



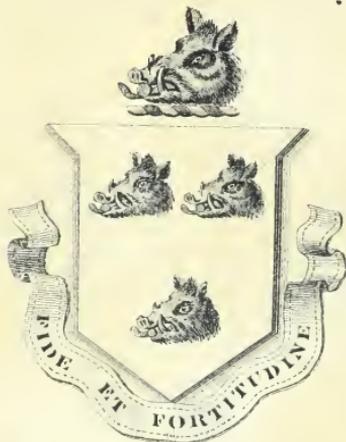
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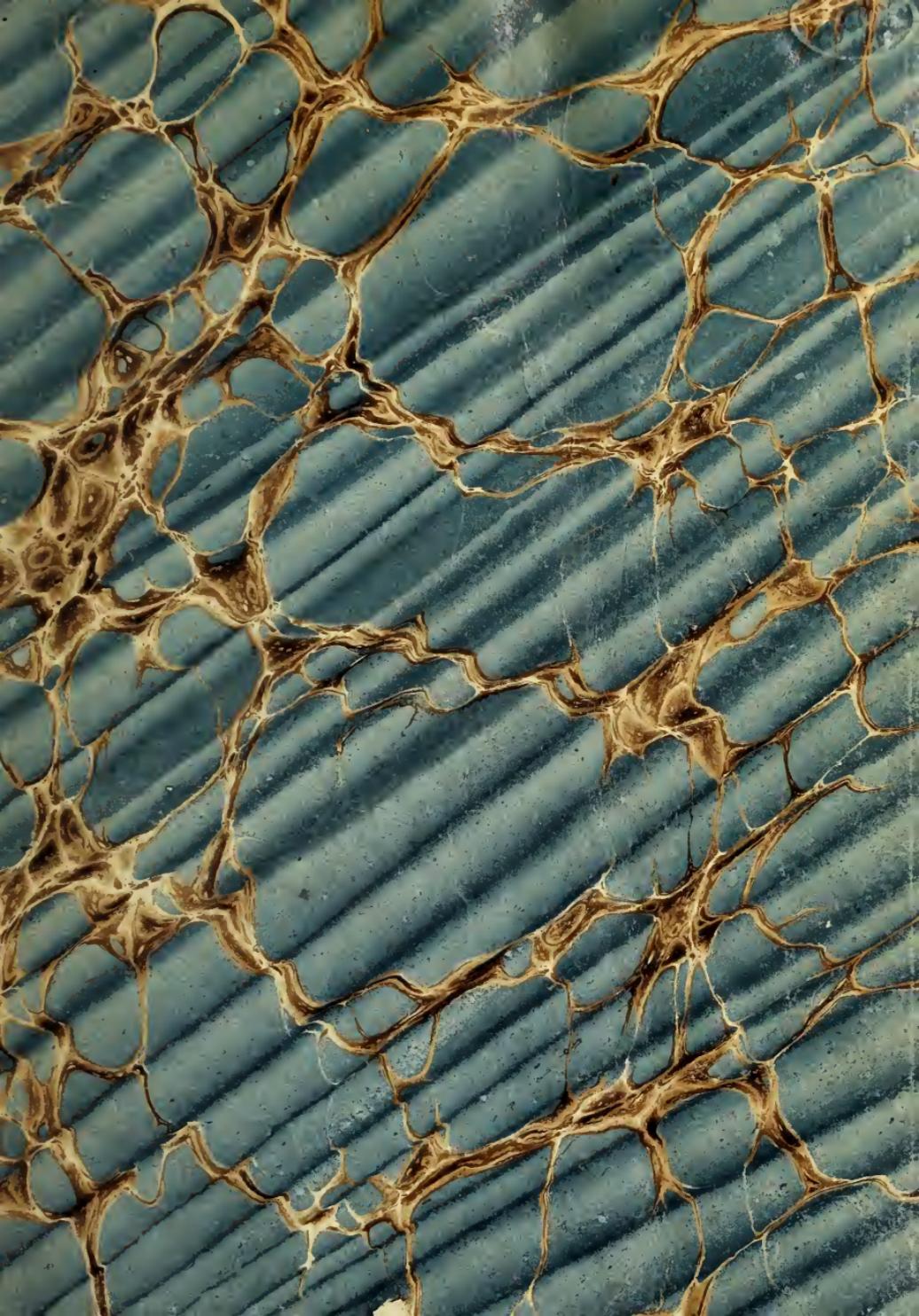


Thomas Pennant, Boston.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

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Harvard Sale, 1861, N^o 6116.





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A

Fine Companion.

Acted before the King and Queene
at WHITE-HALL,

And sundrie times with great ap-
plause at the private House in
SALISBURY Court,

By the Prince his Servants.

Written by SHAKERLEY MARMYON.

—— *lectoris credere mallem,*
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi. Hon.

104 257
proprietor



LONDON,

Printed by *Aug. Mathews* for *Richard Meighen*,
next to the Middle Temple gate in
Fleetstreet. 1633.

149.475

May. 1873



TO THE TRVELY NOBLE,
and his Worthie Kinseman in all re-
spects, SIR RALPH DUTTON.

SIR,

WEE have great cause to triumph over the iniqui-
tie of the times, that in all ages there wants not a
succession of some candid Dispositions, who (in
sight of malice & ignorance) dare countenance
Poetry, and the Professors. How such an excel-
lent, and divine part of Humanitie should fall under the
least contempt, or arme the petulancy of Writers to declaime
against her, I know not: but I guesse the reason, that having
their soules darkned, and rejoycing in their errors, are offended
at the lustre of those Arts that would enlighten them. But the
Fates have not so ill befriended our Studies, as to expose them
to contempt, without the protection of such, whose abilitie of
judgement can both wipe off all aspersions, and dignifie desert.
Amongst the worthy Patrons of Learning, that can best vindicate
her worth, you are not the least; And because custome and
respect to noble friends, giues a priviledge to dedicate our En-
deavours where they may find admittance, I have made bold
to present this piece unto you. It hath often pleas'd, and with-
out intermission. If you shall second that applause by your kind
favour, it shall not aspire to be more honour'd.

By him that is yours
in all observance,

SHACK: MARMYON.



Dramatis Personæ.

Aurelio, An elder Brother dis-inherited.
Carelese, His Brother, the Fine Companion.
Dotario, An old Gentleman, their Vncle.
Fido, Their Friend.
Spruse, A young Gallant.
Littlegood, An Usurer.
Fondling, His wife.
Lackwit, Their Sonne.
Valeria, } Their Daughters.
Emilia, }
Crotchet, A Clowne.
Whibble, A Captaine.
Sterne, A Lieutenant.
Taylor. *Sempster*. *Haberdasher*.
Hostesse.
4. Wenches.
Fidlers.
Boy.
Attendants.



PROLOGVE.

Critic, Authour.

Crit. Are you the Authour of this Play?

Auth. What then?

Crit. Out o' this Poetrie, I wonder what
You doe with this Disease, a seed of Vipers
Spawnd in Parnassus poole, whom the world frownes on,
And heere you vent your poyson on the Stage.

Auth. What say you sir?

Crit. Oh you are deafe to all
Sounds, but a Plaudite, and yet you may
Remember, if you please, what entertainment
Some of your Tribe haue had, that haue tooke paynes
To bee contemn'd, and laught at by the Vulgar,
And then atcrib'd it to their ignorance.
I should be loath to see you mooue their spleenes
With no better successe, and then with some
Commendatory Epistles flie to the Presse,
To vindicate your credit. *Aut.* What if I doe?

Crit. By my consent Ile haue you
Banisht the Stage, proscrib'd, and interdicted
Castalian water, and Poeticall fire.

Aut. In that you wrong th'approved judgments of
This noble Auditory, who like a Spheare
Mooued by a strong Intelligence, sit round
To crowne our Infant Muse, whose caelestiall
Applause, shee heard at her first entrance.

Crit. This way of Poetry has deceiv'd many;
For tis not every one that writes a Verse,
Has washt his mouth in Helicon, or slept
On the two topt Parnassus, there's great difference
Betwixt him, that shall write a lawfull Poeme,
And one that makes a paper of loose Verses,
To court his looser Mireesse; there's much ayre
Rquir'd to lift up the Dircean Swanne,
When he shall print his tracts among the clouds:
Not as your ignorant Poetasters vse,
In sight of *Phœbus*, without Art or Learning,

T' usurpe the Stage, and touch with impure hands,
The loffie Buskin, and the Comick stile.

Aut. This I confesse; but when the prosperous gale
Of their auspicious breath shall fill our sayles,
And make our high-borne thoughts swell like a tyde:
And when our bolder Muse shall put on Buskins,
And clap on her Talaria on her feet,
Then like swift *Mercury*, shee may aspire
To a sublimer Region, with that force,
And beare that weighty burthen on her wings,
That shee shall feare to cracke her pineons.

Crit. Tis this licentious generation
Of Poets, trouble the peace of the whole Towne;
A Constable can't get his Mayd with child,
A Baker nor a Scrivener loose his eares,
Nor a Justice of Peace share with his Clerke;
A Lord can't walke drunk with a torch before him,
A Gallant can't bee sufferd to pawne's Breeches,
Or leaue his cloake behind him at a Taverne,
But you must jerke him for it.

Aut. In all ages
It hath been ever free for Comick Writers,
If there were any that were infamous,
For lust, ambition, or avarice,
To brand them with great liberty, though I
Disclaime the priviledge; no impure language,
As Stygian mud stird up with *Charons* oare,
Ne're belcht so fowle an ayre, shall ever mixe
With our ingenious mirth, nor need we feare,
Any their foule aspersions; whilst the wise,
Sit to controule and iudge, in whose cleare eyes,
As we deserue, we looke to stand or fall,
Passing prophaner people, and leaue all
To be determined as you censure. Boy
Goe and subscribe it quickly what I say.

Crit. Hee's growne contemptuous, & flings away
In a rapture; for this, when I am in,
If I can't laugh at's play, Ile laugh at him.



A Fine Companion.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Aurelio, Valeria.

Aur. **I**s true indeed, our loue is like our life,
There's no man blest in either, till his end.
And he whom fate points to that happinesse,

A thousand passions mocke his doubtfull hopes,
Till Vertue that can never be extinct,
Shall rise aboue their rage, and call downe Hymen,
Attended with as many severall ioyes,
To triumph in the circle of our brow.

Val. But that the fatall vntion of our hearts,
Should breed such issues of extremity,
In both our fortunes, yet the greatest griefe
I feele, is in your wrongs, not in my owne.

Aur. Nere thinke of it; what though my father made me
A stranger to his loynes, and cut me off
From my inheritance, becaute he thought me
A rivall in his loue, that fatall loue
Whose jealousie prevayld to in a Woer,
That it kild all affection in a father.
These ill begotten thoughts he still maintayn'd,
And cherisht to his death, whose period
Of life, was the beginning of my mischief:
For he gaue all the land unto my brother.
One lesse deserving, would I could report
That he had any worth, his ill wrought mind,
Too apt for the impression of all vice,
As if he were to striue with his estate,
And had no other Enemy, would make
A conquest of his ruine. So negligent
Of what his father wrongtully bereft me,
That he spends all in ryot, and so vainely,
As if hee meant to throw it after him.

Onely he has a foolish flitting wit,
Too weake to sustaine, or prevent his fall,
But no solidity of mind or judgement.
And now imagines he can salve it up,
By being stil'd, *A Fine Companion.*
Let that intitle him to all my right,
Whilst I secure in my imputed crime,
Thinke thee a better portion; all my fault
Was honesty, and true affection:

Val. And those still envious fate insults upon.
But we will live together, and what ere
Shall interpose to poyson our true loue,
Still triumph o're their malice.

Ans. Deare *Valeria*,
Had fortune pleas'd to place me in that meanes
My birth assur'd me, we had spent our life
Euld in the lap of peace, our dayes had runne
Smooth as the feet of time, free from all tumults.

Val. And why not still?

Ans. It may dee so, but I
Haue not a fortune equal to your vertues,
And to support the title of your worth.

Val. My mind was never yet ambitious.
And there is nothing but your company,
Can satisfie, or limit my desires.

Ans. I loue you better then to iniure you.
I will resigne you to some richer heire,
Whose heapes of wealth left by his greedy father,
Vntoucht as is your goodnesse, may advance you,
And make you happy, thinke on't, be not cruell
To your owne selfe.

Ans. Oh how haue I deseru'd that you should thinke
So ill of me? you may divorce the Iuy,
The Vine from her embraces, me you can not.
Where is the care you wont to haue of me?
What is my fault? you can be well without me,
And I shall please you best when I am absent.

Ans. Nay my *Valeria* doe not weepe so sore,
Thy griefe adds more to mine, it is enough
I part from thee, my heart with drops of blood,

A Fine Companion.

Payes tribute to the Ocean of thy teares :
This treasure of thine eyes, if spent for those,
That lye unterr'd, wanting their funerall rites,
And restlesse walke upon the Stygian strand,
So long as fate has limited their curse,
Would send them over to Elisium.

One grain of that same griefe which clogs her heart,
Would lye in ballance 'gainst the vniuerse.
The ioy and happinesse of all mankind,
Are given to me in her, and she was borne,
T'upbrayd the world, and tell them they are false.

Val. What shall I doe when you are ravisht from me?
Could *Portia* rather swallow glowing coles,
Then burne with a desire of her lost *Brutus*?
Shall the example of those times descend
To shame my loue? Could the *Aegyptian* Queene,
Rather endure the poynant stings of Adders,
Then that of death which wounded *Antony*?
And must I then suruiue you? can I liue,
When you that are my soule are taken from me?
Oh tis not now as when *Penelope*
Could stay ten yeares the comming of her loue,
And span a tedious web of foolish thoughts,
In expectation.

Aur. Faith that fled to heaven,
And truth, that after once mens hearts grew cold,
Would goe no longer naked, now againe
Are come to dwell with mortals. Here's a woman,
In whole comparison all wealth is sordid.
And since she proues so constant, fate it selfe
Shall not be blam'd for me that I forsooke her.

Actus I. Scena. II.

Enter Littlegood.

Lit. Are you so well resolu'd? but I may crosse you.

Val. Oh me my father, I am quite undone
I am no body.

Lit. Yes, you are the wickedst,
The most vngratious child, that ever liu'd
Vnder so good a government, but that

A Fine Companion.

Shall turne to tyrannie, since your discretion
Can not distinguish of the difference.
Haue I, what should I say? cherisht you up,
With tenderneffe, and costly education,
To haue you made a Sacrifice to beggerly,
To one that's cut off, disinherited,
The sonne of the people?

Ans. Pray sir forbear,

My wrongs doe not permit you to abuse me.

Lit. Sir tis most basely done of you, to use
The charity, and freedome of my house,
Thus to seduce my daughter: but for that
If you can keepe her as well from your mind,
As I can from your sight, you may in time,
Learne to forget her. You were best goe travell,
Repaire your selfe by some new found plantation,
Not thinke to supplant my issue. This place,
Is moraliz'd with thrift and industry,
Suites not with men of your condition,
That haue no stocke but their gentry. Get you in,
And for your part sir, know my house no more,
Ile provide her a husband: So farewell.

Ans. How ere I speed, comfort attend thee still,
And so my best *Valeria* farewell.

Actus. I. Scena. III.

Carelesse, Fido.

Car. Nere tell mee on't, a Gentleman must shew himselfe
to be a Gentleman.

Fid. I so he must sir, but in you there's small resemblance
of one.

Car. Come you are an importunate Ass, a dull heauey fel-
low, and I must beare with you must I? by this light I will
not liue out of the blaze of my fortunes, though it last but a
minute, to linger out a tedious siege of aduersities.

Fid. Yet you may liue with more credit, at a competent
rate as your land will allow you.

Car. Land? there was my unhappinesse to haue any; I was
borne to none, 'twas meerey thrust upon me, and now I can
not be quiet for it; tis like a wife that brings a thousand im-
pediments,

pediments ; I must take an order, I can not walke the streets in peace , your Magnifico stops his great horse to salute me, another treats of marriage, and offers me his daughter, your Advocate racks me with impertinences, and to free my land from incumbrances troubles me ten times worse, what with friends and Counsellors , fellowes that seeme to me of an other species I could resigne my interest.

Fid. All this sir is a grace to you, if you conceiue it.

Car. I'le sell all , twere a sinne to keepe it. When didst thou know an elder brother disinherited, and the land continue with the issue ? now for me to liue thriftily upon it, were no otherwise then to mock fate and contemne providence.

Fid. But now you know the danger, you may prevent it.

Car. What should I dote upon casualties, trust Scriveners with my money , fellowes that will breake, and all the wit in Towne can't solder them up againe ?

Fid. You may scorne my advice, but when tis too late—

Car. Itell thee , I'le keepe no Land, nor no houses, candle rents that are subject to fire and ruine, I can't sleepe for feare of them ; theres no danger in coyne , twill make a man respected, drioke, and bee drunke, weare good cloaths, and liue as free as a Parthian.

Fid. But when all's gone, where's your respect, and gentility then ?

Car. Where ist ? why in my blood still, wee'l both runne one course nere out of the vaine I warrant thee.

Fid. If you can hold in this vaine tis more lasting then a minerall.

Car. Prethee good honest, old patcht peece of experience, goe home and weare thy selfe out in contemplation, and doe not vex me with problemes, they can doe no more good upon me, then a young pittifull Lover upon a Mistresse, that has the sullens.

Fid. Well sir, I could willingly waite upon you in the way of honour and reputation.

Car. No no, you shall not need my *homo frugi*, goe about your busines, and though men of my quality, doe seldome part with any thing, for good vses, for Gamesters and Courtiers haue but little charity, yet for this once, I will trespassse against custome, and here's something to put you into a for-

A Fine Companion.

tune, I could wish it more, but you know how my man has used me, and my occasions.

Fid. I see yet in his good nature a reluctancie against ill courses, hee has not quite shak'd off his humanity, there are hopes to reclaim him; if not sir gallant, when all is spent, the returne of this money will be gratefull; and so farewell.

Exit Fido.

Car. Adiew, and commend me to my Vncle, tell the Mechanicks without, that I vouchsafe them admittance. I will not spend all in whoring and sack. I will haue some cloaths of valew, though they be but to pawne in a vacation, for this purpose I haue sent this morning to consult with the authentickall judgements, of my Taylor, Sempster and Haberdasher; and now am I studying with what state I shall use them.

Actus 1. Scena 4.

Carelesse, Taylor, Sempster, Haberdasher.

Car. Come in fellowes, I sent for you together, because you should receiue your instructions: I am to make mee a suit, and I would haue you determine, about the forme and the accoutrements, for the fitting of the points and the garters, and the roses, and the colours of them. Nature is much beholding to you, though there be a difference in the accidents, yet you can reconcile them, & make them suit handsomely together. I am a Gentleman, and would not be disgrac'd for my irregularity.

Tayl. You say well sir.

Car. I tell you my disposition, I am wholly addicted to rarities, things that are new take me; new plays, new mistresses, new servants, new toyes, new fangles, new friends, and new fashions, and these I deale with, as in a quarrell I would not be behind hand with any of them.

Semp. Sir you shall command our endeavours:

Car. I thought fit to take your advise, & you are beholding to me, you are the only men in the world that can rule me.

Hab. Sir for curiosity wee haue the maydenheads of all the witts in Europe, and to your service wee will imploy both our art and our indultry:

Car. I am informed of your qualities, I heare you are men of intelligence, by this light I wonder the state is not afraid of you.

Tay. We

Tay. Wee hope they haue no reason for that sir.

Care. Yes, you are dangerous fellowes, and haue plots and devices upon mens bodies, and are suspected to bee forcerers, that can transforme a man into what shape you list.

Tayl. It pleases you to bee merry sir.

Care. Nay by this hand, 'tis given out, that you are great schollers, and are skild in all the habituall Arts, and know their coherences, and that you are a kind of Astrologers, observers of times and seasons, and for making of Matches, beyond all the gallants in the Kingdome.

Tay. We would match things as neere as we could sir.

Care. And besides that, you are proud of your knowledge, for when you haue once got a mans good name, you make what account you list of it.

Hab. Not so sir.

Care. Yes, and presume upon't, and thinke vvhat ever injury you doe a man, you can bee saved by your Booke This is true, and care not a pin for the Law, for you hold good Custome to bee farre beyond it.

Scmp. We would be loath to giue any Gentleman distast sir.

Care. I must commend you, in that you are not partiall, for you make the like reckoning of every man. Well, to the purpose.

Tay. You'l haue your suit of the Spanish fashion?

Care. What with two wallets behind me, to put up faults and abuses, or else Ile cashiere my men, and they shall serue me for attendants, hangers on, ha? No by this aire, I am too good a gentleman to haue my arms trickt up with such gewgawes.

Tayl. Sir, you must be conformable.

Care. Well, I am content to be perswaded: when shall I haue them?

Tayl. You shall not misse within these three dayes, and vvhat else is requisite, trust to my care to apply it.

Care. Well I am satisfied, and hereafter belecue mee, as I belecue thee.

Enter Boy

Boy Sir, Master *Spruse* is come to visit you.

Care. Master *Spruse*? prethee bid him come vp. Well, ther's a Gentleman, of all I know, can justly claime admiration, for his complement, his discourse, his habit, his acquaintance, and then for profering of curtesies, & never doing any, I may giue

A Fine Companion.

away all I haue, before I shall arriue at the grace of it.

Hab. Pray sir, when did you see the noble Captaine?

Car. Who Captaine *Whibble*; Masse now: thinke on't thou shalt goe seeke him out, and entreat him to meete mee at the Hors-shooc Tauerne at dinner, I loue that house for the signes sake, 'tis the very print of the shooc that *Pegasus* wore, when hee broke vp *Helicon* with his hoofe, and now in relation of that, your Poets and Players, still haunt about the brinkes of it. Sirrah tell him withall, that Master *Lackewit* the Citizens sonne will bee there, and other good company, and wee vwill haue musicke and vvenches, goe thy vvayes, and you Master *Snip*, meet me about three a clocke to take vp these commodities, so novv I haue done with you.

Actus I. Scena V.

Carelesse, Spruse, *With one garter vntyed, and a blacke Boxe at his girdle.*

Spru. Saue you Master *Carelesse*.

Car. Master *Spruse* you haue much honour'd mee vvith your presence.

Spru. I mett vvith a disaster comming vp, something has ravisht the tassell of my Garter, and discompos'd the vvhole fabricke, 'twill cost mee an houres patience to reforme it; I had rather haue seene the Common wealth out of order.

Car. Sure it was not fast tyed to your leg.

Spru. As fast together, as the fashion is for friends now adayes to be tyed, with certaine knots of complement, which the least occasion dis-joynes. Ile onely tucke it vp, and when my better leature permits, reduce it to perfection.

Car. What box haue you there?

Spru. A conceit, a conceit, a rare invention one of the happiest that ever my witt teem'd withall.

Car. Bless me with the discovery.

Spru. You shall swear to be silent then.

Car. As close as that covering.

Spru. Then looke you, I will participate the mystery; this pettyfogging boxe promises that I haue great suits in law, this is to delude the world now: But I must tell you I am a kind
of

of a Solicitor, an earnest suitor to every wench I see.

Care. Very pretty, proceed.

Spru. What doe you thinke I have in this boxe then?

Care. I know not.

Spru. A bundle of blanke loue letters, ready pend with as much vehemency of affection, as I could get for money, only wanting the superscription of their names, to whom they shall be directed, which I can instantly, and with ease indorse vpon acquaintance.

Care. And so send them to your Mistresse?

Spru. You vnderstand mee. I no sooner fall into discourse with any Lady, but I professe my selfe ardently in loue with her, and being departed, returne my Boy with one of these Letters, to second it, as I said passionately deciphering how much I languish for her. Which shee cannot but deeply apprehend, together with the quicknesse and promptitude of my ingenuitie in the dispatch of it.

Care. Ile practise this device. Prethee let mee see one of them, what's heere? *To the fayre hands of—*

Spru. I there wants a name, they fit any degree or person whatsoever.

Care. Let mee see this then. *To the Lady and Mistresse of his thoughts, and service.*

Spru. There wants a name too. They are generall things.

Care. Ile open it by your favour sir, whats heere? *Most resplendent Lady, that may justly bee stiled, the accomplishment of beautie, the Seat and mansion of all delight, and vertue, in whom meete the joy, and desires of the happie. Some man heere perhapps might feare, in praysing your worth, to heighten your disdayne, but I am forc'd though to the perill of my neglect, to acknowledge it: For to this houre my curious thoughts, and wandering, in the Spheare of feminine perfection, could never yet finde out a subiect like your selfe, that could so detain and command my affection.*

Spru. And so it goes on: How doe you like it?

Care. Admirable good, put them up againe.

Spr. Nay I haue so strange a wit, few men do jumpe with
All my delights are steep't in Elegancie, (it.
And censur'd by an Arbitration,
Before I doe approoue them; I haue searcht

The dust of antiquity to find out,
The rare inventions that I am vers't in,
My severall Garbes and Postures of the body,
My rules for banquetting, and entertainment
And for the titillation of my laughter,
Buffoones and Parasites, for I must tell you,
I still affect a learned luxury.

Car. You have a very compleat suit on too me thinks.

Spr. Tis as fresh as the morning, and thats the grace on't, a new Play, and a Gentleman in a new suit, claime the same privilege, at their first presentment their estimation is double.

Car. And whither now doe your employments direct you?

Spr. I tooke your lodging by the way, I am going to dazzell the eyes of the Ladies with my apparition.

Car. I am not so conformable as I could wish, or else I would attend you. I tooke up a new man, for pitties sake, some three dayes since, to waite upon me, which foolish sinne I will abandon whilst I live for it. Hee ran away with two hundred pounds, the remnant of a morgage, and since that I was put to a new perplexity to supply me.

Spr. By this hand, if you had spoke but yesterday I could haue furnisht you.

Car. Why what a rare way is here now, to engage a man for nothing? I must study it.

Spr. How does your brother digest the losse of his inheritance?

Car. Very well sure, for sometimes he has nothing else to digest; and hee has enough of that too: it sticks in his stomacke worse then a Surfet. Alasse wee landed men are but fooles to him, it makes him sober, and wise, very temperate.

Spr. Theres *Valeria* a foolish peevish thing that he calls Mistresse, good for nothing but to whet a mans wit, and make a Whore on, I can't beleue there's any reall loue betweene them.

Car. Has she received any of your Letters?

Spr. Yes twenty, and nothing will prevaile. I haue sought to corrupt her any time this twelue moneth, and can doe no good on her, her father giues me opportunity out of pretence of good will but I use it cleane contrary; for alasse, I can not loue any wench farther then to lye with her. I can not
fashion

fashion my tongue to speake in any other Character. I would not willingly loose all this time and labour. I'll make short of it, either worke her to obedience, or doe her a mischief.

Car. Tis well resolved, and there's her sister *Emilia*. She will glance sometimes affectionately upon me; were it not a mad thing, when I haue sold all my Land to her father to get her into advantage? I thinke that will be the end of it.

Spr. Me thinke *Lackwit* her brother might stand thee in some stead for the conueyance.

Car. Well tis the truest Spaniell that, I put a hundred jeers upon him, and yet he loues me the better, I can pawne him as familiarly as my cloake.

Spr. The time cals upon me.

Car. Ile dismisse you, will you present my service to the Ladies and excuse me?

Spr. I shall bee proud to make my tongue the Organ of your commands sir.

Car. I will hold you no longer from your happinesse, but I shall envie the intercourse of your mirth. *Exeunt.*

Actus. I. Scena. VI.

Dotario. Fido.

Dot. Then he is past hope?

Fid. Hee has no sense of his misery, a strong stupidity, a lethargy has possess'd him: his disease is infectious, it has caught hold of his estate, & brought that into a consumption.

Dot. No meanes to reclaime him?

Fid. I know not what to apply, when remedies are hurtful, giue him good counsell, and you poyson him.

Dot. I would my brother had beene better advised, then to giue his Land to a Prodigall.

Fid. Fitter indeed the right Heire should haue had it: you might doe well to turne your compassion upon him: a poore iniur'd Gentleman, and stands equall in your blood.

Dot. No Ile marry a wife, and get an heire of mine owne, I haue made a motion to Master *Littlegood* the Vsurer, about one of his daughters, and wee are partly agreed, I am going to aske her good will in it.

Fid. Looke you sir. Pray stand by, here hee comes with his trayne.

A fine Companion.

Enter Carelesse, Capitaine, Lieutenant.

Car. Is it not well resolu'd *Captaine*?

Cap. Yes by the soule of *Hercules*, tis a good foresight, to sell all and prevent misfortunes. The world's full of uncertainties: Land may be barren, servants deceitfull, make money I say, & what a man spends with his friends, shal ne're perish.

Lien. I say by the heart of valour, that man liues best at ease, that has no money at all.

Car. What shall he doe then *Lieutenant*?

Lien. By the faith of a souldier, for the exercise of his wits hee may doe any thing: if all trades fayle he may turne Pimpe, tis a noble profession to liue by, if he can performe that office well, hee need aske no more of his *Genius*.

Cap. Body of me, nor no better preferment.

Lien. As I am a sinner tis a good science, a mathematicall mysterie of undermining holds, and when the breach is open, be the first man that shall enter.

Car. But I thinke there bee so many of them, they can hardly liue one for an other.

Lien. As I am vertuous tis growne into credit, and you haue very good men that study it. Good Knights and Squiers that haue thria'd by it.

Cap. Stab me, what fullen *Saturne* is that, lookes so oblique upon us, as I am *Martiall* I will confront his aspect.

Car. Good *Captaine* be appeas'd, it is my Vncle, I can not avoyd him: let me entreat your absence for a while, meet me at the Hoise-shooc.

Cap. Fire of my blood you shall rule me: come *Lieutenant*.

Exeunt Cap. Lien.

Actus I. Scena. VII.

Dotario, Carelesse, Fido.

Dot. Shall I speake or hold my peace?

Car. E'ne which you please, good Vncle.

Dot. It is all one to you, for any impression I shall make: would I could refraine to take notice of thee, but still nature over swayes me, and affection breaks out into counsell, but to no purpose. *Car.* Troth vncle youth will haue his swing.

Dot. I upon a Gallowes, if you hold on, that will bee the end of you. That I should liue to see my brothers goods so mispent.

A fine Companion.

mispent, the life of his labours suckt out by such Horse-leaches.

Car. Horseleaches, doe you know what you say? no, you doe not apprehend the worth that dwels in these men: to see how a man may be mistaken in the distinction of vertue.

Fid. Nay sir, tis as I told you, you may as soone recall an arrow when tis flying, or a stone from *precipice*, as reclaime him.

Car. Oh vncke, that you should thus carpe at my happines, and traduce my Camrades, men of such spirit and valour.

Dor. Yes, Captaine and Lieutenant, how a vengeance came they by these titles? fellowes that haue beene onely flesht in the ruine of blacke pots, and glasse windowes, the very skum of all rudenesse.

Car. Haue you any money about you?

Dor. What to doe?

Car. Bribe me to keepe counsell: you are but a dead man if they know en't: you haue puft out your soule in their calumnies.

Fid. Hang them fellowes so sordid, that no disgrace can sticke upon them, they are choyse company; for there's hardly the like of them. A man cannot discern the ground of their discourse for oaths, unlesse you were divorc'd from all reason, you would not be wedded to such acquaintance.

Car. Why how now mungrell, are you barking? by this ayre tis an indignity to my discretion, that is so happy in the election of their vertues: the onely prime wits intowne, things come so rarely from them, a man is kept in a perpetuall appetite. I would not let them stay to offend you, neither can I endure their reproach. Farewell vncke. *Exit Carelesse.*

Dor. Well I will not trouble my selfe any more to looke after him, Ile marry, and thrust him out of all, that's the conclusion.

Desinit Actus primus.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Spruse, Littlegood, Valeria.

Spr. But are you certaine of it?

Lit. B I oreheard it.

A Fine Companion.

When she did plot her owne destruction,
And seald it with her hand, and kist upon't.

You know *Anrello*?

Spr. Yes sir, was it he?

Lit. That Begger, that undone thing.

Spr. Let me alone

To fetch her off the quick-sands, and then Ile board her,
And steere her my selfe.

Lit. That I were so happy

To know she lou'd you. Huswife doe you heare?

Here is a Gentleman has Land and meanes,

And wit, and beauty, more I wis then tother:

Make much of him, and what he sayes, be rul'd by him.

Spr. Let me alone, I warrant you.

Lit. I leaue you.

Exit Littlegood.

Spr. Now all the powers of loue assist me in it,

To counterfeit a Passion and Dissemble.

All my delight's to foole them, and then leaue them.

I serue your women, as the Hollanders

Doe by some townes they get; when they haue wonne them,

They slight them straight. Now I addresse my selfe.

Lady how fare you? you are melancholy.

Val. If you doe know't so well, why dee you aske me?

Spr. Tis from the tender care I haue of you:

But an ill fate pursues my true endeavours,

To haue them still misconstrued: Tis not well done,

To lay the burthen of your cruelty

On my affection, and to make that faith,

The passiu subject of your dire disdain,

That is so actiue in obedience.

Val. Pray let me counsell you.

Spr. Counsell, whats that?

Not *Phoebus* with his art, or all the drugs

Of *Thessaly* can ease my grieffe; the Sea

Knowes no such straight as I now labour in.

Val. Why whats the matter?

Spr. Oh my heart, my heart.

Would you would rip it up, that you might see

Your selfe enthron'd, and all my faculties

Paying their homage to your memory.

I thinke

I thinke I doe it indifferently.

Val. All this and more, Lovers can speake at pleasure.

Spr. Propose a course how I might winne beliefe:

Were there a way to it, as deepe with danger,

As to the Center, I will search it out.

When I haue nothing else to doe.

Val. Your thoughts haue found such easie utterance,

That I suspect their truth, they seeme to favour

Of art, more then of passion. I haue heard

Great griefes are silent, neither doe I find

Those Symptomes of affection in your lookes:

You change no colour, and your ioynts are stedy.

Your eyes appeare too full of petulancie,

As if they did reflect with inward scorne,

T'upbrayd your falshood.

Spr. Now by all my hopes,

By all the rites that crowne a happy vnion,

And by the rosie tincture of your cheeks,

And by your all subduing eyes, more bright

Then heaven.

Val. Hold there.

Spr. I prize you 'boue the world.

What should I say, when vowes cannot prevaile:

If you persist, and still so cruell be,

Ile sweare there's no plague like loues tyrannie.

And all this while I doe not care a pin for her.

Val. I haue engagd it to your friend already.

Spr. But loue makes no distinction.

Val. If you say so,

I must debarre my heart the knowledge of you.

Spr. This will not doe, I must be more lasciuious.

Come my faire *Venus*, sit by thy *Adonis*.

What doe you start? are you afraid of loue,

That is all faire, and from whose brightest heaven,

Are blowne away all swolne clouds of despaire?

His brow is smooth, and all his face beset

With bankes full of delight, a golden Chaine

Of wanton smiles hangs round about his neck;

And all his way before him strew'd with roses.

Come let us sit and dally, tast those pleasures.

Asides.

A fine Companion.

Loue is no niggard, we may eate and surfet;
And yet our dainties still remaine as fresh,
As they were never toucht.

Val. Ist come to that?

I thought whither you tended. I am unskillfull:
Vntaught in those deepe, but ill mysteries.

Spr. Ile teach you all, and lead your wandring steps,
Through all those wayes, where to find the way
Will be to loose it.

Val. I am very sorry,
The times disease has so prevail'd upon you.
Tis the perfection now of complement,
The onely end to corrupt honesty.
To prostitute your oathes, and winne our hearts
To your belife, is the Court eloquence.

Spr. These are harsh tunes, and ill become your beauty:
Whose proper passion should be wantonneffe.
Why should you loose the benefit of youth,
And the delights? giue freedome to your will.
When age and weaknesse mortifies your thoughts,
You may correct this loosenesse.

Val. Sir I cannot
Heare you with safetie.

Spr. I must dye then, I am flaine, unlesse
Those words, and smiles, that wounded me, doe heale me.

Val. Had I knowne that, I'd haue condemnd them both,
To silence and obscurity.

Spr. You had then,
Rob'd nature of her best perfection,
And that had beene a sacriledge. Nay sweet,
Your beauty is a thing communicable,
And though you doe impart, you may retaine it.

Val. Sir I haue summ'd th' accounts of all your cares,
And I doe find their number more then weight.
Things but of custome with you, and your vowes
Are but a cloud of wind, and emptinesse;
Forc'd by the storme of lust. When it is over,
And your thoughts calm'd, then you will loue that vertue,
Which as a tye and Anchor did withhold you,
From driving to destruction. So I leaue you. *Exit Valeria.*

Spr. That

A fine Companion.

Spr. That ever any woman should be vertuous;
I haue inclod'd a fire within my breast,
Will burne this frame of nature into cinders,
Her beauty has surpris'd mee, I am caught
In love; by this light, twere a mad jest now
If I should turne honest, and woe her so:
If shee persists, I must doe so beleeu't,
And hate my selfe, as long as I liue for it,
Well I have playd so long about the candle,
That my wings are sing'd with it, shee is honest
I see it, and that somerhing in this age.
Out of these doubts some strange thing vwill arise,
A strong disease must have strong remedies.

Actus II. Scena II.

Littlegood, Crochet.

Lit. Crochet vwhere are ycu?

Cro. I am heere sir.

Lit. Crochet you know, that I am determind to marry my
other daughter *Amelia*, to old *Dotario* the Citizen.

Cro. Yes sir, and then shee and I shall be both in one
predicament.

Lit. How so man?

Cro. Why sir, for ought that I can perceive, shee is like
to haue but a cold reversion, and thats the ordinary allowance
for men of my function, ther's not so much left of him, as
will satisfie a Ladyes appetite for once, hee is pickt to the
very bones vvith age, and diseases.

Lit. Tis no matter so long as his purse is vvell cram'd.

Cro. His purse that shee lookes after is lanke enough I
vvarrant it, it greiues mee to the heart, that such a young
beginnaer as my Mistrisse, should have no better hopes of
trading.

Lit. Belike thou thinkst that Nature is vncharitable in
him, no he has benevolence in store for her; vvhat because he
is old, I am old my selfe, man.

Cro. And if he vvere older, tvwere no great matter.

Lit. If I vvere older knave?

Cro. No sir, if he vvere older.

Lit. Why vvhat then?

Cro. His

Cro. His death would the sooner make her honourable :
for hauing one foote in the bed, and the other in the grave,
if shee be rul'd by mee, 'tis but her giving him a lift, and the
next turne marry with a Lord.

Lit. Sayst thou mee so?

Cro. Yes sir, a Citizens wife no sooner casts her rider, but
one of your Court gallants mounts her presently.

Lit. The knaue is very pleasant.

Cro. Why sir, your Citizens widdows are the onely rub-
bish of the kingdom, to fill vp the breaches of decayed houses.

Lit. Whats her preferment then, *Crochet*?

Cro. Why then sir, shee shall be made a Lady at the least,
and take place of her mother. Shee shall haue clyents waite
at her gates with presents, and yet haue their ser vile offices
passe vnregarded, shee shall mannage her husbands estate, and
advise him in his office.

Lit. Is that all?

Cro. No sir, shee shall haue more privileges then that, to
be as proud as shee list, and haue new wayes to expresse it,
shee shall ride vp and downe in her Litter, and haue a Coach,
and foure Horles follow after, full of Gentlemen Vshers and
waiting women.

Lit. And yet the foolish girl will not perceiue it.

Cro. Alas sir, though you and I haue so much wit to looke
into these things, how should my yong Mistrisse be capable of
it, when her husband that shall be is not able to put the case
to her?

Lit. Go, fetch her hither, Ile advise my selfe. *Exit Cro.*
O these perverse girles, that are led with nothing, but fan-
cy foolish things, and yet haue wit to bee obstinate, if they
set vpon a toy, they must haue it because they are wilfull, then
they are as changeable in love as a Camelion, and thinke they
can liue by the ayre of it. They wil venter to sell their fathers
fortunes and their owne, for a nights lodging.

Actus II. Scena III.

Littlegood, Emilia, Crochet.

Lit. Come *Emilia*, these showers are vnseasonable. They
will extinguish the torch, that should burne bright before thy
nuptiall; be not dismayd, you are young and so is *Aurora*, shee
lookes

looks fresh every morning: yet disdaines not to kisse her old *Tishon*, and lyes all night with him, and when shee rises, betrays with her blushes, the wanton heat of her paramour.

Emi. Good sir, thinke your power may command my duty, but not my affection.

Lit. Tempt not my patience, I would not willingly vse the authority of a father to command, what I had rather winne by entreaty.

Emi. You know sir, the inconvenience still happens to these forc'd matches, they never come to good, and if you compell mee to like of him, you must expect the same issue, you shall neuer make mee any other president.

Lit. Not when I entreat you?

Emi. I shall never love him.

Cro. And you know sir, what an ominous thing it is, when a woman does not loue her husband, shee will either cuckold him, or poyson him, and so be burnt for a Martyr in wedlock.

Lit. Shee must fashion her selfe to loue him, I have vnderooke it.

Cro. And then Ile vndertake for the tother.

Lit. Will shee haue her liberty restrain'd? will shee renounce my protection? shall not I dispose of her? if not, let her vse her pleasure, betray her selfe, like her other sister to beggery, be like *Scylla*, cut the purple haire of my life, and then turne Monster, let her.

Emi. Oh mee, what shall I doe? would my life were a sacrifice.

Lit. Ile tell you what you shall doe, be advis'd; refuse not a good offer, thinke of old *Dotario*, thinke how to loue him, thinke of his wealth, thinke of his honour, thinke of mee, thinke of your selfe, thinke what wil come after, if you be stubborne.

Cro. And what ere you think to do, say nothing Mistresse.

Lit. Well *Crochet*, Ile leaue thee to perswade her whilst I fetch the old man to confirme it *Exit Littlegood.*

Emi. O my distracted thoughts, and the rash counsell
Of lone and hatred, when they are oppos'd
By avarice of parents, that confine
Their childrens fancies to there sordid mind.

Were the bright sunne their ofspring, they would joyne him,

Vnto the earth, if gold might be ingendred.
Wee in our selues haue no part, if debar'd
The election of our love, and our condition
Is worse then beasts, whose will acknowledgeth
No check in that; the Turtle takes her mate
Without compulsion, and in Summers prime,
Each bird will chuse out her owne Valentine.

Cro. Well, Mistresse you doe not apprehend the good you may have, by marrying of an old man.

Æmi. Prethee what good?

Cro. First, besides the honour he shall conferr vpon you by his age, you shall not find him so fiery, and vnruely as commonly your youths are, and therevpon being cold of his temper, you may the easier mannage him.

Æmi. Thy mirth comes importunely on my greife.

Cro. Then you shall be his darling, and he shall dote vpon you, and though he striues to please you never so much, he shall lament, that he can doe it no better, and acknowledgē his weaknesse, that he comes short of your desert, and what he desires, and be sorry, that all he has, is too little for you.

Æmi. I perceiue it well enough *Crochet.*

Cro. The onely thing that you need feare him for, is his tongue, for they say old men are great talkers, but you'l match that member well enough, and for any other part about him, you'l haue but little to doe withall.

Actus II. Scena IIII.

Enter to them Littlegood, Dotario.

Lit. Looke you here comes the old Leacher, he lookes as fresh as an old play new vampe, pray see how trim hee is, and how the Authours haue corrected him, how his Taylor, and his Barber haue set him forth; sure he has receiued an other impression . . .

Æmi. I thinke the foole will be tedious.

Lit. Well, now I haue brought you together, heere Ile leaue you, when lovers parly, Parents are no fitt Auditors; see that you vse the Gentleman respectiuey, and though sir, shee seeme coy and deny you, impute it not to perversenes but modesty. Mayds in their first assaults consyult with shame, in the next with weaknesse. So I leaue you,

Exit Lit.

Dot. Fays

A fine Companion.

Dot. Faire Mistresse, I would aske you a question, if you please to answer me.

Emil. No Mistresse of yours Sir, yet if you aske nothing but what I please to answer, you may.

Dot. I would first demand your opinion of me.

Emil. Truly I have no skill to make any conjecture by the outward appeareance, but by the Title page of your face, I should judge you to be somewhat ancient.

Dot. Take my word for it, the Index is false printed, if you please to turne to the booke, you shall find no such thing written.

Emil. O tis worme eaten, time has cankerd it, besides there be so many dashes, my vnderstanding will not serue mee to reade it, and a woman has no vfe of her Clergy.

Dot. But love has renew'd it sweete Lady, and this is another edition.

Emil. How long is it since the cobby has beene alter'd?

Dot. Let it not seeme strange to you that I have felt this transformation, your forme has wrought a miracle vpon me, the pulchritude of your feature, that is able to extract youth out of age, and could make *Aeson* young againe, without the helpe of *Medea*, it has put a fire into mee, and I must impute it neither to Herbes, nor Philtrums, but to the influence, and power of your beauty.

Emil. A fire, 'tis a foolish one, that leades you without the precinct of your gravity, I strange, a man of your judgement should talke so preposterously.

Dot. Why sweete Lady?

Emil. Sweete Lady, what a petulant word is there, for a man of your beard? a Boy of fifteene would not have spoke it without blushing, and ther's a smile able to turne my stomack. I wonder you will make your selfe so ridiculous.

Cro. If this be the best language shee can afford him, 'twere safe for mee not to heare it. I may be call'd for a witnesse.

Dot. Stay *Crochet*, whither goest thou?

Cro. Ile come presently sir, Ile come presently. *Exit Cro.*

Emil. Now you are alone, Ile tell you what I thinke of you, you are an old doting foole, one that twenty yeares

since, has drunke the Lethe of humanity, and forgot of what sexe thou wert, worne out of all remembrance of thy selfe, thou hast a body, that a feaver cannot heat, nor poyson worke upon, a face more rugged then winter, thy beard is mosse, and thy skin so hard, that the perpetuall dropping of thy nose cannot soften it.

Dot. These indignities are not to be endur'd, her abuses are more monstrous, then the prodegie shee would make of me.

Æmi. And yet you would bee in loue, forsooth, whom *Cupid* with all his strength is not able to pierce, you haue not one pore open to let in an Arrow, more need haue a cordiall to comfort you.

Dot. Ranke iniuries, mocke me to my teeth.

Æmi. If you had any.

Dot. I would your father heard you: he left no such thing in your Commission. How dare you doe it?

Æmi. Yes and if I marry you, Ile use you accordingly, Ile haue no mercy on thy age, I tell you before hand, that when it happens, it may not seeme strange to you.

Dot. Well shee may play with the line, Ile giue her scope enough, but when I haue her fast, Ile twitch her, and draw her as I list to me.

Æmi. Doe but heare what I say to you, and it shall fall out, no Prognostication like it.

Dot. Sure tis some fury, it cannot be a woman shee is so impudent.

Æmi. When I am your wife, if you are so hardy to venter on me, your whole study shall be to please me, and yet I will not grace it with acceptance; I will liue as your Emperesse, lye a bed, and command you, and your seruants, and you shall not dare to anger me.

Dot. Not dare to anger you.

Æmi. No if you doe, I will fill the house with noyfe, and deafe thee with clamours.

Dot. Sweet heart you shall haue all content, I loue a life these spirited wenches, that are all fire and motion, they stirre a quicknesse in a man, infuse an activity.

Æmi. Hee will not be put off, I must terrifie him farther: and for your estate, you shall not meddle with it, Ile take up
your

your rents for you, and dispose of them, as I thinke fit; onely Ile allow you to carry some farthings in your pouch to giue to Beggars.

Dot. And what will you doe with the rest sweeting?

Emi. For the rest, Ile spend it upon my selfe in bravery: there shall not be a new fashion, but Ile haue it. Ile looke after nothing else; your house shall be a mart for all trades. Ile keepe twenty continually at worke for me; as Taylors, Perfumers, Painters, Apothecaries, Coach-makers, Sempsters, and Tire-women. Besides Embroyderers, and Pensions for intelligencers.

Dot. Shee'l waste all I haue in a moneth: the expences of an Army will not maintaine her.

Emi. Besides, I will haue acquaintance with all the Ladies in Court, and entertaine them with banquetts, yet for all that I will make my complaint of you to them, traduce your infirmities, and they shall conspire against you, and pittie mee.

Dot. I had rather bee under twenty Executions, then the lash of their tongue.

Emi. Then you shall kisse mee very seldome, and when I vouchsafe you the fauour: and you shall doe it not as a husband, but as a father, not a smacke of lasciuiousnesse.

Dot. What a sanctified creature shall I enioy?

Emi. I will lye with you the first yeare once a moneth, as a Parson vses to instruct his Cure, and yet not bee question'd for neglect, or non residence: marry the next yeare, if you liue so long, once a quarter shall suffice you.

Dot. The next yeare if I liue so long? shee thinkes of my death already.

Emi. These are the least of your evils. I will haue one to cuckold you, and you shall take it for a curtesie, and use him the kindlier for it.

Dot. Oh me, I can endure it no longer, that word strikes cold to my heart: were I an enemy, and shee had vanquisht mee, I would not yield to such Articles. Ile propose these conditions to her father, and see if hee will allow them in all conscience to be reasonable.

Exit Dotario.

Emi. Master *Carelesse* promis'd to bee here instantly. Ile tell him what a fine youth he has to his Vncle.

A fine Companion.

Enter Carelesse drunke.

Car. Here is the Gulph that swallowes all my Land :
And to this desperate Whirlepit am I reeling.
And there's the smooth streame that must guide me to it.
Were I as provident, as was *Ulysses*,
That *Syren* there might sing me to my ruine.
Sawe you faire Lady.

Emi. Sawe you Master *Carelesse*.

Car. Will you heare me speake any wise sentences ?
I am now as discret in my conceit,
As the seven Sophyes of *Greece*, I am full
Of Oracles, I am come from *Apollo*,
Would he had lent me his *Tripods* to stand upon ;
For my two legges can hardly carry me.

Emi. Whence come you, from *Apollo* ?

Car. From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boone *Delphicke* God,
Drinckes sacke, and keepes his *Bacchanals*,
And has his incense, and his Altars smoaking,
And speakes in sparkeling prophesies ; thence doe I come.
My braines perfum'd with the rich Indian vapour,
And heightned with conceits : from tempting beauties,
From dainty Musicke and Poeticke strames,
From bowles of *Nectar*, and *Ambrosicke* dishes :
From witty Varlets, fine Companions,
And from a mighty continent of pleasure,
Sayles thy braue *Carelesse*. Where's your father Lady ?

Emi. I thought I had beene worthy salutation.

Car. These Ceremonies are abolisht with me.
I kisse none but my Punke, but in this humour,
He kisse any body. He marry thee ;
But not a penny joynture.

Emi. Where I loue,
I will not stand upon conditions.

Car. I would accept this invitation,
But thy father is a *Vsurer*, a *Jew*.
And if I marry in his tribe I shall thrive,
And I hate thriving. I am come to morgage,
To pawne, or sell Lady.

Emi. Doe you want money ?

Car.

A fine Companion.

Car. Doe I want money? let me conster this.
Tis a good promising question, and requires
A sober politicke answer, yes I want money.

Æmi. I haue not ready coyne; but there's a jewell
Will fetch you twenty pound.

Car. But doe you dare trust me?

Æmi. I giue it freely.

Car. Then I say thy father,
In getting thee has redeemed all his sinne.
She has confirm'd my loue, and I will marry her.
Let me suruay it well, tis an Amethyst.

Æmi. Why doe you aske?

Æmi. Because they say that stone
Has secret vertue in it to recover,
A man that's intoxicated, and I doe find
That I am not so drunke, as I was.

Æmi. O Master *Carelesse* here has beene your Vncle
A going to me.

Car. What that peece of stock fish,
That has kept Lent thus long, would haue young flesh now.

Æmi. If hee could get it.

Car. Tis such a ranke Goat.

Æmi. I made such sport with him, and terrified him, how I
would use him if I were his wife,
That he is frighted hence.

Car. Tis well done of you, he upbrayded me to
That he would marry, but Ile crosse his worship.
Wee'll vex him ten times worse yet, I haue plots
Maturing in my head, shall crowne thy wit,
And make him desperate, that he shall dye,
And leaue us nothing. I would not be troubled,
With any of his wealth, no not so much,
As to mourne for him, but I cannot stand
Now to relate it. Come *Æmia*.
I haue declar'd my mind, but when ile doe it,
Ile in, and sleepe, and dreame upon't, and tell thee.

Actus. II. Scena. VI.

Enter Littlegood, Mistresse Fondling.

Fond. Bring me to that, and ile yield to any thing.

Lit. Nay

A Fine Companion.

Lit. Nay, good wife heare me.

Fond. You shall pardon me : he is my sonne I hope, as well as y ours , and he shall bee fashion'd after my humour : why , should you thinke to hinder my prospect from looking to him ? I say he shall ranke with the best, spend his money and learne breeding.

Lit. Doe , make a Gallant of him or a Gull , either will serue, he may ride up and downe , and haue his Coach waite for him at Playes and Tavernes , take up upon trust, confort with wits and sword-men, bee afraid of Sergeants, and spend more for his Protection then would pay the debt : he may be a Stickler for quarrels , and compound them at his owne charge : reele every night to his lodging, and be visited in the morning with borrowing Letters, dice at Ordinaries, and lend on all hands. : seale at all houres, or be beaten to it. These are gifts in a soane, beyond art or nature, for a father to be proud of, or else he may runne away with all he can get , and when tis gone, lye at a neighbours house till his peace be made.

Fond. No you shall keepe him still at home with you ; he shall not dare to enlarge his Charter , to haue any more wit then his father , let him sit in the shop with nere a paire of cuffs on his hands , and play at Fox and Geese with the foreman, entertaine custumers, with a discourse as moatheaten as your clath , and not be able to looke upon a Lady, but court some silly creature of his owne tribe, with speeches out of bookes, ten times worse then any remnant ; and after supper steale abroad and be druke in feare , this you can be content with. Well, when he was a child, it was the prettiest talking thing , and the wittiest withall , the neighbours tooke such delight to heare it. There was a good Knight lay in my house then was so kind to him, but you nere knew the reason, since you haue cleane marr'd him that's apparant.

Lit. He doe any thing wise that you will haue me.

Fond. Yes when tis too late , and the custome of rusticity is growne into an other nature with him , when his mind is setled upon the Lees of it , and the edge of his humour quite taken off , when learning has brought downe his spirit, then you'l repent his restraint ; has he not a pretty ingenuity ?

Lit. So much the worse, when tis corrupted : marke mee what I say , giue him the reins , and if Fiders sleepe in a weeke

weeke, Tavernes keepe their doores shut, the Constable sit on a stall in peace, or wenches walke the streets for him (if he be like his father) nere credit me againe.

Fond. So much the better, I would have it so, giue him meanes to performe it, shew your selfe a loving father, and be true in your prophesie.

Lit. I must yield to her for my quietnesse sake, was ever man thus tyed to a Chymera, thus vext with that should bee his happinesse. I haue married with tumult, and begot my affliction, not one of my generation will be rul'd; and for my wife, shee has a tongue will runne post sixteene stages together, and nere tire for it; with that she can worke me to any agreement. Well take your sonne to your charge, doe what you list with him: but for the wenches, Ile either chuse them husbands, or else they shall trudge without any other Dowry, then what nature has bestowed on them, that's certaine.

Fond. Within there, call your young Master hither *Crotchet*, hee has beene all this day at his study, makes the boy mopish with his scholerchip, for want of better exercise; as revelling, courting, feasting, and the like, he stands plodding and musing as if his eyes turn'd with a wire, it has poyson'd his very complexion, he is growne fallow with it, I know not what would become of him, if I did not sometimes put mony in his purse, and send him abroad, to sinne for his recreation.

Lit. Sweet wife be pacified.

Fond. No, Ile teach you what tis to anger a woman that brought a Dowry with her.

Enter Crotchet, Lackwit.

See what a Picture of formality you haue made of him, come hither sonne *Lackwit*, what booke haue you there?

Lack. This is a booke of Heraldry forsooth, and I doe find by this booke that the *Lackwits* are a very ancient name, and of large extent, and come of as good a Pedegree, as any is in the Citie; besides they haue often matcht themselves into very great families, and can quarter their Armes, I will not say with Lords, but with Squiers, Knights, Aldermen, and the like, and can boast their descent to be as generous, as any of the *Lasfooles*, or the *John Daves* whatsoever.

Fond. What be the Armes sonne ?

Lack. The *Lackmits* Armes, why they are three Asses rampant, with their eares prickant, in a field Or, and a Rams head for their crest, that's the Armes.

Fond. Well said sonne, stand for the credit of the house.

Lack. Nay, I will uphold it besides, though my father be a Citizen, yet I am a Gentlemans sonne by the mothers side.

Fond. I that he is ile be sworne, the *Fondlings* are as good Gentlemen, as any be in the Citie, the boy has a Parlous head, how should he find out this I marvaile ?

Lack. Find it out, as if I were such a foole, I did not know my owne Coat.

Fond. Yet husband, I never saw you weare one in my life.

Lit. Not a fooles coate, but I shall haue one of your *Spinning* very shortly.

Lack. Ile tell you father if I list now; I can goe twenty degrees backe like a crab, to find out the tracke of our gentility.

Fond. Loe you there, can you be content thou man perverse to all reason, having a sonne of so large and prosperous hopes, that might stand up the glory of his kindred, of such pregnancie of wit and understanding, so rich in the qualities that can beare up a Gentleman, to let him sinke, and not cherish him with those helps that might advance his gallantry. You haue had your flourishing season, and are now withered, your blossomes of beauty are blowne off, & therefore must be content out of that dry stalke to afford some sap to maintaine his succession; pray how many young Gentlemen haue you in this Towne, that goe in plush, and their fathers to plow in the countrey? shall we haue worse Presidents in the Citie? impart I say, and giue him twenty peeces, and when they are gone giue him twenty more.

Lit. What to doe?

Fond. Will you disparadge him, as if he knew not what to doe with it? doe you thinke that Pencers, Dancers, Horse-matches (Ile haue him verst in all these, and omit nothing that may demonstrate his breeding;) besides Mistresses, and implements that belong to them require, nothing?

Lit. Was ever any mother in this humour? that should re-claim her sonne from his ill courses, to animate him, and supply

A fine Companion.

ply his ryot: let her enioy her follies, smart for them, and then repent; here hold, there's twenty peeces, I am sure all throwne away, they are in a consumption already, and will be dead, and drawne out by to morrow. What thinkest thou *Crotchet*?

Crot. Nay sir they are condemn'd, that's certaine, you haue past your iudgement upon them, and my young Master must execute it.

Lis. I giue it lost *Crotchet*, I giue it lost; but stay, my daughters; I had need haue *Argus* eyes to looke about mee, or the Dragons that watcht the *Hesperides*: I am betet on all hands; my daughters are wily, my wife wilfull, my sonne I know not what, with the feare of my money, doe so distract me, that my wits are disioynted amongst them, all the remainder of my hopes is, if *Valeria* haue prooved tractable to Mr. *Spruse*, and that *Dotario* has received comiort in his *Æmilia*. I labour with expectation till I goe in, and be delivered.

Exit Littlegood.

Fon. Stay husband, Ile go with you: but harke you son *Lackwit*, doe you know to what purpose this gold was given you?

Lack. To no purpose at all, but I know, what I purpose to doe with it.

Fond. What ist?

Lack. I purpose to make a medicine of it.

Fond. A medicine.

Lac. Yes I will disiolue it into *Aurum potabile*, and drinke nothing but healths with it.

Fond. Then you are right.

Lac. Nay I will domineer, and haue my humors about me too.

Fond. Doe any thing, for the improuement of your discipline. Come *Crotchet*.

Exit Fondling.

Lac. Stay *Crotchet*, doe you perceiue nothing? you dull animall looke here.

Cro. I sir, I hope you meane to giue me one, or two of them.

Lac. No, I will not giue, nor lend a friend a penny, there's no such confutation of a mans being a Gentleman; but when I am drunke, and haue my wine and my whores about me, Ile spend twenty or thirty shillings upon you, but I will not giue you a penny *Crotchet*.

Crot. Then farewell sir.

Lac. You know where to come to me, you shall find me in my pontificallibus.

Desinit Actus secundus.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Emilia, Valeria.

Emi. **C**ome sister, though our liberty be straightned,
Our mind stands free, without compulsion,
There's none can make a rape upon our will.
Well if they understood a woman truly,
They would not seeke to curbe so, whose nature
Rej yces like a torrent, to make way
Spight of impediments. Now if their wisdome
Should let us alone, we might perhaps our selues
Find out the inconvenience, and prevent it,
Which they like a false perspectiue would seeke,
To multiply upon us.

Val. I shall never
Recall that faith, which I haue plighted once
To my *Aurelio*. He runne all hazards,
And violent attempts, to throw my selfe
Into his armes.

Emi. I would not haue you leaue him,
Nor yet turne desperate. Now would I rather
Get him by some devise, I loue a witty
And an ingenuous tricke about my life :
And should take more delight to over-reach them,
Then to enjoy my purpose.

Val. But I dare not
Play with my fortune so, nor trust adventures,
If Fate would be so gracious to present
An opportunity.

Emi. Come feare it not.
You see what a man they would put upon me,
Might be my father. H' has lesse vigour in him,
Then any Catamite. There's not referu'd
So much as one masculine graine in him.
A fellow that's as bald, as a Lookinglasse,
And whose diseases are beyond Arithmeticke :
Not a joynt of him free, a gowty nunnesse

Has seiz'd his feete and fingers, and there's all
The stiffenesse he has left : and were I married
I must spend all my life in rubbing of him
With hot wollen cloaths, and applying Plaisters,
And Cataplasmes, and trenchers to his belly ;
Must undergoe the person of a Chirurgion,
Not of a wite : and yet I am not terrified :
It moues me not, I make a jeast of it ;
Because I meane t' abuse them all, and chuse
Where I like best.

Val. It is a happy spirit,

That rules in you, I would I had one like it.

Æmi. Like me; thou hast not studied thy selfe so well :

Nor hast that season of thy mother in thee.

Obserue her fashions, take example by them :

Although her husband be penurious,

Hard as the mettle, that he dotes upon.

Yet she can make him malleable, and worke him,

And turne, and hammer him, and wire-draw him,

And rule him with as much correction,

As one would wish to governe. For my part ;

When I haue stretcht my braines, made all the shifts,

The wit of woman can be pregnant of.

And shew'd my loue by such experience,

As shall outstrip beliefe, all for his sake

That shall enioy me, which is Master *Carsieffe*.

And when he has me, if hee shall presume,

On former passages of my affection,

To oversway me in the least desire,

To contradict, and tempt my patience,

Ile shake off all obedience, and forget it.

Ile slight him, yet preuaile.

Val. Alasse my heart is

Tender, and violable with the least weapons,

Sorrow can dart at me.

Æmi. You are a foole,

And every one that will can make you so :

When was your sweet heart Master *Spruse* here with you ?

Val. But lately, and presented such a Scene

Of protestations, and then varied it,

A fine Companion.

So cunningly, that loue and lust together
Were interwoven with such subtle threads,
That I could scarce distinguish them.

Emi. Take heed,
What ere he speakes, it tends but to corrupt you,
I'de ioyne commerce of language with a Sphinx,
Ere I'de daigne to answer him. Master *Carelesse*
Told me his humours, seemes he boasted of it,
He gaue his character, the most perfidious,
And loue abusing creature in the world;
That all his voves were treacherous: his smiles,
His words, and actions, like small Rivulets,
Through twenty turnings of loose passions,
At last would runne to the dead sea of sinne.

Val. What ere he sayes, I resolute nere to trust him.

Emi. Bee wise, and constant, and then governe fate:
And in the interim, how ere matters fall,
Wee'l find a tricke wench, how to cheat them all.

Actus III. Scena. II.

Valeria, Emilia, Spruse.

Val. See here he comes againe.

Spr. I come sweet Lady,
To reare the trophies of your conquest up,
And yield my selfe the greatest.

Val. What's the matter?

Spr. Your lookes haue tane me prisoner. I am captiu'd,
Bound with the golden chaine of your loose haire,
And on your frownes depends my destiny.

Val. Tis about the old matter; you may saue
This labour, or goe seeke some new devise.
In faith these stale exordiums can not take me.

Val. Indeed my sister, and I, know you well enough.

Spr. But Lady since my change you doe not know me.
I am now Metamorphis'd, and that fancy
That roved, and was rebellious, by her power
Is brought within command.

Val. I so you told me.

Spr. Here I present a sad oblation.

A fine Companies.

A heart that bringeth its owne fire with it,
And burnes before your beauties diety.
Offer'd vp with as much deuotion,
As ever true loue sacrificed any.

Val. Well you may jest with mortalls, but I am not
So blind, but I can see through all your mists :
Were I a goddesse , as you terme mee one,
Sister to *Phœbus*, or armd like *Minirva*,
I would transforme you straight ; and fix you vp
A monument, for your Hypocrisy.

Spr. Now by that sacred shrine , brighter then *Venus*.
To whom I pay my *Orizons* : that forme
That faire *Idea*, that rules all my thoughts,
Thy selfe I meane, that spotlesse seat of pleasure :
The continent of all perfection,
This spring of loue, that issues from my soule.
Runnes in a streame as pure, as are your vertues,
Full fraught with zeale, immaculate and free
From all aduiterate mixtures.

Val. On my life.

I can not frame mee to beleue one word.

Æmi. Hold thy owne there wench, and I warrant thee.

Spr. *Phœbus*, how haue I anger'd thee , to lay
Cassandra's curse on mee that was not trusted :
When shee spake true and most prophetically ?

Æmi. Sir, he that is accusom'd to deceiue.
Gaines this reward by it when he speaks truth,
Not to be credited.

Spr. Observe mee Lady.

And marke the harmony, does it not sound
Vpon the string ; as if my heart kept touch ?

Val. And so it sounded first to the same tune.

Spr. That was ill sett, this is a different passion.

Val. But 'tis all shew ; and nothing serious.

Spr. You can not judge by former evidence.

It is no fitt prooffe to confirme this motion,
This is a true text, that a false glosse of it.

Val. But I shall never so interpret it.

Spr. What can I say more, then to fware I loue you.

Val. But should you now dissolve your eyes to teares,

Were

A Fine Companion.

Were every accent in your speech a sigh,
And every gesture, every motion in you,
An Hieroglyphicke to comend that loue:
Had you the spells of it, and magicke charmes
Set round about the circle of your armes,
To draw mee to you, I would seale my eares,
Deafe as the sea, to shiprack't marriners:
And so I leave you to your better fortunes.

Exunt Valeria, Emilia.

Valeria looses her ring in a paper.

Spr. Am I despis'd, and slighted? foolish girle,
Th' hast lost thy selfe, that which is best in nature,
Turnes to the worst corruption, my scorn'd loue
Shall now convert to hatred. Tis decreed,
Fraud and revenge shall be my counsellors;
Whats heere, a ring? shee lost it now. I know it,
The same *Aurelio*, wont to weare on's finger;
He sent it as a gift, 'tis so, the poesy.

In loue I write

All my grieffe, all my delight.

The very same. Were I best poyson it,
And find it backe to her? No, it shall serve
To poyson her good name; there's no foule fact,
That Love, when it is injur'd, dares not act. *Exit.*

Actus III. Scena III.

Aurelio, Fido.

Aur. Come honest *Fido*, thy best love supplys,
Part of my hoped fortunes. Thats true freindship,
Misery cannot shake, which crownes thy merit.

Fid. Sir, could my power produce forth any thing
Worthy your acceptation, or my service,
I would with hazard of my life performe it.
So much I owe your vertues, so much pittie
Your injuries; but this poore taske so easy,
Consisting more of pollicie, then danger,
Gives not my loue an equall testimony.

Aur. You could not doe an office more deserving,
Or gratefull to my soule, then to bring tidings
How my love fares, each syllable shee spake,

Though

A Fine Companion.

Though by an eccho I receiue the voyce,
Is able to inspire new life into mee.
How do's shee? is shee well? and mindfull of us:
Speake it a thousand times; never did sound
Touch a more gladsome care.

Fid. By all curcumstance
I could conjecture, I read in her lookes
A strange disturbance. When I gaue the ring,
A Letter to her, as if joy and feare,
Had runne on seuerall arrants, and return'd,
Swift as her thoughts, and spoke her loue in silence.

Aur. Th' hast seene the treasury of my happinesse.
Speake, am I rich or no?

Fid. Shee is a Mine,
A store-house of all beauty, all content:
Her brow a banke of pleasure; her bright eyes
The cheefe and onely moouer of your loue,
So multiplyed their flames, that they appear'd
To mee most like a firmament of fires,
Yet chaster then the Vestall; and below
Clouded with sorrow, which dropt pearles for you,
And do's inclose a soule richer then it,
Wherein is lockt the wardrope of all vertues;
Yet sure that soule had left her mansion,
But that shee staves to bid you wellcome thither.

Aur. And why should I be staid from going to her?
Why should a couetous eye watch ore that wealth
That is my right, I will goe claime my due,
And justifie the seisure: Why should parents,
That can giue to their children, neither mindes,
Nor yet affections, striuie to governe both?
'Tis not justice: yet where should I complaine?
Loue has no barre to pleade at, nor no lawes
To rule vs by, nor Court to iudge our cause.

Actus III. Scena IIII.

Enter Capitaine Whibble.

at she hat interrupts our quiet sorrow?

Fid. Sir, this is Capitain *Whibble*, the Towne stalle,

A fine Companion.

For all cheating employments : a parasite
Of a new sect : none of your soothing Varletts,
But a swearing Sycophant, that frights a man
Into a beliefe of his worth ; his Dialect
Is worse then the report of a Cannon,
And deates a stranger with tales of his valour,
Till his conclusion be to borrow money.
His company is a Cipher in the reckoning,
'That helpes to multiply it : your deare brother
Admires his discipline, and will sweare to it.

Anr. Is this one of his comrades ?

Fid. Sir, this is

His prime associate. He lay a hundred pound,
I guesse by his physiognomy his busi nesse,
Hee is either trudging now vnto a broaker,
Or to invite some new heire to a breakefast,
To seale for the commodity ; or else
Wandering abroad to skelder for a shilling
Amongst your bowling alleyes ; most commonly
There lyes his scene : or perhaps man some whore,
A province that he vsually adornes.

Anr. Prethec good *Fido*, goe and baffull him :
Put an affront vpon him, if his valour
Prompt him to make resistance, He step out
And second thee.

Fid. His valour ? 'tis the least
Thing to be fear'd , he has not one sparke in him
To kindle a true anger.

Fido infles him.

Cap. Sulphur of Styx,
Can you not see? Death where be your eyes?
You'd haue me wash them in the chanell, would you?

Fid. Yes very fau e sir, if you durst attempt it.

Cap. Heart, doe you stemme mee ? and he had a beake
He might haue split mee : body of *Iupiter*,
He ranee mee athwart the midships. Spirit of fury,
I thinke that he has sprung a planke in mee.

Fid. Then you may lye by the Lee , and mend it.

Cap. Hor-

A fine Companion.

Cap. Horrour of man, lay a Captaine aboard,
A man of warre, and not cry amaine to him?

Fid. How, you a Captaine? I rather belecue
That you are one of those that vpon service,
Were seene to carry Tomkins in your Gunnes,
And made a shift to discharge a league of :
Was it not so? that might take vp your bullet,
And shoote againe, and doe no hurt with it.
You a man of warre?

Cap. S^t life doe you question it?
Ile tell thee Slaue to thy astonishment,
I haue bene stil'd, the rocke of Pirats, I;
I haue plowd vp the Sea, till *Bosphorus*
Has worshipt me; I haue shot all the Gulphes,
And seene the navell of the world, you stinkard.

Fid. How slaue, and stinkard, since you are so stout,
I will see your Commission ere I part.

Cap. Strength of my braines, see my Commission?
Ile blow thee up like a deck. Sonne of *Neptune*,
Off or ile fire thee.

Fid. I am grapled with you,
And will hang by your side, till you be calmer,
And be so, or Ile lay my trident on you.
Come to your tacklings.

Cap. Tis a bold actiue boy,
I see there's nothing to be got but knocks by him.
Giue me thy hand old Rover, hoise up thy top Sayle,
And goe in peace.

Fid. Sir this will not appease me,
I must haue satisfaction.

Cap. Reach me thy fist,
And be reconcil'd: what thou dost not know me:
Though I am valiant, yet tis out of the road
Of my humour, to disgrace any man.

Fid. This will not fatisfie me.

Cap. I say againe,
Giue me thy wrist. Know me, and my lodging;
Ile gine thee a Supper: there's a good plump wench,
My Hostesse, a watermans widdow at the signe

A Fine Companion.

Of the red Lettice in Southwarke, shall bid thee welcome.

Fid. But I must haue you leaue your swearing first,
And be temperate.

Cap. Heare me honest Trojan.

As I am vertuous, as I loue my friends,
That I may sweare.

Fid. No, not as you are vertuous.

Cap. Why then on my word, ile giue thee a supper.
What? I will not offend thee my good drumsticke;
Ile conforme my selfe, come to me at night,
And ile be as good as my word, old *Bracer*.

Fid. But if I come, and loose my labour, what follows?

Cap. Then *Tencer*, in pure zeale and verity,

Fid. Ile belabour you the next time I meet you.

Cap. What Scufser, dost thou thinke ile faile my friends?
No *Hector* I scorne it. Ile pawne my cloake first.

Farewell *Achorides*.

Exit Capitaine.

Enter Anrelis.

Anr. What is he gone?

Fid. I, and as glad he has escapt from me,
As from the Syrtes.

Anr. How he bore it out

With impudence?

Fid. Yes did you obserue him?

There's nothing can discountenance him, still
This is his posture, he were excellent,
To venter at a Lottery.

Anr. Why mischiefe?

Fid. I doe not thinke he would ever draw a blank.

Anr. We must pursue the project. Sup with him
At any hand.

Fid. The jest is behind to see,
In what a miserable perplexity,
He will be put to entertaine us.

Anr. Come.

Exeunt.

Actus. III. Scena. V.

Dotario, Littlegood, Emilia.

Dot. You know father, for I must still call you so, how you
charg'd

charg'd your daughter to use me respectfully.

Lit. Yes marry did I: and to shew a double dutie, as might suite with the reverence of your age, and honour of her husband.

Dot. Well, and as soone as you were gone, she had no more regard to mee, then if I had beene an old horse, or an old Seruingman.

Lit. Why tis impossible shee should transgresse in such a high poynt of humanity.

Dot. Else there was some fury in her shape that did so. I am sure she shapt me out to bee the ridiculousst old asse in Europe.

Lit. Her modesty would not permit it in her.

Dot. If my words haue any weight in them; she set as light by me, as by the least feather in her Fanne.

Lit. Why is this true *Emilia*?

Emi. No indeed sir.

Dot. How no indeed; doe you deny it? O palpable, shee reckond up a whole Catalogue of abuses, and malicious practises, that she would assault me with, if I were her husband, the least of which were aboue all patieuce.

Emi. Doe you thinke sir, if I intended any such thing, I would haue forewarned you?

Lit. No tis not likely.

Dot. That you had but heard the disgrace she put upon me, in calumniating the vigour, and ability of my person.

Lit. I cannot belecue it.

Dot. And then terrified me, that the wind of her humour should be still against me, to crosse me in every thing I desired, yet the course of my destiny should be more impetuous then before.

Emi. The old Gentleman did but dreame so.

Dot. Nay more, she said I was an old dry stumpe, that had uot the least drop of moisture in me, yet by the vertue of her humidity, shee would make my temples so supple, that they should sprout, and bud a fresh.

Lit. Come she would not say so.

Dot. Yes, and that all my estate should bee too little, to maintaine her in prodigality, and invite acquaintance.

A fine Companion.

Æmi. Alasse good Gentleman, I told him how other women vsed their husbands, but I would conformance my selfe to obedience.

Lit. I, that you might know what a blessing you had in her.

Dot. Oh was it so? I cry you mercy, I mistooke you. Here take this Pearle for amends; I am sorry I haue sinned against so sweet a simplicity.

Lit. Come I knew you were in an error.

Dot. Then to avoyd all cavillation hereafter, see what I haue provided.

Lit. What haue you there?

Dot. I haue here a Syngtaphus, a writing with articles, that must be drawn between us, before there can be any copulation.

Lit. Wherefore did you so?

Dot. Looke you sir, I was in a little suspense of her behaviour, and therefore in relation of that, which I thought she objected, yet has since proved to be otherwise: notwithstanding these rules, which may so much conduce to my happinesse, and haue beene so much advis'd upon with deliberation, I would haue establish't.

Lit. Pray lets heare them.

Dot. They are onely some few propositions, and exceptions to bee observed on her behalfe, for the better security of my quiet, when I shall be married to her.

Lit. Now I conceive you, reade them out.

Dot. First, that after *Hymen* has once joyned us together, she shall admit of no man whatsoever, to intitle him with any suspicious name of friend, or servant: see you marke me.

Lit. Well procted.

Dot. Next, if any of her old acquaintance come to visit her, as Nurses, Midwives, and the like, creatures of secreisie, she shall returne them word, she is not within, or otherwise accommodated.

Lit. Very good.

Dot. Ile haue it written so upon the doores.

Lit. You may perceiue by her silence, shee will consent to any thing.

Dot. Then to avoyd all occasions of writing Epistles, she shall receiue none, nor haue any Paper, Pen, Inke, or Waxe in her closet.

Lit. That's somewhat hard.

Dot. She

Dot. Shee shall not haue any masculine bawdy Picture hang in her Chamber, but shall take it downe, and sell it away as a thing unprofitable, and an inticement of phantasie.

Lit. That in my conceit is very reasonable.

Dot. She shall bid no man to dinner, but I will invite them, and when they are set, shee shall not cast amorous glances upon them, nor drinke to them, nor licke her lips at them, nor shew her teeth when she laughs, nor her tongue when shee sneezes.

Lit. For all these, ile engage my selfe.

Dot. Besides, she shall not take upon her, to contrary me in any thing, nor seeme more or lesse wise then my selfe.

Lit. That's not much amisse neither.

Dot. Shee shall send no Hieroglyphicks, nor meate cut in Characters, nor tread upon any mans foote under the Table, nor when they are risen, giue them her hand to kisse, or open her palse to haue her fortune told her, nor yet shew them her ring, or receiue any of theirs, and read the poesies.

Lit. Is this all?

Dot. She shall know no language but her owne, nor speake any equivocating word.

Lit. In my mind now these lawes are very consonant to a good disposition, and if I were to marry my selfe, I'de propose the like.

Dot. And for her religion, she may pray to any innocent goddesse, as *Diana* and the graces, but if she haue any thing to say to *Mars*, *Mercury*, or *Apollo*, she shall acquaint mee with it, and I will present her deuotions.

Lit. Haue you done now?

Dot. Last of all, when she is ready to goe to bed, she shall not put out the candle to walke up and downe in her smocke, and shake her body in the darke, and if she be content, I take her as my owne.

Lit. All these she shall subscribe to, if shee be my daughter.

Dot. Why then weele proceed to the Church.

Lit. Are you agreed or no?

Æmi. Pray let me speake one word with him in private.

Dot. Yes what you please sweet Lady, it is granted, were it a hundred pound to buy pins and petticoats.

Æmi. Tis

A Fine Companion.

Emi. 'Tis not a thing Sir, of that deare expence :
Though you were plead to tax me for that crime.
'Tis onely this, time was, I could not loue you ;
Though reason since, has rectified my iudgem ent,
And clear'd my eyes, that I can see my good.
Then I confesse I made a solemne oath,
None should enioy my loue ; but he that durst
Attempt to steale mee ; this is not intended,
For any perill to you, but for safeguard
Of my first vow, which I must needs performe.
Now if you please to come at a set houre,
None but your selfe, and fetch mee , I will yeeld
To goe with you , whither you shall command.

Dot. 'Tis done bright *Hellen*, I will be thy *Paris*,
And fetch thee, though thou wer't at *Lacedemon*,
And care not a pinne, for all the power of *Greece*.

Lit. What are you agreed?

Dot. Yes, wee are both agreed.
Some few ceremonies , and then wee haue finish'd.

Exunt.

Actus III. Scena VI.

Aurelio Fido.

Aur. Fido, I am now advis'd vpon a plot,
If it succeed, shall crowne my invention.

Fid. Something about the *Captaine*.

Aur. Hang him *Kastrill*.

I scorne to loose a thought on him ; my braines
Repine at his memory. 'Tis a new deuise,
The issue of extremity. 'Tis thus,
I will turne a desperate Gamester in loue,
And venter all vpon one cast.

Fid. Take heed sir,
There may be plots , but little policy,
Fortune and loue, are insolent, and ticklish?

Aur. Come Ile doe it. Ile send thee with a letter
Vnto my Mistresse , that shall make her mad.

Fid. How

A fine Companion.

Fido. How, make her mad, what doe you expect from that : what can you gaine by the losse of her wits ?

Aur. I shall gaine my desire.

Fido. And doe you prize
The satisfiing of a lewd desire
So much, to rob your Mistris of her senses ?
Can you accuse her of inconstancy ?
Or taxe her of dishonesty ? Or will you
Prove false to her ? what mischief do you intend ?
What hopes can you conceive, that may secure
So great a sinne from Heavens just punishment ?
Have you a drug or incantation,
And thinke to make her senselesse of her grieffe,
With the privation of her understanding ?

Aur. Not any of these.

Fido. If you doe, you must imploy
Some other messenger. Let me advise you
Keep her in her right mind while you have her :
Love of it selfe is an illusive spirit,
And will enough distract her without helpe.

Aur. She shall seeme mad but in appearance *Fido* ;
And with that feigned frenzy move a pittie
From all, that must impute it to her sufferings.

Fid. Twere a mad jest : but is this all your plot ?

Aur. No, this is not the maine one, there another
Of greater consequence, and secrecy,
For a sound mind to beare, and tis a burthen
Worthy thy care and honesty : Thinke not
I am so desperate and heady, to launch forth
Into those dangerous Seas without a Pilote,
And I have chose thee for my *Palinurus*.

Fid. You never knew a man of lesse experience,
I doe not kenne one Rocke, or Shelte, and Love
Has many.

Aur. Tis no matter, thou and I
Will sinke a *Pæan* to loves victory.

Desinit Actus tertius.

ACTVS III: SCENA I.

*Carelesse, Captaine, Lievtennant, Lackewit,
four Wenches.*

Care. **C**ome my voluptuaries, my sonnes of comfort,
That know no sorrow, sing like Grasse-hoppers.
And feare no winter, nor no poverty ;
Leade on my moving pillars of delight,
My Alchymists of pleasure, that convert
All like your selves: can make old *Cato* dance,
And turne *Fabricius* to an Epicure,
Should he behold you.

Cap. Thou sayst right *Telemachus* ;
Tis wine, and mirth that breed these raptures in thee.
Body of *Ioue*, there's nothing but a rabble
Of leane and starv'd imaginations
Accompany sobriety : Some wine there,
That I may court my Cockatrice.

Care. Good Captaine
Bid our noble friend welcome.

Cap. You know my humour,
To men of ordinary pretence, I seldome
Use to debase my selfe below the Nod
Of salutation, but for your sake
I receive him as a man deserving.
Give me thy hand *Cadmus*.

Lack. I desire sir to incorporate my selfe into your acquaintance.

Care. Tis well said, doe the like noble office to our friend here sweet Lievtennant.

Lieve. Sir he shall command my heart and hand on his occasions, Ile as soone draw in his quarrell, as to pisse against a wall.

Care. These are the mirrours of the time old boy, that shall shew you how to adorne your behaviour, that you may passe in all company with confidence of approbation.

Cap. And not erre the breadth of a naile.

Liev. He

Liev. He shall be able to passe through the needles of all occurrences.

Lack. And they would but learne me to sweare and take Tobacco, tis all I desire.

Care. Come they shall doe it, and I must tell you, these suggestions in you are arguments of a generous disposition, whence doe they flow I wonder?

Lack. That mother wit that put them in my head, has put money in my purse, and as farre as that money will leade me, I will be bold and wise: I have my humours, and I scorne the pollution of the Mechannicks.

Care. How doe you like these replies Captaine?

Cap. Very well, by the faith of a souldier, excellent well, they are good rellishing answers, and expresse an ebullition in his nature, swelling to conformity.

Lack. What, I will beare my seife like a Gentleman.

Cap. I, and the way to beare your seife like a Gentleman, is sometimes not to be able to beare your seife at all. Lievetenant, what say you?

Liev. I say by *Hermes*, he that has a fortune, And power to acquaint the world with his perfections, And seekes to smother them, let him dye wretched.

Care. You have no other way then this, to render you worthy of society.

Cap. What, he may turne stinkard, and live in the Country with rootes and bacon, and not drinke a cup of good wine in a twelve-moneth, nor know how the yeare goes about, but by observation of Husbandry. He may keepe two couple of dogs and a Sparrow-hawk, and levell his discourse by them. He may be stil'd a civill Gentleman, ten spheres below a foole: He may marry a Knights daughter, a creature out of fashion, that has not one commendable quality, more then to make a corner pye and a fallad, no manner of courtship, but two or three dances, as old as *Mounsier*, and can play a few Lessons on the Virginals that she learnt of her Grandam: besides she is simple, and dull in her dalliance.

Care. He tells thee right my brave Frisker, they are lumpsish girls, heavy in their sport, and cannot move with art.

Cap. There's a wench, has her Suburb trickes about her I

warrant

warrant you: hold there *Bellerophon*, take thy *Ocyrois*, and mount her like *Phlegon*.

Lack Now doe I want some two or three good oaths, to expresse my meaning withall.

Liev. Captaine, what thinke you, shall he be a brother?

Care. Yes he deserves it, let him be a brother.

Give him the principles of the brotherhood.

Cap. Are you resolved to be a brother fir?

Lack. Anything I, you shall make a blowing horne, or what you list of me.

Cap. Nothing can be suddenly perfect, but must aspire by progression, he must be practised in certaine duties, before he can be an ingrafted member of the fraternity.

Care. He shall doe any thing that is requisite.

Cap. Well then, for the first two moneths we must dine every day at a Taverne, where it shall be lawfull for any brother to bring his shadow with him; and besides the full income of wine and provision, to bespeake any superfluous dish that he affects: but that which shall most commend the discretion of your worth, is, that after the dissolution of the Feast, no man besides your selfe must know what s to pay, or take notice of the reckoning

Lack. I must pay all, must I?

Cap. You understand me rightly, and I applaud your capacity; from thence, we must have a Coach attend at the doore, to carry us to a Play, and at night to a Bawdy-house.

Lack. And all at my charges?

Cap. What else? And if any brother need a Cloake, or a Sute, or so, you must not stay till he publish or intimate his wants; but presently, by the strength of your owne *Minerva*, picke out the meaning, and take order to supply him: have you any credit with the Tradesmen?

Lack. Yes, I have a Taylor that will trust mee for any thing that he have him.

Cap. That Taylor shall have custome, tell him so; and one thing more, now brother, for so I must call you, we must have all things in common, no difference in the possession of any thing.

Lack. Pray explain that rule to me, I do not understand you.

Cap. Why

A fine Companion.

Cap. Why thus; this Hat is mine, and that yours, as you conceive now, but they are neither mine nor yours upon the premises: but may be transfer'd upon occasion to either, as thus, doe you conceive me? Tis usuall amongst us,

Lack. Tis very well, is this all?

Cap. Ile make but one experiment more of your apprehension, and have done. Looke you.

They shift cloakes.

Lack. O I shall doe this to a haire, and by the same consequence I shall be a Captaine sometimes: shall I not?

Cap. Yes, when the date of your taske is accomplisht, you shall be any thing.

Care. Tis enough, this once a weeke will render him exact. Shall's haue a song and a dance Captaine?

Cap. Hang a Song, you see what little roome wee have for our mirth, and you would fill it up with aire, would you?

Care. Nay, but by that aire, I hold a Song very delightful, the very place, as a man would say, and superficies of pleasure.

Cap. Prithee let it alone, by that element it charmes me into melancholly.

Lack. Then good Captaine let's have a Dance, for these Gentlewomens sakes; besides there be many that come to see nothing else.

Cap. Why can you dance?

Lack. What a question is there to a man of quality? Yes I can dance, and that some that are here shall see and feele before we part; for I meane to shake my heeles with that fervour, that it shall strike them into a fit of my love, shall be worse then any ague to them.

Cap. Say you so? Wee'l try that ifaith. Come on Squeakers, racke up our feet and eares to your Instruments.

Lack. What tune Captaine?

Cap. Play us the fine Companion.

The Dance.

Well said my effeminate Vailets, this was auspicio fly performed.

A fine Companion.

Lack. I am afraid this dancing will breed spavins in my legs, this caper has put me in remembrance of a cricke in my back, I got at my last vaulting.

Cap. No thou art deceiv'd my noble Hyacinth, tis a mystery will exalt thee *Hylas*, 'twill make thee rise I say, and put gold in thy purse, thou shalt follow the Court like a Baboone, when a thousand proper fellowes shall sherke for their ordinary; 'twill make thee conversant with Ladies, and they shall give thee Diamonds to pawne, and thou shalt ride up and downe in thy foot-cloth my little *Dolphin*. Some wine there *Tony*: I call'd for wine an houre agoe, and could get none.

Enter Drawer.

Fill out sirrah. What's here the Epitome of a glasse? By the wombe of *Bacchus*, a score of them are too little for a draught.

Lack. O Lord Captain, nine such hornets are able to sting a man to death.

Liev. By Saint *George* he that dyes so, dyes valiantly.

Cap. What my bold Bravo, be not afraid, and thou wert dead 'twere nothing, He come but with a troope of Wenches: and a noyse of Fidlers, and play thee backe like *Orpheus*. What's to pay Drawer?

Draw. Sir you have built a sconce since you came in of thirty pounds, and before you have any more, my Master intends to be satisfyed.

Cap. What money have you brother?

Lack. Who I? O Lord brother Captaine, I have not the third part of it.

Cap. No matter, I nere thinke upon such transitory reckonings: come, lets have a health, and my brother *Lackwit* shall beginne it. Reach three Ioynt stooles hither Drawer.

Lack. What to doe Captaine?

Cap. He shew you, you shall ascend here, and be Captaine of this Fort: He insconce you; come intrench your selfe, and play from your Battery, and so every man round, there take your Linstocke in your hand, and give fire, now every man as farre off as he can from the command of his Ordinance. Farewell brother.

Exeunt.

Lack. Why

Lack. Why Gentlemen, I hope you will not use me so, am your brother, why Gentlemen.

Cap. Thee Drawer, take him for a pawne, tell him when he has no money he must be serv'd so, tis one of his chiefe articles.

Enter Crochet.

Cro. How now, what are you preaching ore your cups? Now you are in your Pontificalibus in deed.

Lack. Good *Crochet* helpe me downe, I shall breake my necke else.

Cro. How came you there?

Lack. I know not, an ill houre of the brotherhood, Ile after them with a vengeance.

Draw. You must stay and pay the reckoning first, besides the Musicians expect somthing.

Lack. Who I pay the recknoning? 'Slight I came but now in.

Draw. That's all one, you were all of a nest, they are flowne away, and there's none left but your selfe.

Lack. S'd death the Captaine is gone away with my Hat, and my cloake too, I tell thee Ile pay no reckoning.

Draw. Tis all one to me, if you can satisfy my Master so.

Lack. What shall I doe *Crochet*?

Cro. Give him what you have, and if he will take your word for the rest, Ile excuse your Hat and cloake, and say you lost them in a skirmish; you must scratch your hands in halfe a dosen places with a pin.

Lack. I so I will, come sir, Ile goe in and talke with your Master.

Cro. Besides, I have another businesse I came to tell you of, that you and I must doe together, you shall reape the whole credite on't your selfe, if you can manage it handsomly, 'twill gaine you that reputation with your Father, that you shall never loose your selfe while you live againe.

Lack. What is't *Crochet*?

Cro. Goe in and Ile tell you.

Exeunt.

Act.

Actus IIII. Scena II.

Aurelio, Spruse.

Aur. You much amaze me.

Spr. Sir perhaps I might
With better judgement, and more thanks conceale
So great a wickednesse, but my true love to you
Could not withhold it, you have read some stories,
And these are things not unheard of in nature,
No newnesse at all, the selfe some lust and pride,
As well rules her that treads upon the flint,
As her that rides upon the necks of slaves.

Aur. Stay let me pause awhile; she is a woman,
Whose age and forme might tempt me to distrust her,
But yet her manners forbid me to beleve it.

Spr. Belev't? She is a close Adulteresse,
Of most strange exercise, a Fricatrice
Insatiable: and has she none but you,
That she can find to bayt with her allurements,
To cover her lewd projects? This moved me,
I'd not have medled else.

Aur. O doe not wrong her,
Good sir doe not wrong her, it cannot be.

Spr. You have bin still kept ignorant, for my part,
I never yet expected better from them
I count them but as ordinary chances,
Triviall, and drawne out from the lap of Fortune.
Beleeve me sir, there is no day so holy,
That ceases to betray a womans falsehood,
My medicine workes, I shall be even with her.

Aur. I sought at first to make her mad in jest,
But now Ile make her mad in earnest: yet
Tis not good to be too credulous; a word sir.
I must have better proofes then your bare word,
To justify this accusation;
Her vertue must not stumble at a straw.

Spr. Sir tis not threats that can extort from me,
More then I list to speake: I see you troubled,

A Fine Companion.

And therefore will not leaue you in suspence ;
Know that I made my selfe experiment.

He shewes the Ring.

For all let this confirme you : this she gaue me
Vpon the premises.

Aur. O I shall burst :

Here is a sight to make the Sun run backward ;
Good sir forgiue me, that I prest you so ;
Consider't as your owne case : were you hee,
That put your confidence, your happinesie,
All in a womans loue, and found her false ?

Spr. I must confesse I thinke it would afflict me ;
He leaue you sir, I haue discharg'd my conscience,
But of more ill, then she has goodnesse in her. *Exit Spruse.*

Actus IIII. Scena. III.

Fido, Aurelio.

Fid. How now what Planet stricke ? how doe you sir ?
This tis to be in loue : what alterations
It breeds ? it makes a man forget his friends.
Come sir be merry, your project has tooke.
She fell into her fit, soone as she read it,
And tore the papers, and talkt idly, and shew'd
The symptomes of the prettiest lunacie.
What haue you lost your speech ? those folded armes,
And frownes, expresse a sorrow, more then loue.
His eyes, though fixt upon their object, shew
The wandring spheare of his disturbed mind,
Is whirld about in error. Pray looke up sir.

Aur. I am not dumbe, I haue a care within me,
Speakes to my troubled soule.

Fid. Why whats the matter ?

Aur. O heare it then, and witnesse it for ever.
When ere thou seest a woman, in whose brow,
Are writ the characters of honesty,
And calst the gods to iustifie her truth,
Swear shee's a Syren, and a Crocodile.
Conclude her false, it is enough shee vowes,

A fine Companion.

And speaks thee faire, the winds waite on her lips,
Straight to disperse her oaths.

Fid. You doe but jest sure

Aur. There is not one of them, that is the same
She would appeare to be; they all are painted.
They haue a Fucus for their face, an other
For their behaviour, their words, and actions.

Fid. Come come, these are but qualmes of jealousie.

Aur. Giue no faith to their brow: for in that Greene
And flourishing field of seeming vertue, lurkes
A Snake of lust, in whose voluminous wreaths,
Are folded up a thousand treacheries,
Plots, Mischiefes, and dissimulations,
That man nere thought of. For in wickednesse,
The wit of woman was nere yet found barren.

Fid. I thinke he meanes to be mad himselfe too:
Your reprehensions are too generall:
For by these words your owne *Valeria* suffers.

Aur. Why there's the summe of all that I haue spoke,
The abstract of all falshood. Tis a name, will
Blister the tongue of fame, in her report
Is drown'd the memory of all wicked women.

Fid. Is your *Valeria* false?

Aur. Once my *Valeria*, but now mine no more,
(For they are perisht that haue lost their shame)
Is false from vertue past recovery.
The golden Organs of her innocence
Are broke, not to be folderd.

Fid. In my conscience
You wrong her, this is nothing but th' abundance
Of loue; will you goe and sup with the Captaine?
And driue away melancholy.

Aur. O no, my heart
Is shut against all mirth.

Fid. Then Ile goe seeke
Your brother out, and he shall goe along with me:
Ile shew him with a perspectiue ifaith,
What a braue Captaine he has: hee shall be
In a disguise, as my Companion,

Then

Then if he will maintaine a Paradox,
That he is either valiant, or honest,
He be made the scorn of their company.

Ant. But my fate guides me to the contrary :
For if my Mistresse doe not honest proue,
She has put a period to my life and loue.

Actus IIII. Scena IIII.

Lackwit, Crotchet.

Crot. Come, be not dismayd, what ere you say,
He sweare it : you must affirme you lost your hat
And cloake in a skirmish.

Lack. So I will *Crotchet.*

Masse thou wert not with us at the first neither.

Crot. Why what if I had fir ?

Lack. Thou mightst haue carried
Away two or three of the Captaines oaths with thee.

Crot. I can coyne them my selfe without any treason I
warrant you.

Lack. Oh *Crotchet*, I am thinking now, how brauely ile
liue, when my father is dead.

Crot. Yes, pray let me heare you.

Lac. I haue drawne the map of it already : He goe every
day in my cloake lind with plush, and my bever hat, He keepe
my whores, and my running horses, and ile maintaine thee in
as good a pyed livery, as the best footman of them all goes in.

Enter Littlegood.

Lit. You will fir, what ungratious villaine could haue
said this? where's your cloake and your hat? yes you shall
haue money to spend an other time.

Enter Fondling.

Fond. How now what's the matter?

Lit. Looke you, doe you know this Gentleman?

Fond. How comes this about?

Crot. Nothing but the fortune of the warres forsooth :
my young master has beene in as stout a fray as ever the Geni-
ms, of Fleetstreet trembled at.

Fond. How was it sonne?

Lack. Let *Crochet* relate, I scorne to be the trumpet of mine owne valour, I.

Fond. Doe, tell the story, *Crochet*.

Cro. Indee hee made them all runne away, that I am certaine of.

Fond. Nay but shew vs the manner of it.

Cro. Why forsooth I came at the latter end of the feast, and the beginning of the fray, and there my young Master was got aboute them all, and stood vpon his Guard, and held his weapon in his hand so dreadfully, as if he would haue powred downe his fury vpon any man that should come neere him.

Fond. And will you be angry with him for this? 'twas well done, take no wrong of them, better loose all the cloathes off from his backe, then to keepe a cloake for his cowardise.

Cro. Now is the time to moue the other businesse.

Lack. Well mother, if you will giue mee twenty pound more, Ile doe you such a peece of service, that you shall thanke mee for it as long as you live.

Fond. What is it sonne?

Lack. Nay you shall not know, before it be done: the conclusion shall crowne it.

Fond. Well husband, giue it this once, and Ile vrge you no more, lets see how the Boy will imploy it.

Lit. Yes, send one arrow after an other and loose both.

Fond. Nay, but giue it him for my sake, I am confident he has a good project; you have example for it in your trade. How many haue you, that breake dayly, and yet their freinds set them vp two or three times one after an other?

Lit. Once more you shall preuaile with mee. Here hold, but if this miscarry, nere aske mee for a penny againe.

Lack. I warrant you, come *Crochet*.

Fond. Must *Crochet* goe with you?

Lack. Yes, tis a businesse that can not be done by one alone:

Cro. Well Mistresse, pray throw an old shooe after vs.

A Fine Companion.

Actus IIII. Scena V.

Fido, Carelesse disguised, Captaine.

Cap. Gentlemen you are very welcome. What Hostesse, come hither good Hostesse.

Enter Hostesse.

Fid. You haue a good handsome Hostesse, I perceiue
Captaine.

Cap. She is cleanly and good condition'd, thats my comfort, and by the power of beauty, if a man were combustible, hee might find in her eyes, that would kindle a conflagration.

Host. What Gentlemen be these Captaine?

Cap. Peace good Hostesse, I would not willingly proclaime their disgrace: one of them is a Gentleman, that I bastinadoed the other day; and now he is come to giue me a Supper, to be reconcil'd to me, but take you no notice.

Fid. *Captaine* here is a friend, that I would willingly commend to your acquaintance.

Cap. Sir as I am a true souldier, I embrace your loue in him, and thats as much as I can say. Hostesse these are not ordinary guests with you; therefore you must be respectfull: and faith if you say the word Gentlemen, one of these nights, wee'll every man procure as many of our acquaintance as we can, and be merry here at Supper for crownes a peecc. What thinke you?

Fid. This is not the busines wee come about sir.

Cap. I know it well enough. Hostesse, prethee good sweet, honey Hostesse, step and buy us a joynt or two of good meate, and a Capon, and lay it to the fire presently.

Host. Where's the money?

Cap. Death to my honour, doe not question it, but doe as I bid you.

Host. I haue not six-pence in the world, the Cobler had all I had, for mending of your boots.

Cap. Goe you must make shift, and get more then.

Host. Why if these Gentlemen come to bestow a Supper on you, let them giue me money aforehand.

Cap. Speake lower woman, art mad?

Host. I tell you I haue not a penny in the house.

A fine Companion.

Cap. Speake lower I say. Goe borrow it of thy neighbours, Ile see it payd:

Hofst. Yes and turne mee behind the dore for my reckoning; You haue serv'd me so I know not how often, no I haue trusted you too much already: you haue not payd me a penny for your lodging, since you came to my house, besides what I haue lent you out of my purse.

Cap. Bane to my credit, you will exile mee beyond the confines of reputation: goe pawne some Pewter, or one of thy brasse pots. S'light doe not disgrace mee, doe any thing rather, take the sheets off from my bed.

Hofst. Yes, you care not what becomes of any thing. Why can you not aske them for money?

Cap. S'life, a man may plot till his heart ake, and you still seeke to crosse mee, you will vndoe me in my designs.

Hofst. You haue more signes in your head, then hang at all the Alehouses in towne againe.

Cap. Prethee woman, heare mee what I say. I know they come to spend vpon mee, and will crouch, and doe any thing, yet when I out of my nobleneffe, and beyond expectation, shall vse them so curteously, 'twill be such an ingagement, that I can borrow ten or twenty peeces of them at my pleasure.

Hofst. I tell you I can not doe it, nor I will not.

Exit Hofstesse.

Cap. Faith Gentlemen I must entreat you to excuse mee, my Hofstesse is not very well shee tells mee, and I thinke shee is not so well stor'd with necessaries to entertaine you, as I could wish; and indeed shee has nere a spitt in the house, therefore wee' deferr it till to morrow night, when 'twill be more convenient at a Taverne.

Fid. Well sir, your excuse shall prevaile, wee are not inexorable vpon extremity.

Cap. In his you haue wonne mee to your obseruance for ever.

Fid. Captaine I haue another thing to propound to you, heere is a friend of mine has lately receiu'd injury from one
Master

A fine Companion.

Master *Carelesse*, and vpon debatement of the matter, this Gentleman is to apprehensiuē of his disgrace, that he can not possible put it vp with safety of his reputation, and therefore desires to haue it determined in plaine field. Now as hee is informed, his aduersary accepts of it, and has chosen you for his patron in the quarrell.

Cap. By the shine of *Phœbus*, I wonder what strange impudence has posselt him. As I am a man to honour, I haue brought him successiuelly off from a hundred of these, to the perrill of my life, and yet am dayly obnoxious to new assaults for him.

Fid. Then you disclaime to haue any hand in the action.

Cap. By the passion of valour, Gentlemen Ile tell you, I loue a noble employment with my life, but for such a pittifull, drunken, shallow coxcombe, I hate to be seene in such a businesse.

Fid. Doe you thinke no better of him, Captaine? if he be so vnworthy, I would advise you not to meddle with him.

Cap. By the faith of a Soldier, if he haue any care of his credit, let him not deale with him, he will but defile himselfe with such an abject: I hold him to be so poore condition'd, I would not enter a Countrey Gentleman vpon him.

Fid. Yet you keepe him company, Captaine.

Cap. I confesse I haue done, and my intendments were good in it; I saw him so raw, and young, I was induc'd to beleeuē there might be some hopes of him: but after much impulsion, when I found him so vnapt, and indocile in his owne nature, I gaue him lost, and so I esteeme of him, by my life.

Carelesse puts off his disguise.

Car. Oh thou trecherous villaine, dost thou betray mee to my selfe, and belye mee to my face? how many quarrells haue you brought mee off from?

Cap. Never none by *Ioue*.

Car. I will not raile at you, but I will cudgell you, and kicke you, you man of valour.

Cap. Hold as thou art a man of renoune, thou wilt strike thy foote into mee else, my body is as tender as a bogg.

Car. Thou.

A Fine Companion.

Car. Thou cowardly perfidious rascal: haue I for this made thee my associate, payd for thy swaggerings, and breaking of Tapsters, and Ostlers pates, fed thee at a charge a man might haue built an Hospitall; drencht thee with Sacke, and Tobacco, as thy face can witness?

Cap. Oh hold as thou art worshipfull.

Car. Come sir surrender your robes, that you haue polluted with cosenage. Here *Fido*, take this hat and cloake: I will not leaue him a covering for his knavery: these are the trophies of your treachery, these.

Cap. Nay good sir doe not pillage mee of all, stay till I get my owne againe.

Car. If *Lackwit* will restore them he may, else you must resolve to goe bareheaded before your right worshipfull fortune, with a truncheon in your hand like a Verger, and so I leaue you. Come *Fido* now for my Mistresse.

Cap. Well, those good qualities that are bred in a man, will never out of him thats my comfort.

And since I am the scorne of Captaines made,
He seeke a better and more thriving trade.

Actus. IIII. Scena. V I.

Aurelio, Spruse.

Aur. Come sir, now I haue found you, not the power,
And strength of fate, shall pull you from my vengeance.
And though I know thy life too meane a ransom
For the redeeming of the pricelesse losse
Of her abused honour, Yet what Nature
Enables thee to pay, He take in part,
And leaue the execution of the rest
Vnto Hells iustice.

Spr. What doe you intend sir?

Aur. Looke you: t' unfold your heart sir with this sword,
And reade the falshood that is written in it.
Come I must know the truth, and reason too,
If there be reason for a wicked act.

Spr. You meane about *Valeria*?

Aur. The same.

A fine Companion.

Still an ill conscience will betray it selfe,
And sends forth many a scowling, fearfull looke,
To descry danger ; if he stand confident,
And justify it to the face of terrour,
Then she is false.

Spr. I heare she is runne mad.

Aur. Is, and the cause of her distemperature
Is the reproach you put upon her honour.

Spr. The wound then is too deepe, and an ill Fate
Has driven the shaft of my intended malice
Beyond the scope I aim'd at.

Aur. Was it malice ?

That word has strooke me both with joy and anger,
Both in suspence, which should weigh downe the scale
Of my deep burnd mind. What horrid basenesse
Durst so attempt to prophane innocence ?

Spr. It was my love to her.

Aur. What is his hate,
Whose love has prov'd so ominous ?

Spr. That love
Being wrong'd, begot that hate.

Aur. Thou hast done ill.
And like a foolish and young Exorcist,
Hast conjur'd up a spirit of that fury,
Thy art cannot allay.

Spr. Repentance may.
I only meant to give her name a gash,
That might be heal'd againe without a scarre,
Or any spreading playster of wide rumour,
With helpe of her compurgators, but only
To vexe her.

Aur. What's the offence that did provoke
This imputation ? Did she ever wrong you ?
Maligne your wit ? Disgrace you before your Mistris ?
Disparage your behaviour ? Had she done so,
Yet this revenge were disproportionare.

Spr. Vrge me no more, I cannot looke on her
Witout such a reflection of my crime,
As must give shame a lustre ; there's no man

But once in's life may sinne besides his nature,
Nay perhaps contrary: this is a deed
I must abhorre to justify.

Aur. You have given
Almost a satisfaction.

Spr. Twas a scandall,
Arose from my repulse, and has no witnesse
Besides your eares; if it were silenc'd there,
The world were ignorant of it; I heare
She is runne mad upon the grieffe, I am sorry
Her punishment has outstript my desires.
Ile undertake, what ere you shall propose,
For the recovery of her wits, or honour.

Aur. And Ile make use of your kind profer fit.

Spr. I will resigne her where she most affects,
And give you all assistance to obtaine her.

Aur. You speake honestly, I shall imploy you;
I know you have that credite with her father,
You may advise him in a thing that reason
Shall seeme to second; bring but this to passe,
You have made requitall for all injuries.

Spr. Shew me the way, Ile do't; be you the mover,
Ile be the instrument.

Aur. You are my Genius,
My hope, my opportunity, my Fate;
And in effecting this you cannot erre,
To make me happy, and recover her.

Desinit Actus quartus

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

*Lackwit with a Head-piece and a long sword, Crochet,
Carelesse disguised like Dotario.*

Lack. **H**OW doe I looke now *Crochet*?

Cro. **V**ery dreadfully; like a Citizen in a fray, as feare-
full as *Priapus* in a garden.

Lack. Well, and thou art sure there is but one of them, and
hee

he comes disguis'd like *Dotario*, to steale away my sister?

Cro. Yes sir, and this is the old Gentleman himselfe, and somebody has stole away his habite to abuse him.

Lack. That man that has done so shall thinke of me and this place as long as he lives for it: Goe and give warning *Crochet*, that no man withstand me, unlesse he be weary of his life.

Cro. If any man be so hardy, let him take his chance.

Lack. Let him expect my fury *Crochet*. I will barter any man that shall come neere me, my fist is like a Sling, my head like a Ram, and my whole body an Engine, and I will make any man toothlesse that shall offend me.

Cro. Then you will make his mouth as unserviceable as your fathers gumm'd velvet.

Lack. I long to exercise my puissance: thou art sure there is but one of them? stand by a little, and let me flourish with my sword, to animate my spirits; now whatsoever hee is, that comes in my way, I pronounce him to be a miserable mortall.

Crochet pulls out 3 or 4 Napkins.

What hast thou there *Crochet*?

Cro. I imagin'd there would be a great deale of blood spilt in the skirmish, and so I brought these to wipe the wounds, nothing else sir: looke you here they come.

Enter Dotario, Emilia.

Lack. Give by *Crochet*, till I question them: it behooves a wise man to deal with words, before he descend to blowes: what arrant knight are you sir? and whither doe you travell with that Damosell?

Cro. Presse that point home.

Dot. O brother *Lackwit*, how came you so accoutred? or were you set here for a watch-man to guard us?

Lack. No sir, I doe not guard, nor regard any man, and yet Ile stand upon my guard, and this is the poynt Ile maintaine.

Dot. What doe you meane brother *Lackwit*?

Lack. How, I your brother? No, I scorne to have assistance with such a conny-catcher: you sir *Nessus*, deliver

up your theft, or I will play the *Hercules* with you.

Dot. I am going to marry her, my name is *Dotario*, and this is your sister *Emilia*.

Lack. I, she is my sister, but you are a counterfeit, and have stolne her away.

Cro. Seize her for fellons-goods, she belongs to the Lord of the soyle.

Lack. Thou villaine, dost thou not know, if I were dead, and her other sister, she would be next heire, and then thou mightst be hangd for her?

Dot. But I had her consent, and her fathers, my name is *Dotario* your neighbour, that have fed you with custard and apple-pie a hundred times.

Lack. I, this Gentleman has, but you have abus'd him, and rooke his wrong name upon you.

Dot. I am the same.

Cro. He lyes, beat him for lying, what doe you stay for?

Lack. I am considering with my eye, which part of him I shall first cut off.

Cro. Let's bind him fast, and then lay him upon his backe, and geld him.

Lack. A match. Let's lay hold on him; what is he gone? how finely might my father have been cheated, and all wee now; if I had not beene: that's some roguing serving-man, disguis'd Ile lay my life on't; if I be not fit to be chronicled for this act of discretion, let the world judge of it. Well *Crochet*, when I have marryed her to the right party, if my father does not give me forty pounds more, he shall marry the next daughter himselfe.

Cro. You must not be too sudden now in the opening of your plot, after you have marryed them.

Lac. Advise me good *Crochet*.

Cro. Why before you reveale your proceedings, you shall present your selfe with a great deale of confidence, and promise of desert; walke up and downe, with a joyfull agony, and a trembling joy, as if you had escapt from a breach, or redeem'd your country: then when you see them sufficiently fill'd with expectation, you may draw the curtaine of your valour, and stound them with admiration.

Lack. So

Lack. So I will *Crochet*, come let us to the Church.

Exeunt.

Actus. V. Scena. II.

Littlegood, Spruse, Fondling, Fido.

Spr. Come Master *Littlegood*, be comforted,
I have as great a share in the misfortunes
Of your distracted daughter, as your selfe.

Lit. O doe not say so, she was all my joy.

Fido. Then men begin to understand their good,
When they have lost it, and an envious eye
Seekes after vertue when it is extinct,
That hated it alive.

Lit. You have reason
To pittie me the more, and lament for her,
Because I destin'd her in marriage to you.

Spr. And I had well hoped to have been made happy
In her affection, a true Lovers griefes
Transcend a parents.

Lit. No, you are deceived,
A parent is confin'd, and his joyes bounded,
And only limited to such a subject,
And driven from thence, have no where else to rest on:
For if his children be once taken from him,
Which are the cause, then his delight and comfort,
That are the effects, needs must vanish with them:
But in a Lover it falls otherwise,
Such as your selfe, whose passion, like a dew,
Can dry up with the beames of every beauty
That shall shine war.ne upon you, need not prize
The losse of any; you have no alliance,
Nor naturall tye commands you to love any,
More then your fancy guides you; and the windes
Have not so many turnings; nor the Sands
So many shiftinges, nor the Moone changes.

Fido. Sir you speake truth, upon my knowledge that,
He is as slippery, as an Eele, in love,
And wriggles in and out, sir, at his pleasure;

A fine Companion.

He can as easily dispense with vowes,
As sweare them; and can at a minutes warning,
If an occasion serve, supply himselfe
With a continuall, and fresh entertainment
Of a new Mistris.

Spr. Troth I must confesse,
I have been a little faulty that way.

Fon. And why would you sir, knowing this before,
Suffer your daughter to be abus'd by him?
Now by my life, I thinke, and 'twere not for me,
You'd wind your selfe into such Labyrinths,
You'd not know how to extricate your selfe.

Lit. Peace good Wife, since there is no remedy.

Spr. Doe not despaire, there is yet remedy;
I know a scholler, a great Naturallist,
Whose wisdom does transcend all other Artists,
A traveller besides, and though his body
Be distant from the Heavens, yet his mind
Has pierc't unto the utmost of the Orbes,
Can tell how first the Chaos was distinguisht,
And how the Sphæres are turnd, and all their secrets,
The motion and influence of the starres,
The mixture of the Elements, and all
The causes of the Winds, and what moves the earth,
And then he has subjected to his knowledge
The vertues, and the workings of all hearbs,
And is an *Æsculapius* in Physicke,
No grieffe above his art.

Lit. Can he heale mad folkes?

Spr. Were they as mad as *Ajax Telamon*,
That slew an Oxe in stead of *Agamemnon*,
Hee'l warrant them.

Ford. How should one speake with him?

Spr. I brought him with me, he is at the doore.
Prithce goe call him *Fido*, you shall heare him,
And as you like his speech, so credite him.

Enter Aurelio like a Doctor.

Lit. Is this the man?

Spr. This

A fine Companion.

Spr. This is the Doctour sir.

I am bold to make relation of your skill here
To this old Gentleman, who has a daughter
That is suspected to be mad.

Aur. Suspected, is she no other wise?

Lit. She is starke mad.

Aur. It came by love?

Lit. Yes sure, what thinke you on't?

Au. An ordinary disease, and cure, in some things

I am of an opinion that *Stertinius*

The Stoick was, who held all the world mad.

Fond. As how, good Master Doctour?

Aur. Thus I prove it;

What is ambition, and covetousnesse,

Or luxury, or superstition,

But madnesse in men? and these raigne generally.

Your Lawyer trots, and writes, as he were mad,

His Clyent is madder then he; your Merchant that marryes

A faire wife, and leaves her at home, is mad:

Your Courtier is mad to take up silkes and velvets

On ticket for his Mistris; and your Citizen

Is mad to trust him.

Fido. Nay he is a rare man,

And has done many and strange Cures sir.

Aur. I have indeed.

Fond. Pray relate some of them.

Aur. To satisfy your Ladiship, I will.

Fond. Yes good Sir, let us heare them.

Aur. Then Ile tell you. There was once an Astrologer
brought mad before me, the circulations of the Heavens had
turn'd his braines round, he had very strange fits, he would
ever be staring, and gazing, and yet his eyes were so weake,
they could not looke up without a staffe;

Spr. A *Iacobs* staffe you meane?

Aur. I, and hee would watch whole nights, there could
not a starre stirre for him, he thought there was no hurt done,
but they did it, and that made him look so narrowly to them.

Fond. How did you heale him sir?

Aur. Onely with two or three sentences out of *Picus*
Mirandula,

A fine Companion.

Mirandula, in confutation of the act; and as many out of *Cornelius Agrippa*, for the vanity of it.

Fond. That was excellent.

Aur. The next was a Souldier, and he was very furious; but I quieted him, by getting his arrerages payd, and a Pension for his life.

Fond. You tooke a hard taske in hand, Mr Doctour.

Aur. But the most dangerous of all was a Puritan Chandler, and he ran mad with illuminations, he was very strangely possess'd, and talkt idly, as if he had had a noyse of bells in his head; he thought a man in a Surpleffe to be the Ghost of Heresy, and was out of love with his owne members, because they were called Organs.

Fond. O monstrous!

Aur. I had held very strange positions, for he counted Fathers to be as unlawfull in the Church, as *Plato* did Poets in his Common-wealth, and thereupon grounded his conclusion for the lawfulness of whoredome; for he said that marriage, as it is now us'd, was the only ring-leader of all mischief.

Fond. How did you heale him sir?

Aur. Why Lady with certaine pills of sound doctrine, and they purg'd his ill humours.

Lit. That was very speedy.

Aur. Then there was a Musician that runne mad with Crochets, the fit was so violent upon him, that he would nothing but sound perpetually.

Fond. How did you with him sir?

Aur. I serv'd him as *Hercules* serv'd his Master *Linus*, broke his Fiddle about his pate, and sent him away without ere a penny, and that brought his head in tune.

Fond. He remember this ifaith.

Aur. Then there was a Huntsman that was very wood, he would nothing but hoope and hollow, and was wonderfully in love with an Eccho.

Fond. How did you reclaime him?

Aur. Why I serv'd him in his owne kind, he had a very handsome wench to his wife, and while he was playing the *Cephalus* abroad, and courting his *Aura*, I turn'd him into an *Acteon* at home, set a faire paire of hornes on his head, and made him a tame beast.

Fond. Huf-

Fond. Husband that was excellent, was it not?

Ans. I cured a poet too, and indeede, they are a generation that are little better then mad at all times. I was faine to giue him over, because himselte, and others tooke such delight in his fury. I could not tell what to make of him, his disease was so pretty and conceited, and he was no sooner well, but he would presently fall into a relapse. I could make relation of a thousand such, as Painters, Alchymists and the like, but it would be tedious.

Lis. Nay sir, wee are confirm'd of your skill. Will you haue my daughter brought forth to you sir, that you may see her in her fit?

Ans. No by no meanes, 'twill spend her spirits too much. Ile take her home with mee, and anoynt her browes with a little Helleborum, and some other receipts that Ile giue her, and Ile warrant you, Ile bring her safe too in three houres, and well recovered.

Spr. Sir, you will doe an office, that will not more deserue honour then reward.

Ans. Sir, I shall desire nothing but my paines for my satisfaction.

Fond. Good sweet *Fido* conduct him in, and goe along with him, that if any heereafter shall be so auerse, in his ignorance, to all goodnesse, as to question this miracle, you may be produc'd as a witnesse.

Lis. And what will you doe sweet wife?

Fond. Why Ile stay heere, and expect my sonne *Lackwit*, with his project. He sent mee word he would come presently, and see where he enters.

Lack. Crochet, bid them stay without, till I call for them. Make roome there, and let such produce there Game, that haue good cardes to shew.

Fond. How now sonne *Lackwit*; whither away so furious?

Lack. I am sure all the wit and valour I had, was at stake for it.

Lis. Why whats the matter

Lack. There was old shuffling and cating amongst them, and I had not spied their knavery they might haue put a trick vpon vs, faith.

Fond. Why were you at cardes sonne ?

Lack. No, I was at dice. I came the Caster with some of them I thinke, and I had like to haue made their bones rattle for it. There was a Rooke would haue gone at In and In with my sister, if I had not made a third man, he would haue swept all away, and wiped our noses when he had done.

Fond. Tell vs how was it sonne ?

Lack. No matter how ; but if I haue not playd the wise man now, and done an act worthy of applause, let mee bee hift off for my labour.

Lit. Letts heare, what is it ?

Lack. If it be no more thankes worthy, Ile tell you at my leasure, when you haue prepar'd your vnderstanding.

Lit. What is it *Crochet* ?

Lack. Peace sirrah, Ile haue no man tell it but my selfe, because the prayse of it belongs wholly to mee ; and I could but effect halfe a dozen more such exploits, Ide write my owne Commentaries.

Fond. You put vs too much into a longing, sonne.

Lack. Well I am content to open the fluses of your happiness ; let them in *Crochet*, but take heed you be not too greedy of it, lest the sodaine joy overwhelme you.

Enter Carelesse, Emilia, Crochet.

Lit. Whats heere, Master *Dotario*, and my daughter *Emilia*, hand in hand, & married together ? Nay then tis as I would haue it. The boy has done well, and I must applaud him for it.

Lack. O must you so sir ? Well, there they are *Barke* and *Tree*, but as I am a hairy beast, if I had not been, they had been as farre a sunder, as *Temple barre* and *Algate*.

Fond. How so sonne ?

Lack. Why Ile shew you, there was an other *Changling* aslike to him in shape, as *Jupiter* to *Amphitrone*, nay if I should say, as I am to, let mee see what

Cro. To a foole.

Lack. No, to my selfe.

Cro. Tis all one.

Lack. That would haue married her in his stead, and carried her away, if I had not prevented them.

Enter

A Fine Companion.

Enter Dotario.

Whether it bee a shadow or a ghost, that haunts him in his owne proper forme, I know not, but there he comes againe.

Lit. Why, how now sonne *Dotario*, you haue made haste to beget one so like you already.

Dot. O sir, tis I am cheated, guld, and abus'd, and which is worse, by one that sayes he is my selfe too.

Lit. Why what are you?

Dot. O sir I am that old Gentleman, that should haue married your daughter, and there's an *Asmodem*, a devill in my habit, that has beguild me of her.

Crot. Come sir uncase your selfe; tis no glory for you to lurke any longer under the person of such a wretch.

Carelesse puts off his disguise.

Dot. Who is here, my Nephew *Carelesse*? nay then tis ten times worse then I thought of: my disgrace will bee as common as Conduit water, the very Tankard-bearers will mocke at me, I shall be made their laughter at Tavernes, the table talke at Ordinaries.

Car. Nay good Vncle doe not thinke so ill of me, a brace of thousands shall chaine up my tongue, that you may liue as conceal'd as you please.

Dot. O sir you haue proved your selfe to bee a fine Companion.

Lit. Nay hold up your head sir, this was your devise, your master peece of wit, and valour? nay you may bragge of it, the credit belongs to you.

Lack. *Croschet* I would thou wert a post, that I might beat out my braines against thee.

Enter Fido, Aurelio, Valeria.

Fid. Saue you Gentlemen,

Spr. Looke you sir; here's the Doctor, and your daughter already.

Lit. Well there's some comfort yet to make amends for the rest.

Fid. Come downe on your knees sir.

Aurelio wucases.

Lit. How now what are you?

Aur. Lately the Doctor, but now your sonne *Aurelio*.

A fine Companion.

Lit. What more gulleries yet? they haue cosend mee of my daughters, I hope they will cheate me of my wife too: haue you any more of these tricks to shew, ha?

Ans. No more sir, if we may obtaine your favour for these, and thinke good sir what loue may doe; you haue beene young your selfe.

Lit. Troth and so I haue, and beene as waggish as the best of you. Well Master *Dotario*, what shall we doe? the boyes haue out stript us, there's now no remedy, and my affection relents.

Dot. So does mine too, and I would doe any thing, if I might bee freed of this ignominie, that it might not bee knowne what a foole this loue has made of me.

Fid. Ile undertake for that sir if you will yeeld to a motion.

Dot. Any thing upon these termes.

Fid. Then thus: you are rich, and your Nephew *Aurelio* here is poore, yet hee was borne to an inheritance; now doe you but conferre something presently upon him, and assure him the rest after your death, and Ile promise they shall obserue you with as much obsequiousnesse, as you desire.

Dot. And what shall my Nephew *Carelesse* doe?

Fid. Why Master *Littlegood* shall giue him his Land againe.

Dot. If he will doe one, Ile doe the other.

Fond. That he shall, Ile see that done upon my word.

Lit. Ile not stand against a good motion at any time.

Dot. Why then boyes be happy in your Mistresses.

Car. Sir this speech from you is more comfortable then if *Hymen* had spoke it: and for my brother *Lackwit* Ile take him to my protection, and stand in his defence against all machinous Engines that shall bee planted for the battery of his wit and fortune.

Cros. Pray sir will you get him his cloake and hat againe that he lost in the skirmish.

Car. I so I will; *Fido* shall restore them to him.

Lack. Well I would know, how all these things had come to so good perfection but for me now.

Cros. Nay, if fortune should not favour such as you and I are, shee would leaue her old wont.

Enter

A fine Companion.

*Enter Capitaine like an Host, Lieutenant with a
Iugge and glasse, Hostesse.*

Car. What's my old Reformado come againe?

Cap. Nay you need not feare me now, I am as mild as my
beeie: I am her husband and your Host till death.

Car. What turn'd Host?

Cap. Yes, and I thought it my duety to present you with
the first fruits of my profession. Fill out a glasse Tapster,
that I may drinke to this good company. Gentlemen you are
all welcome.

Fid. Is this your Tapster Capitaine?

Cap. Yes, and does he not suit well with his function? he
has learnt already to runne up staires and downe staires, as
nimble as a Squirill, and can answer to any man that shall call
him, as loud and peremptory as the best of them.

Car. Thats a good entrance.

Cap. He is a little out of countenance at the first, but when
you come to my house, you shall heare him speake in a big
accent, whats to pay in the Lyon? whats to pay in the Dra-
gon? be not dismaid Tapster, be not dismaid.

Car. Well I perceiue we must keepe Holiday: there's no-
thing angers me now, but Master *Spruse* is disappoynted of
his Mistresse.

Spr. Take no care for that, I haue more Mistresses then I
can tell what to doe with.

Car. Sir I haue a sister, though shee had no part in this bu-
sines, yet for her beauty, vertues, and Dowry, may well de-
serue you: if you can like of her, Ile doe what I can to ob-
taine her for you.

Spr. Sir you shall command mee in what you please, and
my thanks for your loue; and here I vow never to dissem-
ble any more in this kind, but to be truely and sincerely affe-
ctionated to whom soever you shall commend me.

Car. Nay if you would not doe so, you were unworthy
of her.

*To gaine a womans loue thus all may strine,
But wealth shall be put backe, when wit shall thrine.*

F I N I S.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

The world shall be put back, when the first time
I came a woman, less than all men.

FINIS.





