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139
A

List of actors at end of vol. wanting.
A. M. K.

CHAPMAN (George) *Monsieur d'Olive*, a Comedie, *morocco, gilt*
leaves, fine copy, 18s

4to, 1606
[T. RODD, 1847.]



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MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

A

*Comedie, as it was sundrie times acted by her
Maiesties children at the Blacke-
Friers,*

By George Chapman.



LONDON

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

M. O. N. S. I. E. V. K.

P. O. L. I. V. E.

151506

May 1873

Committee on the Education of the Deaf
and Dumb
of the State of New York



NEW YORK
Printed by
1873



MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

ACTVS PRIMV.

Scæna Prima.

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

Vand.

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

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

Exeunt Seruants.

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

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

And prints it full of admirable formes
 Without which twere an emptie, idle flame
 Her eminent iudgement to dispose these parts,
 Sits on her browe and holds a siluer Scepter,
 with which she keepes time to the senterall musiques,
 Plac't in the sacred consort of her beauties:
 Loues compleat armorie is managde in her.
 To stirre affection, and the discipline
 To checke and to affright it from attempting
 Any attaint might disproportion her,
 Or make her graces lesse then circular;
 Yet her euen carriage, is as farre from coyneesse
 As from Immodestie, in play, in dancing,
 In suffering court-ship: in requiting kindnesse.
 In vse of places, houres, and companies
 Free as the Sunne, and nothing more corrupted,
 As circumspect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,
 And constant as the Center to obserue them,
 Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,
 In all her courses euer at the full.
 These three yeares, I haue trauaild, and so long
 Haue beene in trauaile with her dearest sight,
 Which now shall beautifie the enamour'd light.
 This is her house, what? the gates shut and cleere
 Of all attendants? Why, the house was wont
 To hold the vsuall concourse of a Court,
 And see, me thinks through the encourtaind windowes
 (In this high time of day) I see light Tapers,
 This is exceeding strange. Behold the Earle
 Walking in as strange sort before the dore,
 Ile know this wonder sure: My honoured Lord?

Vau. Keepe of Sir and beware whom you embrace,

Vand. Why flies your Lordship back?

Vau. You should be sure

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

Vand. I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
 Then of your Lordships friendship.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

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

Van. Then heare a strange report and reason, why
I did you this repented iniurie,
You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,
Your chosen Mistresse, and she not disposed
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindnesse:
But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,
That she should nothing wrong her husbands right,
To vse a friend onely for vertue, chosen
With all the rights of friendship) tooke such care
After the solemne parting to your trauaile,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That I grew jealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindnesse, vtterly forgetting
I should haue waied so rare a womans words,
As duties of a free and friendly iustice:
Not as the head-strong and incontinent vapors
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with lust,
Wherein I iniured both your innocencies,
Which I approue, not out of flexible dotage;

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

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

Giuen

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Rhoderique and Mugeron.

(day

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

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

Mug. Neuer in this world.

Rbo.

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

Mug. No question.

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

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

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

Mug. O world!

Rho. O flesh!

Mug. O Diuell!

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

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

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

Mug. Why, was shee not his mistresse?

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

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

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

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

Enter

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Enter D'olive.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mug. Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

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

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

D'ol. By your wittes?

Mug. Nay not turnd Poets neither.

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

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

making mouthes and faces: ha doest well wits?

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

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

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

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

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

D'ol. As why wits? as why?

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

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

Mug. Admirable *D'oline*.

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

Rhod. And do not you?

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

Rho.

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

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

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

D'ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No, what acceptions lies against the choise.

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

Mug. Indeed thats the sauingst way.

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

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

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

Rbo. That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

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

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

D'ol. Euer good yfaith:

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

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

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

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

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

Mug. Wee shall be troublesome tee.

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

Exit.

Rbo.

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Rho. Farewell the true mappe of a gull : by Heaven
hee shall too'th Court: t'is the perfect model of an impu-
dent vpsstart : the compound of a Poet, and a Lawyer,
hee shall sure too'th Court.

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

ENTER.

Actus secundi Scena
prima.

Enter Digne, Licette, with Tapers.

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

Lycet. With whom, can you tell?

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

Enter Marcellina and Euryone.

Eur. O sifter, would that matchlesse Earle euer haue wrongd his wife with ieaalousie?

Mar. Neuer.

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

Mar.

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MAR. Exceeding strange.

EVRY: But sister should not the noble man be Chron-
icled if he had right, I pray you sister, should he not?

MAR: Yes, yes he should.

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

MAR: I tell you no:

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

Doe you not Madame?

MAR. What should I say? I doe;

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

Good Maddam answer hartely?

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

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

You thinke belike I loue the Noble man:

Heauen is my iudge if I: indeede his loue

And honour to his Wife so after death:

Would make a Fayry loue him, yet not loue.

But thinke the better of him, and sometimes,

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

I cald her sister, and if I loue him,

It is but as my Brother I protest.

An other within.

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

MAR. What rude disordred noise is that within?

LYCIT. I know not Maddam,

DIQ. How now;

SIC: Whers my Lady?

MAR. What hast with you?

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

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MAR. what insolent guest is that?

EVERY. Who should he be;

That is so ignorant of your worth and custome:

Enter an other Seruant.

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

MAR. Tis is strange Rudenes,

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

SIG. No Maddam, tis too darke:

MAR. Then take a light,

See if you know him, if not raise the streetes

Exit LYCITTE walkes with a candle.

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

Enter LYCITTE in hast.

LYCIT. O Maddame tis the Noble gentleman,

Monsieur VANDOME your Seruant.

EVERY: Is it he? is he returnd?

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

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

Within: Hold, hold, keepe him back there:

MAR: What rudenes what strange insolence is this:

Enter VANDOME.

VAND: What tower is this? what fashio? what sad life?

What superstition of vn holy vow?

What place is this? O shall it ere be said

Such perfect Iudgement should be drownd in Humor?

Such beauty consecrate to Batts and Owles:

Here lyes the weapon that enforst my passage,

Sought in my loue, sought in regard of you:

For whom I will indure a thousand deaths,

Rather then suffer you to perish thus

And be the fable of the scornefull world;

Yf I offend you Lady kill me now.

Mars.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE:

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

VAND Deare mistris heare me & forbear these humors.

MAR Forbear your vaine dissuasions

VAND. shall your iudgement?

MAR. I will not heare a word.

EXIT MARD

VANI: Strange will in women; EXIT MARC.

What sayes my honorable virgin sifter?

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

And sit as one without life?

EVRY: Would I were,

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

VAN. O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?

Whence comes it, louely sifter?

EVRY: In my minde:

Your selfe hath small occasion to be merry:

That are arriv'd on such a haples Shore:

As beares the dead waight of so deare a Sister:

For whose decease being my deare Sister vow'd.

I shall for ever leade this desolate life.

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

Loues fire shines with too mutuall a refraction,

And both wayes weakens his colde beames too much:

To pierce so deeply tis not for her I know

that you are thus impassiond.

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

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

In these kinde of impressions.

EVRY: See how Idely:

You vnderstand me? these same travailers,

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

And cast so farre from home, for nothing else:

But to learne how they may cast of their friends,

She had a husband does not cast her of so:

O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

EVERY: No, ile be sworne:

VAND: Why is it possible?

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

EVERY: Brother.

VAND: Did you call?

EVERY: No tis no matter.

VAND: So then:

EVERY: Doe you heare?

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

VAND: O will you doe so then?

EVERY: you will be secret?

VAND: Secret? ist a secret?

EVERY: No tis a trifle that torments one thus:

Did euer man aske such a question,

When he had brought a woman to this passe?

VAND: What tis no Treason is it?

EVERY: Treason quoth he?

VAND: Well if it be, I will engage my quarters:

With a faire Ladies euer, tell the secret.

EVERY: Attending oftentimes the Duke & Durtchesse,
To visit the most passionate Earle your Brother:

That Noble Gentleman.

VAND: Well said put in that,

EVERY Put it in? why? y'faith y'are such a man,
Ile tell no further, you are changed indeede.

A trauaile quoth you?

VAND: Why what meanes this?

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

For that most happy Good I know in Fate,

I am to furnish thy desires withall:

For all this house in Gold,

EVERY Thanke you good Brother:

Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutcheffe

To the sad Earle.

VAND: That noble gentleman?

EVERY: Why I, is he not?

VAND: Beshrew my hart else,

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

EVERY: Nay looke you now,

VAND: Why does he pray?

EVERY: Why no:

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

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

His honor of his deere wiues memory;

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

I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.

VAND: O with his mind?

EVERY: I by my soule no more,

VAND: A good mind certainly is a good thing:

And a good thing you know —

EVERY: That is the chiefe:

The body without that, Ahlas is nothing:

And this his mind cast such a fier into me:

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

His Wife so dearely, that was deere to me.

And euer I am saying to my selfe:

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

How more then happy should that woman be:
That had her honor'd place in his true loue;
But as for me I know I haue no reason/
To hope for such a honor at his hands.

VAND: What at the Earles hands: I thinke so indeede,
Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple?
T' inflame it selfe with him? why hee's a husband;
For any Princeesse any Queene or Empresse:
The Ladies of this land would teare him peece-meale:
(As did the drunken Froes, the THRATIAN HARPER)
To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him/
Heauen! my sweet confort? Set your thoughts on him?

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

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

His

His fetled Melancholy be it nere so grounded
 On rationall loue, and graue Philosophy:
 I know my sight will cheere him at the heart:
 In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sister
 Will fire his heauy spirrits. And all this
 May worke that change in him, that nothing else
 Hath hope to ioy in; and so farewell Sister
 Some few dayes hence, ile tell thee how I speed.

EV R, Thankes honord Brother: but you shall not goe
 before you dine with your best loued Mistris.

Come in sweet Brother:

VAND: In to dinner now?
 Midnight would blush, at that farewell, farewell:

EV R: Deere Brother doe but drinke or tast a Banquet.
 y-faith I haue most excellent conserues
 You shall come in, in earnest, stay a little
 Or will you drinke some Cordial stilld waters,
 After your trauel, pray thee worthy brother
 Vpon my loue you shall stay? sweet now enter.

VAND: Not for the world, commend my humble seruice,
 And vse all meanes to bring abroad my Mistris.

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

¶ ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME.
 & MVGERON. GVEAQ. & IERO. sit down to worke

PHIL. Come MVGERON, where is this worthy states
 That you and Rhoderique would perswade: (man,
 To be our worthy Agent into France;
 The couller we shal lay on it t'inter,
 The body of the long deceased Countesse,
 The French Kings neece, whom her kind husband keepes
 With such great cost, and care from buriall:
 Will shew as probable as can be thought.
 Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it?

MVG: Feare not my Lo: The wizzard is as forward,
 To vsurpe greatnes, as all greatnes is.
 To abuse vertue; or as riches honor.
 You cannot load the Assle with too much honor.

He

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHIL: It will be excellent:

She shall not know this till he offer it:

MV G: See see, he comes,

Enter Rhod: Monf: Doliue
& Parque.

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

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

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

AMBO: This is the man my Lord

PHIL: Wee vnderstand Sir,

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

DOLI: It pleaseth your good excellence to say so.

PHIL: But that she aymes therein at publique good
And you in duty thereto of your selfe
Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts
And not entombe them tirant-like aliue

RHO: We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,
For we haue sprnd him forward euermore
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play vpon in stately Musique,

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

DOLI: Oftentimes,
But sure my honor'd Lord the times before
Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune
That we inioy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gracious selfe; for then t'was pollicie
To keepe all witts of hope still vnder hatches
Farre from the Court, least their exceeding parts
Should ouer shine those that were then in place
And t'was our happines, that we might liue so,
For in that freely choof'd obscurtie
Wee found our safetie, which men most of Note
Many times lost; and I ahlas for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poore shell
For your learnd excellence, I konow knows well.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still.

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

D'O L: Faith Sir I had a poore rooffe, or a paint-house
To shade me from the Sunne, and three or foure tyles
To shrow'd me from the Rayne. and thought my selfe

As private as I had King Giris Ring

And could haue gone invisible, yet saw all

That past our states rough Sea both neere and farre,

There saw I our great Galliaffes tost

Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow

And then downe with another: Our great men

Like to a Masse of clouds that now seeme like

An Elephant, and straight wayes like an Oxe

And then a Mouse, or like those changeable creatures

That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten

To morrow next in Stammell.

When I fate all this while in my poore cell

Secure of lightning, or the sodaine Thunder

Conuert with the poore Muses, gaue a scholler

Forty or fiftie crownes a yeare to teach me,

And prate to me about the predicables

When indeede my thoughts flew a higher pitch

Then Genus and Species, as by this tast

I hope your highnes happily perceiues

And shall hereafter more at large approue

If any worthy oportunitie

Make but her fore topp subiect to my hold:

And so I leaue your Grace to the tuition

Of him that made you.

RHO: Soft good Sir I pray:

What sayes your Excellence to this gentleman?

Haue I not made my word good to your highnes?

PHI: Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie

Hath rob'd my predicesors of your seruice,

You must not scape my hands, that haue design'd

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

PHIL: T'is very good, then Sir my will in grose
 Is that in pittie of the sad Countes case
 The King would aske the body of his Neece
 To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,
 Which (as your selfe requires and reason wills!)
 Ileau to be enforst and amplyfied
 With all the Ornaments of Arte and Nature
 Which flowes I see in your sharp intellect

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

PHIL: What was the point?

D O L: It was my happ to make a number there
 My selfe (as euery other Gentleman)
 Becing interested in that graue affayre
 Where I deliuer'd my opinion: how well.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

PHIL DOL: What was the matter pray?
DOL: The matter, Sir.

Was of an antient subiect, and yet newly
 Cald into question; And t'was this in brecfe
 We fate as I remember all in rowl, s
 All sorts of men together;
 A Squier and a Carpenter, a Lawier and a Sawier.
 A Marchant and a Broker, a Iustice and a peasant
 and so forth without all differenc e

PHIL: But what was the matter?

DOL: Faith a stale argument though newly handled;
 And I am fearefull I shall shame my selfe:
 The subiect is so thred bare

PHIL: T is no matter be as it wil go to y point I pray.

DOL: Then thus it is: the question of estate
 (Or the state of the question) was in briete
 whether in an Aristocratie
 Or in a Democriticall estate

Tobacco might be brought to lawfull vse!
 But had you heard the excellent speeches there
 Touching this part:

M V G: R H O: Pray thee to the point

DOL: First to the point then,
 Vpstart a weauer, blowne vp b'inspiration,
 That had borne office in the congregation,
 A little fellow and yet great in spirit,
 I neuer shall forget him; for he was
 A most hot liuer'd enimie to Tobacco
 His face was like the ten of Diamonds
 Pointed each where with pushes, and his Nose
 Was like the Ase of clubs (which I must tell you
 Was it that set him, and Tobacco first at such hot Enmitie
 for that nose of his (according to the Puritannick cut] hau-
 ing a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco being in drink, durst
 not passe by, and finding stopt his narrow passage fled backe
 as it came and went away in Pett. Mug-

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

M V G: Iust cause of quarrell

P HI: But pray thee briefly say what said the weauer

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

P HI: A man of very open note it seemes

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

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

RHO: MvG: Rome for a speach there. Silence

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

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

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

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

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

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

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

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

D'O L: But Sir in conclusion
T'was orderd for my speech, that since Tobacco
Had so long bin in vse, it should thence forth

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE:

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

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

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

DOL: Farewell good Duke and GVEAQVIN to thee

GVE: How now you foole? out you presumptious gull

D'OL: How now you baggage? sfoote, are you so coy
 To the Dukes parson, to his second selfe?
 are you to good dame, to enlarge your selfe
 Vnto your proper obiect? slight twere a good deede

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

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

DOL: And giue me thine

PHIL: Farewell againe

D'OL: Farewell againe to thee

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

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

MVG: RHO: Most excellent Lord,

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

D'OL: I told you I would doo't, now ile begin
 To make the world take notice I am noble
 The first thing I will doe ile sweare to pay
 No debts vpon my honor.

MVG: A good cheape prooffe of your Nobilitie

D'OL.

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

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

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

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. Sænaprima.

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. Anne.

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

E.

Mixt

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

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

Vand. The ground of all is vn-suffis'd Loue,
Which would be best eas'd with some other obiekt:
The generall rule of *Nesfo* being autentique

Quod successe nono viuatur omnis Amor:

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

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

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

Hec fuge delictas terras, fuge actus Amatum:

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

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rho. This is sound Philosophie, my Lord.

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

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONSEUER D'OLIVE.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Monseuer, D'olive, Rhoderique.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

but

Still

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

woman, but monstrous monstrous, in an old Courtier.

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

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

Enter Muge, and two others.

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

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

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

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

Mug. A pox a your Lor, Steward?

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

Amb. Wee humbly thanke your Lordship.

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

Mug. In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yomen?

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

Amb. Thanke your good Lordship.

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

Cor. *Cornelius*, My Lord.

D'ol. What profession?

Cor. A

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Cor. A Surgeon an't please your Lordship,

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

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

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

Mug. Verie well Sir,

D'ol. Now your profefsion, I pray?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amb. God continue your Lordship,

Rho. A verie seasonable praier,
For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his death-bedd.

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

Rho. Excellent well Sir,

D'ol. Nay belecue it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth sutable to my proiect:

Heere shall stand my Court Cupbord, with furniture of Plate:
Heere shall runne a Wind Instrument: Heere shall hang my base Viall: Heere my Theorbo: and heere will I hang my selfe.

Amb. I will

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Amb. T will do admirable well.

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

Rho. What hangd and drawne too?

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

Mug. I Sir, we smell your meaning.

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

Rho. For want of a guilt Nightcap.

D'ol. Bitter still, shall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day long; and it shalbe fedd with a Pipe brought at my charge, from *Helcon*, ouer the Alpes, and vnder the Sea by the braine of some great Engineer; and I thinke twill do excellent.

Mug. No question of that, my Lord.

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

Rho. Its almost done.

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

Rho. Well, let vs alone for your followers.

Exeunt.

D'ol. Well said, deserue and spie out

Manet D'oline.

Amb. Methanke your Lordship.

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

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

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

F,

Sheepe

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

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

FINIS ACTVS TERTII.

ACTVS QVARTI. Sana prima.

Uandome solus.

MY Sisters Exequies are now performed
VVith such pompe as exprest the excellence.
Of her Lords loue to her; And firde the enuie
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equall
The honour he does 'his adored wife:
And now the Earle (as he hath promitt mee)
Is in this sad Cell of my honord Mistresse,
Vrging my loue to taire *Euryone*,
VVhich I framde, onely to bring him abrode,
And (if it might succeed) make his affeetes
VVith change of obieetes, change his helples sorrow
To helpfull loue. I stood where I obserud
Their wordes and lookes, and all that past betwixt them:
And shee hath with such cunning borne her selfe,
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires: her onely loue
To Vertue and her louers: and, in brieft,

Hath

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Hath figur'd with such life my deare dead Sister,
Enchasing all this, with her heightened Beautie,
That I beleue she hath entangld him,
And wonn successe to our industrious plot,
If he be toucht, I know it greiues his soule,
That hauing vnderane to speake for mee,
(imagining my loue was as I fainde)
His owne loue to her, should enforce his tongue
To court her for himselfe, and deceaue mee:
By this time, we haue tried his passionate blood:
If he be caught (as heauen vouchsafe he be)
He play a little with his Phantasie.

Enter St. Anne.

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

Van. Oh, are your dull vxorious spirits rais'd?
One madnesse doth beget another still.

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

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

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

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

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

S. Anne. How Noblie hath your loue deluded mee?
 How iustile haue you beene vnjust to mee?
 Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,
 The Author and the Patron of my life.

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

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

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

S. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

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

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

Vaum. Most happie Friend,

How

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

How hath our plot succeeded?

Vand. Hee's our owne.

His blood was framde for euerie shade of vertue,
To rauish into true inamourate fire :

The Funerall of my Sister must be held

With all solemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,

With no lesse speed and pompe be celebrate.

Vanns. What wonders hath your fortunate spirrite & vertues
Wrought to our comforts? Could you crowne th'eachantments

Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,

Of powre to bring my Wife out of her Cell,

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

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

Shall stand vnfecene, and see by next morns light

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

Will rouse her from her voves seueritie :

No Will, nor Powre, can withstand Pollicie. *Exit.*

Enter D'olive, Pacque, Dique.

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

Diq. I am my Lord.

D'ol. What Countrie man?

Diq. Borne ith Cittie.

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

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

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

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

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Diq. Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine ; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen ythers.

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

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

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

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

D'ol. Prettie little Witt, y'faith ; Can he verie?

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

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

Pac. O my Lord, it comes from him as ealie,

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

D'o. Wel, I perceiue nature has suited your Wits; & He saite you in Guarded coates, antwerable to your Wits: for Witt's as fittable to guarded Coates, as Wisedome is to welred Gownes. My other Followers Horle themselves; my selfe will horle you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosome) What's the opinion of the many headed Belt touching my new addition;

of

MONSEYER. D'OLIVE.

of Honour?

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

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

Pac. We beleue your Lordship.

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

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

Pac. The signification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an^d please your Lordship, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladies.

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

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

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

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

D'ol. Why this is excellent: by heauen twentie poundes annuittie shal not purchase you from my beeles. But fourth now: What is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine? Doe not Fooles enuie it?

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

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

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

Pat. Or the Seuen Starres in the North,

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

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

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

Almanacke

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Almanackmungers, do what they dare.

Enter Rhoderique.

Rhod. S'foote (my Lord) al's dasht, your voyage is ouerthrowne.

D'ol. What ayles the franticke Tro?

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

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

Di. O heauy herse!

Pac. Your Lordships honor must waite vpon her.

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

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

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

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

Enter Muge.

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

D'ol. Good still.

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

D'ol. Good wit yfaith.

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

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

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

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

Mug. Page, after, and call him againe.

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

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

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

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

Rhod. Tis well remembered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Dearely Beloued.

Mug. Ware ho, that's prophane.

Rhod.

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Rhod. Goto then : Diuine *D'oline* : I am sure that's not prophane.

Mug. Well, forward.

Rhod. I see in the powre of thy beauties.

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

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

Mug. So, now take my brainc.

Rhod. Poure it on.

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

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

Mug. That's something common.

Rhod. So should his mistris be.

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

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

Mug. Ile answer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

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

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

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

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

Mug. Soft, there's too many OOs.

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

Mug. No, no, let it runne on.

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

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

Rhod. So.

Mug. At least in my companie.

Rhod. Well.

Mug. At lest before folkes.

Rhod. Why so?

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Mug. For the flame will breake forth.

Rhod. Go on: thou doest well.

Mug. Where there is fire ith harth:

Rhod. What then?

Mug. There will be smoke ith chimney.

Rhod. Forth.

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

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

Mug. A very good number.

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

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

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

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

Enter Vainmont, and Vandome.

Vand.

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

Vain

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Van. *Iuno Lucina fer opem,*
And ease my labouring house of such a care.

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

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

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

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

Vand. A friend.

He looks o
with a light

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

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

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

Van. An excellent villanie.

*Redit cum la
mine.*

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

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

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

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

Vand. From no body besides my selfe.

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

Van. A perfect yong hempstring.

Van. Peace least he ouerheare you. *Redit Dig.*

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

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

Vandome.

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

Vand. Sister?

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

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

Eur. VVhat ist good brother?

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

Mar. VVhats that seruant?

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

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

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

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

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

Van. I warrant you, proceed.

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

Mar. Now heauen graunt all be well.

Vand. How can it be?

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

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

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

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and to proue disloyall.

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

Mar. Good sifter forbear.

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

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

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

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

Eury. What, that blaberlipt bloufe?

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

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

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

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

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

Eury.

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

Vand. Next to her Beautie.

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

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I beleecue I take part with her too: would I knew that ysaith.

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

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

Vand. Assurde me, on her oath,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eury. What can his yellowiealouisie furnise against me? if you loue me, let me heare it: I protest it shall not moue me.

Vand.

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

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

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

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

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

Eury. How? breake?

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

Eury. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

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

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

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

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

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

Eury. Not me, it shall neuer moue me.

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

Vand. This strikes it vp to the head.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enry. Sister, we must forgiue him.

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

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

Duke. Do so.

Exit vnus D'olive.

Mug. My Lord? my Lord Ambassador?

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

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

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

Phil. Who's that *Rhoderique*?

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

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

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

Phil. What's the matter *Rhoderique*?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Omnes. Good *Monsieur D'oline*.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.









