth and good company will keep me alive; and now I am not so kind-hearted to kill my self, to spare your Purse, or to please your Humour.

*The Lady goes out, and he goes out after, fighting.*

## Scene 44.

*Enter Madam Sœur alone, as ravished.*

**Sœur.** Who will call unto the Gods for aid, since they assist not Innocency, nor give protection to a Virtuous Life? Is Piety of no use? or is Heaven so obdurate, no holy prayers can enter Heaven-gates, or penitential tears can move the Gods to pity? But O my sorrows are too big for words, and all actions too little for his punishment.

*Enter Monsieur Frere all unbutton'd, and his sword drawn in his hand.*

**Frere.** Sister, I must die, wherefore you must not live: for I cannot be without your company, although in death, and in the silent grave, where no Love's made, nor Passion known.

**Sœur.** It's welcom News: for if death comes not by your hand, my hand shall give a passage unto life.

**Frere.** There is none so fit to act that part as I, who am so full of sin; want nothing now but murder to make up measure.

*He wounds her to death.*

**Sœur.** Death, thou art my griefs Reprieve, and wilt unlade my Soul from heavy thoughts that miserable life throws on, and sinks me to the Earth. Brother farewell, may all your crimes be buried in my grave, and may my shame and yours be never known.

*Oh, Oh, dies.*

**Frere.** Now she is dead, my Mind is at rest, since I know none can enjoy her after me; but I will follow thee: I come, my Mistress, Wife, and Sister all in one.

*Monsieur Frere falls upon the point of his sword, then falls close by Madam Sœur, and lays his Arm over her, then speaks.*

You Gods of Love, if any Gods there be, O hear my prayer! And as we came both from one Womb, so joyn our Souls in the *Elizium*, our Bodies in one Tomb.

*Oh, oh, oh, dies.*

## Scene 45.

*Enter Monsieur Malateste upon a Couch, as sick of a Consumption, his Friend Monsieur Fesy sitting by him. Then enters Madam Malateste to her sick Husband.*

**Monsieur Mal.** Wife, you are very unkind, that you will not come to see me now I am sick, nor so much as send to know how I do.

**Madam.** I am loth to trouble you with unnecessary visits, or impertinent questions.

*Monsieur*



*Monsieur.* Is it unnecessary or impertinent to see a Husband when he is sick? or to ask how he doth?

*Madam.* Yes, when their visits and questions can do them no good: But God be with you, for I must be gone.

*Monsieur.* What already?

*Madam.* Yes; for I doubt I have staid too long: for I have appointed a meeting, and it will be a dishonour for me to break my word.

*Fefy.* But it will be more dishonour to be dancing when your Husband is dying, Lady.

*Madam.* What, will you teach me? go tutor Girls and Boys, and not me.

*Monsieur.* Let her go, friend: for her anger will disturb me.

*Exit Lady.*

*Fefy.* I know not what her anger doth you; but her neglect of you doth disturb me: And for my part, I wonder how you can suffer her.

*Malateste.* Alas how shall I help, or remedy it? But Heaven is just, and punishes me for the neglect I used towards my first Wife, who was virtuous and kind.

*Fefy.* She was a sweet Lady indeed.

*Malateste.* O she was! But I Devil as I was, to use her as I did, making her a slave unto my whore and frowns, conjecturing all her Virtues to a contrary sense: for I mistook her patience for simplicity, her kindness for wantonness, her thrift for covetousness, her obedience for flattery, her retir'd life for dull stupidity; and what with the grief to think how ill I used her, and grieving to see how ill this Wife uses me, wasting my Honour and Estate, she hath brought me into a Consumption, as you see: But when I am dead, as I cannot live long, I desire you, who are my Executor, to let me buried in the same Tomb wherein my Wife is laid: for it is a joy to me, to think my dust shall be mixt with her pure ashes: for I had rather be in the grave with my first Wife, than live in a Throne with my second. But I grow very sick, even to death: wherefore let me be removed.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 46.

*Enter Monsieur Pere, and his Son-in-law Monsieur Marry.*

*Monsieur Pere.* Son-in-law, did your Brother say he was very ill?

*Marry.* He said he had such a pain on his left side, as he could not sit on his horse, but must be forced to return home again.

*Pere.* Heaven blefs him: for my heart is so full of fears and doubts, as if it did Prognosticate some great misfortune, to me.

*Marry.* Pray Sir be not so dejected, nor look so pale; I dare warrant you the News that his Barb hath won the Race, will be a sufficient Cataplasm to take away his Stitch.

*The Father and Son-in-law meet a servant.*

*Pere.* How doth my Son and daughter?

*Servant.* I think they are both well, Sir.

*Pere.* Why, do not you know, and yet dwell in the same House?

Y y y z

*Servant.*

*Servant.* No indeed not I: for I only saw my young Master go towards my Ladies lodging, but I did not follow to inquire of their healths, for fear they should be angry, and think me bold.

*Enter Madam Sœur's Maid.*

*Pere.* Where is your Lady?

*Maid.* In her Chamber I think, Sir.

*Pere.* Do you but think so? do you not know? 'Tis a sign you wait not very diligently.

*Maid.* Why Sir, I met my young Master going to his Sisters Chamber, and he sent me on an Errand, and when I came back, the outward doors were lock'd, so as I could not get in any ways.

*Marry.* The doors lock'd, say you?

*Maid.* Yes Sir.

*Marry.* Let them be broken open.

*Pere.* O my doubts foretell a miserable Tragedy.

*The door seems to be broke open; the servant seeing the murder'd Couple, cries out, Murther, murther; Monsieur Pere falls down dead at the sight; while the servant strives to recover life in the old man, Monsieur Marry runs to his murder'd wife, and falls to the ground and kisses her, and then tears his hair, and beats his breast, and being as distracted, rises hastily, and catches up the blood sword to kill himself; his servants hold and hinder him from that Act.*

*Marry.* Villains let go, she shall not wander in the silent shades without my company; besides, my soul will croud through multitudes of souls, that flock to Charons Boat, to make an easie passage for her pure soul: wherefore let go, I command you as being your Master, let go.

*The servants still scuffle for to get away the sword; in come more servants, and carrie him out, as being distracted, Monsieur Pere, not to be recover'd, is carried out with the two murder'd bodies.*

*Enter three Servants.*

*1 Servant.* This is so strange an Accident, that hardly Story can mention the like:

*2 Servant.* I wonder how they came murder'd, the door being lock'd, and none but themselves; if it had been thieves, they would have robbed them, as well as murder'd them:

*1 Servant.* I believe my young Master was the Thief that did both rob and murder:

*3 Servant.* Well, I could tell a story that I heard, listning one day at my Ladies Chamber-door; but I will not.

*1 Servant.* Prethee tell it us:

*3 Servant.*

*Servant.* No, I will not, you shall excuse me for this time.

*Exeunt.*

Scene. 47.

*Enter Monsieur Sensible, and Mademoiselle Amor.*

*Sensible.* Daughter, I am come to bring you a Medicine to take out the sting of Love.

*Amor.* What is it Sir?

*Sensible.* Why, Monsieur *Frere* hath most wickedly kill'd himself.

*She staggers.*

*Madam Amor.* Although I cannot usher him to the Grave, I'll follow him.

*Falls down dead.*

*Sensible.* Help, help, for Heavens sake, help.

*Enter Servants.*

*Sensible.* O my Child is dead! O she is dead, she is dead! Carry her to her Bed.

*Exit Father and Servants.*

*Enter two servants, running and meeting each other.*

*1 Servant.* O my Lady is quite dead, and past all cure, and her Father, I think, will die also.

*2 Servant.* I am sure there is a sad, a sad House to day.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Zzzz

THE

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# EPILOGUE

---

**I**F subtile Ayr, the Conduit to each ear,  
 Hearts passion mov'd to draw a sadder tear  
 From your squee's'd brains, on your pale cheeks <sup>to lie,</sup>  
 Distill'd from every Fountain of each eye;  
 Our Poetres hath done her part, and you  
 To make it sadder, know this Story's true;  
 A plaudity you'l give, if think it fit,  
 For none but will say this Play is well writ.

*The Lord Marques of Newcastle writ  
 this EPILOGUE.*

## The Actors Names.

**S**IR Thomas Letgo.

Sir William Holdfast.

Sir Henry Courtly.

Master Diswader, Sir VVilliam Holdfast's Friend.

The Lady Prudence, Daughter and Heir to the Lord Sage.

The Lady Mute, the affianced Mistress to Sir Thomas Letgo.

The Lady Liberty.

Sir Thomas Letgo's Amoretta.

The Lady Jealousie, Sir Henry Courtly's Lady.

The Lady Gravity.

The Lady Parrot.

The Lady Minion.

The Lady Geosling.

Mistress Parle.

Mistress Trifle.

Mistress Vanity.

Mistress Fondly.

Three or four old Ladies, the Mothers to the four young Ladies.

Two grave Matrons.

### The VVoovers.

As, The Soldiers, the Country Gentleman, the Courtier, the Bashfull  
and his Friend, the Amorous, the Divine, the Lawyer, the Citizen, the  
Farmer, the Stranger, All VVoovers.

Gentlemen, Merchants, Fortune-tellers, Maskers.

# PROLOGUE.

**O**Ur Auth'rs says to make a Play is hard,  
 To censure freely men are not afraid ;  
 Opinions easily do pass upon  
 The wit of others, though themselves have none ;  
 And envie rounds the sense, and words about,  
 Hoping some errors it may soon find out.  
 But streams of wit do not so often flow,  
 As salt rough censures, which to billows grow ;  
 And swell so big, till they in pieces fall,  
 In their own ruines they are buried all.  
 But if our Authors Play deserves a praise,  
 She will not thank you, though you give her ways,  
 Because she knows it is her right and due,  
 And justice to receive the same from you.  
 Wherefore she says, if you do take delight  
 To read her Play, or acted to your sight ;  
 The bounty doth proceed from her alone ;  
 Her wit doth pleasure give to every one,  
 The Play, if bad, she doth desire no praise,  
 The Cypress will receive instead of bays.

THE  
PUBLICK VVOOING

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Enter two men.



*An.* 'Tis reported that the great *Mogul* hath War with the *Parthians*, and a man of our Nation is General of all his Forces.

*2 Man.* Me thinks it is too great an Honour and Trust to give to a stranger.

*1 Man.* But it is reported he hath behav'd himself so wisely, honestly, nobly, and valiantly, as he hath gained the favour of the Emperour, and love of the Souldiers, and also respect from all the inferiour Princes.

*2 Man.* Who should this man be?

*1 Man.* I cannot learn: for the Merchants from whom I had this report, know not what his right name is; for they think he goeth by a cover'd name.

*2 Man.* Surely he is of a very mean Birth, that he is a sham'd to own his name.

*1 Man.* It seems so; but let his Birth be poor or great, he hath a Generous Soul: for they say he is very bountiful, and lives in great magnificence, and carries himself as if he were Princely born: He is the whole discourse upon the Exchange, and the Merchants do cry him up like to another *Julius Caesar*.

*2 Man.* It seems they fare the better for his being their Countryman, and he to be the Emperours Favourite.

*1 Man.* 'Tis like enough.

*2 Man.* Nay you may be assur'd they have a Fee of Obligation, if they praise him so much. Of what Age do they say he may be?

*1 Man.* They say is in the prime of his years, a very handsom man, well behav'd, and of a ready wit.

*2 Man.* 'Tis strange it should not be known of what Parentage he is of.

*1 Man.* It is not known as yet.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2.

Enter two Men.

1 **M**an. Sir, were not you a servant to the Lord of Sage?

2 **Man.** Yes Sir.

1 **Man.** He was a Wife, and a Noble Person.

2 **Man.** He was so, Heaven rest his Soul.

1 **Man.** 'Tis said he hath left but one only Child, and she a Daughter, which Daughter is sole Heir to all his Estate.

2 **Man.** She is so.

1 **Man.** And it is also reported she will be woo'd in publick, or else she'll never wed.

2 **Man.** The Report is true, Sir: for I am now going to invite all her Friends and acquaintance, to whom she desires to publish her resolutions.

1 **Man.** Is she resolv'd of it?

2 **Man.** She hath vow'd it.

1 **Man.** Pray favour me so much, as to give me a Character of her.

2 **Man.** She is Virtuous, Young, Beautiful, Graceful, and hath a supernatural Wit; and she hath been bred and brought up to all Virtuosity, which adorns her Natural Gifts; she lives magnificently, yet orders her Estate prudently.

1 **Man.** This Lady may be a sample to all her Sex.

Exeunt.

## Scene 3.

Enter two Grave Matrons.

1 **M**atron. Mistress Simple is the veryst Fool that ever I tutor'd or instructed.

2 **Matron.** Do you mean a fool by imprudence, or a fool that speaks im- properly?

1 **Matron.** I do not know what her imprudence may be; but in her words there is no coherence.

2 **Matron.** Alas she is young; and youth is a Cage of Ignorance, and boys and girls are like birds, which learn from their tutors and tutresses artificial tunes, which are several Languages, Sciences, Arts, and the like: But the truth is, of all sorts of Birds, the Cocks are more apt to learn than the Hens.

1 **Matron.** If she can be taught sense, I am much mistaken: for she hath not a reasonable capacity to learn.

2 **Matron.** Why then she hath a defect in Nature, as a Changeling.

1 **Matron.** I think so.

2 **Matron.** Why should you think so, since youths capacity cannot be measured by their Educators: for Time is the only measure of the rational capacity: And to prove it, some boys and girls will be so dull, as to seem stupid to Learning, and yet in their strength of years may prove very rational, understanding,



derstanding, and wise men or women; besides, the Brain is like to the Air, 'tis sometimes thick with mysty Errours, sometimes dark with clouds of Ignorance, and sometimes clear with Understanding, when as the Sun of Knowledge shines; and perchance you heard her speak when her Brain was cloudy and dark.

1 *Matron.* So dark, as her words could not find the right way to sense.

2 *Matron.* Perchance if you hear her speak some other times, when her Brain is clear, you may hear her speak wisely.

1 *Matron.* It is so unlikely she should ever speak wisely, as it is near to impossible.

2 *Matron.* Indeed unlikely and impossible do some way resemble each other: But let me tell you, the Brain is like the Face, it hath its good days and its bad: for Beauty and Wit have not only their times and seasons, but their foul and fair days.

1 *Matron.* You say true: for the choicest Beauties that ever were, or are, will sometimes look worse than at other times; nay so ill they will look sometimes, as they might be thought they were not Beauties.

2 *Matron.* The like for Wit: for certainly, the greatest Wit that ever was, or is, may sometimes be so dull and unactive, as it might be thought they were so far from being Wits, as they might be judged Fools: And certainly, the most Eloquent Orators that ever were, have spoke at some times less Eloquently than at other times; insomuch, that at some times, although the subject of their Discourse is so full of Matter and Reason, as might have oyl'd their Tongues, smooth'd their Words, and enlighten'd their Fancy, yet they will speak as if their Wits had catch'd cold, and their Tongues had the numb Pally, on which their words run stumbling out of their mouths as insensible; when as at other times, although the subject of their discourse be barren or boggy, woody or rocky, yet their Wit will run a Race without stop or stay, and is deck'd and adorn'd with flowry Rhetorick: And certainly, the wisest men that ever were, have given both themselves and others worse counsel sometimes, than at other times; and certainly the valiantest man that ever was, had sometimes more courage than at other times: But yet although a valiant man may have more courage at one time than another, yet he is at no time a coward, nor a wise man a fool.

1 *Matron.* But Orators may chance to speak non-sense.

2 *Matron.* They may so, and many times do.

1 *Matron.* Why then may not a Valiant man be at some times a Coward, and a Wise man a Fool, as well as Orators to speak non-sense?

2 *Matron.* Because Valour, Judgment, and Prudence are created in the Soul, and is part of its Essence; I do not mean every soul, but the souls of Valiant and Wise men: for souls differ as much as bodies, some are created defective, others perfect; but words are only created in the mouth, and are born through the lips, before the soul of sense is enter'd or inbodied therein.

1 *Matron.* An Orators tongue is powerful.

2 *Matron.* An Orators tongue doth rather play on Passions, than compose the Judgment, or set notes to the Reason; like as a Fidler, that can play tunes on musical Instruments, but is no Musician, to compose and set tunes: But there are many men that have eloquent tongues, but not witty souls; they have the Art of words, but not the Spirit of wit.

*Scene 4.*

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and a company of Ladies and Knights, whom she had invited to hear her Resolutions. She stands by her self, and speaks.*

**L***ady Prudence.* Kind Friends, and worthy Acquaintance, you may think it strange, and perchance take it ill, I invite you only to a simple Discourse, for to declare a vain Vow, as you may judge it so to be, which Vow I made since my Father the Lord *Sage's* death. The Vow is, never to receive a Lovers Address, or to answer a Lovers Sure but in a publick Assembly; and 'tis likely the World will laugh at this as ridiculous, or condemn it for pride, or scorn it as self-conceit: But if they will be pleased to weigh it in Judgements Scales, they will find it poysed with a good Intention, and make a full weight of Conveniency against unaccustoming us: for though it is not usual, yet it is very requisite, especially to such young women which are Orphans, who like small and weak Vessels, that are destitute of Guide or Pilot, are left on the wide Sea-faring World to ruinous waves, and inconstant weather; even so young women are to the Appetites of greedy men, and their own inconstant and changing Natures, and want of Experience to guide them, run on Rocks, Shelves, and Quick-sands of Troubles, Misery, and Disgrace, not knowing what safe Port or Home to sail to, whereupon, and in which danger, I considering with my self, at last I thought it the safest way to swim in the full Ocean, and not in the narrow Channels, Creeks, or obscure Corners, lest I should be crush'd to pieces, or drown'd for want of Sea-room; and surely were there a Law to forbid all private meetings of young men and women, and that no women should marry, unless they be wooed in publique, there would not be so many unequal matches, so many perjur'd Consciences, so many devirginate and forsaken Maids; neither would there be such floods of tears from sorrowful Parents Eyes, for their undutiful childrens Actions that will choose without their good liking, and marry against their good wills; But they will be asham'd in publique to choose dishonourably or indiscreetly: for the Ears and Eyes of a publick Assembly will be as Reigns, to curb their unruly Passions, and their Applause and Commendation will be as spurs to force them to a wise choice, when in private Wooings their Passions become wilde, and run loosely about, without bridle or check: Wherefore I desire my Friends and Acquaintance to be as witnesses of my behaviour and words to my loving and Matrimonial Suters; and in this you will be as Parents to the Fatherless, as Judges to Pleaders, and Gods to Men.

*The Audience speak.*

We approve of your discreet and honest Resolutions, and shall wish you happy days.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

## Scene 5.

*Enter Mistris Parle, Mistris Trifle, Mistris Fondly, Mistris Vanity, and one of the Grave Matrons. Then enters a Servant-Maid.*

**M**aid. Mistris, there is a Woman at the door that can tell Fortunes.

O let her come in, let her come in.

*They all speak at once.*

*Exit maid.*

*Enter the Fortune-teller.*

*Fortune-teller.* God blefs you young Ladies.

*Parle.* Can you tell Fortunes?

*Fortune-teller.* Yes that I can Lady.

*Trifle.* Tell me mine.

*Vanity.* Tell me mine first.

*Parle.* No, tell me mine first.

*Fondly.* Nay, tell me mine first.

*Matron.* Have patience Ladies, and let her tell your Fortunes by degrees, one after another; for she cannot tell them all at once.

*Fortune-tel.* I must look in your hand, Lady.

*Fondly shews her hand.*

*Fortune-teller.* By your hand you should marry richly, and keep Open-House; you will have many Children, and your Husband will love you dearly.

*Fondly.* But will no body love me but my Husband?

*Fortune-teller.* Yes, you will be well belov'd, if you be kind and loving to others.

*Trifle.* Now tell me my Fortune.

*She shews her hand.*

*Fortune-tel.* You, Lady, will have two Husbands.

*Fondly.* You did not tell me I should have two Husbands.

*Fortune-tel.* No Lady, your Fortune is to have but one.

*Trifle.* How long will it be ere I shall have one of my Husbands?

*Fortune-tel.* Not long, Lady.

*Trifle.* Will my Husbands be handfom men?

*Fortune-tel.* Your first Husband will be a tall men, with a brown hair and complexion.

*Trifle.* That complexion and stature I like very well.

*Fortune-tel.* Your second Husband will be of a middle stature, and of a fair hair and complexion.

*Trifle.* O I like that stature and complexion better.

*Vanity.* Tell me mine, tell me mine.

*She shews her hand.*

*Fortune-tel.* You will have many courting Servants, and two will fight for you.

*Vanity.* And which shall have me?

*Fortune-tel.* He that out-lives the other.

B b b b b

*Vanity*

*Vanity.* Why, shall one of them be kill'd ?

*Fortune-tel.* Yes.

*Vanity.* I am sorry for that : for I could please them both. But look gain, perchance he may be only fore-wounded, and not kill'd out-right.

*Fortune-tel.* Your hand doth portend death to one.

*Vanity.* And will he live long that I shall marry ?

*Fortune-tel.* I do not perceive his death in your hand.

*Vanity.* I am sorry for that : for I shall not love him, by reason he kill'd one that lov'd me so well as to die for my sake.

*Fortune-tel.* 'Tis only his fortune to live ; but he ventures as much for your sake as the other.

*Vanity.* That's all one : for I shall love him that's kill'd, more than he that lives, especially after I am married : for I shall love a dead servant better than a living Husband.

*Parle.* You are so long a talking to the woman, as you hinder her from telling me my fortune. Come woman, read the fortune in my hand.

*Shows her hand.*

*Fortune-tel.* You, Lady, will die a Maid.

*Parle.* Out upon thee Witch, what Devil told you that lye ?

*Fortune-tel.* I do not say you will die a Virgin.

*Parle.* I hope you do not see any children in my hand.

*Fortune-tel.* There are many lines that do foretel children ; but some are so small, and others so crost and broke, as I cannot find a strait or perfect line : But here are lines that do foretel many Suters.

*Parle.* That's some amends : for it had been a hard case, and very ill fortune, if I should have neither Husband nor Suter.

*Matron.* Come, come, Ladies, pay the poor woman, and let her go.

*Trifle.* Give her a crown for me.

*Fondly.* And one for me.

*Vanity.* And one for me.

*Fortune-tel.* Heaven blefs you Ladies : for you will make me rich.

*Parle.* Give her half a crown for me.

*Matron.* Will not you give her a whole crown ?

*Parle.* There is no reason I should : for she hath given me never a Husband.

*Matron.* Well ; good woman, let this be a warning to you, that when you come to tell young Ladies their Fortunes, that you be sure to give them all one Husband a peece, if not two or three : for the more Husbands you give them, the more money they will give you.

*Fortune-tel.* I shall take your counsel, Mistris.

*Exit Fortune-teller.*

*Parle.* To die a Maid, it cannot be, it must not be, it shall not be.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 8.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and her Audiente, and her Suter, who is a Souldier, there being two standing places opposite to each other a purpose; one for the Suter to wooe and plead his sute, and another for the Lady to stand whilst she gives her Answer.*

*This wooing Souldier was written by the Lord Marquiss of Newcastle.*

**Souldier.** Madam, I am come here to offer you a Man, a Gentleman, and a Souldier; three Titles in me, the Person that loves you, honours you, and will serve and obey you, and think it no disgrace thus to alter the Catechism of our old written Mattrimony: If you command the breeches, you shall not only have them, but the coat too; and when you are pleased to change the name of the Sex, the gray Mare shall be the better Horle; for 'tis a shame for a man to controll a woman, but always to obey and please them from the least to the greatest of their commands: for man never seems so much man, nor masculinely inthron'd under the cloth of State, in his Royal Chair of Courage, as when he is taken prisoner, and led captive by the female Sex. Thus, fair Divine Lady, conquer'd, thus I beg, thus I yield, thus I submit: Wherefore Lady, take me, and make your self happy, and me.

No Musk nor Civet courtly words I use,  
Nor French-pan promises to abuse  
Your softer Sex, nor Spanish sweets to tell,  
And bribe your quicker nostrils with the smell,  
Or let a false tear down my cheek to fall,  
And with dissembling kneeling therewithall,  
Sigh my self into Air: these fools disdain,  
These quarter-wits, O kick them back again:  
Nor am I like a Justice of the Peace,  
That woo's you just as he would buy a lease;  
Nor like an Heir, whose Tutor for his sake  
So many lyes of Joynter-houses make;  
Nor like a Lawyer that would fain intail,  
And when he's try'd, doth make a Jeofail;  
Nay thousands more, that always do dissemble  
For your sake, make my loving heart to tremble,  
Lest you should be deceiv'd.

Admired Lady, fear not my Profession,  
All my Drum-heads, I'll beat them to soft silence,  
And every warlike Trumpet shall be dumb:  
Our feared Colours now shall be torn off,  
And all our Armour be condemn'd to rust,  
Only my Sword I'll wear, the badge of man,  
For to defend you and your Honour still.  
Then Madam take me thus your loving Vassal,  
When lying bragging Castles will forsake you.

Oh take a man, and joy in him for life,  
A Sword-man knows the virtue of a Wife.

*Here ends my Lord Marquises writing.*

*The Lady Prudence's Answer.*

*Lady Prudence.* Gallant Sir, should I accept of your Suite, I should be either an Enemy to my self, or you, or my Country: As for my self, should I marry a Souldier, I should be tormented with the cruellest passions: for if I love my Husband, as sure I shall, I shall be perpetually frightened with his dangers, grieved for his absence, despair of his life: Every little misfortune will be as his Passing-Bell; I shall never be at rest asleep nor awake; my Dreams will present him to my view, with bleeding wounds, mangled body, and pale visage; I shall be widow'd every minute of an hour, in my own thoughts: for as the Senses are to the Body, so the thoughts are to the Mind, and Imaginations in these, or the like cases, are as strong as a visible presence: for passions live in the Soul, not in the senses; for a man is as much grieved when he hears his friend is dead or kill'd, as if he saw him dead or slain: for the dead friend lives in the mind, not the mind in the dead friend: But with these Dreams and Imaginations I shall grow blind with weeping, weak with sighing, sick with sorrowing, and deaf with listening after reports: And should you desist from that noble Profession for my sake, I should prove as a Traitor to my Country, by taking away part of the strength and support, leaving the weakness to the force of the Enemy: for a good Souldier is a strong Fort and Bulwark of Defence: Indeed a skilful Commander is to be prefer'd before a numerous Army: for a number of men without Order, are like dust, which the least puff of wind blows about; so an Army, not being well commanded, is quickly dispers'd, and suddenly routed upon the least error; besides, should you desist, you would bury your name in Oblivion, when by your valiant Actions, and prudent Conduct, your memory will be placed in Fames high Tower, and writ in large Characters of praise. 'Tis true, should I marry, I should prefer my Husbands honour before his life, yet would I not willingly marry a man, whose life shall be set at the stake, and Fortune still throwing at it; for that would make me live miserably: And who would wilfully make themselves miserable, when Nature forbids it, and God commands it not?

*Exit Lady.*

*The Lover goes sighing out*

*Scene 3.*

*Enter the Lady Parrot, and the Lady Minion.*

**L**ady Parrot. Shall we go and visit the Lady Gravity?

Minion. No, she lives so solitary a life, as we shall meet no company there: for none go to visit her.

Lady Parrot. Then let us goe to the Lady Liberty, there we shall meet company

company enough: for all the Ladies in the Town go to visit her.

*Minion.* If she hath no men-visitors, I will not add to the number of her Lady-visitors.

*Parrot.* You may be sure she hath Masculine Visitors, or, else the Ladies would never go to see her: for it is to meet the men the Ladies go to see her, and not for her own sake.

*Minion.* And the men go to see the Ladies.

*Parrot.* I believe some do; yet men are better company in the company of their own Sex, than in the company of women.

*Minion.* By your favour, the contrary Sex agree best, and are better pleased together, than men with men, or women with women: But if the Lady *Liberties* House be the General Rendezvous for Men and Women, let us go.

*Parrot.* Content.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 8.

*Enter Mistris Trifle, and Mistris Vanity.*

*Vanity.* O my dear Heart!

*Trifle.* O my dear Joy, how glad am I to see thee! But where have you been, that you came later than you promis'd? for if you had not sent me word you would come to me to day, I had gone to you.

*Vanity.* Why, where do you think I have been?

*Trifle.* I know not where to think.

*Vanity.* I have been at a Silk-mans shop to buy me a new Gown; but I would not choose it before I had shewn thee my patterns.

*Trifle.* Let me see them.

*She shews them.*

*Vanity.* What do you think of this stuff?

*Trifle.* This is out of Fashion; besides, 'tis not a Mode-colour.

*Vanity.* What think you of this Tabby?

*Trifle.* The colour is good, but it is not of a good water.

*Vanity.* What think you of this Sattin?

*Trifle.* The Sattin is a good glossy Sattin, but the colour is too pale.

*Vanity.* But pale colours, 'tis said, are *Allamode* in *France*.

*Trifle.* Who says so?

*Vanity.* A Gentleman told me so which is newly come out of *France*.

*Trifle.* Then he perchance could have told you all the French Fashions.

*Vanity.* So he did most particularly: for he said he went into *France* for no other purpose but to see and observe Fashions.

*Trifle.* I believe he only observed mens Fashions, being a man, and not Womens Fashions.

*Vanity.* Nay, he swore he observ'd the womens Fashion more than the men, by reason he knew it would make him more acceptable to our Sex at his return, not onely for Discourse-sake, but for the kind rewards he should have for his Intelligence; which rewards he hath found so full and plentiful, as he hath made such a beneficial Journey, as he will go once every year, and stay a moneth or two, and then return.

*Trifle.* For *Joves* sake send him to me.

*Vanity.* I will; but prethee choose my Gown:

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*Trifle.* Let the Gentleman that came out of *France* choose your Govin; for he can put you into the French Fashion.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 9.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and the Amorous Wooer: They take their places, and the Assembly about them.*

**W**ooer. Sweet Lady, your Beauty hath wounded my heart; imprisoned my senses, and hath inflav'd my soul, so as I am wholly in your power.

*Prudence.* I will mask my beauty, and set you free.

*Wooer.* A mask may shadow your beauty, but cannot extinguish it, no more than a dark cloud can the bright Sun: And as the Sun begets life, and gives light; so your beauty begets love, and gives delight to all that do behold it.

*Prudence.* And as Time brings Death, Darknes, and Obscurity; so Age brings wrinkles, and Absence forgetfulness, burying love in the ruines of Beauty.

*Wooer.* My love can never die, nor hath time power to vade your beauty.

*Prudence.* Nothing escapes Times tyranny, but what the soul posselles.

*Wooer.* You are the soul of beauty, and beauty the soul of love.

*Prudence.* Such souls have no Eternity, but die as bodies do.

*Wooer.* O save my soul, and love me.

*Prudence.* 'Tis not in my power: for love is free and resolute; it can neither be commanded nor intreated.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 10.

*Enter the Lady Liberty, Sir Thomas Letgo, Sir William Holdfast, the Lady Parrot, the Lady Minion, Master Diffwader, Sir William Holdfasts Friend, being met at a Feast at Sir Thomas Letgo's House.*

**L**etgo. Ladies, you are become melancholy of a sudden: I hope you are not tyr'd with dancing?

*Liberty.* Yes faith, we want divertisements: wherefore prethy Sir Thomas Letgo, send for thy affianced Mistris to make sport.

*Letgo.* I am a sham'd she should be seen, or made known to this noble company.

*Liberty.* O divulge her by all means, that the World may know you do despise her, and that you will marry her only because she is rich, and to obey your Fathers commands.

*Letgo.*



Letgo. I will obey your commands, and send for her.

*He sends for her, in the mean time he is talking to another.*

*Enter the Lady Mure, holding down her head, and looking simply.*

Liberty. Sir Thomas Letgo, your wife Mistris is come to welcome your Guests.

Letgo. She wants words to express her self, and Wit to entertain them.

Liberty. Your Father knew you wanted not Wit so much as Wealth.

Letgo. Many Fathers leave their sons nothing but their follies and vices for their Inheritance: But my Father not having Vices or Follies enough of his own, hath left me another mans Fool for an Annuity.

Parrot. Is she a fool?

Liberty. O yes: for she seldom speaks.

Parrot. That's a great sign of simplicity indeed.

Liberty. She is a meer Changeling: for when she doth speak, it is but when she is question'd, and then for the most part she gives but one answer to all sorts of questions.

Parrot. What Answer is that?

Liberty. Her Answer is, she cannot tell.

Holdfast. Lady, there may be such questions ask'd, as are beyond a wife mans understanding to resolve: But perchance she is sceptick, that doubts all things.

*All the company laugh.*

Liberty. What do you judge the Scepticks fools?

Holdfast. A man may judge all those to be fools that are not scepticks.

Liberty. I judge all those that think her not a fool, are fools.

Holdfast. Then Lady I am condemn'd: for I cannot give sentence against any of your Sex, neither in thoughts or words.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene II.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and the Country Gentleman as Suter:  
They take their places, the Assembly about them.*

*This wooing part of the Country Gentleman was written by the Marquis of Newcastle.*

Country Gentleman. Madam, though I no Courtier am by Education,  
Yet I more truth may speak, and here declare,  
Your charming Eyes turn wanton thoughts to virtue  
Each modest smile converts the sinfull'st soul  
To holy Matrimony, and each Grace and Motion,  
Takes more than the fairest Face.  
I am nor young, nor yet condemn'd to age,

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Not

Not handsome, nor yet (I think) ill-favour'd ;  
 I do not swell with riches, nor am poor,  
 No Palaces, yet have Conveniences  
 What though Poëtick Raptures I do want,  
 My Judgment's clearer than those hotter brains,  
 To make a Joynture out of verse and songs,  
 Or thirds in Oratory to endow you ;  
 The Mean berwixt Extremes is Virtue still :  
 If so, then make me happy, and your self.  
 Courtiers may tell you that you may enjoy,  
 And marry pleasure, there each minutes time,  
 There is all freedom for the female Sex,  
 Though you are bound, yet feel not, you are ty'd,  
 For liberty begins when you'r a Bride :  
 Your Husband, your Protection, and the Court,  
 Doth cure all jealousie, and fonder doubts,  
 Which there are laught at as the greatest follies,  
 If not by most, yet they'r thought mortal sins :  
 'Tis Heaven on Earth for Ladies that seem wise.  
 But you are vertuous, and those ways despise,  
 Therefore take me, that honour you for that.

*Here ends my Lord Marquisses writing.*

*Prudence.* Worthy Sir, could I persuade my Affection to listen to your fute, you should not be deny'd ; but it is deaf or obstinate ; it will neither take your counsel, nor be intreated. But since you wooe so worthily, I shall esteem you honourable, as well you deserve.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 12.*

*Enter the Lady Parrot, and the Lady Minion.*

**P***arrot.* Sweet Madam, I could not pass by your house for my life, but I must enter to see you, although I was here but yesterday.

*Minion.* Dear Madam, I am very much joy'd to see you: for I am never well but in your company.

*They sit down both in one Couch.*

*Parrot.* When did you see the Lady Gravity?

*Minion.* I have not seen her these two days.

*Parrot.* Lord, she is the strangest Lady that ever I knew in my life, her company is so uneasy ; and let me tell you as a secret, she hath a very ill Reputation.

*Minion.* If I thought that, I would not keep her company.

*Parrot.* Since I heard that Report, I have shunn'd her company as much as I could.

*Minion.* Even so will I: for I would not keep any body company that I thought were not chaste for a World. But who is her servant, can you tell?

*Parrot.* 'Tis commonly reported Sir Henry Courtly is her servant.

*Minion*

*Minion.* Out upon him, he is the veriest Whoremaster in all the Town; nay, if she keeps him company, I will not come near her; I'll warrant you.

*Parrot.* Nor I, although she would fain be dear with me, and seeks all the ways she can to be great with me, sending her Gentleman-Usher every day to me with a How do you.

*Minion.* No, pray do not be dear nor great with her, but let you and I be dear and great, and that will anger her to the heart.

*Parrot.* That it will 'faith; therefore let us go to morrow together and visit her, to let her see how dear and great friends we are.

*Minion.* Content.

*Parrot.* Agreed.

*Enter Sir Henry Courtly, as to visit the Lady Minion:*

*Minion.* Lord, Sir *Henry Courtly*, I have not seen you these three days.

*Courtly.* I was here yesterday, Madam, to wait upon you, but you were abroad; then I went to wait upon you my Lady *Parrot*, but you were also from home.

*Parrot.* So then I had but the reverſions of the Lady *Minion's* Visit.

*Courtly.* I can be but in one place at one time, Madam.

*Minion.* Why should you take it ill, Madam, that he should visit me first?

*Parrot.* Because I know no reason but that he should visit me before you.

*Minion.* Why, my place is before yours.

*Parrot.* But the love and esteem I have for him, is to be preferred before your place.

*Minion.* How do you know but that I have as much Affection for him as you have? And I am sure I have, and more.

*Parrot.* Don't you believe her, Sir *Henry Courtly*: for 'faith she said but even now, that you were the veriest Whoremaster in all the Town, and cry'd, Out upon you.

*Minion.* And she said she would forbear the Lady *Gravittie's* company; by reason you did visit her, which was scandalous.

*Parrot.* What, do you betray me in your own house, when you said the same, and if I be not mistaken, before me?

*Minion.* If you tell what I say, I will tell what you say.

*Courtly.* Ladies, whatsoever you have said; or will say of me, I shall take it well: for it is an honour to be mentioned by fair Ladies; although in the severest sence or manner; or sharpest words.

*Parrot.* What, do you take her part against me?

*Minion.* No, no, I perceive well enough that he takes your part against me, for which he is a most unworthy man.

*Parrot.* No, he partially takes your part, which is base.

*Courtly.* I will assure you; Ladies, it is not my nature or disposition to delight in your displeasures; but my desire is to please all your Sex, and I endeavour in my practice and behaviour to that end: wherefore, if I cannot please, it is not my fault.

*Minion.* So you make us Women strange creatures, as not to be pleased?

*Courtly.* No, Madam, men want those excellent Abilities; or good Fortunes, which should or could please you.

*Parrot.* Faith Madam, he will have much to do to defend himself against us both.

*Minion.* Nay if you will joyn with me, we shall be too hard for him.

*Parrot.* That I will, and help to beat him with Arguments.

*Courtly.* For fear I should argue my self more out of your favours than I am already, I will take my leave of your Ladyships for this time.

*They both follow him, and say, nay, stay, stay.*

*Exeunt.*

Scene 13.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and the Courtier: They take their places, and the Assembly about them.*

*Courtier.* Lady, you are the Sun of Beauty, from whence all your Sex receive a light, which without that would sit in darkness; you only give them lustre; you are the only Goddess men adore, and those men which do not so, if any such men be, they are damned to censure: As for my self, Ladies have judg'd me handsom, and for my persons sake have given me favours; nay, they have wooed my love with great Expences, maintained my Vanities, and paid my Debts, ruin'd their own and Husbands Honour and Estate, and all for love of me; yet do I sue to you with great Humility, though many of your Sex have courted me; and let me tell you, fair Lady, that Courtiers Wives have freer Access to Masks, Plays, Balls, and Courtly Pleasures, than other Ladies have, who beg and strive, and often are beaten back in rude disgrace.

All which, fair Lady, if you summ up right,  
You'll find a Courtiers Wife hath most delight.

*Prudence.* Fair Sir, could Person, Courtship, Garb, or Habit win my love, you should nor could not be deny'd: But since my Affection is not to be won by any outward Form, or Courtly Grace, I cannot grant your sute; besides, the lives that Courtiers live, agree not with my humour: for I had rather travel to my Grave with ease, than inconveniently Progress about, tiring my body out, lying in nasty lodgings, feeding on ill drest meat that's got by scrambling; but at the best, a Courtiers life to me is most unpleasant, to sit up late at Masks and Plays, to dance my time away in Balls, to watch for Grace and favour, and receive none; to gape for Preferments, Offices, and Honours, but get none; to waste my Estate with Fees, Gifts, and Braveries, to run in debt prodigally, to receive Courtships privately, to talk loud foolishly, to betray friendship secretly, to profess friendship commonly, to promise readily, to perform slowly, to flatter grossly, to be affected apishly; no Prudent Brain, or Noble Heart, would interweave the thred of life with such vain Follies, and unnecessary Troubles; besides, I had rather be Mistris of my own House, were it a Cottage poor, than serve the Gods, if Gods were like to men.

*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene 14.

Enter *Mistress Parle*, and *Mistress Vanity*.

**V**anity. My dear Comrade, what thinkst thou? will the Gentleman we met at *Madam Gravities* lodging marry me, think you?

*Parle*. I know nor.

*Vanity*. I verily believe he will.

*Parle*. What reason have you to believe he will?

*Vanity*. A very good reason, which is, he look'd upon me two or three times, and at one time very stedfastly.

*Parle*. If a man should marry all the women he looks on, he will have more Wives than *Solomon* and the great *Turk*, adding the number of their Concubines. But the more earnestly the Gentleman look'd on you, the greater sign he thought not of you: for thoughts are buried in fix'd eyes.

*Vanity*. You speak out of spight, because I am thought handsomer than you.

*Parle*. I had rather your Beauty should lie in your own & others thoughts, than it should be visible to the view of the World, or to be inthroned on a multitude of Praises; but howsoever, I am not spightful, and therefore pray think not so for telling you my opinion of your no-lover.

*Vanity*. You love your Jest better than your Friend.

*Parle*. That's an old saying; but I love a plain truth better than a flattering lye.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

Enter the *Lady Prudence*, and the *Bashful Suter*, and his Friend *Mr. Spokesman*, and the *Assembly*.

*The Suter makes two or three legs, wipes his lips, and blows his nose with his handkerchief, hems twice or thrice, and trembling, begins to speak.*

**B**ashfull Suter. Madam, Madam, Madam.

*This Scene the Lord Marquiss writ.*

*Prudence*. Speak Sir, what is't you would say?

*Spokesman*. Madam, his Love and Modesty doth check his speech.

*Prudence*. Then speak you for him.

*His Friend goes and stands behind him, and speaks; the dumb Gentleman the while acts his Speech.*

*Spokesman*. Madam, your Prefence, with you sparkling Eyes,  
Hath dazel'd him, and struck him dumb with Love;  
Like to a bottle too much fill'd, I doubt,  
Though's mouth's turn'd downward, nothing will come out.

D d d d 2

Or like a Bag-pudding in love he's curst,  
 So stuff'd, so swell'd, and yet he cannot burst :  
 Or like a glass with Spirits of high price,  
 No drop can fall when 'tis congeal'd to Ice.  
 Sweet, Lady thaw him then, take him apart, •  
 And then his Tongue will tell you all his Heart,  
 And gush it forth with more force far than those  
 Who dribble all their love away in Prose.

*Prudence.* I'm all for Publick Wooing, so no stain  
 Upon my Reputation will remain.  
 With a dumb Husbands curse I'll ne'r be caught,  
 But a dumb Wife a blessing may be thought.  
 And so farewell.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

*Enter Sir William Holdfast, and his Friend Mr. Disswader.*

**H**oldfast. Sir Thomas Letgo's Mistress, that he is to marry, is a pretty Lady.

*Disswader.* But I do not perceive he is very hasty to marry her.

*Holdfast.* If she were mine, I would not prolong my Wedding-day.

*Disswader.* For fear she should die, and you should lose her Estate.

*Holdfast.* No, I am not covetous: for my Estate will maintain a Wife according to my quality, although she bring no Portion; and upon that condition I might have her, I would give a Portion for her, so much I like and fancy her.

*Disswader.* And would you marry her if you might have her?

*Holdfast.* Yes.

*Disswader.* Pray tell me, what would you do with a Fool? she would be neither good for Breed nor Conversation: for she might bring you a Race of Fools, and vex you with ignorant Follies.

*Holdfast.* Why should you think her a Fool? she neither appears forward, peevish, or spiteful; she hath a sober Face, a bashful Countenance, a natural Garb; she is silent and pensive, which shews she is no Fool; but if she were always laughing, or toying, or singing, or dancing, or simpering, or prating, or had an affected countenance, or affected garbs or postures, I should conclude her to be a Fool. But certainly she must needs have a wife Wit: for she seems melancholy and contemplative, which no fool is; she hears much, and speaks little, which no fool doth: wherefore I judge she hath Wit, but either she is careless, and cares not to express it, or thinks the company fools, and therefore will not express it, or is so bashful, as she cannot express it; and there is nothing shews, or discovers Wit so much as Bashfulness, which shews the Mind and Thoughts so sensible, as they apprehend beyond another's perceivance, and so fearful lest they should commit Errors in their Actions and Expressions, as they obscure their Virtues and natural Excellencies, for want of a confident Assurance, and a good Opinion of their own Abilities; besides, Bashfulness thinks the least natural defect a Crime,

a Crime, and every little error a Disgrace, never to be rubb'd out; they will blush at their own thoughts, and will pine almost into a Consumption, if two or three idle words should slip out of their mouths, or that they should mistake an Argument, or that their Behaviour was not so or so; The truth is, they never think their Actions or their Words well enough done or spoken; they are the first that shall condemn themselves, and the last that shall give themselves a pardon: But prethee *Ned*, as thou art my Friend, see if you can procure me, or watch for an opportunity, that I might speak with her alone.

*Disswader*. I think that were not difficult to be done; but I will enquire a way.

*Holdfast*. Do not forget it.

*Disswader*. No; it is so remarkable you should be in love with so simple a creature, as I shall remember it.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 17.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and her Suter a Divine: The Divine goeth to the place where the Suters plead, and the Assembly about them.*

*Divine*. Madam, I should not thus presume, did not my Profession dignifie me to a Spiritual Office, wherefore a fit Suter to a Divine Lady: And since my Sute is holy, by reason Mariage is sacred, despise me not.

*Prudence*. Worthy Sir, all of your Profession require a solitary Habitation for studious Contemplation to a holy life, wherein their Thoughts are Consecrated to Devotion, that their Doctrine may flow from a pure Mind, in Eloquent words, to the ears of their Flock, to instruct them with the light of Knowledge, and to lead them into the ways of Truth; whereas Mariage, although it be sacred in it self, yet it is rather apt to disturb than unite, especially a double Mariage, which are of different Natures: for there are two sorts of Mariages, as a Spiritual, and a Corporal: The first is betwixt the Gods and Mankind; the other is betwixt Man and Woman: The one is by a Consecration and Communion of Spirits, the other is by a Combination and Communication of Persons; wherefore those that are married to *Jove*, ought to keep themselves pure in that Unity: As for the mariage of Combination and Communication of Persons, although it is requisite for the continuance of Mankind, and civil Common-wealths, yet to spiritual Elevations is a great hinderance: for though a woman, especially a Wife, be accounted as a Helper and Comfort to man by her diligent attendance, and loving service, yet women are accounted not only unprofitable in learned schools, but obstructers to a studious life, for which women are not suffer'd to inhabite in Universities, Schools, or Colleges; indeed we are in a manner banish'd from the sight or entrance thereinto, and men have reason so to do, since learning, especially Divine learning, requires study, and study requires a quiet, solitary, and silent life; and certainly there can be neither solitariness

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nor

nor silence where women and children are : for Nature hath made women and children to have restless spirits, unquiet minds, busifess active, and such voluble tongues, as it is impossible they should be silent, whilst life gives them motion ; so that a woman is a very unfit companion for Contemplations, wherein there should be no other company but thoughts, which thoughts in a Divine, should be only such as are the Inquirers and Searchers of *Joves* divine Mysteries, and Scholars to *Joves* divine Schools, and Orators to explain & plead in *Joves* divine Laws, and Servants to *Joves* divine Orders, that they may be Instructors and Intelligencers of *Joves* divine Commands : And though women ought to be instructed in Divinity, yet for the most part, women are obstructers and disturbers of Divinity and Divines ; besides, the Original Woman was a Tempter to Sin, which all her Effeminate Posterity inherit as a Natural Right and Gift from their great Grandmother : And though Divines ought to be industrious to cut off the Intrail of that Original Inheritance with their holy Doctrine, quenching the fire of Temptation with the spiritual dew of Divine Instructions, yet ought they not to run themselves into that fire they should quench, serving as fuel to increase it : Wherefore those that dedicate themselves to *Joves* Church, ought to live separated from Natures daughters, lest they should yield to humane frailties, and become slaves to the Effeminate Temptations.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 18.

*Enter Mistris Trifle, and Mistris Parle.*

**T** *Trifle.* Friend, I am come to ask thy counsel.

*Parle.* Concerning What ?

*Trifle.* Concerning Mariage.

*Parle.* I will give you the best I can ; but it is both difficult and dangerous to give counsel in so weighty a Concernment as Mariage.

*Trifle.* You say very true ; and being so weighty a Concernment as you say, I am come for thy Advice, not trusting to my own judgment, and thus it is : There is a Gentleman that hath come two or three times thorough our street, and the last time he came, he look'd up to my Chamber-window ; wherefore I conceive he will come a wooing to me, therefore I desire thee to instruct me how I shall receive his Addresses.

*Parle.* Do you know who he is ?

*Trifle.* No.

*Parle.* Nor where he dwells ?

*Trifle.* No.

*Parle.* Nor from whence he came, nor whither he will go ?

*Trifle.* No.

*Parle.* What makes you think he will be a Suter to you then ?

*Trifle.* Because he comes so often thorough our street, and by our door, and hath look'd up to my Chamber-window ; and these are sufficient Reasons to believe it : for you may be sure he comes thorough our street for my sake.

*Parle*



*Parle.* Truly I know not what counsel to give you ; but as occasion shall offer it self, I shall think of you.

*Trifle.* Prethee do ; but I am in haste, and therefore cannot stay with you any longer : wherefore farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mistris Fondly.*

*Fondly.* O my sweet *Parle*, I was told thou wert not at home, and I have been at all my Acquaintances houses to seek thee out, to tell thee a secret.

*Parle.* What secret ?

*Fondly.* Why there hath been a Gentleman this day at my Fathers house, to Treat with my Father about marrying me ; and when I marry, I'll bid thee to my Wedding.

*Parle.* You must bid me before you are married, if you will invite me to your Wedding.

*Fondly.* Yes so I will, I'll warrant thee : for I will not forget thee of all my Acquaintance : But prethee tell me, what my Wedding-Gown shall be of.

*Parle.* Of white Sattin, or cloth of Silver. But of what quality is the person whom you shall marry ?

*Fondly.* I cannot tell.

*Parle.* What Estate hath he ?

*Fondly.* I know not.

*Parle.* How often hath he been with your Father ?

*Fondly.* He never was with my Father before this morning.

*Parle.* Hath your Father concluded the match with him ?

*Fondly.* I cannot tell.

*Parle.* Hath your Father spoke to you of him ?

*Fondly.* No.

*Parle.* Then how came you to know he came to Treat of Mariage ?

*Fondly.* My Fathers man told me he thought the Gentleman came about such a business, because my Father and he were very earnest in their Discourse, and in private.

*Parle.* If you know no more, perchance it is about some other business.

*Fondly.* It cannot be about any thing else, because they were earnest and private.

*Parle.* Perchance it was about borrowing of money, and borrowers use to be earnest, and desire their desires may not be known : wherefore they draw aside, and whisper out their wants.

*Fondly.* No, no, I am confident it was about me.

*Parle.* I wish you may do well.

*Fondly.* I thank thee for thy good wishes, and I hope he will prove a good husband.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 19.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and the Lawyer: They take their places, and the Assembly about them.*

**L***awyer.* Madam, although there is a certain and set Form of making Deeds, Wills, and Leases, and a Form of Mariage, yet I know no certain nor set form of Wooing, but every one woos after what manner or form he pleases or thinks best, having no set rules to wooe by: But I am come here to wooe, and so to plead my own cause at the Bar of Affection, and you, as the Judge, are to give the Sentence, and to determine the Sute. But as all other Judges are to be free from partiality, or self-interest, as neither to be overswayd with either fear, pity, love, or covetousness, or the like; yet such a Judge as you, and in the like Causes as mine, may have the freedome of partiality or self-interest: wherefore, if no other plea can perswade you, take me for pity: for I am miserably in Love, manacled in *Cupids* Fetters, bound with his Bow-strings, and wounded with his golden Arrows, from which nothing but your favour and compassionate sentence can releate me, otherwise I must lie under the Arrest of a wretched life, till such time as Death set me free, or cast me into Oblivion.

*Prudence.* Worthy Sir, as there is no certain nor set form of wooing, so there is no certain nor set form for the wooed to give a direct Answer: And though pity may move a Judge to give a favourable sentence, yet there is no Judge will, or ought to make himself a slave, to set a prisoner free; but if such a chance should be, it must be by a stronger motive or passion than pity, to make them yield up their liberty: And Mariage is a bondage, especially when as Sympathy doth not match the pair; and if *Cupid* hath wounded you with his golden Arrows, he hath shot me with those that are headed with lead, from which wounds proceed nothing but cold denials: But howsoever I shall give you part of your desires, which is, I shall pity you, although I cannot perswade my Affections to love you so much as to consent to marry you.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 20.

*Enter Sir Henry Courtly, and his Wife the Lady Jealousie.*

**L***ady Jealous.* Husband I hear you have a Mistress, but I do not wonder at it, for you have taught me (although not by the former, yet by your present practice) to foresee the future event. First, our loves have grown to their full maturity, and therefore in Nature, as Vegetables, must shed their leaves, or like Animals, at such a growth their strength decays, and in old age dyes; thus we may guesse by Natures Revolution, the revolution of our love, though at first we could not dream, but we must discover our dreams to each other, and whatsoever we had heard or seen in each others absence

absence, when we met, we recounted to each other each object, and repeated each subject and discourses that our Senses had presented to our knowledge; and not only what our Senses had presented, but what our Conception had conceived, or our Imaginations had created: Also we took delight to confer in our Household Affairs, and we were unquiet, uneasy, and restless, until we met, and had discoursed thus unto each other; and if either of us had been sick, or had perceived the least distemper in each others health, our grief was express'd by our tears, and by our sighs, which from our Hearts did rise, and flow'd with grief, which poured through our eyes. But now we begin to cast shadows of dissimulation, which shews our love is in an Eclipse, and from a pretence of the confidence and assurance we have of each other, we begin to be careless of each others discourse or action, giving our selves freedom and liberty to wander, not only from our Home-affairs; but from our profess'd Affections, to seek for pleasures and delights abroad, and only a seeming affection and delight remains at home: And thus by a juggling deceit, and false-glac'd love, we shall in the discovery become enemies, and by a seeming wisdom, we shall become fools, and our follies, as well as our crimes, will destroy the unity of Love, and the peace of Matrimonial Government; And though we should not break out into open War, yet we shall live factious, and our servants will be as Commoners, siding with each Party: But it seems your Mistris hath learn'd your mind so perfectly; and knows your humour so exactly; and can match your appetites with pleasure so justly, as she hath work'd out her design skillfully, which is, to displace me, and to place herself in your Affections, by which she can make a subtil advantage of your Estate and Fortune, I mean good Fortune: for in bad Fortune she may chance, nay, 'tis most likely she will desert you: for those that will and do forsake Virtue, Chastity, and Honour, are not likely to stick to misfortunes, as to follow Banishment, or to live with Poverty, to bear injury, to endure Scorn, and to die in Misery. True Love may do it; but for those Affections that are produced by Incontinency, and not bound to Honesty, and settled by Constancy, will change more often than the wind, wavering from person to person.

*Courtly.* Wife, I confess the Amorous Addresses I have made to other Women; but though I have strayed in my Actions, yet not in my Affections: for my love is unalterably constant to you, as believing you are unalterably virtuous; and I do not only love your Chastity, prize your Virtue, honour your noble Soul and sweet Disposition, but I take delight in your Wit, am pleas'd with your Humors, admire your Beauty, and esteem and believe you to be the most perfect and best of your Sex. But Wife, know, that my Appetites, and not my Affections, seek after variety: for the kissing of a Mistris lessens not the Love to a Wife, but rather increases it, comparing the falleness and beastliness of the one, to the Virtue and Purity of the other.

*Jealousie.* And shall my Virtue and Chastity be only rewarded with your good Opinion?

*Courtly.* Virtue, Wife, is a sufficient Reward in it self, and the Chastity of your Sex is crown'd with Honour; but the Reward I give you, is the free use as a Co-partner of my Estate, and the Mistris of my Family: Besides, I make you the chief care of my Industry, the chief subject or object of my Valour, the Treasure of my Life, the only Possessor of my Heart, and for your sake I shall neither refuse Death or Torment. Thus you are the Soul of

my Soul ; and since you have my whole soul to your self, you may be well contented to lend my person to your Neighbours Wife, Daughter, Sister, Neece, or Maid.

*Jealousie.* And will you be contented that I shall likewise borrow of your Neighbour ?

*Courtly.* No Wife : for you can neither lend nor borrow without the loss of Honour.

*Jealousie.* Nay, rather than lose so great a loss as Honour, I'll strive to be content, Husband.

*Courtly.* Do you so, Wife, and I will strive and endeavour to be contented with my own Wife.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene 21.

*Enter the Lady Prudence with two Suters, a Citizen; and a Farmer, who both Plead or Wooe, and she Answers. The Assembly about them:*

*Citizen.* Madam, although I cannot Wooe in Eloquent Orations, or Courtly Solicitations, or Learned Definitions, being only bred to Industrious actions, thrifty savings, gainful gettings, to enrich me with worldly wealth, and not to studious Contemplations, Poetical Fictions, Divine Elevations, Philosophical Observations, State-Politicians, School-contradictions, Lawes Intrications, by which (perchance) I might have gained Fame, but not Wealth : But Fame neither cloathes the naked, nor feeds the hungry, nor helps the distressed, neither doth it maintain a Wife in Bravery, where, if you will be mine, you shall sit in a shop all furnish'd with gold, and great summs shall be brought you for exchange of my Wares ; and while you sit in my shop, all street-passengers will stand and gaze on your Beauty, and Customers will increate, and be prodigal to buy, whilst you sell, not for the use of what they buy, but for the delight to buy what you sell ; besides, of all saleable curiosities & varieties that are brought to the City, you shall have the first offer, and the first fruits and meats each Season doth produce, shall be served to your taste; your cloaths, though of the City-fashion, yet they shall rich and costly be ; besides, to every Feast the City and each Citizen doth make, they will invite you, and place you as their chiefest guest ; and when you by your Neighbours doors do pass, their Prentice-boys and Journey-men will leave their shop-boards, and run to view you as you go. Thus shall you live, if you will be mine, in Plenty, Luxury, Pride, and Ease.

*Prudence.* Rich Sir, I may sit in your shop, and draw Customers, but shall get no honour by them ; I may sell your Wares, but lose my Reputation, I may be ador'd, worship'd, fought and pray'd to, as for and to a Mistris, but

but shall never be counted as a Saint; I may be rich in wealth, but poor of the Worlds good Opinion; I may be adorn'd with silver and gold, but blemish'd with censure and slander; I may feed on luxurious Plenty, yet my good name starve for want of a good Fame: for a Citizens Wife is seldom thought chaste, and the men for the most part accounted Cuckolds. I know not whether it be a Judgment from Heaven for their Cozening, or decreed by the Fates for their Coverbusness, or bred by a natural Effect of their Luxury, which begets an Appetite to Wantonness; but from what cause soever it comes, so it is: wherefore I will never be a Citizens Wife, though truly I do verily believe there are as many virtuous and chaste women, and understanding men that belong to the City, as in the Country; and were it not for the Citizens wealth, more Antient Families would be buried in poverty than there hath been, where many times a rich City-widow, or daughter, gives a dead Family a new Resurrection: wherefore, it is more prudent for men to marry into the City, than it is advantagious for women, especially such women that esteem a pure Reputation before wealth, and had rather live in poverty, than be mistrusted for dishonesty.

*Then the Citizen goeth from the Standing-place, and the Farmer takes it. The Lady Prudence keeps her place all the while.*

*Farmer.* Madam, although I cannot draw a Line of Pedigree from Gentility, yet I can draw a Line of Peasantry five hundred years in length; and if Antiquity is to be esteemed, my Birth is not to be despised: As for my wealth, I am not poor, but rich for my degree and quality; and though it is not fit I should maintain my Wife in silver and gold, yet I may maintain her with plenty and with store, cloath her in fine smooth soft cloth, spun from the fleeces of my Flocks: But if you will be mine, you shall be crown'd with Garlands made of Lillies, Roses, Violets, Pinks, and Daffidillies, and be as Queen of all these Downs, where all the Shepherds and Shepherdesses shall give you homage, and worship you as Goddess of the Plains, bringing you Offerings of their mornings Milk, their Butter, Curds, and soft prest Cheese, and various Fruits fresh gather'd off their Trees; also my Kids and Lambs shall sport and play, and taught to know your voice, and to obey, and every Holyday you shall in Arbors sit, shadow'd from hot Sun-beams, whilst Country Maids and Country Men which Lovers are, shall dance upon the grassy Green to the sound of the Horn-pipe, Bag-pipe, and such breathing Musick, whose pleasant Strains, and plain-set Notes, rebound in Ecchos from the high-cast Banks, the lofty Hills, hollow Woods, and murmuring Streams, besides other Rural sports, to entertain your Eyes and Ears, and recreate your Minde with Mirth and harmless Plays, to pass your Time withall.

No life so pleasant as the Country Life,  
No woman so happy as the Farmers Wife.

*Prudence.* Honest Friend, could I as easily perswade my Affections to your Person, as I could to the condition of a Shepherdesses life, or Farmers wife, you should be the only man I would choose; but since I cannot, I must only return you thanks for your good liking, in that you have preferr'd me in your choise, for which, may neither nipping Frost, nor burning Sun, nor blasting winds, nor weeds, nor snails, nor worms destroy your Labours, nor ra-

venous Wolves, nor crafty Foxes nor Polcats, Weasels, Kites, or any such like Vermin, fright or rob you of your young & tender-breed; may all your grounds and flocks increase a treble-fold, your fleeces long and thick, your corn firm and full ear'd, your grafs sweet and broad-bladed, your trees so full of fruits, that every branch may bow under its load; and may your plenty store all the Kingdom, that neither want nor famine may be fear'd or felt; may all your Country Neighbours, and labouring Swains, respect you as their Chief, obey you as their Lord, and worship you as their God *Par.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 22.*

*Enter Sir William Holdfast, meeting the Lady Mute, she seeming as in a studious Thought.*

**H**oldfast. Lady, you are in a serious Contemplation. Pray what are you thinking of?

*Mute.* I have heard that thoughts are free; but I perceive they cannot pass without questioning.

*Holdfast.* I would not boldly intrude upon them, my humble desire is I might partake of the Excellency of them.

*Mute.* I suppose you think my Contemplation is of Heaven, and not of the World: for there is no subject which can make Thoughts excellent, but what is Divine: for the World corrupts them, Nature deceives them, and Speech betrays them.

*Holdfast.* If your speech never betrays more than it doth now, which only expresses your Wit, you may well pardon it; but I now finde you are not so ignorantly simple as you are thought to be through your silence.

*Mute.* I confes I have practis'd silence: for I am of years fitter to learn than to talk; and I had rather be thought ignorantly simple for being silent, than to express folly by too much speaking.

*Holdfast.* But I wonder you will suffer you self to be laugh'd at for a Natural Fool, when your wit is able to defend you from scorns and scoffs, and is able to maintain its own Arguments.

*Mute.* If I had Wit, there would be no Honour in the Arguing, no more than for a Valiant man to fight with Cowards; so wit to dispute with fools: But I had rather they should laugh at me, than I should weep for my self; yet there were none in that company that laugh'd at me, but were older than I, and the older they are, the more faults they have committed; and if they laugh at me for my little wit, I will scorn them for their many faults, and hate them for their vices.

*Holdfast.* The truth is, 'tis only fools that commit many faults, and take delight in their own follies, and do themselves hurt with their own errors, and not those that have Wit: for they have Ingenuity and Prudence to foresee, and so escape errors, and the mischiefs that may follow: But you appear

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by not expressing your self, to your disadvantage, and your silence doth you wrong.

*Mute.* I care not how I appear in my outward Aspect, so my Life be honest, my Actions just, my Behaviour modest, my Thoughts pure, and that I obey to the utmost of my power the Laws and Customs of Duty, Morality, Divinity, and Civility. But 'tis a sign of a foolish Age, when silence is thought ignorant simplicities, and modesty accounted a crime; when in Antient Times Youth was taught sober Attention, and it was impos'd upon Scholars to keep silence five years before they were suffer'd to speak, that they might afterwards be able to Teach; and not always live to learn as School-boys, which they would always be, if they spent their time in words, and not study and observe: And silence is a discretion that few women practise, being more apt to talk than men; for women are fuller of words than thoughts: but words should be weighed by Judgment, in the ballance or scales of Sense, and deliver'd by the tongue through the lips by Retail, which cannot be if they throw them out so fast: for there is required Reason, Time, and Understanding, besides unstopped Ears to hear them: But though mine Enemies laugh at me for a Fool, yet I have so much Honesty, Innocencie, and Modesty, to guard and defend my Reputation, as they cannot wound that with their sharp words, nor laughing faces.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 23.*

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and her strange Wooer, a man that had a wooden Leg, a patch on his Eye, and Crook-back'd, unhandsome snarled Hair, and plain poor Cloaths on: He takes the Wooers place, and the Assembly about, gazing with smiling faces at the sight of such a Wooer.*

*Strange wooer.* Lady, I come not now to plead with flourishing Rhetorick; to make that which is false to appear like truth, or paint a foul cause with fair smooth words: But my cause of request is honest, and what I shall speak is truth; nor do I strive to hide my Deformities or Vices: As for my outward deformities, they are visible to your Eyes; but Vices live in the Appetites, Passions, and Affections, which are only express'd by the Actions, and therefore the easier may be dissembled from the most part of the World, yet not from Heaven, to whom I am to make a just account: And since my sins are only to the Gods, and not you, fair Godefs, I shall not at this time make a publick confession of them; but I am come here to present you with my love, which love is as pure as unspotted Angels, it hath no by-respects unto your Wealth, Beauty, or Birth, but barely and meerly to your Virtue: in truth I come a wooing to your Soul, not to your Body, but yet mistake me not, I would not have them parted. I cannot say my Estate or Birth deserves you, nor have I merits equal to your worth; but since my love is as pure as your virtue, it will be an equal Match: And though you see my body a deformed bulk, yet I am not ashamed of it, because the owner, which

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is my Mind, is honest : for I never betray'd my King, or Country, Mistris, or Friend, nor any Trust that was impos'd unto me by any, although a Foe ; I never shut my purse, nor sheath'd my sword from helping the distress'd, nor turn'd my back upon my assaulting Enemy ; I never stole good Fame, nor rob'd good Names, nor stab'd Innocency with slander ; I never scorn'd those below my self, nor envy'd those above me ; I never infring'd the Laws of Honour, nor disturb'd civil Society ; and though I cannot suffer an injury patiently, yet I never did omit a duty willingly : As for the truth of what I say, I have none to witness for me, as being a stranger, but my own words, from which this company (perchance) may think self-love and great desire hath brib'd my Tongue ; but if they do, their thoughts make Truth no less, no more than Eyes that are blind, Ears that are deaf, can rob you of your Wit and Beauty : for though your Wit they do not hear, nor Beauty see, yet you possess them no less, their want only robs you of their Admiration, not of the Possession ; and say I am blind of one eye, my other eye doth see, and I have Hearing perfectly, which doth inform my Knowledge and Understanding, with that which makes my Admirations and Adorations perfect and sound within my Heart, wherein your Picture is printed on, which my Soul doth view, and gazing, kneels with wonder and astonishment, that so much Wit, Wisdom, and Virtue should be in one so young & fair : And if you cannot love me, despise me not ; for my pure Love is Divine, as being divinely placed on you ; and it would grieve my Soul, to have the zealous fire and immaculate flame of my Affection extinguish'd with your neglecting Thoughts, and rak'd up in the ashes of your Forgetfulness : But if any of my Sex shall seem to jest, or scorn me for my outward form or shape,

My Courage and my Sword shall take my bodies part,  
To cut their Limbs, or thrust them through their Heart.

*Prudence.* Worthy Sir, you must excuse me from answering you at this time : for I am taken on the sudden very sick.

*Strange Wooer.* I wish you health, although it were to be only purchas'd by my death.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 24.

*Enter Mistris Trifle, and a Grave Matron.*

*Matron.* What is the cause you weep ?

*Trifle.* Because my Father will not get me a Husband, and Mistris Fondly will have a Husband before I shall have one : for I hear she is to be married, she is happier in her Parents than I am : for my Parents are unnatural, and take no care how to get me a Husband, and to see me married.

*Matron.* You may marry soon enough to repent.

*Trifle.* I am sure I shall not repent : for to be a Wife, is a condition I am most desirous of, and cannot be happy any other way.

*Matron.* And Wives think Maids only happy, because they are not vex'd nor troubled with a Husband.

*Trifle*



*Trifle.* Such women deserve no Husbands: for certainly a Husband is a joy and a comfort; as being a companion and a friend.

*Matron.* But Husbands seldom keep in the company of their Wives, and many times, instead of a friend, prove an enemy.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Trifle.* What, have you been at *Mistress Fondly's* House?

*Servant.* Yes.

*Trifle.* And have you inquir'd of her Maid, as I bid you, whether the Report is true, that her Mistress is to be married?

*Servant.* Yes.

*Trifle.* And what said she?

*Servant.* She said that a Gentleman did Treat with her Mistresses Father, but they could not agree: for the Gentleman would have more portion than her Father would give, whereupon the Match is broke off.

*Trifle.* I am glad of that: for I would not have her married before me for all the World. But did you not see *Mistress Fondly*?

*Servant.* No: for her Maid said her Mistress, at the breaking off her Marriage, almost broke her heart: for she hath so afflicted her self, and hath so wept and sigh'd, as she is fallen sick, and keeps her Chamber.

*Trifle.* Alas good Friend, I pity her extremely; but I will go visit her, and try if I can comfort her.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 25.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, to give her Answer to her Suter the Stranger: The Assembly standing about, the Lady and Suter take their places.*

**P***rudence.* Noble Sir, the Wit whetted with Nature, Time, and Education hath endu'd my tender brains, is like new kindled fire, that sparkling flies about, the fuel being green, and newly laid to burn, there is more smoke than flame: But since the time I heard you speak, a newer fire is kindled in my Heart, which equally doth burn with your profess'd Affections; and though your Person is none of Natures exactest Peeces, yet your Mind doth seem to be compos'd with all her best Ingredients; and lure your Thoughts set notes of Honour, Honesty, and Love, by which your Tongue plays Harmony. 'Tis not the sattin Skin, that's painted white and red, nor great carv'd Bodies, can win my Love, nor Wealth, Titles, Birth, nor crown'd Power; but Truth, Sincerity, Constancy, Justice, Prudence, Courage, and Temperance, by which, as Magistrates, your life seems to be governed, which life I wish the Gods may Crown with happy days, and in *Tames Tower* long live your praise. I will not ask you from whence you came, nor what you are: For though you seem but poor and mean, Your Soul appears to me sublime.

*Stranger.* And will you chuse me for your Husband, Lady?

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*Prudence*

*Prudence.* I shall be proud to be your Wife, Sir.

*Stranger.* The Gods are just to my pure Love, rewarding it with your acceptance; but I must beg your leave for some short time of Absence, and then I shall return, and claim your Promise.

*Prudence.* You have the liberty, Sir.

*Exit Strange Wooer.*

*The Lady Gravity speaks to the Lady Prudence.*

*Gravity.* Lady, surely you are in a High Fever.

*Prudence.* Why, Madam?

*Gravity.* As to do so extravagant an Action, as to marry a man you know not what he is, nor from whence he came, and may prove as deformed in Mind as in Body, as mean of Birth, as poor in Purse, as beggars that live on cold dry Charity!

*Prudence.* If he be poor, my Estate will make him rich; if humbly born, his Merits make him Honourable; from whence he comes I do not care, and where he will have me go, I will wait upon him, never questioning to what place.

*Exit Lady Prudence*

*Gravity.* Her Courage is beyond her Wit.

*Liberty.* For the Example of this Lady, I would have a Law made, that there should be no more Publick Wooing.

*Parle.* She hath cast away her self.

*Minion.* Who can help it?

*The Assembly go out, holding up their hands as at a wonder.*

*Scene 26.*

*Enter the Lady Mute, as being in a melancholy Humour. Enter Sir William Holdfast, as meeting her.*

**H**oldfast. Lady, why seem you so melancholy?

*Mute.* My melancholy disposition is apt to catch hold on my evil Fortunes, and both joyning together, help to multiply my sad thoughts.

*Holdfast.* Why should you be sad?

*Mute.* How can I be merry, when I am left destitute of Friends, and unacquainted with Experience.

*Holdfast.* Nature hath furnish'd you with all store, you need none.

*Mute.* If she had, yet all the good seeds that Nature and Education hath sown in me, and sprouted forth in bud, are nipt with Misfortunes, wither'd with Sorrows, blasted with Sighs, and drown'd in Tears.

*Holdfast.* For what?

*Mute.* For being enslav'd unto an unworthy person, who neither loves Virtue, nor values Honour, but laughs at my youth, and flings scorns on my Innocency, which makes me almost murmur at Heaven, and apt to think the

Gods

Gods unjust, to let Fortune betray me to Power and Tyranny.

*Holdfast.* Trouble not your self: for certainly your bondage may be taken off, if it be discreetly handled: for he seems willing to part with you upon easie terms; for you heard him offer to sell you.

*Mute.* I wish I were worth your Purchase.

*Holdfast.* Would you willingly change him for me?

*Mute.* I cannot be worse; and you seem so noble a person, as perswades me to hope I may be happy.

*Holdfast.* And if I had the whole World, I would give it for you, rather than not have you; and I should think my self more enrich'd by the enjoyment, than if the Gods made new Worlds to present me.

*Mute.* I have heard Heaven protects the Innocent, defends the Harmless, and provides for the Helpless; which if it doth, the Gods will give me you.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 27.

*Enter Mistris Parle, Mistris Trifle, Mistris Fondly, Mistris Vanity, and one of the Matrons.*

**P***arle.* Ha, ha, ha, Is this the young wife Lady that all the World admir'd for her Prudence and Judgment?

*Vanity.* Faith her Judgment hath err'd in her choise.

*Fondly.* I am glad: for now I may marry to whom I will; for I cannot choose worse; and my Father and Mother did bid me, nay charged me to imitate her.

*Trifle.* So did mine.

*Vanity.* And mine.

*Parle.* Well, for my part I rejoyce: for now we shall have the old way of Wooing again, to imbrace and kifs in corners, to hear amorous and wanson discourse.

*Fondly.* That way of wooing is best.

*Vanity.* You say true: for I hate this way of wooing; there is no pleasure in it:

*Parle.* No 'faith, to stand gazing and prating a mile asunder.

*Matron.* You make short miles.

*Parle.* Why, two inches is a Lovers mile, and three a long league.

*Trifle.* It was not likely she should choose well, or ever be happily married.

*Matron.* Why so?

*Trifle.* By reason she was curs'd by all the maids, back-holders, widows and widowers in the Town.

*Matron.* But she had the prayers of all the married women.

*Parle.* But she had the curses of all the married men: for they croud in amongst the back-holders sometimes.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 28.

*Enter Sir Thomas Letgo, and the Lady Liberty.*

**L** *Letgo.* Sweet Madam, you are the Goddess which my Thoughts adore!

*Liberty.* You flatter.

*Letgo.* Love cannot flatter: for Lovers think all their praises truth.

*Liberty.* The Lady *Mute* is your Goddess.

*Letgo.* If there were no other Goddess of your Sex but she, I should become an Infidel to love, nay an Atheist, believing there were no such Deity as Love.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 29.

*Enter the Lady Prudence, and Intelligencer her Woman.*

**I** *ntelligencer.* Madam, all the Town condemns you!

*Prudence.* And do you condemn me too?

*Intelligencer.* No, Madam: for I am bound, as being your servant, to submit to your will, liking, and pleasure.

*Prudence.* Why, the choice is honest: for they may swear I am not enamour'd with his Person: But had he been a fair Youth, or known to be a debauch'd Man, they might have justly condemn'd me, either for my fond Affection and amorous Love, or wilde Choice.

*Intelligencer.* Faith they may think your Choice is wilde, by reason you have chosen out of a Labyrinth, not knowing where his beginning or end is.

*Prudence.* Why Virtue is the Beginning, and Happiness, I hope, will be the End.

*Intelligencer.* I wish it may prove so Madam.

*Prudence.* But pray tell me, Did you ever hear me speak worse than I did to him?

*Intelligencer.* How do you mean, Madam, in that you gave your self away?

*Prudence.* No, in that I did not present my self more Eloquently.

*Intelligencer.* Methought your Speech did not flow so smooth as it was us'd to do, as if your Tongue did know you did commit a fault in granting his Sute.

*Prudence.* No truly; for my desire did out-run my speech: for desiring to speak best to him I loved most, obstructed my Tongue, which made my words run unevenly.

*Intelligencer.* That's a common misfortune: for when any one strives to speak wisely, they most often speak foolishly.

*Prudence.* 'Tis true; for strife is an enemy to speech: for those that speak not free and easie, never speak well.

For when as Passion wrestles with the Tongue,  
The Sense is weak, and down the words are flung.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 30.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gentleman.** 'Tis strange the Lady *Prudence*, that is so beautiful, rich, and nobly born, and hath so great a wit, should chuse a man so poor and mean, and so ill-favour'd.

**2 Gentlem.** In my opinion it is not strange: for certainly there is a sympathy between the spirits of virtuous souls, which begets love, although in deformed persons: And this is the true Love; for that which proceeds from Covetousness, or Ambition, or is produced by the Senses, is rather an Appetite, which is apt to surfeit, or dies as soon as enjoy'd, or turns with Fortunes wheel.

**1 Gentlem.** Well, I wish for the Ladies sake, who is known to be Virtuous, her Husband may prove as Virtuous as she.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 31.

*Enter a Grave Matron, Mistris Fondly, Mistris Vanity, Mistris Trifle, and Mistris Parle.*

**Matron.** Ladies, do you hear the News?

**Parle.** What News?

**Matron.** Why Mistris *Simple* is gone very early this morning out of Town with Sir *Anthony Gosling*; and 'tis said they will be married before they return.

**Vanity.** I cannot believe it: for she was the most unlikely to be married of any of us all.

**Parle.** I perceive that Maid that can have Fortune to be her friend, shall not want a Husband.

**Fondly.** You say true; and Fortune is a better friend than our Parents are: for our Parents are contented we should live Maids all the time of our lives, when Fortune (most commonly) gives Maids Husbands at one time or other.

**Matron.** Ladies, why do you complain of your Parents for their wary care? who would not have you marry, but to such Husbands as you may be happy withall; and therefore are cautious how to chuse, when Fortune makes Matches at Random.

**Fondly.** I had rather marry at Random, than not marry at all.

**Matron.** Why then (perchance) in stead of a worthy person, you may marry a base fellow; and in stead of a rich husband, a beggar.

**Parle.** Those women that are curious in their Chosse, may chance to die Old Maids.

**Matron.** 'Tis better to die an old Maid, than to live a miserable life, which will be, if an unhappy Wife.

H B h h z

*Vanity*

*Vanity.* There is no misery like being an old Maid.

*She sings a piece of an old Song.*

*O that I were so happy once to be a wedded wife,  
I would fulfil my Husbands will all the days of my life.*

*Parle.* I doubt I may sing the Song that says,

*O pity take upon me now some gentle Bodie,  
And give me the Willow-Branch, for no man will have me*

*Trifle* And I may sing this old Song.

*I wander up and down,  
And no body cares for me :  
Although I be but poor and brown,  
Yet constant will I be.*

*Fondly.* And I may sing this old Ballad.

*Every Bird can choose his Mate,  
The Wren can do the same,  
The Fish and Fowl their pleasures take,  
They follow after Game.  
But I, poor I, poor silly I,  
Do sigh and sorrow still,  
Tea night and day I wear away,  
Wanting my wished will.*

*Matron.* Come, come, Ladies, you are all so desirous to marry, and so impatient because you are not married, as I doubt when you are married, your Husbands may sing the Song of *Cuckolds all a row.*

*Parle.* It were better for us that our Husbands should be Cuckolds, than we lead Apes in Hell.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene 32.

*Enter as weeping the Lady Prudence, and her Woman, Intelligencer.*

*Intelligen.* Why do you weep, Madam ?

*Prudence.* Have I not reason, when one I chose for Honesty proves false, and publickly strives for to disgrace me, by breaking of his Promise, and Appointed day of Mariage ?

*Intellig.* Perchance he could not come, some Accident hath hinder'd him.

*Prudence*

*Prudence.* He might have sent me word the reason of his stay.

*Intelligen.* It is likely he is not so rich, as to hire a Messenger.

*Prudence.* Some would have done it for Charity.

*Intelligen.* Faith Charity is lazie, and will not go without Reward.

*Prudence.* If he had loved Me or Honour, he would have found some means or ways.

*Enter her Servant the Strange Wooer.*

*Stranger.* My Virtuous sweet Mistris, what makes such showrs of Tears in Sun-shine Eyes?

*Prudence.* O Sir, I thought you had forsaken me, and left me to the Worlds wilde scorn.

*Stranger.* I should sooner forsake Life, Fame, and Heaven, than forsake you.

*He kisses her hand.*

*Stranger.* Will you have your Friends to your Wedding, Mistris?

*Prudence.* If you please, Sir: for I am not asham'd of my Choise, nor shall I be asham'd of my Mariage.

*Stranger.* Nor I, of my self; and for you, the Gods may envy me.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 33.

*Enter Mistris Parle, Mistris Trifle, Mistris Vanity, Mistris Fondly, and a Matron.*

*Parle.* Shall we go to visit Mistris Simple? she that is now my Lady Gosling, and bid her joy.

*Vanity.* Yes, if you will: for I long to see how she looks, now she is a Wife.

*Trifle.* So do I, and to see how she behaves her self, since she is married.

*Matron.* She is now, Ladies, for the conversation of Wives, and not for the society of Maids; her discourse will be now of Household Affairs, as of Houf-wifry, and of her Husband, and of Children, and hired servants, and not Sisters and Courtiers, nor Fashions, nor Dressings; neither will she return your Visits: for her Visittings will be to other married Wives, and her time will be spent at Labours, Christenings, Churchings, and other Matrimonial Gossippings and Meetings.

*Parle.* Howsoever we will go visit her.

*Fondly.* I wish we may see her Husband with her, to see if he be kind to her, or not.

*Parle.* If he be not kind to her, and hath been married but two or three days, he will never be kind.

*Trifle.* I wonder whether he will kiss her when we are by.

*Parle.* Yes certainly: for new-married men and their wives take a pleasure to kiss before company.

*Fondly.* Hey ho, that married Wives should have such pleasures, when Maids have none.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 34.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Letgo, with other Gentlemen.*

*This Scene of Sir Thomas Letgo, the Lord Marquiss writ.*

**L***etgo.* O unfortunate villain! that I should be such a Coxcomb, such a Fool, to lose five thousand pounds at Dice! Those bones spotted with the small Pox, the great Pox take them for me, and the Plague to boot: for they have plagued me, and yet I have not a token left about me.

*1 Gent.* You may borrow more.

*Letgo.* Borrow, you Puppy, you, my land's intail'd, a perpetuity, I have nothing but for life, like a Serving-mans Annuity, or an old Ladies Joynture, no body will lend me any thing; and now I must eat grafs and hay: for we are all mortal they say, and they choke me with that. Pox of my Grand-fathers and Fathers provident Wisedomes, with their learned Counsels in the Law; but I hope all their souls fry in Hell for't, that's my comfort.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis a hard case, that a young Gentleman cannot undoe himself for those Fetters and Bonds of Parchment; truly it is cruel.

*Letgo.* I, is it not *Jack*, to be tied thus, like a dog to a cup-board, and in chains too, that he cannot gnaw or bite them asunder?

*3 Gent.* 'Faith Sir, 'tis a strange thing, that a man should venture to play his money, whether it should be his or another mans.

*Letgo.* No *Dick*, you are deceiv'd, I play whether his money should be mine or his. O unfortunate Rogue that I am! and that foolish Star-gazer, the Astrologer, never to see it in my Nativity neither when he cast it. Those Knaves and Fools; to talk of things that they have no guess at what they are, as if the seven Planets, or the twelve Houses, had to do with a cast of Dice, a fine nimble Cheater is worth a thousand of them. Rogue that I am! And now comes in such a consideration into my brain upon my Repentance.

*1 Gent.* As how pray?

*Letgo.* As how? why if I had this current running money, nay rather, if I had wings, and flies beyond the Fiction of *Pegasus*: why, if I had it, how would bestow it for the good of the Common-wealth, as thus: What rich Apparel, with Imbroyderies of gold, and silver, and silk? what Feather and Mistresses? what gilt *Paris* Coaches, Pages, and Lacquies, fans number in rich liveries? what Coachmen, Postilions, with six Flanders Horses, to strike with amazement the whole street as I pass? what running Horses Hounds, Hawks, Cocks, Greyhounds? what delicious Banquets, Spanish Perfumes, most odoriferous, soft Musick, that should lull the soul asleep sumptuous Furnitures, so as I would surfet the Senses, and make the seven Deadly Sins live like Princes?

*And*



And set up Sin and Vanity to the hight,  
Since those are still the Gentlemens delight.

But O my money is gone, which cuts off all my hopes of exercising all those virtuous ways ! well, let me cogitate, and boy, give me a melancholy Pipe, to cloud all hopes of joys with sadder thoughts.

*He gives him his Pipe.*

1 *Gent.* Truly 'tis pity he hath lost his money : for you hear how Religiously he would have spent it.

2 *Gent.* Most like a Gentleman, I must needs say that for him.

3 *Gent.* Most piously indeed ; but prethee let us walk for a while, lest we should disturb his Thoughts : no more Discourse, but let us tie our Tongues.

1 *Gent.* Content, till his be loofe.

*They sit mute a time, while he sits musing.*

2 *Gent.* What Contemplation now ?

*Letgo.* Pious and charitable ones. But this damn'd money, this runnagado, this vagabond money !

1 *Gent.* But if you had a statute to whip her home to her own Parish, it would do well.

*Letgo.* I *Fack*, but there is no such law, the more the pity ; but this abominable money disorders all the World. What work makes it betwixt Parents and Children, Husbands and Wives, Brothers and Sisters, Masters and Servants, Landlords and Tenants, Citizens and their Prentices, Mistresses and their Maids, and between Kings and their subjects ? Corrupts all the World, breaks Friendshipp, betrays Friends, raises Rebellions, commits Treason, and corrupts Virgins : It is the Pander and Bawd to all business ; the States-man is sed by this damn'd Lady *Pecunia*, the Lawyer serves her, the Merchants her slave, the Shop-keeper her vassal, and the Countryman her Tenant, Lords and Ladies her pensioners, and greatest Monarchs pay tribute to her ; the Logician argues for her, the Orator pleads for her, and many Ecclesiasticals preach for her, the Vicar General and his Conclave are rul'd by her, and the poor Poet, she draws his copperas from his ink, and makes him flatter her. This horrid Lady Sorceress, so to bewitch the World ! Is there no law against this Enchantress, that thus doth still abuse the World, and all that's in it ? The very Souldiers sword is charmed by her, and all his guns are silent at her presence. This she-devil !

3 *Gentlem.* But I would you had your she-devil again for all that : But what Pious and Charitable Consideration had you, if you had your money again ?

*Letgo.* Marry Sir, First I would build an Hospital for decay'd Ladies that were maim'd in *Venus's* wars, losing a nose, or so, never yet any care taken of them, the more is the pity.

2 *Gent.* Very good : and what next ?

*Letgo.* Next I would buy such a piece of ground, and build a *Bedlam*, and then put in all such Divines as preach themselves out of their power and riches ; and I would put all such Lawyers in, as pleaded themselves out of practice ; and all such Citizens as petition'd themselves out of trade.

3 *Gentlem.* These are good and pious Acts : But would not you provide a place or means for such as were undone by playing at Dice and Cards, and the like.

*Letgo.* No, they should have only Fools Coats to be known by, and I would be the Master of them.

*Exeunt.*

*Here ends my Lord Marquiss of Newcastles Writing.*

Scene 35.

*Enter Mistris Parle, Mistris Trifle, Mistris Vanity, Mistris Fondly, and a Matron, to the Lady Gosling: These all bid her Joy; She thanks them in a low Voice, and a constrain'd and formal Behaviour, and a foolish grave Countenance.*

**T** *Rifle.* How doth your Husband, Madam?

*Lady Gosling.* I hope he's well, he's gone abroad.

*Parle.* You look pale since you were married.

*Gosling.* I was not very well this morning: for I could not eat my Breakfast; truly I have lost my stomach since I have been married.

*Vanity.* Perchance you are breeding.

*Gosling.* Oh fie, no surely; but yet my Maid laughs, and tells me I am.

*Matron.* I hope, Lady, you are not breeding already? for you have not been married above three days.

*Gosling.* I have heard that some have been with Child as soon as they were married; and my Maid told me she served a Mistris, who, the next day she was married was with Child.

*Matron.* By my Faith that was very soon.

*The Lady Gosling pulls off her Glove to take her Handkerchief, a pretence to shew her wedding-ring.*

*Fondly.* Me thinks it is strange to see you have a Wedding-ring on your Thumb.

*Gosling.* You will come to wear a Wedding-ring on your Thumb one of these days.

*Trifle.* What is the Posie?

*Gosling.* I like too well to change.

*Parle.* 'Tis well you do: for if you did not, you could hardly change, unless your Husband dies.

*Gosling.* Heaven forbid: for I would not have him die for all the World, for he is one of the lovingest and fondest Husbands that ever was.

*Matron.* The first Moneth is a fond Moneth, Lady.

*Parle.* And are you fond of him?

*Gosling.* Yes truly: for I hang about his neck when he is at home.

*Matron.* But you will weary your Husband, Lady, if you hang a long time.

*Gosling.* I would very fain you did see my Husband.

*Parle.* We much desire so to do.

*She calls her Maid Joan: The Maid answers as within, Madam.*

*Gosling.*

*Gosling.* Is your Master, Sir *Anthony Gosling*, come home yet?

*Maid.* No, Madam.

*Gosling.* In truth he is too blame to stay out so long, knowing I am not well when he is away.

*Vanity.* Are you sick in his absence?

*Gosling.* I am best pleas'd when he is with me.

*Matron.* New-married Wives are always so; but after they have been married some time, they are worst pleas'd when their Husbands are with them.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 36.

*Enter the Lady Prudence as a Bride that's very finely drest in glorious Apparel, her Bridegroom in poor old cloaths: He leads her as to the Church, limping with his Wooden Leg. The Bridal Guests seem to make signs of scorning as they follow.*

*They all go out but two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gentlem.* Me thinks it is a strange sight to see such a Bride, and such a Bridegroom. I do imagine them to be like *Pluto* and *Proserpine*.

**2** *Gent.* Nay rather, they are like *Venus* and *Vulcan*.

**1** *Gent.* But she is too chaste to entertain a *Mars* to Cuckold him.

**2** *Gent.* It is to be hop'd she will take her liberty with variety: for extravagant love is seldom constant.

**1** *Gent.* If that rule prove true, he may be a Cuckold indeed.

**2** *Gent.* 'Tis likely he will: for women chuse to marry such deformed men a purpose; first to excuse their fault, thinking the World will never condemn them, their Husbands being ill-favour'dly mis-shapen, or thinking their Husbands will be well content, knowing their own infirmities, to be a sharer.

**1** *Gent.* But I wonder she did not new-cloath him: for though he is not so rich to buy himself a Wedding-Suit, yet she hath means enough to buy him many several suits, and rich.

**2** *Gent.* There was no time to make him Wedding-cloaths, because he came not till his Wedding-day.

**1** *Gent.* Well, let us go see them married, and wish them joy.

*Exeunt*

## Scene 37

*Enter Sir Thomas Letgo, Sir William Holdfast, and two or three other Gentlemen.*

*So far of this Scene as Sir Thomas Letgo's, the Marquis of Newcastle writ.*

**L**etgo. Since my losses, I have such a desire of Revenge, as my fingers itch to be at it, and the Palfie is in my eldow with the imagination of throwing those partial bones, call'd by the Vulgar, Dice; they say they are square fellows, but I doubt it: Well, have at them, whatsoever comes on't; for I long more for them, than the great Belly that long'd to bite her Husband's Nose, or to give him a box on the Ear; or she that threw her loaf into a barrel of Tár; and if I have not my longings, in my Conscience I shall miscarry.

*1 Gent.* Take heed Sir, that you do not miscarry, if you have the Dice.

*2 Gent.* How can he do that? for he hath nothing to miscarry withall, nor a farthing, his pockets swell not; 'tis but an imaginary Child, a windy or warty Mole, or a Moon-calf; he needs no Dice to be his Midwife for the Lady Pecunia, a meer Timpany of the Fancy, and nothing else.

Letgo. O Jack, thou art cruel! there is nothing so horrid as truth to a Gentleman, and such truths too. I know not what to do with my self: for I cannot be alone, those are such foolish fellows that have parts, as they call them, and I hate both them and their parts.

*Enters the Lady Mute as passing.*

Look here is my foolish Mistris, by the Gods I'll play her, I'll set her you, Sir William Holdfast, what will you stake against her?

*He stays her from passing.*

Holdfast. Sir, a Lady, and such a Lady, is beyond price unvaluable.

Letgo. Come, come, leave your Courtship to Ladies, and throw, and have at her.

Holdfast. Why Sir, with the Ladies leave, I will set you five thousand pound.

Letgo. Five thousand pound? why she hath two thousand pound land a year man, and is an Heir.

Holdfast. But I consider a Wife is chargeable: for I shall maintain her according to her Birth, and my own Honour; besides, children will come on and they are chargeable.

Letgo. For her charge, I will maintain her as cheap as a Changeling, a Dairy-maid, or a Kitchin-wench: why, she is a fool, and for children, you will not have them the first day certainly; but her Estate will maintain her, and make thee rich; besides, a witty Wife is a curse, and a fool but a Trouble.

Holdfast. But I consider there are two Joyntures goe out of her Estate.

Letgo. Why, they are so old, they will both pick over the Pearch the next Fall, and die of the Frownies; or if not, I will present thee with a little Rati-bane for them, to put in their Caudles.

*Holdfast.*

*Holdfast.* Well Sir, I honour the Lady so much, as I will set ten thousand pound against her.

*Letgo.* By the Gods, make it but fifteen thousand, and here I set her.

*Holdfast.* Content, and we will take one anothers words, and these Noble Gentlemen shall be the witnesses.

*Letgo.* With all my Soul. Give me the Dice, they that throw most at three throws with three dice, let them win: for three is the Ladies number. But first let me invoke them.

*He kneels down.*

Thou Lady *Fortune*; here I do implore thee;  
Now metamorphos'd into Dice that's three  
My better Fate with Sixes to be crown'd,  
Thy Favourite winning fifteen thousand pound.

*Holdfast.* Throw Sir, without any more Invocation of this various Goddess;

*Sir Thomas Letgo takes the Lady Mute by the hand, and sets her close to the Table they play on.*

*Letgo.* Come, you Fool, stand here on my side, and now have at your money Sir. Two fives and a six? 'tis well; again, two sixes and a five? I thank thee Lady *Fortune*, if I win, thou shalt never be call'd a whore again, but a virtuous and pious Lady; once again, three sixes? Sweet Lady *Fortune*, how have they wronged thee heretofore, in laying their own follies to thy charge! Malizious lying Detractors, that defame Ladies thus.

Here take the Dice, which are so square and new;

And bid your fifteen thousand pound adieu.

*Holdfast.* You will give me leave to throw Sir (*Throws*) what is that, three sixes?

*Letgo.* Well, again.

*Holdfast.* Three sixes again? I vow I believe she is a Virtuous Lady indeed.

*Letgo.* I cannot tell yet, I will not take upon me for the noblest Lady in the World, throw again, and I will tell you.

*Holdfast.* Why then have at your Mistress; three sixes again? O Virtuous Lady *Fortune*!

*Letgo.* By the Gods, *Jack*, the Lady *Fortune* is a whore, a pocky whore.

*Gent.* Why did you meddle with her then? I knew you would get a Clap.

*Letgo.* Nay I have got two; but now I shall have a strict Diet that will cure me.

*Here ends my Lord Marquisses writing.*

*When Holdfast hath won, he speaks to the Lady Mute.*

*Holdfast.* Are you pleas'd with my Fortune?

*She speaks very softly.*

*Mute.* Yes.

*Holdfast.* It is an injury to Nature to whisper out your words, but rather they should be blown abroad by Fames loud Trumpet.

*She speaks louder.*

*Mute*

*Mute.* Had I Rhetorick, as I have none, the loudness of the voice would take away the Elegance of the Speech, and drown the sense of the Subject; But I desire you, and all the rest of this Company may know, I am so well pleased with the Change, as for this Act of Fortunes favour, I shall become a Votress to Her Deity, for whom I will build an Altar more famous than *Mausolus's* Tomb; it shall be built with Rhetorick, polished with Eloquence, carved with Allegories, pensil'd with Fancies, and gilded with Praise; the Materials shall be wise Brains, honest Hearts, and eloquent Tongues; on this Altar shall burn the Fire of Life, and all the Actions of Industry shall be offered thereon.

*Letgo.* What, can you speak?

*Mute.* I am not dumb, although my name is *Mute*.

*Letgo.* You were almost as silent as if you were dumb, all the time you were mine.

*Mute.* 'Tis true; but now I am set at liberty, my Tongue can run freely.

*Letgo.* Why, you are as much bound to him now, as you were to me before.

*Mute.* I account this bondage a freedom: for none can be a slave that is bound to a worthy person, who hath a noble nature.

*Holdfast.* Pray Sir *Thomas Letgo* do not Court my fortunate Mistress: for though you thought her a fool, I know her to be both wise, and also to have a great Wit.

*Mute.* I fear my wit is but an Infant-wit, and lies in swathing-clouts asleep in the cradle of obscurity: But Time may give it growth, and practice strength, and experience may bring it into the light of knowledge.

*Letgo.* If you had no Affection for me, yet you might have had so much civility, as to have express your self sociable.

*Mute.* Civility doth not bind any one to divulge their own infirmities, as to express their ignorance by their discourse; besides, for my part, I was so bashful and fearful, lest I should cause errors, and make such defects as were not naturally in me, but only produced by innocent ignorance, which made me choose silence to shun scorns; but I found it was not a sufficient defence.

*Enter the Lady Liberty, and the other Ladies. One of the Gentlemen speaks to them.*

*1 Gent.* Here is a Miracle, not only that the dumb speaks, but she that was thought a natural Fool, proves a great Wit.

*All the Ladies laugh, and repeat scornfully, a wit, a wit.*

*Mute.* That word, Wit, that those Ladies return in scorn, I with Industry will make it like a reflection, to cause a double light, and give a greater heat of Sense, Reason, and Judgment, Fancy and Phrase.

*Then she speaks to Sir William Holdfast.*

Sir, if I behave my self indiscreetly, impute it to an over-flowing joy; and those follies I commit, are not by Nature born; nor yet by Education bred in me.

*Holdfast.* Sweet Mistress, you can no more be guilty of a fault, than Angels

in *Joves* Mansion. Fare you well; *Sir Thomas Letgo*, the *Lady Liberty* will counterpoize your losses.

*Sir William Holdfast* goes out, leading forth his *Mistress the Lady Mute*, whereat *Sir Thomas Letgo* frowns.

*Liberty*. Let her go, *Sir Thomas Letgo*: for if she be not a Fool, for certain she is wanton, or otherwise she would not be so well pleas'd with change.

*Letgo*. He hath affronted me.

*Sir Thomas* goes out frowning. *The company* speak to the *Lady Liberty*.

*Gent*. There is no change so visible, as the most opposite: but *Sir Thomas Letgo* is both troubled and angry: wherefore *Lady Liberty*, you had best try to pacifie him.

*Liberty*. He is like little children, which despise what they have, but cry when they are taken from them.

*Exeunt*.

Scene 38.

*Enter Mistress Parle, Mistress Trifle, Mistress Vanity,*  
and a *Matron*.

**P***arle*. Ha, ha, ha, prethee teach me something to keep in laughter, or I shall disgrace my self for ever.

*Matron*. Are you so loosely set together, that you cannot hold?

*Parle*. No, I shall burst out laughter at this ridiculous Wedding, before all the Bridal Company, and so be thought rude.

*Matron*. If you burst out nothing else, the company will excuse you: for Weddings are compos'd of mirth and jollity, and every one hath liberty and leave to sport and play, to dance and skip about.

*Parle*. But if the Bridegroom limping should come to take me out to dance, I shall laugh in his face, which he will take as an Affront; and then will kick me with his wooden stump.

*Matron*. O no; he seems too wise to take Exception; and too civil to kick a Lady; he will rather kiss you, than kick you.

*Parle*. I had rather he should kick me thrice, than kiss me once, by *Jupiter*; I would not be his Bride; to be the Empress of the whole World:

*Matron*. It is probable, nor he your Bridegroom.

*Enter Mistress Fondly*.

*Fondly*. Come away, the Bride is going to bed; and you stand talking here?

*Parle*. To bed, say you? If I were she, I would first chöote to go to my Grave.

*Grave.* *Hymen* and *Cupid* blefs me from fuch a bed-fellow as the Bridegroom.

*Trifle.* Prethee let us watch, to fee if we can defcry whether he hath cloven feet or not ?

*Parle.* Should he have no Cloven Feet, yet certainly the Original of his fhape came from Hell : for furely he was begot by the Devil, on fome witch or another, and his Cloaths were spun by the Devils Dam.

*Vanity.* The truth is, he hath damnable old cloaths on, they feem as if they were made of old rags, scrap'd out of dunghils.

*Matron.* I perceive, Ladies, you prefer Beauty and Cloaths, before Virtue and Merit.

*Parle.* Faith Virtue is too rigid to be belov'd, and Merit is but an incorporeal Spirit, and an incorporeal Spirit is no good bed-fellow.

*Trifle.* Wherefore I would have a Handsome, Perfonaible, Fashionable, Courtly man.

*Fondly.* Nay, if I could have my wish, I would wifh for more than one man.

*The young Ladies go out.*

*The Grave Matron alone.*

*Matron.* The truth is, that one man would have too much by either of thofe Ladies.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 39.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Letgo, and the Lady Liberty.*

*Letgo.* Was it not enough to win, but to affront me with my losses ?

*Liberty.* Its true ; they fay Losers have only leave to fpeak, but Winners fhould be merry.

*Letgo.* Was there no fubject for his mirth but I ?

*Enter Sir William Holdfast, and his Miftris, the Lady Mute.*

*Letgo.* You are a falfe cheating-fellow.

*Holdfast.* You are a bafe lying Villain, for faying fo.

*Letgo.* You have cozen'd me of my Miftris, and I will have her again.

*Holdfast.* I have won her fairly and honeftly, and I will keep her with my Life.

*They both draw and fight. Mute runs to Sir William Holdfast, and cries out.*

*Mute.* For Heaven-fake leave off to fight for me, I am not worth the life you hazard for me.

*He fpeaks while he fights.*

*Holdfast.* Sweet Miftris, fear not, Death hath no power on me, fo long as you ftand by.

*They fight ftill.*

*Mute.*



*Mute.* O let my sad complaints, like murmuring Rivers, flow thorough your Ears, that running into your Heart, may move it to a gentle pity.

*Enter company, and parts them.*

*Liberty.* You should have let them fight, to see whether Fortune hath the same power on their Swords; as she hath on the Dice; whether she can dispose of Life and Death, as of Honour and Riches?

*Let go.* You may part us now, but we shall meet again.

*Sir Thomas and the company go out, only Sir William and the Lady Mute stays. The Lady Mute weeps.*

*Holdfast.* My dear Mistris, what makes your eyes to flow?

*Mute.* As my tears flow thorough my eyes, so I wish my life may flow thorough my tears, then might you live in safety.

*Holdfast.* Let not your love to me make waste of such Tears, that every drop might save a Life, nay save a Soul, they are so pure and penetrating. But your fears doe apprehend my Foe more dangerous than he is.

*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene 40.

*A Bed is thrust on the Stage, as presenting the Bride-chamber, the Bride being in the Bed finely drest, and a company of young Ladies her Companions about her.*

*Trifle.* Faith confess to us your Maiden-companions, do not you repent?  
*Prudence.* So far am I from repentance, as I should repent, were I not as now I am.

*Vanity.* You will repent before seven years.

*Parle.* Seven years? you mean seven days: for seven years to our Sex, is seven Ages; for Maids and Widows account it so before their marriage, and married Wives do account time so until their Husbands die.

*Fondly.* Faith I think there are few women, but when they marry, hope to be Widows.

*Parle.* That's certain; and were it not for such hopes, men would hardly get Wives.

*Enter the Bridegroom, and a company of Gentlemen and Knights ; then enters a servant with a rich night-gown or Mantle, another servant with a rich Cap, Wastcoat, and Slippers : Then the Bridegroom first pulls off his patch from his Eye, then pulls off his bumbast Doublet, and then his wooden Leg, and his snarled Periwig, having a fine head of hair of his own ; then puts on his wastcoat, cap, slippers, and night-gown, he then appearing very handsome, the company staring upon him, the mean time they as in amazement, He speaks to the Ladies.*

*Bridegroom.* Fair Ladies, as other men strive to adorn themselves, to mend their broken Bodics, and patch up their decays with false and feigned shews, to cozen credulous women, that think them such as they appear, when they abuse your sweet & gentle natures : But lest my Wife should think me better than I am, or expect more than I could give her, I formed my self far worse than Nature made me ; nor have I promised more than well I can perform.

And if she lov'd me crooked, lame, and blind,  
Now I am perfect, she'll not be less kind.

*The Bed drawn off, the Bridegroom follows, the men go out with him as in a maze, only Mistris Trifle, Vanity, and Parle stays.*

*Parle.* Heyday, Riddle me, riddle me, what's this ? A man blind, and not blind, lame, and not lame, crooked, and not crooked, ill-favour'd, and handsome.

*Trifle.* 'Faith it is like the Tale of the great Bear of *Warwick*.

*Vanity.* What Tale was that ?

*Trifle.* Why of a King that had three Daughters, and when they were of marriageable years, the King their Father ask'd them whether they had rather to have a Husband that were a man a days, and a beast at nights ; or a Husband that was a beast at days, and a man at nights ? and if they would marry, they must choose one of those that were sometimes men, and sometimes beasts, or otherwise they must never marry ; but they, rather than to live old Maids, were resolv'd to marry, were their Husbands at all times beasts : so the two eldest chose to have their Husbands men a days, and beasts at nights ; for, said they, we can conceal their beastliness at nights, but not a days, for the light will divulge them to the publick view of the World ; but the youngest chose a Husband, one that was a beast a days, and a man at nights : for, said she, I will please my self, not caring what the World thinks or says : for I am sure, said she, the World cares not what I think or say ; whereupon they were all three married, and the youngest Ladies Husband was a great Bear a days, but a very handsome man at nights.

*Parle.* O that every woman were so well match'd ! for then they would be always pleas'd, and never jealous : for in the day-time, when men doe Court and plead Loves Sure, and point out private meetings,

They have no words to wooe, nor persons for to win,  
And in the night their Wives their Arms do circle in :

*Trifle.* But say your Husband the He-bear, should meet a Mistris She-bear, I believe you would be jealous then.

*Parle.* I confess I should be somewhat lumpish.

*Enter*

*Enter Mistris Fondly, and a Matron.*

*Fondly.* Hey, ho !

*Parle.* VVhat is the cause you sigh ?

*Fondly.* Nature never made so handsome a man as the Bridegroom.

*Matron.* And you sigh because you are not the Bride.

*Fondly.* Faith the Devil tempts me to break a Commandement.

*Matron.* VVhat Commandement ?

*Fondly.* To covet my Neighbours goods.

*Parle.* Why he is no part of your Neighbours goods, unless he be a good man.

*Fondly.* Well, he is a goodly man, and whether he is a man that is good, I cannot tell : But howsoever I will never trust the outside more, I will never believe a patch'd eye is blind, nor a bunch'd back is crooked, nor a wooden leg lame, as long as I live.

*Parle.* And if you will not believe it whilst you live, when you are dead, I doubt you will forget it ; but howsoever the Devil tempts me as much as you to covet him that's none of mine.

*Matron.* Pray Ladies give me leave to remember you, in that you said you would not be his Bride, were it the way to make you Empress of the whole World.

*Parle.* 'Tis true ; but then we were blind of one eye as he was ; but now we see with both our eyes as he doth.

*Fondly.* Come, let us go into the Bride-chamber, and out-dare his beauty on the forfeiture of our hearts.

*Parle.* You need not go to seek Love : for he will catch you, although you run away.

*Fondly.* And you will catch Love, if with the Bridegroom stay.

*Parle.* I doubt that.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 41.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Letgo, and the Lady Liberty.*

**L***iberty.* Let me perswade you to be friends : for if you seem to mourn for that which you made slight of, and to quarrel unjustly, and fight for for that you cannot have, nor is not rightly yours, you will be thought imprudent, shunn'd as a wrangling Gamester, and accounted a Ranting Disturber, and laugh at for a fool ; for setting such a Mistris at a stake you thought too much to lose ; but if you will save your Reputation, you must seem to rejoyce you are quit of her.

*Letgo.* Well, I will take your counsel ; and I have this satisfaction, That I am not the first man that hath been deceiv'd by Women, nor shall not be he last.

*Liberty.* That's true ; and so generally it is known, as 'tis become an ordinary saying, and the saying will be made good as long as mankind lasts : for

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thought

though men may dissemble to women, yet it is women that deceive men, and we glory in it.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 42.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gent.** Do you hear the News?

**2 Gent.** What News?

**1 Gent.** Why the Bridegroom is prov'd to be the Great Duke of *Grandy's* Son.

**2 Gent.** How so?

**1 Gent.** Why you have heard that the old Prince of *Grandy* had two Sons, and the younger Son would not be perswaded from going to Travel, and it was reported he was drown'd in a Voyage by Sea, for which his Father mourn'd a long time, as loving him extremely; and you know, to add to his afflictions, his Eldest Son dies, so as he became as childless, until this time that his Son is returned safe, for which he is the most joy'd man that ever was, and is so fond of the Prince his Son, as he continually imbraces and kisses him, and hangs about his neck like a fond Bride.

**2 Gent.** Why did he come so privately, and in a disguise?

**1 Gent.** As for his private coming home, the reason was, That having oftentimes ask'd the *Magor*, to return into his own Country, and being as often deny'd, and at last threaten'd to be destroy'd if he should offer to go away, and quit the *Magor's* Service: for this Prince was General of all his Forces, and was the man that the Merchants cry'd up to be another *Julius Caesar*, although they knew not of what birth or quality he was of; but to get away, he was forc'd to steal away in a disguise, in which disguise he wooed and won his Lady, the now Princess: for whilst he lay privately in the City, until such time as he could handsomly & conveniently discover himself, he hearing the talk of the Publick Wooing, and also of the Virtue, Beauty, and Wit of the young Lady, went to hear and to see her, whom he no sooner heard and saw, and being taken with her good Fame, honouring her Virtue, admiring her Beauty, and being extremely delighted with her Wit, became a Lover, and also a Wooer; but for the better trial of her Virtue, he wooed her in his disguised, deformed shape, and unknown quality, lest his Dignity and Wealth might have inticed her Ambition, and not his Merit, to have won her Love, or his Person might have catch'd her Eye, but not his Love her Heart.

**2 Gent.** The Gods are just, rewarding in the end the good intentions with good success, and Virtue with felicity.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 43.

Enter the Bridegroom according to his Dignity, as being a Prince, richly clothed, and honourably attended with Gentlemen with their hats off, he leading in the Bride his Princess, and a great many Ladies waiting on her: The Prince and Princess sit in two Chairs, and the rest of the company on each side of them to see an Anti mask presented to them. When the Antick-maskers had danced, a Song was sung.

[These Songs following the Lord Marquis writ.

## Song.

Virtue and Honour you did take,  
And Beauty scorn'd as vading;  
Thus you a Goddess it doth make,  
'Bove mortal Ladies trading.

They love the Body, you the Soul,  
They Shape, but you the Mind,  
Your Love those grosser loves controll,  
Which shews their Love is blind.

His wooden Leg is thrown away,  
The black Patch for the blind,  
The Bunch on's back asswag'd to day,  
As handsome as his Mind.

This now is your reward, Sweet Madam,  
The Gods they are not loth  
To give you one, handsome as Adam,  
And thus enjoy them both.

Then the Maskers dance again, and after their Dance another Song.

## Song.

Loves Miracles not ceased be,  
The Lame to walk, the Blind to see,  
The Crooked is made straight, 'tis true,  
And these Loves wonders made by you.

His Body metamorphos'd is,  
By your Ambrosia sweeter kiss;  
Such power hath Love when you do sip  
The Gods pure Nectar from your Lip.

*All Joys attend you night and day,  
Be each to other fresh as May,  
Renewing pleasures every hower,  
And sweeter than the sweetest Flower.*

The Maskers dance again, and after, another Song:

Song.

*Envious Ladies now repine,  
Since you are crost,  
In having lost  
A Prince so handsome and so fine.*

*Mourn in black patches for your sins,  
Despair each Curl,  
And every Purl,  
And throw away your dressing-pins.*

*Lay by your richer Gowns of State,  
For now you'l faint,  
For all your paint,  
When think of your unhappier Fate.*

*For these Love-pitfalls they are stale,  
And all despise  
Your glancing Eyes,  
For all forc'd Arts in Love they'l fail.*

*Now let your specious gliding pass,  
Or your Lips fed  
With biting red,  
Despair, and break each Looking-glass.*

Here ends my Lord Marquis his writing:

*Then the Maskers dance again, and so goe out, the Prince  
and Princess, and the Company goes out all but a Ma-  
tron and some young Ladies, who stay, and look upon  
each other very sadly, without speaking to each other.*

*Matron.* What, Ladies, are you Thunder-struck with the Princes Honour, or are you blasted with the Lightning of his Splendor, or crush'd with the wheel of her good Fortune?

*Parle.* Lord, Lord, how blindly Fortune throws her gifts away!

*Matron.* One would think she had clear Eyes, when she bestow'd her Favours upon the Princess.

*Vanity.* She is become so proud, since she is become a Princess, as she will not look on us that were her companions; and she thinks scorn to speak to us: for she said not one word to any of us.

*Matron.* She had no occasion to speak to you; but I am confident, if you speak to her, you will find her as civil and obliging, as ever she was.

*Fondly.* Faith we care not: for we can live without being oblig'd to her.

*Parle*

*Parle.* They are not the happiest that have the greatest Titles.

*Trifle.* Pride will have a Fall.

*Matron.* I perceive it is hard to get the good opinion of the World: for you rail'd at her Course, laugh'd at her Choise, condemn'd her Mariage, and now you envy her good Success.

*Parle.* We envy her? you are mistaken: for she must be of greater value, and we less worthy than we are, to raise an Envy.

*Matron.* Nay Ladies, if you are angry, I will leave you.

*Parle.* Then we shall be rid of a prating fool.

*Exit Matron.*

*Enter three or four old Ladies, the Mothers to the young Ladies.*

1 *Old Lady.* O, wisdom in youth is a wonder.

2 *Old Lady.* Happy is that Parent that hath a discreet Child.

3 *Old Lady.* Such Children give their Parents Honour in their Graves.

4 *Old Lady.* Pray let us Petition that a Law may be Enacted for this Publick Wooing.

1 *Old Lady.* We shall not need to Petition: for the Princess, I dare warrant you, will get the Prince to Enact a Law for this Publick Wooing for her Fame, she being the only first that hath been wooed so.

*So they all speak together.*

*Old Ladies.* Well, Daughters, make her your Pattern.

*Exeunt Old Ladies.*

*Trifle.* Yesterday, that was the Wedding-day, my Parents did condemn the Bride, calling her Fool, and saying she was mad, and forbid me to imitate her.

*Parle.* 'Tis no wonder our Natures are so various, when as our Educations are so inconstant: for we are instructed to imitate Fortune, which is to be restless, and to spoil that good we have done.

*Vanity.* Or to better the worse.

*Parle.* No faith: for I perceive Fortune hath more power to do hurt than good; for Fortune ruins, or at least disturbs Virtuous Acts, and frustrates Wisdom's Counsels.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* Ladies, the Princess desires your company to dance.

*Parle.* Pray excuse me Sir: for I have so great a pain on my left side, as I can hardly fetch my breath.

*Vanity.* And I have such a pain in my head, as I dare not dance, for fear it should ake more.

*Trifle.* And truly I have so streight a shooe, as it is a pain for me to tread a step.

*Fondly.* And I am not well in my stomach: wherefore excuse us Sir to the Princess.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 44.

Enter the Lady Parrot, and the Lady Minion, and the Lady Gosling.

**P**arrot. God give you Joy, I have not seen you since you were married.

*Minion.* You are welcome into the married Society.

*Gosling.* I thank you Madam. Truly I am so tyr'd.

*Parrot.* With what, Madam?

*Gosling.* With helping my Neighbour the Lady *Breeder* to hold her back.

*Minion.* Why, is she in Labour?

*Gosling.* She is brought to Bed; but on my word she hath had a hard bargain: for she hath had a fore Labour.

*Parrot.* What hath God sent her?

*Gosling.* A lusty boy. Indeed it is one of the goodliest children that ever I saw.

*Minion.* But how chance she did not send for me to her Labour?

*Gosling.* She came on such a sudden, as she had hardly Time to send for the Midwife; but she was mightily troubled you were not there, she doubts you will take it ill.

*Parrot.* We have reason; for if we could not have come time enough to her Labour, we might have come time enough to the cup of Rejoycing.

*Gosling.* But she will bid you to the Christening.

*Minion.* That's some amends: But this hard labour of the Lady *Breeders* will fright you.

*Gosling.* No: for I have as much courage as other married Wives have; though truly, Sir *Anthony Gosling*, my Husband, was very loth I should goe: for (said he to me) prethee sweet Duck do not go: I answer'd and said to him, my hony-love I must go; for it is the part of one wife to help another; besides, a gossipping company doth help to ease the womens pains; and if I go not to their Labour, they will not come to mine.

*Minion.* Why, are you with Child?

*Gosling.* No, but I hope I shall be shortly.

*Parrot.* Come, we will go and chide your Husband, that he hath been married a week, and his Wife not with child.

*Lady Gosling.* Yes, pray goe chide him, and I will bear you company.

Exeunt.



Scene 45.

*Enter the Prince and Princess.*

**P**rincess. Sir, pray perswade the unmarried Ladies to dance: for I cannot intreat them.

*Prince.* That's strange: for Ladies will dance without intreating; for no intreating will make them sit still.

*Princess.* It seems they are not in their dancing-humour to day: for every one finds some excuse for to deny.

*Prince.* Let them alone, and take no notice of their reserved humours, and they will dance without intreating; nay, they will intreat you they may dance.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gentlem.* If it please your Highness, the Ladies desire you would give them leave to Celebrate your Mariage with their Mirth, and to express their Joy with their Dancing.

*Prince.* We shall take it as a Favour to our Nuptials.

*Exit Gentleman.*

*Prince.* Did not I tell you they would desire to dance?

*Princess.* Truly I was so ignorant, as I knew not so much the nature of our Sex.

*Prince.* You knew not so much of their follies.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 46.

*Enter Mistris Parle, Mistris Fondly, Mistris Trifle, Mistris Vanity.*

**V**anity. Let us strive to make the Bride jealous.

*Parle.* That's impossible now; but you may work to good effect some half a year hence.

*Fondly.* Why I have known a Bridegroom leer the next day he was married.

*Trifle.* Perchance a Bridegroom may: for men are sooner cloy'd than women; but a Bride will fondly hang about her Husbands neck a week at least.

*Parle.* A week? nay a moneth: for a woman is fond the first moneth, sick the second moneth, peevish the third moneth, coy the fourth moneth, false the fifth moneth, and Cuckolds her Husband the sixth moneth.

*Fondly.* Then a married man sprouts Horns in half a year.

*Parle.* Yes: for they are set the day of his marriage, and some half a year after they are budded, but not so fully grown as to appear to the publick view.

*Trifle.* But will nothing hinder the growth ?

*Parle.* No 'faith, but Death ; and Death, like a Frost, doth nip those tender buds.

*Vanity.* Which death, the mans, or the womans ?

*Parle.* The womans : for if the man dies, and his Widow marries again, the dead Husband is horn'd in his Grave, and the living Husband is horn'd in his Bed.

*Vanity.* Then their Horns may be put together, as Stags in Rutting-time.

*Fondly.* I had rather make Horns, than talk of Horns ; therefore I'll go dance.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 47.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gentlem.* Where have you been ?

*2 Gent.* At Church.

*1 Gent.* Did a fit of Devotion hurry you to the Church to pray ?

*2 Gent.* No 'faith, I went not to pray, but to joyn a pair of Lovers hands in Wedlocks Bonds : for they chose me to be their Father, to give them in the Church.

*1 Gent.* What Lovers were they, that were so foolish to marry ?

*2 Gent.* So honest, you mean.

*1 Gent.* There is more folly in't than honesty, in my opinion.

*2 Gent.* Thou art an Infidel, nay a very Atheist.

*1 Gent.* I am a Naturalist. But who are they that are married ?

*2 Gent.* Why Sir *William Holdfast*, and the Lady *Mute*.

*1 Gent.* The truth is, he is a worthy Person, and she is a virtuous and sweet Lady : wherefore they deserve each other ; besides, she is an Heir, and he hath a great Estate.

*2 Gent.* He hath so.

*1 Gent.* What, is the Wedding kept private ?

*2 Gent.* Yes, there are only two or three Friends ; but I must goe dist with them, therefore fare thee well, unless you will go with me : for you know you shall be welcome.

*1 Gent.* I know I shall, therefore I shall go with you.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 48.*

*Enter the Prince and Princess, and all the Ladies and Gallants,  
as Knights and Gentlemen: They dance upon the Stage, and then  
go out.*

*FINIS.*

## EPILOGUE.

**O**Ur Auth'refs here hath sent me for her pay,  
She's at the Charge of Wit to make the Play ;  
But if you think it not worthy of Praise,  
Nor an Applause of Hands, her Fame to raise,  
She doth desire that it in pawn may lie,  
Till redeem'd by a better Comedie.

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THE

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## The Actors Names.

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The Lord *Widower*.

Sir *William Lovewell*, and the Lady *Hypochondria* his wife.

Sir *Henry Sage*, and the Lady *Chastity* his wife.

Sir *Edward Courtly*, and the Lady *Jealousie* his wife.

Sir *Humphrey Disagree*, and the Lady *Disagree* his wife.

Sir *Thomas Cuckold*, and the Lady *Wanton* his wife.

Sir *Timothy Spendall*, and the Lady *Poverty* his wife.

Sir *John Dotard*, and the Lady *Dripping* his wife.

Sir *Francis Inconstant*, and the Lady *Inconstant* his wife.

Sir *James Hearty*, the Lady *Inconstants* Father.

Monfieur *Amorous*.

Monfieur *Disguife*.

The Lady *Sprightly*, the Lord *Widowers* Daughter.

The Lady *Procure*.

Mist'ris *Forfaken*, afterwards named *Monfieur Disguife*.

Mist'ris *Single*, sister to the Lady *Jealousie*.

Doll *Subilty*, the Lady *Sprightly's* Chambermaid: Also a *Waiting-Gentlewoman*.

Nan *Lighthel*, the Lady *Jealousies* Maid, and likewise a *Waiting-Gentlewoman*.

Joan *Cry-out*, the Lady *Hypochondria's* Chambermaid, and likewise a *Waiting-Gentlewoman*.

Briget *Greasy*, Sir *John Dottards* Kitchin-maid, and two other Maids of his.

Three Maid-servants of the Lady *Poverty's*.

Two or three Maid-servants of the Lady *Disagree's*.

A Maid-servant to the Lady *Inconstant*.

Nic *Advifer*, Sir *Francis Inconstants* man.

Roger *Trusty*, Sir *VWilliam Lovewels* man.

A *Serving-man* of Sir *James Hearty's*.

A *Skipper*.

Doctors and others.

Steward.

The first Part of the Play, called the  
**MATRIMONIAL TROUBLE.**  
**A COMEDY.**

**ACT I.**

*Scene 1.*

*Enter Sir Francis Inconstant, and Mistress Forsaken.*



*Ir Fran. Incon.* When I forsake you, let Heaven forsake my Soul.

*Mistress Forsaken.* I do not doubt you: for if I did, I could not love you; and whilst I love you, I cannot doubt you.

*Inconstant.* O how it wounds my heart to part from you! my Thoughts are tortur'd, and my Mind is set upon a melancholy Rack.

*Forsaken.* Since your Journey cannot be conveniently avoided, I will please my self with the hopes of your sudden Return.

*Inconstant.* Farewel, sweet Mistress, Death is the worst of Nature, and your Absence the worst of Fortune.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 2.*

*Enter Master Thrifty the Steward, and Briget Greasy the Cook-maid.*

*Briget Greasy.* Good Master Steward, give Order for some Beef-suet to be brought in: for there is nor any left in the House, and I must make a Venison-pasty; and if I should temper my Pasty all with butter, you would be angry.

*Thrifty.* Why, cannot you take some of the fat from the Beef-broth for your Crust?

*Briget.* Yes, if every one that eat of it had as fresh a mouth as you, or loved drink so well as you do, it would serve, otherwise it would be too salt for their palats; besides, I am to make puddings in guts.

*Thrifty.* If they prove as the last you made, the dogs may eat them.

for the gurs stunk so much, as no man could eat any of them.

*Briget.* I'm sure 'twas your fault, in that you did not bring me wherewithall to make them, until such time as the gurs began to putrifie.

*Thrifty.* No, no, you are a Slut, and did not take all the dung out of them, nor wash, nor scrape, nor cleanse them as they should have been; but you order the gurs, as you do the dishes, the one is dungy, the other greasie; besides, my Master complains, that his Fowl taste rank, and his Brawn tastes strong, and his Beef tastes musty, and that's because you are so lazy, as not to shift your Brawn into fresh Souping-drink, nor make the brine strong enough in the powdring-tub, nor thrust your fingers far enough into the Fowls rumps, to draw them clean; besides, when they are roasted, they are as dry as a chip, for want of basting-butter; besides, your sluttery is such, as you will poyson all the House: for in one place I find a piece of butter, and a greasie comb, full of nitty hairs lying by it; and in another place flour and old-worn stockings, the feet being rotted off with sweat; and in a third place, a dish of cold meat cover'd with a fowl smock, and your durty shooes (for the most part) stand upon the Dresser-board, where you lay the hot meat; besides, by your carelesness you do waste and spoil so much, as it is unsufferable: for you will fling whole ladlefuls of dripping into the fire, to make the fire blaze underneath the pot; and because you have not the profit of the Kitchin-stuff, you will never scrape the Dresser-board, nor Dripping-pans, nor lick the Platters, Trays, or Steamers, Frying-pans, Skillers, Gridirons, Spits, Ladles, Kettles, or any of the Kitchin-vessels, as you should doe, but wash them all with hot water at first, without taking off the grease beforehand.

*Briget.* Well, if you do not like me, pray pay me my wages, and I will be gone: I'm sure I never serv'd in any place for so small wages and few vails as in this service: I'm sure 'tis no ways beneficial to me.

*Thrifty.* I'm sure you'll make it beneficial one way or another: for you have your female Factors that lie abroad, to whom you send Commodities by your She-porters, that come hither every day to transport them. Thus you traffique upon my Masters Cost, and my Reputation: for I am thought the worse of either, as believing I am a false Steward, or a negligent one. Thus a True man is thought a Knave: for by your stealing I am thought a Thief.

*Briget.* You are a base man for saying I steal, I never was accounted a Thief in my life, but always trusty and true, in what Service soever I lived.

*The Steward goes out, and Briget Greasie left as crying:  
Then enters her Master Sir John Dotard, and looks earnestly upon her, and then speaks as to himself.*

*Dotard.* She's a pretty Wench, if she had but clean cloaths on, by *Venus* she would be very handsome; a Silk Gown would make her a rare Beauty; her Tears fall on her Nose and Cheeks like gentle showers of rain on Roses and Lillies sweet. O she is a heavenly Creature!

*He sneaks to her.*

Sweet-heart, where do you live?

*Briget.* In your Worships House.

*Dotard.* And whose servant are you?

*Briget.* Your Worships.

*Dotard*

*Dotard.* How long have you served me ?

*Briget.* A Quarter, and't please your Worship.

*Dotard.* In what place serve you ?

*Briget.* In the Kitchin, an't please you.

*Dotard.* What makes you cry ?

*Briget.* Your Worships Steward hath wrong'd me.

*Dotard.* How hath he wrong'd thee ?

*Briget.* He says I stole your Worships Kithin-stuff, when the Gods know I am as innocent as the child that is newly born.

*Dotard.* He is a Knave for saying so, and I will have him turn'd out of his Authority for saying so; wherefore cry no more, fair Maid; for thou shalt be prefer'd to a higher Office.

*Briget.* I thank your Worship.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Enter Mistris Forsaken, and a Gentleman.*

*Forsaken.* Sir, did you come lately from *Changeland* ?

*Gentlem.* Yes Lady.

*Forsaken.* Pray did you not see a Gentleman in that Country, named Sir *Francis Inconstant* ?

*Gentlem.* I am very well acquainted with him, Lady: for he is my most noble Friend.

*Forsaken.* I hope he is well.

*Gentlem.* So well, Madam, as he is resolv'd to marry.

*Forsaken.* That he might do, if it were for no other reason, but for a Nurse to tend him, if he should chance to be sick.

*Gentlem.* By your favour, Lady, it were dangerous for a sick man to be married, especially to a fair young Lady.

*Forsaken.* But pray Sir, is he to marry a Lady in that Country ?

*Gentlem.* So he told me.

*Forsaken.* Did he tell you so himself ?

*Gentlem.* Yes Madam, I had it first from his own mouth.

*Forsaken.* Is she handsome ?

*Gentlem.* Truly I did not see her.

*Forsaken.* Is she rich Sir ?

*Gentlem.* Truly I heard not what portion she had; but I suppose if she had been rich, her wealth would have made her famous.

*Forsaken.* Nor you have not heard whether she is discreet, or witty, nor of what humour she is ?

*Gentlem.* No indeed, Lady, I heard not any body speak of her but himself, and that was only, That he was to marry a young Lady in that City he was in, and that he thought would be the cause to perswade him to settle in that Country.

*Forsaken.* How long a time is required to go to that place where he is ?

*Gentlem.* According as the wind is: If the wind be good, twelve hours

Ppppp

fall

fail will land a passenger, and some eight hours riding from the shore, will bring them to the City.

*Forsaken.* Will you please to walk in and rest your self?

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 4.*

*Enter two servant-maids of Sir John Dotards.*

1 *Maid.* Lord, there is such a quarrel about the falling out of *Briget Greasie* and Master Steward, as it is wonderful: for my Master chides, *Briget* cries, and Master Steward maintains his words, as they do so offend and misprove, as you would blefs your self.

2 *Maid.* I will go listen, and hear them.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 5.*

*Enter the Lord Widower, and Doctors.*

*Lord.* My Wife, Master Doctor, is very ill.

*Doctor.* She is so: for her Disease is not to be cured, my Lord; for we cannot restore the decays of vital parts: for as they consume, life draws towards an end.

*Lord.* But pray do your endeavour to prolong her like as long as you can.

*Doctor.* We shall, my Lord, to the utmost of our skill. Your Lordships humble servant.

*Exit Doctor.*

*Enter Dol Subtilty, the Ladies Chamber-maid.*

*Dol Subtilty.* My Lady desires to speak with your Lordship.

*Lord.* And I desire to speak with your Ladiship.

*Subtilty.* I am ready to hear your Lordships commands.

*Lord.* And are you as ready to obey them?

*Subtilty.* Yes, so far as my duty doth oblige me.

*Lord.* Well, then pray do not forget when you are call'd to pay that duty where you owe it.

*Exeunt.*



## Scene 6.

*Enter Mistress Forsaken alone.*

**M***istress Forsaken.* If this News could deprive me of my life, it would have made me happy; but it hath almost depriv'd me of my Reason, and quite from my Patience, which makes me miserable, and Misery is worse than Death; for Death is a cessation of pain, and Misery a torment of life. But if this Report be true, I will lay more curses on his head, than a long penitential life shall be able to take off.

*Exit.*

## Scene 7.

*Enter the two Maids of Sir John Dotard.*

**1 Maid.** Lord, *Briget* is so proud since she is prefer'd to be my Masters Laundry-maid, as she will touch none but my Masters linnen.

**2 Maid.** She is become very fine upon her preferment: I am sure it is not five or ten pound wages that will or can maintain her at that rate she goes for. She hath had, to my knowledge, two new pair of shooes within three weeks of each other; whereupon I told her, that the shooes that she cast by, would be very strong and serviceable, if they were cobled; and her Answer was, what, did I think she would wear cobled shooes? I told her, why not now, as well as she did? for she us'd to send her shooes to be cobled three or four times over, and her waistcoat to be patch'd, and her petticoats to be new-border'd, and her stockings to be heel'd, as the rest of us did; and I knew of no Lands that had befallen her, and therefore she may doe the same still.

**1 Maid.** And what said she then?

**2 Maid.** She bid me meddle with my own matters, and not meddle with her; and I dare not offend her, for fear I should be turn'd away: nay, she is so proud, as she turns her head aside when *Richard* the Carter comes to kiss her, and she strives to shun his company, when once within a short time, she would make haste to wash her dishes, that she might have time to sit in *Richards* Lap, and there they would sit colling and kissing until the sea-coal fire was burn'd out.

**2 Maid.** But now she sits in a better seat.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 8.

*Enter Mistris Forsaken in mans Apparel, naming her self  
Monsieur Disguise.*

**M***onsieur Disguise.* I cannot believe he will prove so false and perjurious; but this Disguise, I hope, will bring me to discover the Truth: And if he be false, for his sake may all the Masculine Sex be slaves to the Effeminate Sex, not bound by Love, but by base servile fear; may they long after the power, but never get it; may women govern the World, and when they command, the men dare not disobey, and be despis'd for their reward; may their Jealousies disturb their Rest, their Care's increase their Labours; may they work like Horses, fawn like Dogs; and bear like Asses. But if he be constant; may all the Masculine Sex be blest'd for his sake; may all women desire, admire, and love him; may Pleasure imbrace him, Health preserve him, and Time attend him; may he be arm'd with Power, crown'd with Peace, and all Obedience bow to his command; may the sound but of his Name bring joy to all hearts; may all be pleas'd for his Birth, pray for his Life, and fear his Death; may good Fortune trace his ways; whilst he rides upon the wings of a glorious Fame.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 9.

*Enter Sir Francis Inconstant, as in another Country, with his  
new Mistris.*

**I***nconstant.* Sweet Mistris, you are the *Elixir* of Beauty: all other women are as unrefin'd metal, like base coyn.

*New Mistris.* Whilst I am unmarry'd you'll flatter me; but when I am your Wife, you will change your complemental discourse to quarrelling disputes, or insulting commands.

*Inconstant.* O never, never, your Eye shall direct all my Actions, your Commands shall rule my Life, and your Pleasures shall be my onely Delight.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 10.

*Enter Sir James Hearty and his Man.*

**H***earty.* Here, take this Note; that you may not forget the Guests who are to be invited to my Daughters Wedding.

*The man takes the Note, and looks on it*

Can you read it ?

*Man.* I cannot tell Sir.

*Hearty.* Let me hear if you can, or not.

*Man.* *Imprimis*, Sir *William Lovewell*, and the Lady *Hypocondria* his Wife.

*Item* Sir *Henry Sage*, and the Lady *Chastity* his Wife.

*Item* Sir *Edward Courtly*, and the Lady *Jealousie* his Wife, and *Mistris Jane* Single her Sister.

*Item* Sir *Thomas Cuckold*, and the Lady *wanton* his Wife.

*Item* Sir *Humphrey Disagree*, and the Lady *Disagree* his Wife.

*Item* Sir *Timothy Spendall*, and the Lady *Poverty* his Wife.

*Item* the Lady *Procurer*.

*Item* Monsieur *Amorous*.

*Hearty.* Well read, well read : As for the Lord *Widower*, I know he will not come : for I hear his Lady is newly dead. This is the Nature of the World; some marry, and some die.

*Man.* Troth Sir, of the two Evils, I think it is better to die than to marry.

*Hearty.* I am not of your mind : for I had rather have a ruddy, plain, soft Wench to be my Bed-fellow, than pale, grim, lean, numb, cold Death. But go your way about this Employment, the whilst I will give direction for the Entertainment.

*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

*Enter the Lord Widower, and the Lady Sprightly his Eldest Daughter, and other small Children, and Doll Subilty, all weeping.*

**L**ord. We have reason to weep : for you, my Children, have lost a good Mother, and I a loving Wife, and her servants a kind Lady ; but we cannot alter Heavens Decrees ; wherefore we must take comfort in what is, and not grieve for what cannot be helpt : And now, Daughter *Sprightly*, you must be as my Wife, Friend, and Daughter all in one : for as your Mother did, when she had health, govern my Family, so must you now she is dead ; and you must take care of your young Brothers and Sisters, and Heaven will reward thee with a good Husband and Children of your own : And as for her Maid here, who hath taken great pains all the time of your Mothers sickness, ought to be rewarded for her care : wherefore, Daughter, let her wait upon you, as she did upon your Mother.

*Doll Subilty.* I thank your Lordship.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 12.*

*Enter all the Bridal Guests, and pass over the Stage, as thorough a Room.*

*Scene 13.*

*Enter Monsieur Disguise, as from the sea.*

**M**onsieur Disguise. Surely the Fates have conspired against me, the winds were so cross, just like men, sometimes for us, and sometimes against us.

*Enter a Skipper.*

Have you found out the Gentlemans lodging ?

*Skipper.* Yes Sir.

*Disguise.* And was he at home ?

*Skipper.* He hath that which will invite him to stay at home, and keep him from wandring abroad for some time Sir.

*Disguise.* What's that ?

*Skipper.* A fair Wife Sir : for a drunken Serving-man told me that one Sir Francis Inconstant had married his Masters Daughter, and that the Wedding Feast would continue a Week, if not a Fortnight.

*Disguise.* And was the man drunk that told you so ?

*Skipper.* Yes surely : he seem'd so to me.

*Disguise.* Then (perchance) he might tell you a lye.

*Skipper.* He was not so drunk, but that he might tell a truth.

*Disguise.* Prethee Friend do me one favour more, and then I will pay thee for thy pains.

*Skipper.* What you please to command me Sir.

*Disguise.* Then inquire for a mans-Tailor, to make me some Cloaths : for I am not Accoutred fit for a Bridal-House.

*Skipper.* I shall Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 14.*

*Enter two Maids of Sir John Dotards.*

**1 Maid.** Faith I will go and inquire out a new service : for I will never be box'd by my fellow-servant that was, although now she is prefer'd to be House-keeper.

**2 Maid.** How came the quarrel betwixt you ?

**1 Maid.** Why now, forsooth, she is come to Order and to Rectifie, she's not only grown light-finger'd, but fine-finger'd, as to touch nothing that is not

not bright-scour'd, nor then neither, without her gloves; and she call'd for a candle and a candlestick to carry into my Masters Chamber, and I for haste run up with the candle, and forgot the candlestick; and had left it behind me: when I came, what, said she, do you bring a candle without a candlestick? Alas said I, I have forgot it; but hold you the candle, said I, and I will run and fetch the stick strait; and so I put the candle into her hand: with that, she up with her hand, and gave me a box on the ear, what, said she, do you give me a greasie candle to hold? I will teach you more manners, said she, against the next time: I being heated at the blow she gave me, told her, that she had forgot since the Mouse bit her greasie face when she was asleep, taking it for a candles-end, or a piece of bacon: with that, she flew upon me, and I at her, where in the combat we made such a noise, as my Master came forth of his Chamber, and parted us, and then he bid me get me out of his house, but kiss'd her, and pray'd her to pacifie her anger, and not to distemper her self with a rude wench as I was.

2 *Maid.* And what said she then?

1 *Maid.* Why she told my Master I was a naughty Baggage, a dirty Slut, a base Whore, and all the ill names she could; but I will not suffer this, for I will be gone.

1 *Maid.* Nay, let us stay until we are provided of other Services.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

*Enter Monsieur Disguise alone.*

**M**onsieur Disguise. And is he married! O that I could pull out that part of my Brain which imprints his memory! for the wrongs he hath done me are so great and heavy, as I wish I could unload my Soul, and build a Pyramide of Curses, that may stand as a mark of his Infamy.

*She studies a little time, then speaks.*

[had rather banish my self, than live in disgrace in my own Countrey.]

*Exit.*

## ACT II.

## Scene. 16.

*Enter the Lord VVidower, and Doll Subtilty*

*Subtilty.* Faith, my Lord, your Daughter is so jealous of me, as she says I am always in your Lordships Chamber.

*Lord.* Why so thou art most commonly, although not always.

*Subtilty.* But yet it is not fit Children should examine their Parents actions; and it were an indiscretion in Parents to allow of it.

*Lord.* She is young, she is young.

*Subtilty.* Wherefore your Lordship should have a care to have her prudently govern'd; and if she be too young to govern her self, how can she govern so great a Family as your Lordships is?

*Lord.* O she hath but the name, my Steward governs all.

*Subtilty.* Yes; but the Mistris of the House governs the Steward, and the Steward gives Orders as an inferiour Officer, delivering the Superiours commands.

*Lord.* You say true: wherefore you that have some more experience, should counsel her.

*Subtilty.* O; my Lord, 'tis not manners for me to give her counsel, neither will she take it from me: for when I humbly offer her my Advice, she checks me, and threatens to turn me away.

*Lord.* Doth she so? But I will have her to take counse, and to know she is too young to order after her own childish fancy.

*Subtilty.* Indeed, my Lord, she wants years, which should make her experienc'd. Sweet child, she is fitter to dress Babies, and order a Closet, than govern a great Family, which is a little Common-wealth.

*Lord.* Well, I will order her otherwise.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 17.

*Enter the Bride, the Bridegroom, Sir James Hearty, and all the Bridal Guests. Then enters a servant to the Bridegroom Sir Francis Inconstant.*

*Servant.* Sir there is a young Gentleman desires to speak with your Worship.

*Inconstant.* What manner of man is he?

*Servant.* A sweet-fac'd young man, by my Troth Sir.

*Inconstant.* Of what Country seems he to be?

*Servant.* Of your own Countrey, Sir.

*Inconstant.* Direct him in.

*Enter Monsieur Disguise.*

*Disguise.* Sir, I was commanded by a young Lady to give you this Letter.

*Sir Francis reads it, and in the reading seems very much troubled.*

*Inconstant.* She writes as if she were dying when she writ this letter.

*Disguise.* She was dying indeed: for the last act she did, was to give me this letter; and the last words she spoke were, Pray see this letter safe convey'd, and so she dy'd.

*Lady Inconstant.* What makes you so pale on a sudden, Husband?

*Sir Fran. Incon.* I am not well, and therefore I must goe to my Chamber; but pray Sweet-heart stay you here, lest my being ill should disturb our Guests.

*Lady Inconstant.* Do you think I can entertain them if you be sick?

*Sir Fran. Incon.* I am not so sick as to be nurs'd, although not so well as to delight in company: for I am rather melancholy, than any other way distemper'd.

*Lady Inconst.* What makes you melancholy?

*Sir Fran. Incon.* Why a dear Friend of mine is dead.

*He sighs a great sigh.*

But Sweet heart, pray excuse me to the company, and pray let this Gentleman, my noble Friend, be well treated.

*Lady Inconst.* I shall obey your command.

*Sir Francis goes out.*

*Sir Jam. Hearty.* What, is my Son-in-law gone?

*Lady Inconst.* Sir, he desires you and the rest of the company would excuse him: for he hath heard of the death of a Friend, which makes him so melancholy, as he saith that his dull and indispos'd humour would disturb the mirth of our noble Friends.

*Sir Jam. Hearty.* 'Tis a sign he is young, that he is so tender-natur'd, and so soft-hearted, to mourn and grieve for those that die; but when he comes to Age, he will only commend his friends that are dead, but not grieve for them: for Pity wears out, as Age increases.

*Lady Inconst.* Pray Sir let me intreat you to be one of our Guests.

*Disguise.* You shall-command me, Lady.

*Sir Tho. Cuckold.* Nay, since the Gentleman hath brought such Newes as hath banished the Bridegroom from the Company, he shall now supply his place.

*Sir Hum. Disagreee.* Soft Sir, he may at the Board, but not in his Bed.

*Sir Hen. Courtly.* He looks so modestly, as if he would play the part of a Bride rather than a Bridegroom.

*Disguise.* Lady, will you accept of my modest service?

*Lady Inconst.* Sir, I must not refuse Modesty.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 18.

Enter two Maid-servants of Sir John Dotards:

1 Maid. 'Tis no wonder that *Briget Greasie* is so proud now, being married to my Master, he having made her a Lady. Lord, Lord, to see the fortune that some have over others: why, if my Master would have married one of his Maids, he might have chosen a prettier wench amongst any of us all than she is.

2 Maid. Yes 'faith: for she was thought the veriest Puss of us all; for she is neither snout-fair, nor well-shap'd; she hath splay-feet, and chilblain-heels.

1 Maid. Nay all will grant she was the dirtiest slut in the House: for there was never a man-servant but would cry fo at her when they kiss'd her; besides, she was the veriest fool amongst us: But Lord, what Wealth and Honour will do! for now she is a Lady, she looks as if she never wash'd a dish, or scour'd a kettle or spit.

2 Maid. But I wonder how she came to be his Wife, she might have served as her Betters have done before her: I am sure there was *Nan*, a pretty pert, cleanly Maid, who was kind, and willing to do any thing, either to serve our Master, or fellow-servants.

1 Maid. O but *Nan* had not an old woman that us'd to come to her to get suet and scraps, as *Briget* had; and this old woman, they say, counsell'd *Briget* to seem nice and coy.

2 Maid. I wonder what *Richard* the Carter will say, who was turned out of his service, because he should not share with my Master:

1 Maid. 'Faith I heard that *Richard* was told of her Advancement, and 'tis said he laugh'd, and said my Master had a hungry stomach, that he could feed of his leavings; but by his Troth he was glad she was become a Lady: for now he could say he had kiss'd and courted a Lady as well as the best Gallant of them all.

Exeunt.

## Scene 19.

Enter the Lord Widower, and the Lady Sprightly his Daughter.

Lord. Daughter, although you do govern my Family very well for your years, yet you are young, and wanting Experience, may be cozened; and though I have a great Estate, yet it will be all consum'd, if Order and Method be not put into practice: wherefore I would have you take the counsel of *Mistress Dorothy Subilty*, to assist you.

Lady. Who is that, my Lord?

Lord. Why, do not you know her? she that waited on your Mother.

Lady. Pardon me, my Lord, I did not know her by that Title: for she was plain *Dol Subilty* when she waited on my Mother, and not knowing of her advancement,



vancement from a Chambermaid to a Gentlewoman, I might easily mistake; besides, she is not so much older, as to have much more experience than my self: perchance she may have more craft, which was learned her in her poverty, than I, who have been bred at the Horn of Plenty, that knew no scarcity, nor sharking necessity.

*Lord.* You have a sharp tongue when spight moves it; but let me hear no more of these words, but do as I command you.

*Lady.* I never disobey'd you as I do know.

*Lord.* Well, no more words.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 20.

*Enter the Bride, and all the Bridal Guests; they dance, and Monsieur Disguise dances with the Bride. Sir Spendall seems to whisper Monsieur Disguise in the Ear, being half drunk.*

*Spendall.* Sir, but that you look more like a woman than a man; you might give the Bridegroom more cause to be melancholy for the living than the dead; but let me intreat you, young Gentleman, that you strike not his Head, as your News hath done his Heart: for I perceive the Brides eyes are fix'd upon you, and from the root of a fix'd eye grows Horns, when they are set in a married Head.

*Disguise.* There is no fear.

*Spendall.* Yes Sir, as long as there are doubts; there are fears.

*Disguise.* There is no doubt Sir.

*Spendall.* But that she will be Sir.

*Disguise.* What, Sir?

*Spendall.* What you please Sir; and let me tell you, young Gentleman, that as long as there are women, there will be Lovers and Cuckolds.

*Disguise.* And let me tell you, Sir, that as long as there are men, there will be Fools and Drunkards.

*Lady Inconstant.* Sir, I doubt we have invited you rather to your trouble, than your delight.

*Disguise.* Madam; you are the Treasure of Pleasure and Delight; which none can receive but from your Bounty, nor enjoy but by your favour.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 21.

*Enter the Lady Sprightly, and Dol Subtilty.*

*Lady Sprightly.* What had you to do to contradict my commands?

*Dol Subtilty.* They were not fit to be obey'd, wherefore they were forbid.

*The Lady gives Dol a box on the Ear.*

*Lady.* There, take that, to remember I forbid you to forbid my commands.

*Dol.* I will declare your blows to some that shall revenge me.

*Enter the Lord Widower.*

*Lord.* What, are you so light-finger'd? 'Tis time to get you a Husband, to govern and rule your high spirit.

*Lady.* No, pray Sir get me no Husband: for if my Father takes part against me, surely a Husband will be worse natur'd.

*Lord.* So, you will say I am unnatural.

*Lady.* No Sir, I only say it is not my undutifulness that displeases you, but some that hath more wit than I, or at least good fortune to please you better.

*Lord.* Well, pray study your Book and Work, and leave the Household Affairs to my disposal.

*Lady.* Sir, I took the Office, as my duty to your commands, not for Deight, Pleasure, Ease, or Profit, and I shall surrender it up again upon the same account, and with all the trouble, care, labour, vexations and disquiets belonging thereunto.

*Lord.* In doing so, you will do very well.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 22.*

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria as being frightly sick, and her Husband Sir VWilliam Lovewell.*

*Lovewell.* Heaven bless you wife, what makes you so extremely pale, and to seem so affrighted?

*Hypocon.* O Husband I have an Imposthume broken within me, and the bag will rise and choke me.

*Lovewell.* Heaven forbid.

*Hypocon.* O I am choak'd, I am choak'd, I cannot fetch my breath.

*She takes her breath very short. Sir VWilliam Lovewell in a great fright calls for help. Enter some servants.*

*Lovewell.* O send for Doctors strait: for my wife is ready to die.

*They go out running, he standing by the Chair his wife sits in, trembling and quaking.*

*Lovewell.* How are you, dear VVife? how do you feel yourself now?

*Hypochondria.* O very ill; but yet me thinks I can fetch my breath a little better.

better than I could, I believe the Imposthume-bag is fallen down: wherefore I will go to bed.

*Lovewell.* Pray do VVife.

*He leads her out, and she goeth softly.*

*Exeunt.*

Scene 23.

*Enter Sir Henry Sage, and the Lady Chastity his Wife.*

**S***age.* Sweet-heart, I was in your Bed-chamber, and in your Cabinet-chamber, and missing you in both, I was afraid I must have been forc'd to have hir'd a Cryer, to have proclamed my los.

*Chastity.* Many a VVife doth proclame her Husbonds los without the help of a Cryer: for the Wives Adulterous Acts proclame her Husband a Cuckold, and the los of his Honour.

*Sage.* But I am not afraid of that: for I am confident of thy Chastity (although the old saying is, *Confidence makes Cuckolds.*)

*Chastity.* Your confidence of me shall never harm you.

*Sage.* But your too serious studies will harm your health; and if you be sick, I cannot be well; besides, it will decay your Beauty, waste your Youth, like Oyl spent in a melancholy Lamp, where Life is always blinking.

*Chastity.* It were better that my Body should be sick, than my Mind idle; my Beauty decay, than my Understanding perish; my Youth waste, than my Fame lost; my Life blinking, than my Honour sinking: for an idle Mind, not well imploy'd, creates a restless body, which runs from place to place, and hates to be at home. Thus Mind and Body both being out, extravagant Words and Aetions run about, and Riot keeps possession.

And though the Beauty withers and decays,  
Yet Wit and Wisedome with the ruine stays:  
And if the Youth doth waste, and Life's Oyl's spent,  
Yet Fame lasts long, and builds a Monument:  
A melancholy life doth shadows cast,  
But sets forth Virtue, if they are well plac'd.  
Then who would entertain an idle Mirth,  
Begot by Vanity, and dies in scorn?  
Or proud, or pleas'd with Beauty, when the Birth  
Becomes the Grave or Tomb as soon as born?  
But Wisedome wishes to be old and glad,  
When youthful Follies die, which seem as mad:  
If Age's subject to repent what's past,  
Prudence and Experience redeems what's lost.

**S***age.* I perceive, Wife, the Muses have kept you company, although you walk by your self; but now I desire you will leave their company for a time, and entertain mine.

S S S S S

*Chastity*

*Chastity.* With all my heart; but the Muses are never with me, but when you are employ'd about serious Affairs: for though they are my Visitors, yet they are your Domestick Servants.

*Exeunt.*

Scene. 24.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Disagree, and his Wife the Lady Disagree.*

*Lady Disagree.* Dear Husband, where have you been?

*Sir Hum. Disagree.* My dear kind Wife, I have been in the Garden, where I have heard little *Robin Red-breast* sing.

*Lady Disagree.* That's a sign, Sweet-heart, we shall have warm weather, otherwise they would come into the House.

*Sir Hum. Disag.* I had rather believe, my pretty Bird, we shall have cold weather: for they sing always in the coldest time of the year, as in the depth of Winter.

*Lady Disagree.* How ignorantly you speak, good Husband, as if the *Robin Redbreast* sings onely in the cold Winter, and not in the warm Summer as well?

*Sir Hum. Disagree.* Why not, good Wife, as well as *Nightingals*, which only sing in the Spring, and *Swallows* in the heat of Summer?

*Lady Disagree.* That doth not prove that the *Robbin* doth not sing in Summer.

*Sir Hum. Disag.* I never heard the *Robbin* sing in Summer.

*Lady Disagree.* Your never hearing of it, is not a sufficient proof.

*Sir Hum. Disag.* It is to me.

*Lady Disagree.* To say it is, without a Reason, proves a Fool.

*Sir Hum. Disag.* I only prov'd my self a Fool in marrying you.

*Lady Disagree.* I was accurst when first I gave consent to be your Wife.

*Sir Hum. Disag.* You were easily won.

*Lady Disagree.* What, because I consented to a Knave that wooed

*Sir Hum. Disag.* You are a false woman, for calling me a Knave.

*Lady Disagree.* You are a Cuckold, for calling me false.

*Sir Hum. Disag.* Am I so, Mistress? I will be sure to thrust my Horns thorough your Heart.

*He offers to strike her, she gets up a stool, and flings at him, he gets a cushion and flings at her, and then gets hold of her, she cries out Murder, then comes their friends and servants, and parts them.*

*Sir Hum. Disag.* Dam me, I'll kill her.

*Lady Disagree.* You'l be hang'd, will you?

*Friend.* Nay good Sir be not angry.

*Servant.* Good Madam go away, until my Masters anger is pass'd over.

*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

Scene. 25.

*Enter Sir Francis Inconstant, alone, as being very melancholy.*

*Inconstant.* I will read this Letter once again, although it shakes my Soul, and makes me almost mad.

He reads aloud the Letter.

Sir,

*T*He wrongs you have done me, are more than Heaven can give me patience to endure; for which wrongs, may thick black clouds of Infamy overspread your Memory; and may my Sorrows beat upon your Soul, as Northern Winds upon the Sea, and raise up all your thoughts in discontent, as raging billows, causing your voice to roar out loud with hideous noise, confounding all the Actions of your Life; and may your hopes be drown'd in the salt water of despairing Tears. The Heavens cannot condemn me for cursing a man which, hath betray'd my Youth by Flattery; violated my Chastity by Protestations, tormented my harmless thoughts with Perjury, disquieting my peaceable Life with Misfortunes. But the burthen of my Wrongs being too weighty for life to bear, hath sunk it to the Grave, where I hope all my disgrace will be buried with me, though not the revenges of my Wrongs; for those will punish you when I am dead: For the Gods are just, although Mankind is not.

*Enter Nic Adviser, Sir Francis Inconstants man,*

*Inconstant.* O Nick, what a Villain am I!

*Adviser.* For what Sir?

*Inconstant.* For Perjury and Murther: for I did not only break those Bonds I had sealed with holy Vows, but my Falshood hath kill'd a fair young Lady: for she hearing I had forsaken her, and was to be married to another, she dy'd for grief.

*Adviser.* Alas Sir, we are all by Nature both frail and mortal: wherefore we must complain of Nature, of her Inconstancy and Cruelty, in making our Minds so changeable, and our Bodies so weak, the one being subject to Death, the other subject to Variety. But Sir, in my Opinion, you have no cause to grieve, but rather to rejoyce: for what you have etred by Nature, you have repaired by Fortunes favour: for if that Lady which is dead, had lived, you would have been incumber'd with many troubles.

*Inconstant.* As how Nick?

*Adviser.* Why you would have been as a young Bear baited by two young Whelps, the forsaken Lady railing and exclaiming against you in all Company she came into, and your Wife tormenting you with sharp words and loud noise, insomuch as you would have neither eat, drank, or slept in quiet. Thus both abroad and at home you would have heard nothing but your own reproaches.

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In

*Inconstant.* But shall not I be the same now she is dead, think you?

*Adviser.* No faith Sir: for Death hath stopt the mouth of the one, and Kisses may chance to muzzle the mouth of the other; but if you be melancholy, your Lady will think you do repent, and will believe that you do prefer the memory of your dead Mistis, before the enjoyment of your living Wife; besides, women are so jealous, as they will not allow their Husbands to think (that makes them talk so much as they do) for they think Thoughts are Bauds to Adulterous Actions, and that Imaginations commit Fornication with the Ghosts and Spirits of the dead.

*Inconstant.* Well Nick I will take thy counsel, and cast off melancholy, and be merry in Jovial Company.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 26.

*Enter the Lady Jealousie as holding her Head, and Sir Edward Courtly her Husband.*

**C**ourtly. What, are you sick, Wife?

*Jealousie.* I have such a pain in my Head, as I am not able to look up, or to speak.

*Courtly.* You should take some Physick.

*Jealousie.* I cannot take Physick.

*Courtly.* You must take Physick if you be not well; but pray have a care you do not catch cold, for that will do you hurt. But I must be gone about my several Affairs: wherefore God be with you wife.

*Sir Edward Courtly goes out.*

*The Lady Jealousie calls her Maid.*

*Jealousie.* Nan.

*Maid.* Madam?

*Jealousie.* Go make me a White-wine Caudle.

*Maid.* I shall Madam.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 27.

*Enter the Lady Chastity, and the Lady Procurer.*

**P**rocurer. Madam, I am not come upon my own Score, but upon a new one: for I am intreated, or rather commanded by a young Gentleman, to kiss your Ladiships hands, as from him who durst not come to do it himself without your leave.

*Chastity.* Truly he shall never have leave from me.

*Procurer.* He begs that your Ladiship would give him leave to be your admiring Servant.

*Chastity*

*Chastity.* He may admire without my leave, and I wish I had Merits worth admiring.

*Procurer.* By my Troth, Madam, he is a most sweet young Gentleman.

*Chastity.* Hath Nature perfum'd him, or Art?

*Procurer.* Both, Madam.

*Chastity.* That's too much, and will be apt to give the Head-ach.

*Procurer.* O Madam, he is most desperately in Love with your Ladyship.

*Chastity.* Pray Heaven, Madam, he doth not hang himself before my door!

*Procurer.* Faith Madam, it is to be fear'd he will do some violent Act upon himself, unless you pity him.

*Chastity.* Is he in distress?

*Procurer.* As much as Love can make him.

*Chastity.* How should I help him, Madam?

*Procurer.* Nothing can help him but Love's Returns in kind Imbracements.

*Chastity.* Would you have me a married Wife, imbrace an Amorous Lover?

*Procurer.* O Madam, stolen pleasures are sweet, and Marriage is a Cloak to hide Love's meetings.

*Chastity.* And can it hide the sin from the Gods, and the falshood from my Husband, as well as from the World? But let me tell you, the World is quick-sighted as to Particulars, though blind as to the General, complaining against single crimes, yet never helps to mend them.

*Procurer.* Faith Madam, the Gods easily pardon natural faults, and Husbands dare not spy them, at least not to divulge them; and the World censures all the Virtuous as much as the Wicked, and the Chaste as much as the Wanton; besides, you are excusable, being married to an antient man.

*Chastity.* Doth Age deserve no Love?

*Procurer.* Faith little; for Love wears out with Time, and Age wears out of Love; and if you said you did love your Husband, nobody would believe you: for who can think you that are young and fair, can love a man that's old?

*Chastity.* By Heaven I never thought my Husband old: for he doth appear to me to be just at Marurity, adorned with all the Graces.

*Procurer.* Surely you do not think his silver Hair *Apollo's* Locks!

*Chastity.* No; but I think them *Pallas's* his Head-peece.

*Procurer.* Nor can you think his hollow Eyes, that's sunk into his Head, *Cupid's* golden Arrows?

*Chastity.* No; but I think them *Minerva's* Loom; which hath inter-weav'd several Objects; making various and most curious works of Knowledge, and of Wit, where Judgment in the midst is plac'd, and Understanding borders it.

*Procurer.* And can you think his shoulder, bent by weak old Age, are *Cupid's* Row?

*Chastity.* No; but I can think it's like a Bank swell'd out by Generosity, to bear Necessities burdens on; or else a heap of Noble Deeds, rais'd by heroic Actions, whereon Fame sits in Triumph, and blows his praise abroad, that all the World may hear it.

*Procurer.* I will never believe you can think the furrows in his face, *Tithonus's* plough'd

plough'd up by Time, as smooth as waters be when in a calm.

*Chastity.* No; but I can think them Tracks, or Paths made by Experience, in which walks Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance: And though you strive to make my Husband seem much older than he is, yet I believe that neither Time nor Age hath power over him: for to my sight his Skin is as smooth as Light, his Eyes as darting as *Apollo's* Beams, his Body is as straight as *Serjes* Wand, able to charm the youngest she, and turn her all to Love; his Strength is active, and his Spirits quick, to carry Arms, or fight his Enemies; and for his Brain, 'tis equally temper'd, not burnt with heat, nor frozen up with cold; nor are his Sinews out of tune by slacken'd Nerves, but just set to Life's Harmony, Strength strings the Cords, and Health doth keep just Time.

*Procurer.* Ha, ha, ha; sweet Lady, your love hath made him a most Heavenly Creature.

*Chastity.* Foul Devil, that seeks for to corrupt the Marriage-bed with false Dispraise, and flattering Insinuations; carrying fond Loves recommendations from Ear to Ear! Youth being credulous, they are soon receiv'd, which you perceiving, strait strive to sow in tender hearts Loves Amorous Passions, from whence Adultery doth grow, and Vices do increate. You a Lady, a Bawd. O that Honour, the mark of Merit, should be plac'd on such base subjects as you are! Be gone, such Bawds as you are not only able to disorder a private Family, but to ruin a whole Kingdome; you are worse than Witches, and do more mischief.

*Lady Chastity goes out.*

*Lady Procurer alone.*

*Procurer.* O that I had that power, to make her Husband so jealous, as he might hate her!

*Exit.*

Scene 28.

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria, and Sir William Lovewell.*

*Hypochondria.* O Husband, I am a dead woman: for all my side is numb, nay in a dead Palfie, I cannot feel my Arm.

*Lovewell.* Heaven forbid: let me rub your Arm.

*He rubs her Arm.*

But Wife, if it were dead, you could not move it, and you can move it, can you not?

*Hypochondria.* Yes, but very weakly.

*Lovewell.* Wrap it up with warm cloaths, until such time as the Doctor can be sent for. Come into your Chamber, and I will send for the Doctor strait.

*Hypocoon.* No, pray do not send for the Doctor now: for with your rubbing my Arm, you have brought the lively spirits into it again.

*Love.*



Louewell. I am glad of it ; but pray keep your bed.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 29.

*Enter the Lady Jealousies Waiting-Gentlewoman, and her Chamber-maid.*

**G**entlewoman. My Lady doth not like her Caudle: wherefore she will have a Sack-posset made her.

Chambermaid. Not like it ? why she eat a great porrenger of it.

Gentlewoman. That's all one; my Lady did not like it ; and therefore you must make a Sack-posset.

Chambermaid. What fault found she with it ?

Gentlewoman. She did not exprefs her particular dislike, but in the general.

Chambermaid. Well, I shall make her a Posset strait.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 30.

*Enter two servant-maids of the Lady Disagrees.*

**1 Maid.** Heaven be thanked, my Master and Lady are perfectly friends again: for she sits in his lap, and he kisses her very lovingly. Lord, what a disquietotis house have we had !

*Sir Humphry and his Lady make a noise within as being fallen out again.*

**2 Maid.** Hark, what noise is that ?

*They hearken, and hear the Shovel and Tongs flung about.*

**Juno** blefs us, I think they'l fling the house out at the windows.

*The Lady calls for help.*

**1 Maid.** Run, run *Jane*, they are fallen out again, and will kill each other.

**2 Maid.** O call the Chaplin to part them: for we shall never do it: Call him, call him.

*Exeunt Maids in a frighted haste.*

## Scene 31.

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria's Maid in a frighted haste: And enter Roger Trusty, Sir VVilliam Lovewell's Man.*

**M***Aid.* O *Trusty*, where is my Master? my Lady is so ill, as we think she'll die: for she saith that she is in an Apoplexy.

*Trusty.* If she were in an Apoplexy, she could not speak.

*Maid.* Hold thy prating, Fool: for hers is a speaking Apoplexy.

*Trusty.* You are a Slut for calling me Fool.

*Maid.* You are a Knave for calling me Slut.

*Trusty.* Am I so? there's for you for calling me Knave.

*He kicks her, she cries out; in comes more servants: Then follows the Lady Hypochondria running after them.*

*Hypochondria.* What in the name of *Juno* is the matter? what Thieves are enter'd? or is my house on fire?

*Maid.* No Madam, only *Roger* and *Joan* are beating one another.

*Hypochondria.* May the Devil beat them for frightening me so.

*Enter Sir VVilliam Lovewell.*

*Lovewell.* My dear VVife, what is the cause you sent for me in such haste?

*Hypochondria.* O Husband, I was dying of an Apoplexie, my Spirits were stop't, and my Brain was smother'd in a cloud of gross vapours; but your Man and my Maid falling out, they fell a beating each other, and the crying out for help, did so affright me, as I came running hither, thinking Thieves had broken in, or Fire had broken out of our house, which fright hath unstop't the Sluce-passages, and dispers'd the Vapour.

*Lovewell.* I perceive a bad Cause may sometimes produce a good Effect, if their fighting hath cured you.

*Hypochondria.* Yes; but I will turn away my Maid, for crying, and quarrelling, and making such a noise.

*Lovewell.* That were unjust: for should the sick Patient, that had been sick to death, when he was restored to health, banish the Physician that restored him, without a Fee? No, he ought to have his Fee doubl'd or trebl'd, so you ought not onely to keep your Maid, but to double or treble her wages.

*Trusty.* It were more just to treble my wages than hers; for I was the cause of the Out-cry: for when I beat her, she roared, and her voice thorough her throat, made as great a rumbling noise, as a foul chimney set on fire, and in my Conscience as much sooty flegm fell from her head, as from a Cooks Chimney; and when she scolded, her words were so harsh, as they creak just so as when a door is taken off the hinges, which made my Lady trait apprehend either Fire, or Thieves, or both.

*Lovewell.* No, you deserve nothing, by reason a man ought not to strike a woman.

*Roger*

*Roger Trusty.* Why Sir? she would sooner have been hang'd about my neck, than have cried, if I had kiss'd her instead of kicking her.

*Lovewell.* Hold your prating, and learn to be civiller to women.

*Exeunt all but Roger and Joan.*

*Trusty.* If I had kiss'd you, *Joan*, as I perceive my Master would have had me done, you had been silent, and in your silence my Lady would have died, and then my Master had been a lusty Widower, and a free Wooer, and a fresh man, as one may say, where now he is bound to a sickly Wife; and this is the reason my Master would not increase my wages: which if I had kiss'd you, I had been enriched by my Masters favour: wherefore *Joan*, I will kiss thee, but kick thee no more.

*Joan.* Go hang your self, it is too late now, you should have kiss'd me before.

*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

*Scene. 32.*

*Enter the Waiting-woman and Chambermaid of the Lady Jealousie.*

*Gentlewoman.* You are a strange wench, to make the Posset-curd so tough, that now my Lady hath eat it, it lies so hard, so hard in her stomach, sit cannot digest.

*Maid.* Tough, say you? I am sure to my taste it was as tender as Cream.

*Gentlewoman.* Well, in my Ladies stomach it proves as hard as stone: wherefore you must go and burn some Claret-wine for her, with Cloves, Mace, and Nutmegs, and make it very sweet with fine loaf-sugar, presently, presently.

*Maid.* But if my Lady hath one meat after another so quick, she will not be able to hold all in her stomach, by reason her stomach must of necessity overflow.

*Gentlewoman.* If the wine make her stomach to overflow, it will be like washing the mouth, and rubbing the teeth after meat, the which will scour her stomach clean.

*Maid.* Nay, if the stomach be not scour'd and cleans'd somtimes, it would be very foul, by reason it is so often us'd.

*Gentlewoman.* And if it be scour'd too often, it will wear it out, as the Learned say. But *Nan*, go your ways and burn the wine, otherwise my Lady will chide.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 33.

*Enter Monsieur Amorous, and the Lady Procurer, as Visitants to the Lady Wanton.*

**L**ady Procurer. Well Monsieur Amorous, now I have brought you to this Lady, I will leave you to make your Compliments, the whilst I will go, Madam, to your woman, to Mistress Watcher, and chide her for not sending me that you promis'd me.

*wanton.* She is much asham'd for her forgetfulness, and had rather die than see you.

*Exit Lady Procurer.*

*Monsieur Amorous seems to stagger, as being weak and faint, almost ready to fall into a swoon; then takes his handkerchief, and wipes his face, as if he did sweat.*

*wanton.* Are not you well Sir?

*Amorous.* A sudden passion hath surrounded my Heart, and hath surprized my Senses, sending out cold damp sweats over all my body.

*wanton.* Sir, will you drink any cordial water?

*He kisses her hand.*

*Amorous.* Lady, it was your Beauty that struck me with a trembling fear, and made my spirits faint; but this delicious kiss that I have taken from your hand, restores me more, and gives me greater strength than all the Spirits Chymists can extract.

*wanton.* I perceive now it was a dissembling fit, and not a real sickness.

*Amorous.* Misconstrue not my Admirations and Affections, which do adore and worship you.

*wanton.* If we women should believe the words of men, they would make us more conceited of our selves than yet we are.

*Amorous.* There are not thoughts to equal your great Beauty, nor words for to express it.

*Enter the Lady Procurer in great haste.*

*Procurer.* Madam, Madam, your Husband is coming, your Husband is coming.

*wanton.* For Venus sake stay by me, Madam, that my Husband may see I have a woman in my company.

*Enter Sir Thomas Cuckold, Sir Thomas and Monsieur Amorous congee to one another.*

*Amorous.* Sir, my ambition grew impatient to be acquainted, and to render my self, and offer my service to you Sir.

*Cuckold.* Sir, I am your most humble Servant, and shall strive by all the ways I can to appear worthy your favours.

*The Ladies speak familiarly.*

*Wanton.* Lord, Lady *Procurer*, how are you dress'd to day in a most careless fashion?

*Procurer.* It is the mode, it is the mode to go undress'd,

*Cuckold.* Wife, this is not a fit room to entertain this noble Gentleman, Sir, will you be pleas'd to walk into another room?

*Amorous.* All rooms are fine Sir, where you and your Virtuous Lady are.

*Exeunt Sir Thomas Cuckold and Monsieur Amorous.*

*Procurer.* Faith if I had not come running in before your Husband, he had catch'd you.

*Lady Wanton claps the Lady Procurer on the cloaths.*

*Wanton.* Faith *Procurer*, thou art such another Lady-wag, as all the Town cannot match thee.

*Procurer.* I was, I was, but now I am grown old; I am grown old; but I was born to do good Offices.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 34.

*Enter two Maids of the Lady Poverty's.*

*1 Maid.* I wonder my Lady is able to stay in the room with my Master: his vomiting hath so fumed the room, as there is such a stink, that by my troth I am almost strangled with the smell of the corrupted drink.

*2 Maid.* Alas poor Lady! she is forc'd to stay for fear he should be outrageous in his drunken humour: for if she stirs or speaks, he swears as if he would draw the Devils out of Hell.

*1 Maid.* Hell is not so bad; as to be where he is now he is drunk.

*Enter another Maid.*

*3 Maid.* My Master is asleep, and my Lady would have you make less noise, and not to talk so loud; for fear you should awake him.

*2 Maid.* If he be asleep, we may make what noise we will or can make, he will not wake until such time as the fume or vapour of wine be out of his head; no sound can enter: But I wonder my Lady will take such care of him, when he hath no respect to her, but transforms himself from man to beast every day; indeed she sees him only a beast, not a man: for before he is wholly sober, he rises to go to a Tavern to be drunk again.

*2 Maid.* If my Master transforms himself into a beast ere that he comes to my Lady, he imitates *Jove*: for he transform'd himself into a Bull for the sake of fair *Europa*.

*1 Maid.* But not into a drunken roaring Bull as my Master is.

*3 Maid.* Faith if I were my Lady, I would hold by his Horns; and then let him roar; and drink, and whore as much as he will.

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*1 Maid*

*1 Maid.* Yes, so she might chance to be drench'd in a Bathing-tub, as *Europa* in the Sea.

*Exeunt*

Scene 35.

*Enter Nan the Lady Jealousies Chamber-maid, and her Master Sir Henry Courtly meets her, and kisses her. Enter the Lady Jealousie, and sees him.*

**L**ady Jealousie. So Husband, I perceive *Nan* is in your favour.

*Nan runs out of the room*

*Courtly.* Faith Wife *Nan* is a careful and industrious Wench: for she strives to serve us both, for she makes you caudles and feeds me with kisses.

*Lady Jealousie.* Or rather Husband you feed *Nan*, and *Nan* feeds me.

*Courtly.* Faith the truth is I feed you both.

*Lady Jealousie.* But *Nan* hath the greatest share, that makes her so proud, and I so sickly; But since you are so liberal to her, and so sparing to me, I will board elsewhere, and so as I may carve where I like best.

*Courtly.* Sure Wife you will not.

*Lady Jealousie.* Surely Husband I will do my endeavour.

*Courtly.* What to be a Whore?

*Lady Jealousie.* Yes, if being a whore will make you a Cuckold.

*Exeunt*

Scene 36.

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria and her Maid.*

**L**ady Hypochondria. My Husband hath been a long time abroad, pray for he be safe, if he should chance to have a quarrel and fight, a hundred to one but he is kill'd: for otherwise he would have come home; do you think he is well *Joan*?

*Maid.* You need not fear, for my master is of so civil a behaviour, and so sweet a disposition, as he can have no enemies.

*Lady Hypocon.* O But he is a man that is very valiant, and one that is very sensible of disgrace, and affronts.

*Maid.* Truly I believe you have no reason to fear.

*Lady Hypocon.* Do you but believe so, nay then you doubt, and therefore I know he is kill'd and I will go and find out the murderer, and kill him myself.

*The Lady Hypochondria offers to run out of the room, as in a frighted passion, the maid stops her.*

*Maid.*

*Maid.* My Noble Lady, do not run in this passion: for all the idle ment and women, and boyes, and girles will run after you, as thinking you mad; for they make no difference betwixt melancholy, and madnesse.

*Lady Hypocon.* I am not able to overcome this fear, I shall die.

*Maid.* Pray stay and send out one of our men to inquire where he is.

*Lady Hypocon.* Call Roger Trusty.

*The Maid goes out.*

*The Lady alone.*

*Lady Hypocon.* O You defendant Gods assist my Husband.

*Enter Joan, and Roger Trusty.*

*Lady Hypocon.* Trusty go presently, and seek out your master, and bring me word where he is, and how he doth, and be sure if you see a grim look't fellow near him, that you stir not from your Master, but wait upon him home, for fear some trechery should beset him.

*Trusty.* Who shall bring you word of his health, or sicknesse, life, or death?

*Lady Hypocon.* Death do you say, O you have heard he is kill'd.

*Trusty.* By Pluto I have heard no such thing.

*Lady Hypocon.* Why do you talk of death then?

*Trusty.* Because you send me to know whether he be dead, or alive.

*Lady Hypocon.* That is true, wherefore let one of the Foot-boyes go along with you to bring me an answer; but be sure you stay with your Master.

*Trusty.* I shall.

*Lady Hypocon.* Make all the haste you can to find him.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 37.

*Enter Sir Henry Sage, and the Lady Chastity.*

*Sir Hen. Sage.* Is the Lady Procurer a Baud say you?

*Lady Chastity.* A perfect one I think: for she pleaded as earnestly; as Lawyers for a fee.

*Sir Hen. Sage.* No doubt, but she hath as much reason; for sure she doth it for gain, not out of love to wicked basenesse; but I believe poverty persuades her, or rather inforces her.

*Chastity.* No surely, it is an inborn, or at least an inbred baseness: for neither death, nor torments can inforce, nor riches, nor preferments allure a noble mind to such base acts; but some are so unworthy, or rather wicked, as to delight to intice, and to pervert all they can get acquaintance with.

*Sir Hen. Sage.* And some doe it to hide their own faults, thinking to bury them under the vices of others, or smother them in the presse of a multitude: but let me advise you not to entertain her company any more.

*Chastity.* I believe she will not visit me again.

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*Exeunt.*

## Scene 38.

*Enter the Lady Sprightly, and one of her women.*

**L***ady Sprightly.* Lord, Lord, this nasty love, or rather this beastly lust that doth corrupt all good manners; as gentle civility, free society, lawfull recreations, honest friendship, natural affections; it cuts off the feet of obedience, it breaks the knees of duty, it wounds the breast of fidelity, it pulls out the heart of loyalty; it turns away prudence, it banishes temperance, and murders justice; it breaks peace and makes warrs, and turns arms into petticoats. O sweet pure Chastity, how amiable thou art, how beautifull thou appearst in women, how heroick in men: for Chast women have such innocent thoughts, such pure, clean, clear, white immaculate minds, such modest countenances, such gentle behaviour, such civil discourses, such noble actions, such discreet entertainments, such cautionarie recreations; otherwise they are bold, impudent, rude, flouting, ranting, romping women: also Chastity in men makes them heroick, for propriety, justice, constancy, and natural and honest love is the basis, pillars, or foundation whereon true valour is built, when amorous affections make men effeminate, causing them to cast away their hard iron arms to lie in the soft arms of beauty, and stops their eares from loud alarums, with charming notes of *Mulick*; it takes them from being masters of themselves, and others, and makes them become servants, and slaves; from commanding an Army to be commanded by single women, by whom he is checkt like a school-boy, lead like a dog in a string, as after his mistrisses humours, her frowns make him crouch like a cur, her smiles make him skip, and make faces like a Jack-an-apes, and their beastly appetites make them so rude, and wilde, as they regard no civility of behaviour, no gentleness of disposition, no constancy of affection, they keep no friendship, constancy, or vowes, they break all decent customs; and disobey all honest laws; but this is a theam too wilde to be preacht on.

*Gentlewoman.* Why Madam, my Lord your father may be a very chaste man although he lieth with his maid, if he hath made her his wife before he made her his bedfellow.

*Lady Sprightly.* His wife? he scorns the thought, and hates the act.

*Gentlewoman.* Pardon me Madam, if I offer to lay a wager of it.

*Lady Sprightly.* Are you so confident that you dare lay a wager?

*Gentlewoman.* If you inquire more I believe you will find it to be true.

*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

Scene 39.

Enter the Lady Chastity, and her woman gives her a letter.

*Lady reads the Letter.*

**L**ady Chastity. Who brought this letter?

woman. A kind of a Gentleman servingman.

Chastity. Pray receive no more letters from that man.

woman. He said he would come in the evening to receive an answer.

Chastity. If he comes, tell him it needs no answer.

Enter Sir Henry Sage.

Chastity. Husband, will you read a Love letter?

Sir Hen. Sage. From whence comes it, and to whom is it sent?

Chastity. You will soon find from whence it comes, and to whom it is sent.

*He reads it.*

Sir Hen. Sage. So wife, I perceive I am in danger to be made a Cuckold.

Chastity. Doth the letter beget your faith to that opinion?

Sir Hen. Sage. But the praises, and professions this letter brings you, raises scruples, and those scruples beget controversies, and those controversies may in time make a convert.

Chastity. Rather a pervert Husband; but be you constant, and I will warrant you safe.

Sir Hen. Sage. But Youth and Beauty wife, when they plead, are greater Bawds, and have a more persuasive power than the Lady Procurer.

Chastity. Truly all three, as Beauty, Youth, or the Lady Procurer, rather than persuade me, would divert me, had I a wanton nature; as first, for the Lady Procurer her baseness appeared such as made me hate my self for being of the same sex she was of; and grieved me to see the follies of mankind, the one appearing like a Devil, the other like a beast, so seem'd the Lover and the Bawd, when men have Reason to govern, as much as Appetite to persuade, the one proceeding from the Soul, the other from the body; besides, Virtue is the Natural Complexion of the Soul, nor Vice: for Vice is bred, not born in man: As for Youth, it is so fantastical, extravagant, wilde, and self-opinionated, doing such ridiculous Actions, putting themselves into such affected Postures, as I might be as soon enamour'd with a Jack-anapes: Besides, the discourses of Youth are so flashy, as it gives the hearers no relish; and their Judgment is so shallow, and their Understanding so mysty, as when Reason discourses with them, it is apt to be lost in the darkness of Ignorance. Lastly, for Beauty in men, it is worse than unhandfomeness in women: for an illi-favour'd woman seems masculine, as if she had an Heroick Spirit;

though she were a Coward; to have a judicious Understanding, though she should be a Fool; to be Chaste, although she were Wanton; when on the contrary, a beautiful man appears Effeminate, Foolish, and Cowardly, when (perchance) he may be Wise and Valiant, yet 'tis Beauty makes him seem otherwise; and (for the most part) a beautiful man is more nice and curious about his person, as in his cloathing, dressing, trimming, perfuming, powdering, curling, and some will pomate and paint themselves, all which seems to me preposterous to men, insomuch as I could as soon be amorously affected with my own Sex, as those that are accounted beautiful men; and you might sooner be jealous of Age than Youth, with a Sun-burnt face and a wither'd skin, than a face that looks as if it had not seen the Sun, or the Sun it, nor felt the nipping Frost nor parching Wind; but I hope you have a better opinion of your self than to be jealous, as to think I can like any man better, or so well as you: And if you have not so good an opinion of me, as to believe I am constantly honest, yet I have such an assurance of my self, as to know I am not liable to be corrupted, and I am so Chaste, as I have not a thought subject to fully the purity of my chaste Mind and honest Heart.

*Sage.* I believe you.

*Exit.*

Scene 40.

*Enter Roger Trusty, as to his Master Sir William Lovewell.*

*Lovewell.* What is the matter, *Roger*, that you are come?

*Trusty.* And't please your Worship, my Lady hath sent me to know how your VVorship is in health.

*Lovewell.* VVhy very well. How does she?

*Trusty.* She's well, but that she's afraid your VVorship's kill'd.

*Lovewell.* If I were kill'd, I were past sickness or health. But who should kill me?

*Trusty.* Nay that her Ladyship could not guess.

*Lovewell.* Return home to your Lady, and tell her I shall be with her within an hour.

*Trusty.* I dare not leave your VVorship: for she hath sent me to guard and protect you from all harm, and to fight in your quarrel, and hath sent one of the Foot-boys to bring her word how your VVorship doth.

*Lovewell.* Go you and return back, and tell your Lady from me, that her honesty, Civility, and Courage, is a sufficient Guard and Protection; if not, then my Sword, and my Skill to use it, will fight, and maintain my quarrel.

*Trusty.* If I should go home with that Message, you would find her dead at your return.

*Lovewell.* VVhy so?

*Trusty.* VVhy Sir, the very name of a Sword will kill her: I wonder your VVorship should forget it, and knows her humour so well.

*Lovewell.* Yes, I know she hath a sweet Humour, and a tender Nature: wherefore return home without any more prating, and tell her that I am safe, and in very good health. Run all the way.

*Exit.*

## Scene 41.

*Enter Sir Edward Courtly, and his Wife the Lady Jealousie.*

**C**ourtly. Wife, you may win me from the imbracing of other women, if you have Discretion and Chastity answerable to your Wit and Beauty.

**Jealousie.** But I perceive men love variety; and if so, had I the Beauty of *Venus*, and the Wit of *Mercury*, the Wisdom of *Pallas*, and the Chastity of *Diana*, you would be like *Jupiter* still, and make love to mortals, which are common Wenches: But do not think I will do as *Juno* did, as to torment my self with vexing and fretting for that which I cannot mend or help; but I will please my self with variety as much as you, and in the clouds of night will hide my Self and Lovers.

**Courtly.** Faith Wife I shall dissolve your Clouds into showers of Tears, and strike your Lover with my Thunder-bolt, which is my Poniard: But Wife, let me advise you to be as you ought to be, a good Wife: for, as I will not inroach upon my Wifes Prerogative, so Wife, you shall not inroach upon mine, being your Husband.

**Jealousie.** You will not give me leave to have the variety of Courting Servants; yet you will take the liberty of variety to Court several Mistresses.

**Courtly.** It is part of my Prerogative.

**Jealousie.** What, to have whores?

**Courtly.** Yes; and its part of the Wifes duty which she owes to her Husband, to be content.

**Jealousie.** She is not bound to that duty.

**Courtly.** She is bound to obey all duties: for the fundamental Laws in Mariage, are for the Husband to rule, the Wife to obey; the Husband to cherish, the Wife to love; the Husband to be Valiant to defend and protect her, the Wife to be Chaste, to suffer and submit; and when I leave to Command, you may leave for to Obey; when I leave to Cherish, you may leave to Love; when I am a Coward, you may be a VVhore: for when I base my part with my Honour, you are not bound to keep it; but until I do part with my Honour, I charge you to keep it as you would do your life.

**Jealousie.** By these Rules married men are not bound to be constant.

**Courtly.** Yes, to the Sex, but not to his VVife, in the case of Amorous Imagements: for a Husband hath liberty for variety, but the VVife is remain'd to one.

**Jealousie.** These are Laws that neither the Gods nor Nature have prescribed, but only impartial men which make what Laws they please.

**Courtly.** Nature taught men to make them for propriety-sake, and Gods command men to keep them, and that men should do their endeavour to force the Effeminate Sex to obey and practise them strictly, for the sake of civil Common-wealths, wherein the Gods are best serv'd.

**Jealousie.** But women are not such Fools, to be forc'd, such Asses, to bear such intolerable burdens of Troubles, Vexations, Crosses, and Neglects in their Husbands and their VVhores.

**Courtly.** VVomen are best pleas'd when they are made Asses.

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*Jealousie*

*Jealousie.* Indeed Husbands make Affes of their VVives; but in faith you shall not make one of me;

*Exeunt.*

*Scene. 42.*

*Enter two Maids of the Lady Poverties:*

*1 Maid.* My poor Lady sits so melancholy, and sighs and weeps, as it grieves my Soul to see her.

*2 Maid.* Can you blame her, when she and her children must go a begging, or sit and starve: for my Master hath sold most of his Estate at several times, and hath spent the money in Drink and VVhores, and hath lost it at play: and now he hath sent for all his Plate to play away, her Jewels were pawn'd before.

*1 Maid.* But when all is lost and spent; he will be forc'd to be a good Husband.

*2 Maid.* VVhen all is gone, it will not be in his power: for none can be good Husbands as concerning Husbandry, when they have nothing to Husband.

*1 Maid.* The best of it is, he will suffer as much as my Lady.

*2 Maid.* No faith: for he will rook, and shark, and cheat, and baud, to get a poor living, when she, poor Lady, must work hard for her Living.

*1 Maid.* Alas she cannot work.

*2 Maid.* Then she must get some acquaintance, and turn Lady Bawd, and shew Ladies how to dress themselves, and sell paint, pomatons, wax-gloves, oyl'd-masks, and the like Commodities privately; or else she must pretend Skill in Chirurgery or Physick, and to make Plaisters, Salves, Oyntments, and the like, or make Cordial Powders, or Cordial Waters, and other waters and powders; then perswade old Ladies to take thereof, telling them those will make them look as young as one of fifteen.

*1 Maid.* But those things require cost to make them.

*2 Maid.* No faith, there requires not much charge: for Paint, Pomatom, and the like Commodities, will sell at any price, and will be made at a little charge: and for Salves and Plaisters, and Oyls and Oyntments, Hoggrease, Turpentine, and Bole-Armonike, serves for all sorts of those things, and Bread, and Meal, and Milk, and some chopt Herbs, and Saller-oyl, serves for all Pulcesses; and for Cordial Powders, some hot Seeds, as Anniseed, Caraway-feed, Coriander-feed, and the like Seeds, with some powder of Liquoras, and beaten Spices, with some sorts of Gums, as Mastick, Myrrh, and the like, will serve their turn.

*1 Maid.* But Cordial Powders are made of Pearl, Amber, Corall, and the like.

*2 Maid.* Faith a little powder of posts serves as well: for they cannot be distinguish'd by their taste; but howsoever, it is but putting a grain of Musk and Ambergrease, and instead of Amber, Coral, and Pearl, 'tis but poudring some shav'd Harts-horn and Chiny, and they will serve as well, and (perchance work as good Effects:) Indeed Cordial Waters are chargeable to make

make : for they require fire to distill them ; but there is some remedy for that : for it is but buying several sorts of ordinary hot waters, and mix them together, so as no one of the waters may predominate in taste, and it will pass for rare extracted Spirits, so as she shall never need to venture to distill, or lay out money, but just for the present to fetch it from those that sell *Aqua-wita*, *Rosafolus*, and the like, which may be had at a cheap rate, and she may sell them at a great price.

1 *Maid*. But what shall become of the poor young Children ?

2 *Maid*. VVhy, he rooking, and she bawding, may make a shift to feed them with bread : and those two Trades will never fail as long as Mankind lasts : for VVhoring and Knaving will last till Dooms-day, or forever.

1 *Maid*. But *Ursly*, my Lady hath given us warning to be gone : wherefore we must seek out new services.

2 *Maid*. My Lady is so good a Lady, as I wish I could serve her so as to maintain her, since she is not able to maintain a servant.

1 *Maid*. But since we cannot maintain her, nor she us, we must leave her.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 43.

*Enter Roger Trusty to his Lady all in a sweat with running : she seeing him come in such haste ; cries out.*

*Hypocondria*. O help me, help me, you merciful Powers, to destroy me ; and let me not outlive my Husband.

*Trusty*. 'Tis like the Gods will hear your prayers : for ten to one my Master out-lives you.

*Hypocon*. VVhy, is he alive ?

*Trusty*. Yes, and alive's like.

*Hypocon*. VVhat makes you sweat so ?

*Trusty*. To bring you the good news of his well-being, and to prove the old Proverb a Liar, which sayes, *Bad Newes bath wings, and good Newes no legs.*

*Hypocon*. Where did you meet your Master ?

*Trusty*. In Westminster-Hall.

*Hypocon*. How did he look ?

*Trusty*. Healthful and well.

*Hypocon*. Did he seem angry or pleas'd, merry or sad ?

*Trusty*. Why he neither seem'd angry nor pleas'd, merry nor sad, which I wonder'd at : for in Lawyers Courts, and places of Judicature, I never saw any face but was cloathed with a merry green countenance, or a sad black countenance, or a red cholerick face, or a pale malicious face ; but my Masters face appear'd like naked Truth, and clean Temperance, wash'd white with Innocency, being plump with health, and smooth with plenty.

*Hypocon*. But why did you leave him ?

*Trusty*. VVhy he commanded me so to doe, and to run every step, to tell you he was coming home, and I chose as the wisest to run, although

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though I sweat for it, than stay and have a broken Head.

*Hypocon.* VVell, I give you here a twenty-shilling-piece to dry your sweat with a cup of Sack.

*Exi Lady.*

*Trusty.* May all my labours be rewarded thus.

*Maid Joan.* I perceive you take the gift as a due reward, and not as my Ladies bounty.

*Trusty.* Hold your prating: what need we thank the Gods, if Saints merit Heaven?

*Exeunt.*

Scene 44.

*Enter the Lady Sprightly, and the Lord Widower her Father.*

*Lady Sprightly.* Sir, I desire you would not think me undutiful to ask you a question: for I hope I am not so much in your disfavour, as not to resolve me, since it is in your power.

*Widower.* VVell, what is't that you would know?

*Sprightly.* VVhether you are married, or not?

*Widower.* VVhat if I am? Mariage is lawful.

*Sprightly.* Yes Sir, but I doubt whether it be honourable or not: for 'tis said you are married to my Chamber-maid *Dol Subilty.*

*Widower.* Perchance I am.

*Sprightly.* Then I desire your Lordship will let me marry too.

*Widower.* VVith all my heart, and I shall do my part towards thy marriage; but to whom would you be married?

*Sprightly.* Your Butler Sir.

*Widower.* Out upon thee base Girl, would you marry a Tapster?

*Sprightly.* Why Sir, a Tapster is as good as a pils-pot emptier; besides, they say you have done the fellow wrong: for she (they say) was his by promise, and if Conscience hath right, he ought to have her; and perhaps, did not Ambition come in the way, Affection might prevail: wherefore to gratifie him, you ought in justice to bestow me upon him.

*Widower.* Well, because you shall not marry my Butler, I will not marry your Maid: for the truth is, I never had so low a thought. But let me tell you, it is in the way of disobedience to question a Fathers Actions, and a presumption for a Child to think their Father is not wise enough to govern himself; besides, Children were ingrateful to Parents, to desire that from them, which they cannot, or will not keep to themselves, as neither to suffer a Father to marry, or keep a Mistress: Do Children think a Father is bound to so many Children, and no more?

*Sprightly.* Sir, I dare answer for the part of Children, that they would be well content that their Father should have Mistresses, but they would be unwilling and griev'd that their Fathers should be their Mistresses slave; whereby they incaptivate their Children, or ruine their Estates.

*Widower.* Well then inquire no more after any Mistress I shall have, until you are incaptivated.

FINIS.

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## The Actors Names.

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Sir *William Lovewell*, and the Lady *Hypochondria* his wife.  
Sir *Henry Sage*, and the Lady *Chastity* his wife.  
Sir *Edward Courtly*, and the Lady *Jealousie* his Wife.  
Sir *Humphrey Disagree*, and the Lady *Disagree* his Wife.  
Sir *Thomas Cuckold*, and the Lady *Wanton* his wife.  
Sir *Timothy Spendall*, and the Lady *Poverty* his wife.  
Sir *Francis Inconstant*, and the Lady *Inconstant* his wife.  
Monsieur *Amorous*.  
The Lady *Procurer*.  
Monsieur *Disguise*.  
Mistress *Single*, sister to the Lady *Jealousie*.  
Master *Make-peace*, Sir *Humphrey Disagree's* Friend.  
Master *Perswader*, the Lady *Disagree's* Chaplin.  
Nan *Lightheel*, and Many other Maid-Servants of the several Ladies.  
Roger *Trusty*, man to Sir *William Lovewell*, and other men-servants of his, and the rest of the Knights.  
Raillery Jester, the Lady *Jealousies* Fool.

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THE  
Second Part of the P L A Y  
Called the  
MATRIMONIAL TROUBLE  
A  
C O M E T R A G E D Y.

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ACT I.

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Scene. 1.

Enter the Lady Procurer, and Sir Henry Sage.



*Ady Procurer.* Sir Henry, by reason my Lady is gone abroad, I make bold to visit you.

*Sage.* I perceive I am oblig'd to my Wifes absence for your Visit, Madam.

*\* Procurer.* Faith, to tell you the truth, we women had rather visit men when they are alone, than when they have company.

*Sage.* Then men and women agree better with particular, than with the general.

*Procurer.* They do so, yet they love varieties best.

*Sage.* That's natural, for the Senses to delight in variety.

*Procurer.* It is so, and yet our Civil and Divine Laws have forbid the use of Varieties, which (me thinks) is very unconscionable and unnatural.

*Sage.* But if some of the natural Appetites and Actions were not restrain'd by Laws, no Common-wealth could subsist.

*Procurer.* How did the *Lacedemonians* subsist? they liv'd all in common; and had not all *Greece* been imbroy'd with VVars, their Common-wealth might have lasted to this day.

*Sage.* The *Lacedemonians* had stricter Lawes than the Common-wealth which we live in, and are of: for though they gave more liberty and freedom to some Actions than our Governments do, yet they were stricter in others; and breakers of their Lawes were more severely punish'd, even in the smallest breach, than the breakers of our Lawes are almost in the greatest breach.

*Procurer.* I am sure the Maker of the *Lacedemonian* Lawes was a wife man,  
and



and a kind-hearted man, in Decreeing for the Increase of Mankino, yet by some of his Laws he seem'd but a Sloven: for he banish'd all curidfity and neatness, and I believe, many conveniences: Also he seem'd to be a man of a weak stomach,

*Sage.* He rather seem'd of a strong stomach, and a greedy appetite, by the courie diet he brought men to live with; but (for my part) If I should judge of the *Lacedemonians* Laws, I should judge that they strove to bring men to be like beasts, rather than to make them like as Gods, which men should strive to be.

*Procurer.* By your favour Sir, there can be no Law that can keep men from being horned beasts.

*Sage.* Whole fault is that, Madam? not mens which make the Laws, but womens that break the Laws.

*Procurer.* It is mens fault, for giving women such liberty: And let me tell you Sir, women are such subtil creatures, as they strive first to get an honourable esteem from their Friends and Husbands, and a belief of their Chastity; and when they have secured mens jealousies, they make their Husbands Cuckolds, which all their Neighbours perceive, although the Husband is blind and muffled with affection.

*Sage.* Madam, your Sex deserve a better Character than you give of them: for by your description there are few chaste.

*Procurer.* Every woman knows the humours of her own Sex better than men know the humours of one another: wherefore let me advise you, Sir *Henry Sage*, to watch my Lady your Wife: for many, to my knowledge, seek for to corrupt her.

*Sage.* Madam, although she is one of your Sex, yet she is of an Angelical nature, and not corruptible.

*Procurer.* Sir, I am your humble servant, and I wish your Angel may not fall from Virtue into Vice.

*Sage.* I have no jealous doubt, Madam.

*Procurer.* I wonder at it: for wise men use to doubt.

*He leads her forth. Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Enter Sir Edward Courtly, and the Lady Jealousie.*

*Courtly.* Wife, I have given you warning twice; beware of the third time, that you receive no Masculine Visitors: for by Heaven, if you do, I will hang you up in my garters.

*Jealousie.* Do if you dare, I will have those that shall cut your throat.

*Courtly.* You could not fright me with your Champions, were I a coward: for they are Carpet-Knights, and dare not fight.

*Jealousie.* They dare more than you dare.

*Sir Edward Courtly takes off a garter, or some other string or ribband about his cloaths, and makes her believe he will strangle her.*

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*Courtly.*

*Courtly.* By Heaven I'll give an Example to all men that love their Honour, and hate to be Cuckolds.

*He takes the string, and offers to put it about her neck. She is afraid.*

*Jealousie.* O Husband, Husband, spare me, spare me.

*Courtly.* Wife, you may make me a Fool, but not unman me; you may flatter me, but not frighten me; you may make me commit an indiscretion, but never to be Effeminate.

*Jealousie.* O mercy, mercy, Husband, do but spare me this time, and I will be the best wife in the World.

*Courtly.* Well, I will pardon you this time; and know, Wife, that though I am willing to part with my Breeches and Doublet to give them you, yet I will never part with my Sword and my Spurs, which is my Courage and my Management: And I will give you all liberty in Vanity, but not in Dishonesty; you shall keep the Purse, but not manage the Horse: Also let me tell you, that it is not enough to be honest, but you must give no suspicion to the contrary.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene. 3.*

*Enter the Lady Procurer, and the Lady Wanton.*

*Lady Procurer.* Come, Come Madam, are you ready? for Monsieur Amorous hath provided a great and costly Banquet for you.

*Wanton.* I am ready, I did only stay for you to go along with me.

*Procurer.* But will not your Husband watch whither we go?

*Wanton.* O no: for he believes I am going to the Lady Breeders Upsitting.

*Procurer.* That's well be is so credulous to believe so easily whatsoever you would have him believe, and if he be but as obstinate of belief of that you would not have him believe you are happy, for let me tell you, that all men hath not that spiritual gift of Faith, but have strange opinions, and full of doubts, and suspicions.

*Wanton.* Nay, I thank Jove, I have as good a Husband, as any woman whatsoever hath.

*Procurer.* Prethee Madam leave some thanks for your loving servant, which loves, and adores you more than he doth Heaven, and worships you as his only Goddess.

*Wanton.* He shall not pray in vain; nor shall I be as an Idoll made of Stone, or Brass.

*Procurer.* Come your wayes ther

*Exeunt.*

*Scene.*

Scene 4.

Enter Monsieur Disguise alone.

**M**onsieur Disguise. O man ! O man ! inconstant man ! false and perjurious man ! flattering dissembling man ! and the worst of Mankind is Sir Francis Inconstant ! He hath not only forsaken me, but forgot me, drowning the memory of me in his superfluous Cups. O Pluto, from whence all wickedness proceeds, make his fair Bride as false to him, as he hath prov'd to me, and fill his mind with furious Jealousie.

Exit.

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Scene 5.

Enter the Lady Hypochondria, as at her Husband Sir VVilliam Lovewells Closet-door ; she knocks at the door.

**L**ovewell. Who's there ?  
Hypocon. 'Tis I, Husband.

She enters.

**Lovewell.** I may bid you welcome, VVife ! for you are a stranger here.

**Hypocon.** Truly Husband, I should not have disturb'd you, but that I was afraid you were not well : for I came two or three times to the door, and heard no noise, which made me afraid you might be in a swoon, or dead.

**Lovewell.** I thank you for your loving fear and care of me.

**Hypocon.** You may think this is an over-fond humour in me ; but I have heard of many that have been found dead in their Beds, and in their Closets, when as their Friends never mistrusted it, but thought they were asleep, or at study, which if they had been found or known in time, they might have been recover'd.

**Lovewell.** You say true VVife.

**Hypocondria.** But now I know you are well, I will not disturb you any longer.

**Lovewell.** I will bear your kindness company.

Exeunt.

## Scene 6.

*Enter Sir Henry Sage, and the Lady Chastity his Wife.*

**S***age.* VVife, thou art false.

*Chastity.* 'Tis strange to hear you say so, when but yesterday you made me such protestations of your Faith, believing I was Virtuouse, Chaste, and full of Truth, which I did think Time had not power to alter your belief, and such Vows and Protestations of your Affections to me, as if the fire of Love within your heart did burn so clear, and flame so high, as nought could quench it out but Death's cold damps, yet not so much, but still a heat within the ashes would remain.

*Sage.* I confesse; VVife, my doubts of Love did make me to try, at least to say so to you.

*Chastity.* True Love never makes doubts; and though you can dissemble with me, I cannot dissemble with you, could the Gods command me, as they cannot, things unjust.

*Sage.* I perceive you are angry, VVife.

*Chastity.* No truly Husband, I am rather griev'd than angry, to think my honest truth mistrusted: for Doubts are unjust to great Affections, true Love, and good Intentions; and Examinations are scandalous to a strict chaste life, and makes it seem as criminal: but could the VVorld say falsehood to your charge, and should condemn you, yet my Affections would set you free, and rather tax my self for want of Merit to deserve your Love, than you want love to give Desert.

*Sage.* Prethee VVife be not griev'd nor angry, for 'tis natural for Love to be suspicious: wherefore pray forgive my doubts.

*Chastity.* My nature is to forgive, and not to bear a grudge or spleen in minde.

*Sage.* Then we are friends again.

*Chastity.* My love is still the same, not to be alter'd.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 7.

*Enter Mistris Single, the Lady Jealousies sister, and Rallery Jester the Fool.*

**M***istris Single.* Fool, How many degrees is there in Understanding?

*Jester.* Three.

*Single.* Distinguish them.

*Jester.* There is a Coelestial Understanding, a Terrestrial Understanding, and an Understanding betwixt both, as an Airestial Understanding: Those that are Coelestial, are wise men; those that are Terrestrial, are fools; and those that are betwixt both, as Airestial, are half-witted men.

*Single.* I thought you would have said that those that were Terrestrial, were beasts.

*Jester.*

*Jester.* O no: for beasts are one degree above wise men; two degrees above half-witted men; and three degrees above fools.

*Single.* But how will you make that good, that beasts are wiser than wise men?

*Jester.* By all their actions: for beasts (for the most part) are more industrious, prudent, temperate, and peaceable, than the best of men; neither do they trouble their heads, nor break their sleeps; about the trifles of the World, but govern their Affairs easily, and live orderly, every several kind agreeing amongst themselves; besides, we are taught to imitate the Serpent and the Dove, and Examples are Principles, and the Original is to be prefer'd before the Copy, the Sample before the Pattern. Thus a Beast is prefer'd before a Wise man, by reason all Men must learn of Beasts to be wise, and of Birds to be virtuously honest, as to be harmless.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 8.

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria, and her Maid Joan.*

*Maid Joan.* Certainly Madam, you will starve your self with eating so little.

*Hypocon.* Why a little serves Nature.

*Joan.* Yes; but there are great differences betwixt Natures: for mankind requires more food than some kind of beasts or birds; for a man would be starv'd, if he should eat no more than a Dormouse, or a Camelion, or a Sparrow.

*Hypocon.* But a Sparrow cannot eat so much as an Eagle, nor an Eagle so much as an Estrich: Likewise, as it is with Bird-kind, so it is with Mankind, some would starve with that proportion another would surfeit on.

*Joan.* But surely there are none that could surfeit with your diet; as with Water and Air, nay (most commonly) nothing but Air, Camelion-like: for you oft-times for a week together neither eat bit, nor drink a drop; and that which makes me wonder more, is, that you naturally have a very good stomach, and can eat, when you please, very heartily; and it thrives well with you; but my greater wonder is, that when you do fast, eating now and then a bit, week after week, nay moneth after moneth, yet you are not so lean, as to appear a Skeleton, nor so weak, but you can walk two hours without resting, or being very weary.

*Hypocon.* Oh Custome is a second Nature, *Joan.*

*Joan.* I would have your Ladyship accustome your self to live without eating, and then you will be set in a Chronicle.

*Hypocon.* Who would strive for that; since most think Chronologers are Artificers, and that their Chronicles are false.

*Joan.* Why some will believe it; and it were better to live in the memory of a few, than to die to all memory, and to live by nothing.

*Hypocon.* I would have my Fame live only by singular and transcending Merits, not by singular and melancholy Follies. I know my Errors, though I cannot mend my Faults.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## Scene 9.

*Enter the Lady Procurer, and the Lady Wanton.*

**P***rocurer.* Well Madam, you are to give me thanks for bringing you acquainted with Monsieur *Amorous*: for he is as fine a Gentleman as any our Nation hath.

*Wanton.* Indeed he is the most obligingst person as ever I met with; but pray Madam, what said he of me?

*Procurer.* O he raves in your praise: He says you are the finest, sweetest, fairest and kindest Lady that ever was: but did not your Husband examine you when you came home?

*Wanton.* No 'faith, not much, some slight questions he ask'd; but come into my Chamber, and there let us discourse of Monsieur *Amorous*.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 10.

*Enter the Lady Jealousie, beating her Maid Nan.*

**J***ealousie.* I will make you humbler than to give me such unmannerly words. What had you to do in my Husbands, your Masters Chamber?

*Nan.* I went to speak with *Tom* my Masters barber.

*Jealousie.* What had you to do with your Masters barber? I am sure you had nouse for him; but I will beat you so, as you shall not be able to stir, much less to go frisking into your Masters Chamber so often as you do.

*Falls a beating her again: Nan runs crying from her Lady, her Lady follows her. Enters Raillery Je-  
ster the Fool.*

*Fool.* What a Volly of words their gun-powder breath, and the fire-lock of their anger hath shot into my Ears, giving me no warning to baracade them up, but hath surprized my brain by their sudden assault, and hath blown up the Magazines of my Contemplations; but all creatures love to make a noise, beasts vocally, men verbally, and some actually in boysterous deeds.

*Enter Mistris Single.*

*Single.* How now Fool, what's the matter?

*Fool.* Why this is the matter fool, thy Sister fool hath beaten her Maid fool, for kissing her Master fool.

*Single.* For kissing her Masters fool, say you?

*Fool*

\* *Fool.* Nay by'r Lady, if she had done so, she had been wife : for if she had kiss'd me, she had not been beaten ; but she did not kiss me, Ergo she's a fool.

*Exeunt.*

Scene. II.

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria, and Sir VVilliam Lovewell her Husband.*

*Hypochondria.* Husband, why seem you so sad ?

*Lovewel.* My love to you makes me sad.

*Hypochondria.* To me ? Heaven blefs me, what do you see in me to make you sad ?

\* *Lovewel.* Why for these passions and frights that you fall into, like one in an Epilepsie, and now you look as pale, as if you were ready to fall down dead.

*Hypocon.* Alas Husband, consider it is a timorous effect of Love, which is to be pardon'd, since it proceeds from the kindness I have to my Friends ; it is honourable to the World, and no dishonour to you, but only troublesome to my self, and to those I naturally love, as Husband, Children, Father Mother, Brothers, and Sisters : And though fond Love and vain Fears may be produced from the melancholy Spleen, yet those fears that proceed from my firm, true, and honest Affection, are created in the Soul : for noble, and honourable, and honest Fears, are the natural Issues of pure Love.

*Lovewel.* But Reason, the chief Magistrate of the Soul, and Governour of the Passions, should temper the Excess.

*Hypocon.* O Husband, when Love comes to be temper'd, it loses or quits the essential part, and the vertical strength : for true Love is pure like gold, which is debas'd with an allay.

\* *Lovewel.* But as Allay makes gold work better for use, so Temperance makes Love happy for life.

*Hypocon.* Well Husband, I will strive to love with Discretion.

*Lovewel.* Pray do, and goe abroad, to divert your melancholy, and eat as others do, that may have good meat and drink, and not live by the Air, as you do.

*Hypocon.* I shall obey you.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 12.

*Enter the Lady Inconstant alone.*

*Lady Inconstant.* O Cupid, thou art a cruel Tyrant, making more wounds than remedies ! And I am wounded so, as I am sick with Love, and  
Bbbbbb can-

cannot live unless I am below'd again.  
*To make my Passions know, is all my care,*  
*Lest he should love me not, is all my fear.*

*Exeunt.**Scene. 13.**Enter the Lady Procurer, and Sir Thomas Cuckold.*

**L***ady Procurer.* Sir *Thomas Cuckold*, *Monfieur Amorous* desires very much to make friendship with you: for he is so taken with your Civilities, and your courteous Demeanors when he was to visit you, that he swears you are one of the finest Gentlemen in the Kingdome: He says you are so gravely wife, so hospitably kind, and so generously free, as he honours you, and loves you with his soul.

*Cuckold.* I am his very humble Servant, and shall be glad, nay proud of such a worthy Friend as *Monfieur Amorous*.

*Procurer.* Have you returned his Visit?

*Cuckold.* No; but I'll go wait upon him immediatly.

*Exeunt.**Scene 14.*

*Enter Nan the Lady Jealousies Maid, going through the room crying, and the Fool following her singing.*

**F***ool.* Childrens eyes are always flowing,  
 Womens tongues are always going,  
 And mens brains are always musing,  
 And mens natures all abusing,  
 And mans life is always running,  
 And mans death is always comming.

*Enter Mistris Single.*

*Single.* Whose death is comming?

*Fool.* Yours for any thing I know: wherefore take heed; for let me tell you; Death is a rough fellow: for he pulls the soul out of the body, as a Barber-Chirurgion doth a tooth, sometimes with less pain, sometimes with more; but many times Death is forc'd to tear the body, as a Tooth-drawer tears the jaw-bone, before he can get it out.

*Single.* What Instruments doth Death draw out the Soul with?

*Fool.* Sicknes, Wounds, Passions, Accidents, and the like.

*Single.* But how came Death and you so well acquainted?

*Fool.* We are near a-Kin: for Death and Ignorance are Cousin-Germans.

*Single*



*Single.* Faith thou art rather a Knave than a Fool, and a Knave is nearer a-kin to Life than Death.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15

*Enter the Lady Disagree, and her Chaplin Master Perswader.*

*Disagree.* Well, I am resolv'd to be Divorced from my Husband, for I cannot endure his tyranny any longer: for he will let me have my will in nothing, crosses and contradicts me in every thing.

*Perswader.* Madam, we are taught to obey and humble our selves to our Superiours, and the Husband is the Master of his Family, the Governour of his Estate, and Ruler and Disposer of his Children, the Guide and Protector of his Wife.

*Disagree.* Yes, he protects me well indeed, when he breaks my head.

*Perswader.* May be your Ladyship doth provoke him with some unkind words.

*Disagree.* What unkind words were they? I only said that Goose-quills made the best pens to write with, and he said no, that Crows-quills were better for that purpose: 'tis true, at last I returned as bad words as he flung at me.

*Perswader.* Truly Madam, it is a great grief to your friends and servants, to see you live so disquietous together; besides, you torment your selves with your own anger.

*Disagree.* That's the reason I would part: for I will never be a slave to his humour, I will rather chuse to die first.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 16.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Disagree, and Master Makepeace his Friend.*

*Sir Hum. Disagree.* It were better we were parted, than to live in a perpetual war together.

*Makepeace.* But Sir, is it not possible to temper your Passion?

*Disagree.* No truly: for her words are so sharp, and pierce so deep, that they make me as furious as a wilde Boar that is hurt with a Javelin: And since she cannot temper her Tongue, nor I temper my Passion, it will be best for us to live asunder: for absence is the best and most certain remedy I can think of.

## Scene 17.

*Enter two Serving-men of Sir VWilliam Lovewels.*

1 *Servant.* Have not you heard that my Master hath had a Quarrel, and is wounded ?

2 *Servant.* Yes ; and 'tis said he fought so valiantly, as he beat half a dozen lusty men, and followed them so close, as they were forc'd to take shelter ; and I have also heard, that one of them he beat, swears to be revenged.

1 *Servant.* But if my Lady hears of it, she will run mad, or die.

2 *Servant.* O no, my Lady (*Joan* says) hath left those follies, and is become discreet.

1 *Servant.* Discreet ? what is that ? to be ill-natur'd, as not to care if her Husband or Friends be kill'd ?

2 *Servant.* O yes, so much to care, as to pity them, and be sorry, nay sad, if they should be kill'd ; but not passionately to drown themselves in tears, or to let their grief feed on their life, and die.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 18.

*Enter Monsieur Amorous and Sir Thomas Cuckold : They meet each other, and imbrace as two dear Friends.*

*Cuckold.* O my sweet *Amorous* !

*Amorous.* O my dear *Cuckold*, the delight of my Life !

*Cuckold.* 'Faith *Amorous* I have been to seek you all the Town over, and my Lady *Procurer* met me, and sent me to the other end of the City, telling me you were at the Horn-Tavern.

*Amorous.* Why do you not know her humour ? she will serve you twenty such tricks : for she is the veriest Wag in all the Town, although she is in years.

*Cuckold.* Well, if I be not even with her, as very a Wag as she is, let me be condemn'd for a fool.

*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

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Scene 19.

*Enter a Maid as to her Lady, the Lady Hypochondria.*

**M***Aid.* O Madam, my Master is coming home, being wounded in a  
*Duel.*

*The Lady swoons.*

*Maid.* Help, help, my Lady, my Lady.

*Enter Joan her Maid.*

*Joan.* What's the matter?

*Maid.* My Lady is kill'd with the report of my Masters being hurt.

*Joan.* It were fit you should be punish'd for telling her of it.

*They raise the Lady, and bow her forward: She  
revives, but with a groan.*

*Lady groans, Oh, oh.*

*Joan.* Take life again: for my Master is not so much hurt, as to be in danger of Death.

*Hypocon.* Do you speak this as a known truth, or for to recover me?

*Joan.* As a truth upon my Conscience, Madam.

*Hypocon.* Then I charge you do not discover my Passion.

*Joan.* We shall not.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 20.

*Enter Sir William Lovewell, and two of his men, and his  
Man Roger Trusty.*

**L***ovewell.* Go, and give charge to my Footmen, that none of them run home to tell my Wife of my hurt, for fear of frightening her: for if she hears I am hurt before she sees me, she will apprehend me worse than I am, and that may kill her.

*Servant.* Sir, she hath heard of it already.

*Lovewell.* Rogue that he was that told her: who was it?

*Roger Trusty.* It was I Sir, when I went to fetch your Leaguer-cloak to keep you warm.

*Lovewell.* Villain, I'll run you through.

*Trusty.* What you please Sir; but my Lady takes it very patiently: for

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when she heard of it, she was playing on the Lute, and did not leave playing at the report.

*Lovewel.* I am glad she is so discreet:

*Trusty.* Truly Sir I think my Lady is now one of the wisest and discreetest Ladies in the Town.

*Lovewel.* What, for playing on the Lute ?

*Trusty.* No Sir ; but for being so patient and temperate, as all wise persons are, who bear affliction with that Moral Philosophical Carelesness, and (as they call it) passive Courage, composing their Faces into a Grave, surly Countenance, fashioning their Behaviour with Formality, walking with a slow and stately Pace, speaking nothing but Wise Sentences, and Learned Morals.

*Lovewel.* You are a moral Ass; and although my wounds are but small, yet I grow faint with standing to hear a fool talk.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 21.

*Enter the Lady Inconstant, and Monsieur Disguise.*

*Lady Inconst.* Sir, I believe you may wonder, and think it strange, that a woman can love a stranger so soon and so much.

*Disguise.* I doe not think it strange in Nature, but I think it strange you should affect me, a person which is no way worthy of your Favour and your Love, unless you (like a Deity) humbly descend to mortals, accepting of their Adorations and Offerings: And, as a mortal to a Deity, I offer up my Heart on the Altar of your Obligations.

*Inconstant.* Here I do vow to *Venus*, not only to offer you my person, and all delights that it can yield, but I offer you my Honour, my Fathers Honour, my Husbands Honour, nay their lives, if you require it.

*Disguise.* I must confess your Husbands life is dangerous, for we cannot well enjoy our loves with safety, if that your Husband lives.

*Inconstant.* Name but the way unto his Death, and I will execute it.

*Disguise.* I cannot ; for you must do it as you find Fortune gives you opportunity.

*Inconstant.* Farewel and believe, I shall let no opportunity slip, that might bring my designs to pass.

*The Lady Inconstant goes out.*

*Monsieur Disguise alone.*

*Disguise.* My revenge is too big for words, all actions too little for his punishment: wherefore you furies, I invoke you to assist me, and if Hell gives me not help, Heaven or Death give me ease.

*Exit.*

Scene

Scene 22.

Enter the Lady Procurer, and Monsieur Amorous.

**L**ady Procurer. Now Monsieur Amorous, you and the Lady wanton shall not need to make so many excuses to meet, for your going into the Country, with Sir Thomas Cuckold, you will be always in the House with his Lady.

Amorous. Faith, I have a great deal of business in the City, which may suffer, if I should go out of the Town.

Procurer. Out upon you, make excuses already.

Amorous. I do not make excuses, I only tell you the truth of my affairs.

Procurer. Can you have any affairs greater, or of more concernment, than waiting on a Mistress, and such a Mistress as you were a dying for to enjoy, but a little time since? well go thy ways Monsieur Amorous, for thou art like a woman that hath fits of the Mother, often swooning and sick, but never dyes in any of them.

Amorous. The Lady Chastity would be like a draught of cold water, to bring me to life again.

Procurer. Let me tell thee, as those fits will never kill thee, so all the Chastity in the Town can never cure thee.

Exeunt.

Scene 23.

Enter the Lady Hypochondria, and Joan her Maid.

**L**ady Hypochondria. Pray Juno, my Husband doth not perceive I have cry'd.

Joan. You need not fear it, for the hot Cloath you laid to your eyes hath sok'd out the redness, and abated the swelling thereof; but I doubt you will cry when you see him.

Hypochondria. I hope I shall be wiser, than to cry; for I would not have my Husband think me a Fool, or troublesome, for the world.

Joan. But surely Madam, you must needs torment your Soul, to strive so much against nature.

Hypochondria. Love had rather torment it self, then torment what it loves.

Joan. Your Ladyship will make the old Proverb good, which sayes, love overcomes all things, and surely it overcomes all when it overcomes nature it self.

Exeunt.

## Scene 24.

*Enter the Lady Jealousy, and the Fool.*

**L**ady Jealousy. Pretty Fool watch thy Master, and my Maid Nan, and when they are together give notice, and I will give thee a new Coat.

Fool. I shall stand Sentinel, and give the watch-word.

*The Lady Jealousy goes out.*

*The Fool alone.*

Fool. Most Creatures their tails lyes in their heads, or their heads lyes in their Neighbours rayles, nose to breech; for they are always thinking thereof, which makes their thoughts as sluts and slovens; their brains like to a heapt-up Dunghil; but I must watch, my Master and his Maid to catch.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 25.

*Enter Master Makepeace, and Master Perswader, friend and Chaplin to Sir Humphrey Disagree.*

**M**aster Makepeace. 'Tis strange, that Sir Humphrey Disagree, and his Lady, cannot agree, yet they are both of good nature, and generous Souls; keep a noble House, and are bountifull to their Servants, kind and courteous to their Friends, and he a very understanding Gentleman, and a learned Scholar, and an honest Man.

Perswader. And she is a very Chast Lady, a good Huswife, and very orderly in her House, as concerning what she is to take care of, or to direct and is very pious and devout, and yet both to be so indiscreet as to fall out about light toys, and frivolous matters.

Makepeace. 'Tis strange, and truly great pittie; wherefore, we ought to do our indeavour, to try if we can make them friends.

Perswader. Surely that might be easily done; for they are as apt, and as soon friends when their anger's over, as they are apt to fall out when they are friends, and I make no doubt to make them friends; but the business is to keep them friends, and the question is, whether it were not better they should be parted friends, than present enemies.

Makepeace. Yet we have discharged our parts, if we make or do our indeavour to make them friends.

Perswader. Well Sir, perswade the Husband, and I will try to perswade the Wife.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 26.

*Enter Monsieur Disguise, and Sir Francis Inconstant.*

**S***ir Francis Inconstant.* Sir, you do amaze me ; for I have not been so long married as to give her time for Incontinency, nor have I been so ill a Husband as yet, as to create, or beget her hate towards me.

*Disguise.* Sir, if I do not prove it, I shall be content to suffer the heaviest punishment you can inflict upon me ; and because your belief is wavering, I will place you, where you shall hear her declare her intentions, as towards your Death.

*Inconstant.* I long to prove the Truth.

*Exeunt.*

Scene. 27.

*Enter the Lady Wanton, and the Lady Procurer.*

**L***ady Wanton.* Prethy my *Lady Procurer*, go into the Country with us, since we shall have such good Company this Summer, as *Monsieur Amorous*, we will be so merry, and have such sports and pastimes, as you shall not repent your journey.

*Procurer.* Faith Madam I cannot ; besides, you have no use of me now.

*Wanton.* I am not as many others are, that when they can make no more use of a friend, they strive to shun their Company.

*Procurer.* Well, if I can go with you I will ; but I doubt I cannot, at least I cannot stay above a week, or such a time with you.

*Wanton.* Nay, if I once get you there, I will make you stay.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 28.

*Enter Mistriss Single alone.*

**M***istriss Single.* What a troublesome life is a Married life, bless me Heaven, who would Marry ?

*Enter Raillery Jester at her last words.*

*Fool.* That would you if you could get a Husband ; for Maids long to be Wives, and Wives longs to be Widows, that they might Marry again.

*Single.* That is, because Maids do not know the vexations of Marriage, which Wives do.

D d d d d

*Fool.*

*Fool.* Faith Women take a pleasure in being vext, crost, and injured; for then they have a ground for their anger, and revenge is the sweetest, and dearest employment they have, or would wish to have; otherwise, they would be dull, and idle without it; and to prove it, Widows are as earnest, and industrious to Marry as Maids, and all is, because they would be vext and crost.

*Single.* And are not men as desirous, and hafty to Marry as Women?

*Fool.* Yes, those that are Fools.

*Single.* Why then you should marry, if any Woman would have you.

*Fool.* Such Fools as I, never, or very seldom Marry, for though we are Christened Fools, we were Born VVife (where other men were Born Fools, but Christened VVife) as bearing the name of VVife and understanding Men, so as they have only the name, but not the wisdom; the Truth is, we Fool, and other men are fool'd.

*Single.* Then VVomen are Born VVife, for they Fool Men.

*Fool.* Nay faith, poor Souls, they are for the most part double fool'd; first, thinking they fool, and then in being fooled.

*Enter a Maid of the Lady Jealousy's.*

*Maid.* Mistris, my Lady is very angry, that you let your Lute-Maister stay; whilst you talk to the fool; she says you will be as much a fool as he, with talking so often with him.

*Single.* Tell my Sister, I shall learn more good from the fool, than the fidler.

*Fool.* Mark you that Maid.

*Maid.* I mark that Children and Fools keep company together.

*Fool.* And the Maids and the Master.

*Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

*Scene 29.*

*Enter two Maids of the Lady Hypochondria.*

*1 Maid.* Alas my poor Lady looks as if she would drop to the earth, so pale and ill.

*2 Maid.* How should she be otherwise, for she smothers in her grief, and dares not discover it; and then she seldom sleeps, or eats, or drinks: and is so restless, as she cannot sit still, but walks about her Chamber.

*Exeunt*

*Scene*



## Scene 30.

*Enter the Lady Hypochondria, and a Doctor.*

*Lady Hypochondria.* O Master Doctor, what do you think of my Husband, I hope he is in no danger, is he?

*Doctor.* I dare assure you Madam, he will be very well again; for he is only weak and faint with loss of blood: for he taking the wound to be slight, did not take care to stop it soon enough, whereupon his Spirits with his blood issued out so much, as makes him so weak, as you see he is forc'd to keep his Bed.

*Hypochondria.* But Doctor, Spirits is life; and if he wants the one, he must soon lose the other.

*Doctor.* 'Tis true, if there were no Spirits left: but let me tell you Madam, there is more danger when the Body hath too many Spirits, than when there is but a few; for many Spirits make the Body too hot, by giving the Pulse too quick a motion; which quick motion, fires the heart so much, as the blood becomes boyling hot; which Perboyls the Liver, and the rest of the vital parts; and melts the fat, wastes the flesh, and weakens the Sinnews, or Nerves, as being boyled as to a soft, tender, quaking Jelly; that is the cause that the Sick is so weak they cannot stand, having not that tough strength in their Sickness, and some after their sickness; and shall continue weak, untill such time as the Sinnews, and Nerves grow harder, and tough again; and many times from the boyling blood there arifes such gross, and so many Vapours, which Vapours is Smoak, as they stifle the life, or at least disquiet the Brain.

*Hypochondria.* But will you assure me *Doctor*?

*Doctor.* As far as Human skill can assure you I will.

*The Doctor goes out.*

*The Lady Hypochondria alone.*

*Hypochondria.* Fair *Juno* hear me, send to thy Brother *Pluto*, to imprison Death in his dark Vault, or at least for to forbid him to touch my Husband; and fair Goddess, send health to raise his weary limbs from off his hated Couch, if not, give order to grim Death to strike me too; for thou hast power on all, as being chief in power.

*Enter her Maid.*

*Maid.* Madam; my Master desires you would be pleased to come to him.

*Exeunt.*

## • Scene 31.

Enter Monsieur Disguise alone.

**M**onsieur Disguise. I will not only make me a Garland, but a Bower of Willow, where I will sit and lament all forsaken Lovers; nay, I will sit and Curse so long, till I have laid those Curses so thick together, as neither sighs, nor tears, nor prayers, shall dissolve them.

Exit.

## Scene 32.

Enter the Lady Procurer, and Monsieur Amorous.

**L**ady Procurer. I am come to bring you good news, Monsieur Amorous.

Amorous. What is that my comfortable Lady?

Procurer. The Lady Wanton is come to Town.

Amorous. Pluto.

Procurer. What do you swear, because she is come to Town?

Amorous. No I swear, because I must go out of Town.

Procurer. I hope you will not go out of the Town, now she is come to town.

Amorous. Alas my occasions are such, as I shall be utterly ruined if I stay.

Procurer. Then let me tell you, the Lady Chastity begins to ~~listen~~ to your Sute.

Amorous. And is there hopes I shall enjoy her?

Procurer. I cannot tell.

Amorous. Nay Dear Lady, speak some comfort?

Procurer. It is a folly, if you must go into the Country.

Amorous. Neptune shall swallow the Country, rather than I will endanger to lose a Paradiſe.

Procurer. But if you stay, you will be ruined.

Amorous. I rather shall be ruined if I go, for now I have considered it, I find, I have such potent affairs here in the City, as they will force me to stay.

Procurer. O Jupiter! how Inconstant is Mankind; for what they have enjoyed they despise, and what they cannot get, they earnestly desire, and are restless in the pursuit:

Amorous. What say you?

Procurer. I say you are an unthankfull Man, and not worthy of a Ladies favour, as to forsake her that loves you, and seek her that hates you; for know, the Lady Chastity scorns your Sute, despises your Person, and hates your Humour.

Amorous. Pluto take all your sex.

Procurer. If he should, you would whiningly follow them to Hell, rather than

than mis their Company, refusing Heaven, for effeminate Society.

*Amorous.* They torment men more than Devils do.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 33.

*Enter Master Makepeace, and Master Perswader.*

**M***aster Makepeace.* Now Sir *Humphrey Disagree* and his Lady are made good friends, they are become a loving Couple.

*Perswader.* Heaven keep them so.

*Makepeace.* Truly I begin to believe they will; for they seem very sensible of their errors, and they laugh at their one follies, to see, what ridiculous, frivolous, and small matters, their quarrels are built with, and upon.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Humphrey Disagree, and his Lady.*

*Sir Humphrey Disagree.* Look you Wife, here is the Priest that hath new married us, and our friend that hath joyned us in a loving friendship again.

*Lady Disagree.* And I will celebrate this Union with a Feast, to which, I will invite my good friends as to my wedding day.

*Humphrey Disagree.* I perceive we shall be merry, pray let us have Fiddlers, and Dance.

*Lady Disagree.* That we will.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 34.

*Enter Sir VWilliam Lovewell upon a Couch, as being weak, and his Lady following him.*

**S***ir William Lovewell.* Come, come Wife, you are not so kind as you were wont to be; for you did use to watch my looks, my sleep, and how I fetcht my breath in my sleep, and what I did eat, and how much I did eat, for fear I should be sick, and no help unsought to cure me: But I perceive you are as all other women are, inconstant; for now you do neglect me, and seldom come near me but when I send for you.

*Hypochondria.* I dare not, for fear my diligence may prove loves indiscretion, and so my service become a burthensome trouble.

E e e e e

*Enter*

*Enter one of the Men Sir William fought with, and beat, with a Pistol in his hand, the Lady Hypochondria sees him, and on the sudden runs to the Man, and snatches the Pistol out of his hand, the whilst the Man was in amaze at it, she Shoots him with his own Pistol, the noise of the Pistol brings in the Servants.*

*Hypochondria.* You Cowardly Rogue, do you take the advantage of sickness to work your revenge, do you come when my Husband is not able to defend himself?

*The Man falls, and sayes, O I am kill'd.*

*Hypochondria.* Kill'd? if you had a thousand lives, my single life would kill them all, rather than suffer my Husband to be murdered.

*The Servants all the while stand at a distance, as being all affrighted.*

*Hypochondria.* You Company of dull dead statues, move for shame, and bear away this Villain, this murderous Villain.

*Servants.* Where should we carry him Madam?

*Hypochondria.* Why any where, cast him into a Ditch, there let him ly and rot, like Beasts without Buriall.

*The mean while Sir William Lovewell having recovered his breath, which was spent in striving to get up from his Couch, but being very weak he could not.*

*Lovewell.* Carry him to a Justice, and bid the Justice dispose of him as he thinks fit, telling him of his crime.

*Servants.* Let us search him, to see if he hath never another Pistol.

*Lovewell.* Go you Cowards, and carry him away.

*The Servants and Man goes out.*

O this effeminate sickness hath disgraced me; O how like a worm a sick man is, which lyes so low, and is so shiftless, that any beast treads out his life?

*Hypochondria.* Why, had you been in health and strength, it would have been no Honour to beat a Coward.

*Lovewell.* He seem'd not such a Coward, but that he had some courage, or otherwise he would not have adventur'd himself alone into a House, wherein were many persons, which would have been his Enemies; but I am glad that you have the honour of his wounds, but it is a miracle to me, to see how valiantly you did behave your self, and yet by nature is so fearfull.

*Hypochondria.* Mistake not Love; for true Love is only a fraid when it cannot help, but when it hath hopes to rescue what it loves, *Mars* is not Valianter.

*Lovewell.* Well Wife, I owe my life to your love, and I shall account you as *Pallas*, that hath defended me with a prudent courage.

*Hypochondria.* If you think I have done you service worthy a reward, pray give me a request.

*Lovewell.* That I shall, if it be that life you have defended, what is it?

*Hypochondria.*

*Hypochondria.* It is to set love free from the Chains of discretion, and Jail-  
 er of temperance; for it is impossible to confine love, but either it will dy,  
 or break out in revenge.

*Lovewell.* Well Wife, hereafter I will never oppose loves wayes.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 35.

*Enter Sir Francis Inconstant, and Monsieur Disguise.*

*Monsieur Disguise.* Sir, did you hear what your Lady said?

*Francis Inconstant.* Yes, I heard her say, she would poyson me in a  
 mess of broath.

*Disguise.* What will you do to prevent it?

*Inconstant.* Leave that care to me, I shall be my own Sentinel, to discern  
 the approaching Poyson.

*Sir Francis goes out.*

*Monsieur Disguise alone.*

*Disguise.* Their Deaths will be my triumph; and my Death a re-  
 prieve;

*Exit.*

Scene 36.

*Enter Monsieur Amorous, and the Lady Procurer.*

*Lady Procurer.* I am come to invite you to a Collation, for the Lady wan-  
 ton, for whom you at first made costly Collations, is forced to invite  
 you now to the like.

*Amorous.* Faith Madam, I am so squeazy stomacked, that the very sight of  
 a Banquet will put me into an Apoplexy, as with an obstructed Surfit.

*Procurer.* If you should deny her, you would lose your reputation  
 amongst our Sex for ever.

*Amorous.* Well I will go, upon condition that you carry a message from  
 me to another Lady.

*Procurer.* Most willingly, so it be not to the Lady Chastity.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 37.

*Enter Mistress Single, and Raillery Jester the Fool.*

*Mistress Single.* Prethy Fool give me advice, as how to choose a  
 Husband.

E e e e e

*Fool.*

*Fool.* Faith you are wise to take a Fools Counsel; for Fools have for the most part, best Fortune, either in their Counsel or Choice.

*Single.* Why, are Fools Fortunes favourites?

*Fool.* Yes, for by Fools Fortune plainly shews her power, when wise men usurp it, striving to take her power from her.

*Single.* Then Fortune direct thee, to direct me.

*Fool.* Fortune is giddy, and directs by chance, which causes to many misfortunes.

*Single.* Then by your direction, I may be unfortunate; but I will venture, wherefore tell me how to choose.

*Fool.* Why then, you must choose a Husband by the Ear.

*Single.* By the Eye you mean.

*Fool.* No faith, those that would be happily march'd, must choose a Husband, or Wife by the Ear, and not by the Eye: for though report is oft-times false, yet it seldom flatters; nay for the most part, it is so far from giving merit its due Praises, as it detracts therefrom.

*Single.* But Fortune carries worthless men upon the tongue of fame.

*Fool.* 'Tis true, but Fortune being giddy, is apt to stagger, and so to stumble, and oft-times flings those worthless men in foul disgrace.

*Single.* But hopes and fears, bribe or force the World to praise a worthless He, or Shee.

*Fool.* 'Tis true, hopes of gain are bribes, and fear of punishments are threats, for to persuade, or force the tongue to flatter; yet none but Gods and Kings, are subject to this flattery, and you are not to marry, either the one, nor yet the other; for Gods joyn not to Mortals, and Kings are far too proud to marry Subjects; nor were it good for you, if that they would, as that you were matcht to a King: for happiness lives in equality.

*Single.* Faith thou art too wise to wear a Fools-Coat; wherefore cast it off.

*Fool.* And faith I should be more Fool than my profession makes me, if I should cast it off; therefore I will keep it on.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

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### Scene 39.

*Enter the Lady Inconstant, and Monsieur Disguise.*

*Lady Inconstant.* O my Dear love, I have such an opportunity, that Fortune could never have given me a better; for my Husband is fallen Sick, and if I Poyson him now, the World will say, and think it was his Sicknes that kill'd him, and that will secure me.

*Disguise.* He be Sick, perchance he may dye, and that will save you the labour, and hazard of poysoning.

*Inconstant.* O But if he should recover again, then I were undone; wherefore I will not venture to rely upon his Sicknes.

*Disguise.*

*Disguise.* Use your discretion, but tis not fit we should be seen together ; wherefore, I will kiss your hands, and leave you for a time.

*Inconstant.* And I hope the next time we meet, we shall be rid of the obstructor of our loves.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 39.

*Enter the Lady Wanton, and the Lady Procurer.*

*Lady wanton.* Madam, did you give Monsieur *Amorous* the present I sent you to give him ?

*Procurer.* Yes, there was Shirts, Caps, and Handkerchiefs, of each two dozen.

*wanton.* There were so.

*Procurer.* They were of the finest Holland, and Flanders Lace, that ever I saw, what might the present cost you ?

*wanton.* Not much above five hundred pounds.

*Procurer.* You speak as if it were but a slight present, but if your Husband knew of it, he would think it were too much by four hundred ninety and nine pound nineteen shillings eleven pence halfpeny farthing.

*wanton.* But what said Monsieur, *Amorous*, when you presented that present, as from me ?

*Procurer.* At the first he would not receive the present, saying it was too costly, and that he could not return enough thanks for it, and so should seem as ungratefull against his will ; but at last upon my perswasion, he took your present, and to Morrow he will come and give you thanks.

*wanton.* I had rather meet him in some other place, than receive his visit at home, where my Husband is.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 40.

*Enter the Lady Poverty weeping, and two or three Children following her : Then Enters her Husband.*

*Lady Poverty.* Husband, how shall these Children live ?

*Spendall.* By Heavens Providence Wife.

*Poverty.* I fear they will starve, unless your providence feeds them.

*Spendall.* It was imprudently done to get them.

*Poverty.* But now they are got, they must be provided for.

*Spendall.* Yes, as Beggars provide for their Children, put them to the parish.

*Poverty.* The Parish will not keep them.

*Spendall.* Then sell them to Animal Merchants, they will Traffick with them into the *Barbadoes*, or *Barmudes*, or *Virginia*, or the like places.

FFFFF

*Poverty.*

*Poverty.* And how shall I live ?

*Spendall.* Why you may go along, and be their Nurse.

*Poverty.* And the Merchants Whore.

*Spendall.* As you can agree ; for he may sell you at as great a price after, as if you were honest ; besides, your Children will prove you to be fruitfull, for which, they will give a double, or trebble price for you ; and if you thrive send me word, and I will come to you, if I cannot live here.

*Poverty.* I thank you Husband, for you have made me miserably unhappy, by your mispendings ; yet you would feed upon my good fortune, if it can be call'd good fortune, to thrive with dishonesty.

*Spendall.* Faith Fortune hath undone me ; but may be she will be charitable to you.

*Poverty.* I hope so, for Fortune never befriends those whom Vices besets, and though your deboysteries have undone you, I hope my Virtues will help to save me.

*Spendall.* But I never perceived your virtue to do you any good, but for any thing I perceive to the contrary, you are like to starve, for all your virtues.

*Poverty.* I hope when I am parted from you and your wickedness, Heaven will powre down some mercy on me.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 41.

*Enter the Lady Wanton, and the Lady Procurer.*

*Lady Wanton.* Pray Madam inform me where Monsieur *Amorous* is, for I have sent two or three times to his Lodging, and my Messenger is answered still he is from home.

*Procurer.* He is a wanderer.

*Wanton.* I think he is wandred into some other parts of the World, for after he went from us, I sent a dozen Letters, whilst I staid in the Country, and received not one answer.

*Procurer.* Faith Madam Monsieur *Amorous* is one of the lasiest of Mankind.

*Wanton.* I am resolv'd when I see him to chide him, for I could not conveniently do it when he came to give me thanks for my present.

*Enter Sir Thomas Cuckold.*

*Procurer.* Sir *Thomas Cuckold*, you are welcome to the Town, for though I have had the Honour to see your Lady two or three times, yet I could not get a sight of you never since you came out of the Country.

*Cuckold.* My Wife did wish for your Company whilst we were in the Country, a hundred times.

*Procurer.* I should be glad to be in any place, to do my Lady Service.

*Cuckold.* I was abroad even now, where I met Monsieur *Amorous*, who lookt upon me as if he knew me not, or rather as if he did despise me.

*Procurer.* Perchance he did not know you.

*Cuckold.*



*Cuckold.* His memory must be very short, if he could forget me so soon.

*Wanton.* Perchance Husband you lookt strangely upon him.

*Cuckold.* Truly Wife I went to imbrace him, as I was used to do, with kind love, and he crost the street to shun me.

*Wanton.* I dare lay my life it is some mistake Husband.

*Procurer.* Friends (Sir Thomas) must never be exceptious.

*Cuckold.* I am not apt to be exceptious, I will assure you Madam no Man is freer from that humour than I am.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 42.

*Enter Sir Francis Inconstant as sick upon a Couch, he being alone.*

*Sir Francis Inconstant.* This feigned Sicknes shall serve as a snare, to catch my Wives design.

*Enter the Lady Inconstant.*

*Lady Inconstant.* My dear heart how are you ?

*Francis Inconstant.* Very Sick, so Sick as I fear Heaven doth envy my happiness, and will part us by Death.

*Lady Inconstant.* The Gods forbid ! I hope you will live so long, as to Crown your Virtuous life with aged years.

*Francis Inconstant.* O no, I find my life draws towards an end, and Death will separate us from each other ; but you being young Wife, will soon forget me, placing your love upon some other Man, in whom, all the remembrance of me will be buried.

*Lady Inconstant.* Dear Husband speak not so Melancholy ; your words strike such terrour into my heart, as I cannot indure to hear them, I had rather Death should strike me, than you ; Dear Husband, cheer up your self, your Disease is only Melancholly ; wherefore take such nurishing things, as may give your Spirits strength and life ; shall I bring you a little Burnt Wine, to comfort your Spirits, or some Jelly broath to strenghten your Stomack ?

*Francis Inconstant.* If you please VVife.

*The Lady Inconstant goes out.*

*He alone.*

*Francis Inconstant.* Now for the poysoned Draught.

*Enter the Lady with a Porrenger of Broath.*

*Lady Inconstant.* Here my dear heart, drink this.

*He takes the Porrenger, and when it was in his hand, he rises and goeth to the Chamber Door, and locks it.*

FFFFF 2

*Lady*

*Lady Inconstant.* What mean you Husband to lock the Door ?

*Francis Inconstant.* Because none shall enter, untill the Broath be drunk  
VVife.

*She seems to be afraid, and desires to go forth  
of the Chamber. He stays her.*

*Francis Inconstant.* No Wife, you must not go out, for I mean to nourtish you with that Broath that you would have nourished me with.

*Lady Inconstant.* Why Husband I am not Sick, I do not require Broath.

*Francis Inconstant.* O yes VVife, your Soul is Sick, although your Body is well, and this Broath may perchance cure the one, although it kills the other; wherefore drink it.

*Lady Inconstant.* I will not.

*Francis Inconstant.* You shall, and if you drink it not willingly, I will force it down you throat.

*Lady Inconstant.* Dear Husband spare me.

*Francis Inconstant.* Why, I give you nothing but that which you prepared for me, and if it were good for me, it is good for you.

*Lady Inconstant.* Dear Husband have mercy on me, and I will confes my crimes.

*Francis Inconstant.* No VVife, no more mercy than you would have had one me, and therefore drink it:

*Lady Inconstant.* 'Tis Poyson Husband.

*Francis Inconstant.* That is the reason you shall drink it VVife.

*Lady Inconstant.* Dear Husband, let me live but to repent my finns, which like a blackthick cloud do cover all my Soul.

*Francis Inconstant.* This will be a sufficient punishment, for if you be punished in this World, you may escape the punishment of the next.

*Lady Inconstant.* Good Husband consider youth, that is apt to run into errors, not being guided with good Counsel, as it ought.

*Francis Inconstant.* I will consider nothing, and therefore drink it, or by Heaven I will force you to it, and therefore linger not.

*The Lady Inconstant takes the Cup, and then kneels and lifts up her eyes towards Heaven, and then prays.*

*Lady Inconstant.* You Gods forgive me my crimes, and let this deadly draught purge clean my Soul from sin.

*She drinks the poyson'd Broath.*

*Francis Inconstant.* Now VVife have you any Amorous desires to Monsieur Disguise.

*Lady Inconstant.* No, the fire of my unlawfull love is quencht.

*She sinks to the ground, Heaven receive my Soul;  
O, O, Husband forgive me. Dies.*

*Francis Inconstant.* Ha she is dead, what hath my furious passion done, I was too sudden to crop her tender life so hastily, without more strickt examination; for it was likely this spruse Gallant corrupted her with his alluring

luring looks, and smooth inticing words, which he knew well how to apply; and youth is credulous, and women soon perswaded, and being joynd in one they easily are overcome. I do repent.

*He walks a turn or two in a Melancholy muse.*

I will revenge my self of those that were the cause.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 43.

*Enter the Lady Procurer, and the Lady Wanton.*

**L**ady Wanton. Where is Monsieur *Amorous* that he comes not with you? you said you would bring him with you.

*Procurer.* Faith he desires to be excused, for he saith he is not well.

*Wanton.* This is but an excuse; for he hath made an hundred within this week; but since he doth neglect me, I will have another that shall be more constant.

*Procurer.* You are wise Madam: for since men are so various as they are, women would seem but fools, should they be constant.

*Wanton.* Well then Madam, you must do me a favour, for since I became acquainted with Monsieur *Amorous*, upon your perswasion, you must contrive a private meeting for me and another Gentleman, upon my perswasion.

*Procurer.* Sweet Lady, you do oblige me to imploy me in your Service.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 44.

*Enter two Maid Servants, that were the Lady Poverties.*

**M**aid. O *ursely*, I am glad to see thee with all my heart.

*2 Maid.* Truly *Fane*, so am I to see you.

*1 Maid.* When did you hear of our good Lady, the Lady *Poverty*?

*2 Maid.* It was not long since I saw her.

*1 Maid.* And how doth she live poor Lady?

*2 Maid.* Why she lives privately, but is likely to live happy enough; for her friends have now taken care of her and her Children, upon the condition that she will receive no visits from her Husband, but banish his Company, lest he should encrease their charge with more Children; neither will they allow him any thing.

*1 Maid.* By my troth he doth not deserve any maintenance; but I am glad she is provided for, being a shiftless creature for her self and Children; but where do you live *ursely*?

*2 Maid.* Why I live with an old Widower.

*1 Maid.* And I with a grave Marronly Widow, wherefore let us endea-

Gggggg

vous

your to make a match betwixt them, that so we may live once again in a House together; for you and I were always dear friends you know.

2 *Maid.* 'Tis true *Jane*, but as you are my friend I must tell you, I should be an ill friend to my self, if I should perswade my Master to marry.

1 *Maid.* Nay if it be so *Wrsely*, make the best of him; and if thou wilt shew me where thou dwellest, I will come and visit thee when I have leisure.

2 *Maid.* Come with me, and I will shew you where I live.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 45.

*A Table set out cover'd, and furnish'd with meat. Enter Sir Humphrey Disagree, and the Lady Disagree, and their Friends; every one takes their place, and sits as to eat.*

*Sir Humphrey Disagree.* Wife, where are the Fiddlers that you promise we should have.

*Lady Disagree.* I did forbid them to play, untill such time as we had half din'd, for their scraping would hinder our eating.

*Humphrey Disagree.* Pray wife let them come in, for I love my meat should dance in my mouth, my teeth keeping just time to the tune; and the Musick will make my meat turn nimble in my mouth, and will heat my taste to a high gusto.

*Lady Disagree.* The noise that they will make, will take away my Stomack, and will make my head ake; besides, no body will hear one another speak, neither will our Servants hear what we call for.

*Humphrey Disagree.* It will make our Servants the more diligent, for Musick will revive their Spirits, and will make them agil; wherefore pray Wife let them come in and play.

*Lady Disagree.* No pray Husband let them alone a little while longer.

*Humphrey Disagree.* If you keep them out untill our Stomacks be full, we shall be so dull and heavy with the vapour of the meat; as it will not be in the power of Musick to move our minds to mirth, or so drunk with Wine; as the Musick will make us mad.

*Lady Disagree.* I hope you will not be mad before you are drunk.

*Humphrey Disagree.* No Wife; I will be merry before I am drunk, wherefore Servants call them in.

*She speaks as to the Servants.*

*Lady Disagree.* Let them alone.

*Humphrey Disagree.* I say they shall come and play, and therefore call them in.

*Lady Disagree.* I say they shall not come in, nor play; therefore forbid them!

*Humphrey Disagree.* Surely I will be Master, and therefore they shall play.

*Lady Disagree.* Surely I will be Mistress of this Feast, and therefore they shall not play.

*Humphrey*

*Humphrey Disagreee.* Call them.

*Lady Disagreee.* Let them alone.

*The Servants the while sometimes run as to the door, and then as from it, not knowing whether they should obey.*

[*Sir Humphrey rises as to call them himself, She rises also.*]

*Humphrey Disagreee.* They shall come and play.

*He offers to go, She pulls him back.*

*Lady Disagreee.* They shall not play.

*He shoves her from him, she takes her Napkin and roulds it, flings it at him, he flings another at her; she takes a Plate, and throws at him, he Curses, and she Scolds; their Friends strive to part them; and in the strife and bustle, down goeth all the Pots and Dishes, and so they go fighting, and striving off the Stage.*

*The Servants take away all the meat and things, and after all was gone; Enter two Maid-Servants.*

*1 Maid.* Lord there is such doings within, as it is wonderfull, my Master sweats, my Lady cries, and rails, and rails and cries.

*2 Maid.* Intruth it is a sad Feast, and I was joyed to think how merry we should all be.

*1 Maid.* And I pleased my self to think, what good cheer we should have, and what dainties we should eat.

*2 Maid.* Why, so you may still.

*1 Maid.* No Faith in this Hurlyburby every one catcht who catcht could, that all is vanish'd, and purloyn'd away in this disorder.

*2 Maid.* Come let us go, and see whether they can agree or not.

*1 Maid.* That they can never do, so long as the found of their tongues is within the distance of their Ears; besides nature hath not matcht their dispositions, or humours.

*2 Maid.* You say right, intruth their Souls are mismatcht, and therefore it is impossible they should ever agree.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 46.

*Enter Sir Francis Inconstant, and Monsieur Disguise.*

*Sir Francis Inconstant.* Sir my VVife your Mistris is Dead.

*Monsieur Disguise.* No Sir, my Mistris and your VVhore is Dead.

*Inconstant.* You are a Villain to corrupt her.

Gggggg

*Disguise.*

*Disguise.* You are a Villain to marry her.

*Inconstant.* Draw, for either or both of us Villains shall dy.

*Disguise.* I fear not Death nor you.

*They both draw their Swords.*

*Disguise.* Justice defend the wrong'd, and take my part.

*They fight and give each other deadly wounds ;  
Sir Francis Inconstant falls, and as he lay  
on the ground speaks.*

*Inconstant.* Heaven is just, to punish perjury with violent Death ; O my Conscience, how it stings me at my Death, with the remembrance of the wrongs I did my first love.

*Monsieur Disguise sinks close by Sir Francis,  
and then discovers her self.*

*Mistress Forsaken.* Do you know this Face, or have my sorrows disfigur'd it so much, as you cannot call it to remembrance ?

*Sir Francis Starts.*

*Inconstant.* You powers above, affright not my fleeting Soul with visions; but let it gently pass, and leave my body to the silent grave.

*He directs his Speech to her.*

*Inconstant.* You Spirit divine, take not revenge ; for I am truly sorry for the wrongs I did thee in thy life.

*Mistress Forsaken.* I forgive you, and know I am no Spirit, and though I cannot say I live, because I am dying, yet I am not dead; and that Letter I brought you, was to disguise me the more by a false report ; but I have acted the design of my Travel, which was to end my life with yours, for since I could not enjoy you in life, I desir'd to imbrace you by Death, and so I shall.

*She flings her arms over him and dyes.*

*Inconstant.* O my Soul make haste and follow hers.

*He kisses her, and on her lips dyes.*

**F I N I S**

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 THE ACTORS NAMES.
 

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*Monsieur Nobilissimo.*

*Monsieur Esperance.*

*Monsieur Phantasia.*

*Monsieur Poverty.*

*Monsieur Adviser, and several other Gentlemen.*

*Admiration.*

*Vainglory.*

*Pride.*

*Ambition.*

*Madamoiselle La Belles Wooers.*

*Madamoiselle Esperance, Wife to Monsieur Esperance.*

*Madamoiselle La Belle.*

*Madamoiselle Amour.*

*Madamoiselle Grand Esprit.*

*Madamoiselle Bon.*

*Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

*Madamoiselle Spightfull.*

*Madamoiselle Detractor.*

*Madamoiselle Malicious.*

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THE

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THE FIRST PART OF  
NATURES three DAUGHTERS,  
*Beauty, Love, and Wit.*

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter Madamoiselle DetraCTOR, Madamoiselle Spightfull, Madamoiselle Malicious, and Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*



*Tell-truth.* The Lady Natures Daughters are the only Ladies that are admired, praised, adored, worshiped, and sued to; all other women are despised.

*Spightfull.* We may go into a Nunnery; for we shall never get Servants, nor Husbands, as long as they live.

*Tell-truth.* Why there are but three of them, and three women cannot serve and content all the men in the VWorld.

*DetraCTOR.* No, but they may discontent all the men so much, as to make them all to be Male-contented Lovers, who will reject all, because they cannot have what they desire.

*Malicious.* Let us make a Faction against them.

*Spightfull.* Alas what Faction against them, can hurt and destroy *Love, Wit, and Beauty?*

*DetraCTOR.* Jealousy will weaken *Love*, Dispraise will disgrace *Wit*, and *Beauty*, Time will soon bring that to decay.

*Tell-truth.* But Jealousy cannot weaken true and virtuous *Love*, nor Dispraise cannot disgrace pure *Wit*, nor Time cannot decay the *Beauty* of the mind; wherefore all the faction you can make against them, will do them no hurt; besides, you will be condemned by all the Masculine Sex, if not punished with infamy, for your treachery; and since you cannot do them harm, your best way will be to imitate them for your own good.

*Spightfull.* So we shall be laughed at, and stared on as Monkeys, and scorned; forasmuch as we offer at that which is beyond our abilities, and whatsoever is forced, and constrained, appeareth ridiculous.

*Malicious.* Come let us leave speaking of them, and thinking of them, if we can.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 2.*

*Enter Monsieur Esperance, and his Wife Madamoiselle Esperance.*

**M***onsieur Esperance.* Surely Wife you do not love me, you are not any way kind to me.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* True Love Husband, is not so fond as ferviceable.

*Monsieur Esperance.* But true Love will expresse it self sometimes: for if you did truly Love me, you would hang about my Neck, as if you meant to dwell there.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* If I thought my kindness might not Surfet your affection, I would hang about your Neck, as the Earth to the Center, and as you move should bear me still about you; but I am afraid if overfond, you should be weary of me, and account me a trouble, and I had rather starve all my delights, than make you loath my Company.

*Monsieur Esperance.* This is but an excuse Wife.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Why are you Jealous, that you think my words speak not my thoughts? have I behaved my self so indiscreetly, or have my actions been so light, as you believe I shall be wanton?

*Monsieur Esperance.* No, I do not fear your Virtue.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Do you fear my Indiscretion?

*Monsieur Esperance.* I hope you will give me no cause to fear, although Husbands are oftner dishonoured by their Wives Indiscretions, than their Inconstant affections.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Pray be confident, that I shall have a greater care of your Honour, than of my own Life.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 3.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gentleman.** The Lady Natures three Daughters, namely Wit, Beauty, and Love, are the sweetest, and most Virtuouse Ladies in the World.

**2 Gentleman.** I have heard so much of their fame, as I have a great desire to see them.

**1 Gentleman.** You may see the Lady Wit, for she doth discourse often in publick; but for the other two Sisters, they are somewhat more retired.

**2 Gentleman.** How shall we know the time, that the Lady Wit discourses in publick?

**1 Gentleman.** I am now going to see if I can get a place, where I may hear her.

**2 Gentleman.**

2 Gentleman. I will go with you, if you will give me leave.

1 Gentleman. VVith all my Heart.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Monsieur Poverty.*

**M**onsieur Poverty. My Noble Lord, I am a Gentleman, one that is ruin'd by Fortunes spight, and not by my own Carelesness, Vanity, Luxury, or Prodigality; for my Poverty is honest: but though my Poverty hath an honest face, yet it is ashamed to appear in the open light of publick knowledg, which makes me whisper my wants to your Lordships private Ear.

*Monsieur Nobilissimo.* Sir, if your necessities can conceal themselves, they shall never be divulged by me; and what I can honestly give you out of my Estate, and not very imprudently from my self, I shall freely, and secretly, distribute to you, and such as are in your condition.

*Monsieur Poverty.* Your Lordships Servant.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 5.

*Enter Madamoiselle Amor alone.*

**M**Adamoiselle Amor. The mind is the best Tutor, and ought to instruct the Senses how to choose; for the Senses are but as the working Labourers, to bring Lifes materials in; but O my Senses have betrayed my mind, in bringing through my Ears, and Eyes, Beauty, and VVit, which like as creeping Serpents, got passage to my heart, and winding round about with flattering imbraces, yet sting the peace, and quiet of my mind, raising therein blisters of discontent, causing an anguish of restless thoughts, which work, and beat like pulsive pain.

*But O had I been born both Deaf and Blind,  
Then might I scape this Hell tormenting mind;  
His Wit like various Musick pierc'd my Ear,  
Some being solemn, and some pleasant were:  
And when he spake, his person did appear  
Like to the Sun, when no dark Clouds were neer;  
Fame of his valour, like a trumpet sound,  
Through Ears from Heart, unto the Eyes rebound;  
And then his person, like Mars did appear,  
Yet so, as when fair Venus Queen was neer.  
O Love forbear, use not this cruelty,  
Either bind him, or give me liberty.*

*Enter*

*Enter Monsieur Adresser.*

*Monsieur Adresser.* What are you all alone sweet Mistriis?

*Amor.* No Sir, I have the Company of thoughts.

*Adresser.* Those are Melancholy Companions.

*Amor.* Indeed mine are so at this time; yet thoughts with thoughts may discourse wittily, and converse pleasantly together, without articulate words.

*Adresser.* Certainly your thoughts must needs be pleasant, your words are so witty.

*Amor.* No truly, for my thoughts lie in my brain like a Chaos in a confused heap, and my brain being young, hath not enough natural heat to digest them into a Methodical order; neither hath Time cookt them ready for the Mind to dish out, or the Tongue to carry to the Ears of the hearers.

*Adresser.* The oftner I hear, and see you, the more I wonder at you.

*Amor.* Why, I hope Sir I am no Monster?

*Adresser.* No, for you seem to me something divine.

*Amor.* Then you should rather admire me: for Admiration proceeds from things excellent, Wonder from things strange and unusuall.

*Adresser.* So you are strange, and unufal: for things divine are not common; and certainly you are a thing illuminated beyond Natures Art, and are the only delight of Mankind.

*Amor.* Men take no worldly delight in Coelestial Creatures, but with Earthly; wherefore the most refined and illuminated, is ofteneft rejected.

*Adresser.* No Lady, they are not rejected, but as Angels, they will not reside with us.

*Amor.* Sir, for fear I should lose the Angelical opinion you have of me, I will depart soon as Angels do.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene 6.

*Enter Madamoiselle Detractor, Madamoiselle Spightfull, Madamoiselle Malicious, and Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

*Tell-truth.* Come, will you go to hear the Lady Wit discourse?

*Spightfull.* Not I.

*Tell-truth.* Will you go?

*Detractor.* I will not go to hear a prating preaching woman.

*Malicious.* O that all the Masculine Sex would say as much.

*Tell-truth.* Let us go to learn Wit.

*Spightfull.* I had rather be a Dunce all my Life.

*Detractor.*

*Detractor.* So had I, if I must have none but a Woman instructor.

*Malicious.* Indeed women should learn, not teach.

*Detractor.* It's a sign Men want Wit, when they go to hear a Woman preach.

*Spightfull.* But let us go, if it be but to censure; for an hundred to one, but she will say something which may be contradicted.

*Malicious.* Then let us agree to be her contradictors: for whatsoever she saith we will confute.

*Tell-truth.* Nay by your favour, that you cannot do; for though you may contradict any argument, yet not confute it: for though Envy and Spight have bred Sophistry, yet Envy and Spight cannot confute the Truth.

*Spightfull.* Well, let us go howsoever, if it be but to see, and be seen of those men as will be there to hear her.

*All.* Content.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 7.

*Enter Mademoiselle Grand Esprit, and her Audience. She takes her place, and then speaks.*

**G***rand Esprit.* Great Fortune, I at this time do implore,  
That thou wilt open every hearing door,  
Which are the Ears: let not my wit be lost,  
For want of hearing, nor my words be crost,  
Nor yet obstructed by a bustling noise,  
Or gazing, or observing some light toys:  
But let their Ears be fixt, as if their sight  
Did view my words, till on their Ears they light.

*Noble and Right Honourable,*

I shall take my discourse at this time out of Ignorance, which discourse, I shall divide into Five Parts, the Gods, Fates, Nature, the World, and Man; for although Ignorance be obscure, and hard to be discovered, yet it is printed in a general Language, being spread and communicated over all the World. I begin with the First, and prime Creature, Ignorant Man. Man takes himself to be the most knowing Creature, for which he hath placed himself next to the Gods; yet Man is ignorant: for what Man is, or ever was created, that knows what the Gods are, or how many there are? Or what power they have, or where they reside? What Man did ever know the Mansions of Glory, the Bowers of blifs, or the Fields of pleasure? What Man ever knew whether the Gods were Eternal, or bred out of infinite, or rule, or govern, infinite Eternally?

Secondly the Fates. What Man is, or ever was, that knows the Fates? As whether they are Gods or Creatures, or whether the Fates are limited, or decree as they please? Or what Man is, or ever was, that knows the decrees of Fate, the links of Destiny, or the chance of Fortune, or the lots of Chance.

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Thirdly.

Thirdly. What Man is, or ever was, that knows what Nature is, or from whence her power proceeds? As whether from the Gods, or Eternity, or infinite, or from the Fates? Or whether the Gods, or Fates, proceed from her? Or what at first set her to work? Or whether her work is prescribed, or limited? Or of what she works on? Or what instruments she worketh with? Or to what end she works for? Or whether she shall desist from working, or shall work Eternally? Or whether she worked from all Eternity? Or whether her work had a beginning, or shall have an ending? VVhat Man knows the beginning of Motion, or the Fountain of Knowledge, or the Spring of Life, or Gulph of Death? Or what Life is? Or what Death is? Or whether Life, Motion, and Death, had a beginning, or shall have an ending?

Fourthly the World. VVhat Man is, or ever was, that knows how the World was made? Or for what it is made? Or by whom it was made? Or whether it had beginning, or shall have end?

The Fifth and last is Man. VVhat Man is, or ever was, that knows how he was formed, or of what composition, or what is that he calls a Rational Soul? VVhether it is imbodyed, or not imbodyed? VVhether it is Divine, or Mortal? VVhether it proceeds from the Gods, or was created by Nature? VVhether it shall live for ever, or shall have a period? VVhether it shall live in Knowledge, or ly in Ignorance? VVhether it be capable of pain, or pleasure? VVhether it shall have a residing place, or no certain place assigned? Or if it have none, where it shall wander? Or if it have, where that residing place is.

As for the Body, who knows the perfect Sense of each Sense, or what mistake, or illusions, each Sense is apt to make, or give, or take? VVhat Man knows how the Body dissolves, or to what it shall dissolve? VVhat Man knows whether there be Sense in Death, or not? VVhat Man knows the motion of the thoughts, or whether the thoughts belong only to the Soul, or only to the Body, or partly to both, or of neither? VVhat Man is there that knows the strength of passion? As what Faith may beget? Or what Doubts may dissolve? Or what Hopes may unite? Or what Fears may disorder? Or what Love can suffer? Or what Hate can act?

VVhat Man is there that knows the Circumpherence of Admiration, the rigour of Adoration, the height of Ambition, or the bottom of Covetousness? Or what Man knows the end of Sorrow, or beginning of Joy? And as for the Appetites, what Man knows the length and bredth of desire? As for the Senses, what Man is there, that knows the true Sense of Pleasure, or the uttermost bounds of Pain? VVho can number the varieties of Taste, Sent, Touch, Sound, and Sight? VVhat Man knows the perfect effects of each Sense? Or what Man is there that knows any thing, truly as it is? Yet certainly there cannot be an Atheist; for though men may be so irreligious, as to be of no Religion; yet their can be none so willfull, and utterly void of all Sense, and Reason, as not to believe there is a God; for though we have not the true light of knowledge, yet we have as it were a perpetual twilight; Man lives as at the poles of knowledge; for though we cannot say it is truly day, yet it is not night. Man may perceive an infinite power, by the perfect distinctions of all particular varieties, by the orderly production of several Creatures, and by the fit, and proper shapes of every several kind of Creature; by their orderly Births, by the times and Seasons, to produce, flourish, and decay; by the distirct degrees, qualities, properties, places and motions

motions of all things, and to, and in every thing, by the exact form of this World; by the prudent separations, and situations of the Heavens and Earth; by the Circumferent lines, and poyzing Centers; by their bounds and limits; by their orderly, and timely motions; by their assigned tracts, constant Journies, convenient distances; by their intermixing, and well tempering of the Elements; by the profitable Commerce, betwixt the Heavens and the Earth; by the different kinds, several sorts, various Natures, numerous numbers of Creatures; by their passions, humours, appetites; by their Sympathies, and Antipathies; by their warrs and parties; by the Harmony that is made out of discord, shews that there is onely one absolute power, and wise disposer, that cannot be opposed, having no Copartners, produces all things, being not produced by any thing, wherefore must be Eternal, and consequently infinite; this absolute, wise, and Eternal power, Man calls God; but this absolute power, being infinite, he must of necessity be incomprehensible, and being incomprehensible, must of necessity be unknown; yet glimises of his power is, or may be seen; yet not so, but that Man is forced to set up Candel of Faith, to light them, or direct them to that they cannot perfectly know, and for want of the clear light of knowledge, Man calls all Creations of this mighty power Nature; his wise decrees, Man calls Fates; his pointed will, Man calls Destiny; his several Changes, Man calls Fortune; his Intermixing, Man calls Life; his seperating, Man calls Death; the Sympathetical, and Antipathetical motions of the Senses, and their Objects, Humours, and their Subjects, Man calls Pleasure, and Pain; the interchanging motions in Man, Men call Sense, and Knowledge; the seperating motions, Man calls Ignorance, Stupidity, and Insensibility; my application is, that this absolute Power, wise Disposer, and decreeing Creator, hath created himself Worship, in making Creatures to worship him; and it is probable, Truth decreed Judgment, Punishment, and Bliss, to such of his Creatures as shall omit, or submit thereunto: my exhortation to you is, to bough humbly, to pray constantly, to implore fervently, to love truly, to live awfully to the worship of this incomprehensible power, that you may enjoy bliss and avoid torment.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene 8.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and three or four Gentlemen.*

**N***obilissimo.* I wonder who brought up that careless fashion, to go without their Swords; and I wonder more, how gallant valiant men, came to follow that fashion; for a Sword is a valiant mans trusty friend, to whose protection, he delivers his Honour, his Safety, and his Peace; for a Sword is a Mans Guardian, to maintain his Right, to revenge his Wrongs, or Disgraces, and his Mistris, for whose service he wears his Life, and studies the worth and use thereof, and takes delight in the Honourable, and allowable practices therein.

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I Gent.

1 *Gent.* Faith my Lord I believe it was some Lover that brought up that fashion, who was loath to affright his Mistriſs, with ſo dangerous a weapon.

2 *Gent.* Some Carpet Knight upon my life my Lord.

*Nobiliffimo.* It was no true Lover; for certainly he would be ſure to provide a ſateguard, leſt his Miſtriſs might be taken from him, or leſt he ſhould be affronted in her ſight, which a Man of Honour, and a true Lover, will rather dy than part or ſuffer; and as for my part, I commend the Man that would neither eat, drink, nor ſleep, without his Sword were by him, and made it his Bedfellow, and Bord Companion; as a friend that held to his ſide, and would fight in his quarrell.

2 *Gent.* My Lord, if a man ſhould do ſo in theſe times, his Neighbours would ſay it was out of fear, not courage.

*Nobiliffimo.* O no, for a Coward is affraid to uſe a Sword, and a Valiant man is affraid to be without the uſe, otherwiſe a ſtrong ſturdy Clown, might cuff him down, and kick him like a Football on the ground, which a Sword, and ſkill to uſe it, will prevent; for a Clown hath not ſkill to defend, or aſſault a Sword, having no practice therewith, nor ought they to have; for the uſe of this kind of Arms makes a Clown a Gentleman, and the want of ſkill makes a Gentleman a Clown; for a Right bred Gentleman, is to know the uſe of the Sword, and it is more manly to aſſault, than to defend; alſo to know how to mannage Horſes, whereby we know how to aſſault our Enemy as well as to defend our ſelves; for it is not playing with a Fidle, and dancing a Measure, makes a Gentleman; for then Princes ſhould dub Knighthood with a Fidle, and give the ſtick, and a pair of Pumps, inſteed of a Sword, and a pair of Spurs.

1 *Gent.* My Lord, we are ſo far from wearing our Swords our ſelves now a dayes, as we give them our Footmen to carry, as if it were a diſgrace to carry a Sword our ſelves.

*Nobiliffimo.* Tis true, and we are well beaten for our follies, for diſarming our ſelves, and arming our Slaves; for now a Groom is made a Gentleman equal, nay his Superiour ſometimes; for if a Groom kills a Gentleman, the Gentleman dyes in diſgrace, and the Groom lives with Honour, and gets the Fame of a gallant Perſon; for that is the phraſe to all thoſe that have fought, although they were forced thereto as Slaves, not diſtinguiſhing true valor, which is voluntary, temperate and juſt.

2 *Gent.* Why then there ſhould be a Decree, or Law, that none ſhould wear Swords but Gentlemen, nor Arms allowed, but to thoſe of approved merit.

*Nobiliffimo.* You ſay right, unleſs in time of Forein Wars, and then there ſhould be a difference in their Arms; for if there be no difference of Arms, no difference of perſons, and if there be no difference of perſon; there will be no Supremacy of Power, if no Supremacy, no Royal Government; for as the Sword maintains the Prerogative of the Crown, ſo is doth the Honour of a Gentleman; and as the Sword keeps up the dignity of the Crown, ſo a Sword keeps up the Heraldry of a Gentleman; and no man ought to be accounted a Gentleman, that knows not how to uſe his Sword, and manage his Horſe; for the one defends himſelf, and kills his Enemies; the other, doth front and charge his Enemy, and purſues him if need require.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*



## Scene 9.

*Enter Monsieur Esperance, and Madamoiselle Esperance his Wife.*

**M**onsieur Esperance. Lord Wife you are very brave to day.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* I strive to be so every day.

*Monsieur Esperance.* For whose sake?

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* For yours.

*Monsieur Esperance.* For mine? why sure that is not so, for certainly you would not take that pains, and bestow so much cost, for one you do enjoy allready, for a Husband that is tied to you for life, and cannot quit on Honourable terms; wherefore it is for one is loose and free, which you do strive by setting forth your self with garments rich, for to attract, and draw to your desires.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* The Circumference of my desires is only your delight.

*Monsieur Esperance.* Why, my delight is in your Virtue, youth, and Beauty, not in your Cloathes.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* But Virtue is best acceptable, when Beauty doth present it; and Beauty finds most favour, when well attired; but were I sure you would like me better in mean Garments, and careless dresses, I then should Cloath my self in Freez, & like a Hermit my loose course Garmenty with single cord about my waste; but I will go and pull these Coaths off, since they are thought a crime, and I thought false for wearing them.

*Monsieur Esperance.* No, I like them very well, if I were sure they were worn only for love to me.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* I never gave you cause to think I wear them for the love of any other.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 10.

*Enter Madamoiselle Spightfull, Madamoiselle Detractor, Madamoiselle Malicious, and Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

**S**Spightfull Madamoiselle *La Belle* is cryed up to be the only Beauty in the Kingdome.

*Malicious.* Lord that is nothing; for sometimes opinion will carry a black Blowse up to Fantes high Tower.

*Spightfull.* Yes faith, and most commonly they are cast down in disgrace.

*Detractor.* Why should she be cryed up so? for she is neither well featured, nor well shaped, nor well fashioned, nor well dress, nor well bred, nor good natured; for she is of a brown Complexion, a heavy Eye, a sad Countenance, a lazy Garb; she dresses Phantastically, speaks Childishly,

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looks

looks shamefastly; she is proud, reserved, coy, disdainfull, and self-conceited.

*Tell-truth.* Let me tell you, it is reported that she hath most lovely features, a clear Complexion, a modest Countenance, a bashfull Eye, a pleasing Speech, a winning behaviour, a Majesticall presence; besides it is reported that her disposition is civil, courteous, and obliging, her Nature sweet and gentle, her Education virtuous, her life temperate and Chast, her actions noble and wise, her discourse witty and delightful.

*Spightfull.* Hey day, hey day, good Mistris *Tell-truth* run not so fast in the ways of vain Reports, lest your judgment fall into a Quagmire.

*Enter Monsieur Phantasie.*

*Malicious.* Monsieur *Phantasie*, tis said you are one of Madamoiselle *La Belles* admirers.

*Phantasie.* All the World would admire her, if they saw her, she is so Heavenly a Creature.

*Spightfull.* If she be so Heavenly a Creature, she would be known to the whole World by the splendor of her Beams.

*Phantasie.* Heaven is not made known to all; neither can the gloryes be suddenly comprehended, by weak Mortals.

*Detraitor.* Good Lord, if she hath such an infinite Beauty, that it cannot be comprehended, it is obscure.

*Phantasie.* But those that comprehend least will be astonish'd, and struck with deep amaze.

*Detraitor.* I believe you are struck with Love, which makes you Blind, or Mad, that makes you think you see your own imaginations: wherefore fare you well, untill you are sober.

*The Ladies goe out.*

*Monsieur Phantasie alone.*

*Phantasie.* I am struck indeed, for I am wonded deeper than Swords can pierce, or Bullets shoot at.

*Exit.*

*Scene II.*

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and many Gentlemen with him.*

1 *Gentleman.* Your Lordship rid to day beyond *Perseus* on his *Pegasus*.

*Nobilissimo.* No Monsieur, he went (if Poets speak truth) in higher *Capreols* than ever I shall make my Horse go.

2 *Gentleman.* He might go higher my Lord, but never keep so just a time and place, as to pitch from whence he rises, his feet in the same Circle, his leggs in the same lines, and your Lordship in the same Center.

*Nobilissimo.* The truth is, my Horses went well to day; they were like Musical Instruments, fitly strung, and justly tun'd.

3 *Gentleman.* And your Lordship, like a skilfull Musician, played rarely thereon.

*Nobilissimo.*

*Nobilissimo.* Come Gentlemen, let us to Dinner, for I have uncivilly tyred your Stomacks with a long fast.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene 12.

*Enter Monsieur Phantasie as in a muse, sometimes Sighing, sometimes strikes his Brest, and sometimes turns up his Eyes; and at these postures Enters Mademoiselle Bon, at her approach he starts.*

**M** *Adamoiselle Bon.* Sir, you may very well start to see me here; I do not use modesty, pardon me to be so bold to visit Men; it is the first visit I ever made your Sex, and hope it will be the last; but I am come, since neither Letter, nor Messenger, could have access to be resolved by your own Confession, whether you have forsaken me or not.

*Phantasie.* No, I have not forsaken you.

*Bon.* But your affection prefers another before me.

*Phantasie.* If I should say I did not; I should belly Truth, which baseness I abhor.

*Bon.* I am glad for your own sake you keep to so much Honour, though sorry, that you are no constanter; and more sorry for the Oaths you took, and Vows you made to me, since they became the witnesses of your perjury. I was not suddenly, nor easily brought to draw a Supreme Love to one; for before such time my Love was placed on you; my affections run equally in purling Brooks of Pity, and Compassion, and clear fresh Rivulets of Charity and Humanity, from the pure Springs of good Nature and Religion; and hard it will be for me to turn this River to each stream again, if not, yet I shall be at rest; 'twill overflow my heart and drown me.

*The Lady goes out.*

*Monsieur Phantasie alone.*

*Monsieur Phantasie.* Oh I must curse my Fortune, and my Fate; lament my own condition to love without return, and only pity what I loved most.

*Exit.*

## Scene 13.

*Enter Mademoiselle Grand Esprit, and her Audience.*

**G**rand Esprit. *Great Mercury to thee I now address,  
Employ thy favour, help me in distress;  
Thou God of Eloquence, so guide my tongue,  
Let all my words on even sense be strung,  
And let my Speech be tun'd to every Ear,  
That every Ear each several word may hear:  
That every passion may in measure move,  
And let the figure of the Dance be Love.*

*Noble and Right Honourable,*

I will discourse at this time of Love, not of the superfluous Branches, or wither'd leaves; or rotten fruits; but of the Root of Love, which is Self-love; It is the Root and Original Love in Nature; it is the Foundation of Nature, it is the Fountain from whence issues all the several Springs; Self-love was the cause of the Worlds Creation; for the Gods out of love to themselves, caused Creatures to be Created, to worship them: thus all Creatures being created out of self-love, and their chief being proceeding out of self-love, is the cause that every particular Creature loves themselves in the first place, and what Love is placed on any other, or to any other, from any particular, is derived from self-love; for we love the Gods but out of self-love, as believing the Gods love us; we adore the Gods but out of self-love, because we think we proceed from them, or were produced by their commands; we pray to the Gods but out of self-love, because we hope the Gods will help us in distress; we bless the Gods but out of self-love, because we do verily believe the Gods will exalt, and Crown us with everlasting glory; and to shew that we Love the Gods, not as they are Gods, but for our own sakes, as believing they will or can do us good, is, that we are apt to murmur at the Gods, when we have not our own desires; we are apt to accuse the Gods, when any worldly thing crosses us; we are apt to curse the Gods at ill Accidents, Misfortunes, or Natural losses; we are apt to forget the Gods in the midst of pleasure; we are apt to think our selves Gods in the pride of prosperity; we strive to make our selves Gods in the height of worldly power; and we do not only strive to make our selves equal with the Gods, but to raise our selves above the Gods, taking, or commanding to our selves more worship than we give unto the Gods; nay, those that are accounted the most holy and devout Servants of the Gods, belie the Gods, taking the name of the Gods to cover their own follies; as for example, whensoever any eminent person hath had ill success, either in, or after their Foolish, Ambitious, and Vain-glorious actions, they charge the Gods Decrees and pleasure, as it was the Gods will it should be so; like as she that Vaingloriously had her two and only Sons to draw her Chariot, like two Horses, or Dogs, or Slaves, and being both found Dead the next day, she had prayed to the Gods to reward them with that which was best for them, and being both dead, she said the Gods accounted Death as the best reward, when they no doubt dyed with over heating themselves, striving beyond their

their natural power and strength; yet these two Sonns that drew the vain Mother in a Chariot, drew and died out of self-love; either like as vain Sonns like their vain Mother, vaingloriously to get a fame, or believing the Gods would reward them for their Act, either with extraordinary prosperity, power, or blessedness in the Life to come; and many the like examples may be given; for how ordinary is it in these our times, and in former times, for the politicks to perswade the people, with promises from the Gods, or to tell them it is the Gods commands they should do such and such acts, even such acts as are unnatural, wicked, and most horrid? thus Men bely the Gods to abuse their fellow Creatures. But most Noble and Right Honourable, my explanation of this discourse is, that since Self-love is the Fountain of and in Nature from whence issue out several Springs to every several Creature, wherein Mankind being her chiefest and Supreme work, is filled with the fullest Springs from that Fountain, which is the cause that Mankind is more industrious, cruel, and unsatiable, to and for his self ends, than any other Creature, he spares nothing that he hath power to destroy, if he fears any hurt, or hopes for any gain, or finds any pleasure, or can make any sport, or to employ his idle time; he melts metalls, distills and dissolves plants, dissects animals, substracts and extracts Elements, he digs up the bowels of the Earth, cuts through the Ocean of the Sea, gathers the winds into Sails, fresh waters into Mills, and imprisous the thinner Ayre; he Hunts, he Fowls, he Fishes for sport, with Gunns; Nets, and Hooks; he cruelly causeth one Creature to destroy another, the whilst he looks on with delight; he kills not only for to live, but lives for to kill, and takes pleasure in torturing the life of other Creatures, in prolonging their pains, and lengthning their Deaths; and when Man makes friendship of Love, it is for his own sake, either in humouring his passion, or feeding his humour, or to strenghten his party, or for Trust, or Counsel, or Company, or the like causes; if he dies for his friend, it is either for fame, or that he cannot live himself happy without his friend; his passion, and grief, making him restless; if Man loves his Children, Wife, or Parents, tis for his own sake; he loves his Parents, for the honour he receives by them, or for the life he received of them; if he loves his Wife, or the Wife the Husband, it is for their own sakes, as their own pleasure, as either for their Beauties, Wits, Humours, or other Graces, or for their Company, or Friendships, or because they think they owe them; if they love their Children, it is for their own sakes, as to keep alive their memory, and to have their duty, and obedience, to bow and do homage to them; If Masters love their Servants, it is for their own sakes, because they are trusty, faithfull and industrious in their affairs, imployments, or for their own profit, or ease; and if Servants love their Masters, tis for their own sakes, as either for their power to protect them, or for the regard they have to them, or for the gain they get from them, or for their lives that are nourished, and maintained by them; if Amorous Lovers love, it is for their own sakes, as to please the Appetite, and to satisfy their desires; if Subjects love their Sovereigns, it is for their own sakes, as that they may have Law and Justice, Peace and Unity; If Sovereigns love their Subjects, it is for their own sakes, because they beat up his Throne with their Wealth and Industry, and fight to maintain, or get him power. My Application, most Noble and Right Honourable, is, that since we do all, and in every act for our own sakes, we should indeavour, and study, for that which is best for our selves, and the ground of our indeavour is to Learn, and know

our selves, every particular person must learn and know himself, not by comparative, as observing others, for every man is not alike; but by self study, reading our own Natures and Dispositions, marking our own Passions; mours, and Appetites, with the Pen of Thought, and Ink of Examination; and let the Truth be the Tutor to instruct you in the School of Reason, in which you may Commence Master of Art, and go out Doctor of Judgment, to practise Temperance; for Temperance keeps in its full strength, prolongs Beauty, quickens Wit, ripens Youth, refreshes Age; restores Decays, keeps Health, maintains Life, and hinders Times ruines; but Temperance is not only a Doctor of Physick, a Physician to the Body, but a Doctor of Divinity, a Divine for the Soul; It preaches and teaches good Life, it instructs with the Doctrine of Tranquillity, and guides to the Heaven of Happiness; also Temperance is the Doctor of Musick, it tunes the Senses, composes the Thoughts, it notes the Passions; it measures the Appetites, and plays a Harmonious Mind. Thus Most Noble and Right Honourable, I have proved that Self-love is the Fountain of Nature, and the Original Springs of her Creatures; and that Temperance is the strongest Foundation of Self-love, although few build thereupon, but upon Intemperance, which is a huge Bulk of Excess, the substance of Riot, wormeaten with Surfets, rotten with Pain, and sinks down to death with Sicknes and Grief, not being able to bear and uphold Life; wherefore build your Lives upon Temperance, which is a strong and sure Foundation, which will never fail; but will uphold your Lives as long as Time and Nature permits them, and your Souls will dwell peaceably, and happily therein.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Scene 14.*

*Enter Madamoiselle Amor alone as musing to her self alone, then speaks.*

**M** *Adamoiselle Amor.* I will confesse to him my Love, since my designs are Noble; but O for a woman to woo a man is against Nature, and seems too bold, nay impudent, only by a contrary custome; but why should not a woman confesse she loves before she is wooed, when after a seeming toynets gives consent, as being won more by a Treaty than by Love, when her obscure thoughts know well her heart was his at first, bound as his prisoner, and only counterfeits a freedome; besides, it were unjust although an antient custome, if dissembling should be preferred before a Modern Truth, for length of Time and often practices makes not Falshood Truth, nor Wrong Right, nor Evill Good; then I will break down Customs Walls, and honest Truth shall lead me on.

*Love plead my Sute, and if I be deny'd,  
My heart will break, and Death my Face will hide.*

*Exit.  
Scene*

## Scene 15.

*Enter Monsieur Esperance, and his Wife Madamoiselle Esperance.*

**M**onsieur Esperance. Wife, whither do you go? when I come near you, you always turn to go from me.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* I saw you not; for I had rather be fixt as a Statue, than move to your dislike.

*Monsieur Esperance.* Why do you blush? surely you are guilty of some crime.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* 'Tis said blushing comes unsent for, and departs without leave; and that it oftner visits Innocency than guilt.

*Madamoiselle Esperance weeps.*

*Monsieur Esperance.* What do you weep?

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* How can I otherwise choole, when my Innocent Life, and True Love is suspected, and all my pure affections are cast away like dross, and the best of all my actions condemn'd as Traytors, and my unspotted Chastity blemish'd with foul Jealousy, and defamed with slander-ing words?

*Monsieur Esperance.* Prethy Wife do not weep, for every tear wounds me to Death, and know it is my extreme Love, which creates my fears; but you might have had a Husband with more faults.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* 'Tis true, but not so many noble qualities as you have, which makes me weep, doubting you Love me not, you are so Jealous.

*Monsieur Esperance.* By Heaven I love thee beyond my Soul, wherefore forbear to weep if thou canst stop thy tears.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Tears may be stopt, unless they flow from an unrecoverable loss, which Heaven forbid mine should: yet sorrow oft doth stop the Spring from whence tears rise, or else the Eyes do weep themselves quite blind.

*Monsieur Esperance.* Pray dry yours.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 16.

*Enter Madamoiselle Bon alone.*

**M**adamoiselle Bon. O Man! O Man! How various and Inconstant are you all, how cruell to betray our faint and unexperienced Sex, bribing our Judgments with flattering words, obscure our reasons with Clouds of Sighs, drawing us into belief with protestations, bind us with promises and vows, forcing us to yield up our affections; then murder us with scorn, and bury us in forgetfullness? but O how happy was I, before I was betrayed by Love? my heart was free, my thoughts were pleasant, and my

M m m m m m

humour

humour gay ; but now my mind is a Garrison of cares, my thoughts like runaways are wanderers.

*Grief on my heart his heavy taxes layes ;  
which through my Eyes, my heart those taxes payes.*

*Exit.*

*Scene 17.*

*Enter Madamoiselle Amor, and at a distance seeth Monsieur Nobilissimo, she speaks first, as to her self.*

**M***Adamoiselle Amor.* Love and Discretion fight duels in my mind, one makes me Mute, the other doth periwade me to prefer my Sute ; but why should I be nice to speak, or be ashamed to woo with words, when all our Sex doth woo with severall dressees and smiles ? each civil courtesy doth plead Loves Sute ; then I will on, Love give me Courage, and *Mercury* guide my tongue.

*She goeth as towards the Lord Nobilissimo.*

*Amor.* Noble Sir, impute it rather as a folly to my Sex and Youth, and not any impudence of Nature, if that my Innocency discovers my passion and affection, not having Craft, or subtilty to conceal them ; but I must plainly tell you, no sooner did I see you, and hear you speak, but loved : but yet mistake me not, I dote not on your person, but your mind ; for sure your Noble Soul shot fire through my Eyes into my Heart, there flames with pure affection ; but for this confession, perchance you will set me as a mark of scorn, for all to shoot their scofs at, and in derision pointing, will laugh and say, there is the Maid that wooed a Man.

*Nobilissimo.* Is this to me Lady ?

*Amor.* It cannot be to any other, Nature could make but one, and that was you.

*Nobilissimo.* If this be real you do profess, the Gods, should they have sent an Angel down to offer me their Heavenly Mansion, it had not been so great a gift as your affection.

*Amor.* Do you not hate me then ?

*Nobilissimo.* Nothing I Love so well.

*Amor.* And will you Love me ever ?

*Nobilissimo.* Yes ever ; for when my Body is dissolved, Love shall live in my dust in spight of Death.

*Amor.* And will you love none but me ?

*Nobilissimo.* An intire and undivided affection, can be placed but upon one, and that is you.

*Amor.* May your constancy be as firm, as my Love pure.

*Exit.*

*Scene*



## Scene 18.

*Enter Mademoiselle La Belle and her four Suters, Admiration, Ambition, Vainglory and Pride.*

*A* *Dmirat.* Dear Mistrifs stay, that I may gaze upon you,  
Then bow my knee, as to the rising Sun;  
Heave up my hands; as when to Heaven I pray;  
But being amaz'd, know not one word I say:  
Yet superstitiously, I shall adore,  
As my chief Goddes, shall thy love implore;  
And being worship'd, you are deifi'd,  
Your Godhead in your Beauty doth reside.

*Vainglory.* Thou absolute Beauty, for thy dear sake,  
Of Lovers hearts, a foot-stool shall be made;  
A Cushion soft, with Hopes fill'd full; then laid;  
For thee to stand, and triumph on, fair Maid;  
And Lovers Souls shall from their bodyes fly,  
For thee a Couch, when weary on to ly.

*Pride.* Thy Lovers tears for to invite thy rest,  
In murmuring streams, fall on thy marble brest;  
And gentle sighs, like whispering winds shall blow,  
And fan thy Cheeks, that Poets fire may glow:  
Loves Melancholy thoughts, like Clouds of night,  
Like as thy Curtains, drawn before thy sight;  
For fear the Sun should trouble out of spight,  
Thy Eyes repose, being the greater light.

*Ambition.* Sweet Beauty, thou in a glorious Throne shall set;  
The spangled Heaven, seems but thy Counterfeit;  
Thy Charriot shall be stuck with Eyes all gazing,  
And oyld with Eloquent tongues, that runs with praying:  
Drawn by large strong well shapt Commendations,  
Guided by Fame, about two severall Nations.

*La Belle.* *Admiration, Vainglory, Pride, and Ambition,*  
Why do you woo Beauty, that is Deaf and Dumb,  
That hears no praise, nor adoration;  
It seeth no hands heav'd up, nor tears that fall,  
It hath no tongue to answer Love withall;  
It hath no Life, no Soul where passion lies,  
It neither gives, nor takes instructions wise:  
It is no solid Body you admire,  
No substance, but a shadow you desire.

FINIS.

---

*THE ACTORS NAMES.*

---

*Monsieur Nobilissimo.*

*Monsieur Heroick his Brother.*

*Monsieur Esperance.*

*Monsieur Phantastie.*

*Monsieur Amy.*

*Monsieur Poverty, and other Gentlemen.*

*Madamoiselle Esperance.*

*Madamoiselle La Belle.*

*Madamoiselle Amour.*

*Madamoiselle Grand Esprit.*

*Madamoiselle Bon.*

*Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

*Madamoiselle Spightfull.*

*Madamoiselle Malicious.*

*Madamoiselle Detractor.*

THE SECOND PART OF  
NATURES three DAUGHTERS,  
*Beauty, Love, and Wit.*

ACT I.

Scene 1<sup>st</sup>

*Enter Mademoiselle Grand Esprit; and her Audience.*



Grand Esprit. *Great Fame my Prayers I direct to thee,  
That thou wilt keep me in thy memory;  
And place my Name in thy large brazen Tower;  
That neither Spight, nor Time may it devour;  
And write it plain, that every age may see,  
My Names inscrib'd to live eternally:  
Let not Malice obstruct my Wit with spight;  
But let it shine in its own clear light.*

*Noble and Right Honourable;*

I divide my discourse into three parts, as namely Vanity, Vice, and Wickedness; Vanity lives in the Customs and Manners of men, and Wickedness in the Souls of men, Vices in the Senses of men, as vain habits, evill appetites, and wicked passions; as for Vanity and Vice, they are commodities that are sold out of the Shops of Idleness; Vice is sold by wholesale, but Vanities are sold by retail; the Buyers of these Commodities are Youth, the Merchants, are evill Customs, and ill examples; the Masculine youth buyes more Vice than Vanity, and the Effeminate youth buyes more Vanity than Vice; but they all buy, as fast as they can be sold; they will spare for no cost, and will give any prices, although it be their Healths, Lives, Fortunes, or Reputations; as for Wickedness, it is inlayed into the soul like as Mosaiickwork, and so close it is wrought therein, as it makes it appear to be the soul it self; but evill Education and Custome, are the Artificers of this work, and not natural Creation, or divine infusion, or inspiration, from whence the Soul proceeds, or is produced, for neither the Gods, nor Nature, is the Author of Wickedness; but Vanity, Vice, and Wickedness are soon catcht, and like the Plague, they infect all they come near, and Vanity, Vice, and Wickedness is soon learn'd, when Virtue, Goodness, and Piety, are hard Lessons; for though Divines and natural Philosophers, Preaches, and so teaches them, yet they are seldom understood; for if they were, the benefit would be known, and men would pious and virtuous be, for profits sake; for Common-wealths that are composed, and governed by Virtue, Religion, and good Life, they are so strongly united by honest love, as they become impregnable against Foreign Foes, or home factions, or temptations,

temptations, so live in peace and plenty; which breeds both pleasure and delight; for life doth never truly enjoy it self, but in rest, ease, and peace; but to conclude most Noble and Right Honourable, the Soul, Sense, and Education, should be plain with Truth, smooth with Virtue, and bright with Piety, or Zeal; that the Body may live Easily, the life Peaceably, and that the Soul may be blessed with Everlasting Glory.

*Exit.*

*Scene 2.*

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and three or four Gentlemen.*

1 *Gentleman.* The Ladies of this Age, are as inconstant as a fevourish pulse, and their affections have more fainting fits, than those are troubled with Epilepsies.

2 *Gentleman.* Faith they will hang about ones neck one hour, and spit in his Face the next.

3 *Gentleman.* That is because they would have variety, for they respect Strangers more than friends; for they will entertain Strangers with the civillest Behaviours, fairest Faces, and costliest Garments they have, and make them welcome with their best Cheer, when as their best Friends, lovingest Servants, and oldest Acquaintance, they will neglect, despise, scorn, command, and rail against, and quarrel with.

*Nobilissimo.* O Gentlemen, brave Cavaliers as you all are, you must never complain, discommend, nor condemn the Actions of the Effeminate Sex; for that we are apt to call their Cruelty, is their Justice, our Sex meriting not their favours; and whensoever we receive the least favours from that Sex, we ought to give thanks, as proceeding from a compassionate Goodness, gentle Nature, sweet Dispositions, and generous Souls, and not as a due, or a debt for our service: for we are bound by Nature, not only to be their Servants, but their Slaves; to be lashed with their frowns; if we be not diligent to their commands, present at their calls, industrious in their service, and our neglects ought to be severely punished; for we wear our lives only for their sakes, as to defend their Honours, to protect their Persons, to obey their Commands, and to please and delight their humours; also the Estates we manage is theirs, not ours, we are but their Stuards, to Husband and increase their Stores, to receive their Revenues, and lay out their Expences; for we have nothing we call our own, since we our selves are theirs; wherefore it is enough for us to admire their Beautyes, to applaud their Wit, to worship their Virtues, and give thanks for their Favours.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

## Scene 3.

*Enter Monsieur Esperance, and his Wife Madamoiselle Esperance.*

**M**onsieur *Esperance*. Wife, why art thou all undrest to day ?

*Madamoiselle Esperance*. The truth is, I am become negligent in dressing, since you only esteem my Virtue, not my Habit,

*Monsieur Esperance*. I would have you change into as many several dresses, as *Protheus* shapes ; for it is not the dres can make me Jealous now, for I am confident no Vanity can corrupt thy Virtue, but that thy Virtue can convert Vanity to a pious use or end.

*Madamoiselle*. Well Husband, I shall study to form myself, and fashion my dres, both to your fancy and desire.

*Monsieur Esperance*. Do so Wife.

*Monsieur Esperance goes out.*

*Madamoiselle Esperance alone.*

*Madamoiselle Esperance*. Ha, is my Husband so confident of me, it is an ill sign from extreme Jealousy, to an extreme Confidence, the next will be a Carelesness, and then a Neglect, and there is nothing my Nature doth more abhor than neglect, for Jealousy proceeds from Love, but Neglect proceeds from a despising, if not a hating ; besides, he desires variety of dresses, which shows my Beauty is vaded, or he is weary in viewing of one object often ; but I find his humout is wandring, and seeks for change ; if he should prove false, O how unhappy should I be ? for I am naturally honest, also my birth and education hath been honest ; besides my affections are so fixt as not to be removed : thus I am tyed, and cannot take liberty which other women do, for to divert the sorrows of my heart, or to revenge my wrongs ; but I shall mourn, and weep my self to Water, and sigh my self to Ayre.

*Exit.*

## ACT II.

## Scene 4.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Madamoiselle Amor, and Madamoiselle La Belle comes and peeps through the Hangings, and sees them.*

**N**obilissimo. The bond of our Love is written in large professions, but not sealed with the contracting kifs yet.

Nnnnnn 2

*Monsieur*

*Monsieur Nobilissimo salutes his Mistriss Madamoiselle Amor, her Sister Madamoiselle La Belle comes forth from behind the Hangings.*

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* So Sister, are not you asham'd?

*Madamoiselle Amor.* No truly; for my love is so honest, and the subject of my love so worthy, as I am so far from being asham'd to own it, as I glory in my affection.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* I only wonder that with so small acquaintaince, such a familiar friendship should be made.

*Madamoiselle Amor.* You have no cause to wonder; for Innocency is easily known, tis craft and subtilty that is obscure, and treacherous falshood with leering Eyes, doth at a distance stand; when honesty and truth straight joyns in friendships bonds.

*Nobilissimo.* My Sweet, Innocent, Virtuous, Wise, Mistriss.

*Kisseth her hand.  
Exeunt.*

Scene 5.

*Enter Madamoiselle Detractor, Madamoiselle Spightfull, Madamoiselle Malicious, and Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

*Tell-truth.* I pitty poor Madamoiselle *Bon.*

*Spightfull.* Why so?

*Tell-truth.* Because she is forsaken.

*Spightfull.* I cannot pitty a Fool!

*Tell-truth.* Why, she is no Fool.

*Spightfull.* Yes Faith but she is, to be constant to an unconstant man!

*Malicious.* The truth is; I think that woman wisest that forsakes before she is forsaken!

*Tell-truth.* But how and if she meets with a constant man?

*Detractor.* That she cannot do, for there is no man constant; for they are all false, and more changing than women are.

*Malicious.* If any should prove unconstant to me, I would Pistoll him!

*Tell-truth.* Yes with the Gunpowder breath, the Bullets of words, and the Fire of anger, which will do them no hurt.

*Spightfull.* The best revenge I know against an Inconstant Man is, to despise him.

*Tell-truth.* He will not care for your despisements, but Patience, Patience is the best remedy, for then a woman will be content, although she hath not her desires.

*Malicious.* Can any Creature be content without the fruition of desire?

*Tell-truth.* Those that cannot, must be unhappy all their Life.

*Detractor.* Then all Mankind is unhappy, for I dare swear, there is not any that can be content without the fruition of desire; for desire is so restless, as it gives no time for content.

*Spightfull.* The truth is, content only lives in words, but never lives in deeds; for I never heard, or saw any one truly content in my life.

*Tell-truth.*

*Tell-truth.* The truth is, Content is like the Shadow of a Substance, or the Thought of an Act, and therefore let us leave it, as we would idle, or vain Thoughts, or vading, or vanishing Shadows.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 6.*

*Enter Monsieur Heroick, and Monsieur Phantastie.*

*Phantastie.* Sir, it is reported you are a Servant to my Mistriss.

*Heroick.* I am a Servant to the whole Effeminate Sex, and to her, if she be a woman.

*Phantastie.* Yes, she is a woman, and the fairest of her kind.

*Heroick.* Why then I am her Slave.

*Phantastie.* I desire you will inflave your self to some other, and not to her.

*Heroick.* You must pardon me if she be the fairest, for I am bound to the absolute Beauty.

*Phantastie.* Draw.

*Heroick.* Nay, I am not so rash; for by your favour I will view her with mine own Eyes, and take the opinion of my own Judgment, and not venture my life on your bare word.

*Phantastie.* I say draw.

*Heroick.* I shall, but know, I only fight in mine own defence, not for her Beauty, unless I saw her, and approved her such as you affirm her to be: for though I am Servant to all, yet tis impossible all should be an absolute Beauty.

*Phantastie.* Know, I account all those my Enemies that question it; besides you give me the lye in doubting the truth.

*Heroick.* I perceive it is your violent passion that perswades you, or rather forces you to fight, and not your Reason; and if your passion were to be counselled, I would counsel you to stay, untill we choose our Seconds, to witness how we fought, not in a furious rage, but when our spirits are fresh and cool, our Minds as equal temper'd as our Blades, and that our valours are not ashamed to own the quarrel; so shall we fight on just and honest grounds, and honour will be the purchase we shall gain.

*Phantastie.* He hear no more but fight.

*Heroick.* Nature, I ask thy pardon, I must ingage thee to a furious rage, or sudden fit, or frantick humour, which are for thee to scorn, and slight, and not to fight.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 7.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Monsieur Poverty.*

**Nobilissimo.** Monsieur *Poverty*, shall I never have the honour of your Company?

*Poverty.* My *Poverty* will disgrace you my Noble Lord.

*Nobilissimo.* I were no noble Lord, if virtuous *Poverty* could disgrace me.

*Poverty.* Howsoever, your Servants, Friends, and Acquaintance will forsake you, if I should wait upon your Lordship.

*Nobilissimo.* They may be my Acquaintance, but neither my Friends, nor Servants that will forsake me, for the sake of virtuous *Poverty*: for though I would not have thee intail'd to my line and posterity, nor to live constantly in my family; yet, I am neither ashamed, nor afraid to shake thee by the hand, as long as thou art an honest man; and I desire to take Plenty in own hand, but to serve *Poverty* with both hands.

*Poverty.* May Plenty be always your Lordships Hand-Maid.

*Nobilissimo.* And your Reliever Sir.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 8.

*Enter Madamoiselle Amor, and her Sister Madamoiselle La Belle.*

**Madamoiselle La Belle.** Sister, be not jealous of me, for I have no design to rob you of your Servant, I study not those Amorous allurements; for I would not be otherwise known unto the Masculine Sex, than Angels are to one another; yet I may respect honour, and admire without a dotting fondness, or a surprized affection, or an incaptivated love.

*Madamoiselle Amor.* Yes Sister, when I consider your Virtue, I cannot be Jealous of you, but when I look on your Beauty, I cannot be Confident of my Servant; for Beauty is victorious, and most commonly triumphs in all hearts, binding the Passions, and leading the Affections as Prisoners; and the Thoughts run a-long as Slaves, and Constancy, if it be not kill'd in the Battell, yet it is sore wounded, and if it should recover, yet never to the former strength again.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo.*

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* My Lord what say you, hath your Mistress my Sister *Amor* any reason to be Jealous?

*Nobilissimo.* Yes, if my Mistresses were any other but her self.

*Madamoiselle.* I thank you; for I had rather be kill'd with civill although dissembling words, than live with rude Inconstancy.

*Nobilissimo.*



*Nobilissimo.* Why, do you think I speak not truth?

*Madamoiselle Amor.* I hope your words are marks of truth, for all belief to shoot at.

*Nobilissimo.* But Hopes are built on Doubts and Fears, and do you Doubt and Fear my Love?

*Madamoiselle Amor.* How can I love without attending Fear, being inseparable?

*Nobilissimo.* Pray do not fear; for though there is none that seeth your Sister *La Belle*, but must confess she is most beautifull, yet all fancy not Beauty alike; but were she above what she is, as much as Heaven to Earth, or Gods to Men, yet I am fixt, and not to be remov'd, no more than is Eternity.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene 9.

*Enter Madamoiselle Esperance very fine, and her Cousin*

*Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Am not I very fine to day?

*Tell-truth.* Yes very fine.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Do I look handsome to Day?

*Tell-truth.* Yes very handsome.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* If I were a Stranger, should I attract your Eyes to take notice of me?

*Tell-truth.* As you are my Cousin, and intimate Friend, and known acquaintance, and see you every day, yet I cannot choose but look on you, and take notice of your rich Garments; but why do you ask, for you do not use to make such questions?

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* I will tell you, when I was new Married, my Husband took so much notice of my Dress, that the least alteration he observed; say he grew jealous at it, and thought each curl a snare set to catch Lovers in; after I had been Married some little space of time, he condemned me for carelessness, and desired me to various dresses; and now dress, or undress, he never observes; for were I dress with splendrous light, as glorious as the Sun, or Clouded like dark Night, it were all one to him; neither would strike his Sense; yet I observe he doth observe my Maids, as that one hath a fine Pettycoat, and another hath handsome made Shooes, and then he pulls up their Pettycoats a little way, to see what stockings they have, and so views them all over, and commends them, saying, they are very fine, when all these Garments he commends on them, were mine, which I had cast off, and given to them; when those Garments though fresh and new, when I did wear them, he never took notice of; besides, when my Maids do come into the Room where he and I are, he strives to talk his best, as if he wist, and did indea-

your their good opinion, when only alone with me the rubbish of his discourse doth serve the turn.

*Tell-truth.* Madam, I perceive you do begin to be Jealous.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Have I not reason?

*Tell-truth.* No truly; for a Man may do such light actions, or speak merrily, or solidly, without an evill design, only to pass a way idle time.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Lord how idly you speak Cousin, as to think men might idly pass away their time, when Nature allows life no idle time; for all things are growing, or decaying, feeding life, or getting food for to nourish life, or bearing, or breeding for increase; and man which only by his shape exceeds all other Creatures in Reason, Knowledge, and Understanding, and will you have him cast away these supreme gifts of Nature with idle time? would you have men follow the Sense only, like a Beast, and not to be guided by reason to some noble study, or profitable action? would you have them yield to their surfeiting Appetites, and not endeavour to temper them? is Sicknes less painfull than Health? is Disorder to be prefer'd before Method, or Inconveniency before Conveniency, Wars before Peace, Famine before Plenty, Vice before Virtue? all which would be idle time very allow'd; for Idleness never found out Arts nor Sciences, or rules of Government, nor the ease of Temperance, nor the profit of Prudence, nor the commands of Fortitude, nor the peace of Justice, which Industry produceth; but Idleness brings Confusion.

Exeunt

Scene 10.

*Enter Monsieur Heroick with his Sword bloody, and meets his friend Monsieur Amy.*

**A**my. What hast thou been doing, that thy sword is bloody?

*Heroick.* Fighting.

*Amy.* With whom?

*Heroick.* I know not.

*Amy.* For what did you fight?

*Heroick.* For nothing, or at least as bad as nothing; for that I never saw nor heard of, nor knew where to find.

*Amy.* This is a strange quarrel, that you neither know the man, nor the cause, it was a mad quarrel.

*Heroick.* You say right; for as for my part I had little reason to fight, I know not what my opposite had: but prithy friend go help him, for he lyes yonder, and I doubt he is deadly wounded, the whilst I will seek a Chirurgion to send to him.

*Amy.* You had need seek one for your self, for you bleed, I see by your shirt.

*Heroick.* Yes so I will, but it shall be the Lady that was cause of the wounds, and I will try if her Beauty can heal them.

Exeunt.

Scene

## Scene 11.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Mademoiselle Amor.*

**N***obilissimo.* My sweet Mistress, what is the cause you look so pale and Melancholy?

*Amor.* I hear you have forsaken me, and making love to another; which I no sooner heard, but shook with fear, like to a tender Plant blown by a Northern wind, wherewith my blood congeal'd with cold, my thoughts grew sad, and gathered like black Clouds, which makes my head hang down, my face all wither'd pale and dry; but did I love, as many do, for Person, not for Mind, your Inconstancy would be a less Crime; but were your Body as curious made, as Natures skill could form you, and not a Soul answerable, I might Admire you, but not Love you with adoration as I do.

*Nobilissimo.* Fear not: for as thy Tongue unlocks my Ears, so it locks up my Heart from all thy Sex but thee, and as a Cabinet doth keep thy Picture there.

*Amor.* Heaven grant my Tongue may never rust, but move with words, as smoothed with Oyl, turned by the strength of Wit, easy and free.

*Nobilissimo.* Dear Mistress banish this Jealousy, it may in time corrupt pure love, and be you confident of my Affection, as of your own Virtue.

*Amor.* Your kind words I will take for a sufficient Seal, and never doubt the Bond that Love hath made.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 12.

*Enter Monsieur Phantasie wounded, being lead between Mademoiselle Bon, and Monsieur Amy; he seems to be so faint, as not to pass any further, but is forced to ly down, Mademoiselle sits by him.*

**A***my.* I will go fetch more help and Chirurgions.

*Monsieur Amy goes out.*

*Mademoiselle Bon stays, and holds her Arm under his head.*

*Phantasie.* I am wounded more with thoughts of Sorrow, than with my opposers Sword, and wish that Death would strike me in thy Arms, that I might breath my last there, offer up my Soul upon the Altar of thy Breast, and yield my life a Sacrifice unto thy Constancy.

*Mademoiselle Bon.* May Death exchange, and take my life that is useless to the World, and spare yours, for noble actions to build a fame thereon.

*Phantasie.* Speak not so.

Pppppp

*Mademoiselle*

*Madamoiselle Bon.* If my words offend you, my tongue for ever shall be Dumb.

*Phantasie.* No, it is your Wish offends, and not your Words; for they are Musick to my Ears, or like to drops of Balsom powr'd therein to heal my wounded Soul.

*Madamoiselle Bon.* If that my words could cure your wounds that bleed, rather than want, ile speak till all my breath were spent, no life to form words with.

*She weeps.*

*Phantasie.* Why do you weep?

*Madamoiselle Bon.* To see you bleed; but if you bleed to Death, I will weep to Death; and as life issues through your Wounds, so shall life issue through my Eyes, and drown it self in floods of tears.

*Phantasie.* Forbear, let not the Earth drink up those tears, those precious tears the Gods thirst after.

*Enter Men and take him up, and lay him forth.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 13.*

*Enter Madamoiselle Grand Esprit, and her Audience.*

**G**rand Esprit. Venus thou Goddess fair, for thy Sors sake,  
Cupid the God of Love, O let me make  
A Banquet of sweet Wit to entertain  
This Noble Company, and feast each brain;  
And let each several Ear feed with delight,  
Not to disturb'd with foul malicious spight.

*Noble and Right Honourable,*

I shall take my discourse at this time out of Beauty, the ground of which discourse is Eyes; Eyes are the Beauty of Beauty; for if the Eyes be not good, the Face though ne'r so fair, or otherwise well featur'd, cannot be pleasing; the truth is, Eyes are the most Curious, Ingenious, Delightfull, and Profitable work in Nature; Curious in the Aspect and Splendor; Ingenious in the form and fashion; Delightfull in the Society, and Profitable in their Commerce, Trade, and Traffick, that they have with all the rest of Natures works: for had not Nature made Eyes, all her works had been lost, as being buryed in everlasting darkness; for it is not only Light that shews her works, but Eyes that see her works: wherefore if Nature had not made Eyes she had lost the glory of Admiration, and Adoration, which all her Animal Creatures give her; begot, raised, or proceeding from what they see; besides, not only Light the presenter of objects would have been lost, but Life would have been but only a dull Melancholy Motion for want of sight, and for want of sight life would have wanted knowledge, and so would have been ignorant both of its self and Nature; but now life takes delight by the sight, through the Eyes, and is inamor'd with the Beauties it  
views;

Views ; and the Eyes do not only delight themselves and life with what they receive, but with what they send forth ; for Eyes are not only passages to let Light, Colours, Forms, and Figures in, but to let Passions, Affections, Opinions out ; besides, the Eyes are not only as Navigable Seas, for the Animal Spirits to Traffick on, and Ports to Anchor in ; but they are the Gardens of the Soul, wherein the Soul sits and refreshes it self, and Love the Sun of the Soul, lends forth more glorious Rayes than that Sun in the Sky, and on those objects they do shine, they both comfort and give a nourishing delight ; but yet when the light of love doth reflect, the heat doth increase by double lines, and quickness of motion, which causes many times a Distemper of the Thoughts, which turns to a Feavor in the Mind ; but to conclude most Noble and Right Honourable, Eyes are the Starrs which appear only in the Animal Globe, to direct the life in its Voyage, not only to places that life knows, but to new discoveries ; and these Animal Starrs do not only guide the Animal life, but have an influence and various effects on the Soul, and are not only to view the Beauties of all the other works of Nature, but are the chiefest Beauties themselves ; and if that Reason that is the Educator of the Life, and chief Ruler and Commander of the Soul, did not cross and hinder the influence of these Animal Starrs, they would prove very fatal to many a one : Wherefore Right Honourable, my Application is, that you obey Reason, and pray unto it as to a Deity, that it may divert the Malignant influences, and cause them to point to a Happy Effect.

*For which my good wishes shall attend you,  
That the Gods of these Starrs may defend you.*

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene 14.

*Enter Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Monsieur Heroick.*

*Nobilissimo.* Brother, I may bid you welcome home, for I have not seen you these two years ; methinks between Brothers as you and I are should never be absence.

*Heroick.* No faith Brother ; for we never have good fortune when we are asunder ; for since I parted I hear you are to be Married, and I must tell you, I am like to be Hanged.

*Nobilissimo.* Heaven forbid you should be hanged.

*Heroick.* And do not you make the same Prayer against your Marriage ?

*Nobilissimo.* No, for that prayer would prove a Curse, if Heaven should grant it ; but I hope Brother you speak of this but merrily, and not as a truth to be believed that you are like to be hanged.

*Heroick.* Yes faith, I met with a man that was resolv'd to fight with the next he met, I think, for he forced a quarrel, and we fought, and I fear I have killed him.

P P P P P 2

*Nobilissimo.*

*Nobilissimo.* What was the cause of the quarrel?

*Heroick.* Why about a Beauty, that none must admire but himself, and yet they must maintain she is the absolute Beauty of her Sex, and such a Beauty, I hear of every where, but I cannot see her any where.

*Nobilissimo.* Let me tell you Brother she is worth the seeing.

*Heroick.* And is she worth the blood and life that is lost and spilt for her?

*Nobilissimo.* Yes, if it had been to maintain her Beauty against rude Despisers, or her Virtue against base Detractors, or her Honour against wicked Violators; for her Soul hath as many beautifull graces and Virtues, and her mind as many noble qualities, as her body hath beautifull Parts, Lineaments, gracefull Motions, pleasing Countenances, lovely Behaviour, and courteous Demeanors.

*Heroick.* Certainly Brother you are very well acquainted with her, that you know her so well, as to speak so confident of her.

*Nobilissimo.* Yes Brother, I do know her very well, for she is Sister to my Mistriis.

*Heroick.* So, I thought she had some relation to you, that you spake so much in her praise; this Self-love bribes all our Tongues; but Brother, you have so fired my Spirits, as I am almost as mad as the Gentleman I fought with, before I see her, meerly with the report, and since I must lose my Wits with the rest of Mankind, for I find all are mad that come within the list of her Name, pray let me part with my Wits on Honourable terms, as at the view of her Beauty.

*Nobilissimo.* I shall make it a request to her that you may see her, and she being a person who is very obliging, I make no question but she will receive your civil and humble respects.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 15.*

*Enter Monsieur Esperance, and his Wife Madamoiselle Esperance.*

**M** *Adamoiselle Esperance.* Husband do you love me?

*Monsieur Esperance.* Yes.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Better than any other Woman?

*Monsieur Esperance.* I can make no comparison.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Why do you then neglect me so much, as to take no notice whether I be fine and brave, or ragged, or patcht, or ilfavoured, or handsom, and yet you take notice of every other woman, from the stranger abroad, to the Kitchin-Maid at home?

*Monsieur Esperance.* By my troth Wife I do so just as I would do of a Tree, or a Bush, or a Stone, or a Brake, or a Fox, or an Ass, and no otherwise.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Yet it is a sign you have them in your mind, and I had rather be hated than forgotten; wherefore pray let me be sometimes in your thoughts, although as a Bryar, and not to be flung out Root and Branch.

*Monsieur*

*Monsieur Esperance.* Heaven forbid Wife you should become a Thorn in my Mind, but thou art there as my Soul, nor do I love you at a common rate: for were thy person more deformed than ever Nature made, either by Sicknes or Casualty, I still should love thee for thy Virtuous Soul; and though your person is very handfom, yet I consider not your Beauty but your Health, so you be well, I care not how you look; for my love is at that height as it is beyond the body grown; for should I only love you for your Beauty, when that is decayed, my love must of necessity dy, if Beauty were the life.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* So then I am only your spiritual love, and you will chuse a temporal one elsewhere.

*Monsieur Esperance.* Prethee be not Jealous of me, because I am become assured of your Chastity; for know, I could sooner hate my self, than love, or amorously affect any other woman but thy self; and when I prove false to you, may *Jupiter* cast me to *Plutoes* Court, there to be tormented Eternally.

*Madamoiselle Esperance.* Well, pardon this fit of Jealousy, for I shall never question your affection more, nor doubt your Constancy.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 16.

Enter *Madamoiselle La Belle*, and her Sister *Madamoiselle Amor*.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* To quarrel and fight for me is strange, for as for the one I never saw, and the other I have no acquaintance with; but had I favoured the one, or affronted the other, or had favoured them both, it might have raised a dispute, from a dispute to a quarrel, from a quarrel to a duell; but many times men make a seeming love the occasion to shew their courage, to get a fame; but what fame soever men get, the woman loses, as being thought either too kind, or cruell.

*Madamoiselle Amor.* Sister, this Gentleman never saw you, only fought in his own defence; he desires you would give him leave to come and kiss your hands, he is a very gallant man, and an experienced Souldier.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* A Souldier? why he never lead an Army, nor pitch a Field, nor fought a Battel; he never Intrencht, nor Incampt; he never guarded, kept, nor took Fort, Town, or City; perchance he hath studied as most Gentlemen do, so much of Fortification, as to talk of Trenches, Lines, Ramparts, Bullworks, Curtains, Wings, Faces, Forts, Centries; And of Amunition, Cannon, Muskets, Carabines, Pistols, Slings, Bowes, Arrows, Darts, Pikes, Bills, Halbards, Bolts, Poleaxes, Swords, Cimeters, shot, Bullets, Powder, Drums, Trumpets, Waggons, Tents and the like; and for Arms, Pot, Back, Breast, Gantlets, Corselets, Gorgets and the like, that they learn the Names; but seldome practise the use.

*Madamoiselle Amor.* Yes, this Gentleman hath lead Armies, pitcht Fields, fought Battels, where those he won were won by his Prudence and Conduct, and those he lost were by Fortunes spight, whose changing power, and inconstant humour, no Mortal can withstand.

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*Madamoiselle La Belle.* Nay Sister, if he be so gallant a person, I shall not refuse his visits, nor deny my self his Company, but entertain him as civilly as he may deserve.

*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

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Scene 17.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Well met, I was going to your Lodging.

2 *Gent.* Faith if you had gone to my Lodging you had mist of my Company.

1 *Gent.* But howsoever, I should have been entertained by thy old Landlady, for she makes me welcome in thy absence.

2 *Gent.* The truth of it is, that my Landlady as old as she is, loves the Company of men, especially of young men; for if a young man will trouble himself to stay in her Company, and talk to her, she is so pleased, as she makes more wrinkles with her smiles, than Time hath made, and she will simperingly put in her Chin, as if she were but fifteen.

1 *Gent.* Faith I commend women, for they will never yield to ages humours, though they are forced to yield to ages infirmities; for their minds are always young, though their bodies be old.

2 *Gent.* Indeed their minds are Girls all their life time; but leaving old women, will you go see Monsieur *Phantasie*?

1 *Gent.* Is he so well as to admit of Visitors?

2 *Gent.* Yes, for he is in a recovering condition, and state of Health.

1 *Gent.* Come let us go then.

*Exeunt.*

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Scene 18.

*Enter Monsieur Heroick, and Madamoiselle La Belle.*

*Monsieur Heroick.* Madam, the fame of your Beauty and Virtue hath drawn me hither, to offer my service on the altar of your commands.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* You are so great a favourite to Nature and Fortune, and are so splendorous with their gifts, as you are able to put the confidence of our Sex out of Countenance, especially I, that am by Nature bashfull; wherefore it is unlikely I should command you.

*Monsieur Heroick.* I had rather be commanded by you Lady, than to command the whole World, and should be prouder to be your Slave, than to be that sole Monarch.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* I should be sorry so gallant a man as fame reports you



you to be, should have so sick a Judgment, and so ungoverned a Passions, as to yield up your liberty to a woman, and to ty your life to her vain foolish humours.

*Monsieur Heroick.* It is impossible that in so heavenly a form, a foolish Soul should be; for I perceive by your beautifull person, Nature hath but wrought her self, having not Art or skill to make a Second, and what man would not be proud to serve the only she?

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* O Sir, take heed you wrong not your noble worth and merit, in being over civill; for complements are all dissembling, and dissembling runs in the ways of perjury.

*Monsieur Heroick.* Pray Madam consider not my love-service and admiration to an idle Visit, a vain Discourte, and false Profession; for if you appear not so beautifull to all the World, as you appear to me, yet I dare boldly tell the world, I think you so; and will maintain it with my life.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* I believe then I am more beholding to your Eyes that have contracted me into a beautifull form, than unto Nature that hath made me of a vulgar shape.

*Monsieur Heroick.* Your Tongue Lady hath the power of Circes wand, to charat the Senses, and transform the shape; making all men it speaks to, either to appear Monsters or Gods.

*Madamoiselle La Belle.* You have Inthroned me with your Favours, and Crowned me with your Commendations.

*Monsieur Heroick.* My desire is, that you will Crown me with your Love.

*Exit.*

Scene 19.

*Enter Madamoiselle Detractor, Madamoiselle Malicious, and Madamoiselle Tell-truth.*

**T***ell-truth.* I hear that Madamoiselle *Bon* shall marry her unconstant Servant, Monsieur *Phantastie*.

*Detractor.* Faith that is a comfort; that any woman can get a Husband, whilst the Graces are young and in being.

*Tell-truth.* The Graces never grow old.

*Detractor.* Let me tell you, Time decays and withers all things.

*Tell-truth.* No, not the Gods.

*Detractor.* But Time doth waste Devotion, wears out Religion, burns up the Sacrifice of Praise, puts out the Lamp of Charity, and quenches out the Vestal fire of Zeal.

*Malicious.* But then there are new Religions brought in the place or room of the old.

*Detractor.* Yes, and new Gods with new Religions, and new Religions and Opinions are like young beautifull Ladies when they appear first to the view of the World; they are followed, admired, worshipped, sought, sued, and prayed to; but when they grow old, all their Servants and followers forsake them, and seek out those that are younger; so the last and newest Opinions and Religions, are accounted the best, and stuck to for a time the

closest, and followed by the greatest numbers, and have most zealous supplicants; thus the Gods dy in effect.

*Tell-truth.* The truth is, that all things that are young, are Strong, Vigorous, Active and Flourishing; and whatsoever is old, is VWeak, Faint, Sick, and witheringly dyes.

*Enter Madamoiselle Spightfull.*

*Spightfull.* I cantell you news.

*Tell-truth.* VVhat news?

*Spightfull.* VVhy Monsieur *Nobilissimo* to is marry Madamoiselle *Amor*, and his Brother Monsieur *Heroick* is to marry her Sister Madamoiselle *La Belle*.

*Tell-truth.* And who is to marry the third Sister Madamoiselle *Grand Esprit*?

*Spightfull.* She is resolved to live a single life.

*Detraitor.* I am glad they have chose Husbands out of the numbers of there Suters; for when they are married, I hope out of the number of there remainders, we may have some offers for Husbands.

*Malicious.* For my part I shall despair, unless the third Sister Madamoiselle *Grand Esprit* would marry also; for the whole bulk of Mankind will sue to her, and never think of any other woman, whilst she is undisposed of.

*Tell-truth.* But she it seems hath declared she will never marry.

*Malicious.* That is all one, for men will persue their desires, and live of Hopes so long, as there is any left.

*Spightfull.* Well, the worst come to the worst, we shall only live old Maids,

*Tell-truth.* But not old Virgins.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 20.*

*Enter Madamoiselle Grand Esprit, her two Sisters Madamoiselle Amor, and Madamoiselle La Belle as Brides, and Monsieur Nobilissimo, and Monsieur Heroick his Brother, as Bridegrooms, and a Company of Bridal guests all as her Audience.*

**G**rand Esprit. *Great Hymen, I do now petition thee,  
To blefs my Sisters, not to favour me;  
Unless I were thy subject to obey,  
But I am Diana's and to her do pray;  
But give me leave for to decide the cause,  
And for to speak the truth of marriage laws;  
Or else through ignorance each man and wife,  
May rebels prove by Matrimonial strife.*

*Noble and Right Honourable,*

From the root of Self-love grows many several Branches; as Divine Love, Moral Love, Natural and Sympathetical Love, Neighbourly and Matrimonial Love; Divine Love is the Love to the Gods, Moral Love is the

Love to Virtue, Natural Love is the Love to Parents and Children, Sympathetical Love is of Lovers, or Friendships, Neighbourly Love, is the Love of Acquaintance, and true Matrimonial Love is the Love of United Souls, and Bodies; but I shall only insist or discourse at this time for my Sisters sakes, of Matrimonial Love; this Matrimonial Love, is the first imbodyed Love that Nature created; for as for Divine Love, and Moral Love, they are as incorporeal as the Soul, and Sympathetical and Matrimonial Love, which I will joyn as Soul and Body, were before Natural, or Neighbourly Love; for Marriage begets Acquaintance, and none lives so neer nor converses so much as man and wife; and there was a Sympathy and Conjunction of each Sex, before there were Children, and there could be no Parents before there were Children; thus Matrimonial Love was the first substantial Love, and being the Original and producing Love, ought to be honoured and preferred as the most perfect and greatest Love in Nature; but mistake me not Noble and Right Honourable, when I say the greatest Love in Nature, I mean not the Supernatural Love, as Divine Love as to the Gods; but this Matrimonial Love, I say is to be the most respected, as the Original Love, like as Nature is to be honoured and preferred before the Creatures she makes; so Matrimonial Love ought to be respected first, as being the cause of Friendly, Sociable, Neighbourly, and Fatherly Love; wherefore man and wife ought to forsake all the world, in respect of each other, and to prefer no other delight before each others good or content; for the Love of Parents and Children, or any other Love proceeding from Nature, ought to be waved when as they come in Competition with the Love man and wife; for though Matrimonial Love is not such a Divine Love as from man to the Gods, yet it is as the Love of Soul and Body, also it is as a Divine Society, as being a Union; but Right Honourable, to tell you, my opinion is, that I believe very few are truly married; for it is not altogether the Ceremony of the Church nor State that makes a true marriage; but a Union and indissoluble Conjunction of Souls and Bodies of each Sex; wherefore all thole that are allowed of as man and wife, by the Church, State, and Laws, yet they are but Adulterers, unless their Souls, Bodies, and Affections, are united as one; for its not the joyning of hands, speaking such words by Authentical persons, nor making of vows, and having Witnesses thereof, that makes a true marriage, no more than an Absolution without a Contrition makes a holy man: wherefore dear Sisters, and you two Heroick Worthies, marry as you ought to do, or else live single lives, otherwise your Children will be of a Bastard kind, and your associating but as Beasts, which are worse than Birds, for they orderly chuse their Mates, and lovingly fly and live together, and equally labour to build their nest, to feed their young, and Sympathetically live and love each other, which order and love few married persons observe, nor practise; but after all this, even thole marriages that are the perfectest, purest, lovingest, and most equallest, and Sympathetically joyned, yet at the best marriage is but the womb of trouble, which cannot be avoided, also marriage is the grave or tomb of Wit; for which I am resolved for my part to live a single life, associating my self with my own Thoughts, marrying my self to my own Contemplations, which I hope to conceive and bring forth a Child of Fame, that may live to posterity, and to keep a-live my Memory; not that I condemn thole that marry, for I do worship married persons, as accounting them Saints, as being Martyrs for the good cause of the Common-wealth, Sacrificing their own Happiness and Tranquillity,

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for the weal publick ; for there is none that marries that doth not increase their Cares and Pains ; but marriage Unites into Familyes, Familyes into Villages, Villages into Cities, Cities into Corporations, Corporations into Common-wealths ; this increase keeps up the race of Mankind, and causes Commerce, Trade, and Traffick, all which associates men into an Agreement, and by an Agreement men are bound to Laws, by Laws they are bound to Punishments, by Punishments to Magistrates, and by Magistrates and Punishments to Obedience, by Obedience to Peace and Defence, in which Center of Peace my dear Sisters, I wish you may live, and be guarded with the Circumference of Defence, that nothing may disturb or indanger you or yours ; and that you may live in true marriage, and increase with united love, blest with Virtuous Children, and enrich'd with prudent Care, and Industry : also I wish and pray that Jealousy may be banished from your Thoughts, Pains and Sicknes from your Bodyes, Poverty from your Familyes, evill Servants from your Employments, Disobedience from your Children.

*And that Death may not rob you of your breed,  
But after your life your Children may succeed.*

*F I N I S.*

*An Epilogue spoken by the Lady True-Love.*

**O** How my heart doth ake when think I do,  
 How I a modest Maid a man did woo!  
 To be so confident to woo him here,  
 Upon the publick Stage to every Ear;  
 Men sure will censure me for mad, if not  
 To be in some unlucky Planet got,  
 Or else will tax me of dishonesty,  
 As seeming like a bold immodesty;  
 Well, I have woo'd, yet am I not despis'd,  
 But am by Virtuous honour highly priz'd;  
 Because my Love was spotless, pure, and Chast,  
 And on a noble worthy man was plac'd;  
 Then why should I blush, weep, or yet repent,  
 Or shun the wooing part to represent,  
 But rather joy and glory in my choice?  
 If you approve my Act pray giv't a voice!

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*THE ACTORS NAMES.*

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*The Arch-Prince.*

*The Lord Dorato.*

*The Lord Melancholy, the Lord Doratoes Son.*

*Sir Thomas Gravity, the Lord Doratoes Brother.*

*The Lady Gravity, Sir Thomas's Wife.*

*The Lady Perfection, the Lady Gravities Daughter.*

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.*

*Two Fathers of the Church.*

*Gentlemen.*

*Maid-Servants.*

*Men-Servants.*

*A Nurse.*

THE  
RELIGIOUS

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter two Maid-Servants, Kate and Joan.*

**K***ate.* My Masters Nephew, and my Ladyes Daughter, are the kindest lovers, for so young ones, as that ever I knew.

*Joan.* I believe you never knew such young ones; for she is not above ten years of age, and he but thirteen or fourteen.

*Kate.* He addresseth himself in that Country manner, and pleads his Love-sure with such affectionate respect, and she gives Audience with such modest attention, as one would think they were older by a dozen years a-piece than they are.

*Joan.* They have been bred together, and they have not been acquainted with the Vanities and Vices of the World, which makes love the more pure.

*Kate.* My Lady desires my Master that he would give consent his Nephew may marry her Daughter.

*Joan.* She hath reason, for he is the only Son of his Father, my Masters Brother the Lord *Dorato*, who is very rich, and is in great favour with the Arch-Prince of the Country.

*Kate.* Why so is my Ladyes Daughter the only Child of her Parents, and she is Heir to her Fathers Estate.

*Joan.* Yes, but her Father left so many Debts when he dyed, as the Estate will not be so great as it is thought to be.

*Kate.* But by that time she is of Age, the Debts may be paid.

*Joan.* But my Lady hath a great Jointure out of it, that will be a hindrance to the payment of Debts.

*Kate.* Well, I believe whether they have their friends consent or not, they will marry, they love so very much each other.

*Joan.* Perchance so, and then repent when they come to elder years, that they married so young.

*Kate.* Faith that they may do if they were double their Age; for few marry that repent not:

*Joan.* Well, come away, and leave them to repentance.

*Kate.* Nay stay, they are not married yet.

*Exeunt.*

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Scene

## Scene 2.

*Enter Sir Thomas Gravity, and his Lady.*

**L**ady. Pray Husband give your Nephew leave to marry my Daughter.  
*Sir Thomas Gravity.* Time enough Wife, they are young, and may stay this seven years, and indeed they are so young as it is not fit they should marry; besides, I have not absolute power to dispose of my Nephew: for though my Brother left him to my care and breeding when he went Ambassadour to the Emperour, because his Wife was dead, and none so fit to leave him with as I; yet to marry him without his Fathers Knowledge, or Consent, will not be taken well, nay perchance he may be very angry.

*Lady.* Come, come, he will not displease you with his anger, for fear he may lose that you have power to give from him, which is your Estate, which you may leave to him, or his Son, having no Children of your own; wherefore pray Husband grant my request.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* Well wife, I will consider it.

*Lady.* Nay if you consider, you will find so many excuses, as you will deny my request with excuse.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* Faith if I do consent to this marriage, it will be to be rid of my Nephews and your importunity.

*Lady.* You may be sure we will never let you be quiet.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* I believe you.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 3:

*Enter Mistriss Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

**M**istriss Odd-Humour. Nan, give me my work, and my little armed Chair.

*The Maid goeth out, and strait enters with a little low wicker armed Chair; she sits in it, but is forced to crowd her self into it, the Chair being too little for her seat.*

*Nan.* Lord Mistriss, you take great pains to crowd into that Chair, I wonder you can take delight to sit so uneasily.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* O, custome is a second Nature; for I using to sit in this Chair from my Childhood, I have a Natural Love to it, as to an old acquaintance; and being accustomed to sit in it, it feels easier than any other seat, for use and custome makes all things easy, when that we are unaccustomed to, is difficult and troublesome; but I take so much delight to sit and work, or Sing old Ballads in this Chair, as I would not part from it for any thing.

*Nan.* Yes, you would part with your little old Chair for a proper young Husband, who would set you on his knees.

*Mistriss*

*She works, the whilst she sits and speaks.*



*Mistress's Odd-Humour.* By my faith but I would not, for I should find more trouble and less ease on a young Husbonds knees, than on my old Chairs Seat.

*Nan.* But if you should sit in this Chair when you were married, your Husband must kneel down if he would kiss you.

*Mistress's Odd-Humour.* Why then this Chair will learn a Husband humble submission and obedience, which Husbonds never knew; but *Nan*, prethee fetch me some of my old Ballads to sing, for I am weary of working.

*One calls Nan in another room.*

*Nan.* Mistress, your Mother calls you.

*She strives to get out of the little Chair, hitching first on one side, and then on the other side, wringing her self by degrees out, the whilst speaks.*

*Mistress's Odd-Humour.* I had as lieve be whipt as sit.

*Nan.* You have reason, you labour so much, and ring your self so hard, as whipping would be less pain; for your Chair is now fitter for your Head, than your Britch.

*Mistress's Odd-Humour.* Not unless to break my head; for a Chair is not a fit rest for the head, for then the heels would be upwards, and so I might be thought a Light-heeld wench; for light things fly, or ly upwards.

*Nan.* Why the head, that is the uppermost part of the body, is not light.

*Mistress's Odd-Humour.* Yes, when 'tis mad or drunk.

*Exeunt.*

#### Scene 4.

*Enter the Lord Dorato Ambassador, and a Man with Letters.*

**L**ord Dorato. How doth my Brother and my Son?

*Man.* Very well my Lord.

*The Lord reads a Letter.*

*Lord Dorato.* How is this? my Son married to my Brothers Wives Daughter, without my Knowledge or Consent? to a Girl whose Estate hath more Debts than Lands? and who knows how she will prove when she is a woman; and my Son to marry a wife, before he hath wit to govern a wife; to put a clog to his heels to hinder his Travell for Knowledge; sure my Brother is mad, dotingly mad, to be perswaded by a foolish woman his wife; for I know it was her insinuating perswasions that made him agree to the marriage; O I could curse the time I sent my Son to him: and my self for trusting him to educate and govern him, who hath bred him to be as foolish as himself. O foolish Son, and more foolish Brother, by how much being older! but I will break the marriage-knot asunder, or disinherit my son, or marry and get another that may prove more wise and happy to me; Do you know of my Sons marriage?

S t t t t t 2

*Man.*

*Man.* Yes Sir, for tis much talk'd of, and of the extraordinary love betwixt the young couple.

*Lord Dorato.* A couple of young Puppies, and their Uncle an old Ais; O the very thought doth almost make me mad; especially when I remember the hopes I had to advance my Son by marriage; but you shall go back to carry Letters that shall declare my anger, and my commands, for my Sons repair unto me, since I cannot return home as yet; ile dispatch you strait.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 5.*

*Enter the two Maids, Joan and Kate.*

*Kate.* It is a very pleasing sight to see the new married Children I may say; for so are they; yet they behave themselves so gravely, and so formally, as if they were an Antient couple; for there is no appearance of Childishness in their behaviour.

*Joan.* But I wonder my Master and Lady will suffer them to bed together.

*Kate.* My Master did perswade his Nephew to ly by himself; but he would not be perswaded.

*Joan.* Truly he is a very fine youth, and she a very pretty young Lady; I dare say she will make a very handsome woman.

*Kate.* I believe she will, and a virtuous woman, and he a handsome and gallant man.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 6.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Gravity, and his Lady.*

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* So Wife, by your perswasions to this marriage, I have lost the love of my only Brother.

*Lady.* And I am like to lose my only Child, through the grief of the departure of her Husband; for she looks so pale, and is so weak with crying, and fasting; for she feeds only on grief, and her tears quench her droughth: I think she will dy.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* It is your own fault; for you would never be quiet, nor let me be at rest untill they were married.

*Lady.* Would I and my Child had never seen your Nephew.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* All the hopes we have is, that my Brother will be pacified with time.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

*Scene 7.**Enter the two Maids, Joan and Kate.*

**K**ate. I never saw so much affectionate grief, as at the parting of the young married couple.

*Joan.* O; passionate tears flow naturally from Childrens Eyes.

*Kate.* When they were to part, they did kiss, weep, and imbrace so close, as their tears mixt together.

*Joan.* They will weep as much for joy when they meet again, as they do now for grief at parting.

*Kate.* But absence and time doth waste Love.

*Joan.* Absence doth rather put out the flame of Love, than waste the Lamp; but their Love was lighted so soon, that if it be not put out, it will last a long time.

*Kate.* Nay faith, the sooner it is lighted the sooner it will burn out; but to make Love last long, is sometimes to put it out, and then to re-inkindle it; for a continual fire doth waste the fuell, and a Candle will soon burn out, although it be lighted but at one end; but absence is an extinguisher, which saves it, and return is relighting it.

*Joan.* Are Lovers like Candles?

*Kate.* Yes faith; for as there are Candles of all sorts and sizes, so there are Lovers of all degrees; some are like Torch-light that flame high and bright; but soon waste out; others like watch Candles that give but a dim dull light, but will last a long time; and some that give but a little light, and are strait burnt out.

*Joan.* But what is a snaff in a Candle, which is like a Blazing Star with a stream or tail, that melts a Candle, and makes it run out?

*Kate.* Faith a snaff is like a Mistriss, as a Courtizan, or servant, that makes waste of Matrimonial Love; it makes Matrimonial Love fall into a snuff; but prudent discretion, and chaste kisses, are as snuffers to clip of those snaffs before they get power, or are in a blaze; or like a Bodkin that picks or puls them out with the point of a sharp tongue.

*Joan.* By your simlizing, you make Love Greace.

*Kate.* You say right: for there is nothing so apt to flame and melt, as Greace and Love, it is there natural properties to waste in flame.

*Joan.* Well, but let us not waste our time in idle talk, but go about our employments.

*Kate.* Why, talking is the greatest, or most imployment Women use; but indeed Love is idle.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## Scene 8.

*Enter two Men.*

**1 Man.** My Lord is extremely troubled for the marriage of his Son.

**2 Man.** He is so, and so very angry with his Son, as he would not give him his blessing when he came, although he hath not seen him in seven years; for so long hath my Lord been Embassadour here.

**1 Man.** Sometimes Embassadours are many years employed out of there own Country.

**2 Man.** They are so, but my Lord is sent for home, which I am very glad of.

**1 Man.** Doth his Son return home with him?

**2 Man.** No, for he sends him to travel into severall Countreyes, for as many years as my Lord hath been from his Country.

**1 Man.** Why doth he command him so long a time to Travel, having no more Sons?

**2 Man.** To have him Travel out the remembrance of his Wife, at least his affections to her.

**1 Man.** Why, would not my Lord have his Son love his Wife, now he is married?

**2 Man.** No, for my Lord saith that the marriage is not a true marriage; for the Lady is not of marrigable years, and that is not untill the Female is past twelve.

**1 Man.** Why so?

**2 Man.** I know not, but so it is according to our Canon, and Common Laws.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 9.

*Enter Sir Thomas Gravity, and his Lady.*

**Sir Thomas Gravity.** I hear my Brother hath sent his Son to Travel for seven years.

**Lady.** Pray do not let my Daughter know it, for it will kill her, if she hears it.

**Sir Thomas Gravity.** I hear also, that he will endeavour to break the marriage.

**Lady.** The Devill break his heart.

**Sir Thomas Gravity.** Why do you say so?

**Lady.** Have I not reason to say so, when he endeavours to break my Childs heart, and so my heart? a dishonest man he is, to offer to part man and wife

*Si.*

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* But if the marriage will not hold good in law, they are not lawfull man and wife.

*Lady.* I perceive you will take your Brothers part against me.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 10.

*Enter Mistris's Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

*Nan.* Mistris, I hear there is a Suter preparing to come a wooing to you.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* What preparations doth he make?

*Nan.* Why he hath been with your Father, to treat with him concerning your Portion.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* That is not a Suters preparation, that is a Merchants Trafficking, that is to make a bargain, not to woo a Mistris; but the preparations of a Suter, are fine Clothes, Coaches, and great Attendance, with rich presents; otherwise a woman is not wooed, but a Husband bought.

*Nan.* Or a Wife sold.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* No, the woman or her friends are the purchasers; for Husbands never give any thing for a Wife, but the woman or her friends, pay down ready money for a Husband, although they sell Land for it: Portions, portions undo a Family *Nan.*

*Nan.* But for all that, you had rather undo a Family than want a Husband.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* Self-love is prevalent *Nan*; but what manner of man is this man that my Father is treating with? is he handsome, or rich, or famous, or honoured with title? for I would not put my father to charges, and not have a Husband worth my Portion.

*Nan.* He is rich, and a thriving man.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* That is to say a rich miserable man, and when I am married to him, I shall be his poor miserable wife; for he will not allow me any thing to spend, hardly to eat.

*Nan.* Then your Chair will be big enough for you.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* Or I shall be little enough for my Chair, for a spare diet will make bare bones.

*Nan.* If you be lean you will want a Cushion, unless your Husband will allow you one.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* A miserable Husband will never do that, for they think ease breeds Idleness.

*Nan.* If he be miserable, he will be pleased you shall be idle; for exercise doth cause a hungry Stomack: but if he be a jealous Husband, he will not be pleased you should be idle; for idleness breeds wantoness.

*Mistris's Odd-Humour.* A jealous Husband and a miserable, is to a woman much a-like; for the one bars a wife from Company, the other from Mear; the one will not allow her fine Cloathes, the other dares not let her wear fine Clothes; the one will not maintain Servants to wait on her, the other dares not trust Servants to wait upon her, lest they should be corrupted to

be Pimps or Bawds; also a Miserable Husband, and a Prodigal one is a-like to a wife; the one keeps all his wealth and spends none; the other spends all and keeps none; the one will give his wife none, the other will spare his wife none from himself, and Vanities and Vices; thus a wife is poor, or unhappy, either in a spender, or a sparer; but if my Father would not cast me and my Portion a-way, is to marry me to a man whose bounty or liberality is within one part of his wealth, as three parts Liberality, and four parts Wealth; and one that hath more love than jealousy, more merit than title, more honesty than wealth, and more wealth than necessity.

*Nan.* But if you never marry till your Father get you such a Husband, you will dy an old Maid.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* I had rather dy an old Maid, than be an unhappy Wife.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Gravity, and his Lady.*

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* Why are you angry with me? because my Brother is an enemy to the marriage; I was a Friend to it, and did my part, consenting to what you desired; and why are you angry with me? because the Laws have disannulled the marriage, I cannot alter the Laws.

*Lady.* But your Brothers power with the Arch-Prince, and the Arch-Princes power on the Judges and Lawyers, Divines and Church-men, hath corrupted the Laws, and caused Injustice.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* That's none of my fault, I have not power to mend them; but let me have so much power with you, as to perswade you to be patient, in matters where your impatience will do you no good; also let me Counsel you to advise your Daughter to endeavour to forget my Nephew, at least not to love him as a Husband, but to place her affections upon some other man; for she being freed by the law, may marry again whom she shall think best to chuse: And to draw her off from her Melancholy humour, you must perswade her to divert her self and thoughts with variety of Company, and to take delight in such things as other Ladies use, as fine Dressing, rich Cloathing, sportfull Dancing, merry Meeting, and the like; and she being very handsome, since she is grown to womans years, will be admired, praised, and sued too, in which admirations and praises, women take glory, and are proud to be wooed; for it is the pleasure of their life, and the life of their pleasure.

*Lady.* But how if I cannot perswade her to associate her self with young Company like her self, or to wear fine Cloaths, or to take pleasure in sports and plays?

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* Command her to adorn her self bravely, and to go to Balls, Playes, and Masks, and those pleasures will steal on her unawares; and no question but a little time will make her take such delight therein, as she will be so fond of Company and Bravery, as you will find it difficult, if not impossible, to perswade her from it.

*Lady.* I will take your Counsel, and follow your advice.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

## Scene 12.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gent.* My Lord hath sent for his Son to come home, for to marry with the Arch-Prince's Neece.

**2** *Gent.* She is a Lady that hath more Wealth than Beauty, and more Title than Wit.

**1** *Gent.* My Lord cares not to marry his Son to Beauty or Wit, but to Riches and Honour.

**2** *Gent.* My Lord is Covetous and Ambitious.

**1** *Gent.* So are all wise men: for they know that Wealth and Honour are the Pillars and Supporters, to hold up their Families; that makes Fathers desirous, and industrious to marry their Sons to great Fortunes, and not to great Beautyes, that their successors may not be buryed in Poverty; for Beauty is only for delight, but not for continuance, Beauty lives only with fond Youth, Riches with wise Age, and Dignity Crowns antient Riches; for a long and rich succession, is a Gentlemans Pedigree.

**2** *Gent.* I thought Merit had been the foundation of a Gentleman.

**1** *Gent.* So it is so sometimes, but not always: for where Merit Dignified one Family, Riches Dignified a hundred; poor Merit is buryed in Oblivion, unless Fame builds him a Monument, whereas Riches build Monuments to Fames Palace, and bring Fame down to his Palace; but Merit without the assistance of Riches; can neither feed, nor cloth, nor sustain, nor cannot buy Houses to live in, nor Lands to live on, it cannot leave any thing for Antiquity but the memory of it self: wherefore my Lord is wise to chuse Riches for his Son.

**1** *Gent.* But 'tis a quest'ion whether his Son will take them, and leave the Lady he once was married too; for 'tis said that she is grown an extraordinary Beauty.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 13.

*Enter Lady Gravity, and Lady Perfection her Daughter  
in black, very handsome.*

**L** *ady Gravity.* Will not you obey my commands?

**L** *ady Perfection.* Yes Madam, so far as it is my duty.

**L** *ady Gravity.* Then do as I command you, dress fine, and keep Company.

**L** *ady Perfection.* Gay Cloths Madam, and my mind will not be suitable; my indisposed humour, and Company will not be agreeable; neither know I how to behave myself in this condition I am in, nor how to associate myself; for since my marriage is disannull'd, I am neither Maid, Virgin, Widow, nor Wife.

V v v v v

*Lady*

*Lady Gravity.* Come, come, you are my Daughter, that's sufficient.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 14.*

*Enter two Men.*

1 *Man.* Faith I pittie my young Lord, for since he is returned from his tedious travels, he is kept Prisoner at the Court, for the Arch-Prince and his Father will not suffer him to stir out, no not so much as out his Lodgings; but that's not all, for they will not suffer him to think, for their Tongues disturb all his Meditations, the one fills his Ears and Head with promises, the other rants in threats; the Prince strives to hire him with Wealth and Honour, to marry his Neece, and his Father stands ready, if he denyes, to load him with Curses.

2 *Man.* The Princes Hire will sooner bring him to consent than the Fathers Load.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 15.*

*Enter Father and Son.*

*Lord Dorato.* Son, if you disobey my commands concerning this marriage, as to refuse it, by heavens fair light I swear I will load you with so many Curses, as shall sink you down to Hell.

*The Father goes out.*

*Lord Melancholy alone.*

*Lord Melancholy.* By Heavens fair light I swear, I wish I were covered with the darkness of Death; but my Fathers Curses may exclude me from Heavens blessings.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* My Lord, your Father desires your presence.

*Exeunt.*



## Scene 16.

*Enter Mistris Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

**M***istris Odd-Humour.* O *Nan*, I have had such a misfortune as never was.

*Nan.* What misfortune?

*Mistris Odd-Humour.* Why, I was sitting in that little Chair you know I take delight to sit in; and was singing of Ballads, not expecting that any stranger would come into my Chamber without my notice; but as I was sitting and singing, in comes my Father and the Gentleman you told me of, that was to be my Husband, whereat I was so surprized, as I forgot the Chair was so little. I could not readily part from it; I started up in a fright, and run away, the Chair being so little in the seat, stood so close to me, as it went a-long with me, and my back being towards my Father and the Gentleman, saw the Chair as it stuck to me; the Gentleman seeing the Chair hanging there, told my Father, that he perceived that I his Daughter was of so lazy a Nature, that rather than stay or want a seat, I would have a Chair tyed to my breech; whereupon he hath brook the agreement he made with my Father, and my Father for anger hath vowed to break or burn my Chair. O *Nan*, what shall I do to save my Chair? for to lose both Chair and Husband will be too great a loss.

*Nan.* Which had you rather lose, the Gentleman or the Chair?

*Mistris Odd-Humour.* O the Gentleman *Nan*, for he will not do me half so much service as the Chair hath done me; he will never bear with me as the Chair hath bore me; and I perceive by his she humour, and Courteous Nature, that he would sooner break my head with a Chair, than ease my hips with a Seat; therefore good *Nan* devise some way to save my Chair from Execution, and the fates I hope as a blessing to me, have made the Chair a means to break the marriage betwixt this Gentleman and me.

*Nan.* It seems he loves an active wife.

*Mistris Odd-Humour.* Faith all Fools love busy women.

*Nan.* The best way, is to speak to your Mother to pacify your Father.

*Mistris Odd-Humour.* I will take your advice.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 17.

*Enter the Lady Perfection.*

**L***ady Perfection.* And is he married? Heavens send him joy, and me patience; Heaven Crown his life with Happiness, and mine with Peace; and may he have posterity that may live long, and flourish high, that may keep alive his memory, though I should be forgotten in the grave, yet Heaven grant his fame may live eternally.

*Enter Lady Gravity.*

*Lady Gravity.* Daughter, have you heard of your Husbands marriage?

*Lady Perfection.* Yes Madam.

*Lady Gravity.* 'Tis reported that the Princefs whom he is married to, is ill-favoured, foolish, and peevish.

*Lady Perfection.* He is too wise to consider outward favour, and for wit he hath enough for himself and his wife, and his sweet and noble Nature and behaviour will equalize her peevish humour.

*Lady Gravity.* There are Balls, Masks, and Playes, to be extraordinary, for the joy of this marriage; wherefore Daughter I desire you to adorn your self, and appear in those Assemblies.

*Lady Perfection.* I shall obey you Madam.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 18.*

*Enter Lord Melancholy, and an old Servant of his.*

*Servant.* I wonder your Lordship should be so Melancholy, that hath wealth at will, it is enough for such poor men as I to be Melancholy.

*Lord Melancholy.* I would thou hadst my wealth, so I had thy freedome.

*Servant.* O Sir, there is no Freedome in Poverty.

*Lord Melancholy.* Nor no Poverty in Freedome, for freedome is the wealth of the Gods.

*Servant.* If it pleased the Gods, would I was bound to Riches.

*Lord Melancholy.* I wish thou wert, so I was free of my Princesses Shackels.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 19.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Gravity, and his Lady.*

*Lady.* Husband, the Arch-Prince hath sent a Messenger to give us notice he will come and visit my Daughter.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* I hear he is much enamored with your Daughters Beauty, since he saw her at the last Ball.

*Lady.* I will go to her, and make her drest her self fine to entertain him.

*Sir Thomas Gravity.* Her Beauty is bravery enough, wherefore she needs no other adornment but what Nature hath drest her in.

*Lady.* But Art gives additions.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

## Scene 20.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* The Emperor I hear is sending Embassadors to the Arch-Prince, to treat of a marriage betwixt the Arch-Prince and the Emperors Daughter.

2 *Gent.* The report is, that she is a fair and Virtuouſ Lady, and the Prince will have great advantages by the alliance with the Emperour.

1 *Gent.* He will ſo, wherefore I hope and pray, that the match may be for the good of this Kingdome!

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 21.

*Enter the Arch-Prince, and the Lady Perfection.*

*Arch-Prince.* Fair Lady, grant me your love and I will ask no more, but what accompanyes it, your perſon, which I will make an equal to my ſelf.

*Lady Perfection.* Gracious Sir, had I a Virgins Love, and Perſon pure to equal it, I would preſent it to your Highneſs; but both my Love and Perſon have been wedded unto another man, and though the Law hath made a divorce, yet Death hath not diſſolved the marriage.

*Arch-Prince.* Heaven hath given you Virtue, which keeps your perſon pure, and like a precious Diamond doth remain; for though it hath or ſhould have ſeveral purchaſers, yet doth it loſe nothing of its value or worth; and though you have been wedded to another man, your Virtuouſ Chſtity, is ſtill as pure as in your Virgins Eſtate, and by the Laws your perſon is ſet free; and for the Love you gave, may be called back, or drawn away, ſince 'tis not entertained.

*Lady Perfection.* 'Tis true, I am Chſt, and ſo I will remain, and though the law hath ſet my perſon free, my conſcience is not yet at liberty, nor will that love I gave away return, no more than life that's paſt riſe from the Urn; wherefore moſt noble Sir, ask me not for that which I have not to give you.

*Arch-Prince.* Equal conſent, makes a happy marriage; wherefore I deſire your free conſent; but know, if you reſuſe, it tis in my power to have you without your conſent, either for a Miſtriſs, or for a Wife.

*Lady Perfection.* You have no power, the power lives within my ſelf; for I can take away my life, and a dead Miſtriſs, or a dead Wife, would neither be converſable nor pleaſurable, death is not amiable, 'tis rather a terror than a delight.

*Arch-Prince.* I will leave my Sute to your conſideration, ponder on it well, and take good advice, my Sute is honeſt and juſt, a deniall may inveterate my paſſion, and turn my pure love into a raging flame.

*Exeunt.**Scene*

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## Scene 22.

*Enter the Lord Melancholy, he walks about the Room with his Hat pull'd over his forehead, his Arms foulded, his Eyes bent towards the ground; then enters his Father to him, the Lord Dorato.*

**L**ord Dorato. Why how now Son, shall I never find you with Company, but always alone, in a musing Melancholy posture?

*Lord Melancholy.* I never did love much Company Sir.

*Lord Dorato.* But methinks in honesty, you might love the Company of your Wife.

*Lord Melancholy.* Were my liberty equal to my Love, I should not be often from her.

*Lord Dorato.* Why, who bars you from that liberty?

*Lord Melancholy.* The Laws Sir.

*Lord Dorato.* So, I perceive you are discontented, because you are barr'd from your Whore.

*Lord Melancholy.* You are my Father, but should another man have said so much, I would make him prove it with his blood.

*Lord Dorato.* Why, the Laws have proved it.

*Lord Melancholy.* Oh Heavens, that Fathers should be so cruell! have not you made me unhappy, by forcing me to those actions that neither Conscience, Honesty, nor Honour can approve of; and yet will you disturb my Life, trouble my Thoughts, and torture me with words?

*Lord Dorato.* No, no, I love you so well, as I would have you so happy, as to be delighted with mirth, and not to bury your self in Melancholy, and despise those blessings Heaven bestows upon you, as Wealth and Honour, besides the blessing of Posterity; for your Lady proves to be fruitfull, being big with Child.

*Lord Melancholy.* I am so unhappy my self, I desire none but to please you.

*Lord Dorato.* Come, come, pray let me perswade you to go to your wife the Princess, and sit and talk with her, for she is displeas'd she hath no more of your Company, she complains and sayes she seldome sees you.

*Lord Melancholy.* Her humour and mine are so different, that we are happiest when we are farthest asunder.

*Lord Dorato.* Let me tell you Son, that all women love to be flattered, and when they are not, they are peevish, cross, and froward, and therefore you must flatter her.

*Lord Melancholy.* I must have a Tutor first to teach me Sir, for I understand not the Art of flattery, I never practise it.

*Lord Dorato.* Time and Company, Ambition and Covetousness will teach you that; but the best Tutor is *Cupid*, and the best Tutoreis is *Venus*, and you have been a lover Son.

*Lord Melancholy.* Yes Sir, in *Hymens* Court, and there they use not much flattery.

*Lord Dorato.* Not so much as in *Venus*, and *Cupids Courts*; but yet there are flatterers enough in *Hymens*, both Male and Females; but pray Son go to the Princess your wife.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 23.

*Enter Lady Perfection, and her Nurse.*

*Lady Perfection.* Nurse, I hear the Arch-Prince is resolved to have me, if not by fair persuasions, by force.

*Nurse.* And what woman would not be persuaded to be an Arch-Princess? they need no inforcement.

*Lady Perfection.* Not I, unless I could be persuaded to be an Arch-Whore, and if you went about to persuade me, you would be an Arch-Bawd.

*Nurse.* Come, come, there is none durst call you so, if you were the Arch-Princesses, nor call me Bawd neither.

*Lady Perfection.* But they would think me so, and think you a Bawd.

*Nurse.* Thoughts are free, and every one may think their pleasure; and therefore let me persuade you in spite of thoughts, to be an Arch-Princess.

*Lady Perfection.* If I thought you did not speak in jest, I should hate you in earnest.

*Nurse.* What, for giving you good Counsel?

*Lady Perfection.* No, for giving me wicked Counsel: but I will give you better Counsel, and my self too.

*Nurse.* What Counsel is that?

*Lady Perfection.* To forsake the World, and to go to Heaven.

*Nurse.* Faith I would not go to Heaven, unless the Gods call me; I love this World very well, I have been long acquainted with it, and I would not willingly part from an old friend.

*Lady Perfection.* The World did never befriend any Body, besides thou art so old, as thy friend the World is run away from thee.

*Nurse.* But howsoever, I will stay in it as long as I can.

*The Nurse goes out.*

*Enter the Lady Gravity.*

*Lady Gravity.* Daughter I am come to persuade you not to reject a good fortune, for Fortunes favours are not profered every day.

*Lady Perfection.* Nor are her favourites surer to continue in her favour long.

*Lady Gravity.* But if I should command you to receive the Arch-Princes addresses, and to consent to be his wife, I hope you will not be less obedient to me than the Lord *Melancholy* hath been to his Father.

*Lady Perfection.* If he to obey his Father forgot, or neglected his obedience to Heaven, you must pardon me if I do not follow his precepts, nor that I accuse him, for perchance his Conscience hath acquitted him, and set him

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free,

free, from fault, and so from blame, but mine doth not acquit me; wherefore dear Mother, do not perswade me against my Conscience, I have had misfortunes enough to trouble my life, I shall not need to add the guilt of Conscience, and what can outward Title do me good? what pleasure can I take, when that my Mind, or Soul, is tortured with black guilt?

*Lady Gravity.* No, Heaven forbid I should perswade you against your Conscience; but how will you avoid, or escape the Princes enforcement?

*Lady Perfection.* I have thought of a way, that best suits with my Condition and Disposition, which is to take a Religious habit, and enter into a Religious Order; for though I cannot vow Virginity, nor a single life, having a Husband, and been used as a Wife, yet I can vow Chastity and retirement; and if I could be permitted into an Nunnery, as perchance I cannot, yet I would not go into any of them, for there is too much Company in ordinary Nunneryes, and I love solitariness; wherefore I will live a kind of a Hermits life, only my Nurse and I; and that little Tower my Father built for pleasure, shall be my Cloyster, and before it is publickly known, I will send or go to the Fathers of the Church, and acquaint them, and strait Incloyster my self, and there I shall be safe; for the Prince dares not commit Sacrilege, for Gods and men would rise against him if he did.

*Lady Gravity.* Nor I dare not oppose your holy design.

*Lady Perfection.* Dear Mother, speak not of it whilst I am in.

*Lady Gravity.* I shall not betray the trust of my Child.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 24.

*Enter Mistriss Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Nan, have you saved the life of my Chair?

*Nan.* Yes Mistriss, but I was forced to tell a ly for it.

*Mistriss Odd-humour.* God forgive thee Nan, for I do, and thank thee for my Chair; but my Father doth so chide me, as he makes me half a weary of my life, and swears I have got the Green-Sickness with sitting lasily on that Chair.

*Nan.* Truly Mistriss I think you have a spice of it, for they that have the Green-Sickness have Odd-Humours; for I know one that had it, and the greatest pleasure she took in the VWorld was to smell musty Bottels, and I knew another that took the like to smell old Shooes, and I knew another that would eat the Leather of old Shooes, and another that would eat Coals, and they would refuse the best meat that could be eaten, to get such like things; and the strangeness is of that Disease, that every several person in that Disease, hath a several Odd-Humour or Appetite, to several tastes and smells, and they are never quiet, or pleased, but when they are eating, or smelling such meats, or sents, they think of nothing else.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Faith Nan, I doubt then I have a spice of that Disease, for when I am a broad, I long to be at home, to sit in my Chair.

*Nan.* Indeed all of that Disease, are like longing women with Child, and they

they will be sick if they have not their longings, only those in the Green-Sickness, take more delight in extravagant Appetites, or Humours, than women with Child usually do.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Nay some Childing women are as extravagant, as those in the Green-Sickness: for some long to eat Tar, and the like meats; and I heard of one woman who coming from Market, wherein she had bought Butter, as she was going home she followed a man with a Bald head, and it did appear to her to be so smooth and slick, as she long'd to clap on a pound of her Butter upon that Bald Crown, and was sick untill she had done so, and then was well; and some Childing women long to give their Husbands boxes, or blowes on the Ears, or Cheeks.

*Nan.* 'Tis dangerous for Husbands to have their Childing wives apt to long, for fear they should long to make them Cuckolds.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Faith women will long to make their Husbands Cuckolds whether they are with Child or not.

*Nan.* But they dare not make known their longing, no more than you dare sit in your Chair, for fear your Father should discover it.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* I will take such times as wives do to Cuckold their Husbands, as in their Husbands absence: so I will sit in my Chair when my Father is abroad, and you shall be the spy to watch his coming home, then give me warning or notice thereof.

*Nan.* So I shall be as the Bawd between the Chair and you.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Why *Nan*? a Bawd is one of the most thriving professions that is, and let me tell these, that Pimping and Bawding is in such esteem and respect in this age, as great persons doe not scorn to be of that profession, nay they will bawd and pimp gratis rather than not be employed.

*Nan.* It seems then they take delight in the employment.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Oh yes, those that take delight in secrecy take delight in Bawdery, the same delight Adulterours take; for 'tis not so much out of love to each others person, as to meet by stealth, and to have obscure entercourses, as to lay their designs subtilly, to make excuses readily, to meet privately; for all the pleasure is in lying, designing, and abusing; and if it were not for the delight to deeds of darkness, there would not be an Adultery committed in any Age; but every one takes delight to act the part of a Mountebank, or Jugler, to coosen, deceive, or delude.

*Nan.* But some take delight to act the Fool.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Oh that's a natural part to most of the World, they need no art to teach them: but come *Nan*, lets go see if my Father be gone abroad.

*Nan.* But if your Father be abroad, your Mother will be at home.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* She will be no hinderance, for my Mother will wink at my Extravagant follyes, and my Childish humours.

*Exeunt.*

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ACT

## ACT III.

## Scene 25.

*Enter the Arch-Prince, and the Lord Dorato.*

**A**rch-Prince. I wonder the Messenger is not returned from the Lady Perfection.

Lord Dorato. I hope your Highness doth not intend to marry her?

Arch-Prince. Why not? she is a virtuous Lady.

Lord Dorato. She is but my Sons leavings.

Arch-Prince. Virtue cannot be sullied.

Lord Dorato. But Sir, pray consider the advantages that you will lose by refusing the Emperors Daughter; besides, the Emperor will take it as an affront, and will endeavour to revenge it with fire and Sword, for certainly he will make a war with you.

Arch-Prince. Why if he should, I make no question but I shall be able to incounter him, at least to resist him.

Lord Dorato. But now Sir you live in a happy peace; wherein all your subjects grow rich, and your Kingdome flourishes with plenty; and your Highness lives in pleasure and magnificence, all which may bring you to ruine; there is nothing got by wars Sir, the venturers are losers; wherefore good Sir consider what danger, at least trouble, you will bring upon your self by this marriage.

*Enter Messenger.*

Arch-Prince. How comes it you staid so long?

Messenger. I could no see the Lady.

Arch-Prince. Would no she be seen.

Messenger. No Sir, but after a long stay the Lady her Mother came to me, to receive your Highnesses Letter, and the message your Highness sent by me, which when I had delivered, she bid me present her humble duty to your Highness, and to pray you to put her Daughter out of your thoughts, at least not to think of her for a wife, for she had taken a Religious Habit, and had put her self into a Religious Order, wherein she would pray for your Highness as long as she lived.

*The Prince stamp.*

Arch-Prince. Oh Fool that I was, that I did not prevent it.

Lord Dorato. Your Highness did not know she would enter into a Religious Habit and Order.

Arch-Prince. But I might have mistrusted it by her refusal, but I will endeavour to get her out; perchance she hath not made her Vows yet.

*Exeunt.*

Scene



Scene 26.

*Enter the Lord Melancholy alone.*

**L**ord Melancholy. And is she entered into a Religious Order? I am glad of it, for it will be some ease, and rest unto my restless Soul, that she is safe and well secured.

*Enter a Lady Attendant.*

Lady. My Lord, the Princess desires your Company, for she hath grumbling pains as if she would fall in labour.

*Exeunt.*

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Scene 27.

*Enter two Ladies.*

**1** Lady. Have you seen the new Devote yet?

**2** Lady. Yes, with much ado, for she will not be seen, unless to some particular persons, or near friends.

**1** Lady. And how doth she become her Religious Habit?

**2** Lady. So handsomely, as she is far handsomer in her Pease habit, than when she was drest with all the Arts of Vanities.

**1** Lady. What manner of Habit is it?

**2** Lady. Somewhat like the *Normetanes*, but much more becoming.

**1** Lady. Well, I will go to the Lady her Mother, and intreat her to let me go with her to see her Daughter.

*Exeunt.*

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Scene 28.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**G**entleman. 'Tis said that now the Lady *Perfection* is incloystered, that the Treaty goeth on betwixt the Arch-Prince and Emperor.

*Enter a Gentleman running as by, they stay him.*

**2** Gent. What's the matter you run so hastily?

**1** Gent. I am running to give the Arch-Prince notice, that his Niece is in labour, and is so ill she is like to dy.

**2** Gent. We will not stay you then.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 29.

*Enter Mistrifs Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

**M***istrifs Odd-Humour.* It's said the Lady *Perfection* hath entered into a Religious Order, she is happy, would I were so.

*Nan.* It is a question whether you would think your self so, if you were as she is.

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* I think the happiest life is to be a Devote.

*Nan.* Faith Mistrifs you wish to be a Devote, not so much out of a devotion, as for a change in life, as many wish to be married out of a desire to alter their course of life, and when they are married, they wish to be unmarried again, so would you do if you were a Devote.

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* Oh no: for though those that are married wish to be unmarried, by reason Marriage is the most troublesome, unquiet life that is, but a Devotes life is the most peaceable and quiet life that is, so as there is as much difference in the course of a Married life and an Incloystered life, as between Heaven and Hell.

*Nan.* Then the most part of the World prefers Hell before Heaven, for more are Married than are Incloystered.

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* Truly by the course of the VWorld, and the actions of men, one would think there would be more Devils in Hell than Saints in Heaven.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 30.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gent.* You hear the news of the Princess's delivery, and her Death.

**2** *Gent.* Yes I heard she died as soon as delivered, but she hath left a Son and Heir to her sorrowfull Husband.

**1** *Gent.* I do not believe her Husband is much troubled or grieved for her Death, as his Father is.

**2** *Gent.* Indeed I think the young Lord had no great affections for her.

**1** *Gent.* No surely, for he loves the Lady he was first married to so well, as he could spare no love for any other woman.

**2** *Gent.* If that Lady had not entered into a Religious Order, he might have remarried her, but now he cannot.

**1** *Gent.* I believe that if the other Lady had known the Princess should have died so soon, she would not have been so Religious as to have Incloystered her self from the VWorld, and to ha'bard up her liberty with Vows.

**2** *Gent.* 'Tis like when she hears of the Princess's Death she will repent the acts of devotion.

**1** *Gent.* Then Repentance is not always for acts of evil, but sometimes of good.

**2** *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* There is Repentance of all sorts and degrees, and there are more enter into Religious Orders out of Discontent, than for Love to God.

1 *Gent.* That is an uncharitable opinion.

2 *Gent.* Nay 'tis not a bare Opinion, that may be proved, nor uncharitable to speak the truth.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

Scene 31.

*Enter Mistrifs Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* Oh *Nan* I am undone for ever.

*Nan.* As how Mistrifs?

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* Why by your neglect and carelesness; for your not watching my Fathers coming home, to give me notice, my Father hath found my Chair: for I hearing him come, run to hide a-way my Chair, he coming and seeing me scuttle about the room, imagined I desired to hide something from him, for which he searches all my Chamber over, at last he went and looked into the Cole-hole where I had flung my Chair, and finding it, he carried it a-way in one hand, and led me a-long in the other hand, and causing a fire to be made of the Chair, made me stand by to see the Martyrdome, whereat I was so afflicted, as I lost my sight in tears, which tears I let run on the fire, hoping to quench it out, but they were so brind with grief, as they did rather augment the fury of the fire, than abate the rage of the flame; so that which I thought would have been a preserver did hasten the destruction.

*Nan.* Faith Mistrifs it is none of my fault, for your Mother sent me of an errand, and whilst I was absent by your Mothers commands, it seem'd your Father came home:

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* This is an excuse.

*Nan.* You may believe it 'tis no excuse, but truth; for I that ventured the loss of my Soul by telling a lie to save your Chair, would not neglect the watch, had not I been commanded away.

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* I am of an opinion you were brib'd to betray the life of my Chair, and bribes are so powerfull as they corrupt promises and vows, even the Soul its self; though the Soul makes no use of bribes, yet it will venture to be damn'd for a bribes sake.

*Nan.* Well Mistrifs, since a mistrust is all my reward, you shall tell the next lie your self.

*Mistrifs Odd-Humour.* No prethee *Nan* let us be friends, for I shall never get a Servant that will so readily tell lyes for me as you do; wherefore let us shake hands and be friends.

*They shake hands.*

*Nan.* Well Mistrifs, let me tell you, that my hand and tongue is at your service, the one to work, the other to lie for your service.

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*Mistrifs*

*Mistress Odd-Humour.* I thank you *Nan*, for many Servants will lie, but few will work.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 32.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gent.* The Lord *Melancholy* hath such a sober, sad Countenance, as I never saw any young man have the like.

**2** *Gent.* Indeed I never saw him smile in my life.

**1** *Gent.* I askt a Gentleman that waits on him, whether his Lord did ever smile, he said he never saw him smile since he parted from his first Lady.

**2** *Gent.* Then he hath not smiled this nine years, for so long it is since he parted from his first Lady.

**1** *Gent.* If the siege last one year more, it will be as long a siege as the siege of *Troy*.

**2** *Gent.* Indeed the causes of either siege resembles each other, as both for the love of fair Ladies; I know not whether the effect will prove alike, as whether it will be the destruction of his heart, as the siege of *Troy* was the destruction of *Troy*.

**1** *Gent.* But the Lord *Melancholy* is rather like *Hellen* than *Menelaus*, for he hath had two wives, and the Lady *Perfection* is as *Menelaus*, for her Husband is taken away from her, as his wife was from him; but leaving this siege let us return to our own homes.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 33.

*Enter the Lord Melancholy as at the Grate of the Cloyster of the Lady Perfection, then she draws the Curtain before the Grate, and appears to him.*

**L**ord *Melancholy.* Madam, yesterday when you were pleased to speak with me, as now through this Grate, you were pleas'd to tell me your Vows were so binding as they could not be dissolved; wherefore I am not now come to examine, or perswade, nor to trouble your Devotions, or to hinder your Meditations, but to take my last leave, for I shall never see you more, at least not in this World.

*Lady Perfection.* Are you going to Travel?

*Lord Melancholy.* I cannot say my body is going a far Journey, I know not what my Soul may do.

*Lady Perfection.* Shall not they go together?

*Lord Melancholy.* No, Death will make a divorce, as the Law did betwixt you and I.

*Lady*

*Lady Perfection.* Are you resolv'd to dye ?

*Lord Melancholy.* Yes.

*Lady Perfection.* Why so ?

*Lord Melancholy.* To be at rest and peace : for know, that ever since I was last married, my life hath been a Hell, my Mind was tortured with thoughts of discontent, and though I am releas't from what I did dislike, my mind is restless still for what it would enjoy; this resolution is not new, it hath been long considered : for since I cannot live with that I love better than life, I try whether the passions of the Soul doe with the Body dye, if so, Death will be happy, because it hath no sence nor feeling.

*Lady Perfection.* How long have you been resolv'd of leaving life ?

*Lord Melancholy.* I have pondered of it ever since I was last Married, but was not resolv'd untill you enter'd into this Order.

*Lady Perfection.* Can I not perswade you to live ?

*Lord Melancholy.* Not unless you break your Vow.

*Lady Perfection.* That I may not do.

*Lord Melancholy.* Nor can I perswade you, for I love your Constancy.

*Lady Perfection.* Will you grant me one request before you dy ?

*Lord Melancholy.* Yes, any thing but what may hinder my dying.

*Lady Perfection.* Swear to me you will.

*Lord Melancholy.* I swear by Heaven and Love I will.

*Lady Perfection.* Then the time you are resolv'd to dye, come hither and dye here, that I may bear you Company, dying the same minute if I can that you do.

*Lord Melancholy.* How ?

*Lady Perfection.* Nay, you have sworn it, and if it be best for you, it will be so for me ; for when you are dead I shall possess those torments that you in life feel now, and if you love me so well as you express you do, you will not desire to leave me to endure that you cannot suffer.

*Lord Melancholy.* 'Tis fit you should live to be a President to the World.

*Lady Perfection.* Were I a President fit for the World to follow, yet the World would not practice my precepts, it is too bad to follow what is good, and since my life cannot better the World, and Death will ease my life of that which will trouble and afflict it, I am resolv'd to dye. And in the grave will bear you Company.

*Lord Melancholy.* I do accept of thy dear Company, & Heaven so joyn our Souls they never may be separated, and to morrow we will leave the World.

*Lady Perfection.* Let me advise you concerning the manner of our Deaths, get a Sword pointed sharp at both ends, and when we are to dye put one end of the Sword through this grate, and just when you set your heart to the end towards you, I will set mine to the end towards me, and thrusting forward as to meet each other, the several points will make several passages or wounds into our several or rather our own united hearts, and so we dye just together.

*Lord Melancholy.* I shall follow your advice, and be here to morrow at the time.

*Which time will seem to me like as an Age,  
Till that our Souls be fled forth from their Cage.*

*Lady Perfection.* My Soul will fly your Soul to embrace,  
And after Death may hope a resting place.

Exeunt.  
ACT

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## ACT V.

## Scene 34.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You here the match is concluded betwixt the Emperors Daughter and our Prince.

2 *Gent.* Yes, and I hear that the Lord *Dorato* was a great Instrument to help the match forward.

1 *Gent.* Methinks they should need no other Instrument to forward the match than the Princes interest.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis true: but the Princes affection being placed upon another Lady, it was hard first to draw off those affections, and then to place them anew; besides, the Death of his Neece was some hinderance.

1 *Gent.* All great Princes doe soon cast off all Funeral sadness: but the Lord *Dorato* methinks takes the Death of his Daughter to heart.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis a doubt whether he will continue in such great favour with the Prince; now his Neece is dead.

1 *Gent.* There is no likelyhood he should be in less favour since the Princess Death, for it was the favour he had with the Princess that caused the match with his Son; besides he hath left a Son, which the Prince no doubt will favour the Grandfather the more, for the Childes sake.

2 *Gent.* I wonder whether the Lord *Melancholy* the Princesses Husband will marry again, for he had ill fortune with his Wives.

1 *Gent.* Methinks he hath had good Fortune, for the Laws have quitted him of one, and Death of the other; but that Husband hath ill fortune, that neither Law nor Death will free him from.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 35.

*Enter the Lord Melancholy at the Grate, the Curtains open, and appears the Lady Perfection, he takes the Sword out of the sheath.*

*Lord Melancholy.* Sweet, heres that will quit us of all trouble.

*Lady Perfection.* Indeed life is a trouble, and nothing is at rest but what lyes in the grave.

*Lord Melancholy.* Are you not affraid of the sight of a murdering Sword?

*Lady Perfection.* No more than you are affraid of the sight of the glorious Sun.

*Lord Melancholy.* You seem to have a courage above you Sex.

*Lady*

*Lady Perfection.* My love is above Life, as far as my Courage is beyond Fear ; I neither fear Death, nor consider Life, but can embrace the one, and sling away the other for Loves sake.

*Lord Melancholy.* Then dear Wife, for so you are, my heart did never own another, I with our breaths and bloods might intermix together, and as Deaths Ceremonies might joyn our Souls.

*Whilst he speaks, he puts one end of the Sword through the Grate, she takes hold of it.*

*Lady Perfection.* They'r joyned already by love, and Death's sufficient to bring them both together, and our bloods 'tis like will run in trickling streams upon this Sword, to meet and intermix.

*whilst he holds the Sword in one hand, he unbuttons his Doublet with the other hand, so she unties her Cord about her Gown.*

*Lord Melancholy.* These Buttons are like troublesome guests at Marriage Nuptials ; but are you ready Wife for our second Marriage ?

*Lady Perfection.* I am now ready to go into the Bed of Earth.

*Enter two Fathers which take hold of the Lord Melancholy; and pull him gently from the Grate.*

*Religious Father.* Hold, and stain not this sacred places with murderers blood. Lady, is this the Devotion you profess, wickedly to murder your self ?

*Lady Perfection.* Father, know I accounted self Death no wickedness, and I will venture on my own belief.

*Religious Father.* But the Church hath power to absolve you now, if you desire personally to meet.

*Lady Perfection.* Yes, such power as the Laws had to dissolve our Marriage ; but the Churches absolving can no more acquit my Conscience from my Devoted Vow, than the Laws could from my Marriage Vow.

*Religious Father.* Pray give us leave to plead.

*Lady Perfection.* Take it.

*Religious Father.* You have vowed Chastity, and a retir'd Incloyster'd life.

*Lady Perfection.* I have so.

*Religious Father.* Why, then marry this Lord again, and let him make the same Vow, and enter into the same Cloyster, and into the same Religious Order of Chastity, and being Man and Wife you are but as one person, so that if you be constant and true to your selves, you keep the Vow of Chastity ; for what is more Chast than lawfull Marriage, and Virtuouse Man and Wife ?

*Lady Perfection.* Husband, are you willing to make the Vow of Chastity, and to live an Incloyster'd life ?

*Lord Melancholy.* I am all will to that Vow and life, for so I shall enjoy thy Soul and Body ; and good Father re-marry us, and then I will thank you for Life and Wife.

*Religious Father.* First you shall make your Vow, then take a Religious Habit, and then be re-married, and go along with us and we will order you fixt for to enter into this Religious Order of Chastity, and if you be both happy in life, as sure you will, thank your Nurse, who hearing your cruell, and as I may say irreligious design, informed us, and placing us within a Lobby, we heard you, and saw you, though you knew not that we did so, for you had barr'd the outward Door, but being within we were ready to come forth and hinder you as we did.

*Lord Melancholy.* Well Father, since you have hindered our Deaths, pray make me fit to enjoy Life; my Heaven of Life, or Life of Heaven.

*Religious Father.* Come then.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 36.*

*Enter Mistriss Odd-Humour, and her Maid Nan.*

*Mistriss Odd-Humour weeps.*

*Nan.* Why do you weep Mistriss?

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Because my Father will have me marry.

*Nan.* Many young Maids weep because they cannot get Husbands, but few weep to enjoy one.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* I do not cry because I shall have a Husband, but because I shall have a Fool to my Husband.

*Nan.* There are few wise Husbands, and fewer wise Men.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* What difference is betwixt a wife Husband, and a wife Man.

*Nan.* Why a wife Husband is to rule and govern his Wife, well, but a wife Man is to rule and govern himself, well, and there is more that can tell how to rule and govern others than themselves, like as there may be good Kings and not good Men, and good Men and not good Kings, or as there may be good Teachers as Preachers, and not good practisers; so this Gentleman you are to marry may be a wife Husband, although not a wife Man.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* But he will be both a foolish Husband, and a foolish Man.

*Nan.* If he prove a foolish Husband you have no reason to cry, for then you will have the more Liberty.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* The more liberty to be a Fool you mean.

*Nan.* Indeed liberty to women makes them rather foolish than wise: for women know not how to use liberty discreetly, for when they have liberty they run beyond the bounds of discretion.

*Mistriss Odd-Humour.* Faith if I marry this same Gentleman that my Father says I shall, I shall run beyond the bounds of Matrimony.

*Nan.* That is to run into your Neighbours Bed.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*



Scene 37.

Enter two Gentlemen.

- 1 **G** *Ent.* Do you hear of the new Religious Order ?  
 2 *Gent.* What new Religious Order ?  
 1 *Gent.* Why the Order of Chastity in marriage.  
 2 *Gent.* That's a new Order indeed, never heard of before, at least not practised ; but this Order, if it continue, will make marriage as Religious in life as the marriage of Saints.  
 1 *Gent.* Why the marriage of men and women is a type of the marriage of Saints.  
 2 *Gent.* But the type often commits Adultery, and for my part I would not be one of that Religious Order.  
 1 *Gent.* No, for on my Conscience I believe you would disorder the Order.  
 2 *Gent.* But who hath brought up this foolish new Order ?  
 1 *Gent.* The Lord *Melancholy* and the Lady *Perfection*, who are re-married, and have both vowed Chastity in marriage, and an Incloystered life, and have taken a Religious Habit.  
 2 *Gent.* The more unwise they, that will bind themselves so strictly.  
 1 *Gent.* So honestly.  
 2 *Gent.* I hate honesty that way, or that way of honesty.  
 1 *Gent.* You hate that way of honesty, because you love the wayes of Adultery.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 38.

*Enter the Arch-Prince and the Lord Dorato as at the Grate, the Curtain is drawn, and there appears the Lord Melancholy, and the Lady Perfection his Wife, as two Religious Devotes, both in Religious Habits like to the Normitans ; they bow like the Religious, with their heads downwards, and bodyes bent forward.*

**A**rch-Prince. I come not to complain, nor reprove your Chast wife for denying my Sure, nor am I come only to give you joy of your new marriage, but your new Religious Order of Chastity in marriage, which Order, I believe that few besides your self will enter into.

Lord Melancholy. Then few will be so happy Sir as we are.

Arch-Prince. Indeed happiness lives more in Cloysters than in Courts, or Cities, or private families ; but my Lord Dorato your Father here will want the comfort of your Company, which should be a Partner with him in the Rule and Government of his Family and Fortunes.

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Lord

*Lord Melancholy.* I have left him a Grand-Son Sir to be a comfort to him in my absence, and I wish he may prove as obedient to him as I have done.

*Lord Dorato.* Faith Son the first time of your marriage, was without my knowledge or consent, but howsoever now I wish you joy, and for your sake I will never cross Matrimonial Love whilst I live, and I hope God will bless you both, so as that you may beget a Religious Generation.

*Arch-Prince.* All the Children they beget and bring up must be of the Religious Orders.

*Lord Dorato.* If they will follow their Parents purities and precepts they will.

*Arch-Prince.* There may proceed from these two a great Generation, which may spread all over the World, and be famous for Piety and Acts of Devotion.

*Lord Melancholy.* I hope your Highnesses words are Prophecies of what is to come.

*Arch-Prince.* I wish they may prove so ; farewell, all happiness dwell with you both.

*Both.* Long may your Highness live and flourish.

*They kneel to their Father.*

*Lord Dorato.* My blessing on you both.

*Exeunt.*

## THE ACTORS NAMES.

*Sir William Admirer, and many other Gentlemen.*

*Lady Peaceable.*

*Lady Solitary.*

*Lady Censurer.*

*Lady Examination.*

*Lady Bridlehead.*

*Lady Kindeling.*

*Lady Gadder.*

*Lady Faction, and a Matron.*

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THE

# THE COMICAL HASH.

## ACT I.

### Scene 1.

*Enter a Company of young Gentlemen; and two or three young Ladies, as the Lady Gadder, the Lady Kindeling, and the Lady Bridlehead.*



*Kindeling. My Dear Gadder.*

*Gadder. My sweet Kindeling.*

*They imbrace and kiss each other.*

*Gentleman. Faith Ladies Nature never made women to kiss each other, and therefore 'tis unnatural, and being unnatural it is unlawfull, and being unlawfull it ought to be forbidden.*

*Gadder. Yes, you would have us kiss you men.*

*Gentleman. No Ladies, we men will kiss you women, if you please to give us leave.*

*Bridlehead. You will take leave sometimes.*

*Gentleman. 'Tis when we think we shall not be refus'd, or at least not to be disfavour'd for it.*

*The Ladies kiss again.*

*Gentleman. VVhat, kissing again? faith Ladies you will make us believe by your often kissing, that you desire we should kiss you, and with that belief we may run into an error, if it be an error to kiss a fair Lady.*

*Kindeling. Fye, fye, you men are odd Creatures.*

*Gentleman. No, you women are odd Creatures, when you are not with us men.*

*Kindeling. Preethy Gadder and Bridlehead let us go do something to waste away our time.*

*Gadder. VVhat shall we do?*

*Bridlehead. Let us go to Cards.*

*Gadder. Faith I have made a Vow not to play for money.*

*Bridlehead. VVe will play for Sweet-meats.*

*Kindeling. No, preethy let us play for a Sack Possit.*

*Gadder. O no, we will play for Sweet-meats.*

*Kindeling. I say a Sack Possit.*

*Gadder. Let the most voices carry it.*

*Gentleman.*

*Gentleman.* I will speak for the men, we say a Sack Poffit, for that will make us both good Company in the eating the Poffit, and after 'tis eaten, whereas Sweet-meats will make us heavy and dull.

*Gadder.* Well then let us go play for a Sack Poffit.

*Bridlehead.* Faith a Sack Poffit will make me drunk.

*Gentleman.* You will be the better Company Lady.

*Kindling.* Eye *Bridlehead*, you should not say drunk, but your head giddy.

*Gentleman.* That is better than to be drunk: for a giddy head hath a light heel.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* The Lord *Poverty* is a gallant Noble person.

*2 Gent.* They are gallant and Noble that are Rich, and titled Honour without Means, is like a Body without a Soul.

*1 Gent.* You are mistaken friend, it is rather a Soul without a Body.

*2 Gent.* Alas titled Honour without Means to maintain it, is despised.

*1 Gent.* If the person hath Merit worthy of his titled Honour, that titled Honour is worthy to be respected and bowed to by all inferior persons; nay put the case that Honourable titles are placed upon Unworthy persons, yet all ought to give respect to those Titles, and to do homage thereunto, though not unto the Person, yet because it comes from a lawfull and Supreme power; as Natural rays of light do from the Sun; and those that strive through envy and through spite, for to Eclipse the light, deserve to be in a perpetual darkness; so those that do detract from titled Honours, ought never to be honoured with Titles or respect.

*2 Gent.* Why, 'tis not only I that have no such titles of Honour that speaks against them, but those that do possess them, and their fore-fathers long before them.

*1 Gent.* They that do so ought to be degraded, as being unworthy to wear the badge or mark of their fore-fathers Merits, or heroick Acts, for they do shew they have none of their own; but those that get their own Honours, by their own Merits and worthy Actions, deserve them best; for they, like as a clear and glorious day, appear; for oft-times their posterity, like Clouds begot from gross and drowsie Earth, strive to quench out their Fathers flaming Honours, and by their Baseness obscure the light of their fore-fathers great and glorious Fame, and in the end bury themselves in dark Oblivion, as vanishing to nothing, as being never mentioned nor remembered; but those that for their loyalty, and their fidelity unto their King and Country, have hazarded lives, and lost their liberties and Estates, and are grown poor for Honesties sake, and Virtuous causes, yet they in after Ages will live with great renown; for 'tis not in the power of spite to pull them down; for the Gods give Fame to Noble Actions, as Kings give titled Honours; though men that are base will not relieve them, yet Fame will remember them; and though base men will rail against them, yet Fame will praise them; and though they dye with Poverty, and should end their lives in a foul

Ditch, yet shall that Ditch be honoured by their Death, more than the rich unworthy man be honoured by his stately Tombs and costly Funerals.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

*Enter the Lady Solitary, and the Lady Examination.*

**E***xamination.* What's the matter with you to day Lady *Solitary*? you look as if you were in a married humour.

*Solitary.* Why Lady *Examination*, what humour is a married humour?

*Examination.* Why a masse of ill humours mixt or put together; as a lumpish, dumpish, dull, stupid humour; or a pievish, fretting, pining, whining humour; or a brawling, yawling, quarrelling, scoulding humour; or a jealous, suspicious humour; or a fawning, feigning, dissembling humour.

*Solitary.* If these humours are woven into the marriage knot, I will never marry, for I would be loth to have the peace of my life strangled in discontent: for whosoever be subject to these humours can never be happy.

*Examination.* You will change your mind, and rather live with these humours than without a Husband; but I am come now to fetch you abroad, for there is a Company of sociable Ladyes and gallants, that have made a meeting some league of, where there will be Mirth, Jollity, Plenty and Pleasure, and they desire you will be sociable for once, and go along with them.

*Solitary.* Would you have the Body which is the habitation of the Mind a wanderer, travelling from place to place, disturbing the mind with unprofitable journeys?

*Examination.* No, I would have it remove so as it may always situate it self in a wholesome, profitable, plentiful, pleasant, and pleasurable place.

*Solitary.* I perceive you prefer the pleasures of the Body before the delight of the Mind.

*Examination.* Why the mind can take no delight without the body; for the body gives the mind a being and habitation: for there would be no mind if there were no body, but if there could be a mind without a body, yet the mind could receive no delight without the pleasure of the body, for the pleasure of the body is the delight of the mind, and not the delight of the mind the pleasure of the body, for the mind doth never give nor return; wherefore come away, and leave your Solitary musing to those whose condition of fortune denies them the use of the World, and worldly pleasures, and do not deny your self, for I hate a self-denying Creature.

*Solitary.* Well, you shall prevail with me for this one time.

*Exeunt.*

Scene

## Scene 4.

Enter two Gentlemen.

**1 Gent.** Have you seen Monficar *Thefts* Books of Poems that is newly come forth?

**2 Gent.** Yes.

**1 Gent.** And how do you approve of them?

**2 Gent.** As well as I do of an Anagram.

**1 Gent.** There is never an Anagram in the Book.

**2 Gent.** Why the whole Book is an Anagram of Doctor *Coffines* Poems: for he hath only new placed the words, as they do Anagrams of names, but the whole matter, sense, and conceits is the same.

**1 Gent.** Indeed he hath imitated him.

**2 Gent.** By your favour, imitation is only to be like another, and not the same: but his is the very same, as I have told you, for which he deserves less praises than a Imitator, although those that do imitate any Excellent Poet, do not gain so much honour to themselves, as they give honour to those they imitate; as for example, the Imitators of *Homer* give more honour to *Homer* than to themselves; for Imitators are only as Painters, where he that is imitated is as Nature, or the Gods, for the one draws but Copies, the other makes the Original; so that there is as much difference as a Man, and the Picture of a man.

**1 Gent.** But a Painter that draws the Picture of a man, very like the life, he may be more famous than the man that is drawn.

**2 Gent.** But not worshiped and adored, as Nature is, that made him: for Art cannot out-do Nature, nor do as Nature hath done, and doth do; and an Imitator is but an Artificer, when as the Original Author is a Creator, and ought to be accounted of, and respected, and worship'd as Divine; but there are or have been but very few Poets that have such powers and parts to make a perfect Creature, which is a perfect work, as Poems, scenes, or story; but some Poets are like Chymist, that strive and labour to make as Nature makes, but most fail in their work, and lose their labours, wanting that Natural heat, or well-tempered matter, which should produce such Creatures as Nature makes, yet some 'tis said have made gold, as *Raimond Lully*.

**1 Gent.** Then *Homer* is a *Raimond Lully* in Poetry.

**2 Gent.** Nay rather *Raimond Lully* is a *Homer* in Chymistry: for no man ought to compare *Homer* to any Creature, by reason he hath out-wrought Nature, having done that which she never did; for Nature never made Gods, Devils, Hells, and Heavens, as *Homer* hath done.

**1 Gent.** For my part I had rather be *Raimond Lully* than *Homer*: for I had rather have the Art to make Gold, than the Nature to make Poems.

**2 Gent.** You would not gain so much by Gold as Wit.

**1 Gent.** Why, what shall I gain?

**2 Gent.** Fame.

**1 Gent.** But Gold will bribe Fame to speak as I would have her, if I have gold enough to bribe her.

**2 Gent.** But Poems will force Fame to speak for you without a bribe.

**1 Gent.** That were all one to me, so she speaks well, whether she be forced, flattered, or bribed.

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2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* But there is a fate of Poverty on Chymists, as much as on Poets, so that if you were as Excellent a Chymist as *Raimond Lully*, you would be as poor as Divine *Homer*.

1 *Gent.* Not if I could make Gold.

2 *Gent.* Yes, for Chymists spend more in the making of Gold, than they gain by it when it is made; and how should they do otherways, when they must needs spend a pound or pounds to make a grain? for the limbeck of Chymist is but a little Still set a-work by a wasting fire, whereas Nature's limbeck is the Earth, set a-work by an undecaying fire, which is the Sun; this Chymist becomes as poor by an over-greedy Covetousness, as Poets by a despising Carelessness.

1 *Gent.* Then Chymists are like those Bodies which become lean with over-eating, and Poets like those Bodies that become lean by over-fasting; the one surfs, the other starves.

2 *Gent.* Indeed Chymists are so greedily Covetous, and feed so much on hopes, as they never leave until such time as they have vomited out all their wealth, and then they become sick and lean with Poverty.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene 5.

*Enter two other Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* The Lady *Faction* is of a strange busy Nature, she runs into every House, takes upon her to govern every ones Family, yet cannot rule her own; she condemns all Actions, be they never so Just or Prudent; all Officers, be they never so worthy, or fitly placed; all Laws, be they never so beneficial, or expedient for the Common-wealth; all Customs, be they never so ancient or harmless, indeed all peaceable, wise, and well ordered Governments: she hates and delights in nothing but disordered change.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis said she is in love with *Sir William Admirer*.

1 *Gent.* And he in love with the Lady *Peaceable*.

2 *Gent.* She is a sweet Lady.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 6.

*Enter the Lady Peaceable, and Sir William Admirer.*

*Admirer.* I will sit and listen to what you say, and learn from you what is the noblest way to entertain the life.

*Peaceable.* Alas I cannot learn you; I have not long experience, my Soul is young,



young, a meer novice Soul, it wants both growth and experienced years, for I am like a House that is newly built and is unfurnished.

*Admirer.* Though you are young, you are wise.

*Peaceable.* How can you expect youth can be discreet and wise, when those that have lived long, and have had much experience, are oftentimes Fools? wherefore I can only entertain you like a Parrot, only with words, not wisely to discourse, and if you should listen to me long, I shall surfit your Ears with idle words, for the Brain will be as soon over-charged with noise, as the Stomack with meat.

*Admirer.* I can no more be weary of thy words, than Angels are with Heavenly Musick.

*Enter the Lady Faction.*

*Faction.* Lady *Peaceable*, the report is you are Ambitious to get away my Servant Sir *William Admirer* from me.

*Peaceable.* I am only Ambitious to live Virtuoufly, and dye Piously.

*Faction.* Why Servant, I hear you have forsaken me.

*Admirer.* I despaired of ever being entertained, and so I never really address'd a Sute, but by way of rally.

*Faction.* Your Mistress doth not believe you, for she blushes either for your faults, or her own.

*Peaceable.* My Bashfullness proceeds not from a Guiltiness, either of base actions, wicked thoughts, mean birth, or breeding, or evill or erroneous opinions; for my bashfullness is only an effect of Nature: for as some are naturally fearfull, so am I naturally bashfull; and as Melancholy produces a sad Countenance, so Bashfullness produceth an extorted and a Convulsive Countenance; as Grief produces tears, so Bashfullness produces blushing.

*Admirer.* Lady *Faction*, spare my young Mistress, lest she should out-run you in a full speed.

*Faction.* Your Mistress is too grave, and speaks too scholastical for a woman, she seems as if she had been bred in an University, which breeding is fitter for a man.

*Peaceable.* No surely, for men should be bred with Heroick Actions, women with Modest Contemplations, as I have been.

*Faction.* If you have talk'd so seldome, and have learn'd so little, how come you to know so much?

*Peaceable.* My knowledge is not copious, yet I have learn'd as much as my years could imbrace, and my desire is to know as much as Modesty will allow of, Honour will give leave to, Capacity can comprehend, or Life can reach at, but the longest life is but a short time to gather knowledge in; but Madam, I should think I had learn'd well, if I knew how to do you service.

*Faction.* Let me tell you, 'tis Craft and Subtilty that you practice, to catch fond, facil Fools under the veil of Civility, but not good Nature; for you, like a Sorcerers as you are, Inchant and Bewitch all that come neer you, with this dissembling, for which you ought to be banish'd from all noble Company.

*Peaceable.* Take heed Lady of sharp-headed Curses, that Shoot through Innocent Lips, they seldome miss the mark they aim at.

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*Faction.*

*Faction.* Shoot as many as you will, I fear them not.

*Lady Faction goes out.*

*Admirer.* My dear sweet, wife, Virtuous Mistriss, be not angry, for all the World knows the *Lady Faction* is a disturber of all good and peaceable Society.

*Peaceable.* No, I am not angry with her, but I will watch her, lest she should do me some harm.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 7.

*Enter the Lady Solitary as sitting a writing, then enter the Lady Examination as to visit her.*

*Examination.* Præhee what art thou writing?

*Solitary.* I am writing Fancies.

*Examination.* Præhee what are Fancies?

*Solitary.* Why, Fancies are minzed Objects; pounded and chopt by Imagination; which Imaginations are the several Cooks which serve the Mind; and as skillfull Cooks of several meats make Bisks or Olioes, so doth the Imagination of several Objects; and as skillfull Cooks will mix several meats, so as not any one particular shall be tasted, so doth the Imagination of several Objects or Subjects.

*Examination.* But some say Fancies are Created by Motion in the Brain, which would be there were there no such materials as Objects or Subjects, which the Senses as Caterers bring in.

*Solitary.* The Brain can no more Create Fancy without the materials of outward Objects, and Subjects, than Nature can Create a World without matter to make it withall; so the Brain can no more Create Fancy without the help of the Senses, than Nature can Create a Creator without the help of Motion; for though Fancies are the works of the Brain; yet the Brain could not work unless it had something to work on; but Objects and Subjects of Objects, may be divided in the Brain so small, or beaten so thin, as the first form may be beaten out, and when the first form is gone, we deny the matter, like as if we should deny that Paper is made with Rags, because the form of Rags is beaten out; thus by the subtile and curious motion of proud Conception joyned with the dazled memory, we deny the Senses a share, as not being Partners therein, or laboures thereof, the same way we conceive the Gods, for the Conceptions of the Gods is but minzed Imaginations.

## Scene 8.

Enter the Lady Censurer, and the Lady Examination.

**E**xamination. Lady Censurer, pray what think you of the Lady Retorts wit, hath not she a great wit?

Censurer. Oh fye, she hath a Chamber-Maids wit.

Examination. What wit is that Lady?

Censurer. Why a snip snaply wit.

Examination. Indeed I have heard many Nursery Maids give so sharp and quick replies, as amongst some would be judged to be great wits; yet come to discourse seriously with them, and they were not much wiser than Beasts; but what do you think of the Lady Sharps wit?

Censurer. Her wit fetches the skin off of the Ears, it corrodes the minds of the hearers, more than Vinegar the tongues of the tasters.

Examination. How approve you of the Lady Courtlyes wit?

Censurer. Her wit is tedious, as all Complementing wits are, they tire the Ears of the hearers.

Examination. What say you to the Lady Stronglines wit?

Censurer. Her wit is costive, and is delivered with labour, difficulty, and pain.

Examination. What think you of the Lady Learnings wit?

Censurer. Her wit is an Alms Tub, it yields nothing but scraps, fragments, and broken pieces.

Examination. What think you of the Lady Subtilties wit?

Censurer. Her wit is Lime, Twigs, Snares and Traps to catch Fools in or with.

Examination. How like you the Lady Fancies wit?

Censurer. Her wit indeed is a true Natural wit, it 'ris sweet and delightful, easy and pleasing, as being free and unconstrain'd.

Examination. How like you the Lady Contemplations wit?

Censurer. Her wit is wise, and distinguishing well: for all Contemplative persons judge, weigh, and measure out the right and truth of every thing, and find out the easiest and profitablest wayes, by the help of consideration; yet Contemplative persons when they come into Company, or publick Societies, their tongues do as Boys, that having been kept hard to their studies, when once they get a play day, they run wildly about, and many times do extravagant actions: so Contemplative persons when they are in Company their tongues speak extravagant words, and their behaviour for the most part is unnatural to their dispositions; but of all wits the Contemplative wit is the best, by reason it is a neer Neighbour to Poetry.

Exeunt.

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## ACT III.

## Scene 9.

*Enter the Lady Gadder, the Lady Kindeling, and the Lady Bridlehead.*

**G***adder.* Come friend *Kindeling*, and friend *Bridlehead*, let us go to the *Lady Censurers*; for there is the resort of all the gallants at her House.

*Bridlehead.* What should we do there? for all the men will hearken so much to her discourse, as they will take no notice of us.

*Kindeling.* Why then we will take notice of them: for if we should stay at home, and not seek out the Company of men, faith we shall never get us Husbands.

*Bridlehead.* It is easy to get the Company of men, not so easy to get Husbands: for we have a great many men that come often to visit us, but none offer to marry us.

*Gadder.* But the more acquaintance we have, the more likely we should get Husbands; for it were a hard Fortune, if amongst so many men we should not get one Husband.

*Kindeling.* Why one Husband will not serve us three.

*Gadder.* I mean each of us one.

*Bridlehead.* Well then let us go.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 10.

*Enter the Lady Solitary, and the Lady Examination.*

**E***xamination.* Oh thou Clod of Earth, sit not idle here, but go abroad and receive the comfort of the Sun, which works to all effects.

*Solitary.* I need not, for my Mind is as the Sun it self, and hath the same effects; for my Mind doth contract, attract, dilates, and expulses, for sometimes it dilates it self as the Sun doth, in beams of light, which is Inventions, at other times the Mind dilates, as the Sun his heat, which is in Poetick flames, and in rarified fancies; likewise the Mind attracts, as the Sun doth Vapours, from the Earth, so my Mind attracts knowledge from the World, as from several subjects and objects, as the Sun from several Climates; likewise as the Sun contracts porous matter into a solid substance, so doth my Mind contract loose thoughts into solid Judgment; and as the Sun expulses united Bodies into parts, so doth my Mind expulse its serious Contemplations, and unite them into several discourses.

*Examination.* Prethee expulse this discourse amongst thy sociable friends.

*Solitary.*

*Solitary.* What amongst the sociable Virgins?

*Examination.* Nay faith, Wives, for the most part are more sociable than Maids.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 11.

*Enter the Lady Censurer, and a Gentleman.*

*Censurer.* Sir, I hear you intend to be a Souldier in the Wars.

*Gentleman.* Yes Madam, I am come to take my leave, and to kiss your Ladieships hands before I go.

*Censurer.* Sir you have chosen an honourable Profession, for though it is an industrious, carefull, painfull, and dangerous Profession, yet it is a noble Protection to the Weak and Infirm, to the decrepid Age, and shiftless Youth; to the faint and tender Female Sex; it is a guard to the ashes of the Dead, and to the Temples of the Gods; for without Marshal Discipline no Peace would be kept, Truth and Right would be torn from the owners, Justice pull'd out from her Seat, and Monarchy quite from his Throne, and though a Souldier may lose his life sooner than Nature did determine, yet in recompence, Honour buryes him, and Fame builds up his Monument.

*Gentleman.* Your descriptions Madam are able to make a Coward a Valiant Man.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 12.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Some have thought the World was but as Stage, and that the several Creatures are the several Actors, and that every several Generation is a new Play.

*2 Gent.* No every several Generation doth not seem as if they were new Plays; for there seems to be but one play, and that to continue to the end of the World, and that every Generation seems only new Actors, that play over the same parts, for we well perceive that the following Generations act but what the former Generations did before them; 'tis true the World seems to be the Stage, and the Seas, Rocks, Rivers, Plants, Hills, Dales, Cities, Towns, Villages, and the like, are as the several Changes, the Animals as the several Actors, the several Seasons the several Scenes, and the Spectators are the Gods, and the end of the World the end of the Play, and then they must make another World, if they will have another Play.

*1 Gent.* Surely Mercury is their Poet.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis very likely, also 'tis probable Pallas helps him.

*1 Gent.* Nay 'tis probable that Venus and Cupid helps him, for Love and beauty doth at all times assist a Poet.

*2 Gent.* There is no excellent and extraordinary wit, but hath many as-

sistants, as first Nature is the chief, so likewise *Mercury, Pallas, Venus, Cupid,* and the Muses.

1 *Gent.* The most foolish Actors of all Actors, are women.

2 *Gent.* The truth is, it 'tis very unhappy for women, that they are not instructed in the rules Rethorick, by reason they talk so much, that they might talk sensibly, whereas now for want of that Art, they talk meer nonsense.

1 *Gent.* But all women are apt to speak more than to Act, by real words are easily spoke, and deeds so hard to be done.

2 *Gent.* Faith women are as full of Actions as words; for all their life is employed with talking and running about to no purpose.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene 13.

*Enter the Lady Solitary, the Lady Examination, the Lady Censurer, and a Grave Matron.*

*Examination.* Come let us go abroad, for I love to refresh my self in the Serene Ayr, taking the pleasure of every Season, as when the returning Sun spins Golden Beams, which interwaves into the thiner Ayr, as Golden Threads with softer Silk, making it like a Mantle, Rich and warm, which wraps the Body of each Creature in; so in the Summer when lissorous winds do fan the sultry heat; then in the Autum that's like a temperate Bath, which is neither too hot nor too cold; then in the VVinter, when freeing cold doth purge the Ayr, as Physick doth the Body from most corrupt humours, and binds each loose deshevered part.

*Censurer.* The VVinter will bind up your active limbs, and numb your flesh, and make your Spirits chill, besides VVinter doth bedrid Nature, 'tis a spightfull malicious and wicked Season, for it doth strive for to destroy each several thing, and it yields nothing good it self; besides it doth Imprison many things, binding them fast with Icy Chains, taking away their Natural Liberty, also it doth not only frown, and lour on the bright Sun, making his light dim and dusky, but VVinter doth unswift, and doth unweave the Sun's bright Golden Beams, and wind them on dark bottoms.

*Solitary.* The cold sharp Ayr is as sharp unto the touch, as a Lemon to the taste, and works a-like in some effects.

*Matron.* Yes be'r Lady in causing frowning, and crumpling faces.

*Solitary.* Not only so, but sharp Ayr, and sharp Lemon, doth cleanse from Putrifaction, and keep from Corruption.

*Censurer.* But hot Ayr works upon the Body, as strong Liquors upon the Brain, for hot Ayr distempers the Body, as strong Liquors do the Mind.

*Matron.* Bestrow me, I have felt some Ayres as hot, and as but Brandy-wine.

*Solitary.* VVhat VVine is that

*Matron.* The VVine of VVine, the Spirits of VVine.

*Censurer.* Indeed that VVine, if you call it so, which is Strong-waters, will work upon the Body as soon as the hottest Ayr, causing Feavours and other Malignant diseases.

*Examination.* It seems that hot and burning Ayr, works upon the Spirits as much and as soon as the hottest Liquors, and hot Liquors upon the Body as much as hot Ayr, both causing Feavours and Frenzies.

*Matron.* In truth, and I heard that Ayr is liquid, and so is Drink, and Drunkards, like frantick persons, will do many tricks sometimes.

*Examination.* And there are several sorts of Ayr, as there are several sorts of Drinks, some colder, some hotter, some moist, and some hath dry effects, and some Ayr refreshes and quenches heat, other some dissipates and expels cold, some revives the Spirits, and some irages them, some corrupts Bodies, and some preserves them.

*Matron.* By my Faith, I perceive Ayr and Drink have many good and bad qualities, but I had rather have good Drink and bad Ayr, than bad Drink and good Ayr, there is some substance in the one, but the other is like unto that which I have heard of but could never see, which is Incorporality; for that which is not subject to my sight, I can hardly believe it is any thing.

*Censurer.* Indeed very thin Ayr is next unto nothing.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 14.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Tom. *Adventurer* is gone to be a Souldier.

*2 Gent.* Yes, and he may chance to get a glorious Fame.

*1 Gent.* But particular Fames are like particular Creatures, some dye and decay sooner than others, but few live to old *Nestors* years, and some lye Bedrid, and a great Company are decrepid and lame, others are croked and deformed from their Birth, and some by evill Fortune; and many are Orphans, and abundance Bastards and Changlings; and though War makes the lowdest noise in Fames Palace, yet Wit for the most part lives the longest therein; for Wit is such a delightfull Company, and such pleasant pastime, as old Father Time takes great care to preserve it, lapping Wit warm in the Memory, and feeding it often with Reherfals.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

*Enter the Lady Examination, and the Lady Solitary.*

*Examination.* Come, Come, you will never get you a real Lover, if you delight so much in Solitaries.

*Solitary.* I desire none: for real Lovers do oftentimes prove unconstant, whereas

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whereas feigned lovers are as constant as the Contemplator would have them, and as many as they would have; besides, a crowd or multitude of thoughts may rise up in the brain, and be as Spectators of one single thought, which if the Contemplator pleases may be a Lover, and the rest of the Spectators thoughts may censure of that single thought, as of his good parts, or bad, his virtues, or vices, some may praise, others dispraise, and the like; thus the Contemplator can never want Lovers, Admirers, Censurers, nor any other Company, since the Mind can present them with what thoughts they desire, not only the thoughts of Men Women and Children, but of any other Creatures that Nature hath made; for why should not our Spirits or Soul delight and content us, without the real possession of outward Good, as well as the Spirits or Soul doth torment us with a real Evill? for why may not Opinion, or Fancy, as well and as much delight us, as Opinion and Fancy affright us, as they often do?

*Examination.* But an over-studious Mind doth waste the Body, for the Thoughts feeds as much upon the Body, as the Body upon the meat we eat, and the Body nourishes the Thoughts as much as meat nourishes the Body, and for the most part, as the Body is effected so is the Mind, for a distempered Body makes a distempered Mind, as a Luxurious Body makes an Amorous Mind; and a Feavour in the Body makes the mind frantick, for the heat of a Feavour is like Strong-water, it makes the Spirits drunk, the Thoughts dizzie, and the Mind sick.

*Solitary.* Indeed the Body and the Mind do most commonly agree, as in Monarchy the King and the Subjects do, the Subjects obeying the King, and the King commanding the Subjects, yet sometimes the Subjects compel the King, and sometimes the King forces the Subjects, so sometimes the Appetite compels the Reason, at other times the Reason forces the Appetite to a Moderation, and sometimes the Humours of the Body which are like the senceless Commonalty, and the Passions of the Soul, which are as the Nobles, oftentimes fall out, where sometimes the Humours of the Body usurp with an uprore the Passions of the Soul, and sometimes the Passions overcome the Humours by a wise policy; but when as the Kingdome of Man is in Peace, the Imaginations in the head send down thoughts, as metal into the heart, wherein they are melted and minted into current Coin, each thought as each peece having a severall stamp, some is stamped with Hate, some Spight, others Malice; some with Jealousy, some Hope, some with Fear, some Pitty, some Love, but that of Love is of the highest vallew, but these Coins serve for Commerce and Traffick in the Body, from the Authority of the Mind or Soul, whose stamp or Image each peece bears.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 16.

*Enter Sir William Admirer, and the Lady Peaceable.*

**A** *dmirer.* Dear Mistriss how I love you!

*Peaceable.* I wish I had Merits worthy your Affections.

*Admirer.* You are all a man can wish in women kind; for you are young, fair, virtuous, witty and wise.

*Peaceable.*



*Peaceable.* Alas all youth hath more follies than years, whereas those that are old, have or ought to have more years than follies.

*Admirer.* You might be thought old by your speech and actions, by reason you speak so experienced, and act with such prudence and discretion; wherefore I should judge you were instructed by those that are old, and knew much.

*Peaceable.* Indeed my Educators were Aged, and my Tutors, like as Painters, drew with the Pencil of the Tongue, and the Colours of Sense, and the white of Truth, on the Platform of my Brain, many figure discourses for the Understanding to view, but my Understanding hath weak Eyes.

*Admirer.* Your Understanding neither wants sight nor light, but the Lady *Fashion* wants both, or else she had not been so uncivil to you as she was when I was with you last; were not you very Choleric with her?

*Peaceable.* I am of too Melancholy a Nature to be very Choleric.

*Admirer.* Why, are those that are Melancholy never Choleric?

*Peaceable.* I cannot say never, but yet very seldom, by reason they want that heat which makes Choleric; for though the Spirits of Melancholy persons may be as quick as those that are Choleric, yet they are not so fiery, for there is as much difference betwixt Melancholy and Choleric, as freezing and burning, the one contracts into a sad silence, the other expulses in blows, and many extravagant actions, and angry words; but those persons which are seldom angry, as all Melancholy persons are, who are of a patient, peaceable Nature, yet when they are angry are very angry; so those persons that are naturally Melancholy, that are seldom seen to be merry or to laugh, yet when they are merry, their mirth is ridiculous, and they will laugh extremely, as at nothing, or at any thing, so those that are naturally Contemplative, when they do speak, they speak beyond all sense and reason, their speech flows like as a Torrent, rough and forceable; thus we may perceive that extremes one way run into extremes another way.

*Admirer.* I can truly witness that you are not apt to be angry, or at least not to appear angry; for I did wonder at your humble behaviour, civil answers, patient demeanors towards the Lady *Fashion*.

*Peaceable.* I may suffer an injury patiently when I cannot avoid it, but I will never injure my self in doing such actions, or speaking such words as are unbecoming, unworthy and base.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Scene 17.*

*Enter the Lady Solitary, her Governess a Grave Matron,  
and a Gentleman as coming a Journey.*

*M* *Atton.* Pray Charge, thank this Gentleman for his gifts and favours to me.

*Solitary.* Governess, let me tell you, that they do themselves a courtesy or favour

favour that do a courtesy or favour to another ; and therefore there need no thanks.

- *Gentleman*. But Lady you ought to thank me, for coming out of my way so far as I have done to see you.

- *Solitary*. No truly, for if you came out of your way to see me, if it were for affection, it is a duty to Love, if for gratitude, it 'tis a duty to Obligation, if for civility, it 'tis a duty to Honour, if for Charity, it 'tis a duty to Heaven, and where a duty is due, the owner receives but his own when 'tis paid; wherefore it were a vain and extravagant civility, like unto madness, to give thanks for what is justly their own.

- *Gentleman*. I do confess Lady I am yours, and therefore whatsoever I do, the best of my actions is due to you, and I repent for saying you ought to thank me for coming out of my way to see you, and I crave your pardon for my error, and ask forgiveness for my fault.

- *Solitary*. I will forgive you, so I may be rid of you, for I love not Company but Solitariness.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 18.

*Enter the Lady Gadder, the Lady Kindeling, and the Lady Bridlehead.*

*Bridlehead*. Sir *William Admirer* is like *Argus*, stuck full of Eyes, but Sir *William's* are the Eyes of fair Ladies that gaze upon him.

- *Gadder*. The truth is, when he is in the Company of our Sex, all the women gaze on him.

- *Kindeling*. They may look if they please, and admire him, but I can assure them he loves and admires but one, which is the *Lady Peaceable*.

- *Gadder*. Why, is he in love with the *Lady Peaceable*?

- *Kindeling*. So much as he is to be married to her within two or three days.

- *Gadder*. I thought he had loved the *Lady Faction*.

- *Kindeling*. No, no, for he denies that ever he had any Matrimonial love for her.

- *Bridlehead*. Will they make a publick wedding?

- *Kindeling*. No, 'tis said the wedding will be kept private.

## Scene 19.

*Enter the Lady Censurer, the Lady Examination, and the Lady Solitary.*

*Examination.* Where have you been *Lady Censurer*?

*Censurer.* Faith at Court, amongst a Company of Ladyes and their Gallants.

*Examination.* And what was their pastime?

*Censurer.* Why Singing, Dancing, Laughing, and Jestings; but I have earned an Angel amongst them.

*Examination.* How prethee?

*Censurer.* Although not by the sweat of my brows, yet by the expence of my Spirits.

*Examination.* Prethee tell.

*Censurer.* Why the Court Ladyes in a scornfull jesting, for Courtiers love to put persons out of Countenance if they can, prayed me to sing an old Song out of a new Ballad, as knowing my voice fit for no better Songs; but I told them, that if I did sing they should pay me for my pains; for there was never a blind-Beggars, or poor young Wench, that sings at a door, but had somthing given them; they told me they would give me a penny, I answered, that when they sung to Gentlemen or Ladyes guts, that they had a shilling at least given them, and unles they would give me twelvecence a-piece, I would not sing; so they out of a laughing sport, borrowed a Crown of the Gentlemen to give me.

*Solitary.* Oh that's the Court fashion, for the women to borrow of the men.

*Censurer.* How should they live if they did not so? for in my Conscience they could not have made up twelve pence amongst a douzen of them, not in money; for their Clothes though costly and rich, yet are worn upon trust; but as I said, I was to sing them a Song for my money; so I sung them an old Song, the burden of the Song, *Oh women, women, monstrous women, what do you mean for to do?* but because the Song was against women, they would have had me give them their money back again, I told them no I would not, for it was lawfull gain for me to keep it, since I gained it by an honest industry, and that those that made a bargain must stick to it; then they told me, that if I would sing them a good old Song, they would give me another Crown; I told them I would have the money in hand, for fear they should dislike my Song when I had sung it, or at least to seem to dislike it, to save their money; so although they were loth, yet at last they borrowed another Crown to give me, thinking it did disgrace me, in that my voyce was fit for nothing but old Ballads, for all their Admirers, and Courtly Servants, or Servants for Courtship were with them; so then I sung them *Doctor Faustus that gave his Soul away to the Devill*; for I knew Conjurers and Devills pleased women best.

*Examination.* They fright women.

*Censurer.* By your favour, all Conjurers gain more by womens coming to them to know their Fortunes, and for to find out losses, than they do by men; for where one man goeth to a Conjurer or Fortune-teller, their goeth a

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hundred

hundred women; but as I have told you, I sung the Song of Doctor *Fauftus*.

*Solitary*. For my part, I had rather hear a plain old Song, than any *Italian*, or *French* Love Songs stuff'd with Trilloes.

*Censurer*. That's strange, when as in those Harmonious Songs the wisest Poets, and skillfullst Musicians, are joynd to make up one Song, and the most excellent voices are chosen to sing them.

*Solitary*. I know not, but I am sooner weary to hear a famous and Artificial Singer sing than they are themselves with singing, for I hate their Quavers, demy, and semy Quavers, their Minnum, Crochets, and the like.

*Examination*. The truth is, I have observed that when an old Ballad is plainly sung, most hearers will lissen with more delight, than to *Italian* and *French* Singers, although they sing with art and skill.

*Solit*. The most famous singer in these latter times I have heard in *France*, it was a woman, and an *Italian* sent for into *France*, where she was presented with very rich gifts for her rare singing, yet I durst a-laid my life for a wager, that there were more that could have taken more delight to hear an old Ballad sung, which Ballads are true stories put into verses and set to a Tune, than in all there *Italian* and *French* Love whining Songs, and languishing tunes.

*Examination*. Well, but what will you do with your gettings?

*Censurer*. Faith I will go home and consider, and the next time I will tell you how I will employ my ten shillings.

*Exeunt*.

Scene 20.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent*. What makes you Booted and Spurred, are you going out of the town?

2 *Gent*. Yes faith, I am going to a wedding, Swich and Spur.

1 *Gent*. What, art thou going to be married?

2 *Gent*. No, I am not so hasty, for though I can spur to another mans wedding, I cannot be spurred to my own.

1 *Gent*. Whose wedding are you riding to?

2 *Gent*. To Sir *William Admirers*, and the Lady *Peaceable*.

1 *Gent*. Faith their names and marriage do disagree, for never did Husband after the first Month Admire his VVife, nor a VVife after two Months live Peaceably.

*Exeunt*.

## Scene 21.

Enter the Lady Solitary, the Lady Examination, and the Lady Censurer.

**E**xamination. How have you imployed the ten shillings got by singing  
 Censurer. I must tell you, I have been extremely troubled how to imploy it, insomuch as my Mind hath never been at rest; for their hath been such arguing and disputing and contradiction amongst my Thoughts, as I did verily believe there would have been a mutiny in my head: for first I did resolve to put my ten shillings to pious uses, and then I thought to build some Alms Houses, as building one long room like a Gallery, making in it several Partitions, and the outward doers all a-like; these Houses, or rather partitioned rooms, for poor old and infirm persons, that could not work nor beg for their livelyhood, to live in; but when I had well considered, that when I had built my Alms Houses, which is as I said one long Room, divided by Partitions, I should have nothing left to maintain them, and they to have only House-room, and have neither Meat, Drink, Clothes, nor Firing to feed them and to keep them from the injuries of the cold, having neither Fires nor Beds, I thought the Parish wherein they were Born, would better provide for them, so that instead of praying for me, they would Curse me; besides I considered, that after I was dead, had I means to leave an allowance, yet when it came for the Magistrates to chuse, those that should be put in they would leave out, and chuse idle young Huswives, or foul Sluts to dwell therein, such as those Magistrates would visit sometimes, to see what they did want, so as I let that design pass; then I thought to build a Church, and much were my thoughts concerned, whether the Roof should be flat, or vaulted, or sloping; but after I had resolved how the Roof should be, and where the Belfrey and Quest-room, I was fore perplex'd in my Mind, as where or how to place the Pulpit, whether at the East or West end, or at a Corner in the Church, or at one of the sides of the Church close by the Wall, but at last I resolved it should be placed in the midst of the Church, in the very Centre, that the voice of the Minister might spread round to the Circumference, so as all the Congregation might hear him; but when I considered that when my Church was built there was neither Benefices, Lands, nor Tithes, nor any allowance for the Minister, and that there was none that did or will preach meerly for Gods sake, but for gains sake, as to have a maintenance thereby, or some advancement therefrom, I desisted from that design; then I thought to build a Bedlam, and be the Keeper my self, but I considered that if any of the mad folkes should get loose, they might kill me, besides they stink so horribly, and require so much cleansing, not being capable of keeping themselves clean, as I resolved nor to go forward with that design; then I thought to build a free School, and I to be the chief Tutorefs my self, but when I remembered the confused noise the Scholars make reading all at once, that neither I could hear nor they understand what they read, I thought it would be to no purpose, because the Scholars would profit but little by their reading, and then I should be thought an ignorant Tutorefs; at last I thought to give my ten shillings to the poor Beggars, but when I considered the Alms that was given to Beggars did more harm than good,  
 causing

causing them to be idle and lazy, and encouraged them to go roving and Roguing about, I chang'd my Mind from that Act, but finding I could not imploy my ten shillings in any pious Act, I thought to imploy it in something to be remembred by, as for Fame, whereupon I resolv'd to build a Pyramide or Cross, the Pyramide to be vastly high, and the Cross to be gloriously gilt, but then fearing a Rebellion, and knowing that in a Rebellion a Confused and superstitious rout, would certainly pull them down to the ground, and that when the Cross or Pyramide was down, I should be utterly forgottten, I desisted from that design; so finding as little employment for my money to any famous act as to any pious use, I resolv'd to imploy it to my profit, so then I had a design to set up a Shop of small wares, but when I considered how dead Trading was, and how fast Tradesmen did break, and instead of being enriched became poorer than when first they begun, for to set up a Trade requires some stock, but when they break, they have not only lost their stock, but owe more than ever their stock was, so I went from that design; then I intended to buy me a parcell of Land with my ten shillings, but hearing there was much danger in buying of Land, for that many have morgaged their Lands to one, and sold them to another, or by an old Deed that hath layen in some old Trunck, Desk, or Box, which may be brought forth to claim the Land again, so as I must be forced to go to Law for my Land I bought, which would cost me more than my Lands, besides the infinite pains and trouble in following my Law Sute, and vext with querkes, and quillers Lawyers find to prolong the Sute, or else I must let my Land go, so lose it, finding this, I thought to put my money out to use, but then I considered that first I had only a piece of Parchment for my money, besides, it is a general rule that few or none take up money at use, but those that are Banckrounts, and when they had once got my money into their hands, I should neither get Use or Principal, for should I Imprison them, I should be never the neerer to get my money, for where there is nothing to be had, sayes the old Proverb, the King must lose his right; after this I intended to build a Ship, and Traffick with it on the Seas, but then considering the Various Winds, the Tempestuous Storms, the rough Seas, the lurking Sands, the dreadfull Rocks, the gaping Flouds that might split and swallow my Ship, and be drowned my self, I was resolv'd not to follow that design; then I thought to buy a place at Court, but when I considered how I must cringe and creep, flatter, rail, and be factious, and at last the expences at Court would be more than the profit of my place, by which I should become a Beggar, or at least a Shark, I left off that design; but after all these considerations I concluded with my self that the most profitable way to imploy my ten shillings was to build a Bawdy-house, for I was sure that as soon as ever it was built Customers would resort thereunto; besides it was the most certain gain that was, without any expences, whereas all other Trades or Professions require means or stocks to begin with, whereas in these Professions or Trade the poorest may set up without borrowing or begging, for a stock to begin with; neither can alterations of times ruin it, for in all times whether Peace or Wars, and in all Nations, this Trade never fails, whereas, if you please to come Ladies, you shall be very welcome.

*Solitary.* It will not agree with my humour, for I love Solitariness, and there will be too much Company.

*Censurer.* There may be a great resort, but their Conversation is by single Couples.

*Examination.* You are a wag *Lady Censurer.*

*Exeunt.*

Scene 22.

*Enter four Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* If I were to chuse a Wife, I would chuse the *Lady Solitary.*

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because those that are *Solitary* love not much *Company*, and being alone love not much *noise*, and loving no *noise*, love *silence*, and loving *silence*, love not to talk, so as in having of her, I shall have a *Solitary*, *Peaceable*, *Quiet*, *Silent* Wife.

3 *Gent.* And if I were to chuse, I would chuse the *Lady Censurer*, for she would let nothing pass her judgment: for she will give her opinion of all things, persons, and actions; so in having her to my Wife, I should have a general *Intelligencer*, or at least her opinion of all things.

2 *Gent.* But if her Judgment were not good, her opinion would be *erronious*.

3 *Gent.* I care not, it would serve to pass an idle time with.

4 *Gent.* And if I might chuse, I would chuse the *Lady Examination* for a Wife.

2 *Gent.* Why?

4 *Gent.* Because she knows most *humours* and *passages* of every body, and their *affairs*, so by her I should be entertained with news from all places, as of all actions done, opinions held, words spoke, or thoughts thought.

2 *Gent.* I would I could have my wish as easily, as you might have your choice.

1 *Gent.* What would you wish?

2 *Gent.* I would wish to be *unmarried*, for if I were, I would never be troubled with a Wife again; but let me advise you, for I love to have married *Companions*, that you three should go a wooing to those three *Ladies*, they cannot nor will not deny your *Sute*, being all three of you *rich*, *young* and *handsome*.

*All three.* We will take your Counsel.

*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

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THE

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*THE ACTORS NAMES.*

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*The Lord General.*

*Seigneur Valeroso.*

*Monsieur la Hardy.*

*Monsieur Compagnion.*

*Monsieur Comerade.*

*Monsieur la Gravity.*

*Captain Ruffell.*

*Captain Whiffell, and several other Gentlemen.*

*Doctor Educature.*

*Doctor Comfort.*

*Stewards, Messengers and Servants.*

*Lady Victoria.*

*Madam Jantil.*

*Madam Passionate.*

*Madam Ruffell.*

*Madam Whiffell.*

*Doll Pacify, Madam Passionates Maid.*

*Nell Careless, Madam Jantils Maid, other Servants and*

*Heroickesses.*




THE FIRST PART OF  
 BELL IN CAMPO.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1**  *Ent.* You hear how this Kingdome of Reformation is preparing for War against the Kingdome of Faction.

**2** *Gent.* Yea, for I hear the Kingdome of Faction resolves to War with this Kingdome of Reformation.

**1** *Gent.* 'Tis true, for there are great preparations of either side, men are raised of all sorts and ages fit to bear Arms, and of all degrees to command and obey, and there is one of the gallantest and noblest persons in this Kingdome, which is made General to command in chief, for he is a man that is both valiant and well experienced in Wars, temperate and just in Peace, wise and politick in publick affairs, carefull and prudent in his own Family, and a most generous person.

**2** *Gent.* Indeed I have heard that he is a most excellent Souldier.

**1** *Gent.* He is so, for he is not one that sets forth to the Wars with great resolutions and hopes, and returns with maskerd fears, and despairs; neither is he like those that take more care, and are more industrious to get gay Clothes, and fine Feathers, to flant in the Field, and vapour in their march, than to get usefull and necessary provision; but before he will march, he will have all things ready, and proper for ute, as to fit himself with well-tempered Arms, which are light to be worn, yet musket proof; for he means not to run away, nor to yield his life upon easy terms unto his Encmy; for he desires to Conquer, and not vain-gloriously to shew his courage by a careless neglect or a vain carelesness; also he chooses such Horses as are usefull in War, such as have been made subject to the hand and heel, that have been taught to Trot on the Hanches, to change, to Gallop, to stop, and such Horses as have spirit and strength, yet quiet and sober Natures; he regards more the goodnes of the Horses than the Colours or marks, and more the goodnes of his Saddles than the Imbrodery; also he takes more care that his Waggon should be easy to follow, and light in their carriage, than to have them painted and gilded; and he takes greater care that his Tents should be made, so as to be suddenly put up, and as quickly pull'd down, than for the setting and Imbrodering his Arms thereupon; also he takes more care to have usefull Servants than numerous Servants; and as he is industrious and carefull for his particular affairs, so he is for the general affairs.

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2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* A good Souldier makes good preparations, and a good General doth both for himself and Army; and as the General hath showed himself a good Souldier by the preparations he had made to march, so he hath shewen himself a wise man by the settlement he hath made, in what he hath to leave behind him; for I hear he hath fetled and ordered his House and Family.

1 *Gent.* He hath so, and he hath a fair young and virtuous Lady that he must leave behind him, which cannot choose but trouble him.

2 *Gent.* The wisest man that is, cannot order or have all things to his own contentment.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Enter the Lord General, and the Lady Victoria his Wife.*

*General.* My dear heart, you know I am commanded to the Wars, and had I not such Wife as you are, I should have thought Fortune had done me a favour to employ my life in Heroical Actions for the service of my Country, or to give me a honourable Death, but to leave you is such a Cross as my Nature sinks under; but wheresoever you are there will be my life, I shall only carry a Body which may fight, but my Soul and all the powers thereof will remain with thee.

*Lady Victoria.* Husband, I shall take this expression of love but for feigning words, if you leave me; for 'tis against Nature to part with that we love best, unless it be for the beloveds preservation, which cannot be mine, for my life lives in yours, and the comfort of that life in your Company.

*Lord General.* I know you love me so well, as you had rather part with my life than I should part from my honour.

*Lady Victoria.* 'Tis true, my love perswades me so to do, knowing fame is a double life, as infamy is a double death; nay I should perswade you to those actions, were they never so dangerous, were you unwilling thereunto, or could they create a world of honour, fully inhabited with praises; but I would not willingly part with your life for an imaginary or supposed honour, which dyes in the womb before it is Born; thus I love you the best, preferring the best of what is yours; but I am but in the second place in your affections, for you prefer your honour before me; 'tis true, it is the better choice, but it shows I am not the best beloved, which makes you follow and glue to that and leave me.

*Lord General.* Certainly Wife my honour is your honour, and your honour will be buried in my disgrace, which Heaven avert; for I prefer yours before my own, inasmuch as I would have your honour to be the Crown of my glory.

*Lady Victoria.* Then I must partake of your actions, and go along with you.

*Lord General.* What to the Wars?

*Lady Victoria.* To any place where you are.

*Lord General.* But Wife you consider not, as that long marches, ill lodgings, much watching, cold nights, scorching dayes, hunger and danger are

ill

ill Companions for Ladyes, their acquaintance displeases; their conversation is rough and rude, being too boisterous for Ladyes; their tender and strengthless constitutions cannot encounter nor grapell therewith.

*Lady Victoria.* 'Tis said, that Love overcomes all things: in your Company long marches will be but as a breathing walk, the hard ground feel as a Feather-Bed, and the starry Sky a spangled Canopy, hot dayes a Stove to cure cold Agues, hunger as Fasting dayes or an eve to devotion, and danger is honours triumphant Chariot.

*Lord General.* But Nature hath made women like China, or Purseyne, they must be used gently, and kept warily, or they will break and fall on Deaths head: besides, the inconveniencies in an Army are so many, as put patience her self out of humour; besides, there is such inconveniencies as modesty cannot allow of.

*Lady Victoria.* There is no immodesty in natural effects, but in unnatural abuses; but contrive it as well as you can, for go I must, or either I shall dye, or dishonour you; for if I stay behind you, the very imaginations of your danger will torture me, sad Dreams will affright me, every little noise will sound as your passing Bell, and my fearfull mind will transform every object like as your pale Ghost, untill I am smothered in my Sighs, shrouded in my Tears, and buried in my Griefs; for whatsoever is joynd with true love, will dye abtented, or else their love will dye, for love and life are joynd together; as for the honour of constancy, or constant fidelity, or the dishonour of inconstancy, the lovingest and best wife in all story that is recorded to be, the most perfectest and constantest wife in her Husbands absence was *Penelope*, *Ulysses* wife, yet she did not Barricado her Ears from Loves soft Alarums; but parled and received Amorous Treaties, and made a Truce untill she and her Lovers could agree and conclude upon conditions, and questionless there were Amorous Glances shot from loving Eyes of either party; and though the Siege of her Chastity held out, yet her Husbands Wealth and Estate was impoverished, and great Riots committed both in his Family and Kingdome, and her Suters had absolute power thereof; thus though she kept the fort of her Chastity, she lost the Kingdome, which was her Husbands Estate and Government, which was a dishonour both to her and her Husband; so if you let me stay behind you, it will be a thousand to one but either you will lose me in Death, or your honour in Life, where if you let me go you will save both: for if you will consider and reckon all the married women you have heard or read of, that were absented from their Husbands, although upon just and necessary occasions, but had some Ink of aspersions flung upon them, although their wives were old, illfavoured, decrepid and diseased women, or were they as pure as light, or as innocent as Heaven; and wheresoever this Ink of aspersions is thrown, it sticks so fast, that the spots are never rubb'd out, should it fall on Saints, they must wear the marks as a Badge of misfortunes, and what man had not better be thought on called an uxorious Husband, than to be despised and laught at, as being but thought a Cuckhold? the first only expresses a tender and noble Nature, the second sounds as a base, cowardly, poor, dejected, forsaken Creature; and as for the immodesty you mentioned, there is none, for there can be no breach of modesty, but in unlawfull actions, or at least unnecessary ones; but what Law can warrant, and necessity doth inforce, is allowable amongst men, pure before Angels, Religious before Gods, when unchoosing persons, improper places, unfit times, condemn those actions that

are good in themselves, make them appear base to men, hatefull to Angels and wicked to Gods, and what is more lawfull, fitting, and proper, than for a man and wife to be inleparable together ?

*Lord General.* Well, you have used so much Rhetorick to perswade, as you have left me none to deny you, wherefore I am resolved you shall try what your tender Sex can endure; but I believe when you hear the Bullets fly about you, you will wish your self at home, and repent your rash adventure.

*Lady Victoria.* I must prove false first, for love doth give me courage.

*Lord General.* Then come along, I shall your courage try.

*Lady Victoria.* Ile follow you, though in Deaths Arms I ly.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 3.*

*Enter the two former Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Well met, for I was going to thy lodging to call thee to make up the Company of good fellows, which hath appointed a meeting.

*2 Gent.* Faith you must go with the odd number, or get another in my room, for I am going about some affairs which the *Lord General* hath employed me in.

*1 Gent.* I perceive by thee that publick employments spoil private meetings.

*2 Gent.* You say right, for if every one had good employment, vice would be out of fashion.

*1 Gent.* What do you call vice ?

*2 Gent.* Drinking, Wenching, and Gaming.

*1 Gent.* As for two of them, as Drinking and Wenching, especially Wenching, no employment can abolish them, no, not the most severest, devoteest, nor dangerest : for the States-man Divines, and Souldiers, which are the most and greatest employed, will leave all other affairs to kiss a Mistriess.

*2 Gent.* But you would have me go to a Tavern and not to a Mistriess.

*1 Gent.* Why, you may have a Mistriess in a Tavern if you please.

*2 Gent.* Well, if my other affairs will give me any leisure, I will come to you.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 4.*

*Enter four or five other Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* The *Lord General* was accounted a discreet and wise man, but he shows but little wisdom in this action of carrying his wife along with him to the Wars, to be a Clog at his heels, a Chain to his hands, a Incumberance in his march, obstruction in his way ; for she will be al  
way

ways puling and sick, and whining, and crying, and tir'd, and froward, and if her Dog should be left in any place, as being forgotten, all the whole Army must make a halt whilst the Dog is fetcht, and Trooper after Trooper must be sent to bring intelligence of the Dogs coming, but if there were such a misfortune that the Dog could not be found, the whole Army must be disperfed for the search of it, and if it should be lost, then there must seem to be more lamentation for it than if the Enemy had given us an intire defeat, or else we shall have frowns instead of preferments.

2 *Gent.* The truth is, I wonder the General will trouble himself with his wife, when it is the only time a married man hath to enjoy a Mittriss without jealousy, a spritely sound wench, that may go along without trouble, with bag and baggage, to wash his linnen, and make his field Bed, and attend to his call, when a wife requires more attendance than Centries to watch the Enemy.

3 *Gent.* For my part I wonder as much that any man should be so fond of his wife as to carry her with him; for I am only glad of the Wars, because I have a good pretence to leave my wife behind me; besides an Army is a quiet, solitary place, and yields a man a peaceable life compared to that at home: for what with the faction and mutiny amongst his Servants, and the noise the women make, for their tongues like as an Alarum beat up quarters in every Corner of the House, that a man can take no rest; besides every day he hath a set Battel with his wife, and from the Army of her angry thoughts, she sends forth such vollies of words with her Gunpowder anger, and the fire of her fury, as breaks all the ranks and files of content, and puts happines to an utter rout, so as for my part I am forced to run away in discontent, although some Husbands will stay, and fight for the Victory.

4 *Gent.* Gentlemen, Gentlemen, pray coddemn not a man for taking his lawfull delight, or for ordering his private affairs to his own humour, every man is free to himself, and to what is his, as long as he disturbs not his Neighbours, nor breaks the Peace of the Kingdome, nor disorders the Commonwealth, but submits to the Laws, and obeys the Magistrates without dispute; besides Gentlemen, 'tis no crime nor wonder, for a man to let his wife go along with him when he goeth to the Wars, for there hath been examples; for *Pompey* had a wife with him, and so had *Germanicus*, and so had many great and worthy Heroicks, and as for *Alexander* the great he had a wife or two with him; besides, in many Nations men are not only desired, but commanded by the Chiefs to let their wives go with them, and it hath been a practice by long Custome, for women to be spectators in their Battels, to encourage their fights, and so give fire to their Spirits; also to attend them in their Sickneses, to cleanse their wounds, to dress their meat; and who is fitter than a wife? what other woman will be so lovingly carefull, and industriously helpfull as a wife? and if the *Greekes* had not left their wives behind them, but had carried them along to the *Trojan Wars*, they would not have found such disorders as they did at their return, nor had such bad welcome home, as witness *Agamemmons*; besides, there have been many women that have not only been Spectators, but Actors, leading Armies, and directing Battels with good success, and there have been so many of these Heroicks, as it would be tedious at this time to recount; besides the examples of womens courage in Death, as also their wife conduct, and valiant actions in Wars are many, and pray give me leave to speak without your being offended thereat, it is not Noble, nor the part of a Gentleman, to censure,

H h h h h h h 2

condemn;

condemn, or dispraise another mans private actions, which nothing concerns him, especially when there is so gallant a subject to discourse of as the discipline and actions of these Wars we are entring into.

*I Gent.* Introth Sir, you have instructed us so well, and have chid us so handsomely, as we are sorry for our errour, and ask pardon for our fault, and our repentance shall be known by that we will never censure so again.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene 5.

*Enter Captain Whiffell, and Madam Whiffell-his Wife.*

*Captain Whiffell.* I have heard our Generals Lady goeth with the General her Husband to the Wars, wherefore I think it fit for the rest of the Commanders, if it were only for policy, to let our General see that we approve of his actions so well, as to imitate him in ours, carrying our Wives along with us, besides the Generals Lady cannot chose but take it kindly to have our Wives wait upon her, wherefore Wife it is fit you should go.

*Madam Whiffell.* Alas Husband I am so tender, that I am apt to catch cold if the least puff of wind do but blow upon me; wherefore to ly in the open Fields will kill me the first Night, if not, the very journey will shatter my small bones to peeces.

*Captain Whiffell.* Why, our Generals Lady is a very fine young Lady, and she ventures to go.

*Madam Whiffell.* There let her venture, for you must excuse me, for I will stay at home, go you where you please.

*Captain Whiffell.* Well Wife consider it.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 6.

*Enter Captain Ruffell, and his Wife Madam Ruffell.*

*Captain Ruffell.* Wife. prepare your self to follow the Army, for 'tis now the fashion for Wives to march, wherefore pack up and away.

*Madam Ruffell.* What with a Knap sack behind me as your Trull is not I, for I will not disquiet my rest with inconveniences, nor divert my pleasures with troubles, nor be affrighted with the roring Cannons, nor indanger my life with every Potgun, nor be frozen up with Cold, nor stew'd to a gelly with heat, nor be powdered up with dust, untill I come to be as dry

as

as a Neats-tongue; besides, I will not venture my Complexion to the wroth of the Sun, which will tan me like a Sheeps skin;

*Captain Russell.* Faith VVife, if you will not go, I will have a Landery-Maid to ride in my VVaggon, and ly in my Tent.

*Madam Russell.* Prethee Husband take thy Kitching Maid along too, for she may have as much Grease about her as will serve to make Sope to wash your Linnen with, and while you ride with your Landery-Maid in your Waggon, I will ride with my Gentleman-Fisher in my Coach.

*Captain Russell.* Why VVife, it is out of love that I would have thee go.

*Madam Russell.* And 'tis out of love that I will stay at home; besides, do you think I mean to follow your Generals Lady as a common Trooper doth a Commander, to feed upon her reversions, to wait for her favour, to watch for a smile; no, no, I will be *Generalissimo* my self at home, and distribute my Colours to be carried in the Hats of those that will fight in my quarrel, to keep or gain the Victory of my favour and love.

*Captain Russell.* So I may chance to be a Cuckhold before I return home.

*Madam Russell.* You must trust to Fortune for that, and so I wish you a good Journey.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 7.

*Enter Seigneur Valeroso and his friend Monsieur la Hardy, to take their leaves of their Wives, Madam Jantil, and Madam Passionate, Madam Jantil young and beautifull, Madam Passionate in years.*

*Madam Jantil.* I cannot chuse but take it unkindly that you will go without me, do you mistrust my affection? as that I have not as much love for you as the Generals Lady hath for her Husband; or do you desire to leave me? because you would take a Mistress along with you, one that perchance hath more Beauty than you think me to have; with whom you may securely, and freely sit in your Tent, and gaze upon; or one that hath more wit than I, whose sweet, smooth, and flattering words may charm your thoughts, and draw your Soul out of your ears to sit upon her Lips, or dancing with delight upon her Tongue.

*Seigneur Valeroso.* Prethee Wife be not jealous, I vow to Heaven no other Beauty can attract my eyes but thine, nor any sound can please my brain, but what thy charming Tongue sends in; besides, I prize not what thy Body is, but how thy Soul's adorn'd, thy virtue would make me think thee fair, although thou wert deformed, and wittier far than *Mercury*, hadst thou *Midas's* ears, but thou hast all that man can wish of women kind, and that is the reason I will leave thee safe at home; for I am loth to venture all my wealth and happiness in Fortunes unconstant Bark, suffering thy tender youth and Sex to float on the rough waves of chance, where dangers like to Northern winds blow high, and who can know but that fatal gusts may come, and overwhelm thee, and drown all my joys? wherefore for my sake keep thy self safe at home.

*Madam Jantil.* I shall obey you, but yet I think it were not well I should be a long time from you; and at a great distance.

*Seigneur Valeroso.* I will promise you, if I perceive the War is like to be prolonged, and that there be Garrison-Towns so safe as you may securely live in, I will send for you, placing you so where sometimes I may visit you.

*Madam Jantil.* Pray do not forget me so much as to cancel your promise.

*Seigneur Valeroso.* Forget the sweet? I should sooner forget life, and if I do whilst I have memory, Heaven forget me.

*Madam Jantil.* I must ask you a question, which is to know why you will take an under command, being so nobly Born, and bearing a high Title of Honour your self, and being Master of a great Estate.

*Seigneur Valeroso.* To let the World see my Courage is above my Birth, Wealth, or Pride, and that I prefer inward worth before outward Title, and I had rather give my life to the Enemy on honourable terms, than basely to stay at home in time of general Wars, out of an ambitious discontent: for valour had rather have dangers to fight with, than Offices to command in

*Seigneur Valeroso and his Lady whispers,  
while the other two Monsieur la Hardy and  
his Lady speaks.*

*Madam Passionate.* Why should you go to the Wars now you are in years, and not so fit for action as those that are young, and have their strengths about them? besides, we have lived a married pair above these thirty years, and never parted, and shall we now be separated when we are old?

*She weeps.*

*Monsieur la Hardy.* Alas Wife, what would you have me do? when I am commanded out I must obey; besides, I would not have my Country fight a Battel whilst I live, and I not make one, for all the World, for when I cannot fight, my Body shall serve to stop a breach; wherefore leave your crying Wife, and fall to praying for our safe return, and here my noble friend is desirous you should stay with his Lady to comfort one another, and to divert Melancholy and the longing hours of our return.

*Madam Passionate.* Farewell, I fear I shall never see you again, for your absence will soon kill me.

*She cries.*

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 8.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* O you are welcome from the Army, what news?

2 *Gent.* Why our Army march'd untill they came unto the frontiers of the Kingdome, where they found the Army of the Enemy ready to encounter them, the Lord General seeing they must of necessity fight a Battel, thought best to call a Council of War, that there might be nothing or



ill conduct laid to his charge, but that all might be ordered by a wise and experienced Council, whereupon he made an election of Counsellors, joyning together three sorts, as grave, wise, and prudent men, subtile and politick men, and valiant, skillfull, martiall men, that the cold temper of the prudent, might allay the hot temper of the valiant, and that the politick might be as ingenious to serve them together by subtile devises, and to make traps of Stragems to catch in the Enemy, and at this Council many debates there were, but at last they did conclude a Bartel must be fought; but first they did decree that all the women should be sent into one of their Garrison Towns, some two dayes journey from the Army, the reasons were, that if they should be overcome by their Enemyes, the women might be taken by their Enemyes, and made Slaves, using or abusing them as they pleased; but when the women were sent away, they did not shed tears of sorrow, but sent such vollies of angry words, as wounded many mens hearts; but when they were almost at the Town that was to be their aboad, the Generals, Lady, was to extremely incensed against the Counsellors, by reason they decreed her departure with the others, as she strove to raise up the Spirits of the rest of her Sex to the height of her own; but what the issue will be I know not.

1. *Gent.* Have you been with the King?

2. *Gent.* Yes, I was sent to give him an account of the Army.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 9.

*Enter the Lady Victoria and a number of women of all sorts with her, she takes her stand upon a heap of green Turfs, as being in the Fields before the Garrison Town, and then speaks to those women.*

**L**ady Victoria. Most Heroical Spirits of most chaste and loving Wives, Mistresses, Sisters, Children or Friends, I know you came not from your several Houses and homes into this Army meerly to enjoy your Husbands, Lovers, Parents and Friends in their safe and secure Garrisons, or only to share of their troublesome and tedious marches, but to venture also in their dangerous and cruell Bartels, to run their Fortunes, and to force Destiny to joyn you to their Periods; but the Masculine Sex hath separated us, and cast us out of their Companies, either out of their loving care and desire of preserving our lives and liberties, lest we might be destroyed in their confusions, or taken Prisoners in their loss, or else it must be out of jealousy we should Eclipse the fame of their valours with the splendor of our constancy; and if it be Love, let us never give the preheminece, for then we should lose that Prerogative that belongs to the Crown of our Sex; and if it be thorough Jealous mistrust of their Fame, it were poor for us to submit and quit that unto men, that men will not unto us, for Fame makes us like the Gods, to live for ever; besides, those women that have staid at home will laugh at us in our return, and their effeminate Lovers and Carpet Knights, that Cowardly and Luxuriously Coin excuses to keep and stay them from the Wars,

will make Lampons of us for them to sing of our disgrace, saying, our Husbands, Lovers, and Friends were so weary of us, as they were forced to take that pretence of affectionate love to be rid of our Companyes; wherefore if you will take my advise, let us return, and force those that sent us away to consent that we shall be partakers with them, and either win them by perswasions, or lose our selves by breaking their decrees; for it were better we should dy by their angry frowns, than by the Tongue of Infamy.

*All the women call to her.*

*All the women.* Let us return, let us return.

*Lady Victoria waves her hand to them to keep silence.*

*Lady Victoria.* Noble Heroickesses, I am glad to hear you speak all as with one voice and Tongue, which shows your minds are joynd together, as in one piece, without seam or rent; but let us not return unfit to do them service, so we may cause their ruin by obstruction, which will wound us more than can their anger; wherefore let us strive by our industry to render our selves usefull to their service.

*All the women.* Propound the way, and set the Rules, and we will walk in the one, and keep strictly to the other.

*Lady Victoria.* Then thus, we have a Body of about five or six thousand women, which came along with some thirty thousand men, but since we came, we are not only thought unusefull, but troublesome, which is the reason we were sent away, for the Masculine Sex is of an opinion we are only fit to breed and bring forth Children, but otherwise a trouble in a Commonwealth, for though we encrease the Commonwealth by our breed, we encomber it by our weakness, as they think, as by our incapacities, as having no ingenuity for Inventions, nor subtill wit for Politicians; nor prudence for direction, nor industry for execution; nor patience for opportunity, nor judgment for Counsellors, nor secrecy for trust; nor method to keep peace, nor courage to make War, nor strength to defend our selves or Country, or to assault an Enemy; also that we have not the wisdom to govern a Commonwealth, and that we are too partial to sit in the Seat of Justice, and too pittifull to execute rigorous Authority when it is needfull, and the reason of these erronious opinions of the Masculine Sex to the Effeminate, is, that our Bodies seem weak, being delicate and beautifull, and our minds seem fearfull, being compassionate and gentle natured, but if we were both weak and fearfull, as they imagine us to be, yet custome which is a second Nature will encourage the one and strengthen the other, and had our educations been answerable to theirs, we might have proved as good Souldiers and Privy Counsellors, Rulers and Commanders, Navigators and Architects, and as learned Sholars both in Arts and Sciences, as men are; for Time and Custome is the Father and Mother of Strength and Knowledge, they make all things easy and facil, clear and propitious; they bring acquaintance, and make friendship of every thing; they make Courage and Fear, Strength and Weakness, Difficulty and Facility, Dangers and Securities, Labours and Recreations, Life and Death, all to take and shake as it were hands together; wherefore if we would but accustome our selves we may do such actions, as may gain us such a reputation, as men might change their opinions, insomuch as to believe we are fit to be Copartners in their Govern-  
ments,

ments, and to help to rule the World, where now we are kept as Slaves forced to obey; wherefore let us make our selves free, either by force, merit, or love, and in order, let us practise and endeavour, and take that which Fortune shall profer unto us, let us practise I say, and make these Fields as Schools of Martial Arts and Sciences, so shall we become learned in their disciplines of War, and if you please to make me your Tutorefs, and so your Generallefs, I shall take the power and command from your election and Authority, otherwise I shall most willingly, humbly, and obediently submit to those whom you shall choofe.

*All the women.* You shall be our Generalless, our Instructerefs, Ruler and Commanderefs, and we will every one in particular, swear to obey all your Commands, to submit and yield to your punishments, to strive and endeavour to merit your rewards.

*Lady Victoria.* Then worthy Heroickeffes, give me leave to set the Laws and Rules I would have you keep and observe, in a bras Tabler.

*All the women.* We agree and consent to whatsoever you please.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 10.

*Enter the Lady Jantil alone.*

*M* Adam Jantil. How painfull is true love absented from what is loved, 'tis strange that that which pleaseth most should be the greatest torment.

*Enter Madam Passionate.*

*Madam Passionate.* What, all times walking by your self alone? when your Lord returns I will complain, and tell him what dull Company you are.

*Madam Jantil.* I hope I shall not be from him so long, for he promised to lend for me.

*Madam Passionate.* Nay faith, when you go, as old as I am, I will travell with you to see my Husband too.

*Madam Jantil.* You will be so much the more welcome, by how much you were unexpected.

*Madam Passionate.* You look pale on the sudden, are not you well?

*Madam Jantil.* Yes, onely on a sudden I had a chill of cold that seized on my Spirits.

*Madam Passionate.* Beshrew me, their coldness hath nipt the blood out of your Cheeks and Lips.

*Madam Jantil.* If they had been painted, they would have kept their Colour.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## Scene II.

*Enter the Lady Victoria with a great Company of Women, after a Table of Brasses carried before her, she stands upon the heap of Turfs, and another Woman that carried the Table, wherein the Laws and Rules are inscribed; she bids her read them.*

**R***eader.* Noble Heroicks, these are the Laws our Generalls hath caused to be inscribed and read for every one to observe and keep.

First, Be it known, observed and practised, that no woman that is able to bear Arms, shall go unarmed, having Arms to wear, but shall wear them at all times, but when they put them off to change their linnen; they shall Sleep, Eat and Rest, and march with them on their Bodies.

*Lady Victoria.* Give me leave Noble Heroicks to declare the reason of this Law or Command, as to wear an Iron or Steel Habit, and to be so constantly worn, is, that your Arms should not feel heavy, or be troublesome or painfull for want of use, as they will be when you shall have an occasion to put them on; and certainly, for want of practice, more Masculine Souldiers are overcome by their Arms, than by their Enemies, for the unaccustomedness makes them so unwieldy, as they can neither defend themselves, nor assault their Foes, whereas Custome will make them feel as light, as their Skins on their Flesh, or their Flesh on their Bones, nay Custome hath that force, as they will feel as if their Bodies were Naked, when as their Arms are off, and as Custome makes the Cold and piercing Ayr to have no power over the naked Bodies of men, for in cold Countreys as well as hot, men have been accustomed to go naked, and have felt no more harm, nor so much, by the cold, than those that are warmly Cloathed, so Custome will make your Arms seem as light as if you had none on, when for want of use their waight will seem heavy, their severall pieces troublesome and incomberfome, as their Gorgets will seem to press down their Shoulders, their Back and Breast-plates and the rest of the severall pieces to cut their waste, to pinch their Body, to bind their Thighes, to ty their Arms, and their Headpiece to hinder their breath, to darken their sight, and to stop their hearing, and all for want of use and Custome; but enough of this, read on.

*Reader.* Secondly, Be it known, observed and practised, that every Company must watch by turns, whether they have Enemies neer or no, and at all times, and whosoever Drinks any thing but Water, or Eats any thing but Bread, all the time they are on the watch shall be punished with fasting.

*Lady Victoria.* Give me leave to declare the reason of this Law, the reason is, that stronge Drinks, and nourishing meats send many vapours to the Brain, which vapours are like severall Keys, which lock up the Sepes so fast, as neither loud noises, bright lights, nor strong scents can enter either at the Ears, Eyes, or Nostrils, insomuch as many times their Enemies send Death to break them asunder.

*Reader.*

*Reader.* Thirdly, Be it known, observed and practised, that none of the Troopers march over Corn Fields if it can be avoided, unless the Enemy should be behind, and then the more spoil the better.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that it were a great imprudence to destroy through a careless march of Horse and Foot, that which would serve to feed and nourish us in the Winter time, and in our Winter Quarters, when it is laid in the Barns and Granaries, by the labour and the industry of the Farmers.

*Reader.* Fourthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that none shall plunder those things which are waightly of carriage, unless it be for safety or necessity.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason is of this, that all that is heavy in the carriage is a hindrance in our march.

*Reader.* Fifthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that no Souldiers shall play any Game for money or drink, but only for meat to eat.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that those that play for drink, the winners will be drunk, and those that are drunk are unfit for service; besides, many disorders are caused by drunkenness; and to play for money, the losers grow Cholerick, and quarrels proceed therefrom, which quarrels many times cause great mutinies through their side taking, and factious parties, besides, having lost their money and not their Appetites, they become weak and faint for want of that nourishing food, their money should get them, having nothing left to buy them victuals withall; besides, it forces them to forrage further about, where by straggling far from the body of the Army, they are subject to be catch'd by the Enemy, but when they play for meat their winnings nourish their Bodies, making them strong and vigorous, and when their Appetites are satisfied, and their Stomacks are fill'd, their humours are pleasant, and their minds couragious; besides, it is the Nature of most Creatures, either to distribute or at least to leave the remaining pieces to the next takers, so that the losers may have a share with the winners, and part of what was their own again.

*Reader.* Sixthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that no Captains or Collonels, shall advance beyond their Company, Troop, Regiment or Brigade, but keep in the middle of the first rank, and the Lieutenant, or Lieutenant Collonel to come behind in the last rank.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that Collonels and Captains going a space before their Troops, Companies or Régiments, for to encourage and lead on their Souldiers, do ill to set themselves as marks for the Enemy to shoot at, and if the Chief Commanders should be kill'd, the Common Souldiers would have but faint hearts to fight, but for the most part they will run away, as being affraid and ashamed to see the Enemy, when heir Chief Commander is kill'd, and if they have no Officer or Commander behind them, the Common Souldiers will be apt to run away, having no worthy witnesses or Judges, to view and condemn their base Cowardly actions, which otherwise they are ashamed of, chusing rather to fight their Enemies than to make known their fears.

*Reader.* Seventhly, Be it known, observed and practised, that none of the Army ly in Garrison Towns, but be always intrenched abroad.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is; that Towns breed or beget a tenderness of Bodies, and laziness of limbs, luxurious Appetites, and soften the natural dispositions, which tenderness, luxury, effeminacy, and laziness,

corrupts and spoils martial discipline, whereas the open Fields, and casting up trenches makes Souldiers more hardy, laborious and carefull, as being more watchfull.

Eightly, Be it known, observed and practised, that none unless visibly sick to be idle, but employed in some Masculine action, as when not employed against an Enemy, and that they are not employed about the works, forts or trenches, but have spare time to employ themselves, in throwing the Bar, Tripping, Wraffling, Running, Vaulting, Riding, and the like exercise.

*Reader.* Ninthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that every Commander when free from the Enemies surprizals, shall train their men thrice a week at least, nay every day if they can spare so much time, as putting their Souldiers into several ranks, files and figures, in several Bodies apart, changing into several places, and the like.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that the Souldiers may be expert and ready, and not be ignorant when they encounter their Enemies, for many a Battel is lost more through the ignorance of the Souldiers, not being well and carefully train'd by their Commanders, or having such Commanders that know not how to train or draw them up, there are more Battels I say lost thus, than for want of men or courage.

*Reader.* Tenthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that every Morning when Incamp'd, that every Commander shall make and offer in the midst of his Souldiers a Prayer to *Mars*, another to *Pallas*, a third to *Fortune*, and a fourth to *Fame*; these Prayers to be presented to these Gods and Goddesses with great Ceremony, both from the Commander and Common Souldiers.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that Ceremony strikes a reverence and respect into every breast, raising up a devotion in every heart, and devotion makes obedience, and obedience keeps order, and order is the strength and life to an Army, State, or Common-wealth; and as for the Prayers presented to these particular Gods and Goddesses, is, that *Mars* would give us courage and strength, *Pallas* give us prudent conduct, *Fortune* give us Victory, and *Fame* give us Glory and Renown.

*Reader.* Eleventhly, Be it known, observed and practised, that the most experienced, practiz'd, and ingenious Commanders shall preach twice a week of Martial Discipline, also those errors that have been committed in former Wars, and what advantages have been taken, to be cited in their Sermons, as also what was gain'd or lost by meer Fortune.

*Reader.* Twelfthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that when the Army marches, that the Souldiers shall sing in their march the heroical actions done in former times by heroical women.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that the remembrance of the actions of gallant persons inflames the Spirit to the like, and begets a courage to a like action, and the reason of singing of heroical actions only of women is that we are women our selves.

*Reader.* Thirteenthly, Be it known, observed and submitted to, that no Council shall be call'd, but that all affairs be ordered and judged by the Generall herself.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that all great Councils, as of many persons, confounds judgments, for most being of several opinions, and holding strongly and stiffly, nay obstinately thereunto, as every one thinking themselves

selves wifest, cause a division, and wheresoever a division is there can be no final conclusion.

*Reader.* Fourteenthly, Be it known, observed and practised, that none of this Effeminate Army admits of the Company of men, whilst they are in Arms or Warlike actions, not so much as to exchange words, without the Generalls her leave or privilege thereto.

*Lady Victoria.* The reason of this is, that men are apt to corrupt the noble minds of women, and to alter their gallant, worthy, and wise resolutions, with their flattering words, and pleasing and subtil insinuations, and if they have any Authority over them, as Husbands, Fathers, Brothers, or the like, they are apt to fright them with threats into a slavish obedience; yet there shall be chosen some of the most inferiour of this Female Army, to go into the Masculine Army, to learn their designs, and give us intelligence of their removals, that we may order our incampings and removings according as we shall think best; but these women shall neither be of the Body of our Army, nor keep amongst the Army, nor come within the Trenches, but ly without the works in Huts, which shall be set up for that purpose.

*Reader.* Lastly, Whosoever shall break any of these Laws or Orders, shall be put to Death, and thole that do not keep them strictly, shall be severely punished.

*Lady Victoria.* But I am to advise you Noble Heroicks, that though I would not have a general Council call'd to trouble our designs in War with tedious disputes, and unnecessary objections, and over cautious doubts, yet in case of life and death, there shall be a Jury chosen to sit and judge their Causes, and the whole Army shall give their votes, and the most voices shall either condemn, or reprieve, or save them, lest I should hereafter be only call'd in question, and not the rest, as being not accessary therunto; and now you have heard these Laws or Orders, you may assent or dissent therefrom as you please, if you assent, declare it by setting your hands thereto, if you dissent, declare it by word of mouth, and the Tables shall be broken.

*All the women.* We assent, and will set our hands thereto.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 12.

*Enter Doctor Educature the Lady Jantils Chaplin, and  
Nell Careless her Maid.*

*Doctor Educature.* Nell, how doth your good Lady?

*Nell Careless.* Faith she seems neither sick nor well, for though her Body seems in health, her Mind seems to be full of trouble, for she will rise in the midst of the Night, and walk about her Chamber only with her Mantle about her.

*Doctor Educature.* Why doth she so?

*Nell Careless.* I ask'd her why she broke her sleep so as to walk about, and she answered me, that it was frightfull Dreams that broke her sleep, and would not let her rest in quiet.

*Doctor Educature.* Alas she is Melancholick in the absence of my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 13.**Enter the Lady Victoria and a number of other Women.*

**L***ady Victoria.* Now we are resolv'd to put our selves into a Warlike body, our gteatest difficulty will be to get Arms; but if you will take my advise we may be furnish'd with those necessaries, as thus, the Garrison we are to enter is full of Arms and Amunition, and few men to guard them, for not only most of the Souldiers are drawn out to strengthen the Generals Army, and to fight in the battel, but as many of the Townsmen as are fit to bear Arms; wherefore it must of necessity be very slenderly guarded, and when we are in the Town, we will all agree in one Night, when they shall think themselves most secure, to rise and surprize those few men that are left, and not only disarm them and possess our selves of the Town and all the Arms and Amunition, but we will put those men out of the Town or in safe places, untill such time as we can carry away whatsoever is usefull & needfull for us, and then to go forth and intrench, untill such time, as we have made our selves ready to march, and being once Master or Mittrifs of the Field we shall easily Master the Pesants, who are for the most part naked and defenceless, having not Arms to guard them, by which means we may plunder all their Horses, and victual our selves out of their Granaries; besides, I make no question but our Army will increase humerously by those women that will adhere to our party, either out of private and home discontents, or for honour and fame, or for the love of change, and as it were a new course of life; wherefore let us march to the Town and also to our design, but first I must have you all swear secrecy.

*All the women.* We are all ready to swear to what you will have us.

*Exeunt.**Scene 14.*

*Enter Madam Jantil alone as rising out of her Bed, her Mantle wrapt about her, and in her night linnen.*

**M***adam Jantil.* I saw his Face pale as a Lilly white,  
His wounds fresh bleeding blood like rabies bright;  
His Eyes were looking steadfastly on me,  
Smiling as joying in my Company;  
He mov'd his lips as willing was to speak,  
But had no voice, and all his Spirits weak;  
He shak'd his hand as if he bid farewell,  
That brought the message which his tongue would tell,  
He's dead, he's dead, a sunder break my heart,  
Let's meet in Death, though Wars our lives did part.

*After she had walkt silently a turn or two about her Chamber her eyes being fixt on the ground, she return'd as to her Bed.*

*Exit.**Scene 15.*



## Scene 15.

*Enter a Gentleman, and another meets him as in great haste.*

1 *Gent.* What news? what news?

2 *Gent.* Sad news, for there hath been a Battel fought betwixt the two Armies, and our Army is beaten, and many of our gallant men slain.

1 *Gent.* I am sorry for that.

*The second Gentleman goeth out.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* Sir I suppose you are come newly from the Army, pray report the Battel?

3 *Gent.* Truly I came not now from the Army, but from the Town the Generals heroical Lady and the rest of the heroicks did surprize, seise and plunder.

1 *Gent.* What the Garrison Town they were sent to for safety?

3 *Gent.* Yes.

1 *Gent.* And doth their number encrease?

3 *Gent.* O very much, for after the surprisal of the Town the women in that Town did so approve of their gallant actions, as every one desired to be enlisted in the roul, and number of the *Amazonian* Army, but in the mean time of the forming of their Army, intelligence was brought of the Battel which was fought, and that there was such loss of both sides as each Army retir'd back, being both so weak as neither was able to keep the Field, but that the loss was greater on the reformed Army, by reason there was so many of their gallant men slain, but this news made many a sad heart and weeping eyes in the Female Army; for some have lost their Husbands, some their Fathers, others their Brothers, Lovers and Friends.

1 *Gent.* Certainly this will fright them out of the Field of War, and cause them to lay by their Heroick designs.

3 *Gent.* I know not what they will do, for they are very secret to their designs, which is strange, being all women.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

## Scene 16.

*Enter two women like Amazons.*

**W**oman. Our Generalls seems to be troubled, perceiving how heavily this Female Army takes their losses.

<sup>2</sup> Woman. She hath reason, for it may hinder or at least obstruct her high designs.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 17.

*Enter the Lady Victoria and her Amazons, she takes her stand and speaks to them.*

**L**ady Victoria. Noble Heroicks, I perceive a mourning veil over the Face of this Female Army, and it becomes it well; for 'tis both natural and human to grieve for the Death of our friends; but consider constant Heroicks, tears nor lamentations cannot call them out of the grave, no petitions can persuade Death to restore them, nor threats to let them go, and since you cannot have them alive being Dead, study and be industrious to revenge their quarrels on their Enemies lives, let your justice give them Death for Death, offer upon the Tombs of your Friends the lives of their Foes, and instead of weeping Eyes, let us make them weep through their Veins; wherefore take courage, cast off your black Veil of Sorrow, and take up the Firematch of Rage, that you may shoot Revenge into the hearts of their Enemies, to which I hope Fortune will favour us; for I hear that as soon as the Masculine Army have recovered strength there will be another Battel fought, which may be a means to prove our loves to our Friends, our hate to our Enemies, and an aspiring to our honour and renown; wherefore let us imploy our care to fit our selves for our march.

*All the women.* We shall follow and obey you, where, and when, and how you please.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 18.

*Enter Doctor Educature, and Nell Careless; the Doctor weeps.*

**D**octor *Educature*. Doth my Lady hear of my Lords Death?  
*Nell Careless*. The Messenger or Intelligencer of my Lords Death is now with her.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 19.

*Enter Madam Jantil, and a Gentleman Intelligencer; the Lady seems not disturb'd; but appears as usually.*

**M**adam *Jantil*. How died my Lord?

*Gentleman*. Madam, he fought with so much courage, as his actions will never dye, and his valour will keep alive the memory of this War: for though he died, his Death was Crown'd with Victory, he digg'd his Grave out of his Enemies sides, and built his Pyramid with heaps of their Bodies; the groans of those he slew did ring his dying Knell.

*Madam Jantil*. What became of his body?

*Gentleman*. He gave order before the Armies joined to fight, that if he were kill'd, his body should be sought out, and delivered to you: for he said it was yours whilst he lived, and he desired it might be disposed of by you when he was dead; his desires and commands were obeyed, and his body is coming in a Litter lapt in Searcloth.

*Madam Jantil*. Worthy Sir, I give you many thanks for your noble relation, assuring my self it is true because you report it, and it is my Husband that is the subject and ground of that honourable relation, whom I always did believe would out-act all words.

*Gentleman*. He hath so Madam.

*Madam Jantil*. Sir, if I can at any time honourably serve you, I shall be ready whensoever you will command me.

*Gentleman*. Your Servant Madam.

*(He was going forth and returns)*

If your Ladyship hath not heard of Monsieur la Hardy's Death, give me leave to tell you he is slain.

*Madam Jantil*. I am sorry, and for his Lady, for she loved him most passionately.

*The Gentleman goes out.*

M m m m m m m

*Enter*

*Enter as running and calling out Doll Pacify, Madam  
Passionate's Maid.*

*Doll Pacify.* Help, help, my Lady is dead, my Lady is fallen into a  
swoond at the report of my Masters being kill'd.

*The Lady goeth out and the Maid, then they enter strait  
again with two or three Servants more, bringing in the  
Lady Passionate as in a swoond.*

*Madam Jantil.* Alas poor Lady, her Spirits are drown'd in Sorrow, and  
Grief hath stop't her breath; loosen her Garments, for she is swell'd with  
troubled Thoughts, her Passions lie on heaps, and so oppress life, it cannot  
stir, but makes her fenceless.

*Upon the loos'ing of her garments she revives  
and cries out.*

*Madam Passionate.* O my Husband, my Husband!

*She swoonds again.*

*Madam Jantil.* Bow her forward, bow her forward.

*Madam Passionate revives again.*

*Madam Passionate.* O let me dye, let me dye, and bury, bury me with him.

*Swoonds again.*

*Madam Jantil.* Alas poor Lady, put her to Bed, for her life will find most  
ease there.

*The Servants goes out with Madam Passionate*

*Madam Jantil alone.*

*Madam Jantil.* O life what art thou? and Death where dost thou lead  
us, or what dissolv'st thou us into?

*Exeunt*

*Scene 20.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* I wonder there is no news or Messenger come from the Army  
yet, when there usually comes one every day.

*Enter a Messenger.*

2 *Gent.* O Sir, what news?

*Messenger.* Faith there hath been nothing acted since the last Battel, b

it is said there will be another Battel very suddenly, for the Enemy provokes our men to fight, by reason our Lord General lies sick of his wounds, having had a Feavour, caused by the anguish of his hurts, and by his Sicknels the Enemies hope to gain an advantage of his absence, but he hath put a Deputy in his place to command in chief untill he recovers.

*1 Gent.* What is become of the Female Army?

*Messenger.* I hear they are marched towards the Masculine Army, but upon what design I cannot understand.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 21.

*Enter Madam Jantil, and her Maid Nell Careless.*

**M**adam Jantil. Call my Steward.

*The Maid goes out.*

*The Lady walks in a musing posture, her eyes fixt on the ground.*

*Enter the Steward weeping.*

*Steward.* O Madam, that I should live to hear this cursed news of my dear Lord and Masters Death.

*Madam Jantil.* Life is a curse, and there's none happy but those that dye in the womb before their birth, because they have the least share of misery; and since you cannot weep out life, bear it with patience; but thy tears have almost waitt out the memory of what I was to say, but this it is, that I would have you sell all my Jewels, Plate, and Household Furniture to the best advantage, and to turn off all my Servants, but just those to attend my person, but to reward all of them with something more than their wages, and those Servants that are old, and have spent their youth with my Lords Predecessors and in his service, but especially those he favoured most, give them so much during their lives as may keep them from the miseries of necessity, and vexations of poverty. Thirdly, I would have you hire the best and curioust Carvers or Cutters of Stones to make a Tomb after my direction; as First I will have a marble piece raised from the ground about half a mans height or something more, and something longer than my Husbands dead body, and then my Husbands Image Carved out of Marble to be laid thereupon; his Image to be Carved with his Armor on, and half a Head-piece on the Head, that the face might be seen, which face I would have to the life as much as Art can make it; also let there be two Statues, one for *Mercury*, and another for *Pallas*, these two Statues to stand at his head, and the hands of these Statues to join and to be laid under as carrying the head of my Husbands figure, or as the head lay thereupon, and their hands as his Pillow; on the right side of his figure, let there be a Statue for *Mars*, and the hand of *Mars's* Statue holding the right hand of my Husbands figure, and on the left hand a Statue for *Hymen*, the hand on the place of the heart of my Husbands figure, and at the feet of the figure let

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there

there be placed a Statue for *Fortune* also, about a yard distance from the Tomb; at the four Corners thereof, let there be four Marble Pillars raised of an indifferent height, and an Arched Marble Cover thereupon, and let all the ground be paved underneath with Marble, and in the midst on the outside of the marble roof let the Statute of *Fame* be placed in a flying posture, and as blowing a Trumpet; then some two yards distance square from those Pillars, let the ground be paved also with Marble, and at the four Corners four other Marble Pillars raised as high as the former, with Capitals at top, and the body of those Pillars round, and the Statues of the four Cardinal Virtues placed on those Capitals, sitting as in a weeping posture, and at the feet of those Pillars the Statues of the Graces imbracing each Pillar; as the Statue of Charity, the Pillar whereon the Statue of Justice sits, and the Statue of Patience, the Pillar of Temperance, and the Statue of Hope, the Pillar of Prudence, and the Statue of Faith, the Pillar of Fortitude; then set a grove of Trees all about the out-side of them, as Lawrel, Mirtle, Cipress, and Olive, for in Death is Peace, in which Trees the Birds may sit and sing his Elegy; this Tomb placed in the midst of a piece of ground of some ten or twenty Acres, which I would have compassed about with a Wall of Brick of a reasonable height, on the inside of the Wall at one end, I would have built a little house divided into three Rooms, as a Gallery, a Bed-chamber, and a Closet, on the outside of the Wall a House for some necessary Servants to live in, to dress my meat, and to be ready at my call, which will be but seldome, and that by the ring of a Bell, but the three Rooms I would have furnished after this manner, my Chamber and the Bed therein to be hung with white, to signify the Purity of Chastity, wherein is no Colours made by false lights; the Gallery with several Colours intermixt, to signify the varieties, changes, and incombrances of life; my Closet to be hung with black, to signify the darkness of Death, wherein all things are forgotten and buried in Oblivion; thus will I live a signification, not as a real substance but as a shadow made betwixt life and death; from this House which shall be my living Tomb, to the Tomb of my dead Husband, I would have a Cloyster built, through which I may walk freely to my Husbonds Tomb, from the injuries of the weather, and this Cloyster I would have all the sides thereof hung with my Husbonds Pictures drawn to the life by the best Painters, and all the several accidents, studies and exercise of his life; thus will I have the story of his life drawn to the life: see this my desire speedily, carefully, and punctually done, and I shall reward your service as a carefull and diligent Steward and Servant.

*Steward.* It shall be done, but why will not your Ladyship have my Lords figure cast in Brass?

*Madam Famil.* Because the Wars ruin Tombs before Time doth, and metals being usefull therein are often taken away by necessity, and we seldome find any ancient Monuments but what are made of Stone, for covetousness is apt to rob Monuments of metal, committing Sacrileges on the dead, for metals are soonest melted into profit, but Stone is dull and heavy, creeping slowly, bringing but a cold advantage, wherein lies more pains than gains.

*Steward.* But your Ladyship may do all this without selling your Jewels, Plate, and Household Furniture.

*Madam Famil.* It is true, but I would not let so much wealthy dead in Vanity, when exchanging them for money, I can employ it to some good use.

*Steward.*

*Steward.* Your Ladyship hath forgotten to give order for blacks.

*Madam Jantil.* No I have not, but I will give no mourning untill my Husbands body be carried to the Tomb; wherefore I have nothing more to imploy you in at this time, but only to send hither my Chaplain Doctor *Educature.*

*The Steward goes out.*

*Enter Doctor Educature.*

*Madam Jantil.* Doctor, although it is not the profession of a Divine to be an Historian, yet you knowing my Husbands life and natural disposition best, being in his Childhood under you Tutorage, and one of his Family ever since, I know none so proper for that work as you, and though you are naturally an eloquent Orator, yet the bare truth of his worthy Virtues and Heroical actions will be sufficient to make the story both profitable, delightfull, and famous; also I must intreat you to choose out a Poet, one that doth not merely write for gain, or to express his own wit, so much as to endeavour to Pencil with the pen Virtue to the life, which in my Lord was so beautifull as it was beyond all draughts, but the theam will inspire his Muse, and when both these works are writ, printed and set out, as divulged to the World as a patern for examples, which few will be able to imitate, then I would have these books ly by me as Registers of memory, for next unto the Gods my life shall be spent in Contemplation of him; I know I shall not need to periwade you to do this, for your affection to his memory is ready of it self; but love and duty binds me to express my desires for his Fame leaving nothing which is for my part thereunto.

*Doctor Educature.* Madam, all the service I can do towards the memory of my dear Pupil, and noble Lord and Patron, shall be most devoutly observed and followed; for Heaven knows, if I had as many lives to dispose of as I have lived years, I would have Sacrificed them all for to have redeemed his life from Death.

*Doctor Educature goes out.*

*Madam Jantil alone.*

*Madam Jantil.* When I have interred my Husbands body, and all my desires thereunto be finished, I shall be at some rest, and like an Executrix to my self executing my own will, distributing the Rites and Ceremonies, as Legacies to the dead, thus the living gives the dead; but O my Spirits are tired with the heavy burden of Melancholy, and grow faint for want of rest, yet my senses invite me thereunto, yet I cannot rest in my Bed, for frightfull Dreams disturb me; wherefore I will ly down on this floor, and try if I can get a quiet sleep on the ground, for from Earth I came, and to Earth I would willingly return.

*She lays her self down upon the ground, on one side of her Arm bowing, leaning upon her Elbow, her Forehead upon the palm of her hand bowing forwards, her face towards the ground; but her grief elevating her passion, thus speaks.*

*Madam Jantil.* Weep cold Earth, through your pores weep,  
Or in your bowels my salt tears fast keep;

N n n n n n

Inurn

Inurn my sighs which from my grief is sent,  
 With my hard groans build up a Monument ;  
 My Tongue like as a pen shall write his name,  
 My words as letters to divulge his fame ;  
 My life like to an Arch over his Ashes bend,  
 And my desires to his grave descend ;  
 I warn thee Life keep me not Company,  
 I am a friend to Death thy Enemy ;  
 For thou art cruell, and every thing torments,  
 Wounding with pain all that the World presents ;  
 But Death is generous and sets us free,  
 Breaks off our Chains, and gives us liberty ;  
 Heals up our wounds of trouble with sweet rest,  
 Draws our corrupted passions from our breast ;  
 Lays us to sleep on Pillows of soft ease,  
 Rocks us with silence nothing hears nor sees.

*She fetches a great sigh.*

O that I may here sleep my last.

*After a short slumber she wakes.*

If it were not for Dreams sleep would be a happiness next unto Death ;  
 but I find I cannot sleep a long sleep in Death, I shall not dye so soon as I  
 would.

*Love is so strong and pure it cannot dy,  
 Lives not in sense, but in the Soul doth lye ;  
 Why do I mourn ? his love with mine doth dwell,  
 His love is pleas'd mine entertains it well ;  
 But mine would be like his one imbodyed,  
 Only an Essence or like a Goahead.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 22.*

*Enter Doctor Comfort, and Doll Pacify*

**D**octor Comfort. How doth our Lady Doll ?

Doll Pacify. To day she began to sit up, but yet she is very weak  
 and faint.

Doctor Comfort. Heaven help her.

Doll Pacify. You that are Heavens Almner, should distribute Heavens  
 gifts out of the purse of your mouth, and give her single Godly words in-  
 stead of single silver pence, to buy her some Heavenly food to feed her fa-  
 misht mind.

Doctor Comfort. Thou art a full-fed wench.

Doll Pacify. If I were no better fed than you feed me, which is but once  
 a week, as on Sundayes, I should be starved.

Doctor Comfort. You must fast and pray, fast and pray.

*Exeunt.*

ACT



## ACT V.

## Scene 23.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1** *Gent.* All the young Gallants in the Town are preparing themselves with fine Cloths and Feathers to go a wooing to the two rich Widows, the Lady *Fantil*, and the Lady *Passionate*.

**2** *Gent.* Riches are the Loadstone of affection, or at least professions.

**1** *Gent.* The truth is, Riches draw more Suters, than Youth, Beauty, or Virtue.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 24.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen, Monsieur Comerade, Monsieur Compagnion, and Monsieur la Gravity.*

**M** *onsieur Comerade.* For Heavens sake let us go and address our selves to the two Rich Widows.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* For my part I will address my self to none but the young Widow, the Lady *Fantil*, and to her let us go without delay.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* It will be uncivil to go so soon after their Husbands Death, for their Husbands are not yet laid in their Graves.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* If they were we should come too late, for I knew a man which was a great friend of mine, who was resolved to settle himself in a married course of life, and so he went a wooing to a Widow, for a Widow he was resolved to marry, and he went a wooing to one whose Husband was but just cold in his grave, but she told him she was promised before, so he wooed another whilst she followed her Husbands Corps, but she told him he came too late, whereat he thought with the third not to be a second in his Sute, and so expressed his desires in her Husbands sickness, she told him she was very sorry that she had past her word before to another, for if she had not, she would have made him her choice, whereat he curst his imprudence, and wooed the fourth on her wedding day, who gave him a promise after her Husband was dead to marry him, and withall she told him, that if she had been married before, it had been ten to one but he had spoke too late, for said she, when we are Maids we are kept from the free conversation of men, by our Parents or Guardians, but on our wedding day we are made free and set at liberty, and like as young Heirs on the day of one and twenty we make promises like bonds for two or three lives: wherefore I fear we shall miss of our hopes, for these two Widows will be promised before we address our Sute,

*Monsieur la Gravity.* No no, for I am confident all do not so, for some  
N n n n n n 2 love

love to have the freedoms of their wills, for every promise is a bondage to those that make a Conscience to keep their promise, besides, it is not only variety that pleaseth women, but new Changes, for stale Acquaintance is as unpleasent as want of change, and the only hopes I have to the end of my Sure, is, that I am a Stranger and unknown, for women fancy men beyond what they are when unknown, and prize them less than their merits deserve, when they are acquainted.

*Monsieur Comerade.* Well, we will not stay, but we will do our endeavour to get admittance.

*Exeunt*

Scene 25.

*Enter Madam Passionate as very ill, sitting in a Chair groaning,  
Enter Madam Jantil as to see her.*

*M Adam Jantil.* Madam, how do you find your health?

*Madam Passionate.* Very bad, for I am very ill, but I wonder at your Fortitude, that you can bear such a Cross as the loss of your Husband so patiently.

*Madam Jantil.* O Madam I am like those that are in a Dropsie, their face seems full and fat, but their liver is consumed, and though my sorrow appears not outwardly, yet my heart is dead within me.

*Madam Passionate.* But your young years is a Cordiall to restore it, and a new love will make it as healthfull as ever it was.

*Enter Doll Pacify the Lady Passionat's Maid, with a Porrenger of Cawdle.*

*Doll Pacify.* Pray Madam eat something, or otherwise you will kill yourself with fasting, for you have not eaten any thing since the beginning of your sorrow.

*Lady Passionate.* O carry that Cawdle away, carry it away, for the very sight doth overcome my Stomack.

*Doll Pacify.* Pray Madam eat but a little.

*Lady Passionate.* I care not for it, I cannot eat it, nor will not eat it: wherefore carry it away, or I will go away.

*Both the Ladies goe out*

*Enter Nell Careless Madam Jantils Maid.*

*Nell Careless.* Preshee if thy Lady will not eat this Cawdle, give it me for I have an Appetite to it; but I wonder you will offer your Lady any thing to eat, but rather you should give her something to drink, for I have heard sorrow is dry, but never heard it was hungry.

*Doll Pacify.* You are mistaken, for sorrow is sharp, and bites upon the Stomack, which causes an eager Appetite.

*Nell Careless.* I am sure weeping eyes make a dry Throat.

*[She eats and talks between each spoonfull.]*

*Do*

*Doll Pacify.* But Melancholy Thoughts make a hungry Stomack : but faith if thou wert a Widow, by thy eating thou wouldst have another Husband quickly.

*Nell Careless.* Do you think I would marry again.

*Doll Pacify.* Heaven forbid that a young woman should live a Widow.

*Nell Careless.* Why, is it a sin for a young woman to live a Widow ?

*Doll Pacify.* I know not what it would be to you, but it would be a cure of Conscience to me if I were a Widow.

*Nell Careless.* By thy nice Conscience thou seem'st to be a Puritan.

*Doll Pacify.* VVell, I can bring many proofs : but were it not a sin, it is a disgrace.

*Nell Careless.* VVhere lies the disgrace ?

*Doll Pacify.* In the opinion of the VVorld, for old Maids and musty VVidows are like the plague shun'd of by all men, which affrights young women so much, as by running from it they catch hold on whatsoever man they meet, without consideration of what or whom they are, by which many times they fall into poverty and great misery.

*Nell Careless.* You teach a Doctrine, that to escape one mischief they fall on another, which is worse than the first; wherefore it were better to live a musty VVidow as you call them, than a miserable VVife; besides, a man cannot intimately love a VVidow, because he will be a Cuckold, as being made one by her dead Husband, and so live in Adultery, and so she live in sin her self by Cuckolding both her Husbands, having had two.

*Doll Pacify.* I believe if you were a VVidow you would be tempted to that sin.

*Nell Careless.* Faith but I should not, for should I commit that sin, I should deserve the Hell of discontent.

*Doll Pacify.* Faith you would marry if you were young, and fair, and rich.

*Nell Careless.* Those you mention would keep me from marrying : for if any would marry me for the love of youth and beauty, they would never love me long, because time ruins both soon; and if any one should marry me merely for my riches, they would love my riches so well and so much as there would be no love left for me that brought it, and if my Husband be taken Prisoner by my wealth, I shall be made a Slave.

*Doll Pacify.* No, not if you be virtuous.

*Nell Careless.* Faith there is not one in an Age that takes a wife merely for virtue, nor values a wife any thing the more for being so; for poor Virtue sits mourning unregarded and despised, not any one will so much as cast an eye towards her, but all shun her as you say they do old Maids or musty Widows.

*Doll Pacify.* Although you plead excellently well for not marrying, yet I make no question but you would willingly marry if there should come a young Gallant.

*Nell Careless.* What's that, a Fool that spends all his wit and money on his Clothes? or is it a gallant young man, which is a man enriched with worth and merit?

*Doll Pacify.* I mean a Gallant both for bravery and merit.

*Nell Careless.* Nay, they seldom go both together.

*Doll Pacify.* Well, I wish to Heaven that *Hymen* would give thee a Husband, and then that *Pluto* would quietly take him away to see whether you

would marry again, O I long for that time.

*Nell Careless.* Do not long too earnestly, lest you should miscarry of your desires.

*Enter Madam Passionate, whereat Nell Careless hearing her come, she runs away.*

*Madam Passionate.* VWho was it that run away?

*Doll Pacify.* *Nell Careless* Madam *Fantils* Maid.

*Madam Passionate.* O that I could contract a bargain for such an indifferent mind as her young Lady hath; or that the pleasures of the VV could bury my grief.

*Doll Pacify.* There is no way for that Madam, but to please your self still with the present times, gathering those fruits of life that are ripe, and next your reach, not to indanger a fall by climbing too high, nor to stay for that which is green, nor to let it hang whilst it is rotten with time, nor to murmur for that which is blowen down by chance, nor to curse the weather of accidents for blasting the blossoms, nor the Birds and VVorms of Death, which is sickness and pain, for picking and eating the berries, for nature allows them a part as well as you, for there is nothing in the VVorld we can absolutely possess to our selves; for Time, Chance, Fortune and Death, hath a share in all things, life hath the least.

*Madam Passionate.* I think so, for I am weary of mine.

*The Lady goes out.*

*Enter a Man.*

*Man.* Mistress *Dorothy*, there are two or three Gentlemen that desire to speak with one of the VVidows Maids, and you belong to one.

*Doll Pacify.* VWell, what is their business?

*Man.* I know not, but I suppose they will only declare that to your self.

*She goeth out, and enters again as meeting the Gentlemen.*

*Doll Pacify.* Gentlemen, would you speak with me?

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Yes, for we desire you will help us to the honour of kissing your Ladyes hands, thereon to offer our service.

*Doll Pacify.* Sir, you must excuse me, for the Sign of VVidowhood is not as yet hung out, Mourning is not on, nor the Scutcheons are not hung over the Gate, but if you please to come two or three dayes hence I may do you some service, but now it will be to no purpose to tell my Lady, for I am sure she will receive no visits.

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THE ACTORS NAMES.

*The Lord General, and many Commanders.*

*Monsieur la Gravity.*

• *Monsieur le Compagnion.*

*Monsieur Comrade.*

*Doctor Educature.*

*Doctor Comfort, and divers Gentlemen, Messengers, Ser-  
vants, Officers and others.*

*Lady Victoria, and many Heroicks.*

*Lady Jantil.*

*Lady Passionate.*

*Doll Pacify.*

*Nell Careless, City Wives and others.*

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THE SECOND PART OF  
BELL IN CAMPO.

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ACT I.

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Scene 1.

*Enter Doctor Comfort, and Doll Pacify.*

**D***oll Pacify.* Good Master Priest go comfort my old Lady.  
*Doctor Comfort.* If you will Comfort me, I will strive to Comfort her.

*Doll Pacify.* So we shall prove the Crums of Comfort.

*Doctor Comfort.* But is my Lady so sad still?

*Doll Pacify.* Faith to day she hath been better than I have seen her, for she was so patient as to give order for Blacks; but I commend the young Lady Madam *Jantil*, who bears out the Siege of Sorrow most Courageously, and on my Conscience I believe will beat grief from the fort of her heart, and become victorious over her misfortunes.

*Doctor Comfort.* Youth is a good Souldier in the Warfare of Life, and like a valiant Cornet or Ensign, keeps the Colours up, and the Flag flying, in despite of the Enemies, and were our Lady as young as Madam *Jantil*, she would grieve less, but to lose an old Friend after the loss of a young Beauty is a double, nay a triple affliction, because there is little or no hopes to get another good Husband, for though an old woman may get a Husband, yet ten thousand to one but he will prove an Enemy, or a Devill.

*Doll Pacify.* It were better for my Lady if she would marry again, that her Husband should prove a Devill than a Mortal Enemy, for you can free her from the one though not from the other, for at your words, the great Devil will avoid or vanish, and you can bind the lesser Devils in Chains; and whip them with holy Rods untill they rore again.

*Doctor Comfort.* Nay, we are strong enough for the Devil at all times, and in all places, neither can he deceive us in any shape, unless it be in the shape of a young Beauty, and then I confesse he overcomes us, and torments our hearts in the fire of love, beyond all expression.

*Doll Pacify.* If I were a Devil I would be sure to take a most beautiful shape to torment you, but my Lady will torment me if I stay any longer here.

## Scene 2.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 **G** *Ent.* Sir, you being newly come from the Army, pray what news?  
 2 *Gent.* I suppose you have heard how our Army was forced to fight by the Enemies provocations, hearing the Lord General lay sick, whereupon the Generals Lady the Lady *Victoria*, caused her *Amazonians* to march towards the Masculine Army, and to entrench some half a mile distance therefrom, which when the Masculine Army heard thereof, they were very much troubled thereat, and sent a command for them to retreat back, fearing they might be a disturbance, so a destruction unto them by, doing some untimely or unnecessary action; but the Female Army returned the Masculine Army an Answer, that they would not retreat unless they were beaten back, which they did believe the Masculine Sex would not, having more honour than to fight with the Female Sex; but if the men were so base, they were resolved to stand upon their own defence; but if they would let them alone, they would promise them upon the honour of their words not to advance any nearer unto the Masculine Army, as long as the Masculine Army could assault their Enemies, or defend themselves, and in this posture I left them.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 3.

*Enter the Lady Victoria, and her Heroickesses.*

**L** *Ady Victoria.* Noble Heroickesses, I have intelligence that the Army of Reformation begins to flag, wherefore now or never is the time to prove the courage of our Sex, to get liberty and freedom from the Female Slavery, and to make our selves equal with men: for shall Men only sit in Honours chair, and Women stand as waiters by? shall only Men in Triumphant Chariots ride, and Women run as Captives by? shall only men be Conquerors, and women Slaves? shall only men live by Fame, and women dy in Oblivion? no, no, gallant Heroicks raise your Spirits to a noble pitch, to a deaticall height, to get an everlasting Renown, and infinite praises, by honourable, but unusual actions: for honourable Fame is not got only by contemplating thoughts which lie lasily in the Womb of the Mind, and prove Abortive, if not brought forth in living deeds; but worthy Heroickesses, at this time Fortune desires to be the Midwife, and if the Gods and Goddesses did not intend to favour our proceedings with a safe deliverance, they would not have offered us so fair and fit an opportunity to be the Mothers of glorious Actions, and everlasting Fame, which if you be so unnatural, or to be in the Birth by fearfull Cowardize, may you be blasted with Infamy, which is worse than to dye and be forgotten; may you be whipt with the torturing tongues of our own Sex we left behind us, and may you be scorned and neglected by the Masculine Sex, whilst other women are

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preferred and beloved, and may you walk unregarded until you become Plague to your selves; but if you Arm with Courage and fight valiantly, men bow down and worship you, birds taught to sing your praises, Kings offer up their Crowns unto you, and honour inthrone you in a mighty power.

*May time and destiny attend your will,  
Fame be your scribe to write your actions still;  
And may the Gods each act with praises fill.*

*All the women.* Fear us not, fear us not, we dare and will follow you wheresoever and to what you dare or will lead us, be it through the jaws of Death.

THE PRAYER.

Lady Victoria: **G**reat Mars thou God of war, grant that our Squadrons may like unbroaken Clouds move with intire Boides, let Courage be the wind to drive us on, and let our thick swell'd Army darker their Sun of hope with black despair, let us powre down showers of their blood, to quench the fiery flames of our revenge.

And where those showers fall, their Deaths as seeds  
Sown in times memory sprout up our deeds;  
And may our Acts Triumphant garlands make,  
Which Fame may wear for our Heroicks sake.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*Enter Doctor Comfort, and Doll Pacify.*

**D**octor Comfort. Doll, how doth our Lady since the burying of my Patron?

*Doll Pacify.* Faith she begins now to have regard to her health, for she take *Jackalato* every Morning in her Bed fasting, and then she hath a mess of Gelly broath for her Breakfast, and drinks a Cup of Sack before Dinner, and eats a Whitewine Cawdle every afternoon, and for her Supper she hath new laid Eggs, and when she goes to Bed, she drinks a hearty draught of Mulkadine to make her sleep well; besides, if she chances to wake in the Night, she takes comfortable Spirits, as *Angelica*, *Aniseeds*, *Besor*, *aquamirabilis*, and the like hot waters, to comfort her heart, and to drive away all Melancholy thoughts.

*Doctor Comfort.* Those things will do it if it be to be done, but I am so that my Lady hath sold all my Patrons Horses, Saddles, Arms, Cloak and such like things at the Drums head, and by out-cries, to get a little more money for them, I fear the World will condemn her, as believing me to be covetous.

*Doll Pacify.* O that's nothing, for what she loses by being thought covetous, she will regain by being thought rich, for the World esteems and respects nothing so much as riches.

*Exeunt.*  
ACT



## A C T II.

## Scene 5.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 **G**ent. Pray Sir what news from the Army? you are newly come from thence.

2 **G**ent. I suppose you have heard how the Effeminate Army was some half a mile from the Masculine Armies; but the Masculine Army being very earnest to fight, not only to get Victory and power, but to revenge each others losses; as their Friends slain in the former Battel, which thoughts of revenge did so fire their minds and inflame their Spirits, that if their Eyes had been as much illuminated as their flaming Spirits were, there might have been seen two blazing Armies thus joining their Forces against each other; at last began a cruell fight, where both the Armies fought with such equal Courages and active Limbs, as for a long time neither side could get the better, but at the last the Army of Faction broak the Ranks and Files of the Army of Reformation, whereupon every Squadron began to fall into a Confusion; no order was kept, no chardge was heard, no command obey'd, terror and fear ran malkerd about, which helpt to rout our Army, whereupon the Enemy kill'd many of our men, and wounded many more, and took numbers of Prisoners; but upon this defeat came in the Female Army, in the time that some of the Enemy was busy in gathering up the Conquered spoils, others in pursute of the remainders of our men, others were binding up the Prisoners, others driving them to their Quarters like a Company of Sheep to a Market there to be sold; but when as some of the Commanders perceived a fresh Army coming towards them, their General commanded the Trumpets to sound a Retreat to gather them together, and also made haste to order and settle his men in Battel Array, and desirous their General was to have all the Prisoners slain; but the Female Army came up so fast and so close to prevent that mischief, as they had not time to execute that design; but their General encouraged his Souldiers, and bid them not to be disheartened, perswading them not to lose what they had got from an Army of men to an Army of boys, for said he they seem to be no other by the appearance of their shapes and statures; but when the Female Army came to encounter them, they found their charge so hot and furious as made them give place, which advantage they took with that prudence and dexterity, as they did not only rout this Army of Faction, killing and wounding many, and set their own Countrymen at liberty, and recovered their losses, and gained many spoils, and took numbers of Prisoners of their Enemies with Bag and Baggage, but they pursued those that fled into their Trenches, and beat them out of their works, and took possession thereof, where they found much riches; these Trenches being taken, the Lady *Victoria* took possession, and made them her Quarters, calling all her Female Souldiers to enter therein by the sound of Flutes, which they always used instead of Trumpets, and their Drums were Kettel-Drums; but upon this Victory

the Masculine Sex of the Army of Reformation was much out of Countenance, being doubly or trebly overcome, twice by their Enemy, and then by the gallant actions of the Females which out-did them; yet they thought it best to take their advantage whilst the Victory was fresh and flourishing, and their Enemies weak and fearfull, to lay siege to the next Towns in the Enemies Country; whereupon the Lady *Victoria* and her Female Souldiers hearing of the Army of Reformations designs, for they had sent the men to their own Quarters as soon as the Battel was won and Victory got; Also the Masculine Prisoners they sent to the mens Quarters, not intermixing themselves with the men, but as I said they hearing the design they had to besiege the Towns were much intraged for not making them of their Councils, whereupon they sent a Messenger like as an Embassadour to tell the Masculine Army they did wonder at their ingratitude, that they should forget so much their relievers as to go upon any Warlike design without making them acquainted therewith, striving as it were to steal the Victory out of their hands, but said they, since we are become victorious over our Enemies, and Masters, and Mistresses of the Field, by our own valiant actions and prudent conducts, we will maintain our power by our own strengths, for our Army is become now numerous, full and flourishing, formed, and conformable by our Discipline, skillfull by our practice; valiant by our resolutions, powerfull by our victory, terrible to our Enemies, honourable to our Friends, and a subject of Envy to the Masculine Sex; but your Army is weak and decrepid, fitter for an Hospital than for a Field of War, your power is lost, your courage is cold, your discipline disorderous, and your command sleighted, despised by your Enemies, pittied by your Friends, forsaken of good Fortune, and made subject unto our Effeminate Sex, which we will use by our power like Slaves. But when our Lord General who was recovered out of sickness, and all his Commanders about him heard this message, which was delivered in a full assembly, according as the Lady *Victoria* had commanded the message should be, the men could not chuse but smile at the womens high and mighty words, knowing they had all sweet and gentle dispositions and complying Natures, yet they were at a stand which to be pleased at most, as in hearing them disparage their Masculine Sex, or in advancing their own Female Sex by their self Commendations, but howsoever so well pleased the men were with the womens gallant actions, that every man was proud that had but a Female acquaintance in the Female Army; but our Lord General was mightily taken with their bravadoes, and much mirth amongst the Commanders was about it; but when they were to advise what to do in the affairs of War, and the warring women, the General told them he made no question but that most men knew by experience that women were won by gentle perswasions and fair promises, and not by rigid actions or angry frowns, besides said he, all noble natures strive to assist the weakest in all lawfull actions, and that he was no gallant man that submits not to a woman in all things that are honourable, and when he doth dissent it must be in a Courtly manner, and a Complemental behaviour and expression, for that women were Creatures made by nature, for men to love and admire, to protect and defend, to cherish and maintain, to seek and to sue to, and especially such women which have out-done all their Sex, which nature ever made before them; wherefore said he, 'tis fit to these women above all others we should yield our selves Prisoners, not only in love but in Arms; wherefore let us treat fairly with them, and give them their own conditions,

conditions. But in the mean time the Lady *Victoria* thought it best not to lose any opportunity with talking out the time, wherefore she besieged a considerable Fort, a place which was at it were the Key that unlockt the passage into the heart of the Enemies Kingdome, and at this siege they were when I came away, but the General and his Council had sent a Messenger unto them, but what his message was I cannot give you an account.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 6.*

*Enter two men in Mourning.*

**1** *Man.* Now my Lord is Intombed, our Lady will enanchor her self by his Ashes.

**2** *Man.* 'Tis strange so young and beautifull a Lady should bury her self from the World, and quit all the pleasures thereof, to live with dead Ashes.

**1** *Man.* A grieved Mind, Melancholy Thoughts, and an Oppressed Heart, considers not the Body, nor the World.

**2** *Man.* But yet I think 'tis an example that few of her Sex will imitate.

**1** *Man.* Because few of the Female Sex can truly Grieve or be Melancholy.

**2** *Man.* No, it is that few of the Female Sex can truly and constantly Love.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 7.*

*The Tomb being thrust on the Stage, enter Madam Jantil and a Company of Mourners, but the Lady Jantil was attired in a Garment of rich Cloth of gold girt loosely about her, and a Mantle of Crimson Velvet lined with powdered Ermins over that, her woman bearing up the Train thereof being long, her Hair all unbound hung loose upon her Shoulders and Back, upon her Head a rich Crown of Jewels, as also Pendant Jewels in her Ears, and on her Wrists costly Bracelets; when she came in she goeth towards the Tomb, and bows with great respect and devotion thereto, then speaks, directing her speech to every several Figure.*

*These following Verses or Speeches were written by my Lord Marquiss of Newcastle.*

**L** *ady Jantil.* Pallas and Mercury at thy Death mourned,  
So as to marble Statues here th'are turned;  
Mars sheaths his Sword, and begs of thee a room,  
To bury all his courage in thy Tomb;

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*Hymen*

Hymen amazed stands, and is in doubt,  
 Thy Death his holy fier hath put out;  
 What various shapes of Fortune thou didst meet,  
 Thou scorn'st her frowns and kicks he with thy feet,  
 Now sound aloud the Trumpet of good Fame,  
 And blow abroad his everlasting name.

*After this she directs her speech to the outward  
 figures about the Tomb.*

The Cardinal Virtues Pillars of thy fame,  
 Weep to see now each but an empty name  
 Only for Painters and for Carvers be,  
 When thy life sustain'd them more than they Thee  
 Each Capital a sadder Virtue bears,  
 But for the Graces would be drowned in tears;  
 Faith strengthens Fortitude lest she should faint,  
 Hope comforts Prudence as her only Saint;  
 And Charity to Justice doth advance  
 To Counsel her, as Patience Temperance;  
 But wofull Counsellors they are each one,  
 Since grief for thy Death turn'd them all to stone.

*Then putting off her rich Garments and Orna-  
 ments before mentioned, as she was undres-  
 sing she spake thus.*

Now I depose my self, and here lay down,  
 Titles, not Honour, with my richer Crown;  
 This Crimson Velvet Mantle I throw by,  
 There ease and plenty in rich Ermins lie;  
 Off with this glittering Gown which once did bear  
 Ambition and fond pride by you all there;  
 Bracelets and Pendants which I now do wear,  
 Here I devest my Arms and so each Ear;  
 Cut off these dangling Tresses once a crime,  
 Urging my Glais to look away my time;  
 Thus all these Worldly vanities I wave,  
 And bury them all in my Husbands grave.

*After this she calls for her other Garments, which  
 was a pure white light silk loose Garment, girt  
 about her with a white silk Cord, and then puts  
 on a thin black Veil over it, and then takes a  
 Book in her hand, but speaks as they were a put-  
 ting on those latter Garments.*

*More of my Lord Marquesse, are these.*

Lady Jantel. Put on that pure and spotless garment white,  
 To shew my chaster thoughts, my Souls delight;

Cord

Cord of Humility about my waste,  
 A Veil of obscure Mourning about me cast;  
 Here by this sadder Tomb shall be my Station;  
 And in this Book my holy Contemplation.

*She turns her self to her Servants:*

Farewell my Servants, farewell every one,  
 As you all love me pray leave me alone.

*They all go forth weeping:*

*When they were all gone and she alone, she turns  
 her self to the Tomb.*

No dust shall on thy marble ever stay,  
 But with my sadder sighs ile blow 't away;  
 And the least spot that any Pillar bears,  
 Ile wash it clean with grief of dropping tears;  
 Sun fly this Hemisphær, and feast my Eyes,  
 With Melancholy night, and never rise,  
 Nor by reflection, for all light I hate,  
 Therefore no Planet do illuminate;  
 The twinkling Stars that in cold nights are teen,  
 Clouds muster up and hide them as a Screen;  
 The Centrick fire raise vapours from the Earth,  
 Get and be Midwife for those fogs their birth;  
 Then chilling colds freeze up thy pores without,  
 That trembling Earth-quakes no where may get out;  
 And that our Mother Earth may nothing wear,  
 But Snow and Icicles to curl her hair;  
 And so Dame Nature Barren nothing bring,  
 Wishing a Chaos; since despairs a Spring;  
 Since all my joys are gone, what shall I do,  
 But with the whole World ruined with me too?

*Here ends my Lord Marquesses Verses:*

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## Scene 8.

*Enter the Lady Victoria, and many of her Amazons, then enters a Messenger from the Masculine Army.*

**M**essenger. May it please your Excellence, our Lord General and the rest of the Commanders have sent you and your Heroicks a Letter, desiring it may be read in a full Assembly.

*Lady Victoria.* One of you take the Letter and read it.

*One of the women takes the Letter and reads it to all the Company.*

## THE LETTER.

To the most Excellent of her Sex, and her most worthy Heroickesses.

**Y**ou Goddesses on Earth, who have the power and dominion over men, 'tis you we worship and adore, we pray and implore your better opinions of us, than to believe we are so unjust as to take the Victory out of your fair hands, or so vain-glorious as to attribute it to our selves, or so ungratefull as not to acknowledg our lives and liberties from your valours, wisdoms, and good fortune, or so imprudent as to neglect your power, or so ill-bred as to pass by you without making our addresses, or so foolish as to go about any action without your knowledge, or so unmannerly as to do any thing without your leave; wherefore we entreat you and pray you to believe that we have so much honour in us, as to admire your beauties, to be attentive to your discourses, to dote on your persons, to honour your virtues, to divulge your sweet graces, to praise your behaviours, to wait your commands, to obey your directions, to be proud of your favours, and we wear our lives only for your service, and believe we are not only taken Captives by your Beauties, but that we acknowledge we are bound as your Slaves by your valours; wherefore we all pray that you may not misinterpret our affections and care to your persons, in believing we sent you away because we were weary of you, which if so, it had been a sin unpardonable, but we sent you away for your safety, for Heaven knows your Departure was our Hell, and your Absence our Torments; but we confess our errors, and do humbly beg our pardons, for if you had accompanied us in our Battels, you had kept us safe, for had we fought in your presence, our Enemies had never overcome us, since we take courage from your Eyes, life from your smiles, and victory from your good wishes, and had become Conquerours by your encouragements, and so we might have triumpht in your favours, but hereafter your rules shall be our methods, by which we will govern all our actions, attending only wholly your directions, yet give us leave humbly to offer our advice as Subjects to their Princess if you think fit, we think it best to follow close the victors lest that our Enemies recruit their forces, with a sufficient strength to beat us out of  
what

what we have gained, or at least to hinder and oppose our entrance, and hopes of Conquering them, where if you will give us leave we will besiege and enter their Towns, and rase their Walls down to the ground, which harbour their disorders, offending their Neighbours Kingdoms; yet we are not so ambitious as to desire to be Commanders, but to join our forces to yours, and to be your assistants, and as your Common Souldiers; but leaving all these affairs of War to your discretion, offering our selves to your service,

We kiss your hands, and take our  
leaves for this time.

*All the women fall into a great laughter, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

*Lady Victoria.* Noble Heroickesses, by your valours, and constant, and resolute proceedings, you have brought your Tyrants to be your Slaves; those that Commanded your absence, now humbly sue your presence, those that thought you a hindrance have felt your assistance, the time is well altered since we were sent to retreat back from the Masculine Army; and now nothing to be done in that Army without our advise, with an humble desire they may join their forces with ours: but gallant Heroickesses, by this you may perceive we were as ignorant of our selves as men were of us, thinking our selves shifdels, weak, and unprofitable Creatures, but by our actions of War we have proved our selves to be every way equal with men; for what we want of strength, we have supplied by industry, and had we not done what we have done, we should have lived in ignorance and slavery.

*All the Female Commanders.* All the knowledge of our selves, the honour of renown, the freedome from slavery, and the submission of men, we acknowledge from you; for you advised us, counselled us, instructed us, and encouraged us to those actions of War: wherefore to you we owe our thanks, and to you we give our thanks.

*Lady Victoria.* What answer will you return to the Masculine Army?

*All the Commanders.* What answer you will think best.

*Lady Victoria.* We shall not need to write back an answer, for this Messenger may deliver it by word of mouth; wherefore Sir pray remember us to your General and his Commanders, and tell them, that we are willing upon their submissions to be friends, and that we have not neglected our good Fortune, for we have laid siege to so considerable a Fort, which if taken, may give an easy passage into the Kingdome, which Fort we will deliver to their forces when they come, that they may have the honour of taking it; for tell them, we have got honour enough in the Battel we fought, and victory we did win.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 9.

Enter Monsieur la Gravity, Monsieur Compagnion, and  
Monsieur Comerade.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* We are bound to curse you Monsieur Gravity, for retarding our visits to the Widows, for I told you we should come too late if we did not go before their Husbands were buried.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* But I do not hear they have made a promise to marry any as yet.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* That's all one unto us, but the noblest, youngest, richest, and fairest Widow is gone; for though she is not promised or married, yet she is incloistered, and that is worse than marriage; for if she had been married there might have been some hopes her Husband would have died, or been kill'd, or some wayes or other Death would have found to have taken him away.

*Monsieur Comerade.* Let us comfort our selves with hopes, that it is but a Ladies humour, which she will be soon weary of, for when her Melancholy fit is over, she will come forth of her Cloister, and be fonder to marry than if she had never gone in.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Well, since she is gone, let us assault the other.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* What, the old woman that hath never a Tooth in her head?

*Monsieur Comerade.* Why, she is rich, and she will kiss the softer for having no Bones in her mouth.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* The Devill shall kiss her before I will; besides, an old woman is thought a Witch.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Pish, that is because they are grown ill-favoured with Age, and all young people think whatsoever is ill-favoured belongs to the Devill.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* An antient man is a comely sight, being grave and wise by experience, and what he hath lost in his person, he hath gained in his understanding; besides, beaurty in men looks as unhandsome as age in women, as being effeminate; but an old woman looks like the picture of Envy, with hollow Eyes, fallen Cheeks, lank Sides, black pale Complexion, and more Wrinkles than time hath Minutes.

*Monsieur Comerade.* Nay by your favour, some old women look like the full Moon, with a red, swell'd, great, broad face, and their Bodies like as a spongy Cloud, thick and gross, like our fat Hostess.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Gentlemen, why do you rail against antient women so much, since those that are wise will never marry such Boyes as you?

*Monsieur Compagnion.* It is to be observed, that alwayes old Girls match themselves with young Boyes.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* None but Fools will do so.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* Why did you or any man else ever know a wise old woman, or a chaste young woman in their lives? for the one dotes with Age, the other is corrupted with Flattery, which is a Bawd to self-conceit.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Grant it be so, yet it is better to marry an old acting Fool, than a wanton young Fille.



*Monsieur Compagnion.* For my part, I think now it is the best way to marry none, since Madam *Fantil* is gone, but to live like the *Lacedemonians*, all in Common.

.. *Monsieur la Gravity.* I am of another opinion, wherefore if you will go along with me to the old VVidow Madam *Passionate*, and help to Countenance my Sute, I shall take it as an act of Friendship.

*Monsieur Comerade.* Come, we will be thy Pillars to support thee.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 10.

Enter Nell Careless, and Doll Pacify.

**D**OLL Pacify. What, doth thy Lady resolve to live an Anchoret ?  
NELL Careless. I think so.

DOLL Pacify. How doth she pass away her time in her solitary Sell ?

NELL Careless. Why, as soon as she rises she goeth to my Lords Tomb, and sayes her Prayers, then she returns and eats some little Breakfast, as a Crust of Bread and a Draught of Water, then she goeth to her Gallery and walks and Contemplates all the Forenoon, then about twelve a Clock at Noon she goeth to the Tomb again and sayes more Prayers, then returns and eats a small Dinner of some Spoon-meats, and most of the Afternoon she sits by the Tomb and reads, or walks in the Cloyster, and views the Pictures of my Lord that are placed upon the Walls, then in the Evening she sayes her Evening Prayers at the Tomb, and eats some light Supper, and then prayes at the Tomb before she goeth to Bed, and at Midnight she rises and takes a white waxen Torch lighted in her hand, and goeth to the Tomb to pray, and then returns to Bed.

DOLL Pacify. Faith she prayes often enough in the day, she shall not need to pray at Midnight; but why doth she rise just at Midnight ?

NELL Careless. I know not, unless she is of that opinion which some have been of, which is that the Souls or Spirits of the dead rise at that hour out of their Graves and Tombs, to visit the face of the Earth, and perhaps my Lady watches or hopes to converse by that means with my Lords Ghost: for since she cannot converse with him living, she desires to converse with him dead, or otherwise she would not spend most of her time at this Tomb as she doth; but how doth thy Lady spend her time now ?

DOLL Pacify. Faith as a Lady should do, with nourishing her Body with good hearty meats and drink. And though my Lady doth not pray at Midnight, yet she converses with Spirits at that time of Night.

NELL Careless. What Spirits ?

DOLL Pacify. Marry Spirits distilled from Wine and other Cordials, which she drinks when she wakes, which is at Midnight; but do you watch fast and pray as thy Lady doth ?

NELL Careless. No truly, for I feed with the rest of my Ladies Servants, which live within the House without the Cloyster, and they eat and drink more liberally.

*Exeunt.*

Scene

## Scene 11.

Enter Monsieur la Gravity, Monsieur Compagnion, and Monsieur Comerade, as to Madam Passionates House; enter Madam Passionates Gentleman Usher.

**M**onsieur la Gravity. Sir, we come to kiss the hands of the Lady Passionate, if you please to inform your Lady of us.

Gentleman Usher. I shall, if 't please you to enter into another Room.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 12.

Enter Doll Pacify, as to her Lady Madam Passionate in her Chamber where her Cabinets were.

**D**oll Pacify. Madam, there are three Gentlemen come to visit you, desiring you would give them leave to kiss your hands.

Madam Passionate. Shut down the lid of the Seller of Strong-waters, and rid away the loose things that lie about, that my Chamber may appear in some order.

*The Maid sets things in order, whilst the old Lady is trimming her self in the Looking-glass.*

Madam Passionate. Bring in those Gentlemen?

*The Maid goes out, then enters with the Gentlemen; the two young men speak to each other the time that Monsieur la Gravity is saluting.*

Monsieur Compagnion. I marry Sir, here is a comfortable smell indeed.

Monsieur Comerade. Faith the smell of these Spirits overcomes my Spirits, for I am ready to swoond.

*Then they go and salute the Lady.*

Madam Passionate. Pray Gentlemen sit down.

*They sit.*

Truly I have had so great a wind in my Stomack as it hath troubled me very much.

*Compagnion speaks softly to Comerade.*

Monsieur Compagnion. Which to express the better, she gasps at every word to make a full stop.

Monsieur la Gravity. Perchance Madam you have eaten some meat that digests not well.

*Speaks*

*Speaks aside.**Monsieur Compagnion.* A Toad.*Lady Passionate.* No, truly I cannot guess what should cause it, unless it be an old pipins, and that is accounted a great restorative.*She fetches a great sigh.*

But I believe it is the drugs of my Sorrow which stick in my Stomack; for I have grieved mightily for my dead Husband rest his Soul; he was a good Man, and as kind a Husband as ever woman had.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* But the destinies Madam are not to be controuled, Death seizes on all, be it early or late; wherefore every one is to make their life as happy as they can, since life is so short; and in order to that, you should chuse a new Companion to live withall; wherefore you must marry again.

*Lady Passionate.* 'Tis true, the Destinies are not to be controuled as you say, wherefore if my Destiny be to marry, I shall marry, or else I shall dye a Widow.

*Monsieur Compagnion aside softly, as in the ear of Monsieur Comerade.*

*Monsieur Compagnion.* She will lay the fault of her second Marriage or Destiny, as many the like foolish actions are laid to Destinies charge, which she was never guilty of.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* If I should guess at your destiny, I should judge you will marry again, by the quickness of your Eyes which are fair and lovely.

*She simpers.*

*Lady Passionate.* O Sir you flatter me.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* He be sworn that he doth.

*Aside.*

*Lady Passionate.* But my Eyes were good, as I have been told, both by my Glasse and Friends; when I was young, but now my face is in the Autumnal.

*Softly to Comerade aside.*

*Monsieur Compagnion.* Nay faith, it is in the midst of Winter.

*Lady Passionate.* But now you talk of Eyes, that young Gentlemans Eyes (*points to Compagnion*) do so resemble my Husbands as I can scarce look off from them, they have a good Aspect.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* I am glad they have an influence upon your Ladyship.

*She speaks as softly to her self.*

*La. Passon.* By my faith wittily answered, I dare say he is a notable youth. Sir, for resemblance of him which is dead, I shall desire your continued Acquaintance.

*Compagnion softly to Comerade.*

*Monsieur Compagnion.* She woos me with her Husbands dead skull. I shall render my Service to your Ladyship.

S T I L L S T I L L

*She*

*She bows him thanks with simpering and smiling Countenance, and a bridled head.*

*Monsieur la Gravity softly to himself.*

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Those young youths I perceive will be my ruin if not prevented. Madam, will your Ladyship honour me so much as to give me the private hearing of a few words.

*Lady Passionate.* Yes Sir.

*She removes with him a little space.*

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Madam, although I am not such a one as I could wish my self for your sake, yet I am a Gentleman, and what I want in person or estate, my affection, respect, and tender regard to your person, worth, and merit shall make good; besides Madam, my years suiting to your Ladyships will make the better agreement in marriage.

*Lady Passionate.* Sir you must excuse me; for though you merit a better wife than I, yet I cannot answer your affections; wherefore I desire you will desist in your Suite, for I am resolv'd, if I do marry, to please my fancy.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* If your Ladyship cannot love me, Heaven forbid I should marry you; wherefore I wish your Ladyship such a Husband as you can fancy best, and love most.

*They return to the two other Gentlemen, they all take their leaves.*

Madam your most humble Servant.

*They go through the Stage, and come upon it again, as it were at the Street Door.*

*Monsieur la Gravity.* Where is our Coach?

*Enter a Footman.*

Call the Coach to the Door?

*Enter Doll Pacify as from her Lady to Monsieur Compagnion.*

*Doll Pacify.* Sir, pray give me leave to speak a word or two with you.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* As many as you please.

*Doll Pacify.* Sir, my Lady desires your Company to morrow to Dinner, but she desires you will come alone.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* Pray give your Lady thanks for her favours, and tell her if I can possibly I will wait on her Ladyship.

*Doll Pacify goes on.*

*Monsieur Comerade.* Now what encouragement have you from the old Lady?

*Monsieur Compagnion.* Faith so much as I am ashamed of it, for she invites me to come alone.

*Monsieur Comerade.* On my life if thou wilt not woo her, she will woo thee.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* Like enough; for there is nothing so impudent as an old woman, they will put a young man be he never so debaucht out of Countenance.

*Monsieur Comerade.* But faith consider of it, for she is rich.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* So is the Devill, as Poets say, *Pluto* the God of riches.

*Monsieur Comerade.* I grant it, and is not he best served; for every one bows with respect, nay worships and adores riches, and they have reason so to do, since all are miserable that have it not, for Poverty is a torment beyond all sufferance, which causes many to hang themselves, either in the Chain of Infamy, or in a Hempen rope; or to do acts against the strict Laws of a Commonwealth which is to commit self-murther; besides, Poverty is the Slave and drudge, the scorn and reproach of the World, & it makes all younger Brothers Sherks, and meer Cheats, whereas this old Ladies riches will not only give you an honest mind, and create noble thoughts, but will give you an honourable reputation in the World: for every one will think you Wite although you were a Fool, Valiant although you were a Coward, and you shall have the first offers of all Offices, and all Officers will be at you devotion, they will attend you as Slaves, the Lawyers will plead on your side, and Judges will give sentence according as you desire, Courtiers will flatter you, and Divines will pray for you in their Pulpits, and if your old Lady dy, and leave you her wealth, you shall have all the young beautifull Virgins in the Kingdome gather to that City, Town, or Village where you live, omitting no Art that may prefer them to your affection.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* You say well, and I could approve of your Counsel, if she would dy soon after I had married her.

*Monsieur Comerade.* Why, put the case she should live a great while, as the truth is old women are tough, and indure long, yet you will have her Estate to please your self withall, which Estate will buy you fine Horses, great Coaches, maintain Servants and great Retinues to follow you.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* But she is so divellish old.

*Monsieur Comerade.* Why, let her keep her Age to her self, whilst you keep a young Mistress to your self, and it is better to have an old Wife that will look after your Family, and be carefull and watchfull therein, and a young Mistress, than a young Wife, which will be a Tyrannical Mistress, which will look after nothing but Vanities, and love Servants, whilst you poor wretch look like a contented Cuckold, and so out of Countenance as you dare not shew your face, whilst she spends your Estate running about with every vain idle fellow to Playes, Masks, Balls, Exchanges, Taverns, or meets at a private Friends private Lodging, also making great Feasts and Entertainments, where after Dinner and Supper, there must be gaming at Cards and Dice; where for her honour, or at least seeming so, to lose five hundred or a thousand pounds away, and when they rise with or from their losses, singing with a feigned voice, as if it were a trifle not to be considered or considerable, thus if you marry an old and rich Lady you may live and spend her Estate, but if you marry for youth and beauty, your wife will live and spend your Estate; besides, the Husband of an old Lady lives like the great Turk, having a Seraglio, but marrying a young wife you live like a Prisoner never durst show your head.

*Monsieur la Gravity.* He gives you good Counsel, and let me advise you to go to this Lady as she hath invited you, for I perceive she hath a young Tooth in her old head by refusing me, and there is none so fit to pull it out as you are, wherefore go.

*Monsieur Compagnion.* Well Gentlemen, I will try if my Reason and your Counsel can prevail in my choice.

*Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

### Scene 13.

*Enter Madam Jantil in her habit with a white Taper lighted in her hand, the Tomb being thrust upon the Stage she goeth to the Tomb, then kneels down and seems as praying, after that she rises, holding out the Torch with the other hand speaks as follow.*

*These Verses being writ by my Lord, the Marquess of Newcastle.*

**M** *Adam Jantil.* Welcome sad thoughts that's heapt up without measure,  
 They're joys to me and wealthy Sons of treasure;  
 Were all my breath turn'd into sighs 'twould ease me,  
 And showrs of tears to bath my griefs would please me;  
 Then every groan so kind to take my part,  
 To vent some sorrows still thus from my heart;  
 But there's no Vacuum; O my heart is full,  
 As it vents sorrows new griefs in doth pull;  
 Is there no comfort left upon the Earth?  
 Let me consider Vegetable birth;  
 The new born virgin Lilly of the day,  
 In a few hours dyes, withers away;  
 And all the od'riforous flow'rs that's sweet,  
 Breath but a while, and then with Death do meet;  
 The stouter Oak at last doth yield, and must  
 Cast his rough skin and crumble all to dust;  
 But what do Sensitives? alas they be  
 Beasts, Birds and flesh to dy as well as we;  
 And harder minerals though longer stay  
 Here for a time, yet at the last decay,  
 And dye as all things else that's in this World;  
 For into Deaths Arms every thing is hurll'd;  
 Alas-poor man thou'rt in the worst Estate,  
 Thou diest as these, yet an unhappier fate;  
 Thy life's but trouble still of numerous passions,  
 Torments thy self in many various fashions;

Condemn'd thou art to vexing thoughts within;  
 When Beasts both live and dye without a fin;  
 O happy Beasts than grasing look no higher,  
 Or are tormented with thoughts flaming fire;  
 Thus by thy self and others still annoy'd,  
 And made a purpose but to be destroyed  
 Poor Man.

*Here ends my Lord Marquesses Verses.*

*Muses some short time, then kneels to the Tomb  
 again and prays as to her self, then rises  
 and bows to the Tomb, so*

*Exit.*

Scene 14.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gent.** What news Sir of our Armies abroad?  
**2 Gent.** Why Sir thus, in the time of our Masculine Armies re-  
 quiting, the Female Army had taken the Fort they besieged, where upon the  
 taking of that Fort, many considerable Towns and strong holds surrendred;  
 and submitted to the Female Army; whereupon the Lady *Victoria* sent to  
 her Husband to bring his Army, when the General and all the Masculine  
 Army came to the Female Army, much mirth and jesting there was be-  
 twixt the Heroicks and Heroickesses, and so well they did agree, as the Fe-  
 male Army feasted the Masculine Army, and then gave the possession of  
 the surrendred Towns to the Lord General, and the Lady *Victoria*, and all  
 her Army kept themselves in and about the Fort, laying all their victorious  
 spoils therein, and whilst the Masculine Army is gone to Conquer the King-  
 dome of Faction, they stay there upon the Frontiers, passing their time in  
 Heroick sports, as hunting the Stags, wild Boars, and the like, and those  
 that have the good Fortune to kill the Chase, is brought to the Fort and  
 Trenches in Triumph, and is Queen unill another Chase is kill'd; but  
 we hear the Masculine Army goeth on with victorious success.

**1 Gent.** I am very glad to hear it.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

*Enter Doll Pacify, and Nell Careless.*

**Nell Careless.** O Doll, I hear thy Lady is married, and not only married,  
 but she hath married a very young man, one that might be her Grand-  
 Son, or Son at least.

Tttttt

Doll

*Doll Pacify.* Yes, yes, my Lady doth not intend to live with the dead as your Lady doth, but to have the Company and pleasure of that which hath most life, which is a young man.

*Nell Careless.* Her marriage was very sudden.

*Doll Pacify.* So are all inconsiderated marriages, but happy is the wooing that is not long a doing.

*Nell Careless.* If I had been your Lady, I would have prolonged the time of my wooing, for the wooing time is the happiest time.

*Doll Pacify.* Yes, if she had been as young as you or your Lady, but time bids my Lady make haste.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 16.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Do you hear the news.

*2 Gent.* What news?

*1 Gent.* Why the news is that all the Kingdome of Faction hath submitted to the Kingdome of Reformation, and that the Armies are returning home.

*2 Gent.* I am glad of it.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 17.*

*Enter Madam Passionate alone.*

*Madam Passionate.* O unfortunate woman that I am, I was rich, and lived in plenty, none to control me, I was Mistress of my self, Estate and Family, all my Servants obeyed me, none durst contradict me, but all flattered me, filling my Ears with praises, my Eyes with their humble bows and respectfull behaviours, devising delightfull sports to entertain my time, making delicious meats to please my palat, sought but the most comfortable drinks to strengthen and encrease my Spirits, thus did I live luxuriously, but now I am made a Slave, and in my old Age which requires rest and peace, which now Heaven knows I have but little of, for the minstrels keep me waking, which play whilst my Husband and his Whores dance, and he is not only contented to live riotously with my Estate, but sits amongst the Wenches and rails on me, or else comes and scoffs at me to my face; besides, all my Servants slight and neglect me, following those that command the purse, for this idle young fellow which I have married first seized on all my goods, then let Leases for many lives out of my Lands, for which he had great fines, and now he cuts down all my Woods, and sells all my Lands of Inheritance, which I foolishly and fondly delivered by deed of gift, the first day I married, devesting my self of all power, which power had I kept in my own hands I might have been used better, whereas now  
when



when he comes home drunk, he swears and storms, and kicks me out of my warm Bed, and makes me sit shivering and shaking in the Cold, whilst my Maid takes my place; but I find I cannot live long, for age and disorders bring weaknes and sickness; and weaknes and sickness bring Death, wherefore my marriage Bed is like to prove my grave, whilst my Husbands Curfes are my passing Bell, hay ho.

*Exit.*

*Scene 18.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1<sup>st</sup> Gent.** I hear the Army is returning home.

**2<sup>d</sup> Gent.** Yes, for they are returned as far back as to the Effeminate Army, and all the Masculine Commanders have presented all the Female Commanders with their spoils got in the Kingdome of Faction, as a tribute to their heroical acts, and due for their assistance, and safety of their lives and Country.

**1<sup>st</sup> Gent.** And do not you hear what privileges and honours the King and his Counsel hath resolved and agreed upon to be given to the Female Army, and the honours particularly to be given the Lady *Victoria*?

**2<sup>d</sup> Gent.** No.

**1<sup>st</sup> Gent.** Why then I will tell you some, the Lady *Victoria* shall be brought through the City in triumph, which is a great honour, for never any one makes triumphs in a Monarchy but the King himself; then that there shall be a blank for the Female Army to write their desires and demands; also there is an Armour of gold and a Sword a making, the hilt being set with Diamonds, and a Chariot all gilt and imbrodered to be presented to the Lady *Victoria*, and the City is making great preparation against her arrival.

**2<sup>d</sup> Gent.** Certainly she is a Lady that deserves as much as can be given either from Kings, States, or Poets.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 19.*

*Enter the Lady Jantil as being sick brought by two men in a Chair, and set by the Tomb of her dead Lord, and many Servants and Friends about her weeping.*

**M<sup>rs</sup> Adam Jantil.** Where is my Secretary?

**Secretary.** Here Madam.

**Madam Jantil.** Read the Will I caus'd you to write down.

## The Will read

**I** Jantil the widow of Seigneur Valerolo, do here make a free gift of all these following.

Item, All my Husbands Horse, and Saddels and whatsoever belongs to those Horses, with all his Arms, Pikes, Guns, Drums, Trumpets, Colours, Waggons, Coaches, Tents, and all he had belonging to the War, to be distributed among his Officers of war, according to each degree, I freely give.

Item, All his Library of Books I give to that College he was a Pupill in when he was at the University.

Item, To all his Servants I give the sum of their yearly wages to be yearly paid them during their lives.

Item, I give two hundred pounds a year pension to his Chaplin Doctor Educature during his life.

Item, I give a hundred pound a year pension to his Steward during his life.

Item, I give fifty pound a year pension to his Secretary during his life.

Item, I give a hundred pound per annum, for the use and repair of this Tomb my dead Husbands.

Item, I give a thousand pounds a year to maintain ten religious persons to live in this place or House by this Tomb.

Item, I give three thousand pounds to enlarge the House, and three thousand pounds more to build a Chapell by my Husbands Tomb.

Item, Two hundred pounds a year I give, for the use and repair of the House and Chapell.

Item, I give my Maid Nell a thousand pound to live a single life.

Item, I give the rest of my Estate which was left me by my Husband Seigneur Valerolo to the next of his name.

These following Speeches and Songs of hers, my Lord the Marquess of Newcastle writ.

*Fantil,* So 'tis well

O Death hath shakt me kindly by the hand,  
 To bid me welcome to the silent grave;  
 'Tis dead and num I sweetly how thou doest court me,  
 O let me clap thy fallen Cheeks with joy,  
 And kiss the Emblem of what once was lips,  
 Thy hollow Eyes I am in love withall,  
 And thy bald head beyond youths best curl'd hair  
 Prethee imbrace me in thy colder Arms,  
 And hug me there to fit me for thy Mansion;  
 Then bid our Neighbour women so feast with us,  
 Thus to rejoyce upon my holy day;  
 But thou art slow; I prethee hasten Death,  
 And linger not my hopes thus with thy stay,  
 'Tis not thy fault, thou sayest, but fearfull nature  
 That hinders thus Deaths progress in his way;  
 Oh foolish nature thinks thou canst withstand,  
 Deaths Conquering and inevitable hand;  
 Let me have Musick for divertisement.

This is my Mask, Deaths Ball, my Soul to dance  
 Out of her trail and fleshly prison here ;  
 Oh could I now dissolve and melt, I long  
 To free my Soul in Slumbers with a Song  
 In soft and quiet sleep here as I ly,  
 Steal gently out O Soul, and let me dy.

*Lies as a sleep.*

## SONG.

O You Gods pure Angels send her,  
 Here about her to attend her ;  
 Let them wait and here condou'  
 Till receive her spotless Soul ;  
 So Serene it is and fair,  
 It will sweeten all the Air ;  
 You this holy wonder bear,  
 With the Musick of the Spheres ;  
 Her Souls journey in a trice,  
 You'll bring safe to Paradise ;  
 And rejoice the Saints that say,  
 She makes Heavens Holy-day.

The Song ended she opens her Eyes,  
 then speaks.

Death hath not finish'd yet his work, tis n  
 But he is sure, for he will do't at last ;  
 Turn me to my dear Lord, that I may breath  
 My last words unto him, my dear,  
 Our marriage join'd our flesh and bone,  
 Contracted by those holy words made one,  
 But by our Loves we join'd each others heart,  
 And vow'd that death should never us depart ;  
 Now death doth marry us, since now we must,  
 Ashes to ashes be mingling our dust,  
 And our joy'd Souls in Heaven married then,  
 When our frail bodyes rise, wee'l wed again ;  
 And now I am joy'd to lie by thy lov'd side,  
 My Soul with thy Soul shall in Heaven reside:  
 For that is all my

*In this last word she dies, which when her Ser-  
 vants saw, they cryed out she is dead, she  
 is dead.*

*Here ends my Lord Marquesses writing:*

*Doctor Educature says thus.*

*Doctor Educature.* She is dead, she is dead, the body hence convey,  
And to our Mistriſs our laſt rights we'll pay.

*So they laid her by her Husband upon  
the Tomb, and drawing off the Tomb  
goe out.*

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

*Scene 20.*

*Enter Citizens Wives and their Apprentices.*

1. *Citizens Wife.* Where shall we stand to see this triumphing?

2. *Citizens wife.* I think Neighbour this is the best place.

3. *Citizens wife.* We shall be mightily crouded there.

2. *Citizens wife.* For my part I will stand here, and my Apprentice *Nathaniel* shall stand by me, and keep off the croud from crouding me.

*Nathaniel.* Truly Mistriſs that is more than I am able to do.

3. *Citizens wife.* Well Neighbour if you be resolved to stand here, we will keep you Company. *Timothy* stand by me.

*Timothy.* If you stand here. Mistriſs the Squibs will run under your Clothes.

3. *Citizens wife.* No matter *Timothy*, let them run where they will.

*They take their stand.*

1. *Citizens wife.* I hope Neighbour none will stand before us, for I would not but see this Lady *Victoria* for any thing, for they say she hath brought Articles for all women to have as many Husbands as they will, and all Tradef-mens Wives shall have as many Apprentices as they will.

2. *Citizens wife.* The Gods bleſs her for it.

*Enter a Croud of people.*

*She is coming, she is coming.*

*Stand up close, make way.*

*Officers come.*

*Enter many Prisoners which march by two and two, then enter many that carry the Conquered spoils, then enters the Lady Victoria in a gilt Chariot drawn with eight white Horses, four on a breast, the Horses covered with Cloth of gold, and great plumes of feathers on their heads.*

The Lady *Victoria* was adorned after this manner; she had a Coat on all imbrodered with silver and gold, which Coat reach'd no further than the Calfs of her leggs, and on her leggs and feet she had Buskins and Sandals imbrodered suitable to her Coat; on her head she had a Wreath or Garland of Lawrel, and her hair curl'd and loosely flowing; in her hand a Crystall Bolt headed with gold at each end, and after the Chariot marched all her Female Officers with Lawrel Branches in their hands, and after them the inferiour she Souldiers, then going through the Stage, as through the City, and so entring again, where on the midst of the Stage as if it were the midst of the City, the Magistrates meet her, so her Chariot makes a stand, and one as the Recorder speaks a Speech to her.

**V**ICTORIOUS Lady, you have brought Peace Safety and Conquest to this Kingdome by your prudent conduct and valiant actions, which never any of your Sex in this Kingdome did before you. Wherefore our Gracious King is pleased to give you that which was never granted nor given to any before, which is to make you Triumphant, for no triumph is ever made in Monarchies, but by the Kings thereof; besides our Gracious King hath caused an act to be made and granted to all your Sex, which Act I have order to declare, as

First, That all women shall hereafter in this Kingdome be Mistresses in their own Houses and Families.

Secondly, They shall sit at the upper end of the Table above their Husbands.

Thirdly, That they shall keep the purse.

Fourthly, They shall order their Servants, turning from, or taking into their service what number they will, placing them how they will, and ordering them how they will, and giving them what wages they will or think fit.

Fifthly, They shall buy in what Provisions they will.

Sixthly, All the Jewels, Plate, and Household Furniture they shall claim as their own, and order them as they think good.

Seventhly, They shall wear what fashioned Clothes they will.

Eighthly, They shall go abroad when they will, without controul, or giving of any account thereof.

Ninthly, They shall eat when they will, and of what they will, and as much as they will, and as often as they will.

Tenthly, They shall go to Playes, Masks, Balls, Churchings, Christenings, Preachings, whensoever they will, and as fine and bravely attired as they will.

Lastly, That they shall be of their Husbands Counsel.

*When those were read, all the women cryed out,  
God save the King, God save the King, and  
Heaven reward the Lady Victoria.*

Then an Act was read concerning the Lady *Victoria*.

**A**S for you most gallant Lady, the King hath caused to be enacted, that

First, All Poets shall strive to set forth your praise.

Secondly, That all your gallant acts shall be recorded in story, and put in the chief Library of the Kingdome.

Thirdly, That your Arms you fought in, shall be set in the Kings Armory.

Fourthly, That you shall alwayes wear a Lawrel Garland.

Fifthly, You shall have place next to the Kings Children.

Sixthly, That all those women that have committed such faults as is a dishonour to the Female Sex, shall be more severely punished than heretofore, in not following your exemplary virtues, and all those that have followed your example shall have respectiue honour done to them by the State.

Seventhly and lastly, Your figure shall be cast in Brass, and then set in the midst of the City armed as it was in the day of Battel.

The Lady *Victoria* rises up in her Chariot,  
and then bowes her self to the Magistrates.

*Lady Victoria*. Worthy Sir, the honour and privileges my Gracious King and Sovereign hath bestowed upon me, is beyond my merit.

Then was read the Acts concerning the rest of the Female Army.

**O**ur gracious King hath caused to be enacted, as

First, All the Chief Female Commanders shall have place, as every Lords wife shall take place of an Earls Wife that hath not been a Souldier in the Army; every Knights wife before a Barons Wife that hath not been a Souldier in the Army; an Esquires Wife before a Knights Wife; a Doctors wife before an Esquires Wife that hath not been Souldiers in the Army; a Citizens wife before a Doctors Wife; a Yeoman's wife before a Citizens wife that hath not been a Souldier in the Army; and all Trades-mens Wives that have been Souldiers in the Army shall be free in all the Corporations in this Kingdome, these Acts during their lives, and all the Chief Commanders shall be presented according to their quality and merit.

All the Female Souldiers cryed out, God save the King, God save the King.

After this the Lady *Victoria* is drawn on her Chariot, and the rest walk after all.

## Scene 21.

*Enter Doll Pacify, and Nell Careless.*

**D**oll Pacify. O Nell, I hear thy Lady is dead, and hath left thee a thousand pound.

*Nell weeps.*

*Nell Careless.* What doest thou weep for joy of thy thousand pound, or for grief of thy Ladies Death?

*Nell Careless.* I wish my Lady had liv'd, although I had begg'd all my life.

*Doll Pacify.* I am not of your mind, I had rather live well my self, as to live in plenty, than to live poor for the life of any body, and if upon that condition my Lady would leave me a thousand pound, I care not if she died to morrow; but my young Master hath robbed me of all: but *Nell*, for all thou art left a thousand pound, it is upon such a condition, as for my part, had it been to me, I should not thank the giver, for they say it is given thee upon condition to live a single life.

*Nell Careless.* Truly I have seen so much sorrow in my Lady, and so much folly in your Lady concerning Husbands, that had not my Lady injoyed me to live a single life, I would never have married; wherefore my Ladies generosity did not only provide for my bodily life, and for my plentiful living, but provided for the tranquillity of my mind, for which I am trebly obliged to reverence her memory.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 22.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gent.** The Lady *Victoria* hath been at Court, and hath had publick Audience.

**2 Gent.** Yes, and the Lady *Victoria* and her she Officers and Commanders have distributed all their spoils got in these Wars amongst the Common she Souldiers.

**1 Gent.** All the Ladies that went not with the Army look most pitty-ful out of Countenance.

**2 Gent.** Yes, and they are much troubled that the Heroicks shall take place.

**1 Gent.** The Lord General seems to be very proud of his Lady, methinks, he looks upon her with a most pleased Eye.

**2 Gent.** He hath reason, for never man had so gallant and noble a Lady, nor more virtuous and loving a Wife than the Lord General hath.

*Exeunt.*

*F I N I S.*

## THE ACTORS NAMES:

*The Unfortunate Dutchess.*

*The Lady True Honour.*

*The Comical Dutchess.*

*The Creating Princess.*

*The Imaginary Queen.*

*Waiting Women, Bourgers Wives, &c.*

*The Duke of Inconstancy.*

*Prince Shaddow, and many Gentlemen.*



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# PROLOGUE

**N**Oble Spectators, this play that you'll see,  
Is taken out of Britains History ;  
It is not pleasant, nor yields much delight,  
But it did serve the Poetres to write ;  
She bids me tell you, she was glad to take  
Any dull plot, so she a play could make,  
Her vacant idle time for to imploy ;  
For she loves writing more than Company ;  
But if it pleases not your Eyes or sight,  
She doth not care, since it pleas'd her to write ;  
For she indeavours, tryes all that she may  
To please her self in every honest way ;  
Wherefore a praise, or yet applause from you,  
She expects not, nor challenges as her due.

A  
 COMEDY  
 OF THE  
 APOCRIPHAL LADIES.

ACT I.

Scene I.

*Enter the Unfortunate Dutchess, and her Woman.*

*Woman.*



Ear. Madam, why doth your Highness weep?

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* As fear frights tears from the Eyes, so grief doth send them forth.

*Woman.* Why should your Highness grieve?

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* Have I not cause, when I am married to a person which doth not love, but rather hate me?

*Woman.* Certainly he hath reason to love you, and he were worse than a Devil if he should hate you; as first to love you for your virtue and sweet disposition; next for the honour, dignity, and Kingdome, he hath got by his marrying you: for he hath no right to the Dukedome but by your Highness, and by your Highness he is become an absolute Prince, and enjoyes a rich Kingdome.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* But he hath taken the power from me, and strives to dispossess of me of my right.

*Woman.* He cannot, the Kingdome will never suffer him, for your title is so just, as he can make no pretence to dispossess your Highness from your Princely Throne.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* But I being his Wife, he takes the power of a Husband, and by that power, the power of my Kingdome, and those that have the power can frame their titles as they please, none dare oppose them.

*Woman.* The truth is, Madam, that might overcomes right.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 **G**ent. The Factions and divisions that are in this Kingdome will be a means to deliver it into the power of the Enemy.

2 **Gent.** This Duke is young, wild, debaist and inconstant, wherefore there is but little hopes it should be better governed.

1 **Gent.** But the Dutchiefs who is the true owner of it, is discreet, wise, and virtuous, and having more years than he, she might help to rule and order state affairs.

2 **Gent.** But neither her discretion, wildome, nor virtue hath power, for marriage hath inthrall'd her, for she is become her Husbands Slave, who ought to be his Sovereign, but he laughs and doth despise her, because she is somewhat elder than himself.

1 **Gent.** Heaven will revenge her wrongs.

Exeunt.

Scene 3.

Enter the Duke of Inconstancy, and a Gentleman.

**D**uke Inconstancy. Have you been with the Lady I sent you to?  
Gentleman. Yes.

Duke Inconstancy. And doth she listen to Loves Sute?

Gentleman. She seems well pleased to hear her Beauty praised, but will not hear of Amorous imbracements as yet.

Duke Inconstancy. But it is a good Omen when as a Lady will simblingly bite at a bait of flattery; but did you see her Husband?

Gentleman. No Sir.

Duke Inconstancy. Well, you must go again, and present her with a Letter, and a present from me; for Ladies must be plied though they deny, yet most do yield upon a treaty, they cannot long hold out loves fierce assaults.

Gentleman. Indeed the Female Sex is tender and weak, although they are delicate and sweet.

Duke Inconstancy. They are false and oft betray themselves.

Exeunt.

## Scene 4.

*Enter the Unfortunate Dutchess, and her Woman; then enters another as running in haste.*

**W**oman. O Madam, Madam, news is come that the Enemy hath got into the heart of the Kingdome; wherefore sweet Lady fly, for they will possess themselves of this City soon.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* I will not fly, for I cannot meet a worse Enemy than the Duke himself, should worse than Mankind Conquer it; but I wish my Sister were safe.

*Woman.* The young Princess I hear is fled to the Dukes Brother.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* I am glad of it, for he is discreetly temperate, although his Brother is not.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 5.

*Enter the Duke of Inconstancy, and a Gentleman.*

**G**entleman. Sir, what will your Highness do?

*Duke Inconstancy.* I will go and oppose the Enemy.

*Gentleman.* Alas! Sir you have no forces to oppose them withall; you may go to be destroyed, but not to destroy; wherefore you with your small forces had better fly than fight.

*Duke Inconstancy.* Whither shall I go?

*Gentleman.* To any Prince that will receive you into pay, by which you may maintain your self, and live with some respect and fame abroad, though you have lost your Kingdome; whereas if you stay, you will lose your self and Kingdome too.

*Duke Inconstancy.* Your Counsel I will take.

*Gentleman.* But what will your Highness do with your Dutchess?

*Duke Inconstancy.* Let her do what she will with her self, I care not now, for since her Kingdome is lost, I have no use of her.

*Gentleman.* Not as concerning the Kingdome 'Sir, but yet she is your Highnesses Wife, and as a Husband you ought to regard her.

*Duke Inconstancy.* She will follow me, for Wives stick so close to their Husbands as they cannot be shaken off.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 6.

*Enter the Creating Princess, and her Woman.*

**W**oman. Pray Madam do not marry so much below your self.

*Creat. Princess.* Why? what matter whom I marry, since I can create my Husband to Honour.

*Woman.* But Madam, that Honour will do him no good, nor will it take off your disgrace; for none will give your Husband, if he be an inferiour person, the Place and Respect that is due to Great Princes' Titles.

*Creat. Princess.* No, but he shall take Place, and my Servants shall give him the Respect and Homage that is due to great Titles: For I will make him a Prince; and who dare call him any other, but Prince?

*Woman.* There is none will call him Prince, unless your own Servants; and none will give him Place, that are above the degree of his Birth: no, nor he durst not take it of Gallant Noble Men; for if he offers thereat, they will beat him back, and force him to give way, and to be only a Prince in his own House, and not abroad, is no better than to be a Farmer, nay, a Cobler, or a Tayler, or any the like are Kings in their own Houses, although they be but thatch'd, if they have but a Servant subject, or Subject Servant.

*Creat. Princess.* Well, say what you will, I will make him a Prince.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 7.

*Enter the Duke of Inconstancy, and a Gentleman.*

**G**entleman. Sir, doth not your Highness hear that your Dutchess is gone with your Enemies into the Countrey?

*Duke.* Yes, and though I might curse my Enemies for dispossessing me of the Kingdom I enjoyed, yet I give them thanks for carrying my Wife away with them: for now I have more room and liberty to Wooe and Court my Mistres.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Sir, the Lady Beauties Husband's dead.

*Duke.* So I perceive Fortune will be my Friend some waies, although she is my Foe other waies: for she will Crown me with Love, although she uncrowns me with Power: wherefore return presently back to my Mistris, and tell her, that now her Husband is dead, and my Wife gone into another Country, We may marry.

*Ex.*

*1. Gent.* But your Highness cannot marry, as long as the Dutchess is alive.

*Duke.* I mean to be like the Great Turk; have many Wives.

*1. Gent.* Why, the Great Turk hath but one chief Wife, the rest are but as Concubines: for only the Sons of that chief Queen shall be Successors to the Emperor, unless she hath none, neither can his other Children inherit,

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unless

unless he be Right and Lawfull Emperor : So, that unless your Highness had been Duke by Inheritance, as an Inhereditary Duke, no Children, by any other Lady, can be Inheritors, nor indeed Princes, unless they were begot on the Right Owner to that Title.

*Duke.* Well, since I have no Power, but only an empty Title, I cannot disadvantage my self, or children : for I have no children as yet, and I have neither Power, nor Kingdom now ; Wherefore, if I can enjoy her upon these terms, as the name of Wife, it will be well.

*Gent.* But Sir, this part of the World allows but of one wife, wherefore if you should marry this Lady, the Clergy will excommunicate you, as an Adulterer, and the Lady, as an Adulteress, out of the Church.

*Duke.* I had rather be in the Ladies bed, than in the Church : But I have money, although I have lost my Dukedom, and that will help me.

*Gentleman.* But not make your Marriage lawfull.

*Duke.* I care not ; for if the marrying, and the name of wife will satisfy the Lady, I care not whether it be Good or Bad, Lawfull or unlawfull, Wife or Concubine, 'tis all one to me ; for I will marry a hundred women, if they will marry me, and let me lye with them. *Exeunt.*

### Scene 8.

*Enter the Unfortunate Dutchess, and her Woman.*

*Woman.* Your Highness bears afflictions more courageously than I thought your Highness would have done.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* Truly, I find I am more happy since I am amongst my Enemies (if they may be termed so) than I was in my own Country with an unkind Husband : for they allow me a Noble and Princely Pension : and I live Free, Easily and Peaceably, which I did not before.

*Woman.* I hear your Sister is married to the Dukes Brother.

*Unf. Dutchess.* I wish she may be more happy with her Husband, than I have been with mine.

*Woman.* If they have Children, and your Highness none, they will be Heirs to the Dukedom.

*Unf. Dutchess.* They will so, but there is no Dukedom now to heir, 'tis made now a Province.

*Woman.* But times may change.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 9.

*Enter the Comical Dutchess, and her Woman.*

*Woman.* Now you are an absolute Dutchess, you must carry your self in State, and live Magnificently, like as an Absolute Princess as you are.

*Comical Dutchess.* Yes, but it is a great affliction for the Duke and I to be banished, and driven out of our Kingdom.

*Woman.*

*Woman.* Alas Madam, great Princes have many times great misfortunes; but you must bear your misfortunes with a Princely magnanimity.

*Comical Dutchess.* But if I have Children, alas what shall they do?

*Woman.* But those that did never enjoy the possession, cannot repine, nor grieve for the loss.

*Comical Dutchess.* You say true.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 10.*

*Enter the Creating Princess, and her Woman.*

*Woman.* Pray Madam do not marry so meanly, for you cannot intitle him a Prince.

*Creating Princess.* Well, well, say what you will, I will make him a Prince; for why may not I as well make my Husband lawfully a Prince, as well as the Duke of *Inconstancy* makes the Lady Beauty a Dutchess, and yet hath another Wife?

*Woman.* Introth it will be just like a poor Begger Woman in *Engl.* being mad she said she was Queen *Elizabeth* of *Engl.*, and all the Boys, Girls, and Common people would run after her, and call her Queen *Elizabeth* in sport and jest; the like was a poor mad Begger Man in *France*, which said he was King *Henry* the 4<sup>th</sup>. of *France*; but the only difference will be, that you and the Comical Dutchess have means and wealth enough to live in Principy, and they had none, but were so poor they were forced to beg, so could not Act their parts.

*Creating Princess.* You are a bold rude wench, therefore get you out of my service.

*Woman.* Truly I would not stay in it if I might, for I should be ashamed.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 11.*

*Enter the Unfortunate Dutchess, and her Woman.*

*Woman.* Madam, doth your Highness here of the Apocriphal Dutchess?

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* What Apocriphal Dutchess?

*Woman.* Why the Duke hath married another Lady.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* That he cannot, untill I dye, 'tistruè a Mistress may take the name of a VVife, but cannot possess the right of a VVife.

*Woman.* She will be as a Dutchess in a Play, she will only act the part of greatness.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* Indeed most Stage-Players are Curtizans.

*Woman.* And most Curtizans are good Actors.

*Unfortunate Dutchess.* I make no question but she will now have enough Spectators.

*Woman.* But I hope they will hiss her from off the Stage.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene*

## Scene 12.

*Enter the Creating Princess, and her Husband.*

**C***reating Princess.* Have I married you who was a mean fellow, and have not I made you a Prince, and you to deny to pay my Debts?

*Husband.* But I thought you would have rather enriched me, than have made me poorer than I was.

*Creating Princess.* Have I not enriched you with Titles? do not all my Servants call you Prince? and do not all the Trades-men where we buy all our Commodities, when they come to our Palace do the same, call you Prince, and doe you reverence?

*Husband.* Yes for hopes of gain.

*Creating Princess.* I am sure you will gain little reputation or respect if you carry your self so sneakingly as you do, whereas you should carry your self like a Prince, bravely.

*Husband.* But when all our money is gone we shall be but poor Princes: I had better have keep to my Trade than to have been a Prince, where if I had I should have been rich, now I shall be a Beggar.

*Creating Princess.* You are so mean a fellow as you cannot be sensible of the honour and dignity I have bestowed upon you.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 13.

*Enter the Comical Dutchess big with Child, she sits under her Canopy in a Chair of state, her Attendants by her wait on her.*

**1** *Attendant.* All the great Ladies are so envious at your Highness, as there will none of them come near you.

*Comical Dutchess.* I like the Company of Bourgers Wives better, for they are my Slaves.

**2** *Attendant.* Yes Madam, but your Highness is forced I think to present them with some presents now and then; for the World is so wicked, that they will not give true honour it's due, unless they are bribed.

**3** *Attendant.* You say true, but men will give Ladies their due right.

**4** *Attendant.* Yes, men are more generous and bountifull to Ladies; but yet they must be bribed with hopes of obtaining some favours, other-ways, I fear me they would be as reserved, and retired from your Highnesses Court as the great Ladies are.

*Comical Dutchess.* I wonder they should, I being an absolute Princess.

**2** *Attendant.* Yes, but since your Titles, Rights and Marriage is renounced against; they are not so civil, dutifull, and obedient as they were, not considering as they ought to do, that right cannot be renounced against.

**3** *Attendant.*



3. *Attendant*. But her Highness doth shew them their error, and that she shews them it cannot be taken from her; for she keeps the same State she did, and is as Merry, Gay and Frolick, to let the World see, she understands her own Greatness best.

1. *Attendant*. But yet there are but few of any Nation, but the inferior sort, that come to her Highness Court, unless it be the Red Oker Knights and Ladies, and if it were not for them, this Court would be empty.

*Comical Dutchess*. Indeed I am obliged to them more than any other Nation, for they give me all the due Respects and Homage to my Greatness; for which I love that Nation very well.

2. *Attendant*. You have reason, but I do observe there is nothing doth keep up a Court more than Dancing, and several sorts and kinds of merry pastime; for wheresoever there is Dancing and Sport, Company will flock together.

3. *Attendant*. You say true.

*Comical Dutchess*. I find myself full of pain; I believe I shall fall in Labour.

4. *Attendant*. I hope then we shall have a young Prince, or Princess soon. *Exeunt.*

Scene 14.

Enter three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* I saw Prince Shadow.

2. *Gent.* What Prince is he?

1. *Gent.* Why he is the *Creating Princess's* Husband, who made him a Prince.

3. *Gent.* I thought no woman could give Title to their Husbands, unless they had been Sovereigns.

2. *Gent.* O yes, all women can give their Husbands Titles, if they please.

3. *Gent.* What Title?

2. *Gent.* Why the title of Cuckolds.

1. *Gent.* Indeed most women do magnifie their Husbands by those Titles.

2. *Gent.* But let me tell you, that those women that have Inhereditary Honours, although not Sovereigns, may indue their Husbands, with the same Honour: but it is not generally so; but his Children begot on her are indued, and not the Husband, yet some Husbands are. As for Example; a Lord, Vicount, Earl, Marquiss, Duke, King, or Emperor, if the Honour, or Title, goeth to the Female, for default of a Male, in some Nations their Husbands are indued with their Titles, but not commonly known to be so in England; as a Wife with her Husband, which is only during life, and not Inhereditary: but if their Titles are only during life, and not Inhereditary, it cannot derive to another; that is not a Successor: for Inhereditary Honour goes like Intailed Lands, it goeth only to the next Heir; but those that are the dignified; are like those that have Joynters, or Annuities for life; so when a Husband receives a Dignity from a Wife, or a Wife from a Husband, it is but so much Honour for life.

3. *Gentleman*. But if they have Children, those Children inherit the Honour. 2. *Gent.*

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2. *Gentleman*. Yes, as having a right from that Parent that is the Dignifyer, but if there be none of the line of the Dignifyer, the Honour dies, neither is the root of the Honour left to any more than one: for though the branches of Honour spread to all the Children, yet the root remains but with one: For, say a King have many Children, they are all Princes, but yet there can be but one that can inherit the Crown and Royaltie: So if a Marquis, or Duke have many Children, they are all Lords and Ladies, if they be lawfully, and in true Vvedlock born, otherwise they are not: neither doth any more but one of the Legitimate Children inherit the Root, as to be Marquess or Duke, Dutches or Marchioness: neither do the Daughters inherit, if there be Sons.

1. *Gent*. But cannot a Dukes Daughter make her Husband a Prince?

2. *Gent*. No, not except she hath the Inhereditary Honour: for if a Kings Daughter should marry a private Gentleman, he would remain as only in the Title of a Gentleman, unless the King did create a Title for him, or bestow a Title on him.

1. *Gent*. VVhy? put case the Inhereditary Honour lay in the people, and they elect a King, hath that King no power to Create, or to give Honour?

2. *Gent*. No, they may chuse Officers, but not give Titles, unless the people did dispossess them of their hereditary power, and give it to any man, and then the root of Honour lyes in him.

1. *Gent*. Nor doth his Children receive no Titles from their Father?

2. *Gent*. No, for the Title he hath, is none of his, he hath it but during life, unless the people will give a Lease, as for two or three Lives, yet they nominate those two or three Lives: So neither can they dispose of their Leases, or alter them, but at the peoples pleasure; like as those that are made, Governors, they cannot dispose of their Governments to whom they please, as without the leave of those that placed them in the Government, neither do his Children receive any Titles therefrom; like as a Lord Mayor, his Son is not my Lord Mayor after him, unless he is made one; nor his children have no place by his Office, and an elective Prince, is but as a Lord Mayor, or rather like as a Deputy Governor, who as I said, may dispose of Places or Offices, but not give Dignities, Honours, or Titles.

1. *Gent*. I thank you for your Information, for I was so ignorant, as I knew nothing of Heraldry.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 15.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent*. **H**Ave you seen the Imaginary Queen yet?

2. *Gent*. What Imaginary Queen?

1. *Gent*. VVhy a Great Queen, that every one goeth to kisse her hand.

2. *Gent*. From what parts of the VVorld came she?

1. *Gent*. From the North parts.

2. *Gent*. And doe so many go to kisse her hand?

1. *Gent*. Yes, throngings of Common people.

2 *Gent.* They would kiss the Dogs Tail if it were turned up and presented to them : but do any of the Nobles and Gentry kiss her hand ?

1 *Gent.* Some few that are newly come out of the Country to see fights in the City.

2 *Gent.* Pish, in this Age there are so many of these kind of Bedlams, as I am weary to hear of them, as the *Comical Dutchess*, the *Creating Princess*, and the *Created Prince*, *Prince Shaddow*, and now the *Imaginary Queen*.

1 *Gent.* Why Faith it is as good a sight as to see a Play.

2 *Gent.* A puppet Play you mean ; but the truth is, it is a disgrace to all noble persons, and great dignities, and true titles, to be thus mocked by imitators, it is a sign that all *Europe* is imbroiled in Wars so much as every one doth what they list.

1 *Gent.* Why they are so far from being checkt or discountenanced for it, as there are many true Princes, great and noble persons as give the same respect and homage as if they were real Princes indeed and in truth.

2 *Gent.* Then it if it were in my power I would divest those that had the right, and true dignities, and titles, and put them upon those that only acted princely and royal parts, since the Actors bear up so nobly, and the Spectators do creep and crouch so basely : but indeed both sides are Actors, both the Spectators and Players, only the one side Acts noble parts, the other side base parts, the one Acts the parts of Princes, the other of Servants ; but I am sorrow to see *True Honour* wounded as it is.

1 *Gent.* The truth of it is, *True Honour* lies a bleeding, and none doth offer to power in *Balsimum*.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 16.

*Enter the Imaginary Queen, her Gentleman Usher bare headed leads her, her Page holds up her Train, her Woman follows her, and that is all her Train, a Company of people flock to see her, and kneel to kiss her hand, she brideling in her Chin, as thinking that doth advance her state, they kneeling she gives them her hand to kiss, they pray God bless her Royalty, she nods them thanks, and then passes away.*

1 *Woman.* Faith Neighbour methinks a Queen is not such a brave and glorious thing as I did imagine it.

2 *woman.* I will tell you truly Neighbour, that if I had thought a Queen had been no finer a sight than this Queen is, I would have stayed in my house.

3 *woman.* And so would I, I tell you truly Neighbour.

4 *woman.* I perceive Queens are no finer Creatures than other women are.

*Exeunt.*

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## Scene 17.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Lord what a ridiculous sight it is to see the Imaginary Queen  
act the part of Majesty?

2 *Gent.* Faith she is so far from Majesty, as she cannot act the part, for she appears like a good Country Hulwife.

1 *Gent.* She is but a Gentlewoman, and that is all.

2 *Gent.* We may see the difference of true Greatness, and that which is forced, there was the Queen Masculine; what a natural Majestie did she appear with? for all she had given up her Crown and Kingdome, yet her Royal Birth was seen in her Princely Carriage.

2 *Gent.* It was a generous Act: But was it in her power to dispossesse her self of her natural Inheritance?

1 *Gent.* It seems so; and it seems by her actions that she had rather see the World abroad, than rule a Kingdome at home, for she hath travelled most of all Europe over.

2 *Gent.* She appears to be a Royal Lady.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 18.

*Enter two or three of the Comical Dutchess's Women, and two or three Burgers Wives.*

1 *Woman.* The Comical Dutchess is brought to bed of the sweetest Princess that ever was born.

1 *wife.* Indeed it is the sweetest Princess that ever was born.

2 *wife.* We are glad: we hope her Highness will sleep well to night.

1 *Wife.* Pray present our most humble and obedient duty to her Highness.

1 *woman.* Will you not go in and see her, and kisse the young Princesses hand?

1 *wife.* If we may be so much honoured, we shall be very proud of that Grace and Honour.

2 *woman.* Come, come, we will prefer you to that Grace and Favour.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 19.

Enter two Scriveners Wives.

1. Wife. **W**elcome Mistress Ink-pot, whether are you going so hastily?

2. Wife. Truly Mistress Paper, I am going to her Highness the Comical Dutchess, for I hear she is brought abed of a sweet young Princess.

1. Wife. Is she so? I am glad her Highness pain is past, with all my heart.

2. Wife. So am I, for now we shall have Dancing again, as soon as her Month is past.

1. Wife. Yes, for she will send for us all, as soon as she is able to dance.

2. Wife. Yes that she will, and give us all Favours to wear for her sake.

1. Wife. But to some she gives her Picture too.

2. Wife. Yes, but those she gives her Picture too, are of a higher Degree.

1. Wife. By your favour, we are of as high a Degree as most that visit her.

2. Wife. Yes, of the female Sex, but not of the Masculine Sex; for there are great Persons that visit her.

1. Wife. Very few, but only of the Red Oker Nation, or some Strangers that are Travellers, that visit her, as they pass other waies, else the men that visit her, are of as inferior degree as we, as Fidlers, Dancers, Players, and the like.

2. Wife. By your favour, there are sometimes Burgers and Gentlemen.

1. Wife. Yes sometimes, when she sends for to invite them to dance, or intreats them to come and visit her, and then she presents them with her Colours.

Exeunt.

Scene 20.

Enter the Lady True Honour, and Madam Inquirer.

**M**adam Inquirer. Lord, Madam, I was ask'd to day, why your Honour doth not visit the Comical Dutchess, nor the Imaginary Queen?

Lady True Honour. Why, should I that am Intituled with True Honour, and Princely Dignity, which Titles were created from an Absolute and Divine Power, give place to mock Honours, and feigned Dignities? shall Princes in Royal Courts, give place to Princes in Playes?

Madam Inquirer. But every one doth not rightly understand a Princely Dignity.

Lady True Honour. I will instruct you in the degrees of Princes, and their derivation; but first, let me tell you, the Princely Arms, or Seal, is a Crown; or a Crown is the General Arms, or Seal of all Princely Dignities, and every

ry degree is known and distinguished by the several fashions of their Crowns; for a Vicounts Crown, which is the first degree of a Prince, is not like the Earls Crown, which is the second degree; nor an Earls Crown is not like a Marquisses Crown, which is the third degree; that is, there is some difference in the Crown; nor a Marquisses Crown is not like a Dukes Crown, which is the fourth degree; nor a Dukes Crown is not like a close Imperial Crown, which is the last and highest degree; that is, there is some difference in the Crown of each degree: Now there are Absolute Princes, Tributary, and Subject Princes, but none can be wholly call'd Absolute Princes, but those that have the Imperial Crown, which are Absolute Kings and Emperors, being the only chosen of God, and by that the only Creators of Titles; for they only are the Fountain, or Springs of Honour.

*Madam Inquirer.* How comes it that Subjects are made Princes?

*Lady True Honour.* By Adoption: for all Subject Princes are Princes by Adoption: that is, they are adopted to their Princely Dignity, so that by Adoption, they are the Consents to Royaltie, and are called by their Sovereigns, Kings Consents, and are adorn'd with Royal Robes, indued with Royal Power, and observed with Royal Ceremony, and are allowed some Customs and Imposts out of the Revenue of the Kingdom, and many privileges which belong to the Princely Dignities: Thus Kings call their Subject Princes, Consents, as being adopted to their Princely Royaltie, like as all Absolute Monarchs call each other Brother, as in relation to each others Royalty: and being all of them Gods annointed, and appointed Deputies on Earth, for Government and Honour, they are the sacred Magistrates of God, the divine Fountains of Honour: Thus true Honour is derived from Heaven, and ought to be respected, and bowed too, as being divine: but in this age Honour is used, or abused, as other divine things are: this is the reason I will not visit the Apocriphal Ladies: for my Honour is derived from the sacred Spring of Honour, and is not a self-given Honour and Dignity, which ought to be punished as a Presumption and Usurpation: but I have so much Honour, as not to abase the Honour and Dignity that my Husband, and his Forefathers were adopted too: And I by Marriage, being one with my Husband; for man and wife are but one, and my Husbands Honour being Inhereditary, succeeds to his Children; wherefore his Wife will never give place to Mountebanks.

*Madam Inquirer.* Indeed the strange ridiculousness, and folly, and mad presumption is, that the Apocriphal Ladies take more State, or at least as much as sacred Royaltie.

*Lady True Honour.* But if Royaltie will suffer such Heresies, and Hereticks, in the Court of Honour, they are not to be lamented, if their Courts fall to utter ruine; for it is with Titles and Dignities, as with Laws; if there were no Laws, there would be no Government, and if there were no Degrees and dignities, there would be no Royalty; so likewise if the Laws be corrupt and abused, Government will fall to ruin, and if Honour be abused and usurpt, Royaltie will fall from its Throne; but howsoever, I keep up the Right of my place, because it is the cause and interest of all the Nobility of my Country, so that if I should give place, I should be a Traytor to true Honour, and dignified Persons.

Scene 21.

Enter two Women of the Comical Dutchess's.

1. *woman.* **W**ELL, now the Duke of *Inconstancy* hath forsaken our Lady, his *Comical Dutchess*, all our State must down.

2. *woman.* Yes, and we must lose our places, in going before others, as being Dutchess's women.

1. *woman.* The Dutchess cryed all night.

2. She had no more reason to cry, than she had, for the matter of Dignity; for, pray consider, her Highness may keep the same State, as being Dutchess still, as well as she did before; for she posses'd the Honour no more than she doth now, and so now no less than she did then.

1. *woman.* That is true, but the Duke did help to countenance her State, so long as he did live with her, as a Husband, whereas now she will be hist off the Stage.

2. *woman.* Faith Confidence, and a Resolution will bear her up, wherefore let us perswade her not to be daunted, or put out of countenance, and she having the same Estate she had, may maintain her self as high as she hath done.

1. *woman.* You say true, and the flanting shew will dazle the eyes, and delude the understanding of the Spectators.

1. *woman.* Yes, of the Vulgar.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 22.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* **H**ONOUR goes a begging.

2. *Gent.* Why?

1. *Gent.* Why there is an Ale Wife made a Countesse.

2. *Gent.* As how?

1. *Gent.* Why the Earl *Undone* hath married Mistriss *Tip-tape*.

2. *Gent.* But he hath a Wife living.

1. *Gent.* That is all one, for did not the Duke of *Inconstancy* marry a Lady, and made her a Dutchess, although he had a Dutchess to his Wife before, by whom he was a Duke.

2. *Gent.* I perceive Great Noble Persons may do what they will: for if a poor mean man should have two Wives at one time, they would be surely punished; nay, in some Kingdoms they would be hanged.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 23.

Enter two Scriveners Wives

1. *wife.* **D**O you hear that the Duke of *Inconstancy* hath forfaken his *Comical Dutchess*?
2. *wife.* Yes, but that is nothing.
1. *wife.* Have you been with her Highness since?
2. *wife.* Yes.
1. *wife.* And how looks she upon her misfortunes?
2. *Wife.* Why she appears the same, and keeps greater State than ever she did; yea, even her Children are served more royally than ever.
1. *Wife.* Faith she is to be commended, if it will hold out.
2. *Wife.* As long as she hath money, it will hold.
1. *Wife.* O, money doth all things.

Exeunt.

**F I N I S**



THE  
EPILOGUE

*Noble Spectators,*

**I**N *Britain* Land, long, long ago, I say,  
 There were such persons, as are in my *Play* ;  
 In *Chronicle* you'll find a story plain,  
 A *Britain* Queen that happily did Raign.  
 At last did marry one below her State,  
 Which merited not a Crown, or Kinly Fate ;  
 For he, when Power got, did put away  
 His Royal Wife ; and married, as they say,  
 Another Lady ; She and he did live  
 Like lawfull King and Queen, till God did give  
 The roned Queen, her Kingdom back again ;  
 For in a Battel, she her husband slain.  
 And of the rest, in Stories you shall read,  
 Such persons as my *Play* presents indeed ;

## THE ACTORS NAMES.

*Two Grave Matrons belonging to the Female Academy.*

*Two or three Antient Ladies.*

*Two or three Citizens Wives.*

*A Company of young Gentlemen and others.*

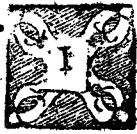
THE

THE  
FEMALE ACADEMY.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

*Enter two Ancient Ladies.*

1 *Lady.*  If you would have your Daughter virtuously and wisely educated, you must put her into the Female Academy.

2 *Lady.* The Female Academy, what is that?

1 *Lady.* Why a House, wherein a company of young Ladies are instructed by old Matrons; as to speak wittily and rationally, and to behave themselves handsomely, and to live virtuously.

2 *Lady.* Do any men come amongst them?

1 *Lady.* O no; only there is a large open Grate, where on the out-side men stand, which come to hear and see them; but no men enter into the Academy, nor women, but those that are put in for Education; for they have another large open Grate at the other end of the Room they discourse in; where on the out-side of that Grate stand women that come to hear them discourse.

2 *Lady.* I will put my Daughter therein to be instructed.

1 *Lady.* If your Daughter were not of honourable Birth, they would not receive her, for they take in none but those of ancient Descent, as also rich, for it is a place of charges.

2 *Lady.* Why then they will not refuse my Daughter, for she is both honourably born, and also rich.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Enter a Company of young Ladies, and with them two Grave Matrons; where through the Hanging a company of men look on them, as through a Grate.*

1 *Matron.* Come Lady, 'tis your turn this day to take the Chair.

*All sit, and she that speaks sits in an adorned Chair.*

CCCCCCC

*Lady*

*Lady Speaker.* Deliver your Theam.

*Matron.* You speak Lady like a Robber, when he sayes deliver your Purse; but you must say propound your Theam.

*Lady Speaker.* VVhy then propound your Theam.

*Matron.* I present to your opinion, whether women are capable to have as much VVit or VVisdome as men.

*Lady Speaker.* First, I must define what VVit and VVisdome are: as for VVit, it is the Daughter of Nature, and VVisdome is a Son of the Gods: this Daughter of Nature, the Lady *wit*, is very beautifull, and for the most part her Countenance is very Amiable, and her Speech delightfull; in her Acoustrements she is as all other of the Female Sex are, various; as sometimes in plain Garments, and sometimes in glittering Garments; and sometimes she is attired in Garments of as many several Colours as the Rainbow; and she alters in their Fashions, as often as in their Substances or Trimmings: as for her humour, it is according to the nature of her Sex, which is as various and changing as her Acoustrements; for that sometimes she is merry and jesting, other times pleasing and delightfull; sometimes melancholy, sometimes fantastical, other times spightfull and censorious, and of times wild and wanton, unlesse discretion rules and leads her, who keeps her within the bounds and pales of Modesty; alto her discourses are various, as sometimes she will flatter grossly, other times she will rail maliciously, and sometimes she will speak so eloquently, and demean her self so elegantly, as to ravish the minds of the beholders and hearers: This Lady *wit* hath nine Daughters, very beautifull Ladies, namely the Nine Muses; and every several Muse partakes of every several Humour of the Mother: These nine beautifull Ladies, Natures Grand-children, and VVits Daughters, have vowed single lives, living alwayes in the Court with their Mother, whose Court is a very glorious Palace; for it is composed of Cœlestial flame, and Divine Spirits were the Architectures thereof; the Servants and Courtiers of the Lady *wit* are Poets, men of all Nations, Qualities, Dignities and Humours; these Courtiers the Poets, make love to the Lady *wits* Daughters, the nine Muses; and often receive favours from them; which favours their Servants the Poets braid them into Rimes, and make several works of Verse, then tie them into True Lovers Knots, and then as all Lovers use to do, with their Mistresses favours, vaingloriously shew them to the publick view of the world; for though the Lady *Muses* will not marry, yet they receive Courtly addressses, and take delight to be wooed and sued to; the younger sort of Poets are Amorous Lovers; the Grave and more antier Poets are Platonick Lovers, and some are Divine Lovers, and some are Heroick Lovers, and some are Satyrical Lovers, which woode in a crabbi stile: but to conclude of VVit, there are good VVits which have foolish Judgements; for though VVit and VVisdome are Sisters and Brothers, both the Children of Nature, yet for the most part, the Brother is a meer Fool and the Sister hath a great wit; but some have Masculine VVits, and Effeminate Judgements, as if their beams were *Hermophrica*.

The next I am to define is VVisdome, who as I said, is a Son of the Gods: this VVisdome is a person of perfect and upright Shape, of well-composed Features, of a manly Garb, and an assured Countenance. In his speech he is of a readie delivery, and he hath a well-tempered Humour: as for the Acoustrements of his Person, he changes them according to the times and occasions: His constant habitation is in the strong Tower of Honesty, th

Tower is built round, without ends or corners, or by places; and it stands upon four Pillars, as Prudence, Fortitude, Justice and Temperance; upon every several Pillar are Letters engraven, wherein may be read the proper uses, benefits, and advantages of each Pillar: These Pillars of Support, causes this Tower to be impregnable; for though there are many assaults made against it, as by Riches, which shoots his golden Bullets out of his golden Canons at it, striving to batter it down; and Power brings a mighty Army to assault it, and Danger of Death strives to storm it, and Flattery and Innuenation to undermine it, yet it holds out without any breach therein; for the walls of this Tower, named Honesty, are of a wonderfull strength, for they are as durable as an intire Diamond, not to be dissolved, and as transparent as a Chrystal, without the least spot, stain, or blemish: In this Tower as I said, lives Wisdom, a most magnificent Lord he is, and is attended numerously and nobly: his chief Favourite is Truth, his chief Counsellors are Reason, Understanding, Observation, Experience, and Judgement; his chief Officers are Patience, Industry, and Opportunity; his Domestick Servants are the Appetites, which Servants he rules and governs with great moderation; his Nobility are the Passions, which he perfects according to their merit; but those that are apt to be Factious, he severely punishes, for he is one that loves peace, and hates brulleries, or any dissention: he is a person of the quickest Sense, for he hath a most piercing sight to foresee dangers, as to avoid them, and can well distinguish the right ways from the wrong; likewise he hath a most cleer hearing, for nothing passes by that concerns him, but the sound gives him an Alarm to stand upon his guard, or a charge to take his advantage; but he hath a silent tongue, for he never speaks but it is to some purpose also he hath a marvelous quick Scent, to smel out a Rebellion or Treason, and he will follow it pace by pace, as Hounds do Hares, and never leaves till he hath hunted it out; also his Touch is very sensible, he soon feels a courtesie or injury, the first he receives gratefully, and feels tenderly, the other he receives strongly, and gripes hard, when he can take fast hold, otherwise he lets it passe or fall, as if his touch were numb'd; he is a person which is so solicited by the weak, sought to by the wronged, flattered by the ambitious, sued to by the distressed; and he often sits in the Court of Errors, to rectifie the disorder therein: sometimes he hath been in great humane Councils, but that is very rare; indeed he is so seldome in great humane Councils, as he is hardly known, for not one among a thousand that did ever see him, much lesse to have any acquaintance with him, for he is reserved, and not company for every one: But there are many that falsly pretend not only to be acquainted with him, but gets false Vizards, and pretend to be Wisdom it self, and the world for the most part is cozened and abused with these Cheats, in not knowing the right & true Wisdom; and how should they? when Wisdom it self appears so seldome, as he is a stranger even in Kings Courts and Princes Palaces, and so great a stranger he is in many Courts and Councils, that if by chance he should be there, they thrust him out as a troublesome Guest, and laugh at his advice as foolish, or condemn his Counsel as treacherous: but now I have declared unto you whom VVit and Wisdom are, now I am to give my opinion whether women are capable of their Society; but truly I must tell you it is a difficult question, by reason the several Educations, which are the Ushers that lead humane Creatures to several Societies, for there are Societies of the Ignorant and foolish, as well as of the witty and wise, and several Ushers belong-

ing thereto; and indeed these latter Societies are numerous, and of all sorts; the other are Societies of the most choicest, for though Wit is not an absolute Goddess, nor humane Wisdom an absolute God, yet they are a degree above other earthly mortals; but Fools are produced from the degrees of Mortality, and Ignorance is the Daughter of Obscurity; the Vices of these are Obstinacy, Stupidity, and Illiterature, which leads mortals to dangerous and unexcessible ways; in this last Society, for the most part women are of, as being bred therein, and having such ill Tutors and Guides, they must needs err, for there is an old saying, *When the Blind leads the Blind, they must needs fall into the Ditch*, not having sight to choose their way; so women breeding up women, the Generations must needs be Fools: for the first, women had an ill Tutor, the Devil, which neither instructed her in the knowledge of Wisdom nor Wit, but learn'd her hurtful dissimulation; to which she hath bred all her Female Generations successively, as from Female to Female; but your question is, whether women are capable of Wit and Wisdom: truly in my opinion women are more capable of Wit than Wisdom, by reason they are both of the Female Gender, which may cause some sympathy in their Natures; and in some things they do plainly sympathy and agree, for Wit is wild and various, and so are women, and Wit is busie and meddles with every thing, cause, or subject, so do women; Wit is fantastical, and so are women, Wit is always in extremes, and so are women, Wit doth talk much, and so do women, Wit is humourful, and so are women, Wit is prodigal, and so are women, Wit loves praises, and so do women, Wit doth sport and play, dance and sing the time away, and so do women, Wit is many times wanton, and so are women; Thus far are women capable of the Society and Conversation of Wit; but I doubt of her subtle Invention, quick Apprehension, rare Conceptions, elevated Fancy, and smooth Eloquution.

As for Wisdom, women seem to all outward appearance to have a natural Antipathy abhorring his severe and strict Rules, hating his medicinal Admonitions, his profitable Counsels and Advice, his wary wayes, his prudent forecast, his serious actions, his temperate life and sober disposition; all which makes them incapable of the Society of Wisdom.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

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### Scene 3.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gentleman.** I suppose you have heard that a company of young Gentlemen have set up an Academy, next to the Ladies Academy.

**2 Gentleman.** We heard nothing of it.

**1 Gentleman.** Why then I will tell you, the men are very angry that the women

women should speak so much, and they so little, I think: for they have made that Room which they stood in to see and hear the Ladies speak in, so a place for themselves to speak in, that the Ladies may hear what they can say.

*2 Gentleman.* Faith if you will have my opinion, it is, that the men do it out of a mockery to the Ladies.

*1 Gent.* 'Tis likely so, for they rail extremely that so many fair young Ladies are so strictly inclosed, as not to suffer men to visit them in the Academy.

*2 Gentleman.* Faith if the men should be admitted into their Academy, there would be work enough for the Grave Matrons, were it but to act the part of Midwives.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 4.*

*Enter the Academy Ladies, and their Grave Matrons; another of the young Ladies sits as Lady Speaker in an Armed Chair, the rest on stools about her.*

*Matron.* Lady, at this time let the Theam of your discourse be of discourfing.

*Lady.* As for Discourse it is differently various, some discourses are delightfull and pleasing, others tedious and troublesome, some rude and uncivil, some vain and unnecessary, some gracefull and acceptable, some wise and profitable; but in most discourses time is lost, having nothing that is worthy to be learn'd, practis'd, or observed: But there are two sorts of discourses, or manner of wayes of discourfings, as there is a discourfing with in the mind, and a discourfing with words; as for the inward discourfing in the mind, it is to discourf to a mans self; as if they were discourfing to others, making Questions or Propositions, Syllogisms and Conclusions to himself, wherein a man may deceive himself with his own false arguments, for it is an old saying, That it is one thing to oppose himself, and another thing to be opposed by others, and it is easie to argue without opposition; As for discourfing with words, it is more difficult than to discourf with thoughts: for though words are as high and substantial as thoughts, yet the Mouth is not so ready in speaking, as the Brain in thinking, and the Brain can present more thoughts at one time, than the Mouth can deliver words at one time: but words, or Rhetorick is apt to deceive a man, as his Conceptions, especially Orators, which draw themselves with the force of Rhetorick, from the right and the truth, so as an Orator is as apt to delude himself, as to delude his Auditory, if he make words or eloquence the ground of his Questions, Perswasions, or Judgement, and not Reason, for Reason must find out the truth, and right, and Truth must judge the cause; but Rhetorick is for the most part a Vizard to right Reason, for it seems a natural Face, and is not so: Rhetorick seems right Reason, but is not: Also there are extemporal discourses, and discourses premeditated, extemporal

ted discourses, because they are delivered more naturally, and so flow more freely and easily, which makes the noise not only to sound more sweetly, but the discourse to be more delightful both to the ears and the mind of the hearers, and more ready to the understanding; but of all discourses the disputive discourses are hardest: Indeed all disputive discourses are like Chromatick Musick, wherein is more Skill than Harmony; but all discourses should be fitted, measured, or chosen to the time, place, persons, and occasions, for that discourse which is proper for one time, place, or person, is improper for another time, place, or person, as a discourse of mirth in a time of sadness, a familiar discourse from an Inferior to a Superior, a vain discourse to a serious humour, or an Effeminate discourse to a man, or a Masculine discourse to a woman, and many the like examples might be given: Also there are discourses that are sensible discourses, rational discourses, and witty discourses; also there are other discourses, that have neither Sense, Reason, Wit, nor Fancy in them: Also there are Clownish discourses and Courtly discourses: Also there is a general discoursing, and particular discoursing, also Scholastical discourses and Poetical discourses; but of all the several wayes, manners, or sorts of discourses, and discoursings, Let me commend the Poetical discourses and discoursings, which are brief and quick, full of variety, curiosity, and newnesse, being as new as peep of day, as refreshing as the Zephyrus wind, as modest as the blushing morning, sweet as the flowry Spring, as pleasant as a Summers Evening, as profitable as Autumns Harvest, as splendorous as the mid-day Sun, as flowing as the full Tide Sea, as dilating as the spreading Ayre, as fruitfull as the fertile earth, and have as great an influence upon the Natures, Dispositions, and Humours of men, as the Stars, & Planets in the Heavens have, it takes life from the Coelestial flame, and is produced from the Gods on high: and this discourse makes Man resemble to a Deity.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 5.*

*Enter two Gentlemen as meeting each other:*

- 1 Gentleman.** Whither so hastily?  
**2 Gent.** I am going to hear them speak in the Academy.  
**1 Gent.** They have done for this time.  
**2 Gent.** And did they speak well.  
**1 Gent.** As they use to do.  
**2 Gent.** Why they never spake before there?  
**1 Gent.** Where?  
**2 Gent.** Why in the Academy.  
**1 Gent.** Why I am sure I heard one Lady speak yesterday, and another today.  
**2 Gent.** Ladies, I mean the Academy of men.  
**1 Gent.** Why do the men intend to speak?  
**2 Gent.** Yes presently, if they have not done speaking already.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*



## Scene 6.

*Enter a Company of young men. as in the Room next to the Ladies ;  
one takes the Chair.*

**G**entleman Speaker. Gentlemen, we need no Learned Scholars, nor Grave Sages to propound the Theam of our discourse in this place, and at this time; for our minds are so full of thoughts of the Female Sex, as we have no room for any other Subject or Object; wherefore let the Theam be what it will, our discourses will soon run on them: but if we could bring women as easily into our arms, as into our brains; and had we as many Mistresses in our possessions, as we have in our imaginations, we should be much more happy than we are; Nay, had we been blind, deaf, and insensible to the Sex, we had been happy, unlesse that Sex had been more kinder than they are; but they are cruel, which makes men miserable; but Nature had made Beauty in vain, if not for the use of the Masculine Sex, wherefore Nature forbids restraint, and 'tis a sin against Nature for women to be Incloystred, Retired, or restrained: Nay, it is not only a sin against Nature, but a grievous sin against the Gods, for women to live single lives, or to vow Virginitie; for if women live Virgins, there will be no Saints for Heaven, nor worship nor Adoration offered to the Gods from Earth; for if all women live Virgins, the Race of Mankind will be utterly extinguished; and if it be a general sin to live Virgins, no particular can be exempted; and if it be lawfull for one to live a Virgin, it is lawfull for all; so if it be unlawfull for one, it is unlawfull for all; but surely the Gods would not make any thing lawfull that were against themselves: But to conclude, those women which restrain themselves from the company and use of men, are damned, being accused by Men, judged by Nature, and condemned by the Gods.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 7.

*Enter two Gentlewomen.*

**1 Gentlewoman.** What say you, will you go into the Academy?

**2 Gent.** No faith, I mean not to be damned.

**1 Gent.** I am of your mind, I will run unto the men to save me.

**2 Gent.** So will I, since the wayes of Salvation are so easie and so pleasant.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene*

*Scene 8.*

*Enter the Academy of Ladies, and the Grave Matronneſſe: The Lady that is to ſpeak takes a Chair.*

**M***atron.* Lady, let the Theam of your diſcourſe be at this time on the behaviour of our Sex.

*Lady Speaker.* It is a greater difficulty for a woman to behave her ſelf diſcreetly in private Viſitations, than for a man to ſpeak wiſely in privy Councils: and it is a greater difficulty for a woman to behave her ſelf well in a publick Aſſembly, than for a man to ſpeak eloquently in a publick Auditory: and it is a greater difficulty for a woman to behave her ſelf well to ſeveral Perſons, and in ſeveral Aſſemblies, than for a man to behave himſelf gallantly in ſeveral Battels, and as much diſhonour comes in the miſbehaviour of the one, as the cowardlineſſe of the other: VVherefore there requires a much ſkill, care, and conduct in a womans behaviour, in viſiting, entertaining, placing, applying, and diſcourſing, as to a Commander in Muſtering Training, Intrenching, Beſieging, Inbattelling, Fighting, and Retreating for it is not enough for a woman to behave her ſelf according to her Degree, Quality, Dignity, Birth, and Breeding, Age, Beauty, Wit, and Fortune; But according to Time, Place, and Occaſion, Buſineſſe, and Affairs as alſo to the Humours, Capacities, Professions, Dignities, Qualities, Births Breedings, Fortunes, Ages, and Sexes of thoſe perſons ſhe is in Company and Converſation withall: Alſo in mixt Companies ſhe muſt have a mixt behaviour, and mixt diſcourſes, as ſometimes to one, then to another, according as ſhe can handſomely and civilly apply or addreſſe her ſelf; and to thoſe that apply and addreſſe themſelves to her: for a woman muſt not have her ſelf, or diſcourſe unto a great Lord or Prince, as to a Peaſant, or to a Peaſant as to a great Lord or Prince, nor to a Souldier as to a Divine, nor to a Divine as to a Souldier, nor to a States-man as to a Tradesman, nor to a Tradesman as to a States-man, nor to a Flattering Gallant, as to a Grave Senior, nor to a Grave Senior as to a Flattering Gallant, nor to a young man as to an antient man, nor to a Boy as to a man, nor to a woman as to a man, nor to a Poet as to a woman, or as to thoſe men that underſtand no Poetry, nor to learned men, as to ignorant men. Alſo an antient Grave Matron muſt not behave her ſelf like a wanton young Girl, nor a Wiſe like a Maid, nor a Widow like a VVife, nor a Mothe like her Daughter, nor a Miſtriſs like her Servant, nor a Servant like a Miſtriſs, nor a great Lady like a Country wiſe, nor a Country wiſe like a great Lady, for that would be ridiculous; Indeed it is eaſier for a middle Rank Degree, at leaſt it is oftner ſeen, to behave themſelves better than thoſe of high Titles and great Eſtates, or thoſe of a very mean Condition, and of low Birth, for the one is apt to err with exceſſive pride, the other with an exceſſive rudeneſſe, both being bold and ignorantly bred, knowing not how to be civil, nor what belongs to civil Perſons; for the pride of the one conſtantly be instructed, and the poverty of the other hath not means to keep and pay Inſtructers; for the exceſſe of Plenty nuffles the one in Ignorance, and exceſſe of Poverty blindfolds the other from knowledge: but to conclude of the behaviour of women, firſt as to the generality, they muſt behave themſelves

lives civilly and circumspectly, to particulars, modestly and friendly; for the chief Principals of behaviour are twelve, six good, and six bad; the six good are, Ceremony, Civility, Modesty, Humility, Friendship, and Obedience: The first is Majestical and Magnificent, the second Noble, the third Virtuous, the fourth Humane, the fifth Generous, the sixth Pious; The first is Gracefull, the second Sociable, the third Delightfull, the fourth Natural, the fifth Helpfull, the sixth Necessary; The first belongs to Dignity, the second to Breeding, the third to Youth, the fourth to Age, the fifth to Wealth, the sixth to Peace.

As for the six bad Principals, is, to be Proud, Bold, Rude, Wanton, Disobedient, and Cruel; The first is, Insolent, the second Impudent, the third Ignorant, the fourth Brutish, the fifth Unnatural, the sixth Wicked: The first lives with mean Births, joined with good Fortune, the second lives with ignorant and foolish Spirits, the third with base Breeding, the fourth with Beasts, the fifth with uncivil Nations, the sixth with Atheists: The first is to be Slighted, the second to be Pityed, the third to be Shunned, the fourth to be Hated, the fifth to be Governed, the sixth to be Punished.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 9.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* **W**Hat say you to these young Ladies?  
2. *Gent.* I say, that though they be but young Ladies, they discourse like old Women.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scene 10.*

*Enter a Company of young Gentlemen: The Gentleman Speaker takes the Chair.*

*Gentleman Speaker.* **T**He beauty of the Female Sex hath as great an influence upon the eyes of men, as the stars of the Heavens have upon their nature and disposition: but as a cloud of ill Education, covers, changes, or buries the good influence of the Stars; so a cloud of Time covers, changes, and buries the beauties of the fairest Ladies faces, which alters the affections of men, and buries all the delight that was received there-from, in the ruines of age, and the graves of wrinckles: But beauty, whilst it is fresh and flourishing, it is the most powerfull Conqueresse and Triumphs in the Chariot of Youth; and though her Masculine Subjects forsake her, when time hath displaced her, and weakened her power; yet she were unwise, not to take pleasure in her Victories, whilst she may.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 11.

*Enter two Citizens Wives.*

1. *Wife.* **C**ome, come, Neighbour, we shall get no room to see and hear the young Ladies, if we go not quickly.

2. *Wife.* Yes, let us go; but stay Neighbour, I must run home again, for I have left the key in the Celar door.

1. *Wife.* Let it be there for this time.

2. *Wife.* By my truth I must not, for my maid *Joan*, and the Prentice, will drink out all my Ale, and strong Beer, and there will be none left to give my Husband a draught when he goeth to bed.

*Enter another Citizens wife.*

1. *Wife.* **W**hat, Neighbour, are you come back already?

3. *Wife.* **W**hy there is no getting in; the Door-keeper beat me back, and said there was no room for Citizens **W**ives, for the room was only kept for Ladies, and Gentlewomen of Quality.

2. *Wife.* **W**ell, we may come to be Ladies one day, although not Gentlewomen, and then we shall not so often be bearen back.

1. *Wife.* Let us go to the Gentlemens side, they will receive us, and use us kindly. *Exeunt.*

## Scene 12.

*Enter the Academy of young Ladies, and their Matrons. They all sit, and the Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

*Matron.* **L**adies, let the *Theam* of our discourse, at this time, be of Truth.

*Lady Speaker.* Truth, although she hath but one face, which is a natural face, yet she hath many several countenances; for sometimes her countenance is severe, other times kind and familiar, sometimes it is sad, sometimes merry, other times pleasing and delightfull: also she hath as different humours, as she hath countenances, according to the Cause, or Occasion; likewise, her presence, or approach, shews the different Effects, and several Causes; on from one Cause on several Objects, or Subjects: As for Example, sometimes her Approach shews man to be Miserable, or Happy; as when she comes to inform him of good Fortune, or bad; or when she presents him with right Understanding of the condition he is in: But in Truth, in whatsoever countenance, or humour she puts on, she is a most beautifull Lady: for although she do not shine as the Sun, which dazles and obscures the sight with his splendrous beams, yet she doth appear like a bright, clear day, wherein, and whereby, all things are seen perfectly; and although she have various Humours, yet her Actions are just, for the alteration of her Countenance, and Humours, are not to deceive men, nor she takes no de-  
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light in her own sad Approach, to grieve men, but she doth bear a-part, both of their Grief and Joy: she makes neither the Chances, Fortunes, Accidents nor Actions; but only declares them: she is neither the Cause, nor Effects, but only shews the several Effects of Causes, or what causes those Effects: She is of a sweet Nature, and an humble Disposition, she doth as freely, and commonly accompany the Poor, as the Rich, the Mean as the Great: Indeed, her constant Habitation and dwelling, is among the Learned and Industrious men; but she hath an opposite or rival, namely Falshood, which often obscures her, and is often prefer'd before her: this Falshood, her Rival, is of the nature of a Curtezan; as all Curtezans are, as to flatter, and insinuate her self and company, to all mens good liking, and good opinion: she is full of deceit and dissembling, and although she hates Truth, yet she imitates her as much as she can; I do not say she imitates the Justice, Severity, and Plainesse of Truth; for those, of all things, or actions, she shuns; but she imitates her Behaviour and Countenance; for although Falshood is foul, and filthy of her self, yet by artificial Paint, she makes herself appear as fair, and pure as Truth; but the deservingly Wise can soon see the difference between the artificial fair of Falshood, and the true, natural, fair complexion of Truth, although fools do admire, and are sooner catch'd, so, for the most part deceived with the deceiving Arts of Falshood, than the natural Verity of Truth: for Falshood makes a glaring shew at the first sight, but the more she is viewed, the worse she appears; whereas Truth, the more she is viewed, the better she appears: also Falshood uses Rhetorick, to allure and deceive with her Eloquent Tongue, whereas Truth speaks little her self, but brings alwaies, and at all times, and in all places, and to all things, Right Reason, and plain Proof to speak for her, who speak without flourishing Phrases, or decking Sentences, or Scholastical Rules, Methods or Tenses, but speak to the purpose, deliver the matter briefly, and keep to the sense of Truth, or true sense, which is both the best and natural way of speaking, and the honest Practice of Truth, whereas Eloquence is one of the most cozening and abusing Arts as is; for as Paint is a Vizard on the face, so is Eloquence a Vizard on the mind, and the Tongue is the Pencil of Deceit, drawing the Pictures of Discourse; thus Falshood strives to resemble Truth, as much as artificially she can.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## Scene 13.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**G***Ent.* How do you like the Ladies and their discourtings?  
**2 Gent.** I like some of the Ladies discourses better than others; and I like some of the Ladies better than the other; but let us go hear the men.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 14.

*Enter a Company of Gentlemen, he that is to speak takes the Chair.*

**Gentleman Speaker.** Those women that retire themselves from the Company of men, are very ungratefull; as, first to Nature; because she made them only for breed; next to men who are their Defenders, Protectors, their Nourishers, their Maintainers, their Instructors, their Delighters, their Admirers, their Lovers and Deifiers; as men defend them from the raging blustering Elements, by building them Houses, and not only build them Houses for shelter, but Houses for pleasure and magnificency: Also men protect them from wild ravenous and cruel Beasts; that otherwise would devour them; for as women have not natural strength to build, so have they not natural courage to fight, being for the most part as fearfull as weak: Likewise men nourish them, for men Fish Fowl, and hunt to get them Food to feed them, for which women would neither take the pains, nor indure the labour, nor have the heart to kill their food; for women by nature are so pittifull, and have such tender dispositions, as they would rather suffer death themselves, than destroy life in other Creatures; Also men maintain them by composing themselves into Commonwealths, wherein is Traffique and Commerce, that each Family may live by each other; Also Laws to keep them in peace, to rule them in order, to defend them with Arms, which women could never do, by reason they know not what Government to settle in or to, nor what Laws to make, or how to execute those Laws that were made; neither could they plead Sutes, decide Causes, Judge Controversies, deal out right, or punish Injuries, or condemn Criminals: Also men are the Instructors to inform them of Arts and Sciences, which women would nere have had the patience to study, for they would never have allowed so much time and solitary musing, for the perfecting or delivering those Conceptions, as those that first invented or found them out, besides if women were not instructed by men of the natural cause of Effects

how often would they have been affrighted almost to death, with the loud and terrifying Thunders, the flashing Lightenings, the dark Eclipses, the unsteady Earthquakes, the overflowing Tides, and many the like natural Effects from hidden Causes; besides, women would want all those conveniences that Art affords them, and furnishes them with: Also men instruct women with the Mystery of the Gods, whereas for want of which knowledge, they would have been damned through ignorance: Also men are their Delighters, they traffique on the Sea, all over the world, to every several Climate and Country, to find and to bring the Female Sex Curiosities, hazarding their lives for the same; whereas women could neither build their Ships, nor guide them on the Seas when they were built; they have not strength to pull and tug great Cable Ropes, to set and spread large Sails, to cast and weigh Massy Anchors, no, not in a calm, much lesse in furious storms, with which men often fight, though not with Arms, with Subtily and Skill, by which the Elements are conquered still, whereas women are conquered, and not only being strengthlesse and heartlesse, but healthlesse; for not only the roaring Seas, and whistling winds, and rattling showres, and rumbling Thunders, and fiery Lightenings, Rocks, Shelves, and Sands unknown, or not to be avoided, besides Mountains of Ice, if to the Northern Pole, all which would terrifie them, yet their weak bodies, sick stomachs, and nice Appetites, could never endure long Voyages; they would vomit out their life before they could sayl to their assigned Port, or Haven: Also men are womens admirers, they gaze on their Beauties, and praise their Twæet Graces, whereas women through envy detract from each other; Also men are womens only True Lovers, they flatter, kisse and please them, whereas women are apt to quarrel, rail and fight with each other: And lastly, men Deifie women, making them Goddeses by their Poetical Descriptions & Elevations, whereas Nature made them meer Mortals, Human creatures, wherefore it is a great ingratitude, nay a horid ingratitude in those women, that denye men their Company, Conversation, and Communication; wherefore men have not only Reason to take it ill; but to be angry with those women that shun or restrain their Company from them; but good Counsel ought to go before Anger, for the difference betwixt good Counsel and Anger, is, that good Counsel goes before a fault is committed, and Anger followeth when a fault is committed, for as good Counsel or Admonishment is to prevent a fault, so Anger is a Punishment for a fault past.

• *Exeant.*

Scene 15.

*Enter three Antient Ladies.*

**L**ady. Is your Daughter put into the Academy?

**2** Lady. Yes.

**3** Lady. How long Madam hath your Daughter been in the Academy?

**2** Lady. This week, but she hath not profited much, for I do not hear her discourse.

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1 *Lady.* First it is to be considered, whether your Daughter be capable of discoursing, for she must have a natural ingenuity to the Art of Rhetorick.

3 *Lady.* My Daughter was alwayes a pretty talking Girl, as any in all the Country and Town I lived in.

2 *Lady.* Yes, Children may talk prettily for Children, but when they come to be women, it is a question whether they will talk wisely or no; but let us go hear which of the Ladies discourses to day.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 16.

*Enter the Academical Ladies and their Matrons; The Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

**M***atron.* Lady, for this time let the Theam of your discourse be of Discourse.

*Lady Speaker.* Reverend Matron, this Theam hath been discoursed of before by one of our Academy; but yet by reason one and the same Theam may be discoursed of after different manners or wayes, I shall obey you.

As for Discourse, there is of four sorts; the first is discoursing in the mind, which is reasoning.

The second is discoursing with words, which is speaking,

The third is discoursing by signs, which is action or acting.

The last is discoursing by Figures, which is by Letters and Hieroglyphic; which is by Printing, Writing, Painting, and the like.

As for the first, which is a discourse in the mind, which is Reasoning, which reasoning is a discourse with things, and not with words, as such a thing is not such a thing, and what such things are, and what they are not; or in what such things agree or disagree, sympathy, or antipathy, or such things resemble, or not resemble, or on the cause of things, or their effects, or the like: This discourse is in the mind, which is distinguishing, and distinguishing belongs to Judgement.

The second discoursing is with words, which is Speech, and words are not things or notches, but only marks of things, or nicks, or notches to know things by; and the Tongue is the Tally on which they are scored: for Speech is a number of words, which words are made and joyned together by the Breath, Tongue, Teeth, and Lips, and the continuance make a discourse; for a discourse is like a line or thread, whereon are a number of words strung, like as a Chain of Beads, if the words be well sorted, and fitly and properly matched, as also evenly strung, the discourse is pleasant and delightfull; this Chain of discourse is longer, or shorter, according as the Speaker pleases. The third discourse, is a discourse by Signes, which is in Actions, as some can discourse by the Motion of their Faces, Countenances, Hands, Fingers, Paces, or Measures, or by the cast of the Eyes, and many such like Postures, Looks, Actions, and several such wayes of Motion as have been invented to be understood. This and the first kind of discourse, as by things



things and motions, beasts may have, for ought we can know to the contrary. The last is by Figures, or Letters, Prints, Hieroglyphicks, and painted Stories, or ingraven in Metal, or cut, or carved in Stone, or molded; or formed in Earth, as clay, or the like; in this kind of discourse, the Pencil hath sometimes out-done the Pen, as the Painter hath out-done the Historian and Poet: This discoursing by Signs, or Figures, are discourses to the eye, and not to the ear. There is also another kind, or sort of discoursing, which is hardly learn'd as yet, because newly invented, or at least, to what I have heard, which is by Notes, and several Strains in Musick. I only mention it, because I never heard it but once, and then I did not understand it: but yet it was by a skillfull and ingenious Musician, which discoursed a story of his Travels, in his playing on a Musical Instrument, namely, the Harpsical. But certainly, to my understanding, or reason, it did seem a much easier way of discoursing, than discoursing by actions, or posture. But to end my discourse of Discoursing, which discoursing may be by several waies, several actions and postures, by several creatures, and in several Languages: but reasoning is the Souls Language, words the Language of the Senses, action the Lifes Language, Writing, Printing, Painting, Carving and Molding, are Arts several Languages, but Musick is the Language of the Gods.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 17.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* **H**OW do you like the Ladies discourse?

2. *Gent.* As I like discourse.

1. *Gent.* How is that?

2. *Gent.* Why I had rather hear a number of words, than speak a number of words.

1. *Gent.* Then thou art not of the nature of Mankind; for there is no man that had not rather speak than hear.

2. *Gent.* No, it is a sign I am not of the nature of Woman-kind, that will hear nothing, but will speak all; indeed, for the most part, they stop their Ears with their Tongues, at least, with the sound of their Voices.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 18.

*Enter a company of Gentlemen; The Speaker takes the Chair.*

*Gentleman Speaker.* **I**T were too tedious to recite the several humours of the female Sex; their scornfull Pride; their obstinate Retirednesse, their reserved Coynesse, their facil Inconstancy, by which they become the most useles, and most unprofitable Creatures that nature hath made; but when they are joined to men, they are the most usefull, and most profitable Creatures nature hath made; wherefore, all those women that have common Reason, or sense of shame, will never retire themselves from the company of

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*Exeunt.*

men: for what women that have any consideration of Honour, Truth, or touch of Goodness, will be the worst of all Creatures, when they may be the best? but the truth of it is, women are spoyled by the over-sond dotage of men; for being flattered, they become so self-conceited, as they think they were only made for the Gods, and not for men; and being Mistresses of mens affections, they usurp their Masculine Power and Authority, and instead of being dutifull, humble and obedient to men, as they ought to be, they are Tyrannical Tyrannizers.

*Exeunt.**Scene 19.**Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* **T**He young Gallants methinks begin to be whetted with Anger.
2. *Gent.* They have reason, when the women have such dull, blunt Appetites.

*Exeunt.**Scene 20.**Enter the Ladies of the Academy: The Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

*Matron.* **L**adies, let the Theam of your discourse be, at this time, of Friendship.

*Lady Speaker.* This Theam may more easily be discoursed of, than Friendship made; by reason it is very difficult to make a right Friendship, for hard it is to match men in agreeable Humours, Appetites, Passions, Capacities, Conversations, Customs, Actions, Natures and Dispositions, all which must be to make a true and lasting Friendship, otherwise, two Friends will be like two Horses that draw contrary waies, whereas Souls, Bodies, Education and Lives, must equally agree in Friendship; for a worthy honest man cannot be a friend to a base and unworthy man, by reason Friendship is both an offensive and defensive League between two Souls and Bodies; and no actions, either of the Souls or Bodies, or any outward thing, or fortune belonging thereunto, are to be denied; wherefore Knaves with Knaves, and unworthy Persons with unworthy Persons, may make a Friendship, & Honest men with Honest men, and worthy Persons with worthy Persons, may do the like: but an Honest man with a Knave, or a worthy Person with a base man, or an Honourable Person with a mean Fellow, a noble Soul with a base Nature, a Coward with a Valiant man, can make no true Friendship. For, put the case, in such friendships, my Friend should desire me to do a base Action for his sake, I must either break Friendship, or do unworthily, but as all worthy Persons make Truth their Goddess, which they seek and worship, Honour the Saint which they pray too, Virtue

ue, the Lady which they serve, so Honesty is the only Friend they trust and rely on, and all the VVorld is obliged to Honesty, for upright and just dealing.

*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

—Scene 21.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**1 Gent.** Methinks the womens Lectural discourse is better than the mens; for in my opinion, the mens discourses are simple, childish, and foolish, in comparison of the womens;

**2 Gent.** Why, the subject of the discourse is of women, which are simple, foolish, and childish.

**1 Gent.** There is no sign of their simplicity or folly, in their discourse or Speeches, I know not what may be in their Actions.

**2 Gent.** Now you come to the point, for the weaknesse of women lyes in their Actions, not in their VVords, for they have sharp Wits and blunt Judgements.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 22.

*Enter the Ladies and Grave Matrones; The Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

**M** *Atronesse.* Lady, let the Theam of your discourse to day be of a Theatre.

**Lady Speaker.** A Theatre is a publick place for publick Actions, Orations, Disputations, Presentations, whereunto is a publick resort; but there are only two Theatres; which are the chief, and the most frequented; the one is of War, the other of Peace; the Theatre of Warr is the Field, and the Battels they fight; are the Plays they Act, and the Souldiers are the Tragedians, and the Theatre of Peace is the stage, and the Plays there Acted are the Humours, Manners, Dispositions, Natures, Customes of men thereon described and acted; whereby the Theatres are as Schools to teach Youth good Principles, and instruct them in the Nature and Customes of the World and Mankind, and learn men to know themselves better than by any other way of instruction; and upon these Theatres, they may learn what is noble and good, what base and wicked; what is ridiculous and misbecoming, what gracefull and best becoming; what to avoid and what to imitate; the Genius that belongs to the Theatre of Warr is Valour, and the Genius that

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belongs to the Theatre of Peace is *Wit*; the designer of the rough Plays of *Warr*, is a General or Council; the designer of the smooth Plays of Peace is a Poet, or a chief Magistrate; but the difference of these Plays Acted on each Theatre, is, the one is real, the other feigned, the one in earnest, the other in jest; for a Poet only feigns Tragedies, but the Souldiers do truly act Tragedies; on the Poetical Theatre I will only insist, for this Theatre belongs more to our persons, and is a more fitter Subject for the discourse of our Sex, than *Warr* is; for we delight more in Scenes than in Battels: I will begin first with Poets, who are the Authors and makers of these kind of Plays; Fame hath spoke loud, both of antient and modern Poets; as for the antient Poets, they are a length out of the reach of my Judgement, so as my opinion will hardly reach so far; but as for our Modern Poets, that have made Plays in our Modern times, although they deserve praise, yet not so much nor so high Applause as is given them; for most of their Plots, or Foundation of their Plays, were taken out of old Authors, as from the *Greeks* and *Romans*, Historians and Poets, also all the Modern Romances are taken out of these Stories, and many Playes out of these Romances.

*Matron*. Lady, give me leave a little while to instruct you, as to tell you, that all Romances should be so; for the ground of a right Romance is a true story, only falsehood is intermixt therein, so that a Romance is a compound of Truth and Falshood.

*Lady Speaker*. Give me leave to answer you, that in my opinion, a right Romance is Poetical Fictions put into a Historical Stile; but for Plays, the true Comedy is pure Love and Humours, also the Customes, Manners, and the Habits, and inbred qualities of mankind; And right Tragi-Comedies are the descriptions of the Passions which are created in the Soul; And a right Tragedy is intermixt with the Passions, Appetites, and Humours of men, with the influence of outward actions, accidents, and misfortunes; but as I said, some Poets take the Plots out of true History, others out of feigned Historie, which are Romances, so as their Plots (for the most part) are meer Translations, and oft times the *Wit* is also but a translated *Wit*, only metamorphosed after their own way; but the truth is, that some of them their *Wit* is their own, and their Plots were stoln, or plainly taken, and some their Plots are their own, but the *Wit* stoln; but of all theft, *Wit* is never confest; and some neither the Plot nor *Wit* is their own, and others both Plots and *Wit* are truly their own; These last Poets (although but very few) are the true Sons of Nature, the other but as adulterate issues; But for the most part, our Modern Plays, both Plots and *Wit*, are meer translations, and yet come out as boldly upon the Stage, as if the Translators were the Original Authors, thinking, or at least hoping that the alteration of the Language conceals the theft, which to the unlearned it doth, but the learned soon find them out, and see all their Bodies, *Wings*, *Leggs*, *Tail*, and *Feathers*, although they hide their head in the Bush of Ignorance. I speak not in discommendation of these Translations, nor Translators, for Translations are so far from being condemned, as they ought to be much, nay very much commended, and highly praised, if it be such as is praise worthy, for old Authors may in some expressions be more profitable and good, both for *Wit* and Examples, than the modern; and the Translator may be commended both for their Judgement and Learning; besides, very good Translators must have a sympathetical Genius, with the Original.

Author, but their Condemnation proceeds from the Translators unjust owning of it, upon themselves, or in translating it to the Authors prejudice;

*Matron.* Lady, let me interrupt you once again, to ask your opinion how you like the *Italian* and *French* Plays.

*Lady Speaker.* As well as I can like any thing that is a strain beyond Nature, or as I may say, Natures Constraint: for the truth is, in their discourse or rehearals, they do not only raise their Voice a Note or two too high; but many Notes too high, and in their actions they are so forced, as the Spectators might very easily believe the Actors would break their Sinew-strings; and in their Speech they fetch their breath so short and thick, and in such painfull fetches and throws, as those Spectators that are Strangers, might verily believe that they were gasping for life.

*Matron.* But Lady, all know Love, which is the Theam or Subject of Plays, is a violent passion, which forces the Players to an Elevation of Action and Speech.

*Lady Speaker.* Most Reverend Matrón, my opinion is, that though it be commendable and admirable for the Poet to be elevated with a Poetical Divine Inspiration to outdo Nature; yet for the Actors, their best grace is to Play or Act in the Tracts or Paths of Nature, and to keep within Natures bounds; and whensoever they go awry, or transgresse therefrom, they are to be condemned, and to be accounted ill Actors; and as for the Passions of Love, certainly the strongest Love is like the deepest Water, which is most silent, and least unnecessarily active; they may sometimes murmur, with winds of sighs, but never roar; they neither foam nor froth with violence, but are composed into a heavy body, with a settled sadnesse: But in short, the *Italian* and *French* Players act more Romantical than Natural, which is feign'd and constrain'd: but to conclude with the Poet, he delights the Ear and the Understanding with the variety of every thing that Nature, hath made, or Art invented; for a Poet is like a Bee, that gathers the sweet of every Flower, and brings the Hony to his Hive, which are the Ears and Memory of the Hearers, or Readers, in whose Head his VVit swarms; but as Painters Draw to the life, so Poets should VWrite to the life, and Players Act to the life.

*Exeunt;*

Scene 13.

*Enter three Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* The Academy of Ladies take no notice of the Academy of Men, nor seem to consider what the men say, for they go on their own serious way, and edifying discourfes.

*2 Gent.* At which the men are so angry, as they have sworn to leave off talking, and instead thereof, they will sound Trumpers so loud, when the Ladies are in their discourfings, as they shall not hear themselves speak; by which means they hope to draw them out of their Cloyster, as they swarm Bees; for as Bees gather together at the sound of a Basin, Kettle, or such like met-

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led thing : so they will° disperse that swarm of Academical Ladies, with the sound of brazen Trumpets.

3. *Gent.* Why the Ladies look through their Grate, upon the men, while the men are speaking, and seem to listen to what they speak, as the men do on and to the Ladies.

2. *Gent.* That is true, but they take no notice of them in their literal Discourses, as what the men have said; for they neither mention the men, nor their Discourings, or Arguments, or Academy, as if there were no such men. *Exeunt.*

Scene 24.

*Enter the Ladies, and their Matrons : The Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

*Matron.* **L**ady, let the Theam of your discourse be, at this time, of Vanity, Vice, and Wickedness.

*Lady Speaker.* There is a difference betwixt Vanity, Vice, and Wickedness : Wickedness is in the will, Vice in the desires, and Vanity in the actions Will proceeds from the Soul, Vice from the Appetites, and Action from Custom, or Practice; the Soul is produced from the Gods, the Appetites created by Nature, and Custom is derived from Time : As for Desires, we may desire, and not will, and we may will, and not act, and we may act, and neither will, nor desire, and we may desire, will, and act all at once; and to some particulars, we may neither desire, will nor act, but the Will makes Vice Wickedness, and Vanity Vice, the willing of good, proceeds from the Gods, the willing of evil proceeds from the Devils : so that Sin is to will evil, in despite of good, and Piety is to will good, in despite of evil, as neither the persuasions, nor temptations of the one, or the other, shall draw our wills; for sin, or wickedness, is neither in the knowledg, nor Appetites: for if our Great Grandmother *Eve*, had not wilfully eat of that which was strictly forbidden her, she had not sinned, for if that she had only heard of the effects of that Fruit, or had desired it, yet had not wilfully eaten thereof, she had never dammed her Posterity : Thus, to will against the Gods command, is Wickedness: but there is no such thing as Wickedness, in Nature, but as I said Wickedness proceeds from the Soul, Vice from the Appetites, and Vanity from the Actions : as for Wickedness, it is like a dead Palsie, it hath no sense, or feeling of the Grace or Goodness of the Gods, and Vice is like an unwholsome Meat, cut out by the Appetites, for the Appetites are like knives, whereas some are blunt, others are sharp, and as it were, too much edged, but they are either blunt or sharp, according as Nature whets them; but if they be very sharp, as to be keen, they wound the body, and make the life bleed. As for Vanity, it is as the froath of life, it is light, and swims a-top, which bubbles out into extravagant and unprofitable actions, false opinions, and idle, and impossible Imaginations. But as I said, it is not the knowledg of Vanity, Vice and Wickedness, that makes a creature guilty thereof, but the Will, and wilfull Practice thereof, for Wickedness, Vice, and Vanity, must be known as much as Piety, Virtue, and Discretion; otherwise men may run into evil, through

through ignorance; wherefore it is as great a shame to Education, not to be instructed in the bad, as it is a glory to be instructed in the good: but the Question will be, whether Knowledge can be without a partaking thereof? I Answer, not a perfect Knowledge, but a suppositive Knowledge: for there are many things which cannot be perfectly known, but suppositively known: so we must only know VVickedness, Vice, and Vanity, as we do know the Gods and Devils, which is by a lively Faith; so as we must be instructed in all that is Pious, Virtuous, and Judicious; as we are instructed of the Power and Goodness of the Gods; and we must be instructed in all that is Wicked, Vicious, and Idle, as we are of the Evil, and Power of the Devils. Now I must inform you, that there are three sorts of Knowledge, as a knowledge of Possession, a knowledge of Action, and a knowledge of Declaration; the knowledge of Action lies in the Appetites, the knowledge of Declaration lies in the Senses, the knowledge of Possession in the VVill, Action, and Declarations. As for example, we may hear, and see, Drunkenesse, Adultery, Murther, Theft, and the like, and have no appetite to the same Actions; also we may have an appetite to the same Actions; yet not a will to act the same; but if we have a desire, and will act the same; we have; and are possess'd with the most perfect Knowledge thereof; but this last Knowledge is utterly unlawfull in things that are evil, but not in things that are good: But to conclude, we must be instructed by a Narrative way, and by the intelligence of our ears, and eyes; in that which is evil, as well, and as plainly, as in things that are good, not to be ignorant in any thing that can be declared unto us; not staying untill we be Old, but to be thus instructed whilst we are young; for many that are young Novices, commit many evils through ignorance, not being instructed, and informed plainly and clearly, but darkly, and obscurely, caused by their foolish, cautionary, formal Tutors, or Educators, who hold that erroneous opinion, that Youth ought not to know such, or such Things, or Acts; which if they had known, evil might have been prevented, and not left untill their evil be known by Practice; so that more evil is rather known by Practice, than Declaration, or instruction of Information: but if our Senses are a guide to our Reason, and our Reason a guide to our Understanding, and that the Reason and Understanding governs our Appetites, then tis probable, our Sense, Reason, and Understanding, may govern our VVill.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### Scene 25.

*Enter the Academical Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* **T**his is not to be suffered: for if we should let these Ladies rest in peace and quiet, in their inclosed Habitation, we shall have none but Old Women; for all those young Ladies, that are not in the Academy, talk of nothing but of going into a Female Academy.

2. *Gent.* You say true, inso much as it begins to be a Mode, and a Fashion;  
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for all the Youngest, Fairest, Richest, and Noblest Ladies, to inclose themselves into an Academy.

3. *Gent.* Nay, we must seek some way, and devise some means to unroof them.

4. *Gent.* There is nothing can do it, but noise; for they take such pleasure in the exercise of their Tongues, that unless we can put them to silence, there is no hopes to get them out.

1. *Gent.* Trumpets, I doubt, will not be loud enough.

6. *Gent.* Let us try.

*All the Gentlemen.* Content, Content, &c.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 26.

*Enter the Ladies, and the Grave Matrons; The Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

*Matron.* **L**ady, let the Theam of your discourse be, at this time, of Boldness, and Bashfulness.

*Lady Speaker.* I here are three sorts of Boldness; or Confidence, the one proceeds from Custom, or Practice, as it may be observed by Preachers, Pleaders, and Players, that can present themselves, speak, and act freely, in a publick Assembly.

The second sort of Boldness, or Confidence, proceeds from Ignorance, not foreseeing what errors, or follies, may be committed, or chance to fall out, or what is fittest to be done, or said; like as poor mean Country people, who have neither Birth nor Breeding, have so much Confidence, as they can more confidently present themselves, or presence, to those of Noble Birth and Breeding, and can more freely, and boldly, talk to any Person, or Persons, of what Quality, or Dignity soever, than those Noble Persons can talk to them.

The third, and last sort of Confidence, or Boldness, proceeds from an extraordinary Opinionatedness, or self-conceitedness; for those that think, or believe themselves to be above others, in Wit, Person, Parts, or Power, although they have neither, will be most haughtily, and proudly confident, scorning, and undervaluing all others, as inferiour. Thus bold Confidence, or confident Boldness, is produced from Practice, Ignorance, and Pride.

Also there are three sorts of Bashfulness.

The one proceeds from too great an Apprehension.

The other from a poetical Fiction.

The third from an aspiring Ambition.

First, from too great an Apprehension, as some are afraid that their Ob-servers, or Friends, should make an evil Construction of their good Intentions. Others will be Bashfull, and out of Countenance, upon a poetical Fiction, as imagining of some impossible, or at least some improbable accident, which may fall out to their disgrace. The third and last is, through an aspiring Ambition, desiring to out-act all others in Excellencies, and

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fearing to fail; therein, is apt to be out of Countenance, as if they had received a foil; thus we may perceive that the Stream of good Nature, the peircing Beams of Wit, and the Throne of Noble Ambition is the true cause of bashfulness, I mean not shamefastnets, but sweet bashfulness: but although bashfulness is a sweet, tender, noble, and peircing Effect, of and from the Soul; yet bashfulness is apt to unstring the Nerves, to weaken the Sinews, to dull the Senses, to quench the Spirits, to blunt the eyes or points of Wit, and to obstruct the Speech, insomuch as to cause the words to run stumblingly out of the mouth, or to suffer none to passe forth: but a little Anger in the Mind will take off the extreme bashfulness of the Behaviour, although much Anger doth obstruct the Senses, Spirits and Speech, as much as extreme Bashfulness doth: for extreme anger, and extreme bashfulness, have often one and the same Effects to outward Appearance.

*Exeunt.*

Scene 27.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

**G**ent. The Gentlemen will turn Trumpeters, for a Regiment of Gentlemen have bought every one of them a Trumpet, to sound a March to the Academy of Ladies.

**I Gent.** Faith if the Ladies would answer their Trumpets with blowing of Horns, they would serve them but as they ought to be served.

**I Gentleman.** Women will sooner make Hornes, than blow Horns.

*Exeunt.*

28.

*Enter the Lady and their Matrones; The Lady Speaker takes the Chair.*

**M**atron. Lady, let the Theam of your discourse at this time be of Virtuous Courtships, and wooing Suters.

**Lady Speaker.** Some Poetical and Romantical Writers make valiant gallant Heroicks woove poorly, sneakingly, and pedlingly.

**Matron.** Lady, let me interrupt you, would you have gallant Heroicks in their Courtships to Fair young Ladies, as Commanding as in the Field, or as Furious as in a Battel.

**Lady Speaker.** No, I would have them woove with a Confident Behaviour, a Noble Demeanor, a Generous Civility, and not to be amazed or to tremble for fear, to weep for pity, to kneel for mercy, to sigh and be dejected

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with a Mistresses frowne; for though sorrow, sighs, tears and Humility become all Heroick Spirits very well, and expresse a Noble and Generous Soul, yet not in such a cause: for tears become all Heroick Spirits, for the Death or Torments of Friends, or for the sufferances of Innocents, or Virtue, yet not if only themselves were tormented, or to dye, or for any misfortune that could come upon our own Persons or estates, or for any obstructions to their own pleasures or delights, but it becomes all Heroick Spirits, to tremble for fear of their Honour, or losse of their Fame, and expresse a generous Soul to grieve and to mourn in a general Calamity, and to humble themselves to the Gods for those in distresse, and to implore and kneele to them for mercy, both for themselves and others, as for to divert the wrath of the Gods; but not to weep, sigh, tremble, kneele, pray, for their Effeminate pleasures, delights, or Societies; nor to grieve or sorrow for the losse of the same.

Also some VVriters when they are to describe a Bashfull and Modest Lady, such as are Nobly and Honourably bred, describe them as if they were simply shame-faced; which description makes such appear, as if they came merely from the Milk-bowl, and had been bred only with silly Hulwives, and that their practice was, to pick VVorms from Roots of Flowers, and their pastimes to carry and hing crumbs of Bread to Birds, or little Chickens that were hatched by their Hens their Mothers gave them, or to gather lapsfull of sweet Flowers, to Distill a little sweet VVater to dip their Handkerchiefs in, or to wash their Faces in a little Rose-water; and indeed, the harmlesse and innocent Breeding, may be Modest and Bashfull, or rather shame-faced, for want of other Conversation, which Custome and Company will soon cast off, or wear out, and then print Boldnesse on their brow, but true modest Souls, which have for the most part Bashfull Countenance, proceed from a deep Apprehension, a clear Understanding, an ingenuou VVit, a thinking Brain, a pure Mind, a refined Spirit, a Noble Education and not from an ignorant obscure Breeding; for it is not Ignorance that makes Modesty, but Knowledge, nor is it Guiltinesse that makes Bashfulness, but fear of those that are guilty; but as I said, many VVriters that would make a description of Modest and Bashfull women, mistake and expresse a shame-faced Ignorance and obscure Breeding; and instead of expressing a young Lady to be innocent of Faults, they expresse her to be one that is ignorant of Knowledge, so as when they would describe a Modest Bashfull, Innocent Virgin, they mistake and describe a simple ignorant shame fac'd Maid, that either wants Breeding or Capacity.

*Matron.* But Lady, let me ask you one question, would you have a young Virgin as confident and knowing as a Married Wife?

*Lady Speaker.* Yes, although not in their Behaviour or Condition of life but in her Virtue and Constancy; for a chaste Married wife is as Modest and Bashfull as a Virgin, though not so simple, ignorant, and shame-faced as a plain bred Maid; but as I said, VVriters should describe the wooing of gallant Heroicks, or Great and Noble Persons, to woo with a Generous Confidence, or Manly Garb, a Civil Demeanor, a Rational Discourse, to a honest Design, and to a Virtuous end, and not with a whining Voice, in pitifull words, and fawning Language; and if it be only for a Mistress, as to a Courtezan, Bribes are the best Advocates, or to imploy others to treat with them, and not to be the Pimp, although for themselves.

Also VVriters should when they describe Noble Virgins, to receive No

ble Addresses of Love, and to receive those Noble Addresses or Courtships with an attentive Modesty in a bashfull Countenance; and if to tremble for fear, to describe the fear, as being the Nature of the Sex; also to describe their Behaviour after a Noble Garb, and their answers to their Suters, to be full of Reason, Sense, and Truth, and those answers to be delivered in as short discourses, and as few words as Civility will allow of, and not like an ignorant innocent, a childish simplicity, an unbred Behaviour; expressing themselves, or answering their Suters with mincing words that have neither Sense nor Reason in them.

Also Poetical and Romantical Writers should not make great Princes that have been bred in great and populous Cities, glorious Camps, and splendrous Courts, to woo and make Love like private bred men, or like rude bred Clowns, or like mean bred Servants, or like Scholars, that woo by the Book in Scholastical Terms or Phrases, or to woo like flanting, ranting, swearing, bragging Swaggerers, or Rusters; or to woo a Country wench, like as a Noble Lady, or great Princeesse.

Also not to make such women as have been bred and born Nobly and Honourably, to receive the Courtship of great Persons, like a Dairy-maid, Kitchin-maid, or like such as have been bred in mean Cottages, as to behave themselves simply, or rudely, as to the answer and speak Crossingly, or Thwartingly, as contradicting every word that is spoken unto them, as if they did believe what they said was not truth; for Civil and Honourable bred women, who have Noble and Generous Souls, will rather seem to believe all their Superlative Praises, than make Doubts; as if they knew they lyed; for to make Doubts, is in the mid-way to give the Lye.

*Matron.* Lady, how approve you of those Lovers that kisse the Letters, Tokens, Pledges, and the like, that are sent unto them from their Lovers? or such as wear Letters, Tokens, or Pledges in their Bosomes, and next their Heart, and take them and view them a hundred times a day?

*Lady Speaker.* Approve it say you? you mean disapprove it; but let me tell you, most Reverend Matron, that the very hearing of it makes me sick, and the seeing of it would make me die.

I have so great an Aversion against such actions, for those actions: like as whining Speeches, proceed from filthy Amorous Love, and Mean Lovers; for true Love in Noble Persons, receives gifts as an expression of their Suters, or Lovers Loves, and will carefully keep them as an acknowledgment of the receipt, and accept of them as a great Seal to their affections; yet they keep such Presents, but as Treasurers, not as Owners, untill they be man and wife; neither do they make Idols of such gifts, nor do they adore the Owner the more for the gift, nor the gift for the Owner; nor do they think fit they ought to give such outward expressions of Love, by such uselesse actions, when as they have a high esteem of their Suters Love, a perfect belief of their Merit, and a constant return of their affection, and a resolution to dye, or suffer any misery for their sakes if need required; besides, true Lovers have ever the Idea of their beloved in their Thoughts, by which they cannot forget their Memory; indeed Love-letters they may read often, because Letters are an enjoyment of their discourse, although their persons be at a distance, and are also a recreation and delight in their Wits, if there be any Wit therein; but to kisse the Paper, they neither find pleasure, delight, nor

profit, neither to themselves, nor to their Beloved; the truth is, not one Writer amongst a thousand make Lovers woo either wisely, wittily, nobly, eloquently, or naturally; but either foolishly, meanly, unmanly, unhand somely, or amorously, which is corruptly.

*Matron.* Lady, you say very true, and some Romantical Writers, make long and tedious Orations, or long and tedious and fruitless discourses, in such times as requires sudden action.

*Lady Speaker.* You say right, as to speak when they are to fight; but for my part I hate to read Romances, or some Scenes in Plays; whose ground or Foundation is Amorous Love.

*Matron.* When you read such Books, you must never consider the Subject that the Writer writes on, but consider the Wit, Language, Fancy, or Description.

*2 Matron.* Most Reverend Sister, I suppose few read Romances; or the like Books, but for the Wit, Fancy, Judgement, and lively Descriptions; for they do not read such Books, as they do read Chronicles, wherein is only to be considered the true Relation of the History.

*Lady Speaker.* Most Grave and Wise Matroneſſe, I believe though none read Romances, or such like Books, whose ground is feigned Love, and Lovers, as they read Chronicles, whose ground should be unfeigned Truth; yet certainly, few read Romances or the like Books, either for the Wit, Fancy, Judgement or Descriptions; but to feed their Amorous Humours; on their Amorous Discourses, and to tune their Voice to their Amorous Strains of Amorous Love; for it is to be observed, that those Books that are most Amorously penned, are most often read.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene the last.*

*Enter the Academical Gentlemen; to them enters, a Servant.*

*M An Servant.* May it please your Worships, there is an Antient Gentlewoman that desires to speak with your Worships.

*1 Gent.* I lay my life it is one of the Matrons of the Academy.

*2 Gent.* Faith if the Humble Bee is flown out, the rest of the Bees will follow.

*3 Gent.* I fear if they do, they will swarm about our Ears.

*4 Gent.* Yes, and sting us with their Tongues.

*5 Gent.* Let us send for her in.

*6 Gent.* I will go and Usher her in.

*He goes out.*

*Enters with the Matron; All the Gentlemen pull off their Hats.*

*Matron.* Gentlemen, the Ladies of the Academy have sent me unto you to know the Reason or Cause that you will not let them rest in quiet, or suffer them to live in peace, but disturb them in both, by a confused noise of  
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Trumpets, which you uncivilly and discourteously blow at their Grate and Gates.

1 *Gent.* The cause is, that they will not permit us to come into their Company, but have barricadoed their Gats against us, and have incloystred themselves from us; besides, it is a dangerous example for all the rest of their Sex; for if all women should take a toy in their heads to incloyster themselves, there would be none left out to breed on.

—*Matron.* Surely it is very fit and proper that young Virgins should live a retired life, both for their Education and Reputation.

2 *Gent.* As for their Education, it is but to learn to talk, and women can do that without teaching, for on my Conscience, a woman was the first inventor of Speech; and as for their Retirement, Nature did never make them for that purpose, but to associate themselves with men: and since men are the chief Head of their kind, it were a sign they had but very little Brain, if they would suffer the youngest and fairest women to incloyster themselves.

*Matron.* Gentlemen pray give me leave to inform you, for I perceive you are in great Error of mistake, for these Ladies have not vowed Virginity, or are they incloystred; for an Academy is not a Cloyster, but a School, wherein are taught how to be good Wives when they are married.

3 *Gent.* But no man can come to woo them to be Wives.

*Matron.* No, but if they can win their Parents, or those they are left in trust with, and get their good liking and consent, the young Ladies have learn'd so much Duty and Obedience, as to obey to what they shall think fit.

4 *Gent.* But we desire the Ladies good liking, we care not for their Friends; for the approvment and good liking of their Friends, without the Love of the Ladies, will not make us happy, for there is no satisfaction in a secondary Love, as to be beloved for anothers sake, and not for their own.

—*Matron.* If you be Worthy Gentlemen, as I believe you all are, their Love will be due to your Merits, and your Merits will perswade them to love you.

*All the Gentlemen.* Well, if you will be our Mediator, we will surcease our Clamour, orherwise we will increase our noise.

*Matron.* If you can get leave of their Parents, and Friends; I will endeavour to serve you, and shall be proud of the imployment that you shall be pleased to impose to my trust and management.

*Gentlemen.* And we shall be your Servants, for your favours.

*They all go out, with the Gentlemen waiting on her, with their Hats in their hands, Scraping and Congying to her.*

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