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Brome, Richard,  
111



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
RICHARD BROME CONTAIN-  
ING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW  
FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE  
VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON  
IN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

AMS PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK  
1966

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V. 2

AMS PRESS, INC.  
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1966

Manufactured in the United States of America

Five new  
PLAYES,  
*VIZ.*

The ENGLISH MOOR, or The MOCK-  
MARRIAGE.

The LOVE-SICK COURT, or The AM-  
BITIOUS POLITIQUE.

COVENT GARDEN Weeded.

The NEVV ACADEMY, or The NEVV  
EXCHANGE.

The QUEEN and CONCUBINE.

---

By RICHARD BROME.

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *A. Crook*, at the Green Dragon  
in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard, and for *H. Brome*  
at the Gunn in Ivy-Lane, 1659.





TO THE  
R E A D E R S ,

—  R rather *to the Spectators*, if the Fates so pleas'd, these *Comedies* exactly being dressed for the *Stage*; and the often-tried *Author* (better than many who can but scribble) understood the *Proportions* and *Beauties* of a *Scene*; But as they are they will not deceive you; for the same hand (which formerly pleas'd) now held the Pen. We suppose we bring what in these dayes you scarce could hope for, *Five*

*To the Reader.*

*new Playes.* We call them *new*, because 'till now they never were printed. You must not think them *posthumous* Productions, though they come into the world after the *Author's* death : they were all begotten and born (and own'd by Him before a thousand witnesses) many years since ; they then trod the *Stage* (their proper place) though they pass'd not the *Prefs*. They are all *Comedies*, for (a man would think) we have had too many *Tragedies*. But this Book knew them not. The *ENGLISH MOOR* here (what ever name or face it wears) is older than our Troubles. The *LOVE-SICK COURT*, and the *AMBITIOUS POLITICK* are but one Play, though strange those two should dwell together. This *NEW ACADEMY* concerns not that which eight years since peep'd up in *White Friars* ; and this *NEW EXCHANGE* knows nothing

*To the Reader.*

thing of that which now is cleaving to the *Great Church* Wall. This *QUEEN* is a meer stranger to our *Island*; Her Scene is *Sicily*, the Persons and Action taste nothing of *England*. Thus the whole *Book* being free and ingenuous, we hope the *Author* may have the same allowance, especially now since he's gone to the great Wits, that is, dead. And yet there are a fort (one would wonder there should be) who think they lessen this *Author's* worth when they speak the relation he had to *Ben. Johnson*. We very thankfully embrace the Objection, and desire they would name any other Master that could better teach a man to write a good Play. The materials must flow from all parts of the world; but the *Art* and *Composition* come onely from Books and such living Masters as that our great *Laureat*; And for this purpose we have here prefixt *Ben Johnson's* own

*To the Reader.*

testimony to his Servant our *Author* ; we grant it is (according to *Ben's* own nature and custome) magisterial enough ; and who looks for other, since he said to *Shakespear*—*I shall draw envy on thy name* (by writing in his praise) and threw in his face—*small Latine and lesse Greeke* ; but also told *Selden* himself (as if *Ben's* conscience checked him for being too good natured in commending others.)

*Your Book (my Selden) I have read—  
Though I confess (as every Muse hath err'd,  
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd  
Men past their terms, and prais'd some names  
too much,  
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such ;  
Since, being deceiv'd, I turn a sharper eye  
Upon myself, and ask to whom, and why,  
And what I write, and vex it many dayes  
Before men get a Verse, much lesse a Praise.*

—I



*To the Reader.*

—*I first salute thee so, and gratulate,  
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state.*  
—*I could take up (and nere abuse  
The credit) what would furnish a tenth Muse:  
But here's nor time nor place my wealth to  
tell;*  
*You both are modest, so am I. Farewel.*

It seems (what ere we think) *Ben* thought it diminution for no man to attend upon his Muse. And were not already the Antients too much trod on, we could name famous wits who served far meaner Masters than *Ben Johnson*. For, none vers'd in Letters but know the wise *Æsop* was born and bred a wretched slave; *Lucian* a Stone-cutter; *Virgil* himself begotten by a Basket-maker, born in a ditch, and then preferred to an under Groom in the stable; nay, (to instance in our *Authors* own order) *Nævius*  
the

*To the Reader.*

the Comedian a Captains mans man ; *Plautus* fervant to a poor Baker, *Terence* a flave as well as *Æfop* ; and (which for our purpose is moft of all) our Authors own *Mafter* handled the *Trowel* before he grew acquainted with *Seianus* or *Cataline*. But enough of this, left pleading for the *Author*, make him feem to want an Apology. As for the *Stationers*, they bring thefe *Poems* as they had them from the *Author* ; not fuffering any falfe or bufy hand to adde or make the leaft mutilation ; having been more watchful over the Printers common negligence, than fuch work as this hath ufually obtained. And if thefe new Playes fail your expectation, we openly profefs we know not how, where, or when we fhall fit you.

To



To my old Faithful Servant,  
and (by his continu'd vertue)  
my loving Friend, the Author of  
this work, Mr. *Rich. Brome*.

**I** Had you for a Servant, once, Dick.  
Brome,  
*And you perform'd a Servants faithful parts:  
Now, you are got into a neerer room  
Of Fellowship, professing my old Arts,  
And you do do them well, with good applause,  
Which you have justly gained from the Stage,  
By observation of those Comick Laws,  
Which I, your Master, first did teach this  
Age.  
You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your  
Time,  
A Prentiship, which few do now adayes :  
Now each Court-Hobby-Horfe, will wince in  
Rhime, Both*

*Both learned and unlearned, all write  
Playes :*

*It was not so of old ; men took up trades  
That knew the Crafts they had been bred in  
right ;*

*An honest Bilbo Smith would make good  
Blades,*

*And the Phyfician teach men fpue, and——  
The Cobler kept him to his Awll, But now  
He'll be a Pilot, scarce can guide a Plow.*

Ben. Johnson.

---

To



To my most ingenious friend,

Mr. *ALEX. BROME*

Upon his setting forth

*Mr.* RICH. BROMES

*P L A Y E S :*

**T**His, Sir, is double *Piety*, and you  
In this oblige the *dead* and *living* too.  
As the last *trumpet* with one pow'rful  
found

Raises forgotten *Bodies* from the ground,  
And *bettors* those that yet remain alive :  
So you an equal *happinefs* do give  
Unto his dust, and us, at once engage  
His sacred *Ashes*, and the present *age*.  
Nor can I tell to whom we more are bound,  
Or to his *wit*, or *you* that have it found.  
When *Thetis* Son amongst the *maids* lay hid,  
And for their softer wars the *Trojan* fled ;  
He that discover'd him, did justly claim  
An equal share in th' honour of his *name* ;  
And dar'd to call *Achilles* victories,

All

All those exploits, and all those *Trophies* his :  
 So *you* that have this noble *wit* reveal'd  
 And made it be (which was before conceal'd)  
 Known and commended, may as well receive  
 Part in those *Lawrels* we to him do give.  
 He made the *oyl*, but you enlightned it,  
 He gave the *salt*, but you have made it white,  
 And dug it from the *Pit* where it once lay  
 Unseen, or by the eyes of *men* or *day* :  
 He made the *branches* of this *Coral* grow,  
 Hid in its private *Sea* untouch'd ; but you  
 By drawing it into the open air,  
 Have made it turn more *pretious*, and more *fair*.  
 He spake with such a *full* and *casie* strain,  
 With such a *soft*, and such a *flowing* vein,  
 As if 'twere *Nature* all, yet there was *Art*,  
 Yet there was *Skill* in every limb and Part.  
 So gently came all that he thought or writ,  
 As if he *made* it not, but did *repeat*.  
 His *fancy* like the *blood* did alwayes flow,  
 Yet full of *life* and full of *spirits* too.  
 His *Wit* and *Angels* did in this agree,  
 Their *motion* is most nimble, quick, and free,  
 And *perfect* too. And as the *world* was made,  
 (Which no delays of *spring* and *summer* had,  
 No *ages* or *increases*, but on all  
 At first a *ripeness*, and full *growth* did fall ;)

So all that from his happy *Pen* did come

Was

Was ripe and grown at first, and left no room  
For after *change*, no *second* hand could give  
More *strength* to it, or it more *strength* receive.  
When he doth speak of *love*, himself he arms  
With such *resistless*, and such *conquering* charms,  
Acts such sweet *hopes*, such innocent *fears*, and  
*joyes*,

That we or love his *Mistress*, or his *voice*,  
As *eccho* did. When he would make us smile,  
Thoufand *Anacreons* play about his style.  
When he commands our *sorrow*, straight our eyes  
Into salt *streams*, our hearts to *fighings* rise.  
When he doth *laugh* again, the *clouds* are gone,  
Our minds into a sudden calmness run :  
He so dispos'd our thoughts, as when the hand,  
Or eye of the chief *Gen'ral* doth command,  
Whole *Armies* act what his example led,  
Follow his postures with such willing speed,  
Into obedience with such *easiness* fall,  
As if one *soul* and *spring* did move them all.  
When he strook *vice*, he let the *person* go,  
Wounded not *men* but *manners* ; nor did do  
Like him who when he painted *heaven* & *hel*,  
Amongst the *damned* shades and those that fell,  
Did draw his Enemies face, that all might say  
*Who there condemned by the Painter lay* :  
But as the *Surgeon* at once *hides* and *cures*,  
And bindeth up the *limb* which most indures

The

The *fore* and *pain* : so he with gentle hand  
Did heal the *wound*, and yet conceal the *man*.  
His Scenes mens *Actions*, *Tempers*, *Humours* shew,  
And *copy* out what the great *world* doth do.  
His words are like the shapes which *Angels* take,  
And for themselves of finest *air* do make,  
That are so much like *men*, that clearest eyes  
Cannot discern where the smal difference lies.  
In them we see our selves, in them we find  
Whatever Time or Custom taught mankind.  
We see with what expressiveness and life  
He painteth *anger*, *hatred*, *joy*, or *grief*,  
Or all the other winds that do enrage  
The hearts of men, nor in that living Stage  
(Where all he writ was acted first) *mans* breast,  
They more to th' *full* and *nature* are exprest.  
This we by him have *gain'd*, by *him* and *you*,  
For we as much unto the *Merchant* owe,  
Whose care and pains brought the rich Jewels  
home,  
As to the *Indiaes* whence those Jewels come.

T. S.

---

The





*On the Comædies of the late fa-  
cetious P O E T,*

Mr. Richard Brome

*Deceased.*

**T**His to thy memory I'm bound to do,  
(*Ingenius Brome*) though not related to  
Thy *parts* or *person*; kindled by that  
flame,

Which glows in thy *example* and fair name;  
I must pronounce these issues of thy brain,  
Of all th' *Indulgers* of the Comick strain  
Deserve applause; and they that do not see  
A *worth* in both, know neither them nor thee.

Yet I am no *Wit-rampant*, none of them  
That think they've pow'r to *quit* or to *con-demn*  
What ere is writ, and boldly say there's none  
True *sterling Wit*, but what looks like their own.  
And judge no person comely, if his head  
Be *black* or *brown*, their *standard-heads* being red.  
These would be *Quorum-Wits*, and by their own  
Commission, do invade *Apollo's* throne.

Where *Chair-men-like* they rant, condemn, deride  
The *Novice Wit*, that must by them be tri'd.  
With *Questions* intricate, yet catching though,  
Such as themselves can't answer, namely, who  
First made them *Wits*? How they the grace  
obtain'd

Of *Poetry*? By whom they were ordain'd?  
And at what *Club*? and by whose lines they've  
bin

*Converted Poets*, from that odious sin  
Of *Prose* and *thriving*? whether *Poetry*  
Be b' *acquisition* or *extraduce*?  
Such *Questions* and *Commands* not worth a  
*straw*,

'Cause done without *Authority* or *Law*.  
*Sic volo's* all the pow'r, by which they fit,  
And th' only *Rule* by which they judge of *Wit*.  
For there's no other *Standard* but *Opinion*;  
Which varies still, 'cause *fancy* has dominion.  
So *Martin Parker's* laurell'd by some men,  
With as much boldness as the wife do *Ben*.

Nor can we help it, since among the *wits*  
There is a *Vulgus*, whose ambition gets  
To be o'th' *Clasfis*, and presumes to be  
At first sight, *Judges* of all *Poetry*.  
'Gainst whom there is no armour, but to know,  
What they call *good*, or *bad*, they think is so.

Thus that fam'd *Lombard* story which was writ  
To put the Reader to th' *expense* of *wit*  
And *skill* to judge of, and to understand,  
Can't *censure* scape, nor can *applause* command,  
But tamely must its *self*, and *fate* submit  
To the coy Readers prejudice, or wit.  
Who doth with equal eagerness contend,  
Some to *cry* down, and others to *commend*.

So easie 'tis to *judg*, so hard to do,  
There's so much *frailty*, yet such prying too :

That

That who their *Poetry* to view expose  
Must be prepar'd to be abus'd in *Prose*.

Onely our *Author* garrison'd in's grave,  
Fears no mans censure, nor applause does crave :  
Leaves these *Remains* ; if they're approv'd of, *so*.  
If not *so* too. But he would have us know,  
He's now above our reach ; for his Estate  
He has secur'd against the common Fate  
Of leaving to young *heirs*, whose high desires  
Are to spend all, and be accounted *Squires*.  
He was his own *Executor*, and made  
Ev'n with the world ; and that small *All* he had—  
He without *Law* or *Scribe* put out of doubt ;  
*Poor* he came into th' world, and *poor* went out.  
His *soul* and *body* higher powers claim,  
There's nothing left to play with, but his *name* ;  
Which you may freely *tofs* ; he all endures.  
But as you use his name, so 'll others yours.

ALEX. BROME.

---

THE



THE  
STATIONERS

To the  
READER.

**Y**OUR former candid reception of this Authors other labours of this kind, have kindled an encouragement in Vs to publish this, in which the clear streams of Comical Wit is no less discernable; so that it speaks these though posthume, the legitimate issue of the same brain. Tis not our designs to whet your judgements with our commendation; though some friends to the Authors memory and our benefit (in whose sentence we acquiesce) have blown their Trumpets before the shews, we might have purchased an Encomium of our own to have set before it, but we have other occasions for our mony; we are assured that these are good, and hope they will prove so; for if they be pleasantly good to you, they will be profitably good to

Your Servants,

A. C. H. B.

THE  
*English Moor,*

OR THE  
MOCK-MARRIAGE :

A Comœdy as it was often  
acted with general applause, by  
Her Majesties Servants.

---

By RICHARD BROME.

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*Innocuos per mitte jocos, cur ludere nobis  
Non liceat ?*

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LONDON,  
Printed in the year, 1659.



*Drammatis Personæ.*

Meanwell. } *Two old Gentlemen and friends, sup-*  
Rafhley. } *posed to have been kill'd in a Duel.*  
Arthur, Meanwels Son, *in love with Lucy.*  
Theophilus, Rafhleys Son, *in love with*  
Milicent.  
Quickfands, *an old Vfuror.*  
Tefty, *an old angry Juftice.*  
Winlofe, *a decayed Gentleman.*  
Vincent. } *Two gallants undone by Quick-*  
Edmund. } *fands.*  
Nath. Banelafs, *a Wencher.*  
Hoft. *Drawer.*  
Ralph, Meanwels *servant.*  
Arnold, Rafhleys *servant.*  
Buzard, Quickfands *servant.*  
Dionifia, Meanwels *daughter.*  
Lucy, Rafhleys *daughter.*  
Milicent, Teftys *Neece.*  
Phillis, Winlofe *daughter.*  
Madge, Quickfands *servant.*

The Scene *London.*

---

PROLOGUE.

## *Prologue.*

**M**ost noble, fair and courteous, to ye all  
Welcome and thanks we give, that you would  
call  
And visit your poor servants, that have been  
So long and pitiless unheard, unseen.  
Welcome, you'l say your money that does do,  
(Dissembling is a fault) we say so too.  
And your long absence was no fault of your,  
But our sad fate to be so long obscure.  
Jove and the Muses grant, and all good Men,  
We feel not that extremity again :  
The thought of which yet chills us with a fear  
That we have bought our liberty too dear :  
For should we fall into a new restraint,  
Our hearts must break that did before but faint.  
You noble, great and good ones, that vouchsafe  
To see a Comedy, and sometimes laugh  
Or smile at wit and harmeless mirth, As thus  
ye have begun to grace and succour us ;  
Be further pleas'd (to hold us still upright,  
For our relief, and for your own delight)  
To move for us to those high powers whom we  
submit unto in all humility,  
For our proceeding, and we'le make it good  
To utter nothing may be understood  
Offensive to the state, manners or time,  
We will as well look to our necksas climb.  
You hear our sute, obtain it if you may ;  
Then find us money and we'le find you play.





THE  
ENGLISH-MOOR  
or the  
Mock-Marriage.

---

ACT I. Scene I.

*Arthur. Dionysia.*

*Ar.* **D**ear Sister, bear with me.  
*Di.* I may not, brother.  
What! suffer you to pine, and peak  
away

In your unnatural melancholy fits ;  
Which have already turn'd your purer blood  
Into a toad-pool dye. I am asham'd  
(Upon my life) almost to call you brother  
But nature has her swing in me. I must.  
Therefore I crave you (as you are my brother)  
To shake this dull and muddy humor off,  
By visiting the streets, and quit your chamber,  
Which is a sickness to you.

*Ar.* O my sister !

*Di.* I can say, O my brother too, to shew you  
How it becomes you. I have the same cause  
Equally with your self, to spend my life  
In solitary mourning ; and would do it,  
Could it make good our loss : My honor'd Father !  
A tear has scap'd me there : But that's by th'by,

And more of anger 'gainst his enemy,  
 And his for ever curs'd posterity,  
 That rob'd us of a Father, then of sorrow  
 For what we know is unrecoverable.  
 But to sit grieving over his Memory  
 In a resolv'd silence, as you do ;  
 Killing your own blood while a vein holds any  
 Proceeding from the flesh, that drew out his,  
 Is meerly idle. Mingle then your grief  
 With thought of brave revenge : And do it not  
 In private Meditation in your Chamber ;  
 But bear it out till it proceed to Action.

*Ar.* By powring blood on blood ?

*Di.* By quenching fire  
 Of high revenge, with base unmanly blood ;  
 By stopping of our Fathers cureless wounds  
 (Which still bleed fresh in our vex'd memories)  
 With the proud flesh of him that butcher'd ours.

*Ar.* We know he lives not that has slain our  
 Father :

Or, if he lives, tis where I cannot reach him.  
 He nere saw English harbour since his sword  
 Unfortunately had the better of my father.

*Di.* But his son lives.

*Ar.* Good sister cool thy passion  
 With reasonable means.

*Di.* O where's the spirit  
 That my slain father had. Have you no part of't?  
 Must I now play the Man, whilst you inherit  
 Onely my Mothers puling disposition ?

*Ar.* I know thy drift, good sister, *Dionisia*,  
 Is not unto revenge, or blood ; but to stir up  
 Some motion in me, to prevent the danger  
 A sad retireness may bring upon me.

*Di.* Bee't as you think it, so you will abroad ;  
 And make the house no longer dark with fighting.

*Ent.* *Kafe.*

Now

Now Sir the newes with you ?

*Ra.* Newes worth your hearing,  
Meerly to laugh at : Good for nothing else.

*Di.* Is the old Ruffian tane, and hang'd, that flew  
My Father ; or his son Brain-battered ; or  
His daughter made a prostitute to shame ?

*Ar.* How mercilefs are your wishes !

*Ra.* Lady, no.

But as I was hankring at an ordinary,  
In quest of a new Master (for this, here,  
Will never last to a new livory  
'Lefs he were merrier) I heard the bravest noise  
Of laughter at a wicked accident  
Of Marriage, that was chopt up this Morning.

*Di.* What marriage ? Quickly.

*Ra.* Who do you think

Has married fair Mistrifs *Millicent* ?

*Di.* *Theophilus* (I can name him, though his father  
Was fatal unto mine) was fure to her.

*Ra.* Yes, but without a Priest. She has slipt his  
And is made fast enough unto another, (hold,  
For which fine Mr. *The.* so whines and chafes,  
And hangs the head ! More than he would do  
For's father, were he hanged, as you did with  
For laughing newes eene now. Ther's sport for you.

*Di.* It does me good to hear of any crosses  
That may torment their family. I wish  
Joy to the man that did beguile him of her  
What ere he be.

*Ar.* But who has married her ?

*Ra.* Thence springs the jest. Old Mr. *Quicksands*,  
Sir,

The bottomless devourer of young Gentlemen ;  
He that has liv'd, till past three-score, a batcheler,  
By three-score i'the hundred ; he that has  
Undone by Mortgages and under-buyings  
So many Gentlemen, that they all despair'd

Of means to be reveng'd.

*Ar.* But where's your jest?

*Ra.* The Jest is, that they now have found that means

(As they suppose) by making of him Cuckold. They are laying their heads together in every corner, Contriving of his horns, and drinking healths To the success. And there were sport for you now, If you were any body.

*Ar.* I'll abroad however.

*Di.* That's nobly said. Take courage with you Brother.

*Ar.* And yet me thinks I know not how to look The wide world in the face, thus on the sudden I would fain get abroad, yet be unknown.

*Ra.* For that Sir (look you) I have here, by chance, A false beard which I borrowed, with a purpose To ha' worn't and put a jest upon your fadness.

*Ar.* Does it do well with me?

*Ar.* puts on

*Ra.* You'll never have

*the beard.*

One of your own so good: you look like *Hector*.

*Ar.* Go fetch my sword and follow me.

*Di.* Be sure you carry a strict eye o're his actions, And bring me a true account.

*Ra.* I warrant you Mistrifs.

*Di.* Do, and I'll love thee everlastingly.

Why, now you are my brother.

*Ar.* Farewel Sister.

*Exit Ar. Ra.*

*Di.* I hope he has some stratagem a foot In our revenge to make his honour good: It is not grief can quit a father's blood.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

*Nathaniel. Phillis.*

*Nat.* Prithee be and answered, and hang off o'me, I ha' no more to say to you in the way  
You wot on *Phillis.*

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Nor do I seek to you  
In that way which you wot on, wanton Sir,  
But to be honest, and to marry me.  
You have done too much the other way already.

*Nat.* I wish you were more thankful, Mrs. *Phillis*,  
To one has taught you a trade to live upon :  
You are not th'first by twenty I have taught it  
That thrive well i'the world.

*Phi.* There are so many  
Such teachers in the world ; and so few  
Reformers, that the world is grown so full  
Of female frailties, the poor Harlotries  
Can scarce already live by one another,  
And yet you would have me thrust in among 'em.

*Nat.* I do not urge you. Take what course you  
But look not after me : I am not mark'd (please,  
For Matrimony, I thank my stars.

*Phi.* Should I run evil courses, you are the cause ;  
And may in time, curse your own act in it :  
You'll find th' undoing of an honest Maid  
Your heaviest sin upon your bed of sickness ;  
'Twill cost your soul the deepest groan it fetches ;  
And in that hope I leave you. *Exit.*

*Nat.* Farewel wag-tail.  
Marry thee quoth a ! That's wise work indeed !  
If we should marry every Wench we lie with,  
'Twere after six a week with some of us.  
(Marry love forbid) when two is enough to hang one.

*Enter Vincent and Edmond.*

*Vin.* *Nat.* we have fought diligently, for fear  
The news that is abroad should flie before us.

*Nat.* What news ? What flying fame do you  
labour with ?

*Ed.* News that makes all the Gallants i' the Town  
Fly out o' their little wits : They are so eager  
Upon the joy. I mean such youthful Gallants  
As have, or sold, or mortgag'd ; or been cheated

By

By the grave patron of Arch-cononage,  
Whose sad misfortune we are come to sing :  
Shall I need to name him to thee? (good *Vince*,

*Nat.* Who, the old Rascal *Quickfands*? speak  
What! has he hangd himself? speak quickly prithe.

*Vin.* Worse, worse by half man. Durst thou hear  
a news

Whose mirth will hazzard cracking of a rib?

*Nat.* I and't be two. Here's hoops enough besides  
To hold my drink in. Pray thee speak; what  
Is come upon him. (mischief

*Ed.* I pray thee guefs again.

*Nat.* Has somebody over-reach'd him in his way  
Of damnable extortion; and he cut his throat,  
Or swallowed poison?

*Vin.* Ten times worse then that too.

*Nat.* Is he then hoisted into the Star-Chamber  
For his notorious practises? or into  
The high Commission for his blacker arts?

*Ed.* Worse then all this.

*Nat.* Pax, keep it to your self then,  
If you can think it be too good for me.  
Why did you set me a longing? you cry worse  
And ten times worse; and know as well as I,  
The worse it is to him, the better wel-come  
Ever to me: And yet you tell me nothing.

*Vin.* He has married a youg wife.

*Nat.* Has he Cadzooks?

*Ed.* We bring you no comfort, we.

*Nat.* Nere go fine sport, Ha, ha, ha. What is she?  
Would he had my wench, was here eene now,  
What is she he has married? quickly prithe.

*Vin.* One much too good for him.

*Ed.* The beauteous *Millicent*.

Driven by the tempest of her Uncles will,  
Is like a pinnace forc'd against the Rock.

*Nat.* But he will never split her, that's the best on't.

I hope she'll break his heart first. Gentlemen,  
I thank you for your news; and know what I  
Will presently go do.

*Vin.* Pray stay a little.

*Ed.* And take us with you. What will you go do?

*Nat.* That which we can all at once. Do not

*Vin.* We came to cast a plot w'ye. (hold me.

*Nat.* Cast a pudding—How long ha'they been

*Ed.* But this morning. (married?)

*Nat.* You'll ha'me come too late.

Ne're go 'tis a shame he was not Cuckolded  
'Fore Dinner.

*Vin.* That had been a fine first course

At a wedding feast indeed. A little patience.

*Nat.* Pray let me take my course 'fore supper yet.

*Ed.* The business 'longs to us as much as you,  
He has wrong'd us all alike. He has cozened us  
As much as you.

*Nat.* He has made me so poor (me.

That my poor whore eene now claim'd marriage of

*Vin.* The case is ours. His wrongs are common  
So shall his wife be, can we purchase her: (to us,  
Did we bring you the news for you to run  
And prevent us do you think?

*Nat.* Pardon my zeal good Gentlemen; which  
Considered but the fitness of the Act, (onely  
And that 'tis more then time 'twere done ifaith.

*Enter Theophilus and Arnold.*

*Ed.* And see here comes a fourth man that has lost  
More on her part, then we upon the Bridegrooms.

*Vin.* He's very sowe and sad. 'Tis crept upon him  
By this untoward accident. (a match;

*Nat.* 'Twould anger any man to be nos'd of such  
But Ile remove his sorrow—

Gentle *Theophilus*, you are well met,

Your sorrow is familiar with us all

In the large loss of your betrothed love;

But

But, fir, be comforted : you have our pittie  
 And our revenge to ease you. Tis decreed  
 Her husband shall be instantly a Cuckold.

*The.* Most sinfully thou lye'st ; and all that give  
 Breath to that foul opinion. *Draw and*

*Nat.* What do you mean. *fight.*

*The.* Give me that thought from you ; nay, from  
 Or I will rip you for't. (you all,

*Nat.* Zooks what mean you.

*Vin.* Hold, Sir, forbear.

*The.* Ile have that thought out first.

*Nat.* I say he does deserve to be a Cuckold ;  
 Let him be what he will, a pox upon him.

*Ed. Vin.* So we say all.

*The.* What's that to ill in her ?

I stand upon that point. Mans evil merit's  
 No warrant for a womans dishonesty.  
 I say had shee a man forty degrees  
 Beneath his undeservings, twere more possible  
 For him to deceive her with a good Life,  
 Then shee him with a wicked.

*Nat.* I say so too.

But then I say again, The more's the pittie.

*The.* Do and undoe. *He hurts*

*Nat.* Zookes now your bitch has bit me, *him.*

I say he will be one, he shall be one ;

Il'e make him one myself.

*Ent. Ar. in his false beard he sides with Theoph.*

*Ed. Vin.* And weel both help him. (Murder.

*Arn.* Why here's trim stuff. Help ho, Murder,

*Art.* Thisis oppression gentlemen ; an unmanly one.

*Nat.* What devils this rais'd ? fall off, tis an ill busi-  
 nefs. *Ext. Nat. Vin. Ed.*

*Arn.* Have you no hurt Sir.

*The.* No I'm confident.

*Arn.* By your favour, I will see. *Arnold searches*

*Art.* What fortune's this, *Theoph.*

I fought 'gainst friends to save mine enemy, But



But I hope neither know me. I desire  
To rest hid to my friends for my offence to them,  
And to mine enemy, till I make him dearer. *Exit.*

*The.* I told thee there was none.

*Arn.* I'm glad it proves so.

*The.* But wher's the Gentleman?

*Arn.* Do you not know him sir?

*The.* Not I, tis the first time that ere I saw him,  
To my remembrance; yet he fought for me,  
Beswore thy idler care that made me lose him,  
What should he be that so could fight for me,  
Yet care not for my company? beswore thy heart.  
Why should he use me thus? I shall be sick to think  
on't.

I'm made beholding now to I know not whom;  
And I'm the worst to sue or seek to a man——

*Arn.* That scurvy, between proud and bashful  
quality,

You are famous for, as tother toy that haunts you.

*The.* What's that?

*Arn.* Why, to be deadly angry, sir,  
On least occasion, and friends as quickly.  
Hot and cold in a breath: you are angry now  
With him that fought for you I warrant you.

*The.* In troth I am, and friends with them I  
He us'd me peevishly to leave me so, (fought with;  
Ere I could thank him.

*Arn.* So tis that I told you. (tlemen,

*The.* But did you mark th'humanity of my Gen-  
Cause shee's dispos'd by her self willed uncle  
On that unworthy *Quickfands* (Devil take him)  
They thought twould sound like musick in my ears  
To hear her disgrace sung; when her fair honour  
Is all I have to love, now shee's took from me:  
And that they'd go about to rob me of.  
Heaven grant me patience. O my slaughter'd father!  
I am thy son, and know by thy infirmity.

*Arn.*

*Arn.* Methinks, Sir, his example should allay you :  
Impatience was his ruine.

*The.* Puff, we see  
Thieves daily hang'd for Robberies ; yet some  
Go on still in the practice ! What a fine  
Is set upon the head of foul Adultery,  
And yet our neighbours Wives can hardly scape us !  
There's Lawes against extortion, and sad penalties  
Set upon Bribes,  
Yet great mens hands ha'their fore-fathers itch !  
Prisons are fill'd with Banckrupts ; yet we see  
How crafty Merchants often wrong their credits,  
And *Lond'ners* flie to live at *Amsterdam* !  
Nothing can banish Nature : That's the Moral.

*Arn.* It was indeed your Fathers known infirmity,  
And ever incident to the noblest Natures.  
But of your Father, is there yet no hope  
Of better news ?

*The.* No, certainly he's slain.

*Arn.* I have not heard a story of more wonder ;  
That two such men, of such estates and years,  
Having liv'd alwayes friends and neighbours nearly,  
Should at the last fall out so mortally  
On a poor cast at bowles ! Where wast they fought ?

*The.* It is uncertain. All we heard of'em  
Was, they rode forth ('tis now a whole year past)  
Singly to end their quarrel : But to what  
Part of the kingdom, or the world they took,  
We can by no inquiry find or hear  
Of either of them. Sure they crost the Seas,  
And both are slain.

*Arn.* You speak poor comfort Sir.

*The.* I speak as my heart finds. She's gone for  
Her hearts desire be with her. (ever too ;

*Arn.* Now he's there again. (ments me,

*The.* Then my poor Sisters sickness ; that tor-  
Never in health since our dear Father left us.

*Arn.*

*Arn.* And now there.

*The.* How shall I do to see these men again?

I shall not be at rest till I be friends with'em.

*Arn.* Why here's the noble nature still. 'Twill shew it self.

*The.* I'll seek'em out. *Nathaniel* always lov'd me. *Exit.*

*Arn.* Here's an unfettled humor. In these fits  
He'll nere be mad, nor ever well in's wits *Exit.*

ACT I. SCENE 3.

*Tefy.* *Quickfands.* *Millicent.*

*Tef.* Go to I say, go to ; as y're my Neece,  
And hope t'inherit any thing that's mine :  
Shake off this Maiden peevishness. Do you whimper  
Upon your wedding day ? Or, do you think  
You are not married yet ? Did you not say  
I *Millicent* take *Mandevill* ? A ha !  
Was it not so ? Did not I give you too ?  
I that have bred you from the cradle up  
To a fit growth to match with his fair years ;  
And far more fair estate.

*Mil.* I, there's the Match——

*Tef.* Love him I charge you.

*Mil.* He endeavour't Sir.

*Tef.* You will endeavour't ! Is't no further yet ?  
Stand from her, Nephew ! I'll so swinge her. Ha

*Quick.* Let me intreat your patience. She's my  
wife Sir.

*Tef.* Dandle her in her humour, do ; and spoyle

*Quick.* 'Tis but her modesty. (her.

*Tef.* Her fullen doggedness,

I'll baste it out of her. You do not know her  
As I do, Nephew.

*Quick.* I shall, Sir, before morning  
Better I doubt not. Come we shall agree.

*Tef.*

*Tef.* You will endeavour't! Come I'll see it done.  
Marry a man first, and then endeavour  
To love him will you? Ha! Is it but so?  
I'll see you love him presently. So to bed.

*Mil.* What before Supper?

*Tef.* A poffet and to bed,

I'll see it done. And cause you are so nice  
(To bed I say) there I will see more done  
Then I will speak. Tell me of your endeavour!

*Quick.* Be not so rough and stiffe with her, good  
I know my supple tender dealing will (Uncle,  
Get more upon her love than all your chidings.

*Tef.* Such tender dealers spoyle young Brides; and  
Nothing of stubborness. Down with her I say (get  
Now in her wedding sheets: She will be naught else.

*Mil.* Construe more charitably, I beseech you,  
My Virgin blushes.

*Tef.* 'Tis your fullenness;  
Would you have brided it so lumpishly  
With your spruce younker, that fine silken beggar,  
Whose Land lies in your Husbands counting house,  
Or the most part.

*Mil.* O my *Theophilus*.

*Quick.* Indeed the better half; nor without hope  
To have the rest as he may want my money.

*Tef.* Would you have whin'd and pul'd, had you  
had him,  
To bedward think you? yet to speak the truth,  
And that wherein she has vex't me a thousand times,  
I never saw her laugh, nor heard her sing  
In all my life: yet she could both, I have heard,  
In company she lik'd.

*Mil.* It has been 'mong Maidens then.  
But honour'd Sir (I know what I will do)  
To let you see and hear, since you desire  
To have me shew a cheerfulness unto  
My reverend Husband. Look you Sir, I'll kiss him,  
Clap

Clap him, and stroke him : Ha, my Joe, ha, ha, ha.

*Tef.* Hey day. (&c.

*Quic.* She'l make me blush anon I think.

*Mil.* I'll sing him songs too.

*Tef.* Whoop, how's this? (ones,

*Mil.* That I will chick, old songs and over old  
Old as thy reverend self, my Chick a bird : (names

*Quic.* She calls me chick and bird : The common  
With wives that Cuckold their old cravend husbands.

*Mil.* (Shee sings)

*She made him a bed of the thistle down soft,*

*Shee laid her self under to bear him a loft,*

*And ever she sung sweet turn thee to me,*

*Wee'l make the new bed cry Figgy Foggy.*

*Tef.* What impudence is this.

*Quic.* Shee's gon as far

Beyond it now as it was to't.

*Mil.* Now may you answer.

(Shee sings)

*Go to bed sweet heart I'll come to thee,*

*Makethy bed fine and soft I'll lig with thee.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Quic.* Is this your bashful Neece. (become thee ?

*Tef.* What canst thou mean by this? dos this

*Mil.* Pray do not beat me o'my wedding night,  
but tell me

How this and half a dozen chopping Children may  
Become an old mans wife some five years hence.

*Quic.* O intollerable !

*Tef.* Is't possible thou canst do thus ?

*Mil.* Let women judge. Tis very possible  
That a young lusty wife may have six Children  
By one at once in five years, Sir, and by  
One Father too. Ile make him young enough  
To Father mine.

*Quic.* Shee'l make a youth of me.

*Mil.* (She sings)

*There was a Lady lov'd a swine. Honey, quoth she ;  
And wilt thou be true love mine. Hoogh, quoth he.*

*Tef.* Do you hear gentlewoman ; are you i' your wits ?

*Mil.* Yes, and my own house I hope. I pray Shall we to bed, Sir, supperless ? you need (be civil, No stirring meats, it seems. I'm glad on't. Come, biddy, come away, will you see Uncle How I will love him i' bed ? come away.

*Quic.* My edge is taken off : this impudence Of hers, has outfac'd my concupiscence. Dasht all quite out o' Countenance ! what a beast Was I to marry ? Rather, what a beast Am I to be ? \* How now ! O horrible. *A sowgelders*

*Tef.* What hidious noise is this. *horn blown.*

*Buz.* I cannot help it. *Ent.* Buzzard.

While I went forth for the half pint of Sack To make your prodigal posset ; and the maid (Watching the Milk, for running ore) forgot To shut the door, they all rush'd in.

*Quic.* What they, what all ?

*Buz.* Vizarded people, Sir, and odly shap'd. You'll see anon. Their tuning o' their pipes, And swear they'll gi'ye a willy nilly dance Before you go to bed, tho' you stole your Marriage.

*Quic.* Outragious Roysters.

*Tef.* Call and raise the street.

*Mil.* That were to let in violence indeed. These are some merry harmless friends I warrant. I knew I could not be so ill belov'd Among the batchelers, but some would find Way to congratulate our honoured Marriage.

*Quic.* What, with horn musick ?

*Tef.* A new kind of flourish.

*Quic.* Tis a flat conspiracy.

This is your bashful modest whimpring Neece.

*Tef.* Then let'em in. If they wrong us to night,  
The

The Law tomorrow shall afford us right.  
Pray let's resolve to feet. Here comes their Prologue.

*florish, Ent. Mercury.*

*Mer.* At a late Parliament held by the Gods,  
*Cupid* and *Hymen* fell at bitter odds  
Upon an argument; wherein each did try  
T'advance his own 'bove tothers deity,  
Out of this question, which might happier prove  
Love without Marriage, or Marriage without love.  
By the effects the tryal must be made:  
So each from others Office drew his aid;  
*Cupid* no more of *Hymens* matches fram'd;  
Nor *Hymen* married those that love inflam'd.

Now mark, the sad effects this strife begot,  
*Cupid* his fiery darts and arrows shot  
As thick as ere he did; and equal hearts  
He wounds with equal love. But *Hymen* parts  
Their forward hands (alas!) and joyneth none  
But those which his new match-Maker brings on,  
(Old greedy *Avarice*) who by his spells,  
In breasts of Parents and of guardians dwells,  
That force their tendelings to loathed beds;  
Which uncouth Policie to forrow leads  
Thousands a thousand wayes, of which the least  
Is this with which we celebrate your

(feast

*Tes.* A special drove of horn beasts Enter four

*Mer.* These few are thought enough Masquers

(to shew how more with horns on

Would appear horrible, the town hath their heads:

a Stag, a

The first's a Lawyer, who by strife Ram, a Goat,

(prevail'd and an Ox fol-

To wed a wife, that was by love in- lowed by four

persons, a

Unto that Courtier, who had the hap Courtier, a

Soon after to adorn him with that cap. Captain, a

Schellar, and

a Butcher.

The next a country cormorant, whose great wealth,  
 By a bad fathers will, obtain'd by stealth  
 That valiant Souldiers Mistrefs : for which matter  
 The Enginier his sconse with Rams did batter.

This an old Goatish Ufurer, that must  
 Needs buy a wretches daughter to his lust ;  
 Doated, and married her without a groat,  
 That Herald gave this crest unto his coat.

And that's the Citizen, so broadly pated,  
 Which this mad Butcher, cuckold antidated.  
 Now by this dance let husband that doth wed  
 Bride from her proper love to loathed bed  
 Observe his fortune. Musick strike aloud  
 The cuckolds joy, with merry pipe and crowd.

*They dance to musick of Cornets and Violins.*

*The Daunce. Ext. Masquers.*

*Tef.* How now ! all vanisht ! The devil take the  
 hindmost.

*Qui.* The foremost I say ; and lay him a block  
 For all the rest to break their necks upon.

*Tef.* Who are they ? Can you guesse.

*Mil.* Truly, not I Sir.

Some of my husbands friends perhaps, that came  
 To warn him of his fortune.

*Qui.* Well consider'd.

*Mil.* Lock the doors after'em, and let us to bed ;  
 And lock our selves up, chick, safe from all danger.

*Qui.* We will to bed chick, since you'll have it so.  
 This key shall be your guard : And here's another  
 Shall secure me. My house has store of beds in't.  
 I bring you not to an unfurnisht dwelling.

*Mil.* Be not afraid to lie with me, good man,  
 Ileforestorethee'gain with Cawdels and Cock-broths,  
 So cuckold the up to-morrow. thou shalt see——

*Quic.* O immodestie.

*Mil.*



*Mil.* Thou haft good ftore of gold, and shalt not  
In Cullifes : in every broth Ile boil (want it  
An angel at the leaft.

*Qui.* Ile hang firft.

*Tef.* I am quite out of wits ; and yet I'le counfel  
Thee, Nephew. Heark thee. *They whisper.*

*Bus.* Tis like to be mad counfel.

*Mil.* But will you not lie with me then ?

*Tef.* No marry fhall he not.

Nephew, You fhall not, till fhee bride it modeftly.  
Tis now too late, but Ile fo rattle her up to morrow.

*Bus.* Tis too late now, and yet he'l do't to morrow !

*Tef.* Will you to your lodging ? (good !

*Mil.* Where be my bride-maids ?

*Tef.* They wait you in your chamber.

*Bus.* The devil o'maid's i'this but my fellow *Madg*  
the Kitching maid, and *Malkin* the Cat, or batchelor  
but myfelf, and an old Fox, that my mafter has  
kept a prentifhip to palliate his palfie.

*Mil.* Where be the maids, I fay ; and Batchelors  
To difappoint my husband.

*Qui.* Mark you that ? (none.

*Mil.* I mean, to take your points. But you have  
O thrifty age ! My Bridegroom is fo wife,  
In ftead of points, to hazzard hooks and eyes.

*Bus.* Shee means the eyes in's head, Ile hang elfe.  
My Mafter is like to make a blind match here.

*Tef.* Take up the lights, firrah.

*Qui.* I hope fhe talks fo idly, but for want  
Of fleep ; and fleep fhe fhall for me to night.

*Tef.* And well faid Nephew. Will you to your  
chamber, Miftrefs ?——

*Mil.* Hey ho, to bed, to bed, to bed.  
No Bride fo glad—to keep her Maiden-head.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT 2. SCENE I.

*Lucy. Phillis.*

*Lu.* Y'are the first Maid that ere I entertain'd  
Upon so small acquaintance. Yet y'are welcom,  
I like your hand and carriage.

*Phi.* 'Tis your favour.

But love, they say sweet Mistrifs, is receiv'd  
At the first sight, and why not service then,  
Which often brings more absolute returns  
Of the dear trust impos'd, and firmer faith  
By Servants then by Lovers?

*Lu.* Stay there *Phillis.*

I may, by that, conjecture you have been  
Deceiv'd by some false Lover.

*Phi.* Who, I Mistrifs?

I hope I look too merrily for such a one,  
Somewhat too courly too, to be belov'd ;  
If I were sad and handsome, then it might  
Be thought I were a little love sick. Pray  
How long has this disease affected you ;  
This melancholy, Mistrifs? Not ever since  
You lost your father I hope.

*Lu.* For the most part.

Thou saidst, me thought, that love might be tane in  
At the first sight.

*Phi.* There 'tis. I find her.

Love, Mistrifs? yes, a Maid may take in more  
Love at one look, or at a little loop-hole,  
Then all the Doddy-poles in Town can purge  
Out of her while she lives ; she smothering it,  
And not make known her passion. There's the  
mischief!

*Lu.* Suppose she love an enemy to her house.

*Phi.* An enemy! Put case the case were yours.

*Lu.*

*Lu.* But 'tis no case of mine ; put by I pray thee.

*Phi.* I'll put it to you though I miss your case.  
Suppose it were your house, and Master *Arthur*,  
Whose father was your fathers enemy,  
Were your belov'd——

*Lu.* Pray thee no more.

*Phi.* Now I have struck the vein. Suppose I say,  
All this were true ! would you confound your self  
In smothering your love, which, in it self,  
Is pure and innocent, until it grow  
To a pernicious disease within you ;  
And hide it in your bosom, till it work  
Your kindled heart to ashes ?

*Lu.* Thou hast won  
My patience to attention : Therefore tell me  
If thou canst find or think it honourable  
In me to take such affection ?

*Phi.* Yes, and religious ; most commendable,  
Could you but win his love into a marriage,  
To beget peace between your families.  
How many, and what great examples have we,  
From former ages, and of later times,  
Of strong diffentions between furious factions,  
That to their opposite houses have drawn in  
Eithers Allies and Friends, whole Provinces,  
Yea, Kingdoms into deadly opposition ;  
Till the wide wounds on both sides have sent forth  
Rivers of blood, which onely have been stop'd  
By the soft bands of love in marriages  
Of equal branches, sprung from the first roots  
Of all those Hell-bred hatreds !

*Lu.* My good Maid——

*Phi.* Yes, I have been a good one to my grief.

*Lu.* Thou hast given me strength to tell thee, and  
I hope  
When it is told, I shall have yet more ease.

*Phi.* I warrant you Mistrifs. Therefore out with it.

*Lu.* I love that worthy Gentleman ; and am confident  
That in the time of our two fathers friendship (dent  
He affected me no less : But since that time  
I have not seen him, nor dare mention him  
To wrong my brothers patience, who is so passionate,  
That could he but suspect I bred a thought  
That favour'd him, I were for ever lost.  
For this sad cause, as well as for the loss  
Of my dear Father, I have sigh'd away  
Twelve Moons in silent sorrow ; and have heard  
That *Arthur* too (but for what cause I know not)  
Has not been seen abroad ; but spends his time  
In pensive solitude.

*Phi.* Perhaps he grieves  
As much for the supposed loss of you,  
As of his Father too.

*Lu.* The best construction,  
I make of his retiredness, is the blest  
Prevention (which I daily pray for) of  
A fatal meeting 'twixt him and my Brother,  
Which would be sure the death of one or both.  
And now that fear invades me, as it does always,  
My Brother being abroad ; and such an absence  
Has not been usual : I have not seen him  
Since yesterday—— (your mind,

*Phi.* Fear nothing, Mistris. Now you have eas'd  
Let me alone to comfort you. And see your Brother.

*The.* How is it with you Sister? *Enter* Theoph.

*Phi.* Much better now than when you left me  
If no ill accident has happen'd you (Brother,  
Since your departure ; as I fear there has :  
Why look you else so sadly ? speak, dear Brother.  
I hope you did not meet the man you hate.  
If you did, speak. If you have fought and slain him  
I charge you tell, that I may know the worst  
Of fortune can befall me : I shall gain

Per-

Perhaps a death by't.

*The.* You speak as if you lov'd the man I hate,  
And that you fear I have kil'd him.

*Phi.* Not for love

Of him I assure you Sir ; but of your self.  
Her fear in this case, Sir, is that the Law  
May take from her the comfort of her life  
In taking you from her, and so she were  
But a dead woman. We were speaking  
Of such a danger just as you came in ; (trembles,  
And truly, Sir, my heart even tremble-tremble-  
To think upon it yet. Pray, Sir, resolve her.

*The.* Then 'twas your frivolous fear that wrought  
in her.

Good Sister be at peace : for, by my love to you,  
(An oath I will not violate) I neither saw  
Nor fought him, I. But other thoughts perplex me.

*Lu.* What, were you at the wedding, Brother ?

*The.* Whose wedding, Sister ?

*Lu.* Your lost love *Millicents*. Are you now sad  
After your last leave taking ?

*The.* What do you mean ? (Brother—

*Lu.* There may be other matches, my good

*The.* You wrong me shamefully, to think that I  
Can think of other then her memorie.  
Though she be lost and dead to me, can you  
Be so unnatural as to desire  
The separation of a thought of mine  
From her dear memorie ; which is all the comfort  
My heart is married to, or I can live by.

*Phi.* Surely good Sir, in my opinion,  
Sharp, eager stomachs may be better fed  
With a'ery smell of meat, then the bare thought  
Of the most curious dainties—

*The.* What piece of impudence have you receiv'd  
Into my house ?

*Lu.* Pray Brother pardon me.

I took her, as I find her, for my comfort,  
She has by counsel and discourse wrought much  
Ease and delight into my troubled thoughts.

*The.* Good Maid forgive me; and my gentle Sister,  
I pray thee bear with my distractions. (flashes.

*Phi.* A good natur'd Gentleman for all his hasty

*The.* And now I'll tell you Sister (do not chide me)  
I have a new affliction.

*Lu.* What is it brother?

*The.* I am engag'd unto a Gentleman,  
(A noble valiant Gentleman) for my life,  
By hazarding his own, in my behalf.

*Lu.* It was then against *Arthur*.

What villain was't durst take your cause in hand  
Against that man?

*The.* You wrong me beyond suffrance,  
And my dear fathers blood within your self,  
In seeming careful of that mans safety——

*Phi.* His safety Sir? Alas! she means, he is  
A villain that would take the honor of  
His death out of your hands, if he must fall  
By sword of man.

*The.* Again, I ask your pardon. But I had  
A quarrel yesterday, that drew strong odds  
Upon my single person; Three to one:  
When, at the instant, that brave Gentleman  
With his sword, sides me, puts'em all to flight——

*Lu.* But how can that afflict you?

*The.* How quick you are!

*Lu.* Good Brother I ha'done.

*The.* My affliction is,  
That I not know the man, to whom I am  
So much engag'd, to give him thanks at least. *Enter*  
O Sir y'are welcome, though we parted *Nath.*  
Abruptly yesterday. (somewhat

*Nat.* I thank you Sir.

*The.*

*The.* Pray thee *Nat.* tell me, for I hope thou know'st him ;

What Gentleman was that came in betwixt us ?

*Nat.* If the devil know him no better, he will lose A part of his due I think. But to the purpose, I knew your wonted nature would be friends With me before I could come at you. However, I Have news fer you that might deserve your love, Were you my deadly enemy.

*The.* What is't pray thee ? (*Kiss.*

*Nat.* Sweet Mistress *Lucy* so long unaluted ?

*Lu.* My Brother attends your news Sir.

*Nat.* My Wench become her Chamber-maid! very pretty!

How the Jade mumps for fear I should discover her.

*The.* Your news good *Nat*? what is it ready made, Or are you now but coining it ?

*Nat.* No, it was coin'd last night, o'the right stamp, And pass'es current for your good. Not know, That I, and *Mun*, and *Vince*, with divers others Of our Comrades, were last night at the Bride-house.

*The.* What mischief did you there ?

*Nat.* A Masque, a Masque lad, in which we pre- The miseries of inforced Marriages (sented  
So lively—Zooks, lay by your captious counten-  
And hear me handsomely. (ance,

*Lu.* Good brother do, it has a fine beginning.

*Nat.* But mark what follows ;

This morning, early up we got again,  
And with our Fidlers made a fresh assault  
And battery'gainst the bed-rid bride-grooms window.  
With an old song, a very wondrous old one,  
Of all the cares, vexations, fears and torments,  
That a decrepit, nasty, rotten Husband  
Meets in a youthful, beauteous, sprightly wife :  
So as the weak wretch will shortly be afraid,  
That his own feebl' shadow makes him Cuckold.

Our

Our Masque o'er night begat a separation  
 Betwixt'em before bed time: for we found  
 Him at one window, coughing and spitting at us;  
 She at another, laughing, and throwing money  
 Down to the Fidlers, while her Uncle *Topsy*,  
 From a third Port-hole raves, denouncing Law,  
 And thundring statutes 'gainst their Minstralsie.

*Lucy.* Would he refuse his bride-bed the first night?

*Phi.* Hang him.

*Nat.* Our Horn-masque put him off it, (blefs my invention)

For which, I think, you'l Judge she'le forsake him  
 All nights and dayes hereafter. Here's a blessing  
 Prepar'd now for you, if you have grace to follow it.

*The.* Out of my house, that I may kill thee; Go:  
 For here it were inhospitable. Hence,  
 Thou busie vaillain, that with fugar'd malice  
 Haft poyson'd all my hopes; ruin'd my comforts  
 In that sweet foul for ever. Go, I say,  
 That I may with the safety of my man-hood,  
 Right me upon that mischievous head of thine.

*Nat.* Is this your way of thanks for courtesies;  
 Or is't our luck alwayes to meet good friends,  
 And never part so? yet before I go,  
 I will demand your reason (if you have any)  
 Wherein our friendly care can prejudice you;  
 Or poyson any hopes of yours in *Millicent*?

*Lu.* Pray brother tell him.

*The.* Yes: that he may die  
 Satisfied, that I did but Justice on him,  
 In killing him. That villain, old in mischief,  
 (Hell take him) that has married her, conceives  
 It was my plot (I know he does) and, for  
 A fure revenge, will either work her death  
 By poyson, or some other cruelty,  
 Or keep her lock'd up in such misery,  
 That I shall never see her more.

*Nat.*



*Nat.* I answer——

*The.* Not in a word, let me intreat you, go.

*Nat.* Fair Mistrifs *Lucy*——

*The.* Neither shall she hear you.

*Nat.* Her Maid shall then: or I'll not out to night.

*Phil.* On what acquaintance Sir. *He takes*

*Nat.* Benot afraid: I take no notice o'thee, *her aside.*

I like thy course, Wench, and will keep thy counsel,  
And come sometimes, and bring thee a bit and

*Phi.* I'll see you choak'd first. (th'wilt.

*Nat.* Thou art not the first

Cast Wench that has made a good Chamber-maid.

*Phi.* O you are base, and I could claw your eyes  
out.

*Nat.* Pray tell your Master now: so fare you  
well Sir. *Exit.*

*Lu.* I thank you, Brother, that you promise me  
You will not follow him now, some other time  
Will be more fit. What said he to you, Phillis?

*Phi.* Marry he said (help me good apron strings.)

*The.* What was it that he said?

*Phi.* I have it now.

It was in answer, Sir, of your objections.  
First, that you fear'd the old man, wickedly,  
Would make away his wife: to which he saies,  
That is not to be fear'd, while she has so  
Much fear of Heaven before her eyes. And next,  
That he would lock her up from sight of man:  
To which he answers, she is so indued  
With wit of woman, that were she lock'd up,  
Or had locks hung upon her, locks upon locks;  
Locks of prevention, or security:  
Yet being a woman, she would have her will;  
And break those locks as easily as her Wedlock.  
Lastly, for your access unto her sight;  
If you have Land he saies to sell or Mortgage,  
He'll undertake his doors, his wife and all,

Shall

Shall fly wide open to you.

*The.* He could not fay so.

*Lu.* Troth, but tis like his wild way of expreffion.

*Phi.* Yes; I knew that: my wit elfe had been  
puzzl'd.

*The.* And now I find my felf instructed by him; And friends with him again. Now, *Arnold*, any tidings. *Ent. Arn.*

*Ar.* Not of the gentleman that fought for you. But I have other newes thats worth your knowledge. Your enemy, young *Arthur*, that has not Been feen abroad this twel'moneth is got forth In a difguife I hear, and weapon'd well. I have it from moft fure inteligence. Look to your felf, fir.

*Lu.* My blood chills again. *(fifter.*

*The.* Pfeugh, Ile not think of him. To dinner

ACT 2. SCENE 2.

*Quickfands. Tefly. Millicent.*

*Qui.* Here was a good night, and good morrow to Given by a crew of Devils.

*Tef.* 'Twas her plot,  
And let her fmart for't.

*Mil.* Smart, Sir, did you fay?  
I think 'twas fmart enough for a young Bride  
To be made lye alone, and gnaw the sheets  
Upon her wedding.

*Tef.* Rare impudence!

*Mil.* But for your fatisfaction, as I hope  
To gain your favour as you are my Uncle, *Ent. Buz.*  
I know not any after in this bufinefs. *with a paper.*

*Buz.* Sir, her's a letter thrown into the entry.

*Quick. reads it.*

*Tef.* It is fome villanous libel then I warrant.

Sawft

Sawst thou not who convai'd it in ?

*Buz.* Not I. I onely found it, Sir. (from'em !

*Qui.* Pray read it you. Not my own house free  
The devil ow'd me a spight ; and when he has plow'd  
An old mans lust up, he sits grinning at him.

Nay, I that have so many gallant enemies

On fire, to do me mischief, or disgrace ;

That I must provide tinder for their sparks !

The very thought bears weight enough to sink me.

*Mil.* May I be worthy, Sir, to know your trouble ?

*Qui.* Do you know your self ?

*Mil.* Am I your trouble then ?

*Qui.* Tis sworn and written in that letter there  
Thou shalt be wicked. Hundreds have tane oaths  
To make thee false, and me a horned Monster.

*Mil.* And does that trouble you ?

*Tes.* Does it not you ? (your patience,

*Mil.* A dream has done much more. Pray, Sir,  
And now I will be serious, and endeavour  
To mend your faith in me. Is't in their power  
To destroy vertue, think you ; or do you  
Suppose me false already ; tis perhaps  
Their plot to drive you into that opinion.  
And so to make you cast me out amongst'em :  
You may do so upon the words of strangers ;  
And if they tell you all, your gold is counterfeit,  
Throw that out after me.

*Tes.* Now shee speaks woman. ('em

*Mil.* But since these menpretend, and you suppose  
To be my friends, that carry this presumption  
Over my will, Ile take charge of my self,  
And do fair justice, both on them and you :  
My honour is my own ; and i'm no more  
Yours yet, on whom my Uncle has bestowed me,  
Then all the worlds (the ceremony off)  
And will remain so, free from them and you ;  
Who, by the false light of their wild-fire flashes

Have

Have flighted and deprav'd me and your bride bed ;  
Till you recant your wilfull ignorance,  
And they their petulant folly.

*Tef.* This sounds well. (Honor ;

*Mil.* Both they and you trench on my Peace and  
Dearer then beauty, pleasure wealth and fortune ;  
I would stand under the fall of my estate  
Most chearefully, and sing : For there be wayes  
To raise up fortunes ruines, were her towers  
Shattered in pieces, and the glorious ball  
Shee stands on cleft afunder : But for Peace  
Once ruin'd, there's no reparation ;  
If Honour fall, which is the soul of life,  
Tis like the damned, it nere lifts the head  
Up to the light again.

*Tef.* Neece, thou hast won mee ;  
And Nephew, she's too good for you. I charge you  
Give her her will : Ile have her home again else.

*Qui.* I know not what I can deny her now.

*Mil.* I ask but this, that you will give me leave  
To keep a vow I made, which was last night  
Because you flighted me.

*Tef.* Stay there a little.  
I'll lay the price of twenty Maidenheads  
Now, as the market goes, you get not hers  
This feav'night.

*Mil.* My vow is for a moneth ; and for so long  
I crave your faithful promise not to attempt me.  
In the meantime because I will be quit  
With my trim, forward Gentlemen, and secure you  
From their assaults ; let it be given out,  
That you have sent me down into the countrey  
Or back unto my Uncles ; whither you please.

*Quic.* Or, tarry, tarry——stay, stay here a while.

*Mil.* So I intend, Sir, Ile not leave your house,  
But be lock'd up in some convenient room  
Not to be seen by any, but your selfe :

Or

Or else to have the liberty of your house  
 In some disguise, (if it were possible)  
 Free from the least suspicion of your servants.

*Tcf.* What needs all this ?

Do we not live in a well govern'd City ?  
 And have not I authority ? Ile take  
 The care and guard of you and of your house  
 'Gainst all outragious attempts ; and clap  
 Those Goatish Roarers up, fast as they come.

*Quic.* I understand her drift, Sir, and applaud  
 Her quaint devise. Twill put 'em to more trouble,  
 And more expence in doubtful search of her,  
 The best way to undo'em is to foil'em  
 At their own weapons. Tis not to be thought  
 The'l seek, by violence to force her from me,  
 But wit ; In which wee'l overcome'em. (friends.

*Tcf.* Agree on't twixt your selves. I see y'are  
 I'll leave you to your selves.  
 Hark hither Neece—Now I dare trust you with him.  
 He is in yeares, tis true. But hear'ft thou girl  
 Old Foxes are best blades.

*Mil.* I'm sure they stink most. (again.

*Tcf.* Good keeping makes him bright and young

*Mil.* But for how long.

*Tcf.* A year or two perhaps.

Then, when he dies, his wealth makes thee a Countess.

*Mil.* You speak much comfort, Sir.

*Tcf.* That's my good Girl.

And Nephew, Love her, I find she deserves it ;  
 Be as benevolent to her as you can ;  
 Shew your good will at least. You do not know  
 How the good will of an old man may work  
 In a young wife. I must now take my journey  
 Down to my countrey house. At your moneths end  
 Ile visit you again. No ceremony  
 Joy and content be with you.

*Quic. Mil.* And a good journey to you. *Exit Tcf.*

C

*Quic.*

*Quic.* You are content you fay to be lock'd up  
Or put in fome difguife, and have it faid  
Y'are gone unto your Uncles. I have heard  
Of fome Bridegrooms, that fhortly after Marriage  
Have gone to fee their Uncles, feldom Brides.  
I have thought of another courfe.

*Mil.* Be't any way.

*Quic.* What if it were given out y'are run away  
Out of a deteftation of your match?

*Mil.* 'Twould pull a blot upon my reputation.

*Quic.* When they confider my unworthinefs  
'Twill give it credit. They'l commend you for it.

*Mil.* You fpeak well for your felf.

*Quic.* I fpeak as they'l fpeak.

*Mil.* Well; let it be fo then: I am content.

*Quic.* Wee'l put this instantly in a $\dot{c}$ t. The reft,  
As for difguife, or privacy in my houfe,  
You'll leave to me.

*Mil.* All, Sir, to your difpofe,  
Provided ftill you urge not to infringe  
My vow concerning my virginity.

*Quic.* Tis the leaft thing I think on,  
I will not offer at it till your time.

*Mil.* Why here's a happinefs in a husband now.

*Exeunt.*

ACT 2. SCENE 3.

*Dionyfia. Rafe.*

*Dio.* Thou tell'ft me things, that truth never came  
near.

*Ra.* Tis perfect truth: you may believe it, Lady.

*Dio.* Maintain't but in one fillable more, Ile tear  
Thy mifchievius tongue out.

*Ra.* Fit reward for Tell-troths.  
Bnt that's not the reward you promis'd me.

For

For watching of your brothers actions ;  
 You said forsooth (if't please you to remember)  
 That you would love me for it.

*Dio.* Arrogant Rascal.

I bad thee bring account of what he did  
 Against his enemy ; and thou reportst.  
 He took his enemies danger on himself,  
 And help't to rescue him whose bloody father  
 Kild ours. Can truth or common reason claim  
 A part in this report ? My Brother doe't !  
 Or draw a sword to help *Theophilus*.

*Ra.* Tis not for any spight I ow my Master,  
 But for my itch at her that I do this.  
 I am strangely taken. Such brave spirited women  
 Have cherish'd strong back'd servingmen ere now.

*Dio.* Why dost not get thee from my fight, false  
 fellow ? (patience

*Ra.* Ile be believed first. Therefore pray have  
 To peruse that. *gives her a paper.*

*Dio.* My brothers charecter !

*Theophilus* sisters name—The brighter *Lucy*  
 So often written ? nothing but her name—  
 But change of attributes—one serves not twice.  
 Blessed, divine, Illustrious, all perfection ;  
 And (so heaven blefs me) powerful in one place.  
 The worst thing I read yet, heap of all virtues—  
 Bright shining, and all these ascrib'd to *Lucy*.  
 O I could curse thee now for being so just  
 Would thou had'st belied him still.

*Ru.* I nere belied him, I.

*Dio.* O mischief of affection ! monstrous ! horrid.  
 It shall not pass so quietly. Nay stay.

*Ra.* Shee'l cut my throat I fear.

*Dio.* Thou art a faithful servant.

*Ra.* It may do yet.

To you I am sweet Lady, and to my master

In true construction : he is his friend I think  
That finds his follies out to have them cur'd,  
Which you have onely the true spirit to do.

*Dio.* How I do love thee now !

*Ra.* And your love Mistrefs,  
(Brave sprightly Mistrefs) is the steeple top  
Or rather Weathercock o'top of that  
To which aspires my lifes ambition.

*Dio.* How didst thou get this paper.

*Ra.* Amongst many  
Of his rare twelve-moneths melancholy works,  
That lie in's study. Mistrefs tis apparent  
His melancholy all this while has been  
More for her Love, then for his fathers death.

*Dio.* Thou hast my love for ever.

*Ra.* Some small token  
In earnest of it. Mistrefs, would be felt. *He offers to*  
*Dio.* Take that in earnest then. *kiss her, she*  
*Ra.* It is a sure one. *strikes him.*

And the most feeling pledge she could have given :  
For she is a virago. And I have read  
That your viragoes use to strike all those  
They mean to lie with : And from thence tis taken  
That your brave active women are call'd strikers.

*Dio.* Set me that chair.

*Ra.* The warm touch of my flesh  
Already works in her. I shall be let  
To better work immediately. I am prevented.

*Dio.* Away and be not seen. Be sure I love thee.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Ra.* A ha ! This clinches. Another time I'm  
sure on't. *exit.*

*Ar.* Sister ! where are you ? How now ! not well  
or sleepy. *(She sits.)*

*Dio.* Sick brother—sick at heart, oh—

*Ar.* Passion of heart ! where are our servants now  
To run for doctors ? ho—

*Dio.*



*Dio.* Pray stay and hear me.

Her's no work for them. They'l find a master here  
Too powerful for the strength of all their knowledge.

*Ar.* What at thy heart?

*Dio.* Yes, brother, at my heart.

Too scornful to be dispossess'd by them. (name it.

*Ar.* What may that proud grief be? good sister

*Dio.* It grieves me more to name it, then to suffer't.  
Since I have endur'd the worst on't, and prov'd  
constant

To sufferance and silence, twere a weaknes

Now to betray a sorrow, by a name,

More fit to be severely felt then known.

*Ar.* Indeed I'le know it.

*Dio.* Rather let me die,

Then so afflict your understanding, Sir.

*Ar.* It shall not afflict me.

*Dio.* I know you'l chide me for't.

*Ar.* Indeed you wrong me now. Can I chide you?

*Dio.* If you be true and honest you must do't,  
And hartily.

*Ar.* You tax me nearly there. (nothing.

*Dio.* And that's the physick must help me or

*Ar.* With grief I go about to cure a grief then.

Now speak it boldly, Sister.

*Dio.* Noble Physitian—It is——

*Ar.* It is! what is it? If you love me, speak.

*Dio.* Tis—love and I beseech thee spare me not.

*Ar.* Alas dear sister, canst thou think that love  
Deserves a chiding in a gentle breast?

*Dio.* Do you pitty me already. O faint man  
That tremblest but at opening of a wound!

What hope is there of thee to search and dress it?

But I am in thy hands, and forc'd to try thee.

I love—*Theophilus*——

*Ar.* Ha!

*Dio.* *Theophilus*, brother;

His son that slew our father. Ther's a love!  
O more then time 'twere look'd, for fear it festers.

*Ar.* She has put me to't indeed. What must I do?  
She has a violent spirit; so has he;  
And though I wish most feriously the match,  
Whereby to work mine own with his fair Sister,  
The danger yet, in the negotiation  
May quite destroy my course; spoyle all my hopes.  
Ile therefore put her off on't if I can.

*Dio.* Can you be tender now?

*Ar.* What! To undo you?  
I love you not so slightly. Pardon me.  
A rough hand must be us'd: For here's a wound  
Must not be gently touch'd; you perish then,  
Under a Brothers pittty. Pray sit quiet;  
For you must suffer all.

*Dio.* I'll strive to do it.

*Ar.* To love the Son of him that slew your  
To say it shews unlovingness of nature; (Father!  
Forgetfulness in blood, were all but shallow  
To the great depth of danger your fault stands in.  
It rather justifies the act it self,  
And commends that down to posterity  
By your blood-cherishing embraces. Children,  
Born of your body, will, instead of tears,  
By your example, offer a thankful joy  
To the sad memory of their Granfiers slaughter.  
Quite contrary! How fearful 'tis to think on't!  
What may the world say too? There goes a  
daughter,  
Whose strange desire leap'd from her Fathers ruine;  
Death gave her to the Bride-groom; and the  
marriage  
Knit fast and cemented with blood. O Sister——

*Dio.* O Brother.

*Ar.* How! Well? And so quickly cur'd?

*Dio.* Diffembler: soul diffembler.

*Ar.*

*Ar.* This is plain.

*Dio.* Th'haft play'd with fire ; and like a cunning  
 Bit in thy pain o'purpose to deceive (fellow  
 Anothers tender touch. I know thy heart weeps  
 For what't has spoke against. Thou that darst love  
 The daughter of that Feind that slew thy Father,  
 And plead against thy cause ! unfeeling man,  
 Can not thy own words melt thee ? To that end  
 I wrought and rais'd'em : 'Twas to win thy health  
 That I was sick ; I play'd thy disease to thee,  
 That thou mightst see the loath'd complection on't,  
 Far truer in another then ones self.  
 And, if thou canst, after all this, tread wickedly,  
 Thou art a Rebel to all natural love,  
 And filial duty ; dead to all just counsel :  
 And every word thou mock'dst with vehemence  
 Will rise a wounded father in thy conscience,  
 To scourgethy Judgment. There's thy Saint croft out,  
 And all thy memory with her. I'le nere trust  
 Revenge again with thee (so false is manhood)

She tears and throws the paper to him.

But take it now into mine own power fully,  
 And see what I can do with my life's hazard ;  
 Your purpose shall nere thrive. There I'le make  
 fure work. *Exit.*

*Ar.* How wife and cunning is a womans malice ;  
 I never was so cozened. *Exit.*

ACT 3. SCENE I.

*Quick-sands. Buzzard. Madge.*

*Quic.* Out of my doors pernicious knave and  
 Avaunt I say. (harlot ;

*Buz.* Good Master.

*Mad.* Pray your worship.

*Quic.* You have all the wages you are like to have.

*Buz.* Nay, I dare take your word for that : you'l  
All moneys fast enough whose ere it be, (keep  
If you but gripe it once.

*Quic.* I am undone,  
And sham'd for ever by your negligence,  
Or malice rather : for how can it be  
She could depart my house without your knowledge.

*Buz.* That curf'd Mistris that ever she came here !  
If I know of her flight, Sir, may these hands  
Never be held up, but to curse you onely,  
If you cashier me thus : because you have lost  
Your wife before she was well found, must we  
Poor innocents be guilty ?

*Mad.* For my part,  
Or ought I know she may as well be gone  
Out o'the chimney top as out o'door.

*Quic.* The door must be your way ; and find her out,  
Or never find my door again. Be gone.

*Buz. Mad.* O, you are a cruel Master. *Exit.*

*Quic.* So, so, so.  
These cries are laughter to me : Ha, ha, ha.  
I will be Master of my invention once,  
And now be bold to see how rich I am  
In my concealed wealth. Come, precious mark  
Of beauty and perfection, at which envy

*Enter Milicent.*

And lust aim all their rankling poysonous arrowes.  
But Ile provide they nere shall touch thy blood.

*Mil.* What are your servants gone ?

*Quic.* Turn'd, turn'd away  
With blame enough for thy suppo'd escape :  
Which they will rumor so to my disgrace  
Abroad, that all my envious adversaries  
Will, betwixt joy of my conceiv'd misfortune  
In thy dear loss, and their vain hopes to find thee,  
Run frantic thorow the streets, while we at home  
Sit safe, and laugh at their defeated malice.

*Mil.*

*Mil.* But now for my disguise.

*Quic.* I, that, that, that.

Be but so good and gentle to thy self,  
To hear me and be rul'd by me in that,  
A Queens felicity falls short of thine.  
Ile make thee Mistrefs of a Mine of treasure,  
Give me but peace the way that I desire it——

*Mil.* Some horrible shape sure that he conjures so.

*Quic.* That I may fool iniquity, and Triumph  
Over the lustful stallions of our time ;  
Bed-bounders, and leap-Ladies (as they terme'em)  
Mount-Mistresses, diseases shackle'em,  
And spittles pick their bones. (pray you.

*Mil.* Come to the point. What's the disguise, I

*Qui.* First know, my sweet, it was the quaint  
Of a *Venetian Merchant*, which I learnt (devise  
In my young factorship.

*Mil.* That of the *Moor*?

The Blackamore you spake of? Would you make  
An *Negro* of me.

*Qui.* You have past your word,  
That if I urge not to infringe your vow  
(For keeping this moneth your virginity)  
You'll wear what shape I please. Now this shall both  
Kill vain attempts in me, and guard you safe  
From all that seek subversion of your honour.  
Ile fear no powder'd spirits to haunt my house,  
Rose-footed fiends, or fumigated Goblins  
After this tincture's laid upon thy face,  
'Twill cool their kidnies and allay their heats. *A box of*

*Mil.* Bles me! you fright me, Sir. *black paint-*  
Can jealousy *ing.*

Creep into such a shape? Would you blot out  
Heaven's workmanship?

*Qui.* Why think'st thou, fearful Beauty,  
Has heaven no part in *Ægypt*? Pray thee tell me,  
Is not an *Ethiopes* face his workmanship

As

As well as the fair'st Ladies ? nay, more too  
 Then hers, that daubs and makes adulterate beauty ?  
 Some can be pleas'd to lye in oyles and paste,  
 At fins appointment, which is thrice more wicked.  
 This (which is sacred) is for fins prevention.  
 Illustrious persons, nay, even Queens themselves  
 Have, for the glory of a nights presentment,  
 To grace the work, suffered as much as this.

*Mil.* Enough Sir, I am obedient.

*Quic.* Now I thank thee.

Be fearless love ; this alters not thy beauty,  
 Though, for a time obscures it from our eyes.  
 Thou maist be, while at pleasure, like the Sun ;  
 Thou dost but case thy splendor in a cloud,  
 To make the beam more precious in it shines.  
 In stormy troubled weather no Sun's seen  
 Sometimes a moneth together : 'Tis thy case now.  
 But let the roaring tempest once be over,  
 Shine out again and spare not.

*Mil.* There's some comfort. (fearlessly,

*Quic.* Take pleasure in the scent first ; smell to't  
 And taste my care in that, how comfortable  
 'Tis to the nostril, and no foe to feature.

He begins to paint her.

Now red and white those two united houses,  
 Whence beauty takes her fair name and descent,  
 Like peaceful Sisters under one Roof dwelling  
 For a small time ; farewell. Oh let me kiss ye  
 Before I part with you——Now Jewels up  
 Into your Ebon Casket. And those eyes,  
 Those sparkling eyes, that send forth modest anger  
 To fudge the hand of so unkind a Painter,  
 And make me pull't away and spoyle my work,  
 They will look streight like Diamonds, set in lead,  
 That yet retain their vertue and their value.  
 What murder have I done upon a cheek there !  
 But there's no pitting : 'Tis for peace and honour ;  
 And

And pleasure must give way. Hold, take the  
Tincture,

And perfect what's amiss now by your glafs.

*Mil.* Some humbler habit must be thought on too.

*Quic.* Please your own fancy. Take my keys of all ;  
In my pawn Wardrobe you shall find to fit you.

*Mil.* And though I outwardly appear your Drudge,  
'Tis fit I have a Maid for private service :

My breeding has not been to serve my self.

*Quic.* Trust to my care for that. One · *Exit Mil.*  
knock. In ; in.

Is it to me your business? Enter *Phillis* like

*Phi.* Yea, if you a Cook-maid.

Be Master *Quick-sands* Sir ; the Masters worship  
Here o'the house.

*Quic.* I am so. What's your business ?

*Phi.* 'Tis upon that, Sir, I would speak Sir, hoping  
That you will pardon my presumptuousness,

I am a Mother that do lack a service. (Mothers.

*Quic.* You have said enough. I'll entertain no  
A good Maid servant, knew I where to find one.

*Phi.* He is a knave, and like your worship, that  
Dares say I am no Maid ; and for a servant  
(It ill becomes poor folks to praise themselves,  
But) I were held a tydie one at home.

*Quic.* O th'art a *Norfolk* woman (cry thee mercy)  
Where Maids are Mothers, and Mothers are Maids.

*Phi.* I have friends i'th'City that will pass their  
For my good bearing. (words

*Quic.* Hast thou ?

*Phi.* Yes indeed, Sir.

I have a Cousen that is a Retorney  
Of *Lyons-Inn*, that will not see me wrong'd ;  
And an old Aunt in *Muggle-street*, a Mid-wife,  
That knows what's what as well's another woman.

*Quic.* But where about in *Norfolk* wert thou bred ?

*Phi.* At *Thripperstown* Sir, near the City of *Nor-*  
*wich.* *Quic.*

*Quic.* Where they live much by spinning with the  
*Phi.* Thripping they call it, Sir. (Rocks ?

*Quic.* Dost thou not know one *Hulverhead* that  
 An Innocent in's house. (keeps

*Phi.* There are but few innocents i'the country Sir.  
 They are given too much to law for that : what  
 That *Hulverhead* be a councillor, Sir. (should

*Quic.* No a husband man.

*Phi.* Truly I know none.

*Quic.* I am glad she do's not. How knew'st thou  
 A servant. (I wanted

*Phi.* At an old wives house in Bow-lane  
 That places servants, where a maid came in  
 You put away to day.

*Quic.* All, and what said she ?

*Phi.* Truly to speak the best and worst forsooth,  
 She said her fault deserv'd her punishment  
 For letting of her Mistress run away.

*Quic.* The newes goes current. I am glad o'that.

*Phi.* And that you were a very strict hard man,  
 But very just in all your promises.  
 And such a master would I serve to chuse.

*Quic.* This innocent country Mother takes me.  
 Her looks speak Wholesomeness ; and that old  
 That Bow-lane purveyor hath fitted me (woman  
 With serviceable ware these dozen years.  
 I'll keep her at the least this Gander moneth,  
 While my fair wife lies in of her black face,  
 And virgin vow ; in hope she's for my turn.  
 Lust, when it is restrained, the more twil burn.

*Phi.* May I make bold to crave your answer, Sir ?

*Quic.* Come in, I'll talk with you. *Exit.*

*Phi.* Prosper now my plot,  
 And hulk, thou art twixt wind and water shot.

*Exit.*

ACT 3.



ACT 3. SCENE 2.

*Nathaniel. Vincent. Edmond. Buzzard.*

*Boy.* Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

*Nat.* Let's ha'good wine, Boy, that must be our

*Boy.* You shall, you shall Sir. (welcome.

*Within. Ambrose, Ambrose;* (I come.

*Boy.* Here, here, anon, anon, by and by, I come, *Ex.*

*Ferom, Ferom,* draw a quart of the best Canary into the *Apollo.*

*Buz.* This is a language that I have not heard. You understand it, Gentlemen.

*Vin.* So shall you anon master *Buzzard.*

*Buz.* Your friend and *Jonathan Buzzard* kind gentlemen.

*Nat.* What excellent luck had we, friend *Buzzard,* to meet with thee, just as thy Master cast thee off.

*Buz.* Just Sir, as I was going I know not whither: And now I am arrived at just I know not where. 'Tis a rich room, this. Is it not Goldsmiths hall.

*Nat.* It is a Tavern man—And here comes the wine.

Fill boy—and her's to thee friend, a hearty draft to cheer thee—fill again boy—There, drink it off.

*Ed.* Off with it man—hang sorrow, cheer thy heart.

*Buz.* And truly ti's the best cheer that ere I tasted.

*Vin.* Come tast it better, her's another to thee.

*Buz.* And truly this was better then the first.

*Ed.* Then try a third. That may be best of all.

*Buz.* And truly, so it is—how many forts of wine May a vintner bring in one pot together? (question

*Nat.* By *Bacchus* Mr. *Buzzard,* that's a subtil

*Buz.* *Bacchus!* whose that I pray?

*Vin.* A great friend of the vintners, and master of their company indeed.

*Buz.*

*Buz.* I was never in all my life so far in a tavern  
What comforts have I lost. (before.)

*Ed.* Now he begins to talk.

*Buz.* Nor ever was in all my two and twenty  
years under that *Babylonian* Tyrant *Quicksands*, so  
far as a Vintners bar but thrice.

*Nat.* But thrice in all that time?

*Buz.* Truly but thrice Sir. And the first time  
was to fetch a jill of sack for my Master, to make a  
friend of his drink, that joyned with him in a pur-  
chase of sixteen thousand pound. (and a beer bowl.)

*Vin.* I, there was thrift. More wine boy. A pottle

*Buz.* The second time was for a penny pot of  
Muscadine, which he drank all himself with an egge  
upon his wedding morning. (wives running away.)

*Nat.* And to much purpose, it seem'd by his

*Buz.* The third and last time was for half a pint  
of sack upon his wedding night, of later memory ;  
and I shall nere forget it, that riotous wedding  
night : when Hell broke loose, and all the devils  
danced at our house, which made my Master mad,  
whose raving made my mistress run away, whose  
running away was the cause of my turning away.  
O me, poor masterless wretch that I am——O——

*Nat.* Hang thy master, here's a full bowl to his  
confusion.

*Buz.* I thank you. Let it come Sir, ha, ha, ha.

*Vin.* Think no more of Masters, friends are  
better then Masters.

*Buz.* And you are all my friends kind gentlemen,  
I found it before in your money when my Master  
(whose confusion I have drunk) took your Mort-  
gages ; And now I find it in your wine. I thank  
you kind gentlemen still. O how I love kind  
gentlemen. (self, friend *Buzard*.)

*Nat.* That shewes thou art of gentle blood thy

*Buz.* Yes friend—Shall I call you friend?

*All.*

*All.* By all means, all of us.

*Buz.* Why then, all friends, I am a gentleman, though spoild i'the breeding. The *Buzzards* are all gentlemen. We came in with the Conqueror. Our name (as the French has it) is *Beau-desfert*; which signifies——Friends, what does it signifie?

*Vin.* It signifies that you deserv'd fairly at your masters hands, like a Gentleman, and a *Buzzard* as you were, and he turn'd you away most beastly like a swine as he is. And now here is a health to him, that first finds his wife, and sends her home with a bouncing boy in her belly for him to father.

*Buz.* Ha, ha, ha. Ile pledge that: and then Ile tell you a secret.

*Nat.* Well said friend; up with that, and then out with thy secret.

*Buz.* I will friend. And tother two friends, here's upon the same.

*Ed.* I hope he will shew us a way, out of the bottom of his bowl to find his Mistresse.

*Vin.* This fellow was happily found.

*Buz.* This was an excellent draught.

*Nat.* But the secret, friend, out with that, you must keep no secrets amongst friends.

*Buz.* It might prove a shrew'd matter against my mischievous Master as it may be handled.

*Nat.* Hang him cullion, that would turn thee away. Wee'll help thee to handle it, fear it not.

*Buz.* Heark you then all friends. Shall I out

*Vin.* What else? (with it?)

*Buz.* Ile first take tother cup, and then out with't altogether——And now it comes——If my Mistress do bring him home a bastard, she's but even with him.

*Nat.* He has one I warrant. Has he cadzooks?

*Buz.* That he has by this most delicate drink. But it is the *Arsvarfsiest Aulse* that ever crept into the world. Sure some Goblin got it for him; or chang'd it in the neast, thats certain. *Nat.*

*Nat.* I vow thou utterest brave things. Is't a boy?

*Buz.* It has gone for a boy in short coats and long coats this feaven and twenty years.

*Ed.* An Idiote is it.

*Buz.* Yes: A very natural; and goes a thiffen; and looks as old as I do too. And I think if my beard were off, I could be like him: I have taken great pains to practise his speech and action to make my self merry with him in the country.

*Nat.* Where is he kept, friend, where is he kept.

*Buz.* In the further side of *Norfolk*, where you must never see him. Tis now a dozen years since his father saw him, and then he compounded for a sum of mony with an old man, one *Hulverhead*, to keep him for his life time; and he never to hear of him. But I saw him within these three moneths. We hearken after him, as land-sick heirs do after their fathers, in hope to hear of his end at last.

*Vin.* But heark you, friend, if your beard were off, could you be like him think you? What if you cut it off, and to him for a father?

*Nat.* Pray thee hold thy peace.

*Buz.* My beard, friend, no: My beard's my honour. Hair is an ornament of honour upon man or woman.

*Nat.* Come, come; I know what we will do with him. Mun, knock him down with the other cup. We'll lay him to sleep; but yet watch and keep him betwixt hawk and buzzard as he is, till we make excellent sport with him.

*Buz.* Hey ho. I am very sleepy.

*Nat.* See he jooks already. Boy shew us a pri-

*Boy.* This way, Gentlemen. (vate room.

*Buz.* Down *Plumpton-park, &c.* They lead *Buz.*  
out, and he sings.

ACT 3.

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

*Lucy. Theophilus.*

*Lu.* Indeed you were unkind to turn away  
My maid (poor harmless maid) whose innocent  
Was the best cheer your house afforded me. (mirth)

*The.* I am sorry sister, trust me, truly sorry,  
And knew I which way to recover her  
With my best care I would. Yet, give me leave,  
I saw her overbold; and overheard her  
Say, she foresaw that *Arthur* my sole enemy  
Should be your husband. He marry you to death

*Lu.* Now you fly out again. (first.)

*The.* Your pardon again your sister,  
And for your satisfaction I will strive *Ent.*  
To oversway my passion. How now *Arnold*, *Arn.*  
Me thinks I read good newes upon thy face.

*Ar.* The best, Sir, I can tell is, the old *few*  
*Quickfands* has lost his wife.

*The.* She is not dead.

*Ar.* Tis not so well for him: for if she were  
He then might overtake her though she were  
Gone to the devil. But she's run away:  
But to what corner of the earth, or under  
Whose bed to find her is not to be thought.  
It has rais'd such a laughter in the town  
Among the Gallants——!

*The.* And do you laugh too?

*Ar.* Yes; and if you do not out-laugh all men  
That hear the joyful newes, tis too good for you.

*The.* I am too merciful, I kill thee not.  
Out of my doors, thou villain, reprobate.

*He beats Arnold.*

*Ar.* Hold, Pray Sir, hold.

D

*The*

*The.* Never while I have power to lift a hand  
Against thee, mischievous Villain.

*Lucy.* Is not this passion, brother?

*The.* Forbear, sister.

This is a cause turns patience into fury.

*Lu. Arnold,* forbear his fight.

*The.* And my house too.

*Ext.*

Or villain, look to die, oft as I see thee.

*The. Lu.*

*Arn.* Turn'd out o'doors! A dainty frantick  
humour

In a young Master! Good enough for me though;

Because tis proper to old serving-men

To be so serv'd. What course now must I take?

I am too old to seek out a new Master.

I will not beg, because Ile crosse the proverb

That runs upon old serving creatures; stealing

I have no minde to: Tis a hanging matter.

Wit and invention help me with someshift *He kneels.*

To help a cast-off now at a dead list.

Sweet fortune hear my suit. *Ent. Nat. Vin. Edm.*

*Nat.* Why how now, *Arnold!* What, at thy  
devotion?

*Nat. and Arnold whisper.*

*Ar.* Ile tell you in your ear, sir, I dare trust you.

*Vi.* Could earthly man have dreamt this Rascal

*Quickfands,*

Whose Letchery, to all our thinking, was

Nothing but greedy Avarice and Cofonage,

Could have been all this while a conceal'd whore-

To have a Bastard of so many years (master,

Nursled i'th' Countrey?

*Ed.* Note the punishments

That haunt the Miscreant for his black misdeeds;

That his base off-spring proves a natural Ideot;

Next that his wife, by whom he might had comfort

In progeny, though of some others getting, (headed

Should with her light heels make him heavie-

By running of her Countrey! And lastly that

The

The blinded wretch should cast his servant off,  
 Who was the cover of his villany,  
 To shew us (that can have no mercy on him)  
 The way to plague him.

*Vin.* Ha, ha, ha— *Ed.* What do'st laugh at?

*Vin.* To think how nimble the poor *Buzzard* is  
 To bereveng'd on's Master; How he has Shap'd him-  
 Cut off his beard, and practis'd all the postures (self;  
 To act the Changeling bastard.

*Ed.* Could we light  
 Upon some quaint old fellow now, could match him  
 To play the clown that brings him up to town,  
 Our company were full, and we were ready  
 To put our project into present action.

*Nat.* Gentlemen, we are fitted: take this man w'ye  
 He is the onely man I would have fought,  
 To give our project life. I'll trust thee *Arnold*,  
 And trust thou me, thou shalt get pieces by't;  
 Besides, Ile piece thee to thy Master again.

*Ar.* That clinches Sir.

*Nat.* Go follow your directions.

*Vin.* Come away then. *Ex. Vin. Ed. Arn.*

*Nat.* Sweet mirth thou art my Mistress. I could  
 serve thee,  
 And shake the thought off of all woman kind  
 But that old wonts are hardly left. A man  
 That's enter'd in his youth, and throughly salted  
 In documents of women, hardly leaves  
 While reins or brains will last him: Tis my case.  
 Yet mirth, when women fail, brings sweet incounters  
 That tickle upon a man above their spear:  
 They dull, but mirth revives a man: who's here,

*En. Arn.*

The solitary musing man, cal'd *Arthur*,  
 Posses'd with serious vanity; Mirth to me!  
 The world is full: I cannot peep my head forth  
 But I meet mirth in every corner: Ha!

Sure some old runt with a splay-foot has crost him !  
 Hold up thy head man ; what dost seek ? thy grave ?  
 I would scarce trust you with a piece of earth  
 You would chuse to lye in though ; if some plump  
 Or a deft Lafs were fet before your search. (Mistrifs

*Ar.* How vainly this man talks !

*Nat.* Gid ye good den forsooth.

How vainly this man talks ! speak but truth now,  
 Does not thy thought now run upon a Wench ?  
 I never look'd so but mine stood that way.

*Ar.* 'Tis all your glory that ; and to make boast  
 Of the variety that serves your lust :  
 Yet not to know what woman you love best.

*Nat.* Not I cadzooks, but all alike to me,  
 Since I put off my Wench I kept at Livory :  
 But of their use I think I have had my share,  
 And have lov'd every one best of living women ;  
 A dead one I nere coveted, that's my comfort :  
 But of all ages that are preffable ;  
 From sixteen unto sixty, and of all complections  
 From the white flaxen to the tawney-Moor ;  
 And of all statures between Dwarf and Giants ;  
 Of all conditions, from the Doxie to the Dowfabel.  
 Of all opinions, I will not say Religious :  
 (For what make they with any ?) and of all  
 Features and shapes, from the huckle-back'd Bum-  
 creeper,

To the streight spiny Shop-maid in *St. Martins*.  
 Briefly, all forts and sizes I have tasted.

*Ar.* And thinkst thou hast done well in't ! (say't.

*Nat.* As well as I could with the worst of'em tho' I  
 Few men come after me that mend my work.

*Ar.* But thou nere thinkst of punishments to come ;  
 Thou dream'st not of diseases, poverty,  
 The los of sense or member, or the cross  
 (Common to such loose livers) an ill marriage ;  
 A hell on earth to scourge thy conscience.

*Nat.*



*Nat.* Yes, when I marry, let me have a wife  
To have no mercy on me; let the fate  
Of a stale dovting Batchelor fall upon me.  
Let me have *Quicksands* curse, to take a Wife  
Will run away next day, and prostitute  
Her self to all the world before her Husband.

*Ar.* Nay, that will be too good: If I foresee  
Any thing in thy marriage destiny,  
'Twill be to take a thing that has been common  
To th'world before, and live with thee perforce  
To thy perpetual torment.

*Nat.* Close that point.  
I cannot marry. Will you be merry, *Arthur*?  
I have such things to tell thee.

*Ar.* No, I cannot.

*Nat.* Pray thee come closer to me. What has croft  
Is thy suppos'd slain father come again, (thee?)  
To dispossess thee for another life time?  
Or has thy valiant sister beaten thee? Tell me.  
It shall go no further.

*Ar.* Let your valiant wit  
And jocound humor be suppos'd no warrant  
For you t'abuse your friends by.

*Nat.* Why didst tell me of marrying then? But I  
Have done. And now pray speak what troubles you.

*Ar.* I care not if I do: For 'twill be Town talk.  
My Sister on a private discontent  
Betwixt her self and me hath left my house.

*Nat.* Gone quite away?

*Ar.* Yes, And I know not whither. (took

*Nat.* Beyond Sea sure to fight with th'Air, that  
Her fathers last breath into't. Went she alone?

*Ar.* No, No; My man's gone with her.

*Nat.* Who, the fellow (Rascal?)  
That brags on's back so; the stiff strong chin'd

*Ar.* Even he.

*Nat.* The devil is in these young Tits,

And wildfire in their Cruppers.

*Ar.* Let me charm you,  
By all our friendship, you nor speak nor hear  
An ill construction of her act in this.  
I know her thoughts are noble; and my wo  
Is swoln unto that fulness, that th'addition  
But of word in scorn would blow me up  
Into a cloud of wild distemper'd fury  
Over the heads of all whose looser breath  
Dare raise a wind to break me. Then I fall  
A sodain storm of ruin on you all. *Exit.*

*Nat.* I know not how to laugh at this: It comes  
So near my pitty. But ile to my Griggs  
Again; And there will find new mirth to stretch  
And laugh, like tickled wenches, hand ore head.  
*Exit.*

ACT 4. SCENE I.

*Dionysia, in mans habit, Rafe.*

*Dio.* How does my habit and my arms become me?

*Ra.* Too well to be a woman, manly Mistrefs.

*Dio.* Wher's the pistol you provided for me.

*Ra.* Here Mistrefs and a good one.

*Dio.* Tis too long.

*Ra.* No Lady would wish a shorter. If it were  
'Twould bear no charge, or carry nothing home.

*Dio.* Ile try what I can do. Thou think'st me  
I'm sure I have often felt it. (valiant.

*Ra.* All the virago's that are found in story,

*Penthesilea* and *Synaramis*

Were no such handy strikers as your self:

But they had another stroke, could you but find it,  
Then you were excellent. I could teach it you.

*Dio.* I dare not understand thee yet. Be sure  
As you respect my honour, or your life

That

That you continue constant to my trust,  
And so thou canst not know how much Ile love thee.

*Ra.* There is a hope as good, now, as a promise.

*Dio.* Here at this Inne abide, and wait my coming.  
Be careful of my guildings : Be not seen  
Abroad for fear my brother may surprise you.  
Ther's money for you ; and ere that be spent  
Tis like I shall return. *Exit.*

*Ra.* Best stars attend you,  
*Mars* arm thee all the day ; and *Venus* light  
Thee home into these amorous arms at night. *Exit.*

ACT. 4. SCENE 2.

*Quicksands. Millicent, her face black.*

*Quic.* Be chear'd my love ; help to bear up the  
That I conceive by thy concealed Beauty, (joy,  
Thy rich imprison'd beauty, whose infranchisement  
Is now at hand, and shall shine forth again  
In its admired glory. I am rapt  
Above the sphear of common joy and wonder  
In the effects of this our quaint complot.

*Mil.* In the mean time, though you take pleasure  
My name has dearly suffered. (in't,

*Quic.* But thine honor  
Shall, in the vindication of thy name,  
When envy and detraction are struck dumb  
Gain an eternal memory with vertue ;  
When the discountenanc'd wits of all my jierers  
Shall hang their heads, and fall like leaves in Autumn.  
O how I laugh to hear the cozen'd people  
As I pass on the streets abuse themselves  
By idle questions and false reports.  
As thus : good morrow Master *Quicksands* ; pray  
How fares your beauteous bedfellow ? says another  
I hear she's not at home. A third says no :

He saw her yesterday at the still-yard  
 With such a Gallant, sowing their dry'd tongues  
 In *Rhemish*, *Deal*, and *Back-rag*: Then a fourth  
 Says he knowes all her haunts and Meetings  
 At Bridgfoot, Bear, the Tunnes, the Cats, the  
 (Squirels ;

Where, when, and in what company to find her,  
 But that he scornes to do poor me the favour :  
 Because a light piece is too good for me.

While a fifth youth with counterfeit shew of pity,  
 Meets, and bewails my case, and saies he knowes  
 A Lord that must be nameless keeps my wife  
 In an enchanted Castle two miles West

Upon the River side : but all conclude— (serve it.

*Mil.* That you are a monstrous cuckold, and de-  
*Quic.* Knowing my safety, then, and their foul  
 errors,

Have I not cause to laugh? Yes, in abundance.

Now note my plot, the height of my invention.

I have already given out to some,

That I have certain knowledge you are dead,

And have had private burial in the countrey ;

At which my shame, not grief, forbad my presence :

Yet some way to make known unto the world

A husbands duty, I resolve to make

A certain kind of feast, which shall advance

My joy above the reach of spight or chance.

*Mil.* May I partake, Sir, of your rich conceit?

*Quic.* To morrow night expires your limited  
 Of vow'd virginity; It shall be such a night ; (moneth

In which I mean thy beauty shall break forth

And dazel with amazement even to death

Those my malicious enemies, that rejoyc'd

In thy suppos'd escape, and my vexation.

I will envite 'hem all to such a feast

As shall fetch blushes from the boldest guest ;

I have the first course ready—

*Mil.* And if I *A fide, one*

Fail in the second, blame my housewifery. *knocks.*

*Quic.* Away, some body comes; I guess of them  
That have jeer'd me, whom I must jeer again. *Ex. Mil.*

Gallantsy' are welcom. I was sending for ye. *En. Nat.*

*Nat.* To give us that we come for? *Vin. Ed.*

*Qui.* What may that be?

*Vin.* Trifles you have of ours.

*Qui.* Of yours, my Masters?

*Ed.* Yes, you have in mortgage

Three-score pound Land of mine inheritance.

*Vin.* And my Annuity of a hundred Marks.

*Nat.* And Jewels, Watches, Plate, and cloaths of  
mine,

Pawn'd for four hundred pound. Will you restore all?

*Qui.* You know all these were forfeited long since,  
Yet I'll come roundly to you, Gentlemen.

Ha'you brought my moneys, and my interest?

*Nat.* No surely. But we'll come as roundly to you  
As moneyless Gentlemen can. You know  
Good Offices are ready money Sir.

*Qui.* But have you Offices to sell, good Sirs.

*Nat.* We mean to do you Offices worth your

*Qui.* As how, I pray you. (money.

*Nat.* Marry, Sir, as thus;

We'll help you to a man that has a friend—

*Vin.* That knows a party, that can go to the  
house— (Scholar

*Ed.* Where a Gentleman dwelt, that knew a

*Nat.* That was exceeding well acquainted with a  
Traveler (the Seas.

*Vi.* That made report of a great Magician beyond

*Ed.* That might ha'been as likely as any man  
in all the world.

*Nat.* To have helpt you to your wife again.

*Qui.*

*Qui.* You are the merriest mates that ere I cop'd  
But to be serious Gentlemen, I am fatisfied (withal.  
Concerning my lost Wife. She has made even  
With me and all the World.

*Nat.* What is she dead? (mourn

*Qui.* Dead, Dead: And therefore as men use to  
For kind and loving wives, and call their friends  
Their choicest friends unto a folemn banquet  
Serv'd out with sighs and fadness, while the widowers  
Blubber, and bath in tears (which they do seem  
To wring out of their fingers ends and noses)  
And after all the demure ceremony,  
Are subject to be thought dissemblers, I  
(To avoid the scandal of Hypocresie,  
Because 'tis plain she lov'd me not) invite  
You and your like that lov'd her and not me,  
To see me in the pride of my rejoycings,  
You shall find entertainment worth your company,  
And that let me intreat to morrow night.

*Nat.* You shall ha'mine.

*Vin.* To morrow night say you.

*Quic.* Yes gallants: fail not, as you wish to view  
Your mortgages and pawns again. Adieu. *Exit.*

*Nat.* We came to jear the *Few*, and he jears us.

*Vin.* How glad the rascal is for his Wives death.

*Nat.* An honest man could not have had such luck.

*Ed.* He has some further end in't, could we  
gues it,

Then a meer merriment for his dead wives riddance.

*Vin.* Perhaps he has got a new Wife, and intends  
To make a funeral and a Marriage feast  
In one to hedge in charges.

*Ed.* He'll be hang'd rather than marry again.

*Nat.* Zooks, would he had some devilish jealous  
'Twould be a rare addition to his mirth, (hilding,  
For us to bring our antick in betwixt'em  
Of his changling Bastard.

*Vin*

*Vin.* How ere we'll grace his feast with our pre-

*Nat.* Wher's the *Buzzard*? (sentment.

*Vin.* We left him with his foster father, *Arnold*,  
 Busy at rehearſal practiſing their parts.

*Ed.* They ſhall be perfect by to morrow night.

*Nat.* If not unto our profit, our delight.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT 4. SCENE 3.

*Thophilus. Lucy.*

*Lu.* Brother be comforted.

*The.* Let not the name

Or empty ſound of comfort mix with th'air  
 That muſt invade theſe ears : They are not capable,  
 Or, if they be, they dare not, for themſelves,  
 Give the conveyance of a ſillable  
 Into my heart, that ſpeak not grief or ſorrow.

*Lu.* Be griev'd then, Ile grieve with you : For each  
 You waſte for *Millicents* untimely death (ſigh  
 Ile ſpend a tear for your as fruitleſs ſorrow.

*The.* That's moſt unfutable ; y'are no company  
 For me to grieve with if you grieve for me ;  
 Take the ſame cauſe with me ; you are no friend  
 Or ſiſter elſe of mine. It is enough  
 To ſet the world a weeping !

*Lu.* So it is ;  
 All but the ſtony part of't.

*The.* Now you are right. Her husband's of that  
 He cannot weep by nature : But Ile find (part ;  
 A way by art in Chymiſtry to melt him.  
 At leaſt extract ſome drops. But do you weep  
 Indeed for *Millicent* ? What, all theſe tears ?

*Lu.* All for your love.

*The.* She is my love indeed ; and was my wife.  
 But for the empty name of marriage onely,

But

But now she's yours for ever. You enjoy her.  
 In her fair blessed memory ; in her goodness,  
 And all that has prepar'd her way for glory.

*The.* Let me embrace thee sister. How I reverence  
 Any fair honour that is done to her, (comfort  
 Now thou shalt weep no more : Thou hast given me  
 In shewing me how she's mine. And tears indeed  
 Are all too weak a sacrifice for her  
 But such as the heart weeps. *Enter Page.*

*Lu.* Sit down brother.  
 Sing boy the mournful song I bad you practise.

*Song.*

*The.* Call you this mournful. Tis a wanton air.  
 Go y'are a naughty child indeed, Ile whip you  
 If you give voice unto such notes.

*Lu.* I know not brother how you like the air,  
 But in my mind the words are sad, Pray read'em.

*The.* They are sad indeed. How now my boy,  
 I am not angry now. (dost weep ?

*Pa.* I do not weep,  
 Sir, for my self. But ther's a youth without  
 (A handsome youth) whose sorrow works in me :  
 He says he wants a service, and seeks yours.

*The.* Dost thou not know him.

*Pa.* No : but I pity him.

*The.* O, good boy, that canst weep for a strangers  
 The sweetness of thy dear compassion (mifery !  
 Even melts me too. What does he say he is.

*Pa.* Tis that Sir, that will grieve you when you  
 He is a poor kinsman to the gentwoman (hear it.  
 Lately deceas'd that you so lov'd and mourn for.

*The.* And dost thou let him stay without so long ?  
 Merciless Villain ! run and fetch him quickly.

*Lu.* O brother—

*The.* Sister, can I be too zealous



In fuch a caufe as this? For heark you, fifter,

*Enter Dionifia.*

*Dio.* There was no way like this to get within'em,  
Now courage keep true touch with me. Ile vex  
Your cunning and unnatural purpofe, brother,  
If I do nothing elfe.

*Pa.* Sir, here's the youth.

*The.* A lovely one he is, and wondrous like her,  
O let me run and clasp him; hang about him,  
And yoak him to me with a thoufand kifses!  
I fhall be troublefome and heavy to thee,  
With the pleaf'd waight of my inceffant love.  
Youth of a happy kindred, which foreruns  
A happy fortune ever. Pray thee, fifter,  
Is he not very like her?

*Lu.* If I durft

I would now fay, this were the better beauty,  
For it refembles *Arthurs*.

*The.* I'ft not her face? you do not mind me fifter.

*Lu.* Hers was a good one once, and this is now.

*The.* Why fifter, you were wont to take delight  
In any comfort that belong'd to me;  
And help to carry my joyes fweetly: now  
You keep no constant courfe with me.

*Dio.* This man

Melts me—alas, Sir, I am a poor boy.

*The.* What, and allied to her? impoffible!

Where ere thou liv'ft her name's a fortune to thee.  
Her memory amongft good men fets thee up;  
It is a word that commands all in this houfe.

*Dio.* This fnare was not well laid. I fear my felf.

*The.* Live my companion; my efpecial fweet one,  
My brother and my bedfellow thou fhalt be.

*Dio.* By lakin but I muft not, though I find  
But weak matter againft it.—This my courage!

*The.* She took from earth, how kind is heaven,  
To fend me yet, a joy fo near in blood! (how good  
Good

Good noble youth, if there be any more  
 Distres'd of you, that claims aliance with her  
 Though a far off; deal freely; let me know it,  
 Give me their fad names; Ile seek'em out,  
 And like a good great man, in memory humble  
 Nere cease until I plant'em all in fortunes,  
 And see'em grow about me.

*Dio.* I hear of none, my self excepted, Sir.

*The.* Thou shalt have all my care then, all my love.

*Dio.* What make I here? I shall undo my self.

*The.* Yet note him sifter.

*Dio.* I ther's the mark my malice chiefly aims at;  
 But then, he stands so near, I wound him too.  
 I feel that must not be. Art must be shewen here.

*The.* Come, you shall kifs him for me, and bid  
 him welcome. (name

*Lu.* You are most welcome, Sir, and were her  
 To which you are allied, a stranger here,  
 Yet, Sir, believe me, you in those fair eyes  
 Bring your own welcome with you.

*Dio.* Never came Malice 'mong so sweet a people.  
 It knowes not how to look, nor I on them.

*Lu.* Let not your gentle modesty make you seem  
 Ungentle to us, by turning so away.

*The.* That's well said sifter, but he will and shall  
 Be bolder with us, ere we part.

*Dio.* I shall too much I fear.—

*The.* Come gentle blessing,  
 Let not a misery be thought on here,  
 (If ever any were so rude to touch thee)  
 Between us we'll divide the comfort of thee.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT 4. SCENE 4.

*Millicent. Phillis.*

*Mil.* I have heard thy story often, and with pitty  
 As often thought upon't, and that the father

Of

Of my best lov'd *Theophilus*, together with  
 His, then, friend Master *Mcanwall* (who have since  
 Become each others deathsmen as tis thought)  
 By suits in Law wrought the sad overthrow  
 Of thy poor Fathers fortune ; by which means,  
 Poor Gentleman he was enforc'd to leave  
 His native Country to seek forrain meanes  
 To maintain life.

*Phi.* Or rather to meet death.

For since his traval, which is now six years,  
 I never heard of him.

*Mil.* Much pittiful!

*Phi.* So is your story, Mistrefs unto me.

But let us dry our eyes ; and know we must not  
 Stick in the mire of pittie ; but with labour  
 Work our delivery : yours is now at hand  
 If you set will and brain to't. But my honor  
 (If a poor wench may speak so) is so crack'd  
 Within the ring, as 'twill be hardly folder'd  
 By any art. If on that wicked fellow,  
 That struck me into such a desperate hazard.

*Mil.* He will be here to night, and all the crew  
 And this must be the night of my delivery,  
 I am prevented else for ever, wench.

*Phi.* Be sure, among the guests, that you make  
 Of the most civil one to be your convoy, (choise  
 And then let me alone to act your *Mores* part.

*Mil.* Peace, he comes.

*Enter Quic.*

*Phi.* Ile to my shift then.

*Exit. Phi.*

*Quic.* Wher's my hidden beauty ?

That shall this night be glorious.

*Mil.* I but wait the good hour

For my deliverance out of this obscurity.

*Quic.* Tis at hand.

So are my guests. See some of'em are enter'd.

*Enter Nat. Arthur.*

O my my blith friend, Master *Nathaniel*, welcome  
 And

And Master *Arthur Meanwell* as I take it.

*Nat.* Yes, Sir, a Gentleman late posses'd with  
Whom I had much a do to draw along (fadnes,  
To be partaker more of your mirth then chear.  
You say here shall be mirth. How now, what's that?  
Ha'you a black coney-berry in your house?

*Quic.* Stay *Catelina*. Nay, she may be feen.  
For know, Sirs, I am mortified to beauty  
Since my wives death. I will not keep a face  
Better then this under my roof I ha' sworn.

*Ar.* You were too rash, Sir, in that oath, if I  
May be allowed to speak.

*Quic.* Tis done and past, Sir.

*Nat.* If I be not taken with yon'd funeral face,  
And her two eyes the scutcheons, would I were  
whipt now. (match

*Art.* Suppose your friends should wish you to a  
Prosperous in wealth and honour.

*Quic.* Ile hear of none, nor you if you speak fo.

*Art.* Sir, I ha'done.

*Nat.* It is the handsom'ft Rogue  
I have ere seen yet of a deed of darknes ;  
Tawney and ruffet faces I have dealt with,  
But never came so deep in blacknes yet.

*Quic.* Come hither *Catelina*. You shall see, Sir,  
What a brave wench she shall be made anon  
And when she dances how you shall admire her.

*Art.* Will you have dancing here to night.

*Quic.* Yes I have borrowed other *Moors* of  
Merchants  
That trade in *Barbary*, whence I had mine own here,  
And you shall see their way and skill in dancing.

*Nat.* He keeps this Ric-loaf for his own white  
tooth

With confidence none will cheat him of a bit ;  
Ile have a sliwer though I lose my whittle.

*Quic.* Here take this key, 'twill lead thee to thote  
ornaments That

That deck'd thy Mistrefs lately. Use her casket,  
 And with the sparkling of her jewels shine ;  
 Flame like a midnight beacon with that face,  
 Or a pitch'd ship a fire ; the streamers glowing  
 And the keel mourning, (how I shall rejoice  
 At these prepostrous splendours) get thee glorious ;  
 Be like a running fire-work in my house.

*Nat.* He sets me more a fire at her. Well old  
 stick breech

If I do chance to clap your *Barbary* buttock  
 In all her bravery, and get a snatch  
 In an odd corner, or the dark to night  
 To mend your chear, and you hereafter hear on't,  
 Say there are as good stomacks as your own.

Hift, *Negro*, hift.

*Mil.* No fee, O no, I darea notta.

*Nat.* Why, why—pish—pox I love thee.

*Mil.* O no de fine white Zentilmanna

Cannot a love a the black a thing a.

*Nat.* Cadzooks the best of all wench.

*Mil.* O take—a heed—a my mastra fee—a.

*Nat.* When we are alone, then wilt thou.

*Mil.* Then I shall speak a more a.

*Nat.* And Ile not lose the Moor-a for more then I  
 Will speak-a.

*Quic.* I muse the rest of my invited Gallants  
 Come not away.

*Nat.* Zooks the old angry justice. *Enter Testy.*

*Tes.* How comes it Sir, to pass, that such a newes  
 Is spread about the town ? is my Neece dead,  
 And you prepar'd to mirth Sir, hah ?  
 Is this the entertainment I must find  
 To welcome me to town ?

*Quic.* She is not dead, Sir. But take you no notice.  
 You shall have instantly an entertainment, that  
 Shall fill you all with wonder. *Exit.*

*Tes.* Sure he is mad ;

E

Or

Or do you understand his meaning firs ?

Or how or where his wife died ?

*Nat.* I know nothing ;

But give me leave to fear, by his wild humor,

He's guilty of her death ; therefore I hope

Hee'l hang himself anon before us all

To raise the mirth he speaks of.

*Art.* Fie upon you.

Yet trust me, fir, there have been large constructions,

And strong presumptions, that the ill made match

Betwixt her youthful beauty and his covetous age ;

Between her sweetness and his frowardness

Was the unhappy means of her destruction ;

And you that gave strength to that ill tied knot

Do suffer sharply in the world's opinion,

While she, sweet virgin, has its general pity.

*Tes.* Pray what have you been to her ? I nere

Appear a suter to her. (found you

*Art.* I nere saw her,

Nor ever should have fought her, Sir ; For she

Was onely love to my sworn enemy,

On whom yet (were she living and in my gift)

Rather a thousand times I would bestow her

Then on that man that had, and could not know her.

*Tes.* I have done ill ; and wish I could redeem  
This act with half my estate.

*Nat.* This Devils bird,

This *Moor* runs more and more still in my mind.

*Enter Vin. and Edm.*

O you are come ? And ha'you brought your scene

Of Mirth along with you ?

*Vin.* Yes, and our actors

Are here at hand : But we perceive much business

First to be set a foot. Here's Revels towards.

*Ed.* A daunce of furies or of Blackamores  
Is practising within ;

*Vin.* But first there is to be some odd collation  
In stead of supper. *Nat.*

*Nat.* Cheap enough I warrant,  
But saw you not a Moor-hen there amongst'em.

*Ed.* A pretty little Rogue, most richly deck'd  
With pearls, chains and jewels. She is queen  
Of the Nights triumph.

*Nat.* If you chance to spy me  
Take her aside, say nothing.

*Ed.* Thou wilt filch  
Some of her jewels perhaps.

*Nat.* Ile draw a lot *Enter Quicksands.*  
For the best jewel she wears. But mum my Masters.

*Quic.* Enter the house pray Gentlemen: I am ready  
Now with your entertainment. *Exit.*

*Tef.* Wee'l follow you.

*Nat.* Now for six pennycustards, a pipkin of bak'd  
Pears, three sawcers of stew'd prunes, a groats worth  
Of strong ale, and two peniworth of Gingerbread.

*Ext.* 3.

*Tef.* If she does live (as he bears me in hand  
She is not dead) Ile tell you briefly, Sir,  
If all the law bodily and ghostly,  
And all the conscience too, that I can purchase  
With all the wealth I have can take her from him,  
I will recover her, and then bestow her  
(If you refuse her) on your so you speak of,  
(whose right she is indeed) rather than he  
Shall hold her longer. Now mine eyes are open'd.  
Will you walk in. *Exit. Enter*

*Ar.* I pray excuse me, Sir, *Mil.* white-  
I cannot fit my self to mirth. *fac'd & in her*

*Tef.* Your pleasure. *own habit.*

*Mil.* Have I with patience waited for this hour,  
And does fear check me now? I'll breakthrough all,  
And trust my self with yon'd milde Gentleman.  
He cannot but be noble.

*Art.* A goodly creature!  
The Rooms illumin'd with her; yet her look

Sad, and cheek pale, as if a sorrow suck'd it.  
 How came she in? What is she? I am fear-struck.  
 'Tis some unresting shadow. Or, if not,  
 What makes a thing so glorious in this house,  
 The master being an enemy to beauty?  
 She modestly makes to me.

*Mil.* Noble Sir,—

*Art.* Speaks too.

*Mil.* If ever you durst own a goodness,  
 Now crown it by an act of honour and mercy.

*Art.* Speak quickly; lose no time then: say,  
 what are you?

You look like one that should not be delay'd.

*Mil.* I am th' unfortunate woman of this house,  
 To all mens thoughts at rest. This is the face  
 On which the Hell of jealousy abus'd  
 The hand of Heaven, to fright the world withall.

*Ar.* Were you the seeming Moor was here?

*Mil.* The same;

And onely to your secrecie and pittie  
 I have ventur'd to appear myself again. (perform'd.

*Ar.* What's to be done? Pray speak, and 'tis

*Mil.* In trust and Manhood Sir, I would commit  
 A great charge to you, even my life and honor  
 To free me from this den of misery. (Lady—

*Art.* A blessed tafque! But when you are freed

*Mil.* I would desire Sir, then to be convey'd.—

*Ar.* Whither? to whom? speak quickly: why do  
 you stoop?

*Mil.* Pray let that rest. I will relieve your trouble  
 When I am freed from hence, and use some others.

*Art.* Nay, that were cruelty. As you love good-  
 nefs tell me.

*Mil.* Why dare you bear me Sir, to one you hate.

*Art.* What's that, if you love? 'Tis your peace I  
 I look upon your service, not mine own. (wait on.  
 Were he the mortall'st enemy flesh bred up

To



To you I must be noble.

*Mil.* You profess—

*Ar.* By all that's good and gracious, I will die  
Ere I forsake you, and not set you safe  
Within those walls you seek.

*Mil.* Then, as we pass

Ile tell you where they stand, Sir.

*Ar.* You shall grace me.

*Exit.*

ACT 4. SCENE 5.

*Quicksands. Testy. Nath. Vincent. Edmond.*

*Qui.* Now to our Revels. Sit ye, sit ye gallants  
Whilst, Uncle, you shall see how I'll requite  
The masque they lent me on my wedding night.  
Twas but lent Gentlemen, your masque of horns,  
And all the private jeers and publick scorns  
Y'have cast upon me since. Now you shall see  
How Ile return them; and remarried be.

*Vin.* I hope he'll marry his Moor to anger us.

*Nat.* Ile give her something with her, if I catch  
her,

And't be but in the cole-house.

*Florish enter*

*Test.* Attend Gentlemen.

Inductor

*Ind.* The Queen of *Ethiop* dreamt like a Moor  
upon a night leading Phil-

Her black womb should bring forth a lis (black

*Ed.* Black womb! (virgin white. and) gorge-

*Ind.* She told her king; he told oufly deck't  
thereof his Peeres. with jewels.

Till this white dream fil'd their black heads with

*Nat.* A whorson blockheads. (fears.

*Ind.* Blackheads I sai'd. Ile come to you anon.

*Test.* He puts the blockheads on'hem grossly.

*Quic.* Brave impudent rogue. He made the  
speeches last year

Before my Lord Marque's of *Flect* Conduit.

*Ind.* Till this white dream fil'd their blackheads  
 For tis no better than a Prodegy (with fear,  
 To have white children in a black countrey.  
 So 'twas decreed that if the child prov'd white,  
 It should be made away. O cruel spight!  
 The Queen cry'd out, and was delivered  
 Of child black as you see: Yet Wizards fed  
 That if this damsel liv'd married to be  
 To a white man, she should be white as he.

*Vin.* The moral is, If *Quickfands* marry her,  
 Her face shall be white as his conscience.

*Ind.* The careful Queen, conclusion for to try,  
 Sent her to merry *England* charily  
 (The fairest Nation man yet ever saw)  
 To take a husband; such as I shall draw,  
 Being an *Ægyptian* Prophet.

*Ed.* Draw me, and ile hang thee.

*Ind.* Now I come to you, Gentlemen. *He looks in*  
*Qui.* Now mark my Jeeres. *Edmonds hand.*

*Ind.* You must not have her: For I find by your  
 You have forfeited the mortgage of your land. (hand  
*Ed.* Pox o'your Palmistric.

*Vin.* Now me.

*Ind.* Nor you: For here I plainly see *In Vin. his*  
 You have sold and spent your lifes Annuity. *hand*

*Vin.* The devil take him, made thee a soothfayer.

*Nat.* I find from whence your skill comes. Yet  
 For thy little Princess of darkneisse, and if (take me  
 I rub her not as white as another can  
 Let me be hung up with her for a new  
 Sign of the labour in vain.

*Ind.* Nor you, sir: For *In Nats hand.*  
 The onely fute you wear smels of the chest  
 That holds in Limbo Lavender all your rest.

*Nat.* Would his brains were in thy belly that  
 keeps the key on't.

*Ind.* This is the worthy man, whose wealth and  
 wit, To

To make a white one, must the black mark hit.

*In Quic. hand*

*Qui.* Your jeers are answer'd, gallants. Now  
your dance.

*Enter the rest of the Moors. They Dance an Antique  
in which they use action of Mockery and  
derision to the three Gentlemen.*

*Nat.* We applaud your devise, and you'l give me  
leave

To take your black bride here, forth in a daunce.

*Quic.* With all my heart, sir.

*Nat.* Musick, play a Galliard,

You know what you promised me, *Bullis.*

*Phi.* But howa can ita be donea. (nostrils.

*Nat.* How I am taken with the elevation of her

*Nat.* Play a little quicker—Heark you—if I lead  
you

A dance to a couch or a bedside, will you follow me?

*Phi.* I will doa my besta. *Nat. daunces*

*Nat.* So, so ; quick Musick, quick. *vily. Quicks.*

*Qui.* Oougly! call you this dauncing ; & *Tef. laughs*  
(ha, ha, ha. & *looks off.*

*Nat.* Do you laugh at me. *Enter Arnold like a*

*Arn.* By your leave Gentlefolks. *Countryman, and*

*Buz.* O brave, o brave. *Buz. like a changling,*

*Qui.* How now. *and as they enter, exit*

*Tef.* What are these ? *Nat. with Phil. the*

*Buz.* Hack ye there, hack ye *Musick still playing.*  
(there, *He sings and dan-*

O brave pipes. Hack ye there. *ces and spins with*

Hay toodle loodle loodle loo. *a Rock & spindle.*

*Qui.* What are you men or devils?

*Arn.* You are advis'd enough: Sir, if

(you please

But to be short, Ile shew you I am a *Norfolk* man

And my name is *John Hulverhead*.

*Quic.* Hold thy peace. *Softly.*

*Arn.* You cannot hear o'that side it seems.

*Quic.* I know thee not, not I. *(verhead*

*Arn.* But you know my brother *Matthew Hul-*  
Deceas'd, with whom you plac'd this simple child of  
yours. *(any*

*Qui.* I plac't no childe in *Norfolk*, nor *Suffolk* nor  
Folk I—say thou mistookst me: Ile reward thee. Go.

*Arn.* I cannot hear o'that ear neither, fir.

*Vin.* What's the matter, Mr. *Quicksands*?

*Ed.* Ha'you any more jeeres to put upon us? what

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle loodle loo *(are these?*

*Qui.* Get you out of my house. *(and*

*Arn.* I may not till I be righted. I come for right,  
I will have right, or the best of the Citie shall  
Hear on't.

*Vin.* I swear the Rascals act it handfomly.

*Tef.* What art thou fellow? What dost thou seek?

*Vin.* Tell that Gentleman: He is an upright  
And will see thee righted. *(Majestrate*

*Arn.* I am a poor *Norfolk* man, fir. And I come  
to ease my self of a charge, by putting off a childe  
nat'ral to the natural father here. *(speak it.*

*Quic.* My child! Am I his father? Darst thou

*Arn.* Be not asham'd on't, fir: You are not the first  
Grave and wise Citizen that has got an idiot.

*Tef.* Here's good stuff towards. *(loo.*

*Buz.* Ha, ha, ha—with a Hay toodle loodle loodle

*Qui.* How should I get him. I was never married  
till this moneth. *(children?*

*Arn.* How does other bawdy Batchelors get

*Buz.* With a hay toodle loodle loodle loo, &c.

*Tef.* Have you been a bastard-getter and marry

*Vin.* Now it works. *(my Neece.*

*Tef.* Ile teach you to get a bastard, firrah.

*Arn.* He needs none o'your skill it seems.

*Buz.*

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

*Qui.* Well, Gentlemen, to take your wonder off,  
I will lay truth before you.  
For a poor servant that I had, I undertook and paid  
For keeping of an ideot.

*Ed.* Who, your man *Buzzard*?

*Qui.* Even he.

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c. (sum

*Qui.* 'Tis like this is the child. But for a certain  
Which I did pay, 'twas articed, that I should nere be  
Troubled with it more.

*Tef.* Now what fay you to that Sir?

*Arn.* 'Tis not denyed Sir, There was such agree-  
But now he is another kind of charge. (ment,

*Vin.* Why, he gets something towards *Buzzard*  
his living me thinks. *spinns.*

*Ar.* Yes, he has learn'd to thrip among the  
Mothers;

But Sir, withal, to do more harm then good by't,  
And that's the charge I speak of: we are not bound  
To keep your child, and your childes children too.

*Tef.* How's that?

*Arn.* Sir, by his cunning at the Rock,  
And twirling of his spindle on the Thrip-skins,  
He has fetch'd up the bellies of sixteen  
Of his Thrip-sifters.

*Buz.* Hay toodle, loodle, loodle, &c.

*Tef.* Is't possible. (seems.

*Arn.* So well he takes after his father here it

*Ed.* Take heed o'that friend: you heard him say  
it was his mans child.

*Arn.* He sha'not fright me with that, though it be  
A great mans part to turn over his bastards  
To his servants. I am none of his hirelings, nor  
His Tenants I. But I know what I say; and I know  
What I come about; and not without advise; And  
you

May

May know, that *Norfolk* is not without as knavish Council, as another County may be. Let his man Be brought forth, and see what he will say to't. (*Buz.*

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

*Qui.* Wretch that I was to put away that fellow! But stay! where is my wife? my wife, my wife—

*Vin.* What say you, Sir? (Moor?)

*Qui.* My Moor I would say. Which way went my

*Vin.* Your *Ethiopian* Princess. *Nat.* is gone to dance with her in private, because you laugh him out of countenance here.

*Qui.* Mischief on mischief! worse and worse I fear.

*Tef.* What do you fear, why stare you? Are you frantick? (Fegaries.)

*Qui.* I must have wits and fits, my fancies and

*Ed.* Your jeers upon poor Gallants.

*Vin.* How do you feel your self.

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

*Arn.* Ask your father blessing *Timfy.*

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

*Arn.* Upon your knees man. (loodle.)

*Buz.* Upon all my knees. A——ah. Hay toodle.

*Nat.* What was't to you, you slaves? Enter *Nat.*  
Must you be peeping. & *Phillis*

*Tef.* What's the matter now? *pu'd in by*

*Nat.* What was't to you, ye Rascals? *the Moors.*

*Moor.* It is to us Sir, We were hir'd to dance and to speak speeches; and to do the Gentleman true service in his house: And we will not see his house made a bawdy house, and make no speech o'that.

*Tef.* What is the business?

*Moor.* Marry Sir a naughty business. This Gentleman has committed a deed of darkness with your Moor, Sir; We all saw it.

*Tef.* What deed of darkness? speak it plainly.

*Moor.* Darkness or lightness; call it which you will.

will. They have lyen together; made this fame a bawdy house; How will you have it?

*Qui.* Undone, most wretched. O, I am confounded. I see no art can keep a woman honest.

*Nat.* I love her, and will justifie my Act.

*Phi.* And I the best of any man on earth.

*Nat.* Thou speakest good English now.

*Qui.* O Ruine, ruine, ruine——

*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

*Vin.* Why take you on so, for an ougly feind?

*Qui.* She is my wife, Gentlemen.

*All.* How Sir, your wife.

*Ed.* In conceit you mean.

*Qui.* I say my lawful wife; your Neece; and so By me on purpose. (disguis'd

*Tef.* I said he was mad before, ha, ha, ha.

*Nat.* Now I applaud my act, 'twas sweet and brave.

*Qui.* I'll be divorc'd before a Court in publique.

*Tef.* Now will I use authority and skill.

Friends, guard the doors. None shall depart the

*Nat. Mun. Vin.* Content, content. (house.

*Arn.* Shall I, Sir, and my charge stay too?

*Qui.* Oh——

*Tef.* Marry Sir, shall you.

*Buz.* I fear we shall be smoak'd then.

*Arn.* No, no, fear nothing. (o'your Master

*Tef.* You know your Chamber hufwife. I'll wait To night. We will not part until to morrow day, Justice and Law lights every one his way.

*Vin.* Is this your merry night, Sir?

*Qui.* Oh—oh—oh—o—

*Ed.* Why roar you so? (about the City.

*Nat.* It is the Cuckolds howle. A common cry

*Qui.* Oh o——*Buz.* Hay toodle loodle, &c.

*Excunt omnes.*

ACT

## ACT 5. SCENE I.

*Meanwell. Rashly. Winloff. Host.*

*Mea.* Now my good Host, since you have been  
our friend  
And onely counsell keeper in our absence,  
To you, before we visit our own houses  
We'll render a relation of our journey,  
And what the motive was that drew us forth.  
'Tis true, we did pretend a deadly quarrel  
At a great bowling match upon *Black-heath* ;  
Went off ; took horse ; and several wayes, forecast  
To meet at *Dover*, where we met good friends,  
And in one Barque past over into *France* :  
Here 'twas suppos'd to fight, like fashion followers  
That thither flie, as if no sand but theirs  
Could dry up English blood.

*Host.* Now, by the way,  
Suppose that supposition had been true,  
And the supposed deaths of you, and you  
Had mov'd your sons to combate in earnest,  
And both been kil'd indeed, as you in jest,  
Where had been then your witty subtilty,  
My noble *Meanwell*, and my brave *Rashly* ?  
Ha ! have I twight ye there ? (*Host.*)

*Rash.* Thou keepst thy humor still my running

*Host.* My humor was, nor is, nor must be lost :  
But, to the question, was it wisely done,  
When each of you might so have lost a son ?

*Rash.* We had no fear of that, Sir, by the Rule,  
The common Rule o'th'world. Where do you find  
Sons that have lives and Lands, will venture both  
For their dead Fathers that are gone and car'd for ?

Nor was it onely to make tryal of  
What husbands they would be ; how spend, or save ;  
Ho w



How mannage, or destroy ; how one or both  
 Might play the Tyrants over their poor Tenants,  
 Yet fall by Prodigality into th'Compters :  
 And then the dead by pulling off a Beard,  
 After a little chiding and some whyning,  
 To fet the living on their legs again,  
 And take 'em into favour ; pish, old play-plots.  
 No Sir, our business runs another course ;  
 Know you this Gentleman yet ?

*Hofl.* Nor yet, nor yet ;  
 Best wits may have bad memories ; I forget.

*Win.* It is my part to speak. Mine *Hofl.*, y'have known  
 My name is *Winlofs* ; a poor Gentleman, (me,  
 Yet richer, by my liberty, then I was  
 For six years space, till these good Gentlemen  
 In charity redeem'd me.

*Hofl.* Master *Winlofs* !  
 I thought I could as soon forget my Chrifs-Crofs,  
 Yet (pardon me) you have been six years gone,  
 And all of them in prison saving one,  
 In *Dunker* as I weene.

*Win.* It is most true ;  
 And that from thence these Gentlemen redeem'd me  
 At their own charge, by paying five hundred pound,  
 Which was my Ransom.

*Hofl.* 'Tis a rare example.

*Win.* Worthy brafs tables, and a pen of steel.

*Mca.* No more good neighbour *Winlofs*. What  
 we did  
 Was to discharge our conscience of a burden  
 Got (and 'twas all we got) by your undoing,  
 In a sad suit at Law.

*Hofl.* I do remember ;  
 And, without ruine I'll tell you, That sad cause,  
 In which you join'd against him, overthrew him  
 And all his Family : But this worthy act  
 Of yours in his enlargement, crowns your piety,  
 And

And puts him in a way of better Fortune,  
Then his first tottering estate could promise.

*Rash.* Shut up that point. You have heard no ill,  
you say,

Among our sons and daughters in our absence.

*Hofst.* Not any, Sir at all. But, Mr. *Winlofs*,  
You that have past so many sorrows, can

(I make no doubt) here one with manly patience.

*Win.* Tis of my daughter *Phyllis*! Is she dead?

*Hofst.* Tis well and't be no worse with her: I fear  
She's gone the t'other way of all flesh, do you hear?

*Rash.* Why dost thou tell him this?

*Hofst.* To have him right

His daughters wrong upon that wicked beast  
That has seduced her.

*Rash.* Who is't? canst thou tell?

*Hofst.* Even the Ranck-rider of the town, Sir, one  
Master *Nathaniel Banelasse*, if you know him.

*Mea.* He has my sons acquaintance.

*Rash.* And mine's too. (doctrine.)

*Hofst.* You may be proud on't, if they scape his

*Win.* But does he keep my daughter to his lust?

*Hofst.* No, Sir, tis worse then so. He has cast  
To the common, as tis fear'd. (her off)

*Win.* O wretchedness!

*Rash.* How canst thou by this knowledge.

*Hofst.* Sir, Ile tell you.

I have, i'th'house, a guest, was once your man,  
And serv'd your son, since you went ore I'm sure on't,  
Though now he has got a young spark to his Master,  
That has a brace of gueldings in my stable;  
And lusty ones they are. That's by the way.

*Rash.* But to the point, I pray thee.

*Hofst.* Sir, the young gallant is abroad, the man  
Sculds clofs i'th'house here, and has done these two  
Spending his time with me in drink and talk. (dayes  
Most of his talk runs upon wenches mainly;

And

And who loves who, and who keeps home, and so  
And he told me the tale that I tell you (forth ;  
Twixt *Banelaffe* and your done and undone  
daughter.

*Ra.* Mine host— cry mercy Gentlemen——

*Enter Rafe.*

*Mea.* Nay, nay, come on.

*Hofl.* I told you he was very shy to be seen.

*Ra.* My old master alive again ? and he that he  
kil'd too ?

*Mea.* Whom do you serve ? was I so ill a master,  
That, in my absence, you forfook my children ?  
Or how have they misus'd you ? Why dost look  
So like an apprehended thief ? I fear  
Thou serv'st some robber, or some murderer,  
Or art become thy self one. If the Devil  
Have so possess'd thee, strive to turn him out :  
Ile add my prayers to help thee. Whats the matter ?

*Ra.* O honor'd master ! Ile keep nothing from you.  
There is an act of horror now on foot,  
Upon revenge of your supposed murder,  
Of which to stand and tell the circumstance,  
Would wast the time and hinder the prevention  
Of your sons murder, and your daughters ruin.

*All.* O fearful !

*Ra.* Let not your amazement drown  
Your reason in delay ; your sudden hast  
Was never so requir'd as now. Stay not  
To ask me why, or whither. As ye go  
I shall inform ye.

*Rafh.* Go, we follow thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT 5. SCENE 2.

*Dionysia as before in mans habit, sword and pistol.*

What a fierce conflict twixt revenge and love,  
Like an unnatural civil war, now rages

(c)

In

In my perplexed breast. There, fight it out ;  
 To it Pel-mel my thoughts. The battel's hot.  
 Now for the day ! revenge begins to stagger,  
 And her distracted Army at an instant  
 Routed and put to flight. All conquering love,  
 Thou hast got the victory ; and now I sue  
 (Like a rent kingdom by self-opposite thoughts)  
 Unto thy soveraignty, to be the liege-right.  
 Take me to thy protection, kingly love,  
 And having captivated my revenge,  
 O, play not now the Tyrant. A firm hope  
 Perswades me no : But when I shall  
 Reveal my self I shall obtain *Theophilus* love.  
 Which now is ten times sweeter in my thought  
 Then my revenge was, when 'twas first begot.

*Enter The. & Lucy.*

*The.* What, still alone ? we have been seeking thee.

*Dio.* O 'tis the service that I ow you Sir.

*Lu.* Indeed you are too pensive : two whole dayes  
 And nights among us, and no more familiar ?

*Ent. Ar. in his false beard, leading in Mil. veil'd.*

*Pages they stand aloofe.*

*Pa.* May I crave your name, Sir ?

*Ar.* That's to little purpose,

My business is the thing—yonder's the star !  
 What young Gentleman is that your Mistress arm  
 Appears so courteous too ?

*Pa.* One she thinks well on Sir,  
 No matter for his name, as you said, neither.

*Ar.* He seems some well grac'd suitor. 'Tis my  
 If he should now—I must be just however. (fear,

*Pa.* Sir, a Gentleman desires to speak with you.

*The.* Dost thou not know his name ?

*Pa.* He will not tell it Sir. (know not whom ?

*The.* You treacherous boy, do you bring you  
 O 'tis the Gentleman I was so bound to, Sister :  
 The welcom't man alive ; Thanks my good boy.

What's

What's she brings in veil'd, and this way leads?

*Ar.* Sir, though I am still a stranger in my visit,  
To works of gentleness, I am partly known.  
There (if you chance t'enquire of me hereafter  
(When I shall more deserve your inquisition)  
I may be found, if not exact in service,  
At least a poor pretender in my wishes :  
And so presenting this white gift, (more modest  
Then the most secret duty of mans friendship  
Can ever be) I take my leave—

*The.* This man  
Would breed, at every time he's seen, a wonder !  
Sir, leave me not thus lost : let me once know you,  
And what this mystery means ? This bears a shape  
I may not entertain : I have set my vow  
Against all woman kinde, since Heaven was married  
To my first love ; and must not willingly  
Discover a temptation with mine own hand.

*Ar.* How shie and nice we are to meet our happi-  
Like dying wretches, 'fraid to go to rest. (ness !  
Because you shall be guilty of no breach  
I'll ope the Casket for you. *He unveils her, &*

*The.* Blessè me, it is— *slips away.*  
Warm, so Love cherish me and comfortable.

*Div.* O death my hopes are blasted.

*Lu.* How is it with you, sir.

*The.* Might a man credit his own fences now  
This were my *Millicent*. How think you, sister ?

*Mil.* Indeed I am so, my *Theophilus*.

*Div.* She lives, and he is lost to me for ever,  
I shall be straight discover'd too. False Love  
Thou hast dealt loofely with me ; And Revenge  
I re-invoke thy nobler spirit : Now  
Possesse me wholly ; let it not be thought  
I came and went off idly. (woman

*Lu.* Sir, something troubles you. See your kinf-  
My brother stands intranc'd too ; Brother, brother—  
Noble Lady, speak to him. *Mil.*

*Mil.* I was in my discovery too fudden.  
 Strong rapture of his joy transmutes him—Sir,  
 Be not so wonder-struck ; or, if you be,  
 Let me conjure you by the love you bore me,  
 Return unto your self again. Let not  
 A wandring thought fly from you, to examine  
 From whence, or how I came : If I be welcome  
 I am your own and *Millicent*.

*The.* And in that  
 So blest a treasure, that the wealth and strength  
 Of all the world shall never purchase from me.  
 Heaven may be pleas'd again to take thee, but  
 Ile hold so fast, that wee'll go hand in hand ;  
 Besides, I hope his mercy will not part us.  
 But wher's the man now more desir'd then ever  
 That brought you hither ?

*Mil.* You ask in vain for him.  
 I can resolve you all ; but for the present  
 He will be known to none.

*The.* This is a cruel goodness : To put thankfulness  
 Out of all action. Sirah, how went he ?

*Pa.* I know not, Sir, he vanish'd sodainly.

*The.* Vanish'd ! good *Lucy* help to hold her fast  
 She may not vanish too. Spirits are subtle.

*Mil.* This was my fear. Will you have patience,  
 And sit within this chair while I relate my story.

*The.* Ile be as calm in my extreamest deeps  
 As is the couch where a sweet conscience sleeps.

*Dio.* Tis now determinate as fate ; and so  
*As Dionisia presents her pistol. Enter*

*Rash. Mean. Win. Rafe. Arthur.*

At the whole cluster of'em. Bless me ha !  
 My father living ! Then the cause is dead  
 Of my revenge.

*Rash.* What is he kill'd out right,  
 Or els but hurt ? *Theophilus* ! my boy !  
 Dead, past recovery. Stay the Murtherers there.

Look

Look you, Sir, to her. I suspect your son too  
Is not without a hand in't by the haſt  
We met him in.

*Lu.* He is not hurt at all  
My honour'd father, as I deſire your bleſſing,  
But ſtricken with an extaſie of joy.

*Raſh.* Look up my boy. How doſt? here's none  
but friends.

*The.* Sure, ſure w'are all then in *Elifium*  
Where all are friends and fill'd with equal joy.  
Earth can have no felicity like this.  
If this be any thing.

*Raſh.* Thou canſt not ſee nothing,  
Look well about thee man.

*The.* I ſee, I feel, I hear and know ye all :  
But who knowes what he knowes, ſees, feels, or  
Tis not an age for man to know himſelf in. (hears?)

*Raſh.* He is not mad I know by that.

*The.* If I know any thing, you are my father.—

*Raſh.* Thou art a wife child.

*The.* And I beſeech your bleſſing. (ſtory,

*Raſh.* Thou haſt it. *Millicent*, I have heard your  
And *Lucy*, you betwixt you ſooth his fancy,  
He will be well anon. Keep'em company *Arthur*,  
And *Lucy*, bid him welcome.

*Lu.* More then life, Sir.

*Raſh.* You *Dionyſia* would be chid a little ;  
But, Sir, let me intreat her pardon.

*Mca.* Dry your eyes: you have it.  
Go inſtantly reſume your ſexes habit,  
And with the reſt be ready, if we call ye  
To *Quickſands* houſe. The rumour of our coming  
Already calls us thither to be aſſiſtant  
To juſtice *Teſty* in a ponderous difference.

*Raſh.* How does he now?

*Ar.* He's fallen into a ſlumber.

*Raſh.* In with him all I pray.

*Ar. &c.* Hefhall have all our cares. *Exit with The.*

*Rafh.* Come my friend *Meanwell.* *in the chair.*

Now to *Quickfands* caufe,

To keep it out of wrangling lawyers jaws.

The face of danger is almoft made clean

And may conclude all in a comick fcene. *Exit.*

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

*Vincent. Edmond. Tefty. Rafhly. Meanwell.*

*Vin.* Come, we will hear this caufe try'd.

*Ed.* See the Judges (dence.

Have tane their feats, while we ftand here for evi-

*Tef.* My worthy friends, y'are come unto a caufe

As rare, as was your expected coming

From the fupposed grave—

*Rafh.* To th'point I pray.

*Tef.* How quick you are! Good Mr. *Rafhly*, know  
(Though I crav'd your affiftance) onely I

Supply the chief place in Authority (bufinefs—

*Rafh.* And much good do't you. I have other  
Your Neece Sir was too good for my poor fon.

*Tef.* How's that?

*Mca.* Nay Gentlemen, we came to end  
A bufinefs: Pray begin no new one firft.

*Rafh.* Well Sir, I ha'done.

*Mca.* Pray Sir fall to the queftion.

*Tef.* Bring in the parties. Ent. *Quic.*

The firft branch of the queftion rife here *Nat. Phil.*

If *Quickfands* wife, my Neece, be dead or living

Speak Gentlemen. What can you fay to this?

*Vin. Quickfands* affirm'd to us, that fhe was dead.

*Edm.* Though, fince in a deftraced paffion  
He fayes fhe lives.

*Qui.* She lives, and is that ftumpet,  
From whom I fue to be divorc'd.

*Mca.*



*Mca.* That Moor, there ?  
 Did you wed her since your fair wives decease ?  
*Qui.* That same is she, and all the wives I had.  
 That black is but an artificial tincture  
 Laid by my jealousy upon her face.  
*Rash.* This is most strange.  
*Nat.* Braver and braver still,  
 I aim'd but at a cloud and clasp'd a *Juno*,  
 Will you be onely mine ?  
*Phi.* I have sworn it ever.  
*Nat.* Then I am made for ever.  
*Tesl.* Remove her, and let instant tryal be made  
 To take the blackness off.  
*Qui.* Then if her shame,  
 And my firm truth appear not, punish me.  
*Tesl.* However, your consent to be divorc'd  
 From *Millicent* is irrecoverable.  
*Qui.* Before you all, Ile forfeit my estate  
 If ere I re-accept her.  
*Rash.* Then she's free.  
*Tesl.* Now *Mr. Banelafs*——  
*Nat.* Now for the honour of *Wenchers*.  
*Tesl.* Your fact is manifested and confest.  
*Nat.* In fewest words it is.  
*Tesl.* Are you content  
 To take this woman now in question,  
 If she be found no Moor to be your Wife,  
 In holy marriage to restore her honour ?  
*Nat.* Or else, before you all, let me be torn  
 To pieces ; having first those dearest members,  
 In which I have most delighted, daub'd with honey.  
*Tesl.* This protestation  
 Is clear, without respect of portion, now,  
 Or that she is my Neece : For you must know  
 She is no Neece of mine that could transgress  
 In that leane kind : Nor must she ever look  
 For favour at my hands.

*Nat.* I am content, to take her as she is,  
Not as your Neece, but as his counterfeit fervant,  
Hoping he'll give me with her all about her.

*Qui.* My chains, and Jewels, worth a thousand  
I'll pay it for my folly. (pounds,

*Nat.* 'Twill be twice

The price of my pawn'd goods. I'll put the rest  
Up for your jeers past on my friends and me.

*Mea.* You are agreed.

*Nat.* To take her with all faults. *Enter Phi-*

*Phi.* I take you at your word. *lis white.*

*Qui.* Hah——

*Nat.* Hell and her changes.

*Phi.* Lead by the hope of justice, I am bold  
To fix here fast, here to repair my ruins.

*Nat.* The devil looks ten times worse with a  
Give me it black again. (white face,

*Phi.* Are we not one, you know from the begin-

*Nat.* Get thee from me. (ning?

*Tef.* Sirrah you have your suit and your desert,  
'Tis your best part to pass it patiently. (error.

*Rash.* 'Tis *Winlofs* daughter; we have found the

*Qui.* I am confounded here. Where is my Wife?

*Tef.* I, that's the point must now be urg'd. The  
Law

Asks her at your hands. Answer me, where is she?

*Qui.* I am at my joys end, and my wits together.

*Mea.* You have brought her fame in question:

'Tis reveng'd

Now you are in both for her life and honour.

*Tef.* Speak villain, Murderer, where is my Neece?

*Qui.* I have snar'd my self exceeding cunningly;  
That qucan there knows.

*Nat.* Take heed, Sir, what you say,  
If she must be my wife. Hands off, I pray,  
These are my goods she wears. Give me 'em, *Phil.*  
For fear he snatch, Ile put 'em in my pockets.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Sweet heart, my own will hold'em.

*Nat.* Sweet heart already! we are foon familiar.

*Phi.* You know we are no strangers. (answer

*Rash.* Well Mr. *Quickfands*: because you cannot  
(To put you by the fear of halter-ftretching)

Since y'have ingag'd your word and whole eftate

To be divorc'd: And you good Mr. *Tefty*,

If you'll be willing yet that my poor fon

To wed your Neece, as I fhall find it lawful,

Ile undertake her safe recovery.

*Tef.* I have in heart given her your fon already.

*Rash.* And he has her already. Ent. *The. Mil.*  
As for example, fee Sir. *Ar. Lu. Dio.*

*Qui.* See, fee, the heaven that I am juftly *Winlofs.*

O may I yet find favour. (fallen from,

*Mil.* Never here.

Hadft thou not given thy faith to a divorce,

On forfeiture of thine eftate, which thou

Doft hold more precious; or couldft now redeem

That great ingagement; and then multiply

Thy paff eftate into a tenfold fum,

Make me inheritrix of all; and laft affure me

To die within a week, Ile not re-marry thee:

Adulterate beaft, that brok'ft thy former wedlock

In thy bafe luft with that thy fervant there.

*Nat.* What a pox no, I tro—My wife that muft be?

*Phi.* 'Twas your own doing, to put me to my fhifts.

*Nat.* The devil fhift you, then you will be fure  
Of change enough.

*Win.* O fhame unto my blood.

*Nat.* I will henceforward council all my friends

To wed their whores at firft, before they go

Out o'their hands.

*Tef.* How can you answer this?

*Qui.* I utterly deny't upon my oath.

*Phi.* So do I, and safely for any act.

*Nat.* That's well agen.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* It was but in attempt, I told my Mistrifs,  
Had it been done, sure I should nere have spoke on't.

*Nat.* Those are the counsels women can onely

*Phi.* Nothing in act I assure you. (keep.

*Mil.* In him 'twas foul enough though.

*Mea.* O hateful vice in age.

*Tef.* 'Tis an old vice grown in him from his youth,  
Of which bring forth for proof his bastard there.

*Ent. Buz. Arn.*

*Buz.* I fear we shall be whipt for counterfeits;  
My long coats have a grudging of the lash.

*Arn.* I see my old Masters face again, and I will  
Fear nothing.

*Buz.* Then Ile bear up again——  
Hay diddy daddy, come play with thy Baby  
Dindle dandle on thy knee, and give him a penny,  
And a new coat, o ho——

*Qui.* My grief and shame is endless.

*Vin.* Let not grief master you, Mr. *Quick sands.*

*Ed.* We are your friends, and pittie your afflictions.  
What will you give us now and we'll release you  
For ever of this changling charge of yours?

*Vin.* And prove he's not your bastard. Speak  
now roundly.

*Qui.* I'll cancel both your mortgages.

*Vin.* A match. Now look you Sir, your quandam  
All but the beard he wore; for loss of which (servant,  
We'll recompence him.

*Qui.* O *Buzzard, Buzzard, Buzzard.*

*Buz.* O Master, Master, Master. Your servant and  
Nor father of your Ideot in *Norfolk,* (no bastard,  
He's there, and well Sir, I heard lately of him.

*Qui.* How couldst thou use me thus?

*Buz.* How could you turn me away so?

*Tef.* Ha, ha, ha. Come hither *Buzzard.* Thou  
shalt not want a Master.

*Arn.* Nor I, I hope, while my old Master lives.  
Y'are

Y'are welcome home Sir. (Arnold.

*Rafh.* And thou to me my good old servant

*Qui.* Well fare a misery of a man's own seeking ;  
A tough one too will hold him tack to's end,  
This comes with wiving at threescore and three ;  
Would doating fools were all serv'd so for me.

*Tef.* To shut up all: *Theophilus*, take my Neece,  
We'll shortly find a Lawfull course to marry ye.

*Rafh.* I will take care for't. *Arthur*, take my  
With a glad fathers blessing. (daughter

*Mca.* And mine with it, wishing my daughter  
were as well bestow'd.

*Dio.* Sir take no thought for me, till my strict life  
(Bymaking man, and the world meer strangers to me,  
In expiation of my late transgression  
Gainst maiden modesty) shall render me  
Some way deserving th'honour of a husband.

*Rafh.* Spoke like a good new woman. (tune,

*Tef.* How now ! do you look squemish on your for-  
Sir her's a Gentleman shall maintain her blood  
As worthy as your own till you defile it,  
Tis best you cleanse it again.

*Nat.* Cadzooks I will—

Forgiv'me for swearing, and turn Precisian, and pray  
I'the nose that all my brethren whoremasters spend

*Phi.* My father— (no worse.

*Win.* O my child.

*Nat.* Though Mr. *Quickfands* made a *Mock-*  
*marriage* with his *English Moor*,  
Ile not mock thee.

*Tef.* Enough, enough. I hope all pleas'd at last  
But Master *Quick-fands* here.

*Qui.* I yeeld to fortune with an humble knee,  
If you be pleas'd, your pleasure shall please me.

EPILOGUE.

## EPILOGUE.

**N**ow let me be a modest undertaker  
 For us the players, the play and the play-maker :  
 If we have fail'd in speech or action, we  
 Must crave a pardon ; If the Commedy  
 Either in mirth, or matter be not right,  
 As 'twas intended unto your delight,  
 The Poet in hope of favour doth submit  
 Unto your censure both himself and it,  
 Wishing that as y'are judges in the cause  
 You judge but by the antient Comick Lawes.  
 Not by their course who in this latter age  
 Have sown such pleasing errors on the stage,  
 Which he no more will chuse to imitate  
 Then they to fly from truth, and run the State.  
 But whether I avail, you have seen the play,  
 And all that in defence the Poet can say  
 Is, that he cannot mend it by a jest  
 I'th Epilogue exceeding all the rest ;  
 To send you off upon a champing bit,  
 More then the scenes afforded of his wit :  
 Nor studies he the Art to have it said  
 He sculks behind the hangings as affraid  
 Of a hard censure, or pretend to brag  
 Here's all your money again brought in i'th bag  
 If you applaud not, when before the word  
 'Twas parcel'd out upon the shearing-board.  
 Such are fine helps ; but are not practis'd yet  
 By our plain Poet who cannot forget  
 His wonted modesty, and humble way  
 For him and us, and his yet doubtful play,  
 Which, if receiv'd or but allow'd by you,  
 We and the play are yours, the Poet too.

T H E

T H E  
LOVE-SICK COURT.

O R T H E

*Ambitious Politique.*

A

COMEDY

---

Written by *Richard Brome*:

---

*Nil mea, ceu mos est, commendes carmina curo  
Se nisi comendent carmina dispereant.*

---



LONDON,

Printed by *J. T.* for *A. C.* and are to be sold by  
*Henry Broom*, at the *Gun* in *Ivic-lane*, 1658.







P R O L O G U E.

*A little wit, lesse learning, no Poetry  
 This Play-maker dares boast: Tis his modesty.  
 For though his labours have not found least grace,  
 It puffs not him up or in minde or face,  
 Which makes him rather in the Art disclame  
 Bold License, then to arrogate a Name;  
 Yet to the wit, the scholler, and the Poet,  
 Such as the Play is, we must dare to show it  
 Our judgements to but too: And without fear  
 Of giving least offence to any ear.  
 If you finde pleasure in't, we boasting none,  
 Nor you nor we lose by expectation.  
 Sometimes at poor mens boards the curious finde  
 'Mongst homely fare, some unexpected dish,  
 Which at great Tables they may want and wish:  
 If in this slight Collation you will binde  
 Us to believe you've pleas'd your pallats here,  
 Pray bring your friends w'you next, you know  
 (your cheer.*

*Drammatis.*



## *Drammatis Personæ.*

*King of Theffaly.*

*Philargus*, the Prince, supposed Son of the late slain General.

*Difanius* } Two Lords.  
*Iustinius* }

*Stratocles* a Politician.

*Philocles*, A young Nobleman son of the late General, and twin with *Philargus*.

*Euphalus*, A Gentleman belonging to the King.

*Geron*, A curious Coxcomb and a Schollar.

*Matho*, A villain, servant to *Stratocles*.

*Terfulus*, A Taylor, servant to *Philargus*.

*Varillus*, A Barbar, servant to *Philocles*.

*Eudina*, The Princeffe.

*Themile*, *Philocles* Mother.

*Placilla*, Her Daughter.

*Garula*, An old Midwife.

*Doris*, *Themilis* Waiting-woman.

4. *Rusticks.*

The Scene THESSELY.

T H E

THE  
 LOVE--SICK  
 COURT.  
 OR THE  
*Ambitious Politique.*

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Disanius. Justinus. Meeting.*

**D** *If.* Good morrow my good Lord. How fares the King? (th'opinion, *Jus.* More sick in mind than body, by (Not onely of the skilful Doctors, but) of all That come about him.

*Dis.* I that have not seen him Since he was sick, can guess then at the cause, Of his distemper. He is sick o'th'subject ; Th'unquiet Commons fill his head and breast With their impertinent discontents and strife. The peace that his good care has kept'hem in For many years, still feeding them with plenty, Hath, like ore pampered steeds that throw their Masters, Set them at war with him. O misery of kings ! His vertue breeds their vices ; and his goodness Pulls all their ills upon him. He has been

Too

Too long too lenitive : A thousand heads  
 (Or say a hundred, or but ten) cut off  
 Of the most gross ones, the prime, leading heads  
 Of theirs a moneth since, had preserv'd him better  
 Then all his doctors pills can purge him now.

*Fus.* You are too sharp *Difanius*. There's a  
 As milde as other of the Kings clear Acts, (means,  
 In agitation now, shall reconcile  
 All to a common peace no doubt.

*Dif.* What's that *Justinus*?

*Fus.* Stay : Here comes *Stratocles*. *Ent.* *Strat.*

*Dif.* I fear, in that

Ambitious pate lies the combustible stuff  
 Of all this late commotion. *They con-*

*Str.* Why is man *fer aside.*

Prescrib'd on earth to imitate the Gods,  
 But to come nearest them in power and action ?  
 That is to be a King ! That onely thought  
 Fills this capacious breast. A King or nothing !

*Fus.* He's deep in meditation.

*Dif.* On no good.

It is some divellish waking dream affects him.  
 I'll put him out—And as I was about  
 To say my Lord.

*Str.* What ? when *Difanius* ?

*Dif.* About a moneth since,

It stick still in my jaws. Be not ambitious,  
 Affect not popularity. 'Tis the most  
 Notable break-neck in a kingdom.

*Str.* In whom ?

*Dif.* I know to whom I speak ; would *Stratocles*  
 As well knew who he is, and what he does :  
 It would be better for him. Thank me not,  
 I wish it for the King and kingdoms good,  
 Not yours I do assure you, my great Lord ;  
 Yet mine own Peer, if you forget me not.

*Str.*

*Str.* You take your time Sir to make me your  
A time may come—— (mirth.)

*Dif.* When you may be my King,  
And then up goes *Difanius*. Is't not so?

*Str.* Yes, up to Court, to be king *Stratocles* fool.

*Dif.* The Court now priviledges thee, or I would  
change (greatness)  
A cuffe with your great Souldier-ship and popular  
With clowns and Citizens, and Gentry, sprung  
By their late peaceful wealth, out of their dongue.  
But let'em thank our pious King, not you  
That claim (as merit for your service done)  
Their loves and voices.

*Juf.* Cease my Lords this strife.  
The King may hear on't, whose perplexities  
Already are too grievous. Pray be silent,  
The king approaches. Enter *king*

*Dif.* Wee'll attend his entrance. & *Eupathus*.

*King.* Upon those terms they are come then,  
*Eupathus*?

*Eu.* Four of the chief in the commotion,  
Upon the ingagement of my faith, that you  
Had past your kingly word for their return  
In safety, I have brought to Court, who wait  
Your present will and pleasure.

*King.* Bring'em in.

*Difanius*, welcome. I thought well to fend for you  
To take a Councillors part of my late cares  
Into your consideration.

*Dif.* I attend  
Your Highness pleasure.

*King.* Nearer good *Difanius*. *They talk privately.*

*Str.* Do you deal in secret king? The Commons  
To their examination, and this old (sent for  
Antagonist of mine cal'd to confront me,  
And I prepar'd by no intelligence  
To fit me for th'incounter? Let'em come.

I must not be deny'd to stand as fair  
 In competition for the Crown as any man  
 The King himself elects for his successor ;  
 The people are mine own thro' all his parts :  
 He may command their knees, but I their hearts.

*King.* *Stratocles, Justinus, Disanius* sit.

My Lords, altho' our Lawes of *Theffaly*  
 To you, as well as to our self, are known,  
 And all our customs, yet for orders sake  
 I shall lay open one to you. That is, when  
 A king deceaseth without issue male  
 (As I unfortunately must) the Commons  
 Are to elect their King, provided that  
 He be of noble blood, a souldier, and one  
 That has done publick service for the Crown——

*Str.* That makes for me.

*King.* Or else the son of some  
 Great General slain in battel for his countrey  
 (As my *Adraftus* was.)

*Dis.* O my brave brother !

*King.* Twenty years sorrow for that Souldiers loss  
 Has not worn out his memory.

*Str.* Your grace  
 Forgets not then Souldiers of fresher fame.

*King.* Some other time to boast good *Stratocles*.

*Dis.* Twere good you'd hear the king—A general,  
 Or a Generals son may be elected. There  
 Your Majesty left.

*King.* Or if the sonless King  
 Yet has a daughter, and he match her in  
 His life time to a husband that is noble,  
 He stands immediate heir unto the Crown  
 Against all contradiction.

*Str.* Now think upon my service, Royal Sir.

*Dis.* Now think upon my Nephewes, Royal Master,  
 The sons of brave *Adraftus*, who was slain  
 Twenty years since in fighting of your battel.

*Str.*

*Str.* Twere good you would hear the king. The husband of

Your daughter must be elected. There you left, sir.

*King.* It rests now that a speedy choice be made Of a fit husband, one that may acquire

*Eudynas* love, and peoples approbation,

The people, (for whose noise I must not rest

Till my successor be appointed to them)

Are wild till this election be made :

They have, in arms, made their demand, and wait

My present answer. Enter *Eupathus* & *Rustiks*.

*Dis.* O here they come. These be the principals The heads, the heads, forsooth they call themselves.

Head-carpenter, head-smith, head-plowman, and head-shepherd. (abash'd

*Kin.* Nay, pray approach ; and seem no more Here then amongst your giddy-headed rowts,

*they all kneel.*

Where every man's a King, and wage your powers Gainst mine in foul defiance. Freely speak,

Your grievance, and your full demand.

1. *Ruf.* Tis humbly all exprest in this petition.

2. *Ruf.* By all means have a care that, to any question, we give the King good words to his face ; He is another manner of man here then we took him for at home.

3. *Ruf.* I sweat for't. I am sure I have scarce a dry thred in my leather lynings.

4. *Ruf.* They made us heads i' the countrey : But if our head-ships now, with all our countrey care should be hang'd up at court for displeasing of this good King, for the next Kings good our necks will not be fet right again in the next Kings raign I take it.

1. *Ruf.* My head itches to be at home again.

2. *Ruf.* My head itches to be at home again.

3. *Ruf.* My head and heart both akes with fear.

Would I were honestly hang'd out o'the way to be  
rid on't. (before

*King.* There you may read my Lords what we  
Found would be their demand. Tis for a King  
That must succeed me.

*Dif.* And because you have  
Govern'd them long in peace, by which they thrive  
Their wisdom would have you intail that piece  
On them for after times; and so they nominate  
Ambitious *Stratocles* to be your heir.

*Str.* Envious *Difanius*, my merit is  
Their motive. (inclin'd

*King.* Cease your strife.—You have stood more  
To lay your choise on *Philocles*, or *Philargus*  
The Twin-born sons of long since slain *Adrastus*.

1. *Ruf.* May't please your Majesty we are inform'd  
That in their travails unto *Delphos*, both  
Of them are dead.

*Dif.* That information  
Was meerly by suggestion (I dare speak it)  
Insinuated by *Stratocles*. They both live  
And are upon return.

1. *Ruf.* Would we knew that.  
Lord *Stratocles* then should pardon us. Hee's a man  
Gracious amongst us. But——

2. *Ruf.* *Philargus*! O——  
*Philargus*, be he living.

3. *Ruf.* I say *Philocles*.  
Brave *Philocles* is the man.

*Str.* False, empty weathercocks.

4. *Ruf.* I say Lord *Stratocles* is the man we know  
And ought to honour.

*Str.* There lives yet some hope.

*Jus.* What strange confusions this? Or whither  
You run by several wayes? *Philargus* one, (will  
Another *Philocles*; a third cries *Stratocles*.  
In this you say you'l have no king at all.

This



This must be reconcil'd, or you pull ruine  
Upon your selves. He, whom the king is pleas'd  
To give his daughter to must be your King.

*i. Ruf.* All that we crave (and that upon our  
Is, that the king will graciously be pleas'd (knees)  
To make a speedy choice, and give us leave  
With pardon to depart, and signify  
His Royal pleasure to the doubtful countreys.

*King.* Tell'em they shall expect, then, but a  
In which short time my daughters marriage (moneth,  
Shall be consummate.

*All Ruf.* The Gods protect your Majesty. *Ex. Ruf.*

*King.* And now, my Lords, the commons being  
at peace,  
Let me prevail your private jarrs to cease.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT I. SCENE 2.

*Eudyna. Thymcle weeping.*

*Eud.* Madam, the cause is mine; tis mine to  
mourn  
In chief, if they be dead. They were your sons,  
Tis true, and though they were your onely comforts  
Upon this earth, you but resigne to heaven  
The blessings that it lent you. But to me  
They were a pair of equal lovers; and  
By me so equally lov'd; and by  
The king my father so'bove all men respected  
That I by either had been made a Queen.  
Which title I for ever will disclaim  
If they be dead.

*Thy.* O my *Philargus.* O my *Philocles!*  
Ye Gods I know they did not seek your Counsels  
Nor dare to approach your altars, but with all  
Due reverence and required ceremony.  
And could your *Delphian* Oracle, when they

Were friendly competitioners for love,  
 Anfwer them but with death ?

*Eud.* The rumor, Madam,  
 Carries so little shew of truth, that you  
 Do ill to take so deep a sence of it ;  
 Much worse t'expostulate, as if you had  
 An injury done you by the Gods. Have you  
 Been from mine infancy my governess,  
 And careful counsel-giver ; and must I  
 Find cause to chide you now ? come dry these tears.

*Enter Garrula.*

*Gar.* Where's my sweet princefs ?  
 Where's my Lady governess ?

*Eud.* O *Garrula*, welcome. I could never wish  
 Thy company more usefully : For thou bring'st  
 Some recreation on thy countenance alwayes.

*Gar.* I am glad my countenance pleases you. It  
 For I have on it now (could you discern'em) (may:  
 A thousand joyes dancing within these wrinkles  
 More then my feeble failing tongue can utter.  
 And that's a grief to me 'mong all my joyes ;  
 The failing of the tongue, the tongue, the tongue  
 Is a great grief to any woman. But  
 To one in years, and well in years, as I am,  
 It is a grief indeed, more then the los  
 Of any other member.

*Eud.* But I pray thee  
 Let not that grief deprive us of the hearing  
 Of, at least, one of thy whole thousand joyes.

*Gar.* Tis a report of joy and wonder, princefs ;  
 Enough to make not onely you, and you,  
 But King and kingdom glad, could I but utter't.

*Eud.* Thou dost speak well enough, and enough  
 I pray thee tell it. (too,

*Thy.* Tis some faign'd stuffe  
 She hopes to palliate our sorrowes with.

*Gar.* 'Tis a report, worth more then all the stories  
 That

That I my self have told in child-bed chambers,  
To restore spirit to the pallid flesh.

And I have been a woman as good at it  
(Without vain boast bee't spoke) as any she  
In *Theffaly*, that ere durst undertake  
The office of a midwife: And that the queen  
Your Mother knew, when I delivered her  
Of the sweet babe (your self.) She is in blisse  
Now in *Elifium*: But you, Madam Gouverneffe,  
Can yet remember good old *Garrula*,  
That took into the light your twin-born fons,  
And thereby hangs a tale——

*Thy.* What means this woman? (story?)

*Eud.* Good *Garrula*, thy newes? thy present

*Gar.* 'Tis such a story, that could I but utter't

With volubility of tongue!——But O

This tongue, that fails me now; for all the helps  
Of Syrups, and sweet sippings. I still go *She sips oft*  
Provided, as you see, to cherish it. *of a bottle at*

And yet it falters with me. *her girdle.*

*Eud.* We shall ha't

Anon I hope. *Placilla*, whats your news? *Ent.* *Placilla.*

*Pla.* 'Tis excellent Madam. And I was ambitious  
To bring you the first taste of it. But if  
*Garrula* has in that prevented me,  
I can with no lesse joy relate it yet.

My brothers are return'd, and safe, from *Delphos*.

*Thy.* Be thou as true as th'Oracle.

*Eud.* Now, Madam.

*Pla.* Mother, tis true.

*Gar.* 'Tis that I would ha'told you  
Had not my tongue fail'd me i'th'utterance.

*Eud.* Thy tongue ran fast enough, but lost its way.

*Pla.* Three minutes, Madam, brings'em to your  
presence.

*Eud.* How is it with you, Madam? Let not joy

Beget a worfe effect then did your fears.

Help, *Garrula*.

*Thym fwounds.*

*Gar.* Ods pity, what dee mean.

Madam, look up, and speak up too you were best,  
Do you know who talks to you? Speak; and  
speak well too.

I shall speak that will be worfe for you else.

Madam, you know, that I know what I know.

*Thy.* I am well I thank you, *Garrula*.

*Gar.* O are you so?

*Eud.* I have observ'd that often in her language,  
This chattring Midwife glanceth at the knowledge  
Of some strange hidden thing, which like as with  
A Charm, she keeps my Governess in aw with.  
I gues it but some trifle: For I know  
The Lady is right vertuous; yet it may  
Be worth my inquisition at fit time.

*Thy.* You have felt the comforts of my friendship  
*Garrula,*

And had you common charity, you'd forbear me.

*Gar.* I—done Madam. Be secure. But yet,  
Though I forbear to speak, I not forget.

*Eud.* You have not yet, *Placilla*, told the means  
Of your rich knowledge.

*A shout and crying* *Philar.* and *Philocles,* &c.

*Pla.* Nor shall I need now Madam  
These shouts of joy that follow'd them to Court  
Attend them to your presence.

*Eud.* O let us meet'em. Madam, come away.

*Thy.* O ye Gods, I thank ye. *Ex. omnes pret.* *Gar.*

*Gar.* I have a son there too, as dear to me  
As any Mothers onely born can be,  
Whose name's not voic'd with theirs. Yet by your  
Great Madam Governess, he has discharg'd (favour  
The office of a Governor ore your sons,  
As well as you have over the Kings daughter.  
And they have suck'd more of his Helycon

Then

Then she has of your doctrin : which their breeding  
*sips the bottle.*

Together with their Travels through his care  
 Will testifie (I doubt not) to my honor  
 That have brought forth a son of such performance.  
*Ent. Dif. Jus. Phila. Philo. Eud. Thy. Pla. Geron.*

*Dif.* Did not I say, 'twas *Stratocles* that rais'd  
 That hideous rumor of their deaths, among  
 His wilde idolators, in hope to gain  
 Election by their ignorance and rudeness?

*Jus.* 'Twas well those factious heads were wrought  
 Before the King to finde his clemencie, (to come  
 And probabilitly that these were living. (*Stratocles!*

*Dif.* And how they then shrunk in their necks from  
 It has so laid the flames of his ambition,  
 That these may safely now tread out the fire.

*Phila.* Welcom again my princely Nephews,  
 welcom.

*Phil.* Thanks, courteous Uncle.

*Thy.* You interrupt me, brother. (such things!

*Dif.* Good woman, cry thee mercy. Mothers are

*Ger.* Why, what things are we mothers?

*Dif.* O the old night-piece with her dark  
 lanthorne by her

*Ger.* You'l give us leave to take  
 The comforts due unto us in our age,  
 For which we suffer'd sorrow in our youth!  
 Our children are our children young or old.

*Dif.* So is my horse my horse.

*Ger.* You have repli'd,

As *Whilome* did a Councillour at Law,  
 Who said his adverse Advocate had pleaded  
 To as much purpose as a hen i'th'forehead. (humor,

*Dif.* *Geron*, th'art welcom. Thou still keepst thy  
 Thy travels ha'not chang'd thee. Thou camest home  
 As wise as thou wentst out.

*Ger.* So *Whilome* said,

A miser, having much increas'd his store,  
He had as much still as he had before.

*Dis.* Enough, I'll give thee over.

*Thy.* O my dear off-spring; every sight of you  
Is a new recompence, and satisfaction  
For all the pain and travel of your birth.  
In you your fathers memory shall live  
Beyond the malice of the grave and death:  
And I, when my rejoycing shall be full,  
And cannot take addition, freely yeelding  
My flesh to dust, shall yet be blest by those  
Who shall give testimony to your vertue.

*Philas.* 'Twere a sufficient spur to noble actions  
To be rewarded but with your content,  
Which to procure we make our businesse.

*Thy. Philocles,*  
Your brow is clouded. Has the Oracle  
Adjudg'd against you. Pray let us partake  
The knowledgè of the *Delphian* decree;  
And which of you stands highest in the favour  
Of wife *Apollo*, to be husband to  
Princessse *Eudyna* here the Kingdoms heir.  
What speaks the Oracle?

*Philoc.* Such a Verdict, Madam,  
Requires an *OEdipus* to construe it.  
I neither know't, nor am solicitous  
After the meaning,

*Gar.* Wisely spoken, Pupil.  
So *Whilome* answered an *Aegyptian* Porter  
To one demanding what he bore conceal'd?  
Tis therefore cover'd that thou shouldst not know.  
The cases are alike.

*Eud.* Pray let us hear it.  
Cannot your Tutor *Geron* play the *Hermes*  
T'interpret it?

*Gar.* I am not *Ænigmatical*.  
But all for *Apothegms*. Besides, I say

(As *Whilome Aristippus* of a Riddle)  
It is not safe to loose what being bound  
Doth trouble us so much.

*Gar.* Let me come to't.

*Dif.* Yes by all means: For as one *Whilome* said  
The blinde are best i'th'dark.

*Gar.* My Lord, your trumps  
Are ever shot at me. Blinde as I am,  
I perceive that. And make much of your Riddle,  
I know both what it can and will come to,  
Better without the sight of it, then all  
You can, with all your wise constructions.  
And so I leave you.

*Thy.* Not in anger, *Garrula*.

*Gar.* Madam, you know I know. I must take leave  
To take a nap. *Exit.*

*Dif.* And Governour *Geron*, wait upon your  
Trust our cares with your charge. (mother,

*Ger.* So *Whilome* said

A School boy, when another rais'd his top,  
Let me alone, my self can keep it up. *Exit.*

*Eud.* And now let me entreat that we may hear  
The hidden sentence. Happily so many  
May guesse at the intent.

*Dif.* She longs to hear

Which of the two is prickt to be her husband.

*Phi.* Here it is. If there be any thing.

*Dif.* Let me be Clerk. I hope at least to read it.

*Contend not for the Jewel, which  
Ere long shall both of you enrich.*

*Pursue your Fortune: For tis she*

*Shall make you what you seem to be.*

*Apollo*, thy great wisdom hath quite fool'd mine.

*Philo.* Nothing but contradictions.

*Thy.* As how, *Philocles*.

*Philo.* He commands here.

*Contend not for the Jewel*—we agree,

*Eudyna*

*Eudyna* is the Jewel—*which shall both of you enrich.*  
How shall she enrich us both? Can she be wife to  
Then here he bids. (us both?)

*Pursue your Fortune.*—And we both agree  
*Eudyna* is that Fortune too: she's both  
The Jewel we must not contend for; and  
The Fortune we must both pursue. Then here  
He says tis she shall make us what we seem to be.  
What do we seem? we are no Hypocrites  
In flesh or spirit; no phantastick bodies  
Or shadows of humanity.

*Philar.* No, *Delphos* is but a den of jugglers which  
Abuse divinity, and pretend a God (profanely  
Their Patron to authorize their delusions.

*Dis.* Nephews, the Gods had need be cautilous  
For what they speak if you may be their Judges.

*Thy.* What thinks good *Iustinus*?

*Fus.* My Lords, here's two commands;  
One, that you not contend to gain the jewel;  
The other, that you both pursue your fortune.  
Both these commands are thus to be obey'd;  
Contend not for her as to violate  
Your unexampled friendship, which you are  
Renown'd for ore all *Græce*; And both pursue  
Your fortune in her without eithers grudge,  
At tothers happiness in her choice.

*Philar.* Noble *Iustinus*, thanks.

*Philoc.* This we can do. (aspire to

*Philar.* And for the happiness which we both  
We here confirm the friendship long since plighted,  
Which never shall be broken by *Philargus*.

*Eud.* Noble *Philargus*.

*Philoc.* So vows *Philocles*,  
'Tis not the cloudy language of the Gods  
Shall make our breasts tempestuous or stormy;  
But with the same serenity and quiet,  
As heretofore our hearts shall mingle still,

And



And fortifie their truce. Let the event  
 Expound their Ridle. If good, it is our merit ;  
 If bad, we know our vertue can correct it.  
 Mean time *Philargus* take the word of *Philocles*,  
 That though there be no happinefs on earth  
 I can esteem above *Philargus* friendship,  
 But fair *Eudyna*'s love, which onely is  
 The treasure I can covet from *Philargus* ;  
 And cannot look to live but to enjoy it  
 Rather then juffle with his friendship, I  
 Will die to lofe it.

*Eud.* Noble *Philocles*. (*Philocles*,

*Philar.* You have made my vow, my brother  
 And friend, which is above it. I will feek  
 And rather die then fail to gain her love :  
 But that, and the whole kingdom in addition  
 Muft divide our friendship or affection.  
 As we are Twins in birth, we'll be in mind  
 Unto our lateft breath. Let *Greece* hereafter  
 Forget to mention the *Tyndarides*  
 With their alternate Deities, and tell  
 Of two *Theffalian* brothers could refuse  
 A happinefs (which onely is not Heaven)  
 In deteftation of priority ;  
 Would not be happy, 'caufe they might not fhare  
 An individual, both Time and Thing.

*Eud.* Love, and ambition (I have heard men fay)  
 Admit no fellowfhip ; It holds not here.  
 Thefe will have neither wife nor crown alone.  
 They each defire my love ; but neither can  
 Enjoy't uniefs he were the other man.  
 My love is doubly tane, yet muft gain neither,  
 Uniefs I could enjoy them both together. O, ye  
 Gods !

Why made ye them two perfons, and affign'd  
 To both but one inseparable mind ?  
 Or, Why was I mark'd out to be that one,

That

That loves and must embrace, or two, or none ;  
O my perplexity. *Sinks.*

*Dis.* Look to the Princess.

*Philar.* Madam. How fares the life of goodness.

*Philoc.* She sinks. Dear Mother, Sister, bring  
your aids. (ance.

*Philar.* To keep the world alive give your assist-

*Jus.* Ye Gods be now auspicious.

*Dis.* A love-qualm.

To bed with her and call for *Cupids* aid,  
He best can cure the wound that he has made.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Explicit Actus primus.*

ACT 2. SCENE I.

*Doris reading a Letter.*

*Do.* My *Lesbia*, my *Cinthia*, my *Licoris* (that's I.  
Or (which is best of names) my lovely *Doris*—  
I still am thine and cannot commutate,  
I am as certain to thee as thy fate.

Tis not my study, or my travails can  
Make me to thee appear another man :  
Thou may'st affirm of me as *Whilom* did  
*Xantippe* of her husband whom she chid,  
Grave *Socrates* regardless of his worth  
He still return'd the same that he went forth.

Before I visit thee, thus may'st thou hear on  
Thine in the tribulation of love—*Geron.* (again ?  
Ha, ha, ha. Old *Whilom Geron!* art thou come  
Could *Delphos* not detain, nor the Sea-swallow thee  
But I must be in danger to be punish'd (En. *Pla*-  
With the porcupine bristles ? Fate deliver me. *cilla.*

*Pla.* *Doris*, you must be vigilant in attendance,  
And see that no man pass this lobby, towards  
Her graces lodging. Tis your charge : look to't.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Mistrefs you know your Mother laid that charge

On me before, and I am ready here  
To answer every commer in his kind  
Had you forgot it?

*Pla.* Pardon me, I had ; *(Doris.*  
But my care hurts not. One thing more good  
If my dear brother *Philocles* come to visit,  
Prithe call me. Speak, wilt thou.

*Do.*—help your head.  
I must not stir from hence, yet I must come  
To call you forth. Away, some body comes.

*Pla.* I trust unto thee *Doris.* *Exit.*

*Dor.* What a sick Court is here? Shee's love-  
struck too.

I can with half a sence find her disease ;  
But cannot gues the object of her love.  
She keeps the fire so close up in her bosom,  
That she will sooner perish by't, then suffer  
A spark of it flie out to make discovery.  
The Princess she's love-sick for two ; and her  
Despair of gaining either's her consumption.  
But what think I of their loves, when mine own  
Is trouble enough ? Now the visitants ;  
My great Lords Howdies are upon the entry,  
And the unwelcom't first *Ent.* Matho.

*Ma.* Good morrow Lady.

May I crave admittance to the Lady Governess ?

*Dor.* Yes, you may crave it Sir, But not obtain it :  
Her nearness to the Princess at this time  
Is by so strict necessity requir'd.

*Ma.* May I prevail then, to impart the duty  
I have in charge, unto the Ladies daughter ?

*Dor.* That is the Mistris whom I wait upon,  
Though now at remote distance : She attends  
Her Mother at this instant, and her Mother  
The Princess in much privacy. If I

May

May be thought worthy to receive the knowledge  
Of what you have in trust unto the Princess.  
It shall be orderly convey'd unto her Grace.

*Ma.* Lord *Stratocles*, solicitous for glad tydings,  
(Beseeching that her Grace be pleas'd to take  
The tender of his service; and affirming  
Upon his honour that no rest affects him  
Until he shall receive a perfect knowledge  
Of her recovery) prayes to be advertis'd  
In what condition of health she fares;  
Or to gain leave to visit her himself. (have said

*Dor.* Sir, you have lost much time: you might  
How does the Princess? And I answer thus,  
She is most dangerously sick; not to be seen  
By him or any man.

*Ma.* Yet let her know  
My Lords obsequious care for her recovery.

*Dor.* I'll tell my Mistresses, who shall certify  
Unto my Lady, who shall intimate  
Unto the Princess what you have left in trust  
With me, her Graces hand-maid thrice remov'd.

*Ma.* I will acquaint my Lord; who for your care  
Shall upon his advancement to the Crown  
Give me command, who will give present order  
Unto my man for your promotion.

Your diligence deserves it. *Exit.*

*Dor.* My great Lords especially parasite. I am  
beholden to you.

Here comes another; an importunate, *Ent. Tur-*  
Though impertinent suitor of mine own. *fulus.*

*Ter.* My beauteous *Doris*, first my love presented  
Unto your self, my Lord *Philargus* craves  
To know how fares the Princess.

*Dor.* This comes nearer  
To my regard then tother; and deserves  
A comfortabler answer. She's not well Sir,  
But much amended in her health. 'Tis like,

Your

Your Lord (would he approach to visit her)  
Shall find a fair admiffion to her Grace.

*Ter.* I dare not (to delay my Lord a minute  
Of these glad tidings) stay to profecute  
My love-fuit to your felf.

*Dor.* No, no; away.  
Away good *Terfulus*; and hazard not .  
Your Lords, for your own fortunes.

*Ter.* Yet my *Doris*— (me.

*Dor.* Yet again man. *Ter.* Be pleas'd to think of

*Dor.* I fhall, and better of you when you are gone.

*Ter.* Wing'd with that hope, I fly. *Exit.*

*Dor.* A pretty nimble fellow and a Taylor. *Ent.*  
I could almost affect him, did not this *Varill.*  
More fupple handed Barber put him by.

*Var.* Sweet *Doris*! thus, by me Lord *Philocles*  
Salutes the Princefs. *Kifs.*

*Dor.* This requires an answer  
Of health indeed.

*Var.* How fares her highnefs? (Lord.

*Dor.* Well. Exceeding well, and longs to fee your

*Var.* I'll haft to tell him fo.

*Dor.* Nay, good *Varillus*,  
I have not gain'd a conference with you  
Since your return from *Delphos*.

*Var.* At more leafure  
I'll tell thee wonders, *Doris*.

*Dor.* Something now.

*Var.* Ha'you feen your lover *Geron*, the old tutor,  
Since our arival?

*Dor.* Here is an Epiftle (him.  
Came from him to my hands this morning. Hang

*Var.* Well: he has been the whole mirth of our  
journey

In the difcovery of his love to you.  
His meat, his drink, his talk, his fleep, has all  
Been *Doris*, *Doris*, nothing but your remembrance

H

Has

Has been thee trouble of his company ;  
 Ile tell the at large hereafter. The fair Princess  
 Is well you say.

*Dor.* She was well when I left her,  
 But subject to much passion : She is well  
 And ill, and well again all in three minutes.  
 Great Ladies may be so. But if I should  
 Be sick and well, and sick again and well  
 Again as oft as she ; the world would say  
 I had it—And had been a courtier, to some purpose.

*Var.* They would say the Handmaid had been  
 handled  
 Would they ? (talk'd on so.

*Dor.* Like enough, but great ones must not be

*Var.* You have detain'd me to my undoing.  
 See, my Lord ! Enter *Philocles.*

*Dor.* Ile send his sister to appease him. Exit,

*Philo.* You have done ill *Varillus* to neglect  
 A duty of that consequence, that I  
 Expected in your quick return, was this  
 A time to loyter ?

*Var.* My good Lord, the Princess  
 Is well again ; restor'd to absolute health.

*Philoc.* 'Tis happy news. But why was I delay'd  
 In this accompt ? was it too precious for me ?

Redeem your fault by some ensuing service,  
 Or you may lose a master, that has lov'd you. Ex.

I must proceed to gain *Eudinas* love *Var.*

From my *Philargus* or I loose my self.

And gaining it, I must forgo *Philargus*,

And equally be lost. O sister, welcome.

I must request your aid.

Enter  
*Placilla.*

*Pla.* In any thing

Wherein I may be useful, best of brothers.

*Philoc.* I would intreat you be my advocate

In love unto *Eudina*—O, but hold,

Shall I be treacherous unto my brother ?

A brother! What's a brother? A meer name;  
 A title which we give to those that lodg'd  
 In the same womb; so bedfellowes are brothers;  
 So men, inhabiting one town, or countrey  
 Are brothers too: for though the place containing  
 Be greater, the relation is the same.  
 A friend! I that's the thing I violate, (sacred,  
 Then which, nor earth nor heaven hath ought more  
 Tis my *Philargus*, nay my self I injure,  
 If I content my self.

*Pla.* Why, brother *Philocles*—  
 Did I say brother? How my tongue conspires  
 To torture me! If Brother be a naked  
 Title or name (as he suggests) I would  
 It had nor being, name, nor title. *Philocles*  
 Y'are passionate.

*Philoc.* Fond reason I disclaim thee,  
 Love is a strain beyond thee, and approaches  
 The Gods estate: Friendship's a moral vertue  
 Fitter for disputation, then observance.

*Eudina.* O *Eudina*! In what price  
 Art thou with me, for whom I cast away  
 The Souls whole treasury Reason and Vertue?

*Placilla*, you must wo *Eudina* for me;  
 Do you startle at it? Pray do't, as you love me.

*Pla.* If I wereshe you should not need anadvocate.

*Philoc.* I charge you by this kifs.—

*Pla.* Your wages  
 Corrupts your agent to be false. O whither;  
 Into what Sands will the rash Pilot, Love?  
 Drive this weak vessel? did I call it Love?  
 Tis footy, hellish fire; unlawful flame:  
 Yet such as we may easier tax, then tame.

*Philoc.* What troubles you *Placilla*? O you are  
 Already entertain'd to mediate  
 For him you better love, *Philargus*, do:  
 He best deserves her; Ile wo for him too. *Enter Doris.*

*Dor.* Madam, my Lady calls for you? My Lord  
The Princess has taken notice of your visit. *Exit Plac.*  
And wishes you draw nearer if you please. (feet.

*Philoc.* I meet that wish with swift, but fearful  
My joys are bitter, and my woes are sweet. *Exit.*

*Dor.* I have heard men say when they on game-  
sters look

(Though equally affected to both parties,  
Or both were strangers to'em yet) they'll yeeld  
A secret inclination which should win.

I am for *Philocles*, now, against *Philargus*,  
Who is as noble, and as free to me,

As ever *Philocles* was. But tarry *Doris*;

You have a bett upon the game I take it,

Your love unto *Varillus*. If his Lord  
Rise to a Kingdom, you may hope to climbe

The ladder of a Ladyship by the man.

But not too fast: Here's one pursues the game

That is as like to win. Why if he does?

*Enter Philargus.*

His follower *Tersulus* loves me past *Varillus*,  
And may as much advance me. But I love not

Him, And the love of honour above husbands

Has been so common among Ladies, that

The fashions stale and ugly.

*Philarg.* So't must be.

And so by transposition of my love

I shall be quiet, and *Philocles* double happy

*Doris*, go seek my mother, and perceive

If I may see the Princess.

*Dor.* Yes my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Philarg.* Love, thou art well compar'd to fire,  
which where

It doth obey and serve being commanded

By higher powers of the soul, it fares

Like to the stone or jewel of a ring,

Which joyns the orb, and gives it price and luster:

So



So glorious is that love, so necessary.  
 But, where it rules and is predominant,  
 It tiranizeth ; Reason is imprison'd ;  
 The will confined ; and the memory  
 (The treasury of notions) clean exhausted ;  
 And all the fences slavishly chain'd up  
 To act th'injunctions of insulting love,  
 Pearch'd on the beauty of a woman. Thou  
 Masculine love, known by the name of friendship  
 Art peaceful and morigerous : But that  
 Of woman, is imperious and cruel.  
 Why should I then lose *Philocles* for *Eudina* ?

*Ent. Eudina. Thymile Eudi. reading a letter*

Why ? Can I look on her and ask a Reason ?  
 O the divinity of woman ! sure  
 There is no heaven without'em. If the Gods  
 Should thrust out *Jove* as he depos'd his Father  
 And elect me to be their thonderer  
 I'd not drink Nectar to forgo *Eudina*.

*Thy.* Fie, fie *Philargus*, y'are a slugish Lover.  
 I have been careful for you, yea and partial  
 Against your brother *Philocles*, to prefer  
 Your love to his : And you to suffer him  
 A whole hour opportunity before you !

*Philar.* Has he been here ?

*Thy.* And is. Onely for you  
 I have beguil'd him of her presence, that  
 Till you have made first presentation  
 Of love to her he shall have no access.

*Philar.* Now *Philocles*, I suffer in thy injury ;  
 And to proceed in it were treachery.  
 I would retire—But that magnetique beauty  
 To which are chain'd thousands of hearts and eyes  
 Has captiv'd mine : nor must I seem to slight  
 A mothers care. She's not the first (tis known)  
 That of two sons hath best affected one. (Princede.

*Thy.* Why move you not *Philargus* towards the

*Philar.* Madam, you see she's busy. *Eud. throws*  
*Eud. Stratocles*— *away the Let-*

May thy ambition hoist thee into air ; *ter.*  
 And thy loose wings, like thy licentious paper,  
 There failing thee, let fall thy vicious body  
 To earth, as here thy name lies to be trod on.  
*Philargus*, you are welcome.

*Philar.* Princely Madam,  
 That language from you gracious lips is powerful  
 To save him from the grave, that onely lives  
 By your free favours.

*Eud.* Nay, my dear *Philargus*,  
 I thought me nearer to you, then that you  
 Should rove at me with Courtship. *Stratocles*  
 (The emblem of whose pride lies there in paper)  
 Shot from afar indeed ; yet, like a Jove  
 (A self-conceited one) presum'd to strike  
 Love by command into me by his Letters.

*Philar.* I cannot flatter pride, nor undervalue  
 Abilities. 'Tis true that *Stratocles*  
 Has been a useful servant to the State ;  
 But, doubtless he would make as ill a Master.

*Eud.* No more of him.

*Philar.* Nor more be thought of him.  
 And therefore Madam, by your fair command,  
 To avoid all Court-circumlocutions,  
 I tender thus my service, and crave hearing.

*Eud.* You have it freely.

*Thy.* To avoid all lets, *Exit.*  
 I will withdraw my self.

*Philar.* The King has graciously been pleas'd  
 in lieu  
 Of my slain fathers services ; and for love  
 To us his sons, (by us much undeserv'd)  
 To recommend unto your noble choice  
 My brother and my self. You standing doubtful  
 Whether to chuse, we to avoid dispute

Of violating friendship, did implore  
The Council of the Oracle to direct  
You in th'election. But the hidden fence  
In the dark sentence hath perplext both you  
And us with more anxiety.

*Eud.* It is too true. (is free

*Philar.* Yet you are not prescrib'd ; your choice  
To take your lot in *Philocles* or me.  
We both, by strong injunction must pursue  
Your sacred Love, yet keep our friendship true.  
Then thus illustrious Madam.

*Eud.* Not so low.

*Philar.* As low as future duty must compel me,  
When you shall be my Queen, let me beseech  
The favour that I seek and would obtain,  
Equal with heavenly blifs, to shine on *Philocles*.

*Eud.* That he may be your King ?

*Philar.* May he prove so.

*Eud.* Be all example lost.

*Philar.* Friendship, with favour, may  
Hold between King and Subject : But one throne  
Cannot estate two Kings ; Love's number's one.

*Eud.* O my *Philargus*, you have open'd now  
The meaning of the Oracle. I have the fence  
Most perfectly. You have beyond example  
Preserv'd your friendship with your brother ; and  
In wooing for him have won me to your self.  
I am your own. *She kisses him.*

*Philar.* I am amidst the Gods.  
The wealth o'th'world, the beauty of the Heavens,  
And powers of both shall not redeem my interest.  
—Provided that I lose not *Philocles*.

Enter *Philo. Thy. Pla.*

*Eud.* In that your constancy you win me more.

*Thy.* Your importunity hath prevail'd. See

*Philocles,*

The Princess, and *Philargus*.

*Philoc.* O, you are partial. *He sinks.*

*Pla.* O help, my brother ; speak, dear *Philocles*.

*Philar.* Ye Gods, how comes this? Let me  
raife him up,

Brother, and friend ; speak, 'tis *Philargus* calls thee.

*Philoc.* *Philargus*, let me go. 'Tis your advantage. (bance,

*Eud.* Let me request the cause of your disturbance.  
Good *Philocles*.

*Philo.* No other but my self.

Honour'd *Eudyna* : For, who feeds to danger

Upon a dish he loves, ought not to blame

The meat, but his unbridled appetite.

*Pla.* How do you now? What a cold moisture  
Spreads ore his temples here.

*Eud.* Let me come to him.

*Thy.* I can read his grief.

*Eud.* What's that to the redrefs? (knowes

*Thy.* The *Delphian* God, medicines inventor  
That and not I.

*Eud.* His grief's a jealous passion

Upon my suppos'd favour to *Philargus*.

Shake it off *Philocles*, I am thine, as much

As ere I was, or his.

*Philoc.* It is no jealousy

Onely a fear *Philargus* had broke friendship :

So my fowls better part exited, left

The other languishing.

*Philar.* Had you expir'd

In that belief, and I had understood it,

My shadow should have posted after yours

Unto the *Elifian* fields to vindicate

So causeless imputation.

*Thy.* And because

You charg'd my son with partiality

Let us remove, *Philargus*, come *Placilla*. *gus.*

*Eud.* You will not take him from me. Stay *Philar-*

*Thy.*

*Thy.* What would you do with both ?

*Phil.* I may not stir,  
When she, whose power above me countermands  
The precepts of the Gods requires my stay.

*Thy.* What not to give your brother *Philocles*  
An opportunity for equal hearing ?  
Your grace will not deny't him.

*Eud.* True, I may not. (above,

*Phil.* That spell convinces all. Friendships  
And must controul obedience, and love. *Exit with*  
Tis not to injure thee my dear *Philargus*, *Thym.* &  
That here I linger, to oppose thy love ; *Placil.*  
But to prefer it.

*Eud.* What sayes *Philocles* ?

*Phil.* To say I love you, Madam, with a zeal  
That dares to meet the tryal of Martyrdom,  
And suffer't for your sake, might get a name,  
A glorious one, and an immortal Crown :  
Yet so I should forgo (in leaving you  
On earth, a heaven on it) the blifs,  
Which, grieving, I should in *Elisium* mis.  
No, I will love you better then to die,  
And be mine own chief mourner ; yet must crave,  
Under your gracious favour, leave to suffer  
More then a thousand deaths, that is, to live  
And part with my fair hopes in you for ever.

*Eud.* What means my *Philocles* ?

*Phil.* Princely Madam,  
Consider the necessity, which now  
By further search I gather from the hidden  
Oraculous perduit ; by which I am tied  
Not to contend for you, that is, I must not  
Wound friendship in *Philargus* : But pursue  
My fortune, which is to gain love from you.  
For whom it sayes not, but the meanings plain,  
I for *Philargus* should your love obtain.  
The Gods deal after as they please with me,

(c)

My fate is that you take *Philargus*.

*Eud.* O—

*Philocles* you have made a double conquest

For you have got the victory of me

Which was before assign'd unto *Philargus*.

Your fortune thus embraces you. *She kisses him.*

*Philoc.* This now,

And with *Philargus* friendship were to me

A fortune 'bove the envy of the Gods.

*Eud.* He cannot disallow't. He woo'd me for you,

And won me to himself, as you have now

Suing for him.

*Philoc.* I must not hold you then.

His title, as his friendship precedes mine.

*Eud.* Yet still the choice is mine. I may take you

Without offence to him. But now he comes,

*Ent. Philar. Thy. Pla.*

And has again an equal interest,

Strange love! In others absence I took either

And lov'd each best; Now both at once appear,

Neither is mine. Fate, let me die to one

Rather than live in this confusion.

*Thy.* Now madam, whethers love do you approve.

*Eud.* Confound me not with question. They are each

Wedded to others friendship: Either is

More studious for the other than himself.

*Philar.* And ever must.

*Philoc.* And will be.

*Eud.* So will I

For both of you then for my self.

*Thy.* Alas.

*Eud.* Then let's continue thus with Maiden love,

With modest freedom, unsuspected joyes,

As we had all been formed in one womb,

Till Heaven determine of us. *Ent. King and*

*King.* To determine *Eupathus.*

Of you *Eudyna*, is by heaven committed

In present unto me. On you depends  
 The future glory and prosperity,  
 Both of my house and Kingdom. Tis besides,  
 Exacted of me by my near Allies,  
 And by my Subjects (whom I must secure)  
 To constitute a Successor : And no longer  
 Will I expect your answer, then five dayes.  
 By then you must declare who is your husband ;  
 Or else expect one from my self ; the man  
 Whose name I am as loth to mention  
 As you to hear, even *Stratocles*.

*Eud.* Nay, death first.

*King.* Be you obedient ; and by the way,  
 Take my approvement of Lord *Philocles*,  
 Not that I slight *Philargus*.

*Eud.* Here's a mystery too,  
 As dark as that from *Delphos*. He approves  
 My choice of *Philocles*, slighting not *Philargus*. (to

*King.* Come both you equal brothers ; leave her  
 Her thoughts awhile.

*Ambo.* In all obedience. *Ex. King, &c.*

*Thy.* What strange amazement hath surpriz'd  
 you Madam ?

No study, nor no strife can alter fate  
 Or the decrees, the Gods determinate.  
 A husband you shall have, be confident.  
 Be, as you were ; secure of the event,  
 Till time produce it.

*Pla.* Madam, be your self. (I have

*Eud.* Yet five dayes for love's war. *Love* grant  
 By then, to end the strife, a peaceful grave.

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

ACT 3. SCENE I.

*Garrula. Geron.*

*Gar.* Would you thus offer, by your own disease  
 To

To shorten your Mothers dayes? Or can you pine  
And I not grieve? or cannot grief kill me  
Do you think?

*Ger.* A wife Philosopher *Whilome* did affirm,  
That women who have past the fire of love (move.  
Have hearts, which grief can neither pierce, ne

*Gar.* Son, your Philosophy fails you, as your love  
Blinds you: For *Cupids* fire I know may be  
Quench'd by old age: But grief's unquenchable.

*Sips her bottle.*

My tongue still falters with me (there's my grief)  
And there are not so many fadoms 'twixt  
A womans tongue and heart, but grief may find  
The bottom, but for care to keep it up  
By sending down an Antidote before it. *Sips again.*

*Ger.* But *Whilom* did the love-sick Poet prove,  
No antidote against the power of Love. (saws,

*Gar.* Forbear your *Whiloms*, and your old said  
And since you are in love, and by that love  
Grown sick with the concealment.

*Ger.* As *Whilom*  
Th' *Athenian* boy who stole a fox did hide  
Under his coat his theft from being descried  
Until it tore his Gentals—his intrals  
I should have said.

*Gar.* No more I say  
Of your disease, but to the cure, which is  
The love of *Doris*. How ha'you try'd her, son.

*Ger.* By oratory, Epistles, and by gifts  
Which *Whilome Ovid* said were best of shifts.

*Gar.* Yes, such a gift it might be, and so fastened.

*Ger.* But she, as *Whilom* said *Anominus*  
Retorteth all with scorn injurious. (seek

*Gar.* Yet will you leave your *Whiloms*? And go  
My Lady Governess? say I would speak with her.

*Ger.* But *Whilome* said *Diogenes* (tis true)  
To one that would, I will not speak with you.

*Car.*



*Gar.* Will you say as I say ; and do as y'are bidden ?

It is not her great Lady-ships daughters hand-maid  
Shall scorn my son while I know what I know.

If you love *Doris*, run and tell her so.

*Ger.* For *Doris* love, as *Whilome Dædalus*,  
I will take wing. But see I am prevented.

*Ent. Thymile.*

*Thy.* O *Garrula*! well found, I was in quest of you.

*Ger.* And I was eene a sending for you, Madam.

*Thy.* What an imperious beldam's this. But I  
Must humour her. Sending for me do you say ?  
For what, good *Garrula*.

*Ger.* Sending for you? Yes Madam, so I said,  
And sai't again. What, what, I know what I know.  
You know I do ; and that there is no such  
Distinction 'twixt the honours of your birth  
And place ; and mine of age and knowledge, but  
You might vouchsafe the summons when I send.

*Thy.* What needs this *Garrula*? I am here you see.

*Ger.* You know I know, and have deserv'd some  
I do not boist for what. You know. (favors,

*Thy.* O me!

Who trust those secrets whereon honour rests  
To custody in Mercenary breasts  
Do slave nobility ; and though they pay  
A daily ransom, nere redem't away.  
Pray let us be more private, though indeed  
I love your son for his great care of mine.

*Ger.* O, do you so? Go forth son *Geron*, till  
I call. All shall go well Ile warrant thee.

*Ger.* *Whilom*, so

Said a Physitian, meaning to restore,  
And kill'd the Patient was but sick before. *Exit.*

*Thy.* Why *Garrula* do you maintain a strife  
Still in my grieved mind 'twixt hope and fear ?  
Cannot so many years of my known kindness

Win

Win yet a confidence of secrecie.

You are as deeply bound by oath too as my self.

*Gar.* I do confes my oath, and would not break  
Yet, Madam, as you are a woman, you (it ;  
May know a broken oath, is no such burthen  
As a great secret is ; besides the tickling  
A woman has to in and out with't. Oh  
The tongue itche is intollerable ! And were I  
A woman of tongue, as most are of my calling  
(Though Midwives ha'been held the best at secret  
Councel keeping) it had been out I fear.

*Thy.* But still take heed dear *Garrula*.

*Gar.* Yes Madam.

Yet there are kindneses requir'd on your part.

*Thy.* Have I not still been kind ? (tongue

*Gar.* My memory serves me ; and but that my  
Now falters with me—I could recount *Sips*.  
All the rewards I have had from time to time,  
Since you translated me from a Country houswife,  
Into the Midwife Royal ; what in Gowns,  
In Gold, in Jewels, Chains and Rings ; and (which  
I prize 'bove all) my syrrops and my sippings. *Sips*

*Thy.* Your place of honour in the Court—

*Gar.* What, what ?

I hope I had that before i'the Kings favour,  
As his Queens Midwife. She is in *Elisium*. *Sips*.

*Thy.* Then *Garrula* your learned sons preferment,  
Tutor and Governour to my Sons.

*Gar.* Thereby

Hangs a tale, Madam. Now I come to th'point ;  
My son affects your daughters hand-maid *Doris*,  
Who flights his love. I must now by your power  
Obtain her for my Son.

*Thy.* Be confident,

Though I confes I hold her worthles of him.

*Gar.* I tell him so : But love has blinded him.

Ho *Geron*, I say *Geron*, come and hear. *Ent. Geron.*

*Ger.*

*Ger.* So *Whilome* prifoners have been cal'd to come

From dungeon deep to hear a blacker doom.

*Thy.* *Geron*, be comforted. By all my power,  
*Doris* shall be your own.

*Ger.* Then *Whilome*, as

*Ovid* by his *Corynna* sweet, said o— *Ent. Doris.*  
She comes, she comes. My joyes do overflow.

*Thy.* Now *Doris*, what portends your hast? Speak  
Maid,

Is it to *Geron*, or to me, your businefs ?

*Dor.* His ill looks, had almost made me miscarry't.  
Madam, the Princess instantly desires  
Your company.

*Thy.* But by her Graces favour,  
And your leave, *Doris*, I will trench so far  
On both your patiences, and for your good,  
As to be witness of an interchange  
Of some few words twixt *Geron* and your self.  
Why look you from him so? he loves you, *Doris*.

*Dor.* That's more then I ere knew, or read, by all  
He speaks or writes to me. He cloaths his words  
In furies and hoods, so, that I cannot find  
The naked meaning of his businefs, Madam.

*Thy.* Speak plainly to her, *Geron*.

*Ger.* To her Son.

*Ger.* My businefs is the same, that *Whilome* drew  
*Demosthenes* to *Corinth*, some repentance,  
So I pay not too dear.

*Dor.* Lo you there, Madam.

*Ger.* You must speak plainer, Son.

*Thy.* And be you kinder, *Doris*.

*Dor.* But not so kind, good Madam, as to grant  
I know not what.

*Ger.* O forfeit not the praise  
That *Whilome Aristotle* gave your Sex,  
To be enrich'd with piety and pitty.

*Dor.* I know not what to pitty, but your want  
Of utterance. It is some horrid thing  
That you desire, and are asham'd to speak it.

*Ger.* No, gentle *Doris*, nothing but the thing,  
Whereby great *Alexander Whilome* said,  
He knew himself a mortal, and no God,  
Coition—

*Dor.* Be it what it will ; I cannot  
Give what I understand not. Y'are too aloof.

*Gar.* There's comfort, Son. And I'le give thee in—  
To come more close to her. (Instructions

*Thy.* I'le ease your care,  
And be my self his Agent. Hee's too learned,  
*Geron*, you speak too learnedly, as if  
You woo'd a Muse : And *Doris* understands not,  
But by your posture, what you'd have. I'le put  
Your meaning into womans words ; and such  
As shall be sure to speed. But first I'le wait  
Upon the Princefs. *Garrula*, will you go ? (know.

*Gar.* And thank you for my Son : But still—I

*Thy.* Nay, I will do't *Geron*, be confident.

*Ger.* I thank your Ladyship as much as they  
Who *Whilome*— *Whilome*—

*Dor.* Knew not what to say.

*Gar.* He's overjoy'd.

*Thy.* Go *Geron*, lead the way *Excunt. omnes.*

ACT 3. SCENE 2.

*King. Stratocles. Difanius. Justinus.*

*King.* Pray trouble me no further. I have said,  
That if in five dayes space she make not choice  
Of one of those whom (I must tell you *Stratocles*)  
She loves, and I prefer before you, then  
I'le weigh your suit and reasons ; and till then  
I say't again, you are a trouble to me. (me,

*Str.* A trouble Sir ? That were a time that knew  
A trouble to your enemies, not you,  
When this same lump of earth (which now's a  
trouble) Stood

Stood a sole Bulwark of your Realm ; repelling  
Arms of foes ; shrowding your fearful Subjects  
Under my shield ; guarding your fields and Vine-  
yards

From defolation ; your Palaces from ruine ;  
And am I now a trouble ?

*Dif. Stratocles,*

You lose the glory of your deeds by blazing  
Your own renown. He that commends himself,  
Speaks upon trust, and is his hearers slave.

*Str.* Peace, envy, and be thankful for thy life  
Which thy tongue forfeits.

*Just.* Let my mildness tell you,  
You are irreverent before the King,  
Who has not been forgetful of your worth,  
Nor slow in your reward. Then moderate  
Your heat with counsel ; and be first assistant  
Unto the publick good : So shall you merit  
The first regard in honours and affairs  
Of private nature.

*Sar.* So.

*King.* This Oracle

Troubles me not a little. I had thought  
Thereby to have declin'd this weighty care  
From my declining shoulders, and have given  
My countrey satisfaction, and my self,  
In chusing of a son and successsor.  
But I am prisoner in the Labyrinth  
Of the God's verdict.

*Just.* Their sublimity

In matters of the future seldom stoops  
To humane apprehension ; yet vouchsafes  
To answer our demands : but chides withall  
Our too much incens with obscurity.  
Your grace however may presume, where they  
Shal deign to spend a word, and take an offering.  
It is a certain augury of good.

*King.* Thou hast allay'd my fear. *Justinus* come,  
Lead me thy brains assistance. For in thee  
I find a temper that accords with me.

*Exit King Just.*

*Dis.* Souldier, I dare yet tell thee thou art rash ;  
Foolish as valliant ; and as easily may'st  
For all thy loftinefs be undermin'd  
As the base bramble : Boasting weaknefs, thee  
And promising Ambition leads thee up  
An earthly exhalation into th'air ;  
Where with a little borrow'd light, one moment,  
Thou shin'st the mark and wonder of all eyes ;  
But soon confum'd and darted to the Center,  
Becom'st the scorn of men and sport of Children.

*Str.* You are oth feēt of Cinicks, and have learn'd  
To bark Philosophy.

*Dis.* Then shall you hear  
Your now adorning multitude upbraid  
Your insolence and pride, and gain the name  
Of Prophets by your downfall, while one swears  
He had foretold it long ; Another dreamt it ;  
All joyntly cry we never could indure him ;  
See what a look he has ; what brawny lips ;  
What poyfounous eyes ; and what an impudent front !

*Str.* You will out-run your priviledge of prating  
And suffer for't.

*Dis.* I am too prodigal  
Of feed upon so flinty foyl as thou.  
Be as thou art, and perish.

*Str.* Ignorant wretch,  
That out of all thy bookish *Theory*  
Knowes not the foul to be Aerial  
And of a soaring nature ; not unlike  
The noble Falcon that will never cease  
To work 'bove all that tops her. The supream  
Estate on earth, and next unto the Gods  
Is majesty ; and that's my present gain,

Though

Though I have all but that, yet wanting that  
 All is as none to me : And since my way  
 Must be upon the Ruins (*sowre Disanius*)  
 Of thee, and of thy glories in thy Nephews  
 The Kings dear darlings, for whose pretious sakes  
 I must attend five dayes (yet be a trouble)  
 I'll travail through your bloods : Thy self has  
 The quicker motion by thy timely envy. (*gi'n me*  
 Thou hast set spurs to the pale horse of death,  
 That into dust shall trample all those lets  
 Which stand twixt me and the *Theffalian* Crown,  
 Upon whose back I'll set this Rider. *Enter*

*Mat.* My soveraign Lord. *Matho.*

*Str.* I like that compellation :

Thou stil'st me as thou wishest me, on whom  
 Depends thy consequent advancement, *Matho.*  
 But we but dream of soveraignty and sleep  
 To the Atchievement : something must be done  
 With waekful eyes and ready hands my *Matho.*

*Mat.* Now my King speaks himself. Let but  
 your eye

Find out the way these ready hands shall act  
 The strength of your designs. I can perceive  
 That now the labour of your *Jove*-like brain  
 Is bringing forth the *Pallas*, shall inspire  
 Me, to perform the work of my advancement.

*Str.* Tis not yet ripe for the delivery,  
 But thou shalt quickly have it. Follow me. *Exit.*

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

*Eudina. Thymele. Placilla.*

*Eud.* Good Madam, let me be excus'd. The mirth  
 You offer'd to allay or quench my sorrows  
 Might have been well receiv'd at former times :  
 But now it is unseasonable.

*Thy.* Yet think on't, Madam,

How gravely *Geron* goes, and with what scorn  
The wanton Girl recoyles.

*Eud.* Good, speak no more on't. (*Doris,*

*Thy.* Then Beldame *Garrula's* reasons urging  
Shewing how either of his pupils grace  
In your electing *Philocles* or *Philargus*,  
Though to them doubtful, is a sure advancement  
To her by *Geron*.

*Eud.* Still you move like those  
That do in merry tales mis-spend their breath  
To those that are that day mark'd out for death.

*Thy.* You may not say so (*Madam*) tis in you  
By taking one, to give new life to two ;  
Your self, and if you'll give me leave to name  
The other, be it *Philargus* : or if chance  
Shall favour better, *Philocles* or him,  
Let it be him that gives you the first visit.

*Eud.* That were to fancy in our selves an Oracle ;  
Or to give fortune power, to execute  
The judgement of the *Delphian* God.

*Thy.* Who knowes  
But that his Oracle would have it so.

*Pla.* Was it for that you now sent for *Philargus*.  
*Aside.*

*Thy.* Say, shall it be so *Madam* ; or suppose so ?

*Eud.* This pleases better yet then *Gerons* wooing.  
Praythee *Placilla* sing And may thy voice  
Attract him that may prove the happier choice.

*Pla.* Ile try my best in notes, and what they want  
Ile strive to make effectual in my wishes. (weights

*Eud.* Thanks kind *Placilla*.—But the leaden  
Of sleep oppresses mine eye-lids, and I shall not hear  
thee. (better.

*Thy.* Yet sit, and let her sing : you'll sleep the  
*Placilla* *Sings.* *After a strain or two, Eudina*  
*sleeps, and enters, as a vision at the several doors,*  
*Philargus and Philocles ; They meet and embrace*  
*affectionately :*



*affectionately: then whisper a while: Then suddenly start off, and draw their swords: menace each other, and severally depart. The song ended, Eudina affrightedly starts up.*

*Eud.* Stay *Philocles*, stay *Philargus*. Let not fury

Lead you to end that difference with your swords,  
Which onely fits my life to satisfie.

*Thy.* What means your Grace.

*Eud.* Pursu'em, with prevention,  
Before they meet again, or one or both  
Must perish; did you not observe their challenge,  
And eithers daring other to the field?

*Thy.* Who Madam, where? and when?

*Eud.* Now; here; your sons.

How can you ask?

*Thy.* Because we were awake  
And saw nothing.

*Pla.* Collect your spirits Madam; you slept.

*Eud.* It was an omenous dream then.

*Thy.* And of good,

I dare divine it Madam. And now see *Enter Philar-*  
Whom fortune first hath sent to be your choice. *gus.*  
*Philargus*, you have won the glorious prize.

*Philar.* But dos the glory of the world, *Eudina*,  
grant it.

*Eud.* My affrightment shakes me still—

O my *Philargus*, I am now inspir'd  
Sure by a vision from the Gods, with knowledge,  
That, in my choice of you, or *Philocles*,

I shall become the ruin of you both. (friendship

*Philar.* Tis not in fate to wound our common

*Eud.* Tis better in my self to kill the danger.

*Philar.* The Gods avert such purposes. If you  
Deprive the world of your fair self, then we  
Both fall by necessary consequence.

But what are we? This *Theffaly* must suffer.

The King must yield, to see a new and strange  
 Succession appointed to his Crown ;  
 And by his subjects, not himself.

*Eud.* Tis that

Deters me : yet let me prevail *Philargus*  
 (To quit me of my fears) that ere I passe  
 My faith unto a husband, your and *Philocles*,  
 Before the Gods, your Mother, and my self,  
 Once more, do celebrate your vow of Friendship.  
 And let me be excus'd in this : for I  
 Must tell you, dear *Philargus*, that tho' now  
 My love be fixt on one of you (albeit  
 I name not which) I will not take him with  
 Least scruple of a fear of losing him  
 Again by th'others spight ; nor leave that other  
 Lesse lov'd by me, then now he is, for ever ;  
 And tho' but one can be possess'd of me  
 One friendship, yet, must marry us all three.

*Philar.* The Gods have spoke it in you ; it is their  
 Divine injunction ; Madam, I obey it,  
 And dare engage as much for *Philocles*.

*Thy.* This is most fair : now, till you meet, tis fit  
 You fall on lighter purposes for your health.  
 Son, here was mirth to day ; although the Princeesse  
 Relish'd it not.

*Philar.* I heard of *Gerous* love  
 To his fair *Doris*. We are now become  
 His Tutors, Madam, to be amorous.

*Thy.* *Placilla*, come you hither. I observe  
 A change in you of late ; and do suspect  
 The Reason. What ! Do you blush at my suspicion ?  
 Nay then you mak't my knowledge. You are in  
 Love.

I'll yet come nearer you. I gueffe with whom :  
 And at fit time I'll school you for't.

*Eud.* Come Madam ;  
 Now if you please wee'l take some ayr. *Philargus*  
Craves

Craves leave to seek his brother.

*Philar.* Yes Madam. (displeas'd :

*Thy.* I wait o'your Grace. Nay, do not look  
I tell you Girl, there is danger in it. *Exit Eud.*

*Philar.* Stay *Placilla.* *Thym.*

What! has my Mother chid you. I'll not question  
Her Reason, nor your fault; but pray thee sister  
If *Philocles* approach to see the Princeesse  
Ere my return, tell him I stay at's lodging,  
First, to confer with him.

*Pla.* I will my brother.

*Philar.* Introth thou weepst. Therefore to com-  
fort you,

Because I know by some infallible signes,  
You are more tender of his Love then mine.  
He stands in equal competition yet  
With me for fair *Eudina*. And if Fortune  
Allots her me, I'll be as kind a brother  
And stil the same to you as *Philocles*.  
I pray thee dry thine eyes.

*Ent. Matho disguised with a letter.*

*Mat.* If a disguis'd face and a counterfeit hand  
Ever prevail'd, may these in this plot speed.  
My Lord, I had this in charge to render to you.

*Philarg. reads. Ex. Matho.*

*Pla.* I am discover'd in my lawlesse love.  
Remember, *Cupid*, whom thou makest thy Anvil;  
A poor weak virgin. If thou art a God,  
Be just and reasonable. It favours not  
Of justice, to provoke incestuous flames,  
Nor Reason to enforce an Ardency  
Of things impossible. Let me not burn  
With neighbouring fire, which, to enjoy, I must  
Therefore despair because it is so near.

*Philar.* Ha! where's this fellow? is he gone?

*Pla.* Yes, brother. (lence!

*Philar.* Tis *Philocles* his hand! An eager chal-

(c)

I 4

A

A challenge, and to me, his friend and Brother.  
 Now *Oracle*, where's your Riddle? Answer me,  
*Apollo's fiddle-slick*. O ye *Delphian* Priests,  
 You hang religion up, like painted cloaths  
 Before unseemly walls, to cloak their filth  
 And palliate their wicked misteries.

*Pla.* How do you brother?

*Philar.* Sick in *Philocles*.

You'll hear more of his kindness to you shortly. *Exit.*

*Pla.* He suspects too, with much displeasure, my  
 Unreasonable Love to *Philocles*.

But why should we be Reasons followers  
 With loss of liberty? which of the Creatures  
 Allayes his heat toward any of his kind,  
 'Cause the same belly gave them being? They  
 Observe no difference of Sire, or Dam,  
 Brother, or Sister, being mature for love.  
 Ah, whither am I going? Bestial thoughts  
 Forth of my bosom; Leave me not my Soul,  
 Or my soules better part, my reason. Oh  
 It was returning but a flaming shaft *Enter Philocles.*  
 Of love has fet it's Mansion afire  
 And frights it back again.

*Philoc. Placilla.* Sister.

*Pla.* That name of Sister, like a violent cold  
 Upon an extream heat, feavers my blood  
 To death.

*Philoc.* Me thinks you are sad and troubled sister.  
 Why thus alone? Or have you entertain'd  
 That troublesome companion, Love? Come tell me,  
 I can advise you very learnedly:  
 For *Cupids* Scholars are more exquisite  
 In giving counsel then in using it.

*Pla.* How shall I answer him? I dare not look on.

*Philoc.* Why are you sad.

*Pla.* Out of conformity  
 Unto the present garb: I have assum'd

Onely

Onely a veil of fadness.

*Philoc.* Thou art onely happy,  
Whose sorrow is but outward, as a stranger  
Call'd to be present at a funeral  
Clads himself like the rest, is serious,  
And silent with a countenance dejected,  
And *Testudincous* pace ; but has not tears,  
Nor groanings for a loss to him unknown :  
The Obsequies performed uncloaths himself  
Of griefe and weeds together. But my sister,  
You are not pleas'd to talk upon this subject.  
Where is the Princess ? (ness.

*Pla.* He'has given me now a Colour for my sad-  
The Princess is retir'd ; She has been troubled  
With a most fearful dream of a Duello  
Betwixt you and *Philargus* to be fought.

*Philoc.* With friendly Courtesies ?

*Pla.* Nay, with swords she said.

*Philoc.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Pla.* *Philargus* hath been with her, and to him  
She told her fears, enjoyning him, that both  
Of you should come, and jointly before her  
Declare your constant friendship.

*Philoc.* That's soon done.

*Pla.* But trust me Sir, I fear *Philargus* took not  
All as she meant it ; for at his departing,  
He look'd displeas'dly ; and, when I demanded  
His healths condition, he said he was sick  
In *Philocles*.

*Philoc.* In *Philocles* his absence,  
As I am in his. That was his meaning sister.

*Pla.* Pardon my fear ; which is, that hee's not  
friends w'ye.

*Philoc.* Away, your fear has made you idle.

*Pla.* No.

It is my love, in that black horror clad,  
Which will, before it leaves me, make me mad. *Exit.*  
*Philoc.*

*Philoc.* Ile seek him out. *Enter Matho disguis'd,*

*Math.* My Lord, I was commanded a Letter.

To convey these into your Lordships hands.

*Philoc.* By whom were you imploy'd?

*Math.* My Lord 'twas not

The man that mov'd me. For I know him not ;

But the reward. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

*Philoc.* My brother write. Ha ! Are we at such distance?

Thou art no Prophetes, *Placilla*, art thou ?

*He Reads.*

*Brother Philocles, we are the laughing stock of the Nation ; and injurious both to the King, our Country, the divine Eudina, and our selves, by our childish love. The time is short, meet me, (I conjure you by our Friendship) within three hours, in the North vale of Tempe ; where it shall be the Gods election to take one of us, and leave the other for Eudina. Expostulate not with your self, much less with me otherwise then by weapon, or never expect to see your Brother Philargus.*

O Gods and men ! where shall we go to find

Friendship and truth ? Bee't so : For in th'event

We may be happy both : But with this ods ;

One with *Eudina*, tother with the Gods. *Exit.*

*Explicit Actus Tertius.*

ACT 4. SCENE I.

*Varillus. Tersulus.*

*Var.* We should love one another, brother *Ter-*  
More inwardly, and be in friendship true (*sulus*,  
As our Lords are. Prithee let their example  
Piece up all difference betwixt us.

*Ter.* Piece up,

I know your meaning and your jear *Varillus*,

In your piece up. (Taylor,

*Var.* Fie on thy jealoufie. 'Cause thou art a  
How ere a Gentleman by place, thou think'ft  
I jear thy quality.

*Ter.* You should not. For  
Look back unto the worlds beginning ; there  
You'l find a Taylor was before a Barber.

*Var.* Nay if you go to rip up old Antiquity.

*Ter.* Rippe ! there he is again.

*Var.* You may as well

Collect, that the first man (who you suggest  
Was his own Taylor) was his own Barber first.

*Ter.* As how ?

*Var.* Do you think he did not scratch his head  
In casting how to fashion out his breeches ?

And that's in part, you know, the Barbers office.

*Ter.* The scratching of the head.

*Var.* And still

In use 'mongst Taylors on themselves. But note  
The foul corruptions brought in by Time ;  
Of old they did but rub invention up,  
How to contrive their work : But now their heads  
Wrists, fingers, all have got an itch by't, which  
Nothing but stealing can allay ; though that  
Can never cure it.

*Ter.* Lying and stealing went  
Of old together : now they are shar'd it seems  
Between the Barber and the Taylor.

*Var.* Sharp. (Barber,

*Ter.* Your instruments are sharp as mine, Sir  
And you can pick more out of your Lords ears  
Then I take from his Garments with my sheers.

*Var.* Agree good brother, or would we had *Doris*  
To stickle twixt us.

*Ter.* There y'are afore me too. (in most things,

*Var.* But come, Lords followers are their Apes  
Why should not we be as friendly Rivals, now

In

In *Doris* Love, as are our Lords in the  
Princes *Eudinas*. We will take up a fashion. *Enter*

*Dor.* *Varillus*, where's your Lord? *Doris.*

*Var.* I know not *Doris*.

*Dor.* *Terfulus*, where's yours?

*Var.* I know not *Doris*.

*Dor.* You Eccho one another. Y'are commanded  
Both by the Princes and the Governes  
To seek'em out.

*Both.* Your love commands our stay.

*Dor.* Coupled together? Go yet one of you.  
You I can spare best.

*Var.* Why him?

*Dor.* You then.

*Ter.* Why him?

*Dor.* Do you conspire? I will return your care.

*Ter.* Nay gentle *Doris* stay. For, tis in vain  
To seek our Lords. They are both rod singly forth  
To take the Air. Mine an hour since.

*Var.* Mine even now. I came but since to call  
My brother *Terfulus*.

*Dor.* Your brother *Terfulus*? (are.

*Ter.* As deeply vow'd in friendship as our Lords

*Var.* It is with us as tis with them: we both  
Are brothers, friends; yet Rivals in your love.  
Can you now, as the Princes is to them,  
Be equally affected to us both?

*Dor.* Do you stay me to abuse me.

*Var.* Nay, dear *Doris*.

We love our Lords? and as you love the Princes,  
Who loves them, love you us. You are *Eudina*,  
I *Philocles*, and he *Philargus* is.

*Dor.* Are the men mad.

*Ter.* Suppose so Gentle *Doris*. (choice

*Var.* The King commands you to make present  
Of one of us, or else ambitious *Stratocles*

(That's *Geron*) must enjoy you. Now sweet Princes  
Be



Be speedy in your choice. The kingdoms good  
Depends upon it. And in your Election,  
O make *Philargus* blest : He best deserves you.

*Ter.* Admired friend, and brother *Philocles*,  
Your courtesie ore-comes me : I must sue,  
Though my heart akes the while as much for you.

*Dor.* This is fine fooling—  
Good Barber *Philocles*, and Taylor *Philargus*,  
You shall not need to trim up his Affection,  
Nor you to stich up his with your forc'd courtesies.  
I know, in this, each wooes but for himself,  
And my affection runs as even betwixt you,  
As nothing but your fizers, or your sheares  
Had parted.

*Var.* See *Stratocles alias Geron.* Enter *Geron.*

*Ger.* So *Whilome* did contend two warlike Princes  
For a fair Iland, till a powerful King  
Subdu'd them both and it. *Doris*, take heed,  
Be wary in your conversation  
(As *Whilom Tully* warn'd his tender son)  
With such *Plcbeians*, least their vulgar breeding  
Corrupt your education.

*Var.* Must she be  
Your pupil learned *Geron*.

*Ger.* And my self  
Her onely study ; such as *Whilome* was  
*Ulysses* to *Penelope*.

*Var.* Take heed *Doris*  
How you become his wife : For he will love you  
So by the book, as he will never lie with you  
Without an Authour for't.

*Ger.* Sir, she shall be  
More precious to me then *Homers Iliads*,  
*Whilome* to *Alexander*, which he made  
His mighty bed-fellow : But why stand I  
To render this account ? The Princessse sent you,  
*Doris*, to call their Lords to walk with her,

(c)

And

And take the air of *Tempe*.

*Ter.* They are gone to take the air already, fir.

*Ger.* Come you with me then, *Doris*.

*Dor.* And why with you

Antiquity? I have heard you all this while,  
And though you boast you have an interest in me,  
We are not yet one volume, both bound up  
And clasp'd together.

*Var.* She speaks in his Element.

*Dor.* No, I am yet loose paper; and 'twere good  
To keep me so; for when I'm bound I must  
Obey, be search'd, examin'd and corrected.  
Yet this I'll do, and now be serious,  
If you will all obey my rule; and try  
Your fortunes who shall have me.

*Var. Ter.* We agree.

*Ger.* Their merits bear no æquability  
With mine.

*Var.* A very *Stratocles*. (confidence)

*Dor.* You boast your worth, and stand on  
In powerful advocates: But what are all  
Unto my Love, and (which is more) my will?  
If you will hear my proposition, hear it.

*Var. Ter.* We are agree'd. Pray hear't.

*Gre.* Lets hear it then.

The Gods, in Love, *Whilome* have stoop'd with men.

*Dor.* That you all love me, I believe; and am  
Content that every one of you do think  
Himself prime man in my Affection:  
And one of you I'll take. But yet my choice  
Must wait upon *Eudina's*. Therefore mark  
If your Lord wins the Princess, and becomes  
The Kings immediate Heir, I will be yours;  
If your Lord, yours.

*Ger.* Therein the oddes is mine,  
For they are both my Lords. (else.

*Dor.* Then if both have her, I'll be yours: not  
*Ger.*

*Ger.* As *Whilome* said, None of the wisest Clerks,  
When the Sky falls we shall have store.

*Dor.* Of *Whilomes* : Ha, ha, ha.

*Var. Ter.* Ha, ha, ha. (Mother

*Ger.* Your Mistresse, Lady, Princeesse, and my  
Shall know your—

*Dor.* Away, old *Whilome*.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ger.* Your Lords too I'll acquaint.

*Dor.* Away, old child,

Go tell it Mother, do.

If you had spent, in the Phylosophers school  
Your time no better, then in *Cupids* Lectures,  
What a strange dunce you had been. Tell her, Love  
shows

In you, as *Whilome*—she knows what she knows.

*Ger.* Your Love I will forget ; your scorn remember  
In black revenge, and so—

*Dor.* Farewel *December*.

*Var.* Hee'l to his Mother now. But tell me, *Doris*,  
What means that Beldame in *she knows, she knows* :  
She's often up with't to the Governeffe.

*Dor.* It has relation to some uncouth passage  
Betwixt them, in my Ladies youth I gueffe.

*Var.* Tis some smock-secret I believe. But Gen-  
tlemen,

You know how I have laid my self out to you.

*Ter.* That, as the Princeesse shall bestow her self  
On eithers Lord ; you will embrace his man.

*Dor.* Right.

*Var.* And to that you'll hold ?

*Dor.* Yes and hold you

This for a Creed, That heaven must make its choice  
Of one of them, before she takes the other.

You understand me, and now cease your strife :  
When th'ones Lord's dead, I'll be the others wife.  
So farewell Gentlemen. I have staid too long.

*Var.*

*Var.* She has given us both a hint now, would we take it.

*Dor.* You did not hear me say, Kill you his Lord,  
Nor you kill his. *Exit.*

*Var.* But she has laid a ground  
To end a strife, that I should nere ha'found.

*Ter. Varillus,* come, our Lords may be return'd :  
And we be shent for loytering.

*Var.* I must think on't. *Exit.*

ACT 4. SCENE 2.

*Matho in his disguise.*

*Mat.* Now for my Combitants. Th'appointed  
ground  
Is here ; the time draws on ; and the event  
Foreseen in my imaginary light  
Of every passe projected in their fight.  
In the first passage, each shall wound the other ;  
Then shall they give, lend, pay, change wound for  
wound,  
Till both of them lie fainting on the ground.  
Holding between their teeth their doubtful lives :  
When I, to end the question, friendly come in,  
And with an equal hand dispatch'em both.

*Ent. Philarg.*  
And so into my ambush. One approaches. *Exit.*

*Philarg.* This is the place. What is't that urges  
me  
So promptly to deed, which being acted,  
Will be th'astonishment of Heaven and earth ?  
Applauded no where but in Hell. Fair *Tempe,*  
Let it not be deriv'd to after Ages,  
By any uncouth mark upon thy face,  
Let not thy grassy locks, that shall receive  
The drops of blood, wither and die, condemning  
The place that bore them to continual baldness ;  
Let

Let not the impres of our labouring feet  
 Hold it's proportion ; nor that part of earth,  
 Whereon the slain shall measure out his length,  
 Reserve the stamp, and make it monumental,  
 By a perpetual spring of more procere  
 And bigger bladed grafs : And, when my soul  
 Hath found an *Exit* (which my purpose is  
 My Brothers sword shall open) let the valley  
 (When hec's departed) sink and undermine  
 The bordering hills that they may cover me.

*Ent. Philoc.*

*Philoc.* He hath prevented me in haſt : In death  
 I ſhall prevent his happily expected  
 Labour and toy'l, who for no other end  
 Am here arriv'd but to be ſacrific'd  
 For expiation of his diſcontent. (onely

*Philar.* Let all the eyes of heaven be hooded,  
 One ſtar to guid his point unto my heart,  
 Which inſtantly ſhall fall, and be extinct  
 In my diſtilled blood ; that ſo the Gods  
 May not behold him. May ſome magick ſpell  
 Inſtruſt his arm and weapon how to ſlay  
 My name and memory, that of me, there be not  
 Any deſire ; on him no Imputation. (ſwallow

*Philoc.* My cure is onely how my breſt may  
 His point, without revealing mine intent.

*Philar.* I fo't ſhall be : a violent affay  
 For provocation ; and then ſpit my ſelf  
 Upon his ſteel.

*They eſpie one another draw, and paſs at each  
 other, inſtantly both ſpread their arms to receive  
 the wound.*

*Philoc. Philargus.* What ! ſo quick,

*Philar.* What's meant by this ?

*Philoc.* That ſhould be my demand.

*Philar.* Are you ſo changeable ?

*Philoc.* Not I *Philargus.*

K

*Philar.*

*Philar.* This was my resolution ;  
Will you stain  
The reputation rais'd of your high valour.

*Philoc.* I came to make experiment of none  
But what consists in suffering.

*Philar.* That's my part.

*Philoc.* My self

If you deny me that last friendly office.

*Philar.* Brother you dally with me. Therefore  
I conjure you  
By faire *Eudina* let your anger loose ;  
Break up this cask of blood, and give the earth  
A draught unto her health.

*Philoc.* By the same Beauty  
(Then which no greater subject of an oath)  
I swear to be your nuptialls sacrifice,  
Be you the Priest. I'll suffer without noise  
In my displayed bowels you shall read  
An augury of blifs upon you both.

*Philar.* This is hard measure, *Philocles*, to mock  
Ere you destroy.

*Philoc.* I'll mock no more. Adieu.

*Philar.* Hold, hold, and be not prodigal He offers to  
kill himself,  
(of that blood, *Philargus* clos-  
es with him.  
More precious then *Pactolus* golden  
(streams. They struggle,  
and both fall  
down, still stri-  
ving to hold  
each others  
sword. &c.

*Philoc.* Was then your challenge but  
(to try me onely ?

*Philar.* Yours was, it seems ; but none  
(went out from me.

*Philoc.* Then are we both ensnar'd *Enter Matho*  
(by treachery. (lordings.

*Matho.* This I foresaw'twould come to. 'Save ye  
And whither travail ye ? Do you not want a guide  
To help ye on your way ? *Matho dravcs.*

*Philar.* This is the villane *they start up  
and disarm him.*  
That summon'd me. *Philoc.*

*Philoc.* And mc. Villane, what art thou ?

*Math.* Unhappily gues'd. I pray inquire no further.

*Philar.* What monster art thou ?

*Philoc.* Unworthy on thy face to bear mans ensign.  
Who has subborn'd thee ? See tis *Stratocles* man.

*He unbeards him.*

*Philar.* Die villane, die. And were thy master  
in thee,

The thirst of whose ambition fought our bloods ;  
His flesh with thine should here become a prey  
Unto the Ravens.

*Math.* O, be pitiful

And spare my life, my Lords, and I'll reveal  
Matters of weight and wonder ; which, conceal'd,  
Will yet cost both your lives, and make the Princess,  
If she not answer my Lords fierce desires,  
Subject to rape and murder.

*Philoc.* How can she  
So fall into his power.

*Philar.* We shall abuse

The trust the Gods have put into our hands  
If we neglect to execute justice on thee.

*Math.* Let me but warn ye of *Eudina's* danger,  
Whereby her virgin Innocence may not suffer,  
And then inflict your furies on me.

*Philoc.* That charms our ready hands and steel.  
Speak quickly.

*Math.* This very hour she's to be surpriz'd  
By my Lord *Stratocles*, here, on *Tempe* plains,  
Where she is come to walk, slenderly guarded  
To take the air. He with a strength will seize her  
And hurry her hence unto his Mansion house,  
To yield to his desire, or death, if suddenly  
Prevention be not made.

*Philar.* Tis worth our care.

*Math.* Preserve me from his vengeance, and I'll  
'Unto his enterprize.

(bring you  
*Philoc.*

*Philoc.* We must not trust him,  
He may have laid an Ambuscado for us.

*Enter 6 Rusks. with Weapons.*

*Philcar.* See brother, stand upon our guard.

*Math.* Help, help, aid me good people, help.

*Philoc.* What means the villan now.

1. *Ruf.* What's the complaint ?

2. *Ruf.* What is your grievance, speak ?

*Math.* I am a servant to Lord *Stratocles*  
Who has preserv'd your Countrey and your lives.

1. *Ruf.* We are the more beholding to him; on.

2. *Ruf.* 'Twas more his gentleness then our  
deserving, on.

*Math.* These two are his malignant enemies;  
And finding that my Lord is in these parts  
Together with the Princess, fair *Eudina*  
(Who has made him her choice) they lie in wait  
To murder him, as they had me, had not  
The Gods sent you to rescue me. (deserving, on.

1. *Ruf.* 'Twas more their Gentleness, then your

*Math.* I have no more to say, but that you take'em  
On your allegiance to safe custody,  
And let me pass.

1. *Ruf.* Un'ch, That would be more  
Our gentleness then your deserving too ; on, on.

*Philcar.* Dear friends— (order.

1. *Ruf.* Good, interrupt us not we'll hear ye in  
On you, Sir, ere you go ; and come not back  
For any thing unspoke you left behind.

*Math.* I thank you, Sir, I had like to ha'left my  
sword  
Behind, which they disarm'd me of. (deserving

1. *Ruf.* That was their Gentleness more then your  
(They having three swords, and you none to guard  
you)

They kill'd you not in deed, yet on again.  
What further do you charge'em with.

*Math.*



*Math.* No more, nor you, lefs you detain me longer.

1. *Ruf.* Now you grow bold, and faucy I muft tell you. (Traytor,

2. *Ruf.* Now y'are a knave, a villane and a Left you no more behind you but a fword ? I faw a fcabberd on your face of late, A falfe one : Seek it out.

3. *Ruf.* O here it is. *Takes up the falfe beard.*

1. *Ruf.* Put it him on again. On with it, on. Refift and we will hang thee. Now my Lords, My Princes I may fay : For one of you Muft be our King. We know you though you know Not us ; you may perhaps hereafter know us More by your Gentlenefs then our deferving.

*Phil. Philar.* O worthy Countrey men.

1. *Ruf.* We are the heads of *Tempe* ; and the chief Swain heads of *Theffaly* (the King has known us) And here we came to lay our heads together For good of common wealth. Here at the verge Of this adjoyning Thicket is our Bower Of confultation ; and from thence (regardful Ever with eye and ear for common good) We faw a beard pull'd off ; and heard that mouth, (Which now is dumb) open a plot, unlike The pittiful complaint he made to us.

*Philar.* But faw you not fome paffages before ? Of his attempt upon our lives ?

1. *Ruf.* Good Gods. (enough

2. *Ruf.* No we came in but then. Thofe are To hang the man, and turn his Lord out of Our Countrey favour : If we find he has That plot upon the body of the Princes Of Rape and Murder. He can be no King For us : for, firrah, we have wives and daughters.

*En. Stra. Eud. Soul.*

1. *Ruf.* Stand clofe. See who comes here.

*Stra.* So, now go back my friends. There's some  
reward. *gives a purs*

*Sol.* Thanks to the noble bounteous *Stratocles.*

*Exit*

*Stra.* Lady your tears are bootles. *Souldiers*

*Eud.* Help ye Gods.

*Str.* Your cries as unavailable. The Gods  
(To whom your friendly foolish lovers  
Have sacrific'd each other) have given you up  
To me the onely worthy of you.

*Eud.* No they are both sublim'd into one star,  
Yet of a double influence, that shall  
Strike death into thy purposes, and give  
Me light by which t'ascend with them to live  
After my present death. *She offers*

*Str.* Your hast to death shall not prevent *to kill her*  
(my lust. *self with*

*Philoc.* She must outlive thy Lust and *a knife, he*  
(thee false Traytor. *holds her.*

*Ruf.* Hold, hold, disarm, but kill him not.

2. *Ruf.* Wee'll keep him tame.

*Str.* You have ods o'me.

*Eud.* I am in heaven already. (earth

*Philar.* Live wonder of the heavens, a star on  
Out shining theirs.

*Eud.* What a short journey 'tis  
For heavenly minds to reach unto the Gods!

*Str.* Betray'd! (my Lord,

1. *Ruf.* No not betray'd. Y'are but well met  
But that's our Gentlenefs more then your deserving.

*Str.* Am I become the shame and scorn of  
pefants.

1. *Ruf.* Or if you'lha't betray'd, then blame your  
Overmuch policy and want of Beasts (own  
To carry it to Market. We nere lay  
More burthen on a Ass, then he can bear  
Here in the country: what is done at court

We

We know not. Here perhaps is one can tell,  
 Know you this bearded *Satyre*? *Pull off Ma-*

*Str.* Coward, flave, *thos beard.*

Thy faintness hath betray'd me.

*Math.* No, 'twas ods,

Such as men meet that fight against the Gods.

1. *Ruf.* The fellow has some Grace; he weeps:  
 But come

Princess and Princes, what is now your pleasure  
 We do unto these men?

*Eud.* For me, I have learn'd

By my own sufferings in my afflictions

To be compassionate. I wish their pardon.

*Str.* That mercy wounds me deeper with remorse  
 Then all my lost designs, and their derision  
 Have done with indignation.

1. *Ruf.* There is some hope these yet may prove

*Eud.* Lord *Stratocles*, (new men.

Those wounds that pierce the heart with true  
 contrition

Do bring the precious balm in'em that cures it.

*Philar.* We wish yours may be such.

*Philoc.* And that this shame

May guard you innocent of future blame.

2. *Ruf.* Here's sweetness upon sweetness.

1. *Ruf.* Now it remains, that we advise our selves,  
 Brethren of *Tempe*, that since these delinquents  
 Are fallen into our hands, that we discharge  
 Our Countrey loyalty with discretion,  
 And not release him from our power, but by  
 The power above us. (that's the kings) we'll wait  
 On you to court. On you for your new loves,  
 And you for old acquaintance.

*Eud.* I'll acquaint my father with your care,  
 He shall be witnesses of our bringing in  
 The ambitious Politick trapt in his own gin.

ACT

## ACT 4. SCENE 3.

*King. Disanius. Justinus.*

*King.* Bereft of all my joyes and hopes at once!  
 Is there no comfort, nor no counsel left me?  
 Why stand you gazing thus with sealed lips?  
 Where is your counsell now, which you are wont  
 In trifling matters to pour out in plenty?  
 Now, in the peril of my life and state  
 I cannot get a word. Give me my daughter,  
 Or take my Kingdom too. Where is she? Tell me.

*Dif.* All we can say or hear is, she was taken  
 Out of her private walks by violent hands,  
 Onely we guesse the master of the plot  
 Was *Stratocles*, who now is missing in the Court.

*King.* He ask'd my leave to leave the Court, and  
 had it.

*Dif.* Twas a fit glosse for his fowl treachery.

*King.* But what ha'you said for her recovery.

*Jus.* We have dispatch't a hundred several posts  
 To every coast and angle of your Kingdom:  
 No way of finding her is left unfought.

*Dif.* Could we finde *Stratocles*, she might be found.

*King.* Stil upon him? Where's *Philocles*? where's  
 They are missing too. (*Philargus?*)

*Dif.* Hell has not in't a thought  
 That can detract their honours.

*Jus.* Yet a Rumor  
 Is spread about the Court; they are gone to fight.

*Dif.* 'Gainst whom?

*Jus.* Against themselves. Nay more, that they  
 Have fought, and both are slain.

*Dif.* You may as soon.  
 Believe the Artick and Antartick poles  
 Can meet in opposition, amidst  
 The firmament, and jointly in a fall

Ex-

Extinguish both their lights in *Neptunes* bosom.

*King.* Whence springs this Rumor.

*Dif.* *Stratocles* is the head

We may be confident ; and his men the pipes  
That have dispers't it.

*King.* Stil you judge *Stratocles*.

What purpose can he have in't. *Ent. Thym. weeps.*

*Dif.* O my sifter Has heard the news too.

Weep not tender sifter, Your sons are safe.

*Thy.* Yes they are with the Gods.

*King.* And, had they tane *Eudina* with them too,  
My doubts and fears were over, well as yours.

*Ent. Gar. weeping.*

*Dif.* Here's one that makes a face, an ugly one,  
And would weep too, had she but moisture in her.  
How now! Whose Mare's dead, *Garrulla*? Take  
thy bottle

And turn that into tears. Or dost thou wring  
Thy face because that's dry? Gi'mec't, I'll fill it.

*Gar.* My son, oh, oh my son is at deaths door.

*Dif.* And is death so unkind to keep it shut  
Against him? Out upon him churle. *Gar.* My liege  
And Madam (it shall out) you might have fav'd  
My sons life in your servants love, whose scorn  
Will be his death, except the King divert it,  
And I shall tell him what you know I know—

*Thy.* O me undone.

*Gar.* And open such a secret

Unto his majesty— *King.* Yet forbear me now,

*Gar.* Do you slight me in the care of my sons  
life?

Do you scorn my secret too, that may be worth  
More then your kingdom to you?

*Dif.* Away old fool. (good will

*Gar.* Now you shall never know't. *Dif.* For thy  
The king would thank thee, in offering at some mirth  
To cool his grief, but that it is too hot

Yet

Yet to be touch'd. *Juf.* Indeed you do not well  
To move the King, or to perplex the Lady  
Now in their sorrows fulness.

*Gar.* What's their sorrow (dead,  
To mine? My sons a dying. *Juf.* Her sons are  
And the Kings daughter lost. *Gar.* But I pray, say,  
Is my Lord *Philocles* and *Philargus* dead?

*Juf.* 'Tis said so.

*Gar.* Then I say my son shall live. (bottle

*Dis.* And so wilt thou while thou canst lift thy  
To that old Mazer. *Gar.* Hem! A hem! a ha!

*Dis.* Do you rejoyce, and shew the rotten half  
tooth

You have left that they are dead. *Gar.* No I rejoyce  
That the advancement that the giglet gap'd for  
In one of their fine followers is lost,

In hope of which she scorn'd my son. But now  
He shall scorn her and live. *Dis.* Out envious trot!

*Gar.* Ile comfort him with the newes.

*Dis.* Away you Hag, *Exit Gar.*  
Here comes one merry look. *Enter Eupa.*

*Eup.* Joy to the king.

*Dis.* Well said, speak up and home good *Eupathus.*

*Eup.* Your daughter's safe return'd so is your son,  
Madam,

For which you are to thank the Gods: This is  
Their true relation. *He gives the King a paper.*

*He reads to Thym. aside.*

*Dis.* Where is *Stratocles*?

*Eup.* Caught in the snares of his foul treachery.

*Dis.* Bravely and honestly spoken *Eupathus.*

*Eup.* And by their hands whose voices he had  
once

For his election. *Dis.* What his country heads?

*Eup.* They all turn head upon him now.

*Dis.* Brave heads

Observe my judgement now, my king: Those heads

I will so fouse in our best Greekish Wines,  
That they shall be such heads! O heads, heads,  
heads!

*King.* I do approve your judgment good *Difanius*,  
But with you not insult ore mans dejection.

We find that *Stratocles* is much Penitent (him  
And troubled at his trespass. *Dif.* A halter still  
For an ambitious hypocritical Traytor. (near,

*King.* The time for my *Eudina's* match draws  
And I no longer will attend on fortune,  
I have decreed it past recal, regardless  
Whether against the oracle, or with it.

*Thy.* Yet am I confident in your assertion  
You priests of *Delphos*. *Dif.* Hee'll bestow her yet  
On *Stratocles*, if she stand longer doubtful  
In a fair choise.

*Eup.* Fear not my Lord. That doubt  
Your Countrey heads will clear. He has lost them  
For ever. *Dif.* O brave heads! I will so ring  
Their ears with jewels of praises and preferment  
That they shall glare like direful comets at him.

*King.* One she shall chuse of them: If not, I'll put  
A third upon her. *Thy.* With your pardon, Sir,

Why are you (for I find it is so) stronger  
For *Philocles*? *King.* No reason urges me;  
And yet I find an inclination in me

That pleads for him. I can perceive you too,  
Are partial towards *Philargus*. Can you yield  
A reason for't? *Thy.* Yes, Sir, he is my eldest.

*King.* Alas, But not an hour. Well, I'll remit  
My power of propounding, and accept  
Her choice of either, made within the time.

*Thy.* I, there my hopes do anchor; else they were  
Certain of Ship-wrack: yet the perillous waves  
My vessel rides on seems so many graves.

*Explicit Actus Quartus.*

## ACT 5. SCENE I.

*Philocls. Philargus.**Philoc.* Brother, and friend, I'm deaf to all de-  
swasion.I charge you by *Eudina's* love, our friendship,  
And (if there be) ought that you hold more sacred,  
Move not to alter my fix'd resolution. (you*Philar.* That resolution's mine: And I conjure  
By the self-same respects, and all that are  
Or may be hallowed, to let me depart.I will remove but for some few daies journey  
Whence you shall duly hear from me: But rather  
I'll travail to th' *Antipodes*, then here  
Linger the vain impediment of your joyes  
In your *Eudina*. *Philoc.* Travel's my design.*Eudina* must be yours. She is a blifs  
Which heaven created for you. *Philar.* Can a blifs  
Be purchas'd with your absence? No: 'Twil torture  
Equally in fruition as in want.Were it a Kingdom onely, we could part it  
Without the quarrel of the *Thebean* brothers;  
Or, were it heaven it self, *Castor* and *Pollux*  
Should have our imitation. But *Eudina*  
Is onely indivisible.*Philoc.* Add to it this,  
Their sentence is erroneous, that deny  
Partition to the soul: For ours do witness,  
Friendship can give her a division,  
And make reciprocal community  
Of all her faculties. But still *Eudyna*  
Is indivisible. Why name I her,  
Whom to forget must be my onely tafque?  
Brother adieu.*Philar.* 'Tis I that must take leave.*Dif.* Is it even so? *Philoc.* I fear we are prevented.*Enter Difan.**Dif.*



*Dif.* Nephews, why left you so the presence? I  
 May justly fear you were ill advis'd in it.  
 The King expects your quick return, and will not  
 Let pass this peremptory day, set down  
 For matching of his daughter; to preserve  
 Life, State, or Kingdom. Have you a purpose,  
 First having beg'd that villain *Stratocles* pardon,  
 To give him up your interest in the Princess?  
 The Kingdom too, to boot? Will you compel  
 The King to give him all?

*Philar.* Not so good Uncle.

*Dif.* What do you less in flying from the presence,  
 When that affair is now in agitation?

*Philoc.* Uncle, you saw withal the great distraction  
 We left the Princess in. How when she look'd  
 Upon *Philargus*, she inclin'd to him;  
 And when on me to me; when on us both  
 How extasied she fell! *Philar.* A strong necessity  
 There is that one of us absent. *Dif.* Therefore  
 You both flie off to travel several wayes!  
 Come, let me tell you, your courtesie is foolish,  
 And you unworthy to have such a fortune  
 Hang like a pregnant cloud over your heads  
 Ready to be dissolv'd in showres upon you,  
 While your own madness conjures up a wind  
 To blow't away.

*Philar.* Uncle, you are unjust,  
 I would remove to let that golden showre  
 Light upon *Philocles*. *Philoc.* I upon *Philargus*.

*Dif.* I could even swadle'em both for a brace of  
 Babyes.

Your folly makes me mad: will you return  
 Yet to the presence, both of you?

*Philoc.* Uncle, you know

To be both there, is neither to be there,  
 But to breed more perplexity in *Eudyna*.

Pray take *Philargus*. *Dif.* Nephew, come, be wise:

It

It is a crown that Courts you ; and the name  
Of friend, or Brother ought to stand aloof,  
And know a distance, where such dignity  
Is tendred. Take your opportunity,  
I find you coming, come.

*Philarg.* I pray take *Philocles*.

*Dif.* I'll take him for the wiser man then. Nephew,  
Come, and embrace your fortune, and forget not  
To thank the Gods your Brother has no more wit.  
A Kingdom and a beauteous bed-fellow  
(There Nephew, there !) Do not those bare a sound  
'Bove friend and Brother, ha ?

*Philoc.* not in mine ears. (which neither

*Dif.* What frost has seiz'd their blood, & brains,  
Beauty nor dignity can thaw ? Go travel.  
What stay you for ? young Gentlemen sometimes  
Wait for a gale of gold to blow'em out  
O'th'harbour ; *Stratocles* will furnish you,  
And thank you more then for his forfeit life.

*Philoc.* *Stratocles* can gain nothing by my  
absence. (mine,  
While here *Philargus* staves. *Philarg.* No, nor by  
While *Philocles* remains.

*Dif.* Shall I make a motion,  
Will one of you remain ? *Both.* One must and shall.

*Dif.* Then yield to take your lots for't (I will  
make'em)

As you respect my love ; your mothers life ;  
The kingdoms good ; *Eudynas* love and life,  
Let it be so. Pause not upon't, but do't.

See, here's ink and paper. I am inspir'd,  
*Apollo*, with thy wisdom. Love.—and friendship.

*He writes two lots.*

See, here's a pafs for one, and a plantation  
For tother. Love and friendship Gentlemen.  
Love shall abide at home, and friendship walk,  
According to the custom of the world.

Let it be so. Come study not, but draw, I'll

I'll draw upon ye both else. *They drew*

*Philar.* Friendship for me then. *the lots.*

*Philoc.* See here I have it brother. And yours  
is love.

My love be prosperous to you. My horse, *Enter*

*Var.* All's ready, Sir. (my horse. *Varillus.*)

*Philoc.* In the first place then bring

A parting cup, that by the grapes *Elisar*

As *Jove* by *Acheron*, I may protest

My constancy and zeal unto my purpose.

*Var.* And now's my time to act thy purpose,

*Doris.* *Exit.*

*Dif.* Kick not your heels against the Gods,

*Philargus.*

It is most evidently their decree

That you abide and *Philoctes* remove.

*Philoc.* I do obey my Lot. And noblest brother,  
Be you as free in love, as I from envy.

*Philar.* But how can you forgo that equal interest  
You have with me in *Theffaly*, and *Eudina*?

*Dif.* Why should that trouble you? you see  
he does

Forgo't; and is a going. Would he were gone once.

*Philar.* Can love allow't?

*Philoc.* Variety of objects

Like Nails abandon one another. So

May I, by novelties of Travail, lose

The thought of Love; and chearfully return

Both hers and yours in a more just relation.

*Enter Varillus with a bowl of wine.*

Give me the bowl. Now brother to that love

You owe the fair *Eudina*, unto which

I give th'addition of mine own, and all

The joyes that ere I wish'd my self and her,

And to that friendship, which nor Time, nor absence

Shall ever end or alter.

*He drinks and gives Varillus the bowl.*

*Var.*

*Var.* Now the service that may redeem my faults  
Is to be done.

*Philar.* Give it me full, *Varillus.*

*Var.* I'll give you more then you expect by this.

*He puts in a powder.*

*Philar.* You have the victory in friendship, brother,  
Who, by your resolute absence will enforce  
And drive me to a happiness; wherein  
I must not cease, in all the strength of prayers  
Of sacrifice, and vows; in all my goods  
Of fortune, mind and body to be yours:  
Which that you may return to repossess  
With the more speed, this health to auspicate  
And expedite your travails. *Var.* They are done  
Already if my Apothecaries skill fail not.

*Philoc.* With this embrace my brother, and my last  
Of present ceremony, I now wish you  
In th'arms of your *Eudina*—

And may my better part of soul, which now  
I leave in trust with you, by you be breath'd  
Into her breast; that she may lively find  
She has my love in yours; and that in you  
She has us both.

*Dis.* So, so, enough. Ha'ye done yet?

*Philoc.* How is it with you brother?

*Philarg.* As it is

With souls that leave the world in peace.

*Dis.* For shame

Leave womanish ceremony. Will you part  
Before it be too late? *Philoc.* Too soon I fear.

*Philargus!* Brother! Friend! Ye Gods, how comes  
this?

*Dis.* What is he dead? I see then how it comes.  
You or your man, or both ha'poyson'd him.

*Philar.* No, 'twas my self.

*Dis.* Thou wilt not go out o'th'world  
With a lie i'thy mouth? Speak yet again.

*Var.*

*Var.* He has said well for me already.

*Philoc.* Gone, past recovery, but he shall not pass  
Without my company. *He offers to*

*Dif.* Wilt thou die mad too? *kill himself*

Come, Sir, let go your whiblin. He *Dif. snatch-*  
(has yet *ethhis sword*

Some breath. Run for Physitians— *away.*

(No, Sir, stay.

I will not quit you so. I can read guilty lines

Palpably on this villans visnomy.

Is there no more i'th'house? some help here! ho!

Nephew forbear. As you will have methink *Philocles*

You guiltless of your brothers blood, forbear. *offers a-*

How am I tortur'd! Ho! *Philargus*; rub him, *gain to*

Rub him, he may live yet. *kill him-*

*Philoc.* O that the world *self.*

Might be so happy! *Dif.* So, well said: A box

Or two in kindness will not do amiss.

*Enter Tersulus.*

Stir not you sirrah. O, Sir, you lay hold

On that same traytor. *Var.* I'le not stir my Lord.

*Dif.* I'le hold you to your word, Sir, run, Sir, you

And fetch Physitians. *Ter.* O my Lord, fallen dead!

*Dif.* Stay but to look upon him, and I'le swear

Thou art his murderer. Fetch the Kings Physitians,

*Exit Tersulus.*

If not to cure him; yet to rip the cause

Out of his sodain death. I guess they'l finde (say

Your handy-work in's maw. *Var.* You heard him

It was himself that did it. I am clear'd.

*Enter Eupathus.*

*Eup.* My Lord, the King, impatient of your stay,

Has sent—

*Dif.* What has he sent. Has he sent means

To call this man from death, or that from falling

After him into th'grave?

*Eup.* O heavy spectacle!

L

*Dif.*

*Dif.* But, come I will not cry tho'. Pray assist me,  
In with this body, Charity commands  
When griev'd necessity intreats your hands.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT 5. SCENE 2.

*Geron. The four Rusticks.*

*Ger.* My *Rustici amici*, your Council and  
Your vertue have restor'd me. And tis true  
As *Whilom* said the good *Antisthenes*  
Vertue is armour 'gainst the very fates. (*Geron,*

1. *Ruf.* We told you for your good, good Mr.  
Fond love became you not.

2. *Ruf.* It sat upon your coat like burs or bryars  
Stuck in the hindlocks of our fleecy sheep ;  
Who shake their heads ; figgle, and writh their tayls,  
And bleat for woe ; sprinkle the ground behind'em  
Sometimes I wisse : Twould make one laugh and  
All at once, but all remediless. (pitty'em  
Till we with helping wit and hands release'em.

*Gar.* A wise man then in love is like a sheep  
I'th'bryars. As *Whilome* said—

3. *Ruf.* But (by the way)  
What wasthat *Whilome*, Sir, you speak much of him,  
But what was he pray.

*Ger.* An ancient *Britain*, whom I have affected  
As idly as my love. But I'll forget it  
And use that word no more. The clowns have  
found me.

4. *Ruf.* But will you now proceed upon your plot  
For th'honour of *Tempe* plains, and *Tempe* fwains.

*Ger.* You can all dance.

2. *Ruf.* After our country guise.

3. *Ruf.* Like so many light horses.

1. *Ruf.* So can our wives  
Who have follow'd us up to Court we thank'em  
Pray *Juno* we get them honestly home again.

*Ger.* There is no doubt. However fear you  
nothing

As

As why—Tis hard to leave off an old custom.

2. *Ruf.* The why was out, but lome stuck in your teeth.

*Ger.* Tis well it did so. You can dance you say. A dance I have projected for the Princess Who ever marries her it shall serve. As why—

1. *Ruf.* Again 'twas eene a comming.

*Ger.* You are as quick as why—

2. *Ruf.* And there again.

1. *Ruf.* Nay we are heads, I tell you Master *Geron*, And should have wit; and shew't we can'th' country,

In the head vein, though hear at Court, like courtiers We'll shew it in our heels. Pray therefore on.

*Ger.* On, let us then to practise. King and court Shall see, to crown their joyes, some country sport.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

*King. Justinus. Eudina. Thymele. Attendants.*

*King.* No answer, no return? Must I intreat, Yet have my undeserved favours slighted? (folly

*Thy.* Yet, Sir, your Kingly patience. *King.* Stupid 'Twere longer to attend. My vow is past

And register'd in heaven; the minute is At hand, that calls down thonder on me, which

No tear, or prayers can mollifie or aver't,

If I upon so long deliberation

Shall falsifie. So, call in *Stratocles*. *Exit Attendants.*

*Eud.* O my dread father. Yet one hours patience Till *Eupathus* or *Difanius* return.

One short, short hour: I may not live so long.

His wife you nam'd; though you may force me

*King.* I'll leave that to the Gods. (take him.

*Eud.* They will forgive. Give them your imitation In mercy, as in power on earth. I know *Difanius* Went not in vain to call'em to your presence.

And him that he brings first into this room  
Of *Philocles* or *Philargus* I will take,  
Though he precede the other but one foot,  
I have it by inspiration from the Gods.

*King.* You are full of dreams.

*Thym.* This cannot, Sir, be long  
In tryal. *King.* Yet I am not bound to wait  
On those ingrateful men. O *Stratocles*,

*Enter Strato.*

You have from your late Errors, which your then  
Head-strong ambition hurried and cast you in  
With that humility purg'd your self, that I  
Conceive you now a temperate Man; and am  
Instructed by the clemency of the Gods  
To cherish and reward your vertue. Therefore  
From their divine appointment, at my hands—

*Eud.* (O mighty, Sir— *King.* Dare not to dis-  
Receive *Eudina*. (obey me)

*Str.* Royal King and Master,  
Mistake not so the pleasure of the Gods.  
My forfeit life you have forgiven me :  
Your Kingly power and grace might do it. You  
Have given it freely : but I took't with caution,  
By future service to make good your gift :  
But for my forfeit love to fair *Eudina*,  
And my lost honour to the twin-born brothers,  
There can be no redemption, if I add  
By acceptation of your bounteous offer  
A second trespass, greater then the former.

*King.* Do you refuse her then.

*Str.* In hope shee'l plead (wrought  
My pardon to your grace. *Eud.* The Gods have  
Effectually for me. *King.* Strangely, unexpected  
Are you become a suppliant *Placilla*?

*Ent. Pla.* with a petition, kneels.

*Pla.* In the behalf, Sir, of your loyal subjects,  
The Swains of *Tempe*. *King.* I expected, rather,

News



News from your unkind brothers. See *Justinus*,  
 The Commons, rather than I shall bestow  
 My daughter upon *Stratocles*, do beseech me  
 To take a further time. *Jusf.* Y'are happy, Sir,  
 In his refusal and in their request.  
 They are fair predictions of ensuing joyes  
 To you, your daughter, and the Kingdom, If  
 I may be worthy to divine so much.

*King.* How ere thy divination proves, thy wish  
 Is worth our thanks. And we may have

*Enter Eupathus.*

Glad tidings presently. Now *Eupathus*  
 Where is *Disanius*, *Philocles*, and *Philargus*?  
 Why come they not?

*Eup.* They are all at hand my liege.

This paper may excuse their stay. *King.* O do

*The King reads the paper.*

They plead excuse then? *Thym.* I am full of fears.

*Eud.* And I of sodain joy. *Plac.* Pray all be well.

The King has struck his breast, and seems perplext.

*King.* *Justinus*, *Stratocles*, read here this Paper.

Go *Eupathus*, and let them enter. Stay.

Yet go, bring them in their prescribed manner.

I'll send the woman off, whose sodain grief

May be a bar to our proceedings. Madam—

*Thy.* I fear that *Garrula* has detected me.

*King.* I must intreat a while your absence, Lady.

*Thy.* May I presume to ask your reason, Sir.

*King.* My will has been above your question. Pray,

Let me request you go. *Thy.* I know obedience.

*King.* And go *Placilla*, send old *Garrula* to me.

*Thy.* Now tis most evident. O mighty, Sir,

Conceive not worse of me than *Garrula*.

Let us appear together. *King.* What means this?

*Thy.* You may be pleas'd to hear me first.

*King.* Pray pull not

More weight upon your breast than you can bear,

By your impertinent stay. Go I command you.

*Thy.* I must obey. However tis too late  
To change the resolution of my fate.

*Exit Thym. Pla.*

*King.* I have not known her thus. I fear  
defraction

Fore-runs the voice of grief, as to prevent it.  
Heaven knowes I call'd for *Garrula*, but to fend her  
With best directions to prepare and arm  
Her tender soul against the sting of sorrow  
Before it should approach her. But *Eudina*  
You must be valiant ; and not let the sight  
Of death in others shake your confidence.

*Eud.* How means your majesty ? *King.* Suppose  
that both

Your fatal lovers, *Philocles* and *Philargus*  
Slept in the caves of death.

*Eud.* I should not live then ;

*King.* Suppose his destiny had cut off one,  
And, in him, all the impediments, that cross  
You in th'enjoying of the other, fay  
Which could you wish survivor ? But you have  
Declar'd your constant purpose to possess  
The first *Difanius* brings into this presence.  
Come ; one is dead. There is a strict necessity  
You know it. Now collect your Reason : For  
'tis not

Your passion for the dead ; nor your dislike  
Of *Stratocles* ; no though my subjects yeeld you  
A longer time, shall make me tempt the Gods  
By breaking of my vow. Be stedfast then,  
As you respect a father ; and take courage.

*Recorders. Ent. Difanius before a herse, Philocles  
after. Varillus manacled, and led by Tersulus.*

*Eupathus supports Philocles, as ready to sink  
with grief.*

See *Philocles* lives. *Eud.* *Philargus* then

Is brought in dead before him by *Difanius* ;  
 And unto him the first to be brought in  
 My faith was vow'd ; and he is now my choice.

*King.* What being dead ? Could you affect'em so  
 Equally, both alive, that you forbore  
 To chuse, because you could not have'em both ;  
 And now seek onely him cannot be had ?  
 What Love, what madness call you this ? good Gods,  
 Throw not your wrath upon me in destruction

*The herse set down, Eudina kneels to it. Philo.  
 kneels on the other side.*

*Just.* Nor let your passion Master you great, sir,  
 As sodain grief does her. But give a little  
 Scope to her sorrow. Shee will soon return  
 And meet her Reason in obedience  
 To your desires. *King.* I thank thee good *Justinus*.

A Song.

*During which Difanius &c. discourse with the King.  
 Difanius seems to acquaint the King with the  
 manner of Philargus death, pointing at Varillus.  
 The King seems much troubled ; but at the end of  
 the song, (as by the Kings appointment Difanius  
 raiseth Philocles, and Justinus raiseth Eudina,  
 and bring them to the King while Eupathus  
 with the Attendants go forth with the herse, the  
 Recorders playing, which done,*

*King.* Your virgin tears and vowes ore your lost  
 I did attend with pardon, my *Eudina*, (love  
 In hope you are now compliant to my will.

*Dif.* Grieve not your father Madam.

*Eud.* I ha'done ;

And as the Gods direct him to command me,  
 I must and will obey. *Dif.* So that's well said.

*King.* The Gods have pleas'd *Eudina* to determine  
 Your doubtful choice, reserving *Philocles*  
 Unto your love without competitor :                    There-

Therefore it now remains that he be taken  
 Into your liking ; whom I have decreed  
 My successor. *Eud.* His merits are above  
 Me and this land ; In which what interest  
 My birth hath given me I resign to him.  
 Onely let me beseech a further respite.

*King.* For what ? the celebration ? I consent ;  
 But for the contract, this imediate hour  
 Shall see it knit beyond all dissolution.

*Dif.* I that I thirst to see. *Eudina gives*

*King.* Give me your hands. *her hand.*

Yours *Philocles.* *Dif.* Why give you not your hand,  
 Dare you not trust the King with't ? should he now  
 Shew a jades trick and flie back. *Philoc.* I beseech  
 Under your highness Pardon, yet, a respite.

*Dif.* More respits yet ? Was ever hopeful match.  
 Driven so round about ? *King.* Why this delay ?

*Philoc.* My brothers blood cries in me for your  
 Which must be executed on his murderer (justice  
 Before I safely can, or dare possess  
 His interest in the faith of fair *Eudina.*

*Dif.* O, is that all ? that may be soon dispatch'd.  
 Come forwards Poysoner. Good your Majesty,  
 For expedition, make me his judge,  
 And hangman too (I care not) rather then  
 Suffer this match hang o'the tenters thus. (to me.)

*King.* Has he confes'd the fact ? *Dif.* Yes, yes,  
 I beat it out of him. Quickly good King.

*King.* Your patience good *Difanius.* Sirrah speak.

*Var.* It was my act. But may your mercy look  
 Upon my love in it unto my Lord.

*King.* Your Lord shall be your judge then.

*Philoc.* I adjudge him  
 To sharp but lingring tortures (for his death  
 Alone can yeeld no satisfaction)  
 Tortures that may draw in, by his confession,  
 As accessaries with him, all the homicides

That

That are i'th' Kingdom. *Dif.* A hard matter that.

*Philoc.* Nor can I think his onely brain and hands  
Compos'd the poyson. *Dif.* Hang him, hee's a Barber  
And uses *Aqua fortis*, oyl of Vitriol,  
Mercury, and such like, to cleanse his Rasors.

*Just.* 'Tis good that you *Varillus* clear your con-  
And, if you had confederates in the fact, (science  
Give up their names. *Ter.* *Varillus*, I suspect  
*Doris* joyn'd hand with you in my Lords death.

*Dif.* What's that you mutter? *Ter.* It shall out my  
The handmaid *Doris* put him on't; I know't (Lord;  
By what she said to us both we being her lovers.

*Dif.* The Taylor proves an honest man: because  
He cannot have the wench himself, he'll hang her.

*Var.* Of her I had the poyson, tis confest

*Dif.* O that whore.

*Ex.Ter.*

*King.* Find her and drag her hither. *Ent.Thy.*

*Thy.* Where's my *Philargus*? Give me yet his  
That with a mothers tears I may imbalm it. (body,

*Dif.* You have heard the woful newesthen; but my  
Could grief recal *Philargus*, we would weep (sister  
A second deluge for his reparation;

Renew his breath by sighing, and awake him,  
With grones out of his Sepulchre. *Thy.* Already  
Have you inter'd him then? you made strange hast.

Was it your subtlety to send me hence,  
Fearing my cries might have reviv'd him, king?

And so again delay'd your daughters marriage?

I have enough to cros it yet *Philargus*.

*Dif.* What's that? *Str.* Distracktion sure.

*King.* My fear fore'saw't.

*Thy.* You are deceiv'd, for from my depth of sor-  
Through this thick film of tears, I can perceive (row,  
You are about to joyn the hands and faiths

Of *Philocles* and *Eudina*. *King.* Is not that  
Enough to dry your tears, and shew you that  
The Gods were rather merciful in leaving

This son, then rigorous in taking tother? *Dif.*

*Dis.* Or would you now, cause you have lost *Phi-*  
Kill *Philocles* too by crossing of this contract? (*largus,*

*Thy.* It is the pleasure of the Gods I cross it. *Ent. Gar.*

*Dis.* Of devils it is. What can she mean? Go sleep.

*Gar.* King by your leave.

*Dis.* What sayes old suckbottle now?

*Thy.* Nay I am here before you *Garrula,*  
And now will tell the long hid secret for you.

And if I erre in it, disprove me. *Gar.* Tell't then.

My faltring tongue will fail me. I can hear tho'. *Drinks.*

*Thy.* This contract must not be.

*King.* You then must yeeld

More reason then I find you have. *Thy.* Your self

Can never make it. You will sooner joyn

The Wolfe and Lamb, Falcon and Dove together.

*King.* No trifling I command you *Thymele.*

*Philoc.* If you be serious, Mother, hold us not

In this suspence. *Thy.* Let not the royal blood

Of *Theffaly* be stain'd with an incestuous match.

*King.* How!

(children

*Gar.* She sayes right. They are both your lawful  
By your own vertuous Queen now in--*Elisium* (heads.

*King.* What dreams are these of your distemperd

*Thy.* This is no dream or fable. But unfain'd *Sip.*

As truth it self: Which with your gracious leave

I shall demonstrate, humbly craving pardon

For my so long concealment, as I'll yeeld

Due reason for it. *King.* Freely speak, you have it.

*Thy.* You may remember in your civil wars,  
(Those cruel warres, as I may justly stile'em)

In which my husband fell— *Dis.* O my brave brother!

*Thy.* When open Rebels and domestick Traytors

Pursu'd your Crown and life; your gracious Queen

To have been brought to bed; and was belev'd

To have miscarried by an abortive birth.

*King.* True. In her flight she was constrain'd to take  
A neighbouring cottage; and use the help

Of the Swains wife. *Gar.* That swain-efs was my  
Though my deferts have glorified me since: (self.  
And by my help (and somewhat of the Gods)  
She then made you the Father of that Prince.

*Dif.* Take up thy bottle—Sister, speak you on.

*Thy.* Th'affrighted queen (yet wife in that extre-  
Suspecting that the innocence of her babe (mity)  
Born to a Kingdom, could not be secur'd  
In those combustions from apparent danger,  
Sent him to me in private, then in travel  
Of my *Philargus*—Charging me to fain  
A second labour, with the Midwives aid,  
For *Philocles*: I did, and was reputed  
Mother of both. *King.* I cannot think our Queen  
Would keep us ignorant of so good a Fortune.

*Thy.* I mov'd her oft to tell you. But she answer'd,  
All is not found, There's danger, yet; And when  
After *Eudyna's* birth she felt her self  
At point of death, she strictly did enjoyn  
Me and this woman, onely conscious with her,  
By oath of which she had prepar'd this copy *A paper.*  
In her own hand, to keep it silent, till  
*Philocles* should be able to secure  
Himself from treachery; or that your terme  
Of life expiring, or some accident  
Of no lesse consequence requir'd detection.  
For further proof—

*King.* My joy forbids more questioning;  
Give me my flesh and blood into my bosome.  
Thrice happy Fathers if your Children were  
Borne to you thus of perfect Age. But where  
Is now a Match for my *Eudina*. I  
Have here a successor. A shout within and crying  
*Philargus, Philargus, &c.*

*King.* Hah! Voyces i'th Ayre that cry *Philargus*?

*Eud.* Voyces that do tell me, I must follow him.  
Up to the heavens, and there be married to him.

*Dif.*

*Dif.* Here's the She-Devil now. *Ent. Turf.* with *Dor.*

*Dor.* You need not pull me

For that mans love, I laid thy Lord to sleep :  
Had I lov'd thee best, then his Lord had slept. (how?

*Dif.* How does he sleep? speak impudent baggage,

*Dor.* How? With a powder, Sir, which my own  
A skilful pothecary prepar'd ; who, if (father  
*Philargus* dye, shall hang with us for Company.

*Dif.* Your father ?

*Dor.* Yes, But now the perils past.

See, if he sleep, tis walking. *Enter Philargus*

*Philoc.* Ha! *Philargus.* *Eupathus.*

Or but the shade ; the spirit of my friend.

*Philar.* Be not amaz'd, as at an apparition.

*Thy.* Doth my son live? O then I have enough.

*Dif.* Come hither, come hither you three. I will  
The scene of you. Thy love unto thy Lord (discharge  
(Though somewhat unadvisedly imploy'd)

Deserves reward ; He see it given thee,

Thy Lord and King shall thank thee : take thy wench,  
She has love in her wit, and wit in her anger.

I like the luck of things ; that ill intents

Should bring forth good events. Thy faithfulness

To thy Lord to wash happy. Go, I'll see you *Ext. Var.*

All royally rewarded. How now *Geron?* *Ter. Dor.*

*Ent. Ger.*

*Ger.* My Lord I see here's joy towards, as why—

*Dif.* 'Slife, stand not Whiloming now man : but be

*Ger.* Cry mercy. I had left it. But my Lord (brief.

To celebrate the flowing joyes in Court,

I and my Countrey heads have fram'd a Masque,

Rather an Antick dance, rather a countrey toy,

Rather a Rustick round : rather a—

*Dif.* Hoy day!

Thy Rather's worse then thy Whilom. Dost know  
What time o'day 'tis?

*Ger.* Tis a rural thing

To be presented at the Princess Wedding And



And, if you think it meet, I will induce  
The practise of it presently. As why—

*Dis.* Go fetch the heads and heels, I'll stay the  
King,  
To see and laugh at 'em. That's grace enough.

*Exit Geron.*

*King.* *Philargus* you have much to know; the  
We will *Eudina* tell you, now shee's yours. (which  
Receive her and our blessing.

*Philar.* Were I dead  
(As I was thought to be) your name pronounc'd  
Over my grave, beyond all Necromancy,  
Would call fresh blood into my veins again;  
Strengthen my nerves, to break the Iron gates  
Of death; and force my joyful spirit from  
Th' *Elisian* Paradise to live with you.

*King.* You shall not be a loser *Thymele*:  
*Philocles* shall be yours, and in exchange  
*Placilla* mine.

*Philoc.* To me my beauteous spouse  
Thou art as *Juno* to her *Jupiter*,  
Sister and wife.

*Thy.* Your highness may be pleas'd  
Now at so happy leisure to perpend  
The Oracle; which truly hath effected  
Each word of the prediction.

*King.* Who can repeat the answer, I ha'lost it.

*Dis.* I have it.

Contend not for the jewel, which  
Ere long shall both of you enrich.

*Philoc.* *Eudina* does so: me in a dear sister.

*Philar.* Me in a Peerless wife.

*Dis.* Pursue your fortune: for tis she  
Shall make ye what you seem to be.

*Philoc.* She has done that too: For now indeed  
w'are brothers.

*King Apollo* thou hast fill'd us all with joy,

But

But has our joy already fill'd our Court *Loud Mu-*  
 With Musick? *sick is here.*

*Dis.* Will your Majesty yet fit  
 And see the practise of a presentation,  
 Against the Marriages by your Swains of *Tempe*  
 With thanks; and give it all the grace we may?

*Ger.* *From Tempe plains, the Tempe Swains* Enter  
*With mirth and Melody,* *Geron* and  
*With Dance and Song do hither throng* the Swains  
*To greet your Majestie.* and Nymphs  
 for the dance.

*Gar.* *O there, look there, Madam, my Son, and all*  
*My old Temperian Neighbours.*

*Ger.* *We cannot hope in all our scope,*  
*To gain much praise for skill,*  
*But it shall be enough, if ye*  
*Accept of our good will.*

The Dance.

*King.* My thanks to all.

*All.* Heaven bless your Majesty. *Exeunt.*

*King.* Thanks to *Apollo.* Let his temple be  
 The place of our solemnity. His Altars  
 Let them be laden with *Arabian* spices;  
 Let his Priests lead, in a devout procession,  
 The horned Sacrifice, mantled with Ghirlonds  
 And we (our Temples crown'd with Laurel) follow  
 With Musick, sounding *Hymen* and *Apollo.*

*FINIS.*



## EPILOGUE.

**T**is not the Poets art, nor all that we  
By life of Action can present unt'ye  
Can justly make us to presume a Play  
Is good till you approv't: which that you may  
It cannot mis-become us, since our gains  
Come by your favour more then all our pains.  
Thus to submit us unto your commands  
And humbly ask that favour at your hands.





THE  
WEEDING  
OF THE  
COVENT-GARDEN.  
Or the  
*Middlesex-Justice*  
OF  
Peace.

*A Facetious COMEDY.*

---

*APOSTHUME* of RICHARD BROME,  
An Ingenious Servant, and Imitator of his  
Master, that famously Renowned  
Poet *Ben. Johnson*.

---

*Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare Poetae,  
Dramatis Personae.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Andrew Crook*, and are to be sold at the  
*Green Dragon* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*: And  
*Henry Broom* at the *Gun* in *Ivy-lane*. 1658.





Upon *AGLAURA* printed in Folio.

**B**Y this large Margent did the Poet mean  
To have a Comment writ upon his Scene?  
Or is it that the Ladies, who ne're look  
On any but a Poeme or Play-book,  
May, in each page, have space to scribble down  
When such a Lord, or Fashion comes to Town.  
As Swaines in Almanacks accounts do keep,  
When their Cow calv'd, and when they bought  
Ink is the life of Paper: 'tis meet then, (their sheep?  
That this which scap'd the i' refs should feel the  
A Room with one side furnish'd, or a face (Pen.  
Painted half-way, is but a faire disgrace.  
This great voluminous Pamphlet may be said  
To be like one that hath more haire then head;  
More excrement then body. Trees, which sprout  
With broadest leaves, have still the smallest  
When I saw so much white, I did begin (fruit.  
To think Aglaura either did lie in,  
Or else took Pennance. Never did I see  
(Unlesse in Bills dasht in the Chancerie)  
So little in so much; as if the feet  
Of Poetry, like Law, were sold by th'sheet.  
If this new fashion should but last one yeare,  
Poets, as Clerks, would make our paper dear.  
Doth not Artisl erre, and blast his fame.  
That

*That sets out pictures lesser then the frame?  
 Was ever Chamberlaine so mad, to dare  
 To lodge a childe in the great Bed at Ware?  
 Aglaura would please better, did she lie  
 I' th' narrow bounds of an Épitomie.  
 Pieces that are weav'd of the finest twist, (then list,  
 (As Silk and Plush) have still more stuffe.  
 She, that in Persian habit made great brags,  
 Degenerates in this excesse of rags;  
 Who, by her Giant-bulk this only gaines,  
 Perchance in Libraries to hang in chaines.  
 'Tis not in Book, as Cloth; we never say  
 Make London-measure, when we buy a Play:  
 But rather have them pair'd: Those leaves be  
 To the judicious, which more spotted are. (faire  
 Give me the sociable Pocket-books.  
 These empty Folio's only please the Cooks.*

R. B.

## A S O N G.

**A** Way with all grief and give us more sack.  
 'Tis that which we love, let love have no  
 lack.  
 Nor sorrow, nor care can crosse our delights,  
 Nor witches nor goblins, nor Buttery sprights,  
 Tho' the candles burne dimme while we can  
 do thus,  
 We'll scorn to flie them: but we'll make them  
 flie us.  
 Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old crew  
 Will fright away Sprights, when the ground  
 looks blew.

A





A

# PROLOGUE.


**H**E that could never boast, nor seek the way,  
To prepare friends to magnifie his Play,  
Nor raile at's Auditory for unjust.  
If they not lik't it, nor was so mistrust-  
Ful ever in himself, that he besought  
Preapprobation though they lik't it not.  
Nor ever had the luck to have his name  
Clap't up above this merit. Nor the shame  
To be cried down below it. He this night  
Your faire and free Attention does invite.  
Only he prays no prejudice be brought  
By any that before-hand wish it nought.  
And that ye all be pleas'd to heare and see,  
With Candor suiting his Integritie.  
That for the Writer. Something we must say,  
Now in defence of us, and of the Play.  
We shall present no Scandal or abuse,  
To vertue or to honour. Nor traduce  
Person of worth. Nor point at the disgrace  
Of any one residing in the Place,  
On which our Scene is laid, nor any Action shew,  
Of thing has there been done, for ought we know.  
<sup>14</sup> VOL. II. Though

*Though it be probable that such have been.  
But if some vicious persons be brought in,  
As no new Buildings, nor the strongest hold  
Can keep out Rats and Vermine bad and bold,  
Let not the sight of such be ill endur'd ;  
All sores are seen and search't before th' are cur'd.  
As Ruffian, Bawd, and the licentious crew,  
Too apt to pester Scituations new.*

### Another Prologue.

*'Tis not amisse ere we begin our Play,  
T' intrcat you, that you take the same surveigh  
Into your fancie, as our Poet took,  
Of Covent-Garden, when he wrote his book,  
Some ten years since, when it was grown with  
weeds,  
Not set, as now it is, with Noble Seeds.  
Which make the Garden glorious. And much  
Our Poet craves and hopes you will not grutch  
It him, that since so happily his Pen  
Foretold its faire emprovement, and that men  
Of worth and honour should renouen the place.  
The Play may still retain its former grace.*

TO



To my LORD of *Newcastle*, on his  
*PLAY* called *THE VARIETY*. He having  
commanded to give him my true o-  
pinion of it.

My Lord,

I Could not think these seven yeares, but that I  
In part a poet was, and so might lie,  
By the Poetick Licence. But I finde  
Now I am none, and strictly am confin'd  
To truth, if therefore I subpæna'd were  
Before the Court of Chancerie to swear.  
Or if from thence I should be higher sent,  
And on my life unto a Parliament  
Of wit and judgement, there to certifie  
What I could say of your *VARIETY*:  
I would depose each Scene appear'd to me  
An Act of wit, each Act a Comeddy,  
And all was such, to all that understood,  
As knowing Johnson, swore By God'twas good.

R. B.

## The Actors Names.

*Rooksbill*, a great Builder in *Covent-Garden*.

*Crossewill*, a Countrey Gentleman, Lodger in his Buildings.

*Cockbrain*, a Justice of Peace, the Weeder of the Garden.

<i>Nicholas.</i>	} Young Gen- tlemen.	} <i>Rooksbills</i> son <i>Crossewills</i> elder son. <i>Cross.</i> younger son. <i>Cockbraines</i> son.
<i>Gabriel.</i>		
<i>Mihil.</i>		
<i>Anthony.</i>		

*Mun Clotpoll*, a foolish Gull.

*Driblow*, Captain of the *Philoblathici*.

*Belt*, *Crossewills* Servant.

*Ralph*, *Dorcas* Servant.

*A Citizen.*

*A Parson.*

*A Taylor.*

*A Shoemaker.*

*A Vintner.*

*A Drawer.*

*Pig*, *Damaris* Servant.

## Women Actors.

*Lucie*, *Rooksbills* daughter.

*Katharine*, *Crossewills* daughter.

*Dorcas*, alias *Damaris*, *Crossewills* Neece.

*Margerie Howlet*, a Bawd.

<i>Bettie.</i>	} Two Punks.
<i>Francisca.</i>	

*A Laundresse.*




T H E  
COVENT-GARDEN  
Weeded.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Cockbrayne, Rookes-bill.*

*Cock.*  Marry Sir! This is something like!  
These appear like Buildings!  
Here's Architecture exprest indeed!  
It is a most fightly scituation, and  
fit for Gentry and Nobility.

*Rook.* When it is all finished, doubtlesse it will  
be handsome.

*Cock.* It will be glorious: and yond magnificent  
Peece, the *Piazza*, will excel that at *Venice*, by hear-  
say, (I ne're travell'd). A hearty blessing on their  
braines, honours, and wealths, that are Projectors,  
Furtherers, and Performers of such great works. And  
now I come to you Mr. *Rookesbill*: I like your Rowe  
of houfes most incomparably. Your money never

B

shone

Stone so on your Counting-boards, as in those Structures.

*Rook.* I have pil'd up a Leash of thousand pounds in walls and windows there.

*Cock.* It will all come again with large increase.

And better is your money thus let out on red and white, then upon black and white, I say. You cannot think how I am taken with that Rowe! How even and straight they are! And so are all indeed. The Surveyor (what e're he was) has manifested himself the Master of his great Art. How he has wedded strength to beauty; state to uniformity; commodiousness with perspicuity! All, all as't should be!

*Rook.* If all were as well tenanted and inhabited by worthy persons.

*Cock.* Phew; that will follow. What new Plantation was ever peopled with the better sort at first; nay, commonly the lewdest blades, and naughty-packs are either necessitated to 'hem, or else do prove the most forward venturers. Is not lime and hair the first in all your foundations? do we not soile or dung our lands, before we sowe or plant any thing that's good in 'hem? And do not weeds creep up first in all Gardens? and why not then in this? which never was a Garden until now; and which will be the Garden of Gardens, I foresee't. And for the weeds in it, let me alone for the weeding of them out. And so as my Reverend Ancestor *Justice Adam Overdoe*, was wont to say, *In Heavens name and the Kings*, and for the good of the Common-wealth I will go about it.

*Rook.* I would a few more of the Worshipful hereabouts, (whether they be in Commission or not) were as well minded that way as you are Sir; we should then have all sweet and clean, and that quickly too.

*Cock.*

*Cock.* I have thought upon a way for't, Mr. *Rooksbill*: and I will pursue it, *viz.* to finde out all the enormities, yet be my selfe unspied: whereby I will tread out the spark of impiety, whilest it is yet a spark and not a flame; and break the egge of a mischief, whilest it is yet an egge and not a Cockatrice. Then doubt not of worthy tenants for your houses Mr. *Rooksbill*.

*Rook.* I hope, Sir, your best furtherance.

*Cock.* I had a letter but last night from a worthy friend, a West-countray Gentleman, that is, now coming up with his family to live in Town here; and desire is to inhabit in these buildings. He was to lie at *Hammer Smith* last night, and requested an early meeting of me this morning here, to assist him in the taking of a house. It is my business hither; for he could never do't himselfe. He has the oddest touchy, wrangling humour.— But in a harmlesse way; for he hurts no body, and pleases himself in it. His children have all the trouble of it, that do anger him in obeying him sometimes. You will know him anon. I mean, he shall be your Tenant And luckily he comes.

*Enter Crofwill, Gabriel, Katherine, Belt.*

*Crof.* It is not enough you tell me of obedience. Or that you are obedient. But I will be obeyed in my own way. Do you see — (to *Gab. and Ka.*)

*Cock.* My noble friend Mr. *Crofwill*, right happily met.

*Crof.* Your troublesome friend Mr. *Cockbrayne*.

*Cock.* No trouble at all, Sir, though I have prevented yours in finding a fit house for you.

*Crof.* You ha' not ha' you, ha'?

*Cock.* *Adum est* Mr. *Crofwill*. But Civility pardon me, Is not this your daughter? *Kiffe.*

*Crof.* All the Shee-things I have: and would I were well rid of her too.

*Cock.* Sweet Mrs. *Katherine*, Welcome — Mr. *Gabriel*, I take it.

*Gab.* *Gabriel Crofwill* is my name.

*Cock.* But where's your younger sonne *Mihill*? There's a spark!

*Crof.* A Spark! A dunce I fear by this time like his brother *Sheephead* there.

*Gab.* *Gabriel* is my proper name.

*Crof.* I have not seen him this Twelve-moneth, since I chamber'd him a Student here in Town.

*Cock.* In town, and I not know it?

*Crof.* He knows not yet of my coming neither, nor shall not, till I steal upon him; and if I finde him mopish like his brother, I know what I will doe.

*Cock.* Have you not heard from him lately?

*Crof.* Yes, often by his letters, lesse I could reade more comfort in 'hem. I fear he's turn'd *Precisian*, for all his *Epistles* end with *Amen*; and the matter of 'hem is such as if he could teach me to ask him blessing.

*Rook.* A comfortable hearing of a young man.

*Crof.* Is it so Sir? but I'll new mould him if it be so.— I'll tell you Mr. *Cockbrayne*; never was such a father so croft in his children. They will not obey me in my way. I grant, they do things that other fathers would rejoyce at. But I will be obeyed in my own way, dee see. Here's my eldest sonne. Mark how he stands, as if he had learn't a posture at *Knights-bridge* spittle as we came along while-eare. He was not only borne without wit, but with an obstinate resolution, never to have any. I mean, such wit as might become a Gentleman.

*Cock.*



*Cock.* Was that resolution borne in him think you.

*Crof.* It could never grow up in him still as it does else. When I would have him take his horse, and follow the dogs, and associate Gentlemen, in hawking, hunting, or such like exercises, he'l run you a foot five mile another way, to meet the brethren of the separation, at such exercises as I never sent him to (I am sure) on worky dayes. And whereas most Gentlemen run into other mens books, in hands that they care not who reades, he has a book of his own Short-writing in his pocket, of such stuffe as is fit for no mans reading indeed but his own.

*Gab.* Surely Sir.—

*Crof.* Sure you are an Affe. Hold your tongue.

*Gab.* You are my father.

*Rook.* What comfort should I have, were my son such.

*Crof.* And he has nothing but hang'd the head, as you see now, ever since Holiday sports were cried up in the Countrey. And but for that, and to talk with some of the silenc'd Pastors here in town about it, I should not have drawn him up.

*Rook.* I would I could change a sonne w' you Sir.

*Crof.* What kinde of thing is thy sonne? ha! dost thou look like one that could have a sonne fit for me to father, ha? And yet the best take both, and t' please you at all adventures, ha?

*Rook.* I am sure there cannot be a worse, or more debauch'd reprobate then mine is living.

*Crof.* And is the devil too good a Master for him, think'st thou, ha? Wherein can I deserve so ill at thy hands, fellow, whate're thou art, that thou should'st wish me comber'd with a worse burden, when thou hearest me complain of this, ha? What is this fellow that you dare know him, Friend *Cock-*

*brayn?* I will not dwell within three parishes of him.

*Rook.* My tenant! Blessè me from him. I had rather all my Rents were Bawdy houses.

*Cock.* Think nothing of his words, he'll forget all instantly. The best natur'd man living.

*Crof.* Dost thou stand like a son now that hears his father abus'd, ha?

*Gab.* I am praying for the conversion of the young man he speaks of.

*Cock.* Well said, Mr. *Gabriel*.

*Crof.* But by the way, where's your sonne *Anthony*? have you not heard of him yet?

*Cock.* Never since he forsook me, on the discontent he took, in that he might not marry your daughter there. And where he lives, or whether he lives or not, I know not. I hope your daughter is a comfort to you.

*Crof.* Yes, in keeping her chamber whole weeks together, fullenning upon her Samplery breach-work, when I was in hope she would have made me a grandfather ere now. But she has a humour, forsooth, since we put your son by her, to mak me a match-broker, her marriage-Maker; when I tell you friend, there has been so many untoward matches of Parents making, that I have sworn she shall make her own choice, though it be of one I hate. Make me her match-maker! Must I obey her, or she me, ha?

*Cock.* I wish with teares, my sonne had had her now.

*Kat.* Wherein Sir, (under correction) do I disobey you?

*Crof.* In that very word, under correction, thou disobey'st me. Are you to be under correction at these yeares? ha! If I ha' not already taught you manners beyond the help of correction, go seek a wiser father to mend 'hem.

*Kat.*

*Kat.* Yet give me leave, dear Sir, in my excuse.—

*Crof.* Leave out correction then.

*Kat.* If I were forward as many Maidens are,  
To wish a husband, must I not be sought?  
I never was a Gadder: and my mother,  
Before she dy'd, adjur'd me to be none.  
I hope you'll give me leave to keep your house.

*Crof.* La there again! How subtly she seeks  
dominion over me! No, huswife, No; you keep no  
house of mine. I'll nestle you no longer under my  
wing. Are you not fledge; I'll have you fly out I,  
as other mens daughters do; and keep a house of  
your own if you can find it.

*Gab.* We had a kinswoman flew out too lately,  
I take it.

*Crof.* What tell'st thou me of her; wife-acres? Can  
they not flie out a little, but they must turne arrant  
whores, ha? Tell me of your kinswoman? 'Tis true,  
she was my Neece; she went to't a little afore her  
time? some two years since, and so fled from Religion;  
and is turn'd Turk, we fear. And what of that  
in your precisianical wisdom? I have such children  
as no man has. But (as I was saying,) would ye top  
me huswife, ha! Look you, now I chide her, she  
fayes nothing. Is this obedience, ha?

*Kat.* Perhaps, I might unfortunately cast my  
affection on a man that would refuse me.

*Crof.* That man I would desire to know; shew  
me that man; see if I swinge him not dares slight  
my daughter.

*Cock.* Still the old humour, self-will'd, crosse, and  
touchie; but suddainly reconcil'd. Come Mr.  
*Croswil,* to the businesse.

*Crof.* Oh, you told me of a house you had found  
for me.

*Cock.* Yes Sir. And here's the Landlord.

(c)

B 4

*Crof.*

*Crof.* Does he look, or go like one could let a house worthy of me.

*Cock.* Sir, we have able Builders here, that will not carry least shew of their buildings on their backs. This is a rich sufficient man, I assure you, and my friend.

*Crof.* I cry him heartily mercy, and embrace him. And now I note you better, you look like Thrift it self.

*Enter Dorcas above upon a Bellconie. Gabriel gazes at her. Dorcas is habited like a Curtizan of Venice.*

I cannot think you will throw away your houses at a cast. You have a sonne, perhaps, that may, by the commendations you gave of him. Lets see your house.

*Cock.* Come away Mr. *Gabriel!*

*Crof.* Come Sir, what do you gaze and shake the head at there? I'll lay my life he has spied the little Croffe upon the new Church yond, and is at defiance with it. *Sirrah,* I will make you honour the first syllable of my name. My name is *Will. Crofwill,* and I will have my humour. Let those that talk of me for it, speak their pleasure, I will do mine.

*Gab.* I shall obey you, Sir.

*Crof.* Now you are in the right. You shall indeed. I'll make your heart ake else, dee see.

*Gab.* But truly I was looking at that Image; that painted idolatrous image yonder, as I take it.

*Cock.* O herefie! It is some Lady or Gentlewoman standing upon her Bellconey.

*Belt.* Her Bellconey? Where is it? I can spy from

from her foot to her face, yet I can see no Bellconey she has.

*Cock.* What a Knave's this : That's the Bellconey she stands on, that which jets out so on the forepart of the house ; every house here has one of 'hem.

*Belt.* 'Tis very good ; I like the jetting out of the forepart very well ; it is a gallant fashion indeed.

*Cock.* I guess what she is, what ere I have said. O justice look to thine Office.

*Crof.* Come now to this house, and then to my son *Mihil*, the Spark you spoke of. And if I find him cros too, I'le cros him : Let him look to't. Dee see.

*Cock.* I'le see you houf'd ; and then about my project, which is for *weeding* of this *hopeful Garden*.

*Ex omnes.*

*Gabriel stays last looking up at her.*

*Dam.* Why should not we in *England* use that freedom

The famous Courtezans have in *Italy* :  
We have the art, and know the Theory  
To allure and catch the wandring eyes of Lovers ;  
Yea, and their hearts too : but our stricter Lawes  
Forbids the publique practice, our desires  
Are high as theirs : our wills as apt and forward ;  
Our wits as ripe, our beauties more attractive ;  
Or travellers are shrewd lyars. Where's the let ?  
Only in bashful coward custome, that  
Stoops i'the shoulders, and submits the neck  
To bondage of Authority ; to these Lawes,  
That men of feeble age and weaker eye-sight  
Have fram'd to bar their sons from youthful pleasures.

Poffets and Cawdels on their queasie stomachs  
Whilst I fly out in brave rebellion ;  
And offer at the least, to break these shackles  
That holds our legs together : And begin  
A fashion, which pursu'd by *Cyprian Dames*,

May

May perfwade Juſtice to allow our Games.  
Who knows? I'll try. *Franciſca* bring my Lute.

*Enter Fran. with Lute.*

*While ſhe is tuning her Lute : Enter Nich.  
Rookesbill, Anthony in a falſe beard,  
Clotpoll.*

*Clot.* Troth I have a great mind to be one of the *Philoblathici*, a Brother of the Blade and Battoon, as you tranſlate it; now ye have beat it into my head: But I fear I ſhall never come on and off handſomely. I have mettal enough methinks, but I know not how methinks to put it out.

*Nich.* We'll help you out with it, and ſet it flying for you never doubt it.

*Clot.* Obotts, you mean my money mettal, I mean my valour mettal I.

*Ant.* Peace, heark.

*Clot.* T'other flyes faſt enough already.

*Nic.* Pox on ye peace.

*Song.*

*Nic.* O moſt melodious.

*Clot.* Moſt odious, Did you ſay? It is methinks moſt odoriferous.

*Ant.* What new deviſe can this be? Look!

*Nic.* She is vaniſht. Is't not the Mountebanks Wife that was here; and now come again to play ſome new merry tricks by her ſelf.

*Clot.* A botts on't, I never ſaw that Mountebank; they ſay, he brought the firſt reſort into this new plantation, and ſow'd ſo much ſeed of Knavery and Cozenage here, that 'tis fear'd 'twill never out.

*Nic.* Nay but this creature: What can ſhe be?

*Clot.* And then again, he drew ſuch flocks of idle  
people

people to him, that the Players, they say, curst him abhominably.

*Ant.* Thou ever talk'st of the wrong matter.

*Clot.* Cry mercy Brothers of the Blade and Battoune : Do you think if I give my endeavour to it, I shall ever learn to roar and carry it as you do, that have it naturally, as you say.

*Nic.* Yes, as we'll beat it into you. But this woman, this musical woman, that set herself out to show so, I would be satisfied in her.

*Clot.* And she be as able as she seems, she has in her to satisfy you, and you were a Brother of ten Blades, and ten Battounes.

*Nic.* I vow—Peace. I'll battoune thy teeth into thy tongue else ; she bears a stately presence. Thou never saw'st her before ; Didst thou *Toney*?

*Ant.* No ; but I heard an inkling at the *Paris Tavern* last night of a She-Gallant that had travelled *France* and *Italy* ; and that she would—

(*Clot.* Battoun thy teeth into thy tongue.) *write table.*

*Ant.* Plant some of her forraign collections, the fruits of her travels, in this Garden here, to try how they would grow or thrive on English earth.

*Nic.* Young *Pig* was speaking of such a one to me, and that she was a Mumper.

*Clot.* What's that a Sister of the Scabberd, brother of the Blade ?

*Nic.* Come, come ; we'l in, we'l in ; 'tis one of our fathers buildings ; I'll see the inhabitants. Some money *Clot.* furnish I say, and quickly.—I vow—

*Clot.* You shall, you shall.

*Nic.* What shall I ?

*Clot.* Vow twice before you have it.

*Nic.* I vow, and I vow again, I'll coyn thy brains.—

*Clot.* Hold, hold, take your powl money ; I thought

I would have my will ; and the word I look for, *I'll*  
*coyn thy brains.*— *write.*

I do not love to give my money for nothing, I have a volume of words here, the worst of 'hem is as good as a blow ; and then I save my Crown whole half a dozen times a day, by half a crown a time, there's half in half fav'd by that.

*Nic.* Come let's appear civil, till we have our entrance, and then as occasion serves—*Knock.*

*Enter Fran.*

Who would you speak withal ?

*Nic.* Your Mistrefs, little one.

*Fran.* Do you know her Sir ?

*Nic.* No ; but I would know her, that's the business : I mean the musical Gentlewoman that was fiddling, and so many in the What-doe-call't cen now.

*Fran.* What-doe-call her Sir, I pray ?

*Nic.* What-doe-call her ; 'tis not come to that yet, prethee let me see and speak with her first.

*Fran.* You are dispos'd I think.

*Nic.* What should we do here else ?

*Fra.* You wont thrust in upon a body whether one will or no.

*Ant. Nic.* Away you Monkey.

*Fra.* O me, What do you mean ?

*Clot.* O my brave *Philoblathici.*— *Ex. omnes.*

*Enter Dorcas, alias Damaris, Madge.*

*Dam.* What's the matter the Girl cries out so ?

*Ma.* I know not : I fear some rude company, some of the wild crew are broke into the house.

*Fran. Within.* Whether would you go, you wont rob the house will ye ?

*Nic.* Will ye be quiet Whiskin ?

*Ma.* O me 'tis so : Hell's broke loose ; this comes of your new fingle-fangle fashion, your prepostrous *Italian* way forsooth : would I could have kept my old ways of pots and pipes, and my Strong-water  
course



course for customers : The very first twang of your fiddle guts has broke all, and conjur'd a legion of devils among us.

*Enter Nic. Ant. Clot. .*

*Nic.* Nay, there's but a Leash of us. How now? Who have we here? Are these the far travel'd Ladies? O thou party perpale, or rather parboild Bawd.

*Mad.* What shall I do? *Dam.* Out alas; sure they are devils indeed.

*Nic.* Art thou travel'd cros the Seas from the Bankside hither, old Countess of Codpiece-row?

*Clot.* Party perpale and parboild Bawd.—*Write.*

*Ant.* And is this the Damsel that has been in *France* and *Italy*? *Clot.* Codpiece-row.

*Mad.* Peace ye roaring Scabs: I'le besworn she supt at *Paris* Tavern last night, and lay not long ago at the *Venice* by *Whitefryers* Dock.

*Nic.* Prethee what is she *Madge*?

*Mad.* A civil Gentlewoman you see she is.

*Nic.* She has none of the best faces: but is she warrantable; I have not had a civil night these three moneths.

*Madge.* Nor none are like to have here, I assure you.

*Nic.* O *Madge* how I do long thy thing to ding didle ding.

*Mad.* O *Nick*, I am not in the humour, no more is she to be o'the merry pin now; I am sure her case is too lamentable. But if you will all sit down, I'll give you a bottle of wine, and we'll relate her story to you, so you will be civil. *Nic.* Well for once I care not if we be.

*A Table bottle, light, and Tobacco shales.*

Let us set to't then; sit down brother *Toney*, sit  
15 VOL. II. down

down Gentlewoman, we shall know your name anon, I hope it will fall in your story; sit down *Clotpoll*.

*Clot.* You will call me brother *Clotpoll* too when I have taken my oath, and paid my entrance into the fraternity of the Blade and the Battoun.

*Nic.* 'Tis like we shall. Now Lady of the Stygian Lake, thou black infernal *Madge*, begin the dismal story, whilst I begin the bottle

*Mad.* This Gentlewoman whose name is *Damyris*.

*Nic.* *Damyris* stay. Her nick-name then is *Dammy*, so we may call her when we grow familiar: and to begin that familiarity, *Dammy* here's to you.—*drink*.

*Dam.* And what's your nick-name I pray Sir?

*Nic.* *Nick*: only *Nick*, *Madge* there knows it.

*Dam.* Then I believe your name is *Nicholas*.

*Nic.* I vow-witty. Yes *Dammy*, and my Sirname is *Rookesbill*, and so is my Fathers too: and what do you make o'that?

*Dam.* Nothing not I Sir: sure this is he.

*Nic.* And I would he were nothing, so I had all he has: I must have tother glafs to wash him out of my mouth, he fursit worse then Mondongas Tobacco. Here old *Madge*, and to all the birds that shall wonder at thy howletship, when thou rid'st in an Ivy-bush call'd a Cart.

*Mad.* Well mad *Nick*, I'll pledge thee in hope to see as many flutter about the tree, that thou shalt clime backwards.

*Nic.* A pox thou wilt be stifled with Ofsal and Carret leaves before that day.

*Dam.* Fie, fie, what talk's this? 'tis he I am confident.

*Mad.* These are our ordinary complements, we wish no harm.

*Nic.* No *Dammy* I vow, not I to any breathing.

*Mad.* But your Father *Nick*.—Is he that *Rookesbill*.—

*Nic.*

*Nic.* But my Father ; Pox rot ye, why do ye put me in mind of him again, he sticks i' my throat, now I'll wash him a little further.—Here Brother *Toney*.

*Ant.* Gramercy Brother *Nick*.

*Clot.* And to all the brothers that are, and are to be of the Blade and the Battoun.

*Nic.* There said you well *Clotpoll* : Here 'tis—  
*Drink.*

*Mad.* *sets away the Bottle.*

*Mad.* I would but have asked you whether your Father were that *Rookesbill* that is call'd the great Builder.

*Nic.* Yes marry is it he foorfooth ; he has built I know not how many houses hereabout, though he goes *Dammy* as if he were not worth a groat ; and all his cloaths I vow are not worth this hilt, except those he wears, and prays for fair weather in, on my Lord Mayors Day ; and you are his Tenant, though perhaps you know it not, and may be mine ; therefore use me well : for this house and the rest I hope will be mine, as well as I can hope he is mortal, of which I must confess I have been in some doubt, though now I hope again, he will be the first shall lay his bones i' the new Church, though the Churchyard be too good for him before 'tis consecrated. So give me the tother cup, for now he offends my stomach. Here's to thee now *Clotpoll*.

*Clot.* And to all the Sisters of the Scabberd Brother in Election. Dee hear, Pray talk of his father no more, for the next brings him to the belly-work, and then he'll drink him quite through him.

*Mad.* And so we shall have a foul house.

*Ant.* No he shall stick there. Now to the story Gentlewoman, 'twas that we fate for.

*Nic.* I to the story, I vow I had almost forgot it ; and I am the worst at Sack in a morning : Dear *Dammy* to the story. *Dam*

*Dam.* Good Sir my heart's too full to utter't.

*Nic.* Troth and my head's too full to hear it: But I'll go out and quarrel with some body to settle my brains, then go down to *Mich. Crosswill* to put him in mind of our meeting to day; then if you will meet me at the Goat at Dinner, we'll have it all at large.

*Dam.* Will you be there indeed Sir, I would speak with you seriously.

*Nic.* *Dammy* if I be not, may my father out live me.

*Ant.* We both here promise you he shall be there by noon.

*Clot.* 'Lady, 'tis sworn by Blade and by Battoun.

*Nic.* This will be the bravest discovery for *Mihill*, the new *Italian Bona Roba* Catfoe.

*Mad.* Why so sad on the fuddain Niece.

*Dam.* But do you think hee'll come as he has promis'd.

*Mad.* He never breaks a promise with any of us, though he fail all the honest part o'the world: But I trust you are not taken with the Ruffian, you'll nere get penny by him. *Exeunt Nic. Anth. and Clotp.*

*Dam.* I prethee peace, I care not.

*Enter Rafe.*

*Ra.* But Mystris, there is a Gallant now below, a Gingle boy indeed, that has his pockets full of crowns that chide for vent. Shall I call him up to you.

*Dam.* I will see no man.

*Mad.* How's that? I hope you jest.

*Dam.* Indeed, I hope you jest.

*Mad.* You will not hinder the house, I hope. Marry heigh. This were a humour and 'twould last. Go fetch him up.

*Dam.* I'll flie then out at window. Nay, by this flie 'tis true.

*Mad.*

*Mad.* What's the matter? have I got a mad woman into the house. What do you go about to break me the first day of your coming, before you have han-fell'd a Couch or a Bedside in't. Were you but now all o'th heigh to set your self out for a signe with your fiddle cum twang, and promise such wonders, forsooth, and will not now be seen. Pray what's the Riddle.

*Dan.* I'll tell thee all anon. Prithie excuse me. I know thy share of his sins bounty would not come to thus much, take it, I give it thee. And prithee let me be honest till I have a minde to be otherwise, and I'll hinder thee nothing.

*Ma.* Well, I'll dismisse the Gallant, and fend you, *Sirrah*, for another wench. I'll have *Besse Buffle-head* again. This kickfy wincy Giddibrain will spoil all. I'll no more *Italian* tricks.—*Ex. with Rafe.*

Thus some have by the phrensie of despair  
Fumously run into the sea to throw  
Their wretched bodies, but when come near  
They saw the billows rise, heard *Boreas* blow,  
And horrid death appearing on the Maine,  
A sudden fear hath sent them back again.

Act. II. Scæn. I.

*Enter* Mihill. Taylor. Shoemaker.

*Mi.* **N**Ay, but honest Shoemaker; thy honest price.

*Sho.* I tell you intruth, Sir, 'tis as good a boot as ever you pull'd on in your life.

*Mi.* A little too streight, I doubt. What do you think o' my boots honest Tailor.

C

*Tay.*

*Tay.* They do exceeding handsomely, never trust me Sir.

*Mi.* Never fear it *Taylor*, you shall trust me, and please you.

*Tay.* You are pleasant Sir.

*Mi.* And what do you think of my suite Shoemaker? can you say as much for the Tailor as he for you.

*Sho.* A very neat suite, Sir, and becomes you excellent.

*Mi.* Honest men both, and hold together; one would little think you were so near neighbours. Well you have fitted me both, *I* must confesse. But how *I* shall fit you, now there's the point.

*Tay.* { There's but one way for that and please you.

*Sho.* { With paying us our money Sir.

*Mi.* Still both in a tale, *I* cannot but commend your neighbourhood. *I* muse my Laundresse staves, *I* sent her three or foure wayes for moneys. But do not you stay for that. *I* have wayes enough to pay you. *I* have ploughes a going that you dream not of.

*Tay.* No indeed, Sir, we dream of nothing but ready money, sleeping or waking.

*Mi.* *I* shall be rich enough, ne're fear't. *I* have a venter in the new soap-busineffe man.

*Tay.* We are but servants, Sir. And our Masters themselves have no faith, in slippery projects.

*Sho.* Besides, the women begin to grumble against that slippery project shrewdly, and, 'tis feard, will mutinie shortly.

*Mi.* Burlakin, and they may prove more troublesome then a commotion of Sailors.

*Enter*

*Enter Laundresse.*

O welcome, Laundresse, where's the money.

*Laun.* Not a penny of money, Sir, can I get. But here's one come to town has brought you enough, and you can have grace to finger it.

*Mi.* Who's that *I* prithee.

*Laun.* Your father, your father, Sir. *I* met his man by great chance, who told me his Master meanes to steal upon you presently, and take you as he findes you.

*Mi.* *Is* he come up with his crosse tricks. *I* heard he was to come. And that he meanes to live here altogether. He has had an aime these dozen years to live in town here, but never was fully bent on't until the Proclamation of restraint spurr'd him up. 'Tis such a *Crossfevill*. Well, he is my father, and *I* am utterly undone if thou help'ft me not now at a pinch, at a pinch, dear Laundresse. Go borrow me a Gown, and some foure or five Law-books, for, *I* protest, mine are in *Duck-lane*. Nay, trudge, sweet Laundresse, trudge.—*Ex. Laun.* Honest *Tailor* and *Shoemaker* convey your selves away quietly, and I'll pay you to morrow, as I am a Gentleman :

*Shoe.* As *I* am a *Shoemaker*, and that's a kinde of a Gentleman, you know, I'll not stirre till *I* have my money, *I* am not an Assè Sir.

*Mi.* No body faves thou art.

*Shoe.* *I* have had too many such tricks put upon me i' my dayes.

*Mi.* A trick! as *I* hope for money it is no trick.

*Shoe.* Well Sir, trick or no trick, *I* must have my money or my boots, and that's plain dealing.

*Mi.* A pox o'th' boots, so my legs were out of 'hem. Would they were i'thy throat, spurres and all, you will not out.

*Shoe.* No marry will we not.

*Tay.* Well-faid Shoemaker, *I* commend thee, thou hast a better heart than *I*, though my stomach's good.

*Enter Laundresse.*

*Mi.* O well-faid, my good Laundresse. How am *I* bound to thee ; yet all this wo'not do't Laundresse. Thou must bestir thy stumps a little further, and borrow me a couple of Gownes more for these Rascals here that will not away.

*Lau.* How ! wo'not away ? And they were well serv'd, they would be thrust out of doors for faucie companions. Your Masters would not put a Gentleman to his trumps thus.

*Mi.* Nay, sweet Laundresse, restrain thy tongue, and stretch thy feet. A couple of Gowns, good Laundresse, and forget not caps. *Er.* If I do now furnish you like Civil Lawyers, and you do not keep your countenances ; if ever you do but peep in at the Hall-door at *Christmas* to see the revels, I'll have you set i'th' stocks for this beleeve it.

*Sho.* If you do, Sir, *I* may hap be even with you before the year comes about, and set you in our stocks for't.

*Tay.* But will you make Lawyers of us.

*Mi.* Have you a minde to have your money you unbelieving Rascals.

*Shoe.* *I* see your drift, and hope you'll prove an honest Gentleman.

*Mi.* Thou hast some hope, though no faith nor trust in any man.

*Shoe.* Alas, Sir, our Masters sit at great rents, and keep great families.

*Mi.* *I* cry you mercy, they are remov'd into the new plantation here, where, they say, are a tribe of Infidel tradesmen, that have made a Law within  
your



your selves to put no trust in Gentlemen. But beare your selves handsomely here you were best. *I* am acquainted with a crew that haunts about your habitation, with whom *I* will joyne, and so batter your windows one of these nights else.—O welcom, Laundresse, how doest thou toile for me.

*Laun.* Your fathers talking, as *I* am a woman, below. *Mi.* As thou art a woman below, well-said. Come on with these Gownes, and lets see how you'll look. If we had time, the Shoemaker should wash his face ; but seeing there is no remedy ; pull the cap in your eyes, and goodenough. Now Laundresse, fet us stooles, and leave us.

*Laun.* *I* hear him coming up. *Ex.*

*Mi.* Now let him come, we are ready for him. Shoemaker, keep your hand underneath the book, that the pitch do not discover you.

*Sho.* *I* warrant you, Sir.

*Mi.* And Taylor, be sure you have no Needle on your sleeve, nor thread about your neck.

*Tay.* *I* warrant you too for me, Sir.

*Mi.* He's entred.

*Enter Crofwill, Belt, and stand aside.*

*Mi.* Remitter, *I* say, is where a man hath two titles, that is to say, one of an elder, the other of a later. And he cometh to the land by the later title ; yet the Law adjudgeth him to be in by the force of the elder title. If the tenant in the taile discontinue the taile, and after he diseaseth his discontinue, and so dieth seised, whereby the tenants descend to their issue, as to his Cousin inheritable by force of the taile. In this case the tenants descend, who have right by force of the taile, a Remitter in the taile taken for that in the Law, shall put and adjudge him to be in by force of descent. Pox on ye, speak something good or bad, somewhat.

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*Sho.*

*Sho.* The Remitter, you fay, is feised i'th'tail.

*Mi.* Excellent Shoemaker, *I* fay fo, and again, *I* fay, that if the tenant in the taile in feoffe his fon, or his Coufin, inheritable by force of the taile, the which fonne or coufin at the time of the feoffment is within age, and after the tenant in the taile dieth, this is a Remitter to the heire in the taile, to whom the feoffment is made, now Taylor.

*Tay.* Think you fo, Sir.

*Mi.* Look either *Fitzherbert*, *Perkins*, or *Dier*, and you fhall finde it in the fecond part of *Richard Cordelyou*. So much for Remitter. Now I'll put a plain home-fpun cafe, as a man may fay, which we call a moot-cafe.

*Sho.* *I* pray do Sir.

*Croff.* Some father might take joy of fuch a fonne now. This takes not me. No, this is not my way.

*Mi.* The cafe is this (afide) pull up your grounds clofer and behang'd, you are a Tailor, and you a Shoemaker.

*Sho.* And you owe us money.

*Mi.* *I* put the cafe, *I* do, to you for a fuit of clothes.

*Tay.* Well.

*Mi.* And to you for a paire of boots.

*Sho.* True.

*Mi.* *I* have broke my day with you both. Suppose fo.

*Both.* Very well, we do.

*Mi.* You clap a Sergeant o' my back. *I* put in bail, remove it, and carry it up into the upper Court, with *habeas Corpus*; bring it down again into the lower Court with *procedendo*; then take it from thence, and bring it into the Chancery with a *Certiorari*; *I*, and if you look not to't, bring it out of the Chancery again, and thus will *I* keep you from

from your money till your suite and your boots be worne out before you recover penny of me.

*Sho.* S'ly'd but you shall not, your father shall know all first.

*Mi.* S'foot Shoemaker wilt thou be an Affe. *I* do but put a case, Have you not seen it tried.

*Tay.* Yes, very often.

*Cross.* Away with books. Away with Law. Away with madnesse. *I*, God blesse thee, and make thee his servant, and defend thee from Law, *I* say. Take up these books, farrah, and carry them presently into *Pauls* Church-yard dee fee, and change them all for Histories, as pleafant as profitable; *Arthur of Britain*, *Primalion of Greece*, *Amadis of Gaul*, and such like de fee.

*Mi.* *I* hope he do's but jest.

*Cross.* And do you heare, Sirrah.

*Belt.* *I* Sir.

*Cross.* Get *Bells* work, and you can, into the bargain.

*Belt.* Which *Bell*, Sir? *Adam Bell*, with *Clim o'th'Clough*, and *William of Cloudefley*.

*Cross.* *Adam Bell* you Affe? Valiant *Bell* that kill'd the Dragon.

*Belt.* You mean *St. George*.

*Cross.* Sir *Folthead*, do *I* not. I'le teach you to chop logick, with me.

*Mi.* S'foot, how shall *I* answer my borrow'd books? Stay *Belt*. Pray Sir, do not change my books.

*Cros.* Sir, Sir, *I* will change them and you too: Did *I* leave thee here to learn fashions and manners, that thou mightst carry thy self like a Gentleman, and dost thou wast thy brains in learning a language that *I* understand not a word of? ha! *I* had been as good have brought thee up among the wild *Irish*.

*Mi.* Why alafs Sir, Had *I* not better keep my self within my Chamber, at my Studie, then be rioting

abroad, waſting both money and time, which is more precious than money? if you did know the inconvenience of company, you would rather encourage and commend my retir'd life, then any wayes dehort me from it.

*Crof.* Why Sir did not I keep companie think you when I was young? Ha!

*Mi.* Yes Sir; but the times are much alter'd, and youth more corrupted now, they did not drink and wench in thoſe dayes, but nay, o'tis abominable in theſe.

*Crof.* Why this is that I fear'd, the boyes turning meacock too, after his elder brother, 'twas time to look to him. *Nick. Rooksbill. Ant. Clotp.*

*Nich.* Why *Crofwill Mich.* What, not up yet and behang'd. Or ha ye a Wench a bed wye. Is this keeping your home. *Mihil* runs to the door and holds it.

*Mi.* Sfoot the Rogue *Rooksbil* and his crew, I fear'd as much.

*Nic.* Break open the door, let me come to't.

*Mi.* Forbear, or behang'd, you will undo me, my father's here. I'll meet you anon as *I* am honeſt.

*Nic.* Your father's a Clowterdepouch. Nay, *I* will come then, what *Madamoifelle* do you call father.

*They Enter.*

*Mi.* You would not believe me. Pray be civil.

*Ant.* 'Tis ſo, we will Cry mercy, you are buſie, we will not moote to day then?

*Mi.* *I* hope you may excuſe me, I'll be w'ye anon.

*Nic.* Come to the Goat Capricorne. We have the braveſt new diſcovery. ——*Ex.*

*Crof.* How now! what are theſe?

*Mi.*

*Mi.* They are Gentlemen of my standing, Sir, that have a little over-studied themselves, and are somewhat——

*Crof.* Mad ; are they not ? And so will you be shortly, if you follow these courses. Mooting do they call it ? you shall moote nor mute here no longer. Therefore on with your cloak and sword, follow me to the Tavern, and leave me such long-tail'd company as these are, for *I* do not like them.

*Mi.* No more do *I*, Sir, if *I* knew how to be rid of 'hem.

*Crof.* *I* think thou hast ne're a sword, hast thou, ha ?

*Mi.* Yes Sir.

*Crof.* Where is it, Sir, let me see't Sir.

*Mi.* 'Tis here, under my bed, Sir.—Reach it.

*Crof.* Why there's a Lawyers trick right, make his weapon companion with his Pisse-pot. Fie, fie, here's a tool indeed. There's money, Sir, buy you a good one, one with the Mathematical hilt as they terme it.

*Mi.* It would do better in Mathematical books, Sir, offer me no money, pray Sir, but for books.

*Crof.* Go to, you are a peevish Jack, do not provoke me : do not you owe me obedience ? ha !

*Mi.* Yes Sir, *I* acknowledge it.

*Crof.* 'Tis good you do. Well, take that money ; and put your selfe into cloathes befitting your rank, Do so. And let me see you, squirting about without a weapon, like an Attorneys Clerk in Tearm-time, and I'll weapon you. What, shall *I* have a Noddie of you. This frets him to the liver. Go to, never hang the head for the matter. For *I* tell thee *I* will have it so, and herein be knowen what *I* am.

[*Afide.*

*Mi.* You are known sufficiently for your crosse humour already ; in which I'll try you if *I* can make  
make

make you double this money, for this will not serve my turne.

*Crof.* What have you told it after me, you had best weigh it too.

*Mi.* No Sir, but *I* have computed that for my present use, here is too much by halfe, pray Sir, take halfe back.

*Crof.* Bodie o'me, what a perverse knave is this, to crosse me thus! *Is* there too much, say you? ha!

*Mi.* Yes truly, sir.

*Crof.* Let me see't. Go thy wayes, take thy musty books, and thy rustie whittle here again. And take your foolish plodding dunci-coxcomely course, till *I* look after you again. Come away firrah.

——*Ex.* with *Belt.*

*Mi.* Sfoot, who's the Gull now? Taylor, Shoemaker, you may go pawn your Gownes for any money *I* am like to have.

*Shoo.* We have all played the Lawyers to pretty purpose, in pleading all this while for nothing. Well sir, to avoid further trouble, *I* am content to withdraw my action, that is, pull off your boots again, and be jogging.

*Tayl.* And for my part, sir, *I* can do no lesse then take you by default and non-suit you.

*Enter Belt.*

*Mi.* Very good Lawyers both, Is my father quite gone *Belt*?

*Belt.* Gone in a tempest of high displeasure sir: And has sent you here all the money he had about him; and bids you refuse it if you dare, 'tis above twice the summe he offered you before; but good sir, do not refuse it. He swears he will try whether you or he shall have his will. Take heed you crosse him not too much.

*Mi.*

*Mi.* Well at thy request, because thou shalt not have anger for carrying it back again, I will accept.

*Belt.* I thank you Sir. Consider, he's your father, sir.

*Mi.* I do most Reverend *Belt*, and would be loth to crosse him, although *I* may as much in taking his money as refusing it, for ought *I* know, for thou know'st 'tis his custome to crosse me, and the rest of his children in all we do, to try and urge his obedience; 'tis an odde way: therefore to help my self I seem to covet the things that I hate, and he pulls them from me; and makes shew of loathing the things I covet, and he hurles them doubly at me as now in this money.

*Belt.* Are you so crafty?

*Mi.* Yes, but do thou put it in his head, and I'll pick out thy braines.

*Belt.* You never knew an old Serving-man treacherous to his young Master: what? to the hopes o'th' house; you will be heire, that's questionlesse; for to your comfort, your elder brother growes every day more fool then the other. But now the rest of the message is, that you make haste, and come to my Master to the Goat in *Covent-Garden*, where he dines with his new Landlord to day.

*Mi.* He has taken a house then.

*Belt.* O, a most delicate one, with a curious Belconee and all belonging to't most stately.

*Mi.* At the Goat does he dine, sayest thou.

*Belt.* Yes sir.

*Mi.* My crew are gone thither too. Pray *Mars* we fall not foule of one another. Well, go thy way, present my duty to him, I'll follow presentlie. Tell him *I* took his money with much unwillingnesse.

*Belt.* As Lawyers do their fees. Let me alone sir.

—*Ex.*

*Mi.*

*Mi.* Well Tailor and Shoemaker; you have put me to't, but here's your money.

*Shoo.* 'Twas for that we did put you to't Sir.

*Mi.* Let's see your bill Tailor.

*Tai.* Here 'tis, fir, as ready as a Watchmans.

*Mi.* Then good words will passe it, 7 li. 4. sh. tell your money; yours is 14 sh. boots and Galloshes. There 'tis, and 12. d. to drink.

*Shoo.* I thank your worship.

*Mi.* Are you right Tailor.

*Tai.* Yes and please you Sir.

*Mi.* There's a shilling for you too, to spend in bread.

*Shoo.* He knows both our diets. We'll make bold to take leave of your worship.

*Mi.* Not so bold as I'm glad I'm so well rid of you, most courteous Gentlemen. *Ex. Ta. Sh.*

To see what money can do; that can change mens manners, alter their conditions: how tempestuous the slaves were without it. O thou powerful metal! what authority is in thee! Thou art the Key to all mens mouthes. With thee a man may lock up the jawes of an informer, and without thee he cannot the lips of a Lawyer. *Ex.*

*Scæn. II.*

*Enter* Croffewill, Rookesbill, Gabriel, Katherine, Lucy.

*Crof.* Down boy, and bid the Cook hasten dinner.

*Dra.* What will you please to drink in the mean time, fir.

*Crof.* I will not drink in the mean time, fir, Get you gone. *Dra.* A fine old humorous Gentleman.

*Crof.* Hold up your head, Sirrah, and leave your precise folly. I'll leave you to the wilde world else,  
dee



dee fee. Is the name of a Tavern so odious to you? Ha. Your brother has vext me sufficiently already, and perhaps he'll refuse to come too! If he dares let him. Welcome Mr. *Rooksbil*, welcome Landlord, and your faire daughter, welcome pretty one. Trust me a pretty one indeed, pray be acquainted with my daughter there. In your Maiden-company, I hope she will not think the Tavern such a bugsnest as she did. I had much ado to draw my rebellious children to the Tavern after me.

*Rook.* And truly, sir, 'tis the first to my knowledge that e're my daughter came into.

*Crof.* All in good time, she may encrease in vertue. But if it be a fault, (as i' my conscience in his thought it is a great transgression) my unfetledness, and unprovidedness else, where or how to entertain a friend, or feed my selfe, may well excuse us all, dee fee.

*Rook.* O Sir, I cannot enough admire that vertue in your sonne.

*Crof.* It is a vice, as much a vice or more, as is your sonnes, your cast-aways as you call him, that fucks no other aire, then that of Tavernes, Tap-houses, Brothels, and such like. I would their extreme qualities could meet each other at half-way, and so mingle their superfluties of humour unto a mean betwixt 'hem. It might render them both allowable subjects, where now the one's a fire-drake in the aire, and t'other a mandrake in the earth, both mischievous, see how he stands like a mole-catcher. What dirty dogged humour was I in when I got him troe?

*Rookef.* Howe're his carriage seems distasteful unto you, I could afford (with your allowance, to make conditions of estate agreeable) to give all that is mine to him with my daughter. [Aside.

*Crof.* What a mechanick slave is this, to think a  
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fonne of mine, howe're I under-rate him, a fit mate to mingle blood with his moore-ditch breed. True, his estate is great, I understand it, but of all foule I love not Moor-hens. Such another motion would stir me to roare him down the tavern-stairs.

*Rooks.* What do you think on't sirs.

*Crof.* Heaven grant me patience.

*Rooks.* Will you consider of it Master *Crossewill*.

*Crof.* I was never so put to't. I wish we had a stickler. I muse that Master *Cockbrayne* stayes thus.

*Rooks.* You do not mind my motion sir.

*Crof.* Uds precious I minde nothing, I am so croft in mind that I can minde nothing, nor will I minde nothing, dee fee. Why comes not Mr. *Cockbrayne*, Ha!

*Rooks.* Yet you minde him it seems. But he, sir, cannot come, and desires you to hold him excus'd. He's gone about some special undertaking, for the good of the Common-wealth, he sayes.

*Crof.* Fart for his undertaking; all the world is bent to crosse me. What is my young Master come? ha!

*Enter Belt.*

*Belt.* My young Master Mr. *Mihil* will be here presently, he said he would follow me at heeles, sir.

*Crof.* And why not come before you, sir. Does he not think that I have waited long enough, sir? sure I'll crosse some body under that knaves pate of yours, d'y'fee.

*Belt.* Thus when any body angers him, I am sure to hear on't.

*Crof.* So now my spleen is a little palliated, let me speak with you Mr. *Rooksbill*. Get you down,  
Sirrah,

Sirrah, and bring me word, dinner is not ready, and I'll give you as much more, d'ye'fee.

*Belt.* That's his way to his stomach.

*Kat.* And is your brother that your father sayes is so ungracious, so well acquainted with my brother *Mihil*, say you.

*Luc.* Oh all in all, he's not so familiar with any man, if *Mihil Crofwill* be your brother, as 'tis manifest.

*Kat.* I would not that my father knew it, for all I can expect from him but his blessing, but does your father know it?

*Luc.* No, I would not he should mistrust it for all he has, blessing and all; and now that I have found you love your brother so well, I will make over my reason and my counsel in trust with you, hoping you will not wrong that trust.

*Kat.* If I do, may the due price of treachery be my reward.

*Luc.* I love your brother, Lady, and he loves me. The only good act that ever my brother did, was to bring us acquainted, and is indeed all that he has to live on. For I do succour him with many a stolne peece for the felicitie he brought me in your brothers love. Now, my father, whose irreconcilable hate has for ever discarded my brother, should he but dream of their acquaintance, would poison all my hopes.

*Kat.* But let me ask you, is there an hope betwixt you and my brother ever to come together?

*Luc.* Yes, and a way he has for't, which I understand not yet.

*Kat.* Trust me, I pity you both, your case is very dangerous.

*Luc.* Love's above all adventures, the more hard the atchievement is, the sweeter the reward.

*Kat.* I like her spirit well.

*Crof.*

*Crof.* You Sir, come hither, what is hammering in your head now ?

Is't not some Synodical question to put unto the brethren, concerning Whitsonales and Maygames ? ha !

*Gab.* Surely fir, I was premeditating a fit thanksgiving to be rendered before meat in Tavernes, according to the present occasion which the time and place administreth, and that as the spirit shall enable me, shall be delivered before you in due season.

*Crof.* I am glad I know your minde ; for that trick, my zealous sonne, you shall come in at half-dinner, like a Chafing-dish of coales, when the sawce is cold, to make use of the heat of your spirit ; d'ye' see. I love not meat twice drest.

*Rook.* Good sir, put the proposition to him, that I made my affection to him, urges it more and more, I never was so taken with a man.

*Crof.* But what's that to your daughter ? ha !

*Rook.* The same affection governes her, she is not mine else.

*Crof.* Well, hold your peace, and was that your spiritual meditation ?

*Gab.* Yes, verily.

*Crof.* Come Sir, at this Gentlemans request I will now put a question to you concerning the flesh. What think you of yond Virgin there, his daughter ? can you affect her so well as to wish her to be your wedded wife ?

*Gab.* You mean, espoused in holy Matrimony.

*Crof.* Yes, I mean so.

*Gab.* *hum hum hum Psalm tune. How happy.*

*Crof.* But do thou say, yes verily to that, and as I hope to have peace in my grave. I'll break the Kings peace on thy pate presently.

*Gab.* It is a weighty question, and requires due premeditation.

premeditation in a religious answer, pray give me leave to take advice——

*Rook.* What sayes he, Sir?

*Crof.* He sayes he will talk with a cunning man about her.

*Rook.* Sure you mistake him, fir.

*Vint.* You are welcome, Gentlemen. *Wilt.*

*Harry, Zachary.*

*Gab.* *Zachary* is a good name. { *Goat*  
*names.*

*Vint.* Where are you? (he rings the bell) shew up into the *Phenix*. Is the *Checque* empty?

*Crof.* Hoyday, here's a din.

*Draw.* A pottle of Canarie to the *Dolphin*, fcore.

*Vint.* Y' are welcome, Gentlemen, take up the lillie-pot. [*Knock.*

*Draw.* Half a dozen of clean pipes and a candle for the *Elephant*. They take their own { *Pots flie*  
*Tobaccho.* *clink.*

*Vint.* Whose room do they foul *Sirrah, Harry, Harry?* (*Bell*)

*Gab.* Do Elephants take Tobaccho?

*Vint.* Carry up a *Jordan* for the *Maidenhead*, and a quart of white muskadine for { *Run down*  
*the blew Bore.* *the staires.*

*Crof.* Now me thinks, the muskadine for the *Maidenhead*, and the *Jordan* for the { *Fiddlers be-*  
*Bore* were better. *low tuning.*

Knock aboue, and a pot thrown. Why boyes, drawer, rogues, take up, (below) By and by, by and by, (above) Wine, Tobaccho.

*Crof.* What variety of noises is here? and all excellent ill sounds. (Above) Call up the Fidlers, *Sirrah*.

*Gab.* Such cries as these went forth before the desolation of the great City. [*Fidling rude tunes.*

O prophane tinkling the cymbals of Satan, that tickle the care with vanity, to lift up the mind to

D

lewdnesse.

lewdneffe. Mine eares shall be that of the Adder againſt the Song of the Serpent.

*Rook.* O rare, in a young man!

*Gab.* I will roar out aloud to drown your Incantations. Yea, I will fet out a throat even as the beaſt that belloweth.

*Rook.* Moſt happy youth!

*Croſ.* Hold your peace, Sirrah, or I'll make you bellow for ſomething.

*Enter Mihil, Nick.*

*Mi.* Sfoot-back, *Nick* to your own room. Thy father's here too, as I breath.

*Nick.* I vow?

*Ex.*

*Mi.* My *Lucie* too, as I live. How the devil got they acquainted? Sure he's his landlord. 'Tis ſo.

*Croſ.* Dare you come, ſir, you ſhould have ſtayed now till you had been ſent for.

*Mi.* Verily, ſir.

*Croſ.* Are you at your Verilies too? ha!

*Mi.* But for displeaſing you, I had rather have graz'd on *Littletons* Commons, or ha' faſted this fourtnight, then come for my repaſt into this Wilderneſſe; but you will ha' it ſo.

*Croſ.* You are in the right Sir, I'll have it ſo indeed, I'll know why I ſhall not elſe. What do you know no bodie here?

*Mi.* I crie them mercie, my good brother,—and my loving ſiſter.

*Rook.* But what vertuous men has this man to his ſons, and how they thrive in grace againſt his will, it ſeems.

*Mi.* What Gentlewoman is this of your acquaintance, Siſter?

*Luc.* 'Tis well diſſembled brother, but I know your cunning.

*Mi.*

*Mi.* Have you betray'd me?

*Luc. Mum* Mr. *Mihil, mum.*

*Vint. Harry, Harry.*

*Enter Drawer hastily.*

*Draw.* By and by.

*Crof.* What devil art thou that roarest in mine  
eare fo. [*Beats the Drawer.*]

*Draw.* Hold, I befeech you, I come to wait upon  
you.

*Crof.* What, with a By and by, that strikes into  
my head as sharp as a Stellatto.

*Draw.* I come to tell you, fir, that your table's  
covered in a fairer Room, and more private, your  
meat is ready to go up, and all in a readineffe.

*Crof.* Now thou art an honest fellow, there's a  
couple of shillings for thee. Have us out of thy  
windmil here, I prithee, and thy By and by's.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Act III. Scen I.

*Enter Captain Driblow, Clotpoll, Nick, Anthony,  
Drawer, A Table, Pot and Glassses.*

**G**O *Sirrah*, make your reckoning for our din-  
ner. Leave us this wine, and come when  
we call you. We have busineffe.

*Draw.* I shall, fir, by and by.

D 2

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Well, fir, you will be of both you fay, the Blade and the Battoon?

*Clot.* Of both, fir, by all meanes, both *Philoblathicus* and *Philobatticus*, I. I'll now have all that belongs to your order, or all my money again, that's for a certain.

*Capt.* Your money again? loe you there. You bring me a fit man, Gentlemen to be sworn, do you not? that talks of money again, when 'tis a main Article in the Oath never to look for money again, once disfinger'd.

*Nick.* You will not spoil all now 'tis come so far? will you?

*Clot.* Well fir, when I have my Oath, and that I am sworn one of you. I'll do as you do, and care as little for money as he that has least.

*Capt.* Well, to the Oath then, for both the Blade and the Battoon you fay?

*Clot.* I by all meanes, Captain, for both. S'lid the Battoon may stick to me, when the Blade may flie out o'th' Hilts.

*Ant.* Yes, to the Brokers.

*Capt.* Lay your hands on these Hilts, fir. The Articles that you depose unto are these, To be true and faithful unto the whole Fraternity of the Blade and the Battoon, and to every member thereof.

*Clot.* As ever faithful member was.

*Capt.* That at no time, wittingly or ignorantly, drunk or sober, you reveal or make discovery of the Brother, or a member of the Brotherhood. of his lodging, haunts, or by-walks, to any Creditor, Officer, Sutler, or such like dangerous or suspicious person.

*Clot.* I defie them all.

*Capt.* That if any of the Brotherhood be in restraint or distresse by imprisonment, sicknesse, or whatsoever engagement, you make his case your

own



own, and your purse and your travel his ; and that if a brother die or finish his dayes, by end timely or untimelic, by Surfet, Sword, or Law, you wear the fable order of the Riband in remembrance of him.

*Clot.* A convenient cheap way of mourning.

*Capt.* That your purse and weapon to the utmost of your strength, be on all occasions drawn to the assistance or defence of a Brother or Brothers friend, be it he, be it she.

*Clot.* I understand you, and shall be as forward to fight for a She-friend, as ever the best man in the mirror of knighthood was for an honest woman.

*Capt.* That you be ever at deadly defiance with all such people, as Protections are directed to in Parliament, and that you watch all occasions to prevent or rescue Gentlemen from the gripes of the Law briffons. That you may thereby endear your selfe into noble society, and drink the juice of the Varlets labours for your officious intrusions.

*Clot.* And that will go down bravely.

*Capt.* You must rank your self so much the better man, by how much the more drink you are able to purchase at others costs.

*Clot.* Excellent.

*Capt.* You are to let no man take wall of you, but such as you suppose will either beat you or lend you money.

*Clot.* Better and better still.

*Capt.* The rest of your duties for brevity sake you shall finde specified in that copy of your Order. Kifs the book.

*Clot.* I'll swear to them whatsoever they be.

So, now I am a Blade, and of a better Rowe then those of *Tyttere tu*, or *Oatmeal hoe*, and so an health to our Fraternity, and in chief to our Noble Captain *Driblow*.

[*Drinks.*

*Nick. Ant.* Agreed, Agreed.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Now are you to practise or exercise your quality on the next you meet that is not of the Brotherhood.

*Enter Mihil.*

*Clot.* Are you one of the Brotherhood fir, of the *Philoblathici*.

*Mi.* I had elfe loft much fir, I have paid all dues belonging to it.

*Clot.* So have I as I hope to gain honour by't 40 li. thick at least ; yet I have this left, please you command the half fir.

*Mi.* Another time, your reckoning is not yet paid perhaps. [*Clot. puts his money in his pocket.*]

*Clot.* 'Tis the first money of mine that was refus'd since my coming to town. I shall save infinitely.

I see now that I am sworn. How would I swear to get by it.

*Capt.* Take heed of that. Come hither son.

*Mi.* How have you screwed this youth up into this humour, that was such a dry miserable Clown but two dayes since ?

*Nick.* The old way, by watching of him, and keeping him high-flown a matter of forty eight houres together.

*Ant.* Men are apt to beleieve strange fancies in their liquor, and to entertain new opinions.

*Mi.* I have fastened three or foure cups upon my precise brother. I would 'twere as many pottles, so it would convert him into the right way of good fellowship.

*Nick.* I would we could see him, to try what good we could do upon him.

*Ant.* Perhaps we might convert him.

*Mi.*

*Mi.* He's above still with the old men. I stole from him, but to see if your *Italick* Mystressse were come yet. Your Madam.

*Nick.* No, she comes anon ; but is my affliction above still.

*Mi.* Thy father ? yes.

*Nick.* Prithee do not call him my father lest he took better courses.

*Mi.* And so is thy Sister ; the little rogue looks so squeamishly on me, and I on her, as we had never seen before ; but the foolish Ape out of a present affection she has taken to my Sister, has discovered to her the whole discourse of our love, and my familiarity with thee, which were enough to spoil all, if it were discovered to the old folkes, before my cards were play'd.

*Nick.* Well, remember Mr. Mihil, you have promised me half, if the old dogged fellow give her all, and you marry her.

*Mi.* Thou canst not doubt me.

*Nick.* You know I can spoil all when I list, but to shew my countenance in your cause.

*Mi.* Such is your vertue, Sir. Well, I'll up to 'em again before I be mist ; and when they part, I am for you again. [*Ex.*

*Capt.* I have given you all the rudiments, and my most fatherly advices withal.

*Clot.* And the last is that I should not swear, how make you that good ? I thought now I was sworne into this Brotherhood, I might have sworne what, and as much as I would.

*Capt.* That's most unnecessary, for look you son, the best, and even the leudest of my sons do forbear it, not out of conscience, but for very good ends ; and in stead of an Oath furnish the mouth with some affected Protestation. As I am honest, it is so. I am no honest man if it be not. Ud take me, if I  
lie

lie to you. Nev'r-go, nev'r-stirre, I vow, and fuch like.

*Clot.* Or never credit me, or let me never be trusted.

*Capt.* O take heed of that, that may be spoken in so ill an houre, that you may run out of reputation, and never be trusted indeed; the other will gaine you credit, and bring you into good and civil estimation with your Hostesses; and make 'em terme you a faire conditioned Gentleman if he had it; and truly I never heard worfe word come out of his mouth.

*Clot.* Nev'r-go, nev'r-stir, I vow. I'll have, I vow then.

*Ant.* I vow, but you shall not, that's mine.

*Clot.* Cann't you lend it me now and then brother? I'll have, I swear then, and come as nigh swearing as I can.

*Nick.* I swear but you must not, that's mine you know.

*Clot.* I protest then, I'll have I protest, that's a City-word, and best to cozen with.

*Clot.* Come boyes, fall to some practice. Let me see about at the new French balls, sprung out of the old English vapours.

*Clot.* I protest come on. I'll make a third man.

*Ant.* Whose man are you?

*Nick.* Whose man is not to be asked, nor scarce whose subject, now he is of our Brotherhood.

*Clot.* Yes, by your favour he may ask.

*Ant.* I ask no favour, sir.

*Nick.* That may be granted.

*Clot.* You can grant nothing in this kinde.

*Ant.* I vow he may grant any thing of any kinde.

*Nick.* I swear, I neither can, nor will grant that.

*Clot.* That, I protest, may bear exception indeed.

*Ant.* Exceptions amongst us? nay, then I vow.—

*Nick.* I swear.

*Clot.*

*Clot.* And I protest—[*Up with their Battoons.*

*Capt.* Part faire my boyes ; 'tis very well perform'd ; now drink a round to qualifie this bout.

*Enter Cockbrain.*

*All.* Agreed on all parts.

*Cock.* Look upon me ye Common-wealths men now, like a State-Surgeon, while I search and try The ulcerous coare of foule enormitie. These are a parcel of those venomous weeds, That ranklie pester this faire Garden-plot. Whose boisterous growth is such, that I must use More policie then strength to reach their root, And hoist them up at once. This is my way to get within 'em.

*Ant.* So, 'tis gone round.

*Nick.* I muse these Mumpers come not.

*Clot.* Best send a boy.

*Nick.* Drawer, ha! where be those Rascalls?  
(Within) By and by.

*Nick.* Are you one of 'em, sir?

*Cock.* I am one that has the favour of the house sir.

*Nick.* To intrude into Gentlemens privacies? ha!

*Cock.* To seek a poor living and 't please you, by picking up the crums of your liberalitie, for the use of my rare qualities.

*Nick.* And what's your qualitie?

*Cock.* It is to speak or sing *ex tempore* upon any Theame that your fancie or the present occasion shall administer.

*Nick.* Can you drinke before you lay your lips to't?  
[*Glasse in's face.*

*Cock.* O my weak eye-sight.

(c)

*Clot.*

*Clot.* Or can you eat a crust without chawing, made of the Flower of Battoon.

*Cock.* O good Gentlemen, forbear, I beseech you.

*Clot.* The flower of Battoon. I protest a good jest, and 'twas mine own before I was aware, for he had the Maidenhead or first-blow of my Battoon. Nay, it shall down.

*Cock.* I will not yet desist, but suffer private affliction with a Romane resolution for the publike welfare, with full assurance that my fortitude shall at last get within 'em.

*Nick.* You are not satisfied, it seems, you Rascal, get you gone. [Kicks him.

*Ant.* Phew! beat not the poor fellow so.

*Clot.* Let me come to him again, and flesh my self upon him. I will not only flesh my self, but tire upon him.

*Cock.* Enough, enough, good Gentlemen, you have beaten me enough of conscience. Was ever good Patriot so rudely handled? but the end crowns all.

*Capt.* Forbear him sons. What canst thou be, that canst not be satisfied with beating? speak, art a man or a Ghost?

*Cock.* I have been, Sir, a man, and of my hands, howe're misfortune humbles me under your manhoods. But, I have seen the face of warre, and serv'd in the Low-countries, though I say't, on both sides.

*Clot.* Then 'tis impossible this fellow can be beat out of countenance.

*Nick.* We'll leave him in his quality for that constant vertue.

*Capt.* Sure, 'tis *Fenner* or his Ghost. He was a riming souldier. Look, do his eyes stand right?

*Cock.* They had a dish e'ne now, sir.

*Nick.*

*Nick.* Of sack, 'tis true here, take another, and wash the inside of your Throat. And let us hear your pipes in their right tune.

*Cock.* Give me a Theam Gentlemen.

*Nick.* The praise of sack. Sing the praise of sack.

*Ant.* Let it be of the Blade.

*Clot.* And the Battoon, I beseech you.

*Draw.* Do you call, Gentlemen?

*Nick.* I vow, I will have sack.

*Draw.* T'other quart of Canarie? you shall.

[*Takes pot.*]

*Nick.* Are your eares so quick? I vow, I'll dull 'em.

*Draw.* Anon, anon.

*Nick.* I say, a song of Sack.

*Capt.* I, let it be of Sack.

*Nick.* Now you pump, do you?

*Cock.* No, sir, but think of a tune.

*Clot.* If he can pump us up a spring of Sack, we'll keep him, and break half the Vintners in Town.

(*Song.* Now *B.* and *Clot.* askes *Gabriel*, Are you a brother. They fall in the burthen.)

*Nick.* I vow, well-said.

*Ant.* I swear, 'twas well.

*Clot.* I protest the best that I have heard in this kind. I wonder at his ability. I prithee, art not acquainted with my two Poetical Drury-lane Writers? the Cobler and the Tapster.

*Cock.* No sir, not I, I work not their way. What I do is *ex tempore* after the Theme given.

*Cock.* But they run quite before you. Their Works are in print sometimes, and ready to be sung about streets, of men that are hang'd before they come to the Gallows.

*Ant.* But did not *Mihil* say he would come again.

*Nick.*

*Nick.* I marvel at his stay.

*Clot.* I, and the Mumpers, when come they? I long to see the Sisters, now I am a brother sworn and entred.

*Enter Pig.*

*Nick.* O here comes news. How now pig?

*Pig.* You must all presentlie to the *Paris* Tavern.

*Nick.* Must? at whose suit!

*Pig.* Mr. *Mihil* bade me tell you so.

*Ant.* Is he gone from hence?

*Pig.* He is, and all his gone and disperfed.

*Nick.* Then the old Jew my father's gone.

*Pig.* Only there's one delicate demure Gentleman with Mr. *Mihil*. travell'd along with him towards *Paris*. I believe he meanes to make a mouth of him.

*Nick.* O, 'tis his precise brother. But where's thy Mystress, and Madama *Damaris*? that they come not.

*Pig.* They desire to meet you there too, 'tis more private.

*Ant.* Away we'll follow thee.

*Clot.* *Pig*, how does thy father *Hog*, the Turkie Merchant?

*Pig.* I am in haste, Sir. *Ex.*

*Ant.* Why Turkie Merchant?

*Pig.* Because he trades in nothing but Turkie commodities; Egges and Concubines; 'twere well to geld him, and send him to the Grand Seignior, to wait in his *Seraglio*.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Nick.* Thou hast such a wit in this *Clotpoll* of thine. The Reckoning *Drawer*.

*Draw.*



*Draw.* Here, here, Sir, here's your bill.

*Capt.* Let see the fumme. What is't *Drawer* ?  
40. sh. and 3. d. Sir, your dinner, and what you had  
since, in all, sir.

*Capt.* 'Tis very reasonable. Commend me to thy  
Master. Son *Clotpoll* pay't. It is your duty.

*Clot.* Yes, for my Brotherhood.

*Capt.* Boyes, I must leave you.

*Cock.* 40. sh. for foure mens dinners, note that,  
yet he sayes 'tis reasonable.

*Draw.* Good Captain. He was ever the fairest  
Reckoner, though he has never the luck to pay any  
thing.

*Ant.* Fare you well, father.

*Nick.* When we have further occasion, we'll re-  
pair to your lodging.

*Clot.* At *Bloomesbury*. Father, I know.

*Cock.* *Bloomsbury* ? good, I note it.

*Capt.* Sirrah, look to the second Article of your  
Oath.

*Clot.* Against discovery of lodgings, haunts, or  
by-walks, I am warn'd.

*Capt.* Look that you be fo. *Ex. Capt.*

*Nick.* 40. sh. and 3. d. you'l bate the 3.d. will you  
not ?

*Draw.* We'll not much stand for that Sir, though  
our master fits at deare rent.

*Nick.* Give me your two peeces.

*Ant.* Pray let me see the bill before you pay it.

*Nick.* Well, I can hold it then.

*Ant.* Bread and beer, 1.sh.4.d. I do not think  
we four could eat 3.d. of bread, and for my part, I  
drank but two glasses of beer.

*Nick.* And I but one, I vow.

*Clot.* And my father and I but one betwixt us, I  
protest.

*Draw.* Ha' you no men below ?

*Nick.* Below the earth doest mean ? I am fure we have none above-ground.

*Draw.* I know not, Gentlemen, there's so much reckon'd at the bar, and you please you may see it.

*Ant.* Nay, an't be at the bar, it stands for Law. Well, wine 5sh. 9.d. I think we had no leffe. A shoulder of Mutton stuff't with Oysters, 8.sh, that cost your Master very near ten groats, a brace of Partridge 5.sh. a couple of Cocks, 4sh. 6d., a dozen of Larks 20.d. Anchovis 6.sh. I swear but a saucer full.

*Draw.* I'le be sworne they are so much reckon'd in the Kitchin.

*Ant.* All's law, I tell you, all's law in Tavernes. But I hope there will be a law for you one o'these dayes. Then is their Fruit and Cheefe, Tobaccho, Fire, and I know not what, is't right cast.

*Cock.* There is more hope of that young man, then of all the rest, indeed it is a fore abuse, another verie weed in the city. I do note that also.

*Nick.* Sirrah, before you have your money, fetch me a glasse of Beere. But canst thou sing this upon any subject.

*Rook.* Any sir, any, an't be till midnight. [*Ex.*

*Nick.* But you have strange helps to your invention. I did note the rolling o' th' eye, and rubbing your brows sometimes.

*Rook.* So did I, I protest, and therefore, I tell you what. If he can sing such another Song, and look stedfastly the while upon anything, and hold his hands behind him. I'le give him half a crown ; if not, he shall ha' nothing for tother.

*Cock.* Agreed Gentlemen, give me your Theme.

*Ant.* You shall give it him.

*Nick.*

*Nick.* And withal, watch him if he stir hand or eye, especially the eye.

*Clot.* I will I protest, and set mine eye against his, that he shall not twink, but I'll perceive it, and lay him o're the pate.

*Cock.* Well Sir, your Theme.

*Clot.* In praise of the Battoon, and if you misse it you shall be sure on't.

*Cock.* You'll help me with the burthen, Gentlemen.

*Nick.* Yes, yes, for the more grace of the Song.

*Clot.* Take you care for that. Set your eyes and begin.

S O N G .

To prove the Battoon the most noble to be,  
Of all other weapons observe his degree,  
In Field to be Leader of all other Armes,  
To conquest and honour, through hazard and harms  
The Gallant and Peasant, the Lord and the Lowne,  
Must move by the motion of the Leaders Battoon.  
O give me the Battoon.

The Pike and the Halbert are subject to it,  
The Ensigne, the Partizan, all must submit,  
To advance, or retire, fall back, or come on.  
As they are directed by the Leaders Battoon.  
Then it is to the Souldier the greatest Renown,  
To purchase by service to bear the Battoon.  
O give me the Battoon.

*Clot.* Marry, and take it Sir, why do you stare about? though you have broke Covenant, I have not.

*Cock.* Where be the Gentlemen?

*Clot.*

*Clot.* Ha! they are not gone, I hope, where be my brothers Drawer.

*Enter* Drawer.

*Draw.* Gone fir, and have sent me to you for the reckoning.

*Clot.* I protest you jest, do you not? I gave 'em the full summe, and all the money I had, I protest, I swear, I vow, now they are not here, I may make bold with their words. They have my money I am sure.

*Draw.* If you have no money, pray leave a pawne, fir.

*Clot.* Take him there, put him in a cage, and let him sing it out.

*Draw.* We know him not, fir.

*Clot.* No? he said he had the favour of the house to sing to Gentlemen.

*Cock.* I feare I shall be discovered, fir, I can give your worship credit for a peece till you come to your lodging.

*Clot.* Protest, thou art generous; nay, I know where to finde 'em; and thou shalt go with me to 'em, we will not part now, wee'll shoune 'em. I vow, (the words out) here, I'le leave my sword for tother peece.

*Draw.* Your sword will not serve, fir, I doubt.

*Clot.* Take my coat too, a friend and a Battoon is better then a coat and a sword at all times.

*Cock.* I am glad my feare is over. And after all my sufferings, if at last.

*Cockbraine,* crow not these roaring Lions down,  
Let him be balladed about the Town. [*Ex. omnes.*  
*Scæn.*

Scen. 2. Enter Lucie, Katharine, Belt.

*Luc.* Let me now bid you welcome to my fathers house, where till your own be fitted; though my father keep too private a family to expresse large entertainment, yet I hope at worst you shall ha' convenient lodging.

*Kat.* Indeed, I am glad that my father yielded to your fathers friendly request in it; and the more, in regard he is so hard to be entreated to any thing; but especially for your societies sake, sweet Sister. Indeed I'll call you Sister alwayes, and I hope you shall be shortly in my brother *Mihils* right.

*Luc.* I have laid open my heart to you, which indeed is his, but your father, I feare, will never be wonne.

*Kat.* Why you would not have him too, Sister, would you?

*Luc.* His consent I would, and my fathers, I hope, would easily be wrought. You saw he was willing your other brother should have me at the first sight, meetly for his reservednesse, and *Mihil* methought carried himself as civil to day as he; I mean, as civilly for a Gentleman, that should not look like one o'th' fathers of the Dutch Church at five and twenty.

*Kat.* He was put to't to day. The noise of the Tavern had almost wrought his zeale into fury, it is scarce out of my head yet.

*Luc.* But you were about to tell me how he first fell into this veine, this vanity indeed.

*Kat.* I'll tell you now, and in that something worth your observation.

*Luc.* I will observe you.

*Kat.* My father has an humour, not to like any thing at first, nor accept best courtesies of friends,

(c)

E

though

though presently he findes 'em most commodious to him ; things that he knows not how to be without, and oftentimes desires with the same breath the things he vilified, and scorn'd them the last syllable he spake before. You saw when your father offered him the use of his house here, till his own be furnished, he cried, hah ! are all the houses in the Town yours, sir ; and yet presently entreated for't, and thanked him.

*Luc.* That shews the best nature, they say.

*Kat.* But that is seldome attended by the best fortune. Nay, in us, I mean, his children, he will like nothing, no, not those actions which he himself cannot deny they are vertuous ; he will crosse us in all we do, as if there were no other way to shew his power over our obedience.

*Luc.* 'Tis a strange fatherly care.

*Kat.* Now, note the punishment that followes it. There's not a childe he has, though we all know what we do, that makes any conscience of crossing him, we have so much of his good nature in us.

*Luc.* And that's as odde a duty in children.

*Kat.* I must confesse it is a stubbornnesse.

Yet for the most part we do nothing, but that which most Parents would allow in their children ; and now for my brother *Gabriel*, with whom I must bring in the story of another Kinswoman of ours, my father had at home with us.

*Luc.* So.

*Kat.* Nay, mark, I pray you, as I would entreat an Auditorie, if I now were a Poet to mark the Plot, and severall points of my play, that they might not say when 'tis done, they understood not this or that, or how such a part came in or went out, because they did not observe the passages.

*Luc.* Well on, I pray.

*Kat.*

*Kat.* My brother *Gabriel*, when he was a boy, nay, till within these two years, was the wildest untamed thing that the countrey could possibly hold.

*Luc.* So he is still for ought I know, for I think no man of his Religion in his wits.

*Kat.* I mean in outward conversation, he was the Ring-leader of all the youthful Frie, to Faires, to Wakes, to May-games, footbal-matches, anything that had but noise and tumult in it; then he was Captain of the young train-band, and exercised the youth of twenty parishes in martial discipline. O he did love to imitate a souldier the best,—and so in everything, that there was not an handsom maid in an whole County could be quiet for him.

*Luc.* He may be good at that sport still, for there is almost none of his sect holds any other game lawful.

*Kat.* Yet did he bear the civilest and the best ordered affection to our Kinswoman I spake of.

*Luc.* Yes, I remember.

*Kat.* So loving to her person, so tender of her honour that nothing but too near affinity of blood could have kept them asunder.

*Luc.* And she did love him as well!

*Kat.* O dearly, vertuously well; but my father fearing what youth in heat of blood might do, removes my brother *Gabriel* from home into the service of a Reverend Bishop to follow good examples.

*Luc.* But he learned not to be a Puritane there I hope.

*Kat.* You shall hear, Sister, soon after came a Gallant into the countrey from *London* here, and as we after found, a Citizens sonne, though he shewed like a Lord there. Briefly, he grew acquainted with my brother *Mihil*. Then woo'd

and wonne my Cousin so secretly, my father never suspected, not he nor I e're knew whose son he was, nor of what occupation my old lord his father was; but he promi'd her marriage, clap't her, you may guesse where, and so like the slippery Trojan left her.

*Luc.* O divellish Rascal!

*Kat.* And foolish creature. she who soon repented it, and with her shame is fled to what part of the world we know not.

*Luc.* In truth 'tis pitiful, that villain would be hang'd.

*Kat.* Now upon this. my poor brother that lov'd her so, fell into discontent, forfook his lord, and would have left the Land, but that he was prevented and brought home.

*Luc.* And ever since he has been thus religious.

*Kat.* Thus obstinate, for I think verily he does it but to crosse my father, for sending him out of the way when the mischief was done.

*Luc.* I will not then believe 'tis Religion in any of the gang of 'em, but mere wilful affectation. But why, or wherein do you or *Mihil* crosse your father.

*Kat.* I tell you Sister we must. He is so crosse himself, that we shall never get anything of him that we desire, but by desiring the contrary.

*Luc.* Why then do you desire him to get you an husband?

*Kat.* Because he should get me none. O Sister, both he and Mr. *Cockbrayne*, can wish now that I had had his son.

*Luc.* There's another youth now gone on love's pilgrimage, e're since your father crost him in your love not to be heard of.

*Kat.* Hush! the old men.

*Enter*



*Enter Rooksbill, Crofwill.*

*Rook.* In good truth fir, I am taken with your conversation. I like it now exceeding well.

*Crof.* I am glad it pleases you.

*Rook.* 'Tis very faire and friendly, I finde we shall accord.

*Crof.* I am glad I have it for you Sir, I pray, make bold with it.

*Rook.* Then pray fir, let me urge my motion a little further to you.

*Crof.* What is't? you cannot utter it so easily as I shall grant it, out with it man.

*Rook.* That you will be pleased to accept my daughter for either of your sons, your youngest if you please; now I have seen him, I'll give him with her presently, either in hand a thousand pound, and five hundred pound a childe as fast as he can get'em, And all I shall die feiz'd of.

*Crof.* What a Dogbolt is this to think that I should get a childe for him.

*Rook.* I hope you do think well on't.

*Luc.* Pray love he does. I hope so too.

*Kat.* I mark his Answer.

*Luc.* I could find in my heart to ask his good will my selfe.

*Kat.* And that were a sure way to go without it,

*Rook.* How say you, fir, is't a match.

*Crof.* I will not stay a minute in thy house, though I lie in the street for't.

Huswife, I'll fort you with fitter companions. Come, follow me quickly.

*Rook.* Heaven blesse me and my childe too from matching with such a disposition.

*Kat.* Truly, fir, I long'd to be out o'th' house before.

*Crof.* Before you came in it did you not? ha!

*Kat.* These new walls do so stink of the lime methinks.

*Crof.* Marry fough. Gooddie Foyft.

*Kat.* There can be no healthie dwelling in 'em this twelve-moneth yet.

*Crof.* Are you so tender-bodied?

*Rook.* Even please yourselves then where you can like better, and you shall please me.

*Crof.* Why you will not thrust me out of your house, will you? ha!

*Rook.* There's no such haste, fir.

*Crof.* Indeed there is not, nor will I out for all your haste neither. I'll have look to my bargain.

*Rook.* With all my heart, fir.

*Crof.* But no more of your idle motions, if you love your ease in your house, your Inn here.

*Enter Belt.*

Here's a letter, fir, from Mr. *Cockbrayne*.

*Crof.* Is the bearer paid, or give him that an't please you.

*Belt.* Some body has anger'd him, and I must suffer.

*Crof.* I sent you to seek my sons, good fir, have you found 'em? ha!

*Belt.* I cannot finde 'em fir. They went out of the Tavern together, they say, and I have been at Mr. *Mihil's* chamber, and there they are not. I went to the Tavern again, and there they were not. Then I beat all the rest o'th' bushes, in this Forrest of fooles and mad men, and cannot finde em I, where e're they be.

*Crof.* Sirrah, go finde 'em where e're they be, any where, or no where, finde 'em, and finde 'em quickly;

quickly ; I'll finde 'em in your Cocksome elfe, d'ye see ! and bring my fons Sanctity home before it be dark, lest he take up his lodging in a Church-porch ; and charge Mr. *Mihil* that he come not to me till I fend for him. Here's danger i'th' house. There was a match-motion indeed.

*Rook.* Good fir, either like my house well, or be pleas'd to please yourself with some better.

*Cross.* Pray Sir, be quiet in your house, lest I fend you out of it to seek another. Let me see my chamber.

*Rook.* He must have his way, I see. [*Ex. omnes.*]

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Act. IV. Scœn. I.

*Enter Bettie, Frank, with swords drawn make fast the door.*

*Bett.* **N**Ay, you perpetual Puffe, I'll fetch him out of the very bowels of thee.

*Fran.* He never came so deep himself yet with all that he could do, and I scorne the threat'ning of a She Marmasct.

*Nick.* (Within) why *Bettie, Frank*, you mankinde Carions you. I vow, open the door, will you both kill one another, and cozen the Hangman of his fees ?

*Bett.* Thou hadst been better have bit off the dugs of thy Damme, thoupin-buttock Jade thou, than have snapt a bit of mine from me.

*Fran.* Here's that shall stay your stomach better than the bit you snarle for. Thou greedy Brach thou.

*Nick.* (Within) why wenches, are ye wild? break open the doores.

*Bett.* That I could split that divellish tongue of thine!

*Fran.* I have as good a spight at as ill a member about thee.

*Enter Nick, Anthony.*

*Nick.* Hold, what's the devil in ye.

*Ant.* Are ye so sharp-set ye Amazonian Trulls?

*Bett.* Let me but make one passe at her.

*Fran.* Pray let me go, and let her come.

*Nick.* Can no blunter tooles than these serve to take down your furies?

*Bett.* Let me come but within nailes reach of her.

*Fran.* Let me but try the strength of my teeth upon her.

*Nick.* As *Hector*'twixt the hosts of *Greece* and *Troy*,  
When *Paris* and the *Spartane* King should end  
Their nine yeares warres, held up his brazen lance.  
In signal, that both Armies should surcease,  
And hear him speak. So let me crave your audience.  
Dear *Bettie* be advised, and *Frank*, forbear  
Thy thirst of Sisters' blood, whilest I rip up  
The folly of your strife. Your cases both  
Have been laid open to me. You contend  
For love of a lewd Citizen, that sleights,  
Nay more, disdaines, nay more, defies you both.  
*Tony* can tell, *Mun Clotpoll* also knows  
The words he spake, that you were both poor whores,  
Not poor alone, but foule infectious harlots.  
And that he wears your mark with pain and forrow,  
Hopelesse to claw them off. With constant purpose  
Never to see you more, unlesse to greet

Your

Your bumping buttocks with revengeful feet.

*Bet.* Did he say so?

*Fran.* And must we two fall out for such a slanderous Villain?

*Ant.* No, agree, agree.

*Nick.* Buffe and be friends. Buffe, or I'll baste ye both, I vow.

*Bett.* Come Sister we'll be in for ever now.

*Fran.* For my part, Sister, sure I was not out with you.

*Bet.* But did he say he would kick us?

*Ant.* Lo here, the man that dares it not deny.

*Enter Citizen, Drawer.*

*Cit.* But do ye hear, Gentlemen. I hope you will use me kindlier then so.

*Nick.* Than how, Sir?

*Cit.* Then to win all my money, and leave me at stake for the reckoning. Pray do you pay the Drawer for me, though I pay you again.

*Ant.* What is it Drawer?

*Draw.* The Gentlewomen and he had 14 sh. in before you came.

*Nick.* 'Tis a plain case, your cloak must answer it at the bar, Sir, Drawer, away with it.

*[Exit Drawer with Cloke.]*

*Cit.* Nay, but Gentlemen.

*Nick.* I vow, do but look after it, till we be gone, and these shall claw thine eyes out.

*Cit.* Well sir, I hope this quarter will not be always lawlesse.

*Ant.* Do you grumble? Mr. *Caffelesse*.

*Nic.* I vow you shall have cuffs.

*Bet.* Yes, that you shall.

*Fran.* Cuts and slashes too before we part, Sir.

*Cit.*

*Cit.* You will not murder me, will you ?

*Nick.* Damofels forbear ; and you, forbear your noise. I vow, I'le flit your wistle else. You shall give him due correction civilly, and we will make him take it civilly. Sit you down Sir.

*Cit.* What will you do with me ?

*Nick.* I vow, *mum*.

*Enter* Clotpoll, Cockbraine.

*Clot.* O, are ye here ! was it a brotherly trick do ye think, to leave me to pay one reckoning twice ? or did I think never to be made a mouth more, after I had paid my swearing dinner, and am I now a greater mouth then e're I was ?

*Nick.* *Mum*, hold your tongue still in your mouth, lest I halifax it with your teeth.

*Clot.* Halifax my tongue. And listen to a bufinesse.

*Nick.* Do you know this man ?

*Clot.* Yes, the City mouth we had tother night.

*Nick.* These are the Sisters that his lavish tongue fo lewdly did deprave.

*Clot.* I cry them heartily mercy. Are you of the sweet Sisterhood ? I hope to know you all, all the pretty Mumpers in the berrie here, before I have done. 'Tis true, I protest, he spake words of you, that such flesh and blood could not bear. He could not have spoke worse of mutton of a groat a quarter.

*Bet.* And we're so fond to fight for him ?

*Fran.* But now we'll both be revenged on the flesh of him.

*Cit.* Pray let me speak with you.

*Nick.* No, they shall beat you first. And mark me well. Do thou but stir an hand or foot, or raise a voice that may be heard to the next room, we'll cut thy weafand. Now wenches take your course.

*Bet.*

*Bet.* Nay, you slave, we'll mark you for a Sheep-biter.

*Fran.* We'll teach you how to scandalize.

*Bet.* Have I given you that you cannot claw off, you Mungrel?

*Clot.* Rare, I protest.

*Cit.* —oh—oh—oh.

*Nick.* There, there.

*Fran.* We'll claw thine eares off rather,

*Cit.* —oh—oh—oh.

*Clot.* O brave.

*Cock.* O out-rage, most insufferable, all this goes into my black book.

*Nick.* To him *Bettie*, at him *Frank*; there whores, there.

*Ant.* Fie, fie, forbear, enough, too much in conscience.

*Cock.* That young man has some pity yet.

*Ant.* I swear you shall no more.

*Cock.* Alas, good Gentlemen, it is enough,

*Nick.* I vow, do you prate? you shall have as much. Come, take the Chaire, Sir, the breaches shall bait him too.

*Cock.* O good Gentlemen.

*Nick.* I vow, they shall. To him and claw him, I'll clapperclaw your sides else.

*Cock.* O me! what mean you?

*Bett.* Heyday! his beard comes off.

*Ant.* And his head too. What rotten scab is this?

*Clot.* I protest, they have pulled my pieced brother to pieces here.

*Nick.* I vow, some disguiz'd villain, and but for doing the State so good service, we would hang him presently without examination.

*Ant.* I know him. And you shall not touch him. Best is, he knows nor me. Good Heaven, what Braintrick has possesst him. *Nick.*

*Nick.* I vow, what canst thou be?

*Ant.* Come, 'tis an honest fellow, that is only ashamed to run so base a course for his living in his own face. Poor man, I warrant his feare threatens his breeches shrewdly. But let's away, and quickly, our stay is dangerous. Come, we forgot *Mich. Crofwil* and the wenches.

*Nick.* Come all away then, Sirrah, thank this Gentleman, and pray for him at the end of your Songs hereafter.

*Clot.* Farewell, friend peece. I'll know you better now, before you have't again. [*Ex. omnes but Cock. and Cit.*]

*Cock.* What monsters in mankinde? what hell-hounds are they? only as *Ovid* feign'd among the Getes.

A friend at need, I with a friend was blest,  
Whom I may gratifie, and plague the rest.  
How is it with you, Sir?

*Nic.* O, I am very fore.

*Cock.* Indeed you are sorely handled. This may warne you out of such caterwaling company. You look like one more civil. And in hope you will be so, I'll bring you to a Barber.

*Cit.* Alas, my Cloke.

*Cock.* I'll help you to that too, so you with me, Will in an honest plot Assistant be.

*Cit.* O Sir, in any thing, and thank you too, Sir.  
[*Excunt Ambo.*]

*Scen. 2. Enter Mihil, Gabriel, Boy, Wine, &c.*

*Mih.* *A Paris ill ya ben veni.* Here's no bush at this door, but good wine rides post upon't, I mean, the sign-post. Boy, get you down, and if *Nick Rooksbill*, or any of his company ask for me, bring 'em up, d'ye hear. *Boy.*



*Boy.* I will, I will, Sir.

*Ex.*

*Mi.* You are welcome to *Paris* brother *Gabriel*.

*Gab.* It is neverthelesse a Tavern, brother *Mihii*, and you promised and covenanted with me at the last house of noise and noisomnesse, that you would not lead me to any more Tavernes.

*Mih.* Lead you brother? men use to be led from Tavernes sometimes. You saw I did not lead you nor bring you to any that was more a Tavern then the last, nor so much neither; for here is no Bush you saw.

*Gab.* 'Twas that betrayed and entrapped me: but let us yet forsake it.

*Mih.* Pray let us drink first brother. By your leave here's to you.

*Gab.* One glasse-full more is the most that I can bear. My head is very full, and laboureth with that I have had already.

*Mi.* There Sir, I'll undertake one good fellow, that has but just as much Religion as will serve an honest mans turne, will bear more wine then ten of these giddy-brain'd Puritaines, their heads are so full of whimses.

*Gab.* 'Tis mighty headie, mighty headie, and truly I cannot but think that the over-much abuse of these out-landish liquors, have bred so many errors in the Romish Church.

*Mih.* Indeed brother, there is too much abuse made of such good creatures. Wine in it self is good, you will grant, though the excesse be nought; and Tavernes are not contemptible, so the company be good.

*Gab.* It is most true, we finde that holy men have gone to Tavernes, and made good use of 'em upon their Peregrinations.

*Mi.* And cannot men be content to take now and

then a cup, and discourse of good things by the way. As thus. Brother, here's a remembrance (if she be living, and have not lost her honour) to our Cousin *Dorcas*.

*Gab.* O that kinfwoman of ours. She was the dearest losse that e're fell from our house.

*Mi.* Pledge her, good brother.

*Gab.* I do—

*Mi.* I hope 'twill maudlenize him.

*Gab.* But have you never seen that miscreant that wrong'd her, since he did that same, they say you knew him.

*Mi.* Alas, suppose I had, what could be done? she's lost we see. What good could she receive by any course against him.

*Gab.* It had been good to have humbled him, though into the knowledge of his Transgression. And of himself for his soules good, either by course of Law, or else in case of necessity, where the Law promiseth no releefe, by your own right hand you might have smote him, smote him with great force, yea, smote him unto the earth, until he had prayed that the evil might be taken from him.

*Mik.* This is their way of loving enemies, to beat 'em into goodnesse. Well, brother, I may meet with him again, and then I know what to do. If he knew him as I do now, what a religious combate were here like to be at *Nicks* coming.

*Enter Boy.*

Sir, here's a Gentlewoman asks for Mr. *Rooksbill*.

*Mik.* The travell'd Gallant, is't not.

*Boy.* Yes sir, and the old black party, her Landlady with her. But they ask for nobody but him, sir.

*Mik.*

*Mih.* Say he is here by all meanes, and bring 'em up. *Ex. Boy.*

*Gab.* Women! pray brother lets avoid the place, let us flie it. What should we do with women in a Tavern?

*Mih.* No harme assure your selfe, cannot we govern ourselfes?

*Enter Dorcas and Madge, and start back.*

Nay, Lady, stay, he will be here presently, that you look for.

*Gab.* I will not glance an eye toward temptation.

*Mih.* I am amaz'd sure, I have seen this face, howe're your habit and the course of time may give't another seeming.

*Dorc.* Good Angels, help my thoughts and memory. It is my Kinsman *Mihil.* What's the other that hides his face, so?

*Mih.* Do you turn away?

*Dorc.* It is my cousin *Gabriel*, strangely altered.

*Mih.* Come hither you. I'll make a little bold with you. Thou that hast been a concealer of more sins in women's actions, then thou hast grizled hairs.

*Dorc.* Sure I will speak to him, he always lov'd me.

*Mih.* Reveale a truth to me on my demand, now instantly, without premeditation. I'll cut thy tongue out else.

*Mad.* What's here to do? do you think I am a devil? that you make such conjurations over me.

*Mih.* I think thou art as true a servant of his as any Bawd can be. But lie now if thou darest. How long have you known that Gentlewoman? and what do you know by her? *Dorc.*

*Dorc.* Sir.

*Mad.* Here's a stirre about nothing. I know nothing by her, not I. Nor whether she has anything or nothing, that a woman should have by the report of knowledge of man, woman or beast, not I. She came to me but this morning, with a purpose to set me up in my new house as I hoped. But she has taken a course to make it honestly spoken of already, to my utter undoing, but she never comes within my doors again, as I hope to thrive by my Trade hereafter.

*Dorc.* Pray look upon me, sir.

*Mih.* Was she so resolutely bent, and so soon altered?

*Mad.* Upon the very first sight of the very first man that came into my house, the very first houre of my setting up in it.

*Mih.* What man was that?

*Mad.* A shame take him, your roaring friend, *Nick*. I think she is enamoured of him or of something she guessees he has; and would faine play the honest woman with him, that never played honest man with woman in his life.

*Mih.* 'Tis she, and 'tis most wonderful.

*Dorc.* If you knew who I were, you would not be so strange to me.

*Mad.* And here she comes me a hunting after him, like a fondling, whilest halfe a dozen peeces might ha' been gotten at home by this time, and she have had the halfes of it in her purse by this time; if she would have done, as I thought, she would have done by this time.

*Mih.* Alas, poor *Howlet*.

*Mad.* I sent whooping after the best guests that haunt my house, to have taken the first fruits of her conversation, and she would not see a man of 'em, to my undoing.

*Mih.*

*Mih.* Well leave thy hooting, *Madge*, and hold thy peace, thou shalt get by it.

*Mad.* Yes, I shall get a good name shortly, and this geare hold, and turn begger, I shall.

*Dor.* Pray sir, but one word.

*Mih.* Speak to her, brother, 'tis our Cousin *Dorcas*.

*Gab.* Will you abuse me too? is she not lost?

*Mih.* And will you not give her leave to be found again? his wine and her sudden apprehension works on him at once. Cousin I'll speak to you, though I confesse the miracle of our meeting thus amazes me.

*Dorc.* O Cousins both. As ye are Gentlemen, and of that noble stock, whose meer remembrance, when he was given up, and at the brink of desperate folly, stroke that reverend fear into my soul, that hath preserv'd my honour from further falling. Lend me now your aide, to vindicate that honour by that man, that threw me in the way of losse and ruine.

*Mih.* All shall be well, good Cousin, you shall, have both hands and hearts to re-estate you in him. So that in fact you have not wrong'd that honour since he forfook you.

*Dorc.* On my soule I have not.

*Mih.* Infants then shall be pardoned. Brother speak.

*Dorc.* You were wont still to be my loving'st Cousin.

*Gab.* What a strange dream has wine wrought in my head.

*Mih.* I hope it will work out his superfluous zeale. And render him civil Christian again.

*Dorc.* It is no dream, good Cousin, you are awake,

And I, that *Dorcas* for whom you have wish't

(c)

F

Affinity

Affinity of blood might be dispen't'd with.  
And you to be my choice. So well you lov'd me.

*Gab.* And will above my life affect you still.  
But you must leave these gauds and prophane  
dressings.

*Mad.* Bawds did he say? how comes he to know  
me true?

*Dorc.* How came my Cousin *Gabriel* thus translated.

Out of gay cloathes, long haire, and lofty spirit,  
Stout and brave action, manly carriage;  
Into so strict a Reformation?

Where is the martial humour he was wont to affect.

*Mih.* His purity and your disgrace fell on you  
both about a time, I faith.

*Gab.* Do you swear by your *FAITH*?

*Mi.* He's falling back again.

Some more wine. You will drink with our Cousin,  
brother, will you not?

*Boy.* What wine is't, Gentlemen?

*Gab.* Yes, in a cup of sincere love.

*Boy.* What other wine you please, Gentlemen,  
we have none such i'th' house.

*Mih.* Of the same we had, sir.

*Dorc.* Call not for wine for us, Cousin.

*Mad.* Assuredly, we are not prophane wine  
bibbers, not we.

*Gab.* Modest, and well-spoken verily, she should  
be a Sister or a Matron.

*Mih.* Yes, yes, we'll all drink for the good o'th'  
house.

'Tis upon putting down, they say, and more o'th'  
neighbours. But Cousin, he knew you not to day.

*Dorc.* No, nor dreams of me.

*Mih.* And the old one knowes nothing, does she.

*Dorc.* No, by no means.

*Mih.*

*Mih.* She can bewray nothing then. My brother knows not him. I only do for his faire Sisters fake, of which you may hear more hereafter; in the mean, bear your selfe faire and free, as if you knew him not, and I'le work him to your end, never fear it.

*Dorc.* You are a noble Spokefman.

[*Bawd and Gabriel confer devoutly the while.*]

*Mad.* Truly, you speak most edifyingly.

*Enter Boy with Wine.*

*Mih.* Well-faid, give it to my brother. Drink to our Cousin, Brother.

*Gab.* I will, and to that vertuous Matron, whose care of her, I hope, tends unto good edification. — Truly the wine is good, and I was something thirsty.

*Mad.* Best drink again then, Sir.

*Gab.* I will follow your motherly advice. [*Drinks.*]

*Mih.* 'Twill work, anon, I hope.

*Gab.* And you have travelled, Cousin. I may suppose you brought this well-disposed Gentlewoman from *Amsterdam* with you. And this unto your welcome, hoping I shall be informed by you how the two zealous brethren thrive there? that broke in *St. Hellens*.

*Mad.* Of that or anything sir, pray drink again, sir.

*Mih.* You Jade you, hold your tongue.

*Enter Nick, Anthony, Clotpoll, Bettie, Frank.*

*Nick.* O, are ye here Gallants! I made all the haste I could, but was stayed, I vow, by the bravest sport, baiting of a fellow or two with our Pusse-cats here. I could e'ne find in my heart to marry 'em both for their valours.

*Dorc.* Those words are daggers.

*Mih.* I pray difsemble your paffion.

*Nick.* What? are you acquainted already?

*Mich.* Did I not tell thee ſhe was a brave Madona?

*Mih.* How long have you had acquaintance with her, *Nick*?

*Nick.* Never ſaw her before this morning, I, ſtanding upon her Belconee.

*Gab.* Truly Couſin, I think 'twas you that I ſaw today too, ſtanding upon a Bellconee.

*Nick.* You ſpell very modeſtly, ſir. Your brother, I take it. But did you call her Couſin, ſir.

*Gab.* Yes ſir, ſhe is my Couſin.

*Mih.* 'Twill out too ſoon. Why *Nick*, thou knoweſt theſe kinde of creatures call and are called Couſins commonly.

*Nick.* Yes, in their tribe. But I thought he had been too holy for them. But Dammy——

*Gab.* O fearfully prophane!

*Nick.* You ſaid you had a ſtorie to relate, of dire miſfortune, and of unquoth hearing. I come to hear your ſtory, what ſtop you your eares at? ſir.

*Gab.* I dare not ſpeak it but in thy reproof. Thou ſwæreſt Gee o Dee, Dee a m thee, as I take it.

*Nick.* I vow thou lieſt, I called her *Dammy*, becauſe her name is *Damyris*.

*Gab.* I ſay thou lieſt, her name is *Dorcus*, which was the name of an holy woman. [Draw.

*Nick.* Shall we have things and things? I vow.

*Clot.* And I proteſt. [Draw.

*Mih.* This will ſpoil all. Brother, I pray forbear.

*Gab.* I may not forbear, I am moved for to ſmite him; yea, with often ſtripes to ſmite him; my zealous wrath is kindled, and he ſhall flie before me.

*Dorc.*



*Dorc.* Let me entreat you, fir. [*Gabriel.*

*Bet. Frank.* What furie's this? [*Mihil holds up.*

*Nick.* Great Damboys shrink, and give a little ground.

*Gab.* I will pursue him in mine indignation.

*Dorc.* O me!

*Gab.* And beat him into Potshards.

*Mad.* Now he has bang'd the Pitcher, he may do anything.

*Mih.* Pray brother, be persuaded.

*Clot.* A brother to be so controuled?

*Mih.* You fir, put up your Steel-stick.

*Clot.* I desire but to know first, if he be a brother.

*Mih.* Yes, marry is he, fir.

*Clot.* Sir, I am satisfied. So let him live.

*Gab.* Pray give me leave to ask you, do these men take part with the brethren?

*Mih.* Yes, and are brothers a little disguiz'd, but for some ends.

*Gab.* Some State-occasions.

*Mih.* Meer Intelligencers, to collect up such and such observations, for a great Separatist that is now writing a book against playing at Barlibreak, moulding of Cocklebread, and such like prophane exercises.

*Gab.* Truly such exercises are prophane exercises, that bear the denomination of good things ordained for mans use, as Barley, Cockles, and Bread are such things to be made sports and play-games? I pray you let me see these brethren again, to make my atonement with them. And are those Sisters too, that were with them?

*Mih.* O, most notorious ones, and are as equally disguiz'd to be as rank Spies as the other. S'lid man, and they should be taken for such as they are, they would be cut off presently. They came in this

mad humour to be merry with you for my sake.

*Gab.* Pray let 'em come again, I shall not be well until I have rendred satisfaction.

*Mih.* You must do as they do then, or they will think you are a Spie upon them.

*Gab.* I will be as merry as they, let wine be given unto us.

*Mih.* More wine, Boy, and bid'em all come in.

*Ex Boy.*

*Dorc.* Alas, Cousin, let him drink no more.

*Mih.* Fear nothing, Cousin, it shall be for his good and yours, as I will order it.

*Enter Nick, Anthonie, Clotpoll, Bettie, Frank.*

*Drawer with wine.*

*Mih.* All welcome, not any repetition, but begin anew.

*Gab.* I will begin it, two glasses : it shall be a faithful Salutation to all the Brothers and Sisters of.—

*Clot.* The Blade and the Scabberd.

*Nick.* It shall go round.

*Ant.* I'le swear you do not well to let him drink so.

*Mih.* Well said civil Roarer.

*Gab.* Let it go round, go to, you are a wag. I know what you mean by the Blade and the Scabberd.

*Clot.* Who could have thought this had been such a brother.

*Gab.* Nay, who could have thought you had been of the brethren.

*Nick.* Brethren sir, we are the Brothers.

*Gab.* Yea, the disguiz'd ones.

*Nick.* How ? disguiz'd ones ?

*Mih.* Do not crosse him again. If thou doest, and I do not maul thee. Yes, brother, these are vertu-

ous

ous men howe're they seeme.

*Nick.* I vow, I have so much vertue as to rebuke thee for lying. But we are brethren, sir, and as factious as you, though we differ in the Grounds; for you, sir, defie Orders, and so do we; you of the Church, we of the Civil Magistrate; many of us speak i'th' nose, as you do; you out of humility of spirit, we by the wantonnesse of the flesh; now in devotion we go beyond you, for you will not kneel to a ghostly father, and we do to a carnal Mystresse.

*Mih.* I'le stop your mouth, you said you came to be merry.

*Nick.* Yes, I vow, and brought Fiddlers along, but they must play i'th next room, for here's one breaks all the Fiddles that come in his reach. Come sir, will you drink, dance, and do as we do?

*Gab.* I'le drink, I'le dance, I'le kisse, or do any thing, any living thing with any of you, that is Brother or Sister. Sweet-heart let me feel thy Coney.

*Mih.* I now he's in. Play Fiddlers. Dance.  
All bravely perform'd, admirably well done, &c.

*Nick.* I vow, thou art a brother after my own heart. [To Gabriel.

*Women.* We cannot commend you, enough, sir.

*Gab.* This done in civil sort among our selves, I hope, will prove no scandal to a brother.

*Nick.* 'Twill prove an honour to our faction.

*Gab.* I thirst to do it honour.

*Clot.* Give him some wine, he thirsts.

*Mih.* Thou little dapper thing, thou, hold thy peace.

*Ant.* Thou seest he can scarce stand.

*Gab.* No, my religious brethren, no more wine. Enough's a feast, and little doth suffice.

I thirst to do some honour to our cause. To lead

forth legions to fight a battel 'gainst our malignant adversaries.

*Nick.* Brave.

*Gab.* Such an employment now would make me famous, for my sufficiency of Art in Armes.

*Nick.* I vow, this man has hidden things in him.

*Mih.* He has as brave a warlike spirit, man, before his precise humour tainted it, as ever breath'd in *Hector*.

*Nick.* I vow then, a good orderly diet of nothing but sack for a week together, would revive it in him, and bring it to good again.

*Mih.* I hope, 'tis done already.

*Ant.* How do you, sir?

*Gab.* I feare some Jesuitical fumes have invaded my Brain pan. All me thinks goes whirley, whirley, whirley.

*Ant.* Best lie down upon a bed. Drawer!

*Gab.* Souldiers must not be curious. A Bench or any thing.

*Draw.* The Gentleman may have a bed here, an't please you. But sir, there's an old angry Gentleman below, that asks for you, and by all description for that mortified Gentleman. And will by all meanes presse into your room here.

*Mih.* It is my father.

*Dorc.* O me! What shall I do?

*Mad. Bet. Fran.* We shall all be clap't up.

*Mih.* Fear nothing, veil your face a little; Who is with him?

*Draw.* Nobody but his old Servingman, that it seems discover'd you. You may put this Gentleman into this inner room, and keep the Key your selfe. I know not what charge he has about him.

*Mih.* Admirable honest fellow.

*Draw.* And you may tell your father he is gone, for he is gone you see.

*Nick.*

*Nick.* I vow, a wit.

*Draw.* Now if you'll be civil, I may bring him up to you, if not, because he is your father, we'll thrust him out of doors, an't please you.

*Mih.* Notable rascal, well fir, let him up. I know how to fit him.

*Dorc.* But this delays my busineffe, Cousin, and will, I fear, frustrate my hopes.

*Mih.* Not hinder any thing, I'le warrant thee, he's thine, Play Fidlers, t'other dance.

*Nick.* I vow.

*Clot.* Will you! protest.

*Ant.* You are not wilde?

*Mad.* Come Wenches, if he venture in his father's fight, shame take us and we blush. [*Dance.*

*Enter Crofwill, Belt.*

*Croff. Belt.* And I had not sold all my land to live upon my money in Town here, out of danger of the Statute, I would give thee a Copihold for this discovery.

*Belt.* I thank your worship, and truly 'tis a goodly fight, me thinks, an't please your worship.

*Croff.* I'm glad it likes you. Heigh, excellent good again. Heigh, Heigh, what an happineffe may fathers boast, that can bring their children up to this. (*Dance ended*) I cry ye mercy, Gentlemen all, Ha! I am forry I interrupted your serious private occasions.

*Nick.* Would you speak with any here, fir?

*Mih.* It is my father, Gentlemen?

*Croff.* Thy father? hold thy peace; dar'ft thou use thy father thus? to spend thy time thus! ha! Is this place fit for the son of a Gentleman of quality? ha! why dost not answer me, does this company fort with thy reputation? ha!

(c)

*Mih.*

*Mih.* Sir, the company. —

*Croff.* Hold thy peace, I say, or are these exercises allowable for a Gentleman, that ever said or heard Grace at his fathers Table? answer me that.

*Mih.* An't please you, Sir.

*Croff.* Hold thy peace when I bid thee.

*Nick.* The company, sir, offends not you, I hope, you see the worst of us.

*Croff.* In good time, sir, you are the distracted Gentleman, I take it, that ask't him if he would moot to night? Is this your mooting? do you put cafes to your Wenches, or they to you?

*Nick.* I vow thy father talkes too much.

*Croff.* Which are the better Lawyers? ha!

*Mad.* But that you are his father, sir, and an old man, and he an honest young Gentleman, and our friend, we would tell you.

*Croff.* I thank you for him, yes truly, heartily; and for your good opinion of him, heartily. Pray keep him amongst you while you have him, for I'll ha' no more to say to him, I. Is your Invectives against drinking, wenching, and the abomination of the times come to this? is this your spending of time more pretious then money? is it you that knows not what to do with money but to buy books; and were drawn with such unwillingness to a Tavern? ha! you shall graze upon *Littletons* Commons, or eat nothing but books, an't please you, for any exhibition thou ever get'st from me——And in that faith thou hast lost a father. Come sir, you have brought me to a goodly fight here; would any Villain but thy selfe have shewed his Master light to see so much woe! Thy Coxscombe shall yet pay for't.

*Belt.* O sir, O.

*Croff.* This was your trim fight, was it?

*Belt.* O.

*Croff.*

*Croff.* But well remembred. Pray where's your brother? my fon I would fay; for I know no brother nor father thou haft. Where is *Gabriel*?

*Mih.* He is not here, fir.

*Croff.* Did you not tell me, Sirrah, he was here?

*Belt.* I told you then too much. I feel it here.

*Mih.* He was here, fir, but he is gone, fir.

*Croff.* So, fo, he's loft. He muft be cried, or we fhall never finde him.

*Mih.* I'll warrant you, I'll find him yet to night, fir. Pray Gentlemen pay you the Reckoning, I'll wait upon my father home.

*Croff.* Was that spoke like a fon of mine? muft others pay your reckoning, and I in place; take that, and do not make me mad. And why fhould you home with me? I pray, fir.

*Mih.* Befcaufe fir, it grows dark, and 'tis the worft way as it is about the town; fo many odde holes a man may flip into; pray take me with you fir.

*Croff.* Pray take no care for me, fir, and let the way be as it is. Do not think me worfe at it in the dark then your felf, I befeech you. But you talk't of the Reckoning, pray let not the want of money for that hinder the fearch of your brother. There's towards your paines for that; and fo for a farewell to you and your friends here, till I hear thou keep'eft better company, let me hear no more of thee.

[*Ex. Croff. and Belt.*]

*Mih.* There was no way to get this money, and be rid of him, but to offer him my fervice. He would have driven me out before him elfe. But come, let's fee my brother that went to fleep in fo warlike a Paffion. I hope he'll wake in a better.

*Nick. Mun Clotpoll,* thou art dull.

*Clot.* No, I proteft, but ftuck with admiration at the old Blades humour.

*Nick.*

*Nick.* Come, *Dammy* and the rest, be merry. I vow, we'll sup together, and so at last hear all thy dismal story.

*Mik.* I mean he shall, and such an Audit make, As shall restore her honour from the stake.

*Ex. Omnes.*

ACT V. SCÆN. I.

*Enter Croffewill Solus.*

*Croff.* **W**HAT has this Coxscombe *Cockbrayne* writ me here? That he desires his absence be excus'd. What have I to do with him? when I send for him, let him come to me. That he is upon a point of discovery in a most excellent project for the weeding of this Garden? what Garden? what project? A project he says here for the good of the Republike, Repudding. This fellow has in stead of braines, a Cob-web in his Noddle, with little straws, feathers, and wings of dead Butterflies hanging in it, that having motion by his aery fancie, there dance and keep a Racket; 'tis to teach women silence, or some such foolish impossibility. He is ambitious to be call'd into authority by notice taken of some special service he is able to do the State aforehand. But what great service he is able to do it, or which way to undertake it, falls not in the reach of my imagination. But good Mr. *Croffwill*, by your favour now, what reason have you to slight or wrangle at this man? this honest *Cockbrayne*? that has alwayes been a constant friend to you, and officious in many good wayes, and is a Gentleman, not only of good descent and estate, but of a good disposition. And you two, Mr. *Croffewill*, by your leave, have alwayes agreed like  
neigh-



neighbours children. I, the divel was in't, and now he vexes me again ; we agreed in one point so well, that we have undone a couple of our children by it, and hindred the getting of I know not how many more. His son and my daughter should have married. And on a sudden he and I both consented to a dislike of the match and broke it, and have both repented it an hundred times since. We agree very wel in that point ; and now is his son irrecoverably lost, and my daughter resolutely bent to be an Ape-leader in *Limbo*. But whats all this to the affliction I suffer in my sons now ? that one of them from a riotous boy, should grow into a Puritanical Woodcock ; and the tother from a civil well-qualified fellow, turn'd absolute Ruffian. There, there, I there's the devil in't. I could beat my selfe for getting such children.

*Enter Belt.*

See, see, my Master for want of other company fallen out with himself, and it please you, sir.

*Croff.* It does not please me, nor thou pleasest me, nor any thing pleases me. The world's bent to crosse me, and thou shalt feel it.

*Belt.* O good sir.

*Croff.* Is it not so, sir, was not that dunce *Gabriel*, a most notorious wilde thing

Before he steer'd a Religious course ? but then he run so full a faile, that he pass'd and was beyond the line of Religion before he was aware ; and as he pass'd it under the torrid Zone of Zeale, the Calenture took him o'the pate, that he is mad with it, and as far beyond Religion now as it is to it.

*Belt.* Sir, there's hope that he may be fetch't halfe way back again, by your fatherly advicement, and become a sound man.

*Croff.* And then was not *Mihil* so civil, that he made me even sick to see him. And now is he flouen out as far into riot t'other way.

*Belt.* But he, sir, will appear a present comfort to you, he is reclaim'd already ; you shall never see such a Reformation in a Gentleman.

*Croff.* What's this you tell me? ha!

*Belt.* He has cast off his long-curl'd haire and all.

*Croff.* He had been better have cut his head off. Where is he!

*Belt.* Below sir, and a Gentlewoman with him, but very much afraid to appear to you. I never saw a man so timoursome.

*Croff.* Do you think it fit that I should go down to him, or he come up to me, sir, ha!

*Belt.* I'll fetch him, here's a life! *Ex.*

*Croff.* I charg'd he should not come at this house too, for fear he might be catch'd with this mechanic fellows daughter, though her portion be a round one. And let him take heed he look not at her.

*Enter Mihil and Madge.*

Blesse me! what changeling is this? he's in his Brothers cut.

*Mih.* Sir,—— Sir.——

*Croff.* Would you speak with any here, sir, do you know me. I know not you, I assure you.

*Mih.* The sence of your late displeasure, sir, has so humbled me into the knowledge of my self, that on the wings of true obedience, I flew after you to make a childes submission at your feet, to crave your pardon for my riotous transgression, and to ask your blessing.

*Croff.* A delicate speech, pray take it for fashion-fake. But if I know how to look towards thee.

*Mih.* Pray sir, bestow it really upon me.

*Croff.*

*Croff.* God bleffe thee, I say, and so much many honest men bestow daily on sons that are none of their own; if thou beest mine, how camest thou thus like a fellow that had narrowly scap'd the Pillorie, and brag'd in the publication of his eares? not an hair left to hide them.

*Mih.* To shew my readinesse to reform my life, fir. And yet a willingnesse withal to live, as well, as civilly, in which I am in all humilty to preferre a fuit to you. You know, fir, I am but a younger brother.

*Croff.* What will this come to?

*Mih.* Here is a widow, fir, a Gentlewoman of great estate, and of a well-known life. Antient she is, and has had husbands. How many?

*Mad.* Foure truly, fir.

*Mih.* Foure fir, I would not lie. Of which the worst spoke well of her on's death-bed.

*Croff.* What's that to me or thee? come to the point.

*Mih.* I have all wo'd and wonne her, fir, and crave but your good-will to marry her. I have brought a Church-man and a Kinsman to give her.

*Croff.* Why so, what needs two words then? do you think I can deny you?

*Mih.* If he does grant it, 'tis the first request that e're he granted in his life. Sure the old Match-maker the devil thinks I am in earnest to marry this beast. And puts a readinesse in his hand to forward it.

*Croff.* Widow, you are welcome. Why call you not your Priest? or tarry fir, let me question you but a little, Do you think seriously you love this widow?

*Mih.* Better then many men love their wives, I am persuaded.

*Croff.*

*Croff.* 'Tis very well, what children have you widow?

*Mad.* Never had any, Sir.

*Croff.* Very well still.

*Mih.* Nor ever like to have any, fir, thats the comfort. We shall live at the lesse charge.

*Croff.* Thou art a covetous and a preposterous Knave. Wouldst thou bury up thy youth in barren ground? doest seek after wealth, and not after issue? doest love to feed on other mens leavings? or travel only in a beaten path? ha!

*Mih.* A man goes certaineft on his journey fo, fir, and lesse trouble it is you know to go in at a great gate, then a narrow wicket.

*Croff.* You have faid enough, fir, and delight to crosse me; but I'le crosse you for once, and lay a crosse upon you, shall perhaps carry you to your grave. Go, fetch your Priest.

*Mih.* I'le face it as far as I dare. I hope I shal have the grace to pull my hand from the book when it comes so far. *Ex.*

*Croff.* Widow, you are resolv'd to have him too.

*Mad.* Before all men i'th'world by your fair leave, fir.

*Croff.* You shall not have him.

*Mad.* Without your free consent, I will not.

*Croff.* I am resolv'd I'le do it. And 'twill be the best crosse trick that e're I did in my life. Pray let me speak in some more private with you.

*Mad.* If I but 'scape *Bridewell*, I care not.

*Scan. 2. Enter Mihil, Anthonie, Katharine, Parson.*

*Mih.* Now *Tonic*, she is thine own, Now Sister *Kate*, he's thine. The Priest has pronounc't it. I say, Amen to't. And heaven give you joy.

*Kat.*

*Kat.* Now you have done the best brotherly office that ever made a Sister happy.

*Ant.* And the friendliest to a friend. We have been casting for it, Sweet, this Twelve moneth, and Heaven pardon me. I vow'd never to take acquaintance of my father till 'twere effected. Although I know of late he has been willing.

*Kat.* And so is mine, I know, but yet he swore, that I should match myself before he knew't, or I should never marry.

*Mih.* You'll finde him of another minde towards me, and force me into wedlock presently.

*Kat.* You have ta'ne the likeliest course that could be. But what is your disguiz'd woman Brother.

*Mih.* What you shall never know, Sister, I hope.

*Enter* Croffewill, Rookesbill, Lucie, Madge.

*Croff.* Come sir, I have broken off the match with your widow; and she's content to leave you as she found you. And now take me this pretty, simpring, plump-lip't, ruddie-cheek't white-neck't, long-finger'd Virgin in hand, or I will fwindge you, Sirrah, look to't. If you cannot live civilly with a young wife, you cannot but be mad with an old, I think. Besides, she's a friends daughter of mine, and prepar'd by her discreet father here to love you. Come, and kisse her, quickly, Sirrah.

*Mih.* I cannot do't for all the wealth in the world.

*Croff.* How's that?

*Mih.* Kisse a Maid I never saw above twice in my life.

*Croff.* He will have me think him a bastard, do I what I can. Canst thou see a Maid twice, and not kisse her?

(c)

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*Mih.*

*Mih.* Yes, twenty times, fir, and not kisse her, or if once, not above, fir.

*Cross.* But you shall kisse her above and below, fir, and in every room o'th' house, fir, before you part. Stand faire pretty one.

*Luc.* I know not how to do't.

*Rook.* You were not best let me instruct you. I can be angry too.

*Luc.* His back side's toward me.

*Cross.* Turne your self, Sirrah, or I'll turne you. Go to, bend your body a little and be hang'd. So now come your way, and say after your little Sir *John* here, I *Mihil take thee*, *Lucie*, &c. As learning shall enable him to proceed without book.

*Rook.* Pray let 'em do it in the next chamber, they are too bashful afore us. There are witnessess enough. Go all in, I pray you.

*Mih.* Widow, will you give me leave to obey my father?

*Mad.* With all my heart, and say *Amen* to the marriage.

*Cross.* I think I shall have my will at last upon one of my rebellious off-spring.

*Rook.* And now, pray give me leave, fir, to let you know how happy I do hold my selfe in this marriage. I did like this Son better then the other before. And now I like him better then I did at my former view of him, by some Reformation that I do observe in him. And I do not a little rejoyce in the honour I may have to call you brother.

*Cross.* That very word brother out of his mouth has turn'd my stomach. I must pull all in pieces again. And yet let me see these young bloods when they are set on't; if they do not marry, they will do worfe. Let 'em e'ne go on now.

*Rook.* You may easily conceive, fir, what a comfort

fort it will be unto me, that I now growing old, and having (I give praise for't) wealth enough, and no childe that I make account of but this one daughter, may, before I die, see Grandchildren that I may have by her sufficiently provided for, be they more or lesse in number, they may have enough.

*Cross.* There he is again, he calls my Grandchildren that shall be, his Grand-children. Am I a Gentleman, and can hear this? if it be not too late, I'll spoile the getting of your Grand-children.

*Enter all again.*

*All.* Heaven give you joy. Heaven give you joy.

*Cross.* What, are you married?

*Parf.* I do pronounce them man and wife.

*Ant. Mad. Kat.* And we are witnesses.

*Crosse.* What remedy?

*Mih. Luc.* We are, and crave your blessings.

*Cross. Rook.* All blessings be upon you, (all salute).

*Cross.* But you, sir, Mr. *Bridegroom.*

*Mih.* I'll only gratifie the Minister.

*Cross.* Do so, and pay him well, it is, perhaps, for the dearest fault that e're thou didst.

*Mih.* There's for your paines, sir. *Madge,* there's for you. Enough to purchase thee a Licence to sell Ale, Tobacco, and Strong-water again in Codpiece-Rowe, for here will be no dwelling for thee, I see that.

Now, brother *Anthony,* go you all back to the company we left, and see that my Instructions be followed concerning my brother *Gabriel, Nick,* and his *Dammie.*

(c)

G 2

*Ant.*

*Ant.* All, all.

*Kat.* Shall he go from me?

*Mih.* Yes, but you shall follow him presently, trust to me Sister. Go, take no leave of 'em. I'll bring 'em upon you presently.

*Cross.* Are you at leisure now, sir, to tell me of your brother.

*Mih.* Yes, to my grief, sir, praying you may have patience.

*Cross.* To your grief, sir, he is not dead then? Younger brothers seldom grieve for their Elders death.

*Mih.* Pray bear it as you may, sir. I left him in an heavy plight. And let me speak it with sorrow, he lay speechlesse.

*Rook.* Alack-a-day, good Gentleman, my son-in-law, perhaps, is heire already.

*Cross.* And hast thou been here all this while fooling or wiving (all's a matter) & left thy brother in danger? ha!

*Mih.* He's well attended, sir, and look't unto. Nor would I wish you see his weak estate.

It can but grieve you, sir, my wife and sister, together with my self, will go. Or if

It please my father *Rooksbill* here, because his power in this quarter is available.

*Cross.* Go, shew the way. I'll go in person, I. My son's my son.

*Mih.* Nay, pray sir.

*Cross.* Yes, cause you have a wife, you shall controul me. Will you go on, sir.

*Mih.* Well, I'll bring you to him, sir.

*Luc.* What was your widow, sir, she stunk of *Aquavitæ*, fearfully.

*Mih.* I'll tell thee as we 'go. Kisse. *Exeunt.*



*Scen. 3. Enter* Clotpoll, Dorcas, Nick.

*Nick.* What a drunken sot was I, that knew thee not all this while? I vow, thy story pities me. I'll marry thee, and turne thee to thy friends, for I am fure I have none that will keep thee for my sake.

*Dorc.* I ask no further satisfaction of you, then to be honested by marriage. I'll work for a poor living.

*Nick.* Prithee *Mum* seek me a Priest.

*Clot.* I have no acquaintance in their function, I.

*Dorc.* My Cousin *Mihil* said he would bring or send one.

*Nick.* There's no starting, that *Mihil* has a fist over me. I vow, and thou wert not his Kinf-woman, thou should to the Common yet.

*Clot.* Father, how come you hither?

*Capt.* Did not the company send for me?

*Nick.* I vow, not we.

*Capt.* The City-mouth, that peck't us at my lodging last night, came to me with an abominable scratch't face, and warn'd me on a businesse hither.

*Nick.* I smell some trick.

*Clot.* Some treacherie upon the brotherhood, perhaps.

*Nick.* Timorous thing! what in our own Quarter?

*Capt.* If you doubt any thing, 'tis best remove.

The fellow was forely handled.

*Nick.* I would but see the carcass of authority prance in our Quarter, and we not cut his legs off. Welcome *Tonie*, what hast thou brought the word here to passe for the Reckoning.

*Enter Ant. Parson.*

*Ant.* Come, you must make a wedding-night on't  
*Nick, Mihil* will go no lesse.

*Nick.* My vow is pass'd, and before you, fir, I confirm it. This is my wife. Anon, your shall perform the holy Ceremony.

*Ant.* 'Tis well, pray fir, retire yourself to the next room there awhile, and stay you with him, Lady.

But what do you with *Gabriel*? Is it not time to wake him yet?

*Clot.* 'Tis now upon the point, h'as slept two hours.

*Nick.* Father, you'll see a brave experiment upon a Gentleman that has been a youth.

*Clot.* And of the *Philoblasthici*, as we are now.

*Nick.* And since was grown one of the reformed, and we are now in practice to retrieve, and bring him back to his first condition.

*Ant.* Have you followed all *Mihils* directions?

*Nick.* Hitherto we have. First, you saw he was laid defunct in Sack, next in his sleep, we have accoutred him in martial abliments; and now we mean to wake him with alarmes shall affright the silly humour out of him, and render him his warlike faculty, or our Art failes.

*Ant.* Where be the Wenches?

*Clot.* The Sisters of the Scabberd, there's the sport on't. They have their parts to play upon him too. But for his drink now when he wakes, you said you would have a bottle of the womans what do you call't yonder? the *Medea*.

*Capt.* What? the charm'd liquor that *Medea* brew'd to make old father *Æson* young again?

Must that renew his youthful spirit in him?

*Nick.*

*Nick.* No, Sack will do better. When he wakes he will be very dry, then a quart-draught of good Canarie will so screw him up. 'Tis time 'twere now in practice. So, softly, softly. We must but halfe wake him at first. *(A Bed put forth, Gabriel on it, Bettie and Frank.*

*Gab.* O some small drink.

*Nick.* Here, drink it off, sir, *(Drinks)* Drum and Trumpet. An Alarm.

*Gab.* Surpriz'd by th'emie, whilest we have plaid the Sluggard in our Tents.

*Capt. Nick. Clot.* Hold Captain, hold, we are your souldiers.

*Gab.* Y'are Mutineers, and have disturb'd my rest. And I'le do Martial Justice on you all.

*Nick.* I vow, hold, are you mad?

*Gab.* Know you not discipline? or are you grown rebellious in the Camp. I'le teach you warfare.

*Capt.* You have conjur'd a fury into him to beat us into fitters.

*Clot.* My pate bleeds for't, I protest.

*Gab.* I'le make you know command.

*Ant.* Noble Commander, hold thy furious hand, and heare thy souldiers speak.

*Gab.* What have we women for our Martial Musick?

*Clot.* None but the She-Trumpet, a neighbour here, and her Sister, that was Drum-major to my Countrey- Amazons, that pull'd up the Inclosures to lie all in Common.

*Gab.* Is the enemy i'th' field?

*Nick.* Upon their march, Captain, and we your officers: But rowl'd you up to be in readinesse.

*Gab.* You are my Lieutenant, you my Ancient, and you two my Sergeants; and you must know

the Commander you serve under, to be none of those Letter-carriers that know not so much as the termes of discipline, what a Flanker is, Nor a Raveling is. Nor a Petarre is. Nor a Curtain is. Nor a Bulwark is. Nor a Bastile is. Nor a Counterscarp is. Nor a Cafemate is. A Gabion is: Nor any left word of fortification. How can such fresh-water Captains command?

*All.* Right noble Colonel. He shall be our Colonel.

*Clot.* One souldier made up of Sack, is worth as many as would drink a fresh water river dry.

*Gab.* I knew, men of abilities should at last be put in action.

Valiant men and wife,  
Are only fit for weighty enterprife.

*All.* O noble Colonel.

*Gab.* What would an upstart Militafer now, That knew no rudiments of discipline, nor Art of warre, do in a sudden service? or say, when I know how to have my Ordnance planted here, my Cavalrie mounted here, my Battery-discoverer on such a point, my Trenches cut thus, my mine carried thus, my Gabions rais'd thus. Here my Parapet, there my Pallisadoe o'th' top of that. The enemy made saltable six hundred paces there. And I draw out my Musketeers to flank 'em in their Trenches here, while my Pikes and Targeteers advance to the breach there. What would Captain, my Lords man, or Sergeant-major, my Ladies Kinsman, sent in by honourable favour, do or say in such an expedition?

*All.* Braver and braver still.

*Clot.* This goes beyond the Blade and the Battoon.

*Gab.* Or how would their braines lie in their breeches

breeches, when the able Captain leads up his men in the Head of a Troop bravely, charges with his shot, makes a stand with his Pikes, does execution with his Sword, the Cannon playing, the Drum beating, the Shot thumping, the Ensignes waving, the Armes clashing, the Aire rending, Dust and Smoke clouding, Blood raining. And then to bring up such a division to fight, make good such a Ground, relieve such a Squadron, fetch off such a losse, r'enforce the Ranks that are broken. March on, Come off. Beat the Bessognes that lie hid in the Carriages. O the renowned life of a worthy Commander.

*Nick.* Sound Drum and Trumpet.

*All.* A Colonel, a Colonel.

*Enter Crofwill, Rooksbill, Mihil.*

*Croff.* Whither hast thou brought me? does thy brother lie speechlesse in this house? ha! what in the name of tumult can these be?

*Mih.* Pray sir, attend, you will be pleased anon.

*Gab.* A still march now. So, I have lost a great many of my men. But courage yet, you poor remainder of my scatter'd Troops. Stand. *Qui vala.* An Ambuscado of the enemy. *Alarme.* Lieutenant, charge in with your Shot. Now Gentlemen, for the honour of *Covent-Garden*, make a stand with your Pikes; in to the short sword; well fought, take Prisoners. Sound a Retreat now. Faire, faire i'th' coming off. So, 'twas bravely perform'd.

*Clot.* Must we not fall to rifling now, Colonel.

*Mih.* Part faire on all sides, Gentlemen.

*Gab.* What's this, a vision, sure I do aile something.

*Croff.* Is't possible it is thou? art thou run mad as far as hell the tother way now. *Rook.*

*Rook.* My wicked, caitiffe, reprobate fon is here too. Pray let me flee. I am but a dead man else.

*Mih.* You fhall receive no harm, fir. Lay by your Armes my Mafters. I bring none but friends.

*Nick.* Thou canft not make that good, my father's there.

*Mih.* I'll make him friends with thee. Go and difpatch within.

*Ant.* I'll fee it done, and take our new made Brides with us for witneffes. [*Ex. Nick. Ant. Kat. Luc.*]

*Rook.* Has his fhame yet taught him to fhunne my fight.

*Mih.* And fhall returne him instantly your comfort.

*Rook.* Unpoffible, unpoffible.

*Mih.* Attend the event.

*Croff.* I rather thought I fhould have found you, fir, difputing with the Paftors, and the Elders; yet to fay truth, this is the better madneffe. What can this mean? how came he thus tranfated? what Charmes, or what Inchantments are upon him?

*Gab.* What *Babel* was a building in my braines? But now it turnes, and I can recollect  
The knowledge of a father, brother, Sister.  
And that a thoufand vain imaginations,  
Like scatterings of light things upon the earth,  
Rufhes, loofe leaves, fprigs, ftraws, and dust  
Contracted by a whirlwinde, were blowen up,  
And lodg'd in the rich Seat of Contemplation,  
Ufurping there the room of vertuous thoughts.  
Honour awake me from this Lethargie.

*Croff.* What can thofe women that appear like furies be in this action?

*Mih.* They were but uf'd as properties to give new motion to this mortified condition.

*Croff.* I know not what to fay to any thing; there  
is

is some Spell upon me too. My anger has forfook me. What are those men that bear a countenance. As if they stood indifferently affected to *Bedlam* and *Bridewell*.

*Clot.* Meaning by us, fir. If our fight offend you, Know we are men that dare forbear the place.

*Capt.* I son, let's go, our stay is dangerous. They look like peace-maintainers, we'll fall off.

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* O tarry, Gentlemen, we are all undone else. If you make not your peace before you stir, both you and I must suffer.

*Capt.* What's the matter?

*Vint.* The Magistrates and Officers with their Billmen ta'ne us by surprize. They are i'th' house.

*Bett.* O me! the blew Gown Colledge.

*Fran.* Wheels and whips. I feel what we must go to. Did not I say our stay was dangerous?

*Clot.* Did not I say there was some subtle practice upon the *Philoblatici*? and that we were betrayed hither?

*Vint.* There's no escaping forth. And Gentlemen, It will but breed more scandal on my house, and the whole plantation here, if you now make rebellious uproar. Yield your weapons, and welcome Justice but like subjects new, and peace will follow.

*Clot.* But where's *Nick*? where's *Tonic*?

*Mih.* They shall yield up their weapons. So do you.

*Capt.* Yes yes, 'tis best.

*Clot.* Shall we, fir, shall we?

*Mih.* Yes fir, you shall.

*Clot.* So, fir, I will then, not the Blade alone.  
But





Weeder of this Garden. Take up those She weeds there. I have the rank one here. I took her stragling in my Round e'ne now.

*Rook.* My Tenant, I take it, Mrs. *Margerie Howlet.*

*Crof.* Your widow fir, I think.

*Mih.* But for a shift fir, now you know my aim.

*Mad.* O good your worship, as you came of a woman.

*Cock.* Peace Circes, cease thy charmes. What cluster have we here now. O here's another of the fons of noise.

*Rook.* That's my fon now, fir, by your leave, and I'll baile him.

*Cock.* What Mr. *Rooksbil*, are you here? what woman's this?

*Crof.* My Neece, fir, his fons wife. And I'll baile her.

*Cock.* What Mr. *Crofwill*, you among this Ginge too?

How will you 'scape commitment?

*Croff.* Why, Mr. *Cockbrayne*? how his braines crow now?

*Cock.* Who's here? your daughters too? but what are these?

*Crof.* I hope they'll prove my fons, and be indifferent men in time, fir, by that time their haire may grow, or be reduc't to an indifferent length.

*Mih.* That's done on me already, fir.

*Crof.* Now he looks as like a Rogue as e're he did again.

*Gab.* And fir, for me, now that my Cousin is restored, and the wilde fury of my wine abated.

I do you the obedience of a son, acknowledging my former formal habit wws more of stubbornesse then true devotion. For which I beg your pardon.

*Crof.* There's more deceit under these half Footballs, then in whole pudding-bags. Well boyes, be you indifferent sons, neither too hot nor too cold. I have found a fault in myself, I confesse. I will reform it, and be an indifferent father.

*Cock.* O here's the man I sought, whom, I confesse, I am half sorry to commit with the rest, because I found him civiller.

*Ant.* Hoping you will not stake that good opinion, I'll now come nearer to you. And since here is such a convention of love and joy. I hope my offering of a sons true duty may finde Idulgencie.

*Cock.* What? my son *Antonie*?

*Croff.* How? how? your son that should have had my daughter? Come hither *Kate*, now if thou lov'st him, take him. Are you content, friend *Cockbrayne*.

*Cock.* O sir, most happily.

*Crof.* Why run you not together?

*Ant.* It is too late, or needlesse now for me to marry her.

*Crof.* Is't come to that? and if I do not swindge him——. Are you too good, sir, for my daughter?

*Ant.* I do not say so, sir.

*Crof.* Hufwife, do you like him?

*Kat.* No more than he does me, sir.

*Crof.* Get you together, or I'll swaddle you both into one, you perverse fools.

*Ant.* The truth is, we are married already.

*Kat.* 'Tis so, indeed, sir.

*Crof.* Heyday! who am I trow? how durst you do it without my consent?

*Kat.* I had your consent, sir, you commanded me to take my choice in whom I pleas'd, before you would take notice.

*Crof.*

*Crof.* I cannot abide this wrangling, Give you joy.

*Cock.* Joy and my blessing on you. Why I know not whom to commit now.

*Crof.* You have done the Common-wealth a special piece of service the while with your State-braines. But let us make a night of this I pray.

*Cit.* Sir, the parties have given me satisfaction, and I am content they be releas'd.

*Crof.* There's an honest fellow now, and looks like one that would be beaten every day for ready money. Go now, while ye are well, and be seen no more in this Precinct.

*All.* Never and't please your worships, never.

*Crof.* 'Twas built for no such vermine. Hence away.

And may the place be purg'd fo every day.

'Tis no unworthy member may be found,

To pester or to vilifie this ground.

That as it was intended, it may be

A Scène for Vertue and Nobilitie.



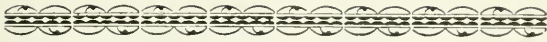
## EPILOGUE.

**T**IS not the Poets Art, nor all that we  
By life of Action can present on't, ye  
Can or ought make us presume a Play  
Is good, 'tis you approve't. Which that you may  
It cannot misbecome us, since our gaines  
Come by your favour, more then all our paines.  
Thus to submit us unto your commands,  
And humbly ask the favour at your hands.

Another.

*Tis done. And now that Poets can divine,  
Observe with what Nobility doth shine  
Faire Covent-Garden. And as that improves,  
May we finde like Improvement in your Loves.*

FINIS.



THE  
NEW ACADEMY,

Or, the

*NEW EXCHANGE.*





THE  
NEW ACADEMY  
Or, the  
NEW  
EXCHANGE.

---

BY RICHARD BROME.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Andrew Crook*, at the *Green Dragon* in  
Saint Pauls Churchyard: And *Henry Brome*,  
at the Gun, in Ivy Lane. 1658.





## The Actor's Names.

*Sir Swithin Whimlby, a melancholy Widower.  
Suitor to the Lady Nettlecock.*

*Old Matchil, a Merchant that married his Maid.  
Gabrialla's Guardian.*

*Young Matchil his sonne.*

*Old Lafoy a French Gentleman, a Guardian to young  
Matchil.*

*Young F. Lafoy his sonne.*

*Mr. Hardyman, Captain Valentines Father-in-law.  
Hannah's father.*

*Strigood, half brother to Matchil.*

*Valentine Askal, son-in-law to Hardiman. Han-  
nah's half-brother.*

*Erafmus a young Gentleman, his Companion and  
Friend.*

*Cash, Matchils Prentice.*

*Nehemiah Nettlecock, a foolish Gentleman, the  
Ladies sonne.*

*Ephraim, the Lady Nettlecocks Servant.*

*Rafe Camelion an uxorious Citizen.*

*A Footpost.*

Papillion	}	<i>Two Monsieurs,</i>	{ Philip	}	Matchils	}	<i>sons</i>
Galliard			alias				

### Women.

*Ladie Nettecock, a fond Mother.*

*Joyce, Matchils Daughter.*

*Gabriella, Lafoy's Daughter.*

*Mrs. Blithe Tripshort, Sir Swithin Whimlbies  
Neece.*

*Hannah, Camelions wife, Captain Hardimans  
daughter.*

*Maudlin, Matchils Maid and Wife.*

(c)





THE  
NEW ACADEMY,  
Or, the  
*NEW EXCHANGE.*

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Act I.

*Valentine, Erasmus.*

**I**S this the entertainment you promis'd me in the Jovial Merchants house? Is this the great interest you have in his huge hospitality? when by half an hours attendance and intreats we cannot obtain the sight of him.

*Er.* I wonder at it; Sure some strange disaster has suddenly befallen him. He was, last night the merriest man alive, drank healthes; told tales; sung Catches; *Trowle the Bowle; Tosse the Cannykin;* and what not! and all for joy, that his sonne, he said, was up on his returne, whom he has not seen these dozen years, since he sent him a little Lad into *France*, to be bred there.

*Val.* I heard he did so; and that in lieu, by way of

G

Ex-

Exchange, he brings up the daughter of the Parisien that breeds his sonne.

*Er.* Right.

*Val.* But is that daughter so exquisite a creature, as is this Merchant *Matchills* own whom you so much extoll?

*Er.* They are both so equally handsome, and vertuous, that, be their dowries so, and their consents alike, I'll take my choice of crosse and pile for either, with such a friend as thou art.

*Val.* Troth, and that's friendly spoken, *Mus.*

*Er.* It is so *Val.* yet not with some policie do I wish thee a fortune: for, insooth, young Gentleman, though I like your person, and some of your qualities, yet by reason of your wants, I finde you something heavy on my purse-strings; and my selfe scarce able to supply you. And, if we faile of good matches, I must even turne you over shortly to the hopes you boast of in your City-Mystresses and Tradefmens wives.—

*Val.* Peace, prythee hold thy peace.

*Enter Cash.*

Friend *Cash!* Is your Master, Mr. *Matchill* yet at leisure to be seen?

*Cash.* He much desires, sir, to be excus'd. 'Tis true that he invited you. His dinner's ready; and his heart welcomes you. But he has met with an unhappy newes to day.—

*Val.* I fear'd some ill. What is the matter?

*Cash.* His only sonne, whom he of late expected home out of *France*, we hear, is dead.

*Val.* His daughter will prove a bouncing match then.

*Cash*

*Cash.* That's the impression the heavy newes makes in you, Gentlemen.

*Er.* Come, let's go.

*Cash.* Nay, Gentlemen, although my Masters fudden sadneffe shuts him from you. His meat and wine are ready. There are some good company in his Parlour too, Pray stay.

*Val.* Are his faire daughter, and the *French-borne* Damsel there to be seen?

*Cash.* Both. Pray be pleas'd to enter.

I hope his passionate fit e're you have din'd will be past over. He is not wont to suffer long under the hand of sorrow.

'Tis like that you shall see him ere you go.

*Er.* In that faire hope we'll enter and fall to.

—*Ex. Val. Er.*

*Cash.* 'Tis like you shall fall short though of your aim  
At my young Mystresse, who by this black newes,  
Becomes my Masters heire, and so the white  
That all the gallant suiters of the City  
And Court will level their keen shafts at. Where  
Are mine own hopes then, that stood as faire  
In competition for her love as any,  
When the great noife of her inheritance,  
Shall drown each Lovers tongue, that cannot say,  
It is a Lords at least, I rather wish  
The young man had not di'd.

*Enter Strigood.*

*Stri.* Where's my Boykin? my Friskoe? my Delight? my *Cash*? by what better name can I call thee?

*Cash.* O me! Master *Strigood*, what make you here?

*Stri.* I come to comfort my brother in his sorrow,  
(c) H 2 row,

row. His sonne is dead, they say. Ha! Is't not so?

*Cash.* And he is almost dead with sorrow: Back sir.

The fight of you, that are his sole vexation, will make him mad.

*Str.* That is my way to cure him.

Madnesse drowns grief in any man.—*Probatum.*

*Cash.* Good Mr. *Strigood* depart.

*Str.* Good Mr. *Cash*, and Mr. *Matchils* man.

I'll see your Master. What! deny his brother?

His nowne natural brother? By the surer side too

We tumbled in one Pannier; though we had

Two Rippiers, Sweet sir, I am the elder too

*Strigood* was in my mother before *Matchill*

Therefore, because I have spent an estate

And he has got one, must not I maintain

My self the better man?

*Cash.* Yes: if you had the wherewithal.

*Stri.* Sir, you had been as good ha' held your tongue. Lend me some money *Cash*.

*Cash.* I have no money, sir, but what's my Masters.

*Str.* Whose money, sir, was that you played last night

Among the Knights and Braveries at the ordinary?

Gold by the handfuls, *Cash!* Lend me two pieces.

*Cash.* Speak lower, sir.

*Str.* Lend me three pieces, *Cash*.

Before I speak too loud, who's money's that

You use to weare abroad at Feasts and Revels

In silver lace and fatten; though you wait

At home in simple Serge, or broad-cloth, sir.

*Cash.* Be not so loud, I pray.

*Str.* Lend me five pieces.

I shall grow louder else. Who payes your Barber?  
I mean not for your Prentice pig-hair'd cut  
Your weare at home here; but your Periwigs;  
Your locks and Lady-ware that dangle in 'em,  
Like straws in the bush natural of a Bedlem?

*Cash.* What mean you Mr. *Strygood*.

*Stri.* I mean ten pieces now; I'll go no lesse.  
Do not I know your haunts?—

*Cash.* You may; you train'd one to 'em

*Stri.* Do not I know your out-leaps, and vagaries?  
Your tiring houses, where you shift your self,  
Your privy lodgings, for your trunks and punks?  
Your midnight walks and meetings? Come, the  
money.

And, hark thee, though thou undoe'st my brother  
by't.

I'll keepthy counsel: thou shalt find me vertuous.  
I want, he gives me nothing, and thou canst not  
Do him better service, then relieve his brother.

*Cash.* I am in; and must to hide my old faults, do  
—*Aside.*

Like an ill Painter, dawbe 'em o're with new.

*Stri.* Quickly. I shall grow loud again else *Cash.*

*Cash.* Sir, I am in your hands, here are ten pieces.  
I hope you will not thank my Master for 'm.

*Stri.* No, nor for all he has that comes through  
thy hands.

My nimble *Cash*; and from this I am sure,  
Though I were starving, I should finger nothing.

*Cash.* Will you go now?

*Stri.* I'll see him e're I go.

And dine, if there be meat i'th' house. What eaters  
Are there within? I'll draw a knife among 'em. *Ex.*

*Cash.* This desperate old Ruffian, would undo me,  
But he hopes to waste his brother by me.

He has spent himself to beggery; and would  
fall so. (c) H 3 But

But that he has pernicious fire in's brain,  
That raging spreads to ruine others with him.  
I must beware of him.

*Enter Lady Nettlecock, Ephraim.*

Is she come too ?

Then 'tis decreed, my Master must, from sorrow,  
suffer in madnesse.

*La.* Go home *Ephraim*.

And have a care you suffer not my boy  
To Straggle forth 'mong his unhappy playmates,  
For fear of mischief.

*Eph.* It shall be my care. ——— *Ex.*

*La.* What do you lock up my brother, ha? ———

*Cash.* H' has lock't himself up, Madam ; and  
will suffer

None to come at him, till his sorrowful fit  
Be somewhat over.

*La.* Not's own Sister, ha? ———

*Cash.* Nor his half brother neither : yet he's here.

*La.* Is he here, ha? That *Strygood*? Is he  
here?

Hang him old reprobate. And beshrew thy heart,  
For a young varlet, to call him our brother.

It is no marvel, if my brother *Matchil*

Lock up himself, and such a wickednesse

Be in his house, as is that *Strygood*, ha ———

Lethim take heed, he comes not in my Nayl-reach,

And call me Sister, or my Brother, brother,

Like a debauch'd old Villain, as he is.

O that my husband *Nestlcock* were alive,

But for three minutes, to send him to

*Newgate*, if he presume to call me Sister.

But I command you in my husbands name,

Who was a Justice, when he liv'd, to thrust him

Out of your Masters doors, my brothers house.

Left



Left I be sick with the loath'd sight of him.  
You will not disobey this, will you, ha?—  
If not, why stir you not? ha!—

*Cash.* I must remove  
This fit of her's. There's but one way to do it ;  
And that's to talk of her white boy, she's fond on.

*La.* Will you not send him packing, ha?—

*Cash.* First, Madam.

(By your good ladieships leave) how does your sonne  
Sweet Master *Nehemiah Nestlecock*?

*La.* I thank you courteous friend. In truth, last  
night,

One of my Coach-gueldings fell lame, and I,  
By that constrain'd to come afoot,  
Was forced to leave my boy at home ; or else  
He had come with me, to have been a comfort  
To his sad Uncle : But I would not now  
For twice my Gueldings price, my childe were here ;  
And that soule fiend i'th' house, whose very looks  
Would fright him into sicknesse.

*Cash.* O good Lady!

*La.* I can't so soon forget the fright he took  
At seeing the roguish Jugler once eat tow,  
And blow it out of's mouth in fire and smoke,  
He lay a fourtnight by't.

*Cash.* That's two yeares since.  
And he was then but young, he's now a man.

*La.* Alack a childe ; but going in's nineteenth year.  
Where's my Neece *Foyce*?

*Cash.* Within there Madam ; so is *Gabriella*  
The French young Gentlewoman to attend you.

*La.* I'll stay with them till I may see my brother.  
——*Ex.*

*Cash.* I hope old *Strygood*, who now on the sudden  
Hath slipt her memory, meets her by the eares first.

*Enter Matchil, an open letter in his hands.*

But the good minute's come, before I look't for't.  
My Master now appears. He looks most sourely,  
Expressing more of anger then of grief.  
I feare, old *Strygood* was so loud with me,  
That he hath over-heard us, and I shall break  
Before I am a Freeman.

*Mat.* Sorrow be gone  
And puleing grief away, whilest I take in  
A nobler and more manly Passion;  
Anger, that may instruct me to revenge.  
My childe is lost by treacherous neglect  
In that false Frenchman, to whose seeming care  
I trusted the chief comfort of my life;  
My Boy. Nay, read again, 'Tis written, (*Matchil*  
here, *reads.*)  
He was grown man.

*Cash.* His man, I think, he (*Cash listens to Mat-*  
said. *chil, and speaks aside.*)  
Does your man trouble you. I do not like that.

*Mat.* And here he writes that in his youthful spring  
And heat of spirit, he began to grow  
Intemperate and wilde——

*Cash.* Wilde! Are you there?

*Mat.* Which drew him on to riotous expence——

*Cash.* And there again, to riotous expence!  
'Tis I directly that he's troubled with.

*Mat.* And sometimes into quarrels. What o' that?  
In all this he was still mine own. O (*Mat. kisses*  
boy—— *the paper.*)

*Cash.* Some slave has writ some fearful information  
Against me, and he hugs and kisses it.

*Mat.* And had his Guardian had a feeling care  
(Hang his French friendship) over my dear childe,  
As I had over his, these youthful follies  
Might have be en-temper'd into manly vertues.

*Cash.*

*Cash.* I hear not that.

*Mat.* But I fall back agen.

From my revenge to grief. Away ; I will not.

[*He reads again.*]

Here's the death-doing point. These flight dif-  
orders.

In my young forward sonne (I find it here)  
Were, by his churlish and perfidious Guardian,  
Interpreted no lesse then Reprobation,  
And, by his ignorant cruelty, so punish'd.  
For, here he shuts his eare and door against him !  
When suddenly the loose licentious world  
Soothes on his youthful, injudicious courage  
To imminent destruction ; so being engag'd  
In a rash quarrel, he in duel fell.  
Th' Opponents sword was instrument ; yet I inferre.  
*Lofoy*, his Guardian was his murderer.  
Farewell, my boy ; and this is the last teare  
Thou shalt wring from me. Something I'll do,  
Shall shew a fathers love, and valour too.  
I'm young enough to draw a sword in *France*, yet.  
But first—Come hither, *Sirrah*.

*Cash.* Now it comes.

*Mat.* I purpose streight to order my estate  
Look that you forthwith perfect my Accompts ;  
And bring me all my books of debtor and creditor,  
Receipts and payments, what you have in wares,  
And what in cash, let me inform my self.

*Cash.* 'Tis as I fear'd.

*Mat.* I'll set all right and streight,  
All statutes, bonds, bills, and seal'd instruments  
That do concern me, I have in my Closet  
Or at my Councels, or my Scriveners.  
I'll call in them my selfe. Why dost thou look fo  
amaz'dly.

Would'ft

Would'ft have me yield a reafon? why, I'll tell thee  
 I mean to make a voyage; and, perhaps,  
 To fettle and proportion out my eftate  
 By Will, before I go. Do you as I command you.

*Cafh.* Whatever he pretends, I know his drift:  
 And, e're I'll be discover'd by my ftay;  
 Being run out, I'll choofe to run away.—*Ex.*

*Mat.* My daughter in the firft place muft be  
 car'd for.

I'll make her a good match. My next in blood then  
 My Knave half-brother, and my whole fool-ſiſter.  
 But the beſt is, her Ladifhip has enough;  
 And all I have, in *Strygoods* hands, were nothing.  
 Therefore I'll purpoſe nothing to him. Oh.

*Enter Joyce and Gabriella.*

The Joy and Torment of my life, at once  
 Appear to me. I muſt divide them, { *He thruſts off*  
 thus. { *Gabriella.*

Hence hated iſſue of my mortal foe  
 Whom I have fofter'd with a Parents Piety  
 As carefully and dearly as mine own.  
 While the inhumane cruelty of thy Sire  
 Has to untimely death expoſ'd my ſonne.  
 Thank me I kill not thee; ſo leave my houſe.  
 There's *French* enough in town, that may befriend  
 you.

To pack you o're to *Paris*; what's your own  
 Take w'ye, and go. Why cleave you to { To  
 her ſo? { *Joyce.*  
 Forſake her, caſt her off. Are not my words  
 Of force, but I muſt uſe my hands to part ye?

*Jo.* Deare, honour'd father, I beſeech you hear  
 me.

In parting us you ſeparate life from me,

And

And therein act a real crueltie  
On me your only childe, sharper then that,  
Which you can but pretend done by her father.

*Mat.* Durst thou speak so?

*Foy.* I cannot live from her.

*Mat.* O monstrous. Pray, your reason. Why not live?

*Foy.* You know, Sir, from our Infancie we have been,

Bred up together, by your tender care  
As we had been twin-borne, and equally  
Your own; and by a self-same education,  
We have grown hitherto, in one affection,  
We are both but one body, and one mind,  
What *Gabriella* was, I was, what I, was she.  
And, till this haplesse houre, you have enjoyn'd me,  
Nay, charg'd me on your blessing, not to arrogate  
More of your love unto my self, then her.

*Mat.* That was, 'cause I presum'd her father lov'd,  
Or should have lov'd my sonne, your brother.

*Foy.* I never knew brother, or sister, I;  
Nor my poor self, but in my *Gabrella*.  
Then blame me not to love her, I beseech you  
—Upon me knees.

*Mat.* Th' art knee-deep in rebellion.  
Unnatural Gipsie, since thou prov'st my torment  
In being the same with her; and hast declar'd  
Thy self no more my childe, then she, whom now  
I do abhorre, avoid, with her, my sight.  
Rise, and be gone, lest thou pull curses on thee  
Shall sink thee into earth.

*Gab.* O rather, Sir.  
Let me 'gainst whom your fury first was bent  
Suffer alone the sharpnesse of your vengeance:  
And let it not be said, 'cause you surmise,  
My father lost your son, that, therefore, you

Have

Have cast away your daughter. Hurl me, rather  
 Into the ruthless waves to seek my way ;  
 Or do but take her, hold her in the armes  
 Of your paternal love, and I'll take flight  
 To weane her to you.

*Foy.* She cannot, may not leave me.

*Mat.* Out of my doors then, with her.—

*Enter Lady Nettlecock.*

*La.* What's the matter ? ha——

*Mat.* Such as you cannot mend, deare Lady  
 Sister.

What come you hither with your Ha—for ? Ha—

*La.* To comfort you, dear brother, if you'll heare  
 me.

Your sonne is dead, they say ; and heare I finde  
 Your daughter is rebellious 'gainst your will.

*Mat.* You speak much comfort, do you not,  
 think you.

*La.* But is it so *Foyce* ? ha ! —— I thought you  
*Foyce,*

Would have rejoyc'd your father in obedience,  
*Foyce ;*

And not afflict him with your stubbornnesse.

*Mat.* O this impertinent woman !

*La.* But my brother,

Let me advise you, rather then suffer her

To be an eye-fore to you, put her out,

Where she may learne more duty. If you please

I'll take her home, and shew her how it should be.

*Mat.* Yes, as you have shewen your *Nettlecock*,  
 your sonne.

*La.* I, there's a childe ! Brother, you'l pardon  
 me,

If

If I aspire in hope, that he shall be  
Your heire, if *Foyce* miscarry in rebellion.

*Mat.* And therefore you would breed her. How  
the devil  
Works in a covetous woman! Though a foole  
too.

Your sonne's an Affe; an Ideot; and your self  
No better, that have bred him so. Do you tell  
me

Of your sweet fugar-chop't Nettle coxscombe?

*La.* Ha——

*Mat.* He's fit t'inherit nothing but a place  
I'th' Spittle-house, Fools Colledge, yond, at  
*Knightsbridge.*

*La.* And did I come to bring thee consolation?  
Now let me tell thee, I rejoyce in thy  
Just punishment, thy scourge of crosses. Thou,  
That for these six years space, until this day,  
Hast kept continual feast and jollitie  
For thy wives death, who was too good for thee.

*Mat.* Right, for she was my Master, a perpetual  
Vexation to me, while she was above-ground  
Your Ladiship could not have spoke more comfort  
to me

Then the remembrance of that shook-off Shackle,  
Which now, in my affliction makes me smile,  
And were I on her grave, I could cut capers.

*La.* A further punishment I prophetic  
Grows in the neck of thy leud insolence.

*Mat.* I could e'ne finde in heart to marry again,  
In spight, now, of thy witchcraft, my son dead!  
My daughter disobedient! and your childe  
A very chilblaine. What have I to do  
But marry again: all women are not devils,  
I may yet get an heire unto my minde.

(c)

*Enter*

*Enter Strigood.**Mat.* Art thou here too——*Stri.* Stay, you forget your brother, Mr. *Matchil*.  
You have match'd ill once already; and take heedYou match not worfe, your children, though un-  
towardAnd taking of the devillish Shrew, their mother,  
Were likely of your own begetting; Yet  
Your fecond wife may bring you a fupply  
Of heires, but who muft get them, firft is doubtful*Mat.* Thy impudence amazes me.*Str.* Ha, ha.*La.* I'm fick at fight of the leud Reprobate.*Stri.* Dee caft about for heirs; and have befides  
Your daughter here, a brother and a fifter?*La.* Call not thy felf our brother. He appears  
Unkinde to me, but thou infufferable,  
I loath to look upon thee.*Stri.* He has fpoke  
Againft her Aunt, her Moon-calf fonne. I'll make  
her love me beft, and presently.  
Brother, I fay.*Mat.* I cannot look upon thee.  
Provoke me not to fpeech, I charge thee.*Str.* Give me leave to fpeak; Hold you your  
peace;Hear but my brotherly advice; and then  
Give your confent in filence. (*Mat.*) *hum hum, &c.**La.* Hear him not. (*Mat.*) Nor you neither,  
*hum—hum—hum.**La.* I am not angry with you now; and therefore  
I charge you, hear him not. (*Mat.*) *hum hum—**Stri.*



*Stri.* My advice is thus, that for your daughters good.

For mine own good, and for your Sisters good,  
And for her sonne, your Nephew's good.

*La.* How's that? ha!

*Stri.* And chiefly for your own good, and the credit  
A wife man would desire to hold i'th' world,  
Think not of marrying, nor of buying hornes  
At the whole value of your whole estate,  
But match your daughter while you have the meanes  
In your own hands; give her a good round portion,  
Here are deserving Gentlemen i'th' house.

Next, think of me your brother, that has spent  
In down-right fellowship (heaven knows what  
All fraudulent purposes to make any man  
A miser or a gainer by't) a faire estate.

And now do want a brotherly supply.

A hundred a year or so: but above all

Fasten your land unto your Sisters sonne.

That hopeful Gentleman, sweet *Nehemiah*. (*Mat*)*hum*.

*La.* Now brother you may hear him,

*Stri.* What though it straggle from the name of  
*Matchil*.

Remember yet he is your mothers Grandchilde.

*La.* Why dee not hear him, brother? (*Mat*)*hum*.

*Stri.* As I hope

To be a landed man my self,

Had I a thousand yearly, I would leav't him.

*La.* Trulie, I thank you. Now I'll call you brother.  
Y'are a good natur'd Gentleman if you had it.

Come home, and see my sonne. — Will you not  
hear him? ha!

*Mat.* I need not, nor your selfe. I see you gape  
Like monsters that would swallow me alive.

I know your mindes; and I will do mine own.

And, thus it is. Stay, let me stay a little.

*La.*

*La.* Look you how wilde he looks.

*Stri.* He's falling mad,  
Stark staring mad.

*La.* I would he had a wife then,  
For nothing else can tame him.

*Mat.* So it shall be.  
First, I'll be Master of mine own estate.  
Next—

*Stri.* Take a wife to master that, and you.

*Mat.* Next, you *Madamoiselle*, (on whom with  
patience  
I cannot look) forsake my house, and suddenly ;  
Linger not for a man to wait upon you,  
But let your black bag guard you, 'tis a fashion  
Begun amongst us here by your own Nation.  
And if I longer must call you my daughter,  
Forsake you her.

*Joy.* What mine own heart ? dear Sir.

*Mat.* At your own choice, I can force her  
departure,  
Though not perfwade your stay, determine quickly  
Either to leave her, and enjoy a father,  
Or never more expect a fathers blessing.

*Gab.* Dear, mine own heart, leave me, obey  
your father.

*Joy.* It must be to my death then. [Weepes.

*Mat.* I'll be sudden.

Therefore be you as brief in your resolve.

*La.* Alas, poor hearts. Just so loth  
To part was I and my sonne *Nehemiah*  
To day when I came forth.

*Stri.* Neece *Joyce*, let me  
Advise you.—

*Mat.* Pray, Sir, none of your advices.  
Let her advise her self ; whilst I impart  
To you my next intention ; which is thus.

To end your strife for shares in mine estate  
I'll venter on a wife : indeed I'll marry.

*La.* Will you so ? ha !

*Mat.* Yes indeed *La.*—

*Stri.* If then

You'll estate nothing on me for my life  
Give mee a fee to help you to a wife,  
I can, a good one.

*Mat.* I'll none, Sir, of your good ones.  
Besides, Sir, I'm provided.

*La.* You are not, are you ? ha.

*Mat.* Let it suffice, I fay't, so quit my house.

*Stri.* Shall I expect then nothing ?

*Mat.* Pray sir, do.

'Tis all I can afford you. You have wit,  
Yes, you can daunce, tread money out of rushes,  
Slight and activity to live upon.  
A nimble braine, quick hands and airie heels  
To get a living.

*Stri.* Hah.

*Mat.* Pray fall to practice.

*Stri.* I may, sir, to your cost, if you put off  
Your daughter with her Sweet-heart, her *Mon Coeur*  
There, as she calls her. Dear, my Lady Sister ;  
You see how churlishly this Merchant uses us.  
He has forgot, sure, he was borne a Gentleman.  
Will you be pleas'd, I speak to you in your eare.

*La.* Anyway, brother *Strigood*, Hang him, *Nabal*.  
To warn me out o's house ; and not alone,  
To turne a stranger from within his gates,  
But offer to cast out his childe too, ha !

*Stri.* 'Tis about that I'd speak, pray Madam heark  
you.

*Enter Erasmus, Valentine.*

*Er.* Noble Mr. *Matchil*, though we ate your meat  
(c) I Before

Before we saw you, you will give us leave  
To take our leaves, and thank you ere we part.

*Mat.* O Gentlemen.

*Val.* W' have heard your cause of sorrow.

*Mat.* But I have over-past it. Hearn ye Gentle-  
men. [Ladies.

*Eraf.* You'l give us leave first to salute the

*Mat.* Nay, if you love me, heare me first.

*Er. Val.* Your will, Sir.

*La.* Neece, you shall no way disobey your  
father { *Talk*  
*afide*

In being rul'd by me.

*Stri.* So, so, it takes. [me

*La.* You and your second selfe shall home with  
Until his furious humour be blown over.

To which the first meanes is to shun his sight,  
And then let me alone to make your peace.

*Foy. Gab.* We thank your Ladiship.

*La.* So let us slip

Home to my house together.

*La.* Hift brother, lead the way.

*Str.* As glad as ever Fox was of his prey. } *Exit om.*

*Mat.* 'Tis even so, Gentlemen, for- } *Pet. Mat.*  
row findes no lodging. } *Er. Val.*

In my light heart sometimes she knocks at door,  
And takes a drink, but here she must not sit by't.

*Val.* Y'are happy Sir.

*Er.* Yet I have heard you say

You never tasted joy for divers yeares  
Till your wife died : since when, a King of mirth,  
And now to marry agen is such a thing.

*Mat.* Yes sir, 'tis such a thing that I will marry  
That I foreknow can never disobey me  
And I'll defie the devil to dishonest her.

*Er.* Is she so ougly ?

*Val.* No, he means so vertuous.

*Mat.* Well-said, sir, you shall drink before me.  
*Rachel, Mawdlin.* 'Pro-

'Protest you shall though't be in my own house.

*Er.* Now he resumes his humour.

*Mat.* *Rachel* I say,  
Bring me a kan o' sack.

*Er.* But how can you  
Presume before the dangerous marriage-trial  
That she whom y'have chosen will be obedient.

*Val.* D'ye think he has not tried her? There's  
a question!

*Mat.* Well-said agen. I was about to say so.  
*Rachel*, some sack, I say. Yes, I have tried her, fir,  
Tri'd her, and tri'd her again: all over and over  
These five yeares day and night; and still obedient.

*Er.* Then you are sure to her.

*Mat.* No, I never uf'd  
A marriage-question, nor a woing word.  
But do all by command, she is so obedient.

*Val.* And yet she's chaste and vertuous withal.

*Mat.* Well-said again, fir, so I was a saying.

*Er.* But we have talk't away the Gentlewomen.

*Mat.* No matter, let 'hem go. Would they were  
far enough. *Ent.* *Rach.*

*Enter Rachel, silver Kan and Napkin.*

Come, the sack, the sack. — Who taught you that  
courtesie maid.

Pray try a better to the Gentleman.

Protest you shall begin.

*Val.* In your own house, fir?

*Mat.* I'll rather g' ye my house, then break my  
word in't.

*Val.* Y' are Lord here, and may command me, fir.  
And so my service to you.

*Mat.* I'll do you reason, fir. ——— *Val. drink.*  
Be ready with your Napkin, and a lower douke maid.

I'll hang dead weight at your buttocks else. So.  
Is not this obedience, Gentlemen, Mr. *Erasmus*?

*Mus*, I will call thee *Mus*, I love to be  
Familiar, where I love; and Godamercy  
For your friend here; you both shall see my  
daughter.

But my French Damofel and I are parted  
I hope by this time. So here's to you *Mus*.

*Er*. To me, to me, to me. [*M. drinks.*]

*Mat*. Ha boy, art there? difpatch [*Er. drinks.*]  
Your court'fie quickly, and go cal my daughter.

*Rach*. She is gone forth, forfooth.

*Mat*. Forth, ha? when? whither?

La ye, ſhe thinks I'm angry, and the finger  
Is in the eye already. Is not this  
Feare and obedience, Gentlemen? who went with  
her.

*Rach*. She went with my Lady *Nestlccock*, to  
bring *Gabriella* on her way they ſaid.

*Mat*. I would

They were all in *France* together.

*Er*. What, your daughter?

*Mat*. She comes again, I doubt not. Dry you eyes.  
And drink that ſack, without a court'fie, drink it.  
You do not know my meaning, Gentlemen.  
Stay: now gi' me't agen.—Now go and dry  
Your face within —— without a court'fie? ha!  
—— *Ex. Rach.*

Now is not this obedience, Gentlemen?

*Val*. But this is not the rare obedient peccé  
That you will marry?

*Mat*. You do not hear me ſay ſo.  
But I preſume, as much obedience  
In her I have made choice of.

*Er*. Marrie a maid.

And we will be her Hench-boyes, if you pleaſe.

*Mat.*

*Mat.* No, I'll have no such blades 'bout my wives hanches.

But come, to end this tedious Scene, in which  
I ha' past the Purgatorie of my Passions  
Of sorrow, anger, feare, and hope at last.  
I am refin'd, sublim'd, exalted, fixt  
In my true Sphere of mirth; where love's my object.  
And bloodie thought of black revenge cast by.

*Val.* Could your faire breast harbour a bloody thought?

*Mat.* For some few minutes, in which extasie  
I meant t' ha' gone, as other Gallants do.  
To fight in *France*, forsooth, and charg'd my man  
To draw up his Accompts, call in my moneys,  
Thought to have made my Will—

*Er.* I saw your Cashier  
Go forth e'ne now with a strong lusty Porter  
Loaden with money: I will not say my teeth  
Water'd at it. *Val.* But 'twas enough to make  
A very true mans fingers itch.

*Mat.* I cannot  
Think he is run away; but yet I like not  
His carrying forth, when I say, fetch in money.  
But this is from my purpose. Love ye mirth?  
Let's in, and drink, and talk. That gives it birth.

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Act. II. Scene. 1.

*Camclion, Hannah.*

*Cam.* I prithee now, I prithee, prithie now  
Urge me no more in this case; for I cannot,  
Nor I wo' not so Iwo' not, I be jealous

Of

Of mine own wife, mine own dear flesh and blood?  
That's such a thing! I pidgee speak no more on't.

*Han.* You shew you love *Rafe*.

*Cam.* So I hope I do *Nan*.

My cock, my pity nittle nanfie cockfie,  
Do I not shew my love when I deny thee  
Unreasonable requests? I never heard  
Of woman that desir'd a loving husband  
To be a jealous Master over her.

Especially a City-Shopkeeper.

The best part of whose trade runs through the hands  
Of his saire wife too! 'Tis unreasonable.

And thou the first that e're take up the humour.

*Han.* And you the first that e're I knew befotted  
Into a wilful confidence, which renders  
Me to a vile construction; and your selfe  
By leaving me to all assaults and hazards  
Have got the reputation of a Wittal.  
Or one that seems contented to become fo.

*Cam.* *Hon soit qui maly pense.*

My Cock, my Nanfie Cock, my Cockfie Nanfie,  
Kisse me, and use thine own conscience: I scorn  
The yellow sicknesse, I let 'hem all say what they  
will.

D'einty, come thou to me. I will not lose  
An haire breadth o'my humour, nor retain  
An ill thought o'my Cocks honestie  
For all the wealth i'the Exchange, not I

*Han.* I not desire you should, but only that  
You will not seem so carelesse of my credit,  
Exposing me to all temptations  
Of the wilde Gallantry of the wanton time.  
By whom (although my chastity remains  
Untouch't) my name and your discretion suffers.

*Cam.* Pish, *Honi soit* again: Cock, I desie  
Calumniation and detraction I.

When



When I am jealous, let the horne-curse take me ;  
and let me be with hornets stung to death.

*Han.* Still you flie from the point, I would not  
have

You vex yourself with causeleffe jealousie  
Over my constant love ; but only seem  
A little watchful o're my reputation.  
Whereby you may decline mens leud attempts.  
And not to throw me upon opportunities  
To draw them on ; as if I were a thing  
Set out, as in your shop, for common sale.

*Cam.* *Cock*, Thou shalt never tie me to't : not I.  
I must not lose my harmlesse recreations  
Abroad to snook over my wife at home.  
Thought't ha' me like the hair-brain'd Point-tagger,  
That us'd to hammer his fingers at one end  
O'th' shop, while's wife was bargaining at the other ?  
Not I ; sweet *Cock*, pidgee lets heare no more on't.

*Enter Foot-post.*

Now friend ! Is your businesse to me or my wife ?

*Post.* This Supercription will inform you, sir.

*Cam.* To my deare daughter Mrs. *Hannah Camellion*, at her shop or house in or near the New Exchange.

*Cock.* Take it quickly, what a Knave art thou to  
put a letter in my hands, that is directed to my  
wife. Sbobs I would not ha' open'd it for fourty  
pound.

*Post.* If all husbands in the City were of his minde,  
it were a Forrest of fooles indeed.

*Cam.* *Cock*, I must leave thee.

*Han.* Pray stay a little. This letter's from my  
father.

*Cam.* I hope the good Captaine's well.

*Han.* Yes, very well, pray read his Letter here.

*Cam.* Cock, You shall pardon me. Not I.  
I have a match to play at the ducking-pond.  
Prithee fore-flow not my occasions, Cock,  
As I forbear to pry into thy secrets.

*Han.* Here's nothing but what I would have you see.  
There's for your postage, friend. It needs no answer.

*Post.* I thank you, Mystris. *Ex.*

*Han.* But if you will not stay to reade this Letter.

You shall not deny me one thing.

*Cam.* What is it, quickly? my sweet *Nanny Cock.*

*Han.* Here, take this pen : write here a word or sentence.

What you please. But keep it well in minde,  
And look that you be fure to know't agen  
When I shall shew't you.

*Cam.* 'Tis done, there : I defie, and dare the devil and all his Clerks to counterfeit my hand.  
So, my fweet *Cock*, a kisse and adieu.

*Han.* Well *Rafe*, remember that you won't be jealous.

*Cam.* Not I, Sbobs yonder comes one of the Blades,

That thou would'ft have me have an eye to ; He  
That lives by his wits, and yet is seldom sober :

That goes so gallantly, and has no credit,

Nor ever buyes with ready money ; But

Barters commodity for commodity.

(Such as it is) with Tradefmens wives, they say.

What call you him, oh *Askal* ; there's another

Comes with him too. Into thy shop, good *Cock.*

I wo'not stay, not I. So, farewell *Cock.* *Ex.*

*Han.* And farewell *Coxscombe*, some wife would fay now. I

I am much troubled at his fillineffe.  
And would to right me, straine a woman's wit,  
Knew I with modesty how to answer it.  
Something I'll do.

*Enter Erasmus, Valentine.*

*Er.* Was ever such a humour in a man, as this  
mad Merchant *Matchil* is possest with.

To marry so, to spight his childe and kindred.

*Val.* He has made his daughter by't a match  
worth nothing.

And there your hope is gone.

*Er.* And yours in me.

For as I said before, good *Valentine*.

I must returne you to your City wives.

By the old trade to pick your maintenance

Out of 'em, as you boast you can.

*Val.* 'Tis well, sir.

And now to let you know that I can live

Without the helps of such cool friends as you,

I'll shew you a present probability.

*Val.* Doest see yond pretty mumping peece i'th'  
shop there?

*Er.* Yes, is that one——?

*Val.* One o'th' fourty, boy,

That renders tribute in to my Exchequer

*Er.* Didst ever lie with her?

*Val.* How plain you are. Not I, not I.

That's her fool-husbands word.

Let it suffice that I have seen her thrice.

And that I lay with, drink, and weare her money.

O 'tis the sweetest Rogue.

*Er.* How got you acquainted.

*Val.* I'll tell you that, walking by chance as now,  
Before her shop, where a young Gentleman

Was

Was bargaining, he call'd me by my name,  
*Val Askall.* Instantly her eye was fixt,  
 And streight ran over my delineaments,  
 Which I fet to her view ; and took occasion  
 To ask her how the object pleas'd her.

*Er.* Bold-face.

*Val.* I never lost by that.

She then demands, Is your name *Askall*, sir ?  
 I answer, Yes. Pray of what countrey, sir ?  
 I told her ; when a sudden flaming blush  
 Did in her face betray the fire of love,  
 That was at th' instant raging in her breast.  
 She look't me through and through. Sigh'd, turn'd  
 away,

Then look't again under her hat-brims thus.  
 And thus I nimbly catch't her with mine eye.

*Er.* I, thou hast a devilish catch i'that fame eye.

*Val.* Sir, what I have, I have. I gave a leere  
 With that fame eye that made her turne her  
 whites up.

*Er.* But to the point.

*Val.* Why do you think a woman's so quickly  
 brought to the point ?

*Er.* What follow'd then ?

*Val.* I saw she was struck ; and thus I gave her  
 line

To play withal. I whisper'd in her care,  
 The way to finde my lodging and my service.  
 Next morning early comes a message to me,  
 Inviting me to dinner : Cheer and welcome  
 Plenteously flow'd ; and sir, before we parted  
 Upon some private conference, twenty pieces  
 Were clutch't into this hand, but with a caution  
 To be discreet and thrifty of her purse,  
 And keep a friend in store. I have been modest,  
 And have not struck her since, but for ten more.

*Er.*

*Er.* And that's your last.

*Val.* I'll hold you ten o'that  
See she has spied me.

*Han.* What lack ye, Gentlemen; faire cut-work  
bands, boot-hoofe, or boot-hoofe tops, shirts, waft-  
coats, night-caps, what will you buy?

*Val.* I come not now to buy.  
But in plain termes to borrow. Do you not know me?

*Han.* Not on these termes.

*Er.* Sure thou mistak'ft the woman.  
This is not she, thou talk'ft so freely on *Bounce.*

*Val.* She's cautious before thee. Walk off a little.  
Now you may hear me, Lady.

*Han.* Give me leave  
A little, first to wonder at your rashnesse,  
To talk so openly before a stranger.

*Val.* My intimate friend: I'll trust him with  
my life.

*Han.* What's that to my unblemish't reputation?  
'Tis not your life can salve that, being wounded.  
But thus it is, when women out of goodnesse  
Hazard their fortunes to relieve the wants  
Of such as you, that carry no respect,  
But to your own licentious Appetites.  
And think no favour's sweet, unlesse you may  
Have priviledge to boast 'hem to your shame.

*Val.* I do not boast of yours.

*Han.* Pray, boast no more.  
Then you have found, and much good may they  
do you.

'Tis not poor thirty pieces can undo me.

*Val.* No, nor ten more I hope; and that's the  
fumme

I would entreat: all makes but fourty pound.  
I'll pay thee like a Gentleman, as I am one,  
Either in money, or doe'tt hear me, Rogue,

In what shall please thee better. Come, be wife,  
Thy husband's a dull ducking Gamester. And  
Kennels his water-dog in *Turnbull-street*.  
We'll answer his delights with better sport.

*Han.* There's your presumption.

*Val.* No, 'tis my ambition.

When shall we walk to *Totnam*? or crosse o're  
The water, or take Coach to *Kenfington*  
Or *Paddington*; or to some one or other  
O'th' City out-leaps for an afternoon,  
And hear the Cuckow sing to th' purpose? when?

*Han.* A woman were a wise one that would trust  
Her self in such wilde hands as yours; to have  
Her name made Tavern-talk among your blades,  
And thrust i'th' list of your loose-hilted Mystresses:

*Val.* O no; fie no: you cannot think how close  
And careful I will be. Hearn in thine eare.

*Er.* I cannot blame this fellow now so much  
For using of his wits to get a living,  
Though in an idle way; as for traducing  
People of worth and vertue, as this woman  
Who I am credibly inform'd is vertuous  
And too discreet for him to shark upon.  
Therefore to grace himself, he slanders her.  
I have always lik't his company till now,  
And shall hereafter be more wary of him.

*Han.* Well sir, upon your faithful protestation,  
And vow of secrecy, here's ten pieces more.  
You have found a tender-hearted woman of me  
Over your wants; and all the satisfaction  
That I desire, is, that I may not suffer  
Under a lavish tongue; 'tis easie payment.

*Val.* Yes, but I'll pay thee better. Therefore  
tell me, when we shall meet and have a spirt abroad.

*Han.* Your friend staves for you, sir.

*Val.* Pish let him stay

*Han.*

*Han.* You flight him now, but he knows all your Councils.

*Val.* By this good tongue, no more then the unbegotten *Hans* that I mean to clap into thy *Kelder*.

Nor ever shall: dost think I am so foolish  
To talk away my hopes? No, thou art my Faery,  
Pinch me to death when I discover thee.

*Han.* Go to, avoid suspicion then, besides  
I have occasions that do call me hence. *Ex.*

*Er.* Your stay was somewhat long.

*Val.* Yet 'twas to purpose.

As here you may behold, but I must make no  
word's on't. [1, 2, 3, 4, &c.]

She has enjoyn'd me that, O 'tis a cunning Gypsie.

*Er.* So't seems, by trusting thee that hast no  
power to keep a secret.

*Val.* Troth, to tell you true,  
My conscience will not beare't, I cannot be  
So ungrateful to receive a courtesie,  
But to acknowledge it.

*Er.* Yet thou hast the conscience  
To work a mans estate out of his hands  
By his wives frailty, even to break his back.

*Val.* 'Tis rather to be fear'd she may break  
mine.

She's a tight strong dock't Tit.

*Er.* O Tradesmen, why do you marry?

*Val.* Why? to make Tradeswomen  
For Gentlemen that want money and commodity.  
You know the thing that I call father-in-law  
That had my mothers whole estate, and buried her,  
Allows me nothing.

*Er.* Thank your own sweet courses.

*Val.* My courses are sweet courses, they serve me  
to live upon.

*Er.*

*Er.* But I shall put you off  
O'one of your sweet courses, or at least  
I'll strain a point of friendship to be satisfied  
Touching this woman, 'twil be worth discovery.

*Val.* But why these cloudy looks? do not you  
like my courses? ha!

*Er.* I cry thee mercy, *Val.*  
I was upon our former subject *Matchil.*

*Val.* I there's a hasty match clap't up. You ask't  
Why Tradesmen marry, there's a marriage now!  
A humorous Coxscombe that could never laugh  
In all his last wives dayes; and since her death  
Could ne're be fad. For him to marry his Malkin  
For poor and course obedience. Well, I hope  
To take my course in his house yet for all  
Her boasted chastity and obedience.

*Er.* Wouldest thou touch such a thing?

*Val.* What, not for money?  
She can pay well, and her uglinessse cannot fright me.  
I can do that work winking.

*Er.* She can be no such woman.

*Val.* Tell not me  
What any woman can or cannot be.  
You'll give me leave to try my fortune with her.

*Er.* Yes, and walk with you towards it. *Ex. Ambo.*

*Scæn. 2. Enter Lady Nestlecock, Ephraim.*

*La.* No newes, no tidings of 'em, *Ephraim*, ha!  
Was ever such a 'scape?

*Eph.* Not since the Rape  
Of *Hellen* I'm perswaded. I have search't  
With narrow eyes (as I may say) with care,  
And diligence in most secret places.  
And can no way inform my self, what is  
Betide of the young Damofels, or old Squire.  
Your Neece, and the *French* Virgin, and the man  
Un-



Unworthy to be call'd your brother *Strigood*.

*La.* O hang him Villain.

*Eph.* Doubtleffe 'twas his plot  
To work upon your Ladiships good nature  
To harbour them, that he might take th' advantage  
Of stealing them away.

*La.* What to do, ha?

*Eph.* To do? much may be done, by his seduce-  
ments,

On two such tender Virgins, though he should  
But plant them in our suburbs: but my feare  
Is that he has transported them beyond seas  
Into some Nunnery. Your Ladiship  
Knows he is adverse in Religion.

*La.* I know he is of none.

*Eph.* Satan will work  
The stronger in him, then to their subversion.

*La.* How shall I answer now my brother *Matchil*?  
But he is justly serv'd to marry so.  
The thought of it torments me. Where's my  
comfort?

Where's *Nehemiah*, ha?

*Eph.* He's busie, Madam.

*La.* What, at his book? or at his musick, ha?

*Eph.* That is, his Ballet, or his Jewes Trump. No,  
Madam. He is busie at his exercise of Armes  
With a new Castingtop, a Cat and Carstick,  
I bought and brought him home.

*La.* I thank you for 'hem,  
My careful discreet *Ephraim*. I like  
His harmlesse exercises well.

*Eph.* I hope  
Your Ladiship can say since I have had  
The Government of him under your Ladiship,  
I have been careful of the Gentleman,  
And have his love withal so much, that I

Dare

Dare say (I hope you'll pardon the comparifon)  
 That had you married me (which was as likely  
 As that your brother would have ta'ne his Maid)  
 I think that Mr. *Nehemiah* would not  
 Have run away in hatred of our Match,  
 As Mrs. *Foyce*, it seems, hath done of theirs.  
 I hope your Ladiships pardon, I understand  
 My duty.

*La.* And you fpeak but reason *Ephraim*.

*Eph.* I have given her there a touch of my affection.  
 Who knows how it may work?

*La.* Go call him in.

I would not have him over heat himself.

*Eph.* 'Tis a good care. And Madam, by the way,  
 Let me advife, that fince his riper yeares  
 Require, and that faire Propositions  
 Of marriage are tender'd for him, that  
 We gently by degrees do take him off  
 From childish exercife, indeed plaine boyes play.  
 More manly would become him.

*La.* You would have him

Do worfe then, would you? and be nought, you  
 varlet?

What! would you have him play at Mans game, ha?  
 'Fore he be married, ha! what, what! how now!  
 Is it but up and ride w'ye, ha!

*Eph.* I humbly

Befeech your Ladiships pardon, I will call  
 Sweet Mr. *Nehemiah* to your worfhip.

*La.* Go, th'art an honeft man. I know thou  
 lov'ft him. *Ex. Eph.*

Indeed he's all my comfort and my care  
 And I muft naturally refpect all thofe  
 That do partake with me my care of him.

*Enter Nehemiah, looking down and eating.*

*La.* My boy *Negh*, Sonne *Nehemiah*. *Neh.*

*Neh.* F'footh.

*La.* That's my good Lamb. Hold up thy head ;  
and thou  
Shalt have a wife.

*Neh.* But mother f'footh, when I have her,  
Will she play with me at peg-top ?

*La.* At any thing, my boy.

*Neh.* And she ha' not good box and steel, I shall  
so grill her.

And then at Mumbledepeg I will so firke her.

*La.* But when y'are married, you'll finde other  
pastime.

*Neh.* Whate're I fay, I have a meaning though :  
But yet, I doubt, I shall not forsake all  
My old sagaries in a yeare or two.

*La.* I know thy will is good to leavethy wag-tricks,  
And I commend your understanding in it.  
It shews you man, and ready for a wife.

*Neh.* Amardla, f'footh, I think so ; I Amardla.  
For I did beat a boy as high as my selfe  
Yesterday, with one hand.

*La.* Where was thy tother.

*Neh.* The boy had but one hand f'footh. I uf'd  
both.

*La.* Well th'art too witty to live long, I feare.  
But as I was saying, sonne, I do expect  
*Sir Swithen Whimlby* to bring his Neece.

*Neh.* Who f'footh, the crying Knight, he that has  
wept  
E're since his Lady di'd ; and mournes in colours ;  
Speaks nothing but in verse, and gives me Ballats ;  
The old Knight *Powel* that pronounces what dee  
call 'hem ?

*La.* Odes childe and Elegies. He has been in-  
spir'd  
With the infection of Poetry

E're

E're since his wives departure; and 'tis thought  
Nothing can put him out, or cure him of it  
But a new wife to kill the furious itch of it.

*Neh.* But is not his Neece too big for me? I  
would be loth  
To be over-match'd.

*La.* O witty, witty, still.  
But when she comes *Nehemiah*, What'll you say to her?

*Neh.* I'll give her the time of the day or the night  
I warrant her, come at what houre she will.  
Why if I eat not all before she come  
(And she must try her, if I don't) I'll ask her  
If she can speak with plums in her mouth; and then  
I'll offer her a long one and two round ones,  
And nod at her.

*La.* You will not, will you, ha?

*Neh.* Mother, I know both what to say and do.  
I trust I am not to be taught to wooe.

*La.* Too witty still, I say, to be long-liv'd.

*Neh.* But heark you mother f'footh; I am told  
that you  
Bears a moneths minde to that Sir *Whimlby*  
And a crosse match is talk't on betwixt you  
And the old Knight, and me and his young Neece.  
O ho—is't so?

*La.* This is no crafty childe.

*Neh.* Let me but see how you will handle him now  
And mark how I'll come over her with small Jerks.

*La.* O th'art a witty wag. A blessing on it.

*Enter Ephraim, ushering Whimlby and Blith.*

*Eph.* Madam, Sir *Swithen Whimlby* and his  
Neece, Mrs. *Blith Tripshort*.

*La.* They are very welcome,  
Noble Sir *Swithen*.

*Neh.* Noble Mrs. *Blith*.

[*Kisse.*

[*Kisse.*

*La.*

*La.* Sweet Knight, y'are welcome.

*Neh.* Welcome, sweet Lady.

*La.* Still weeping.

*Whi.* O good Madam.

*Neh.* Still weeping for a husband.

*Bli.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Neh.* Mother, she puts me on't,  
She laughes.

*La.* Laugh with her then.

*Neh.* Amardla, so I will, and if you laugh  
At me, I'll laugh at you again, so I will.

*Bli.* Ha, ha.

*Neh.* Are you there with me? I'le be here with  
you then.

Will you eat any Sugar Plums? no, I'le eat 'em for  
you.

There's ha, ha, ha, ha, for you now.

*La.* Do you note, Sir *Swithin*. what a wag it is.  
Walk into the next room *Nehemiah*. Did you note  
him?

*Ex. Neh. Bli.*

*Whi.* Madam, to tell you true.

My love to you

Springs from the joy,

I take in your sweet boy.

I can take no delight

But in his sight,

Nor any pride

Since my dear *Griffel* di'd,

In all, I see on earth or finde in books,

But that which overcomes me in his lookes.

*La.* O sweet Sir *Swithen*, you have all woo'd and  
won me.

*Eph.* Then ali my hopes are frustrate.

*La.* My sonne shall have your Necce, and for mine  
own part

You loving him so well, of what's in me

(c)

K 2

I

I can deny you nothing.

*Whi.* Gentle Madam.

*Eph.* She offers up her selfe; now may the proverb  
Of proffer'd service light upon her.

*La.* Nay, Sir *Swithen*,

Let me entreat you to leave weeping now.

*Whi.* *Madam, I cannot so*

*Forego my woe.*

*For while I strive*

*My solace to receive,*

*I do but still restore*

*My grief, before*

*That did beti'd*

*When my dear Griffel di'd.*

*And when your Ladiship appears in sight,*  
*(Pardon) I cannot chuse but cry out-right.*

*La.* Alas, good Knight. He weeps pure Helicon.  
He has not wherewithal to quench his love,  
But his own teares. A wife would cool him better.  
Why fir, does sight of me renew your grief?

*Whi.* *O Madam, Madam, yes;*

*In you the blisse,*

*That I do misse,*

*I finde instrined is.*

*And till to ease my paine,*

*I shall regain*

*In you the Bride,*

*That in my Griffel di'd.*

*So oft as she in you to me appears,*

*My numbers cannot cease to flow in tears.*

*La.* Good fir, collect your selfe, and be assur'd  
I am your own, so *Neh.* may have your Neece,  
With her full Dowry of foure thousand pounds.  
My personal estate is full as much.  
That and my self are yours on the crosse marriage,  
You making me an answerable Jointure.

*Eph.*

*Eph.* Is't come so near ; I'le crosse it, or my star  
Drop crosse on my head. O vain, vain woman,  
To dote on Poetry in an old man.  
Ladies may love it in the young and bold,  
And when they are sick give gally-pots of gold,  
For cordial Electuaries to chear  
Their crop-sick Muses ; but to an old and sere  
Man that out-lives his labours, who can be  
So vain to give her self away but she.  
I had been fitter for her, and I'le watch  
Occasion yet, perhaps, to crosse the match,  
I can turn Poet too. *Ex.*

*La.* Dry now your eyes, and answer me in prose,  
Are you content to yield to those conditions  
I have propounded, ha !

*Whim.* I am content  
And now for joy could weep,  
Finding my *Griffel* in your Ladiship.

*La.* I hope the young ones do accord as well.

*Enter Nehemia, Blith.*

*Bli.* Protest, I cannot abide you.

*Neh.* Nor I you.

Amardla, that I cannot.

*Whim.* They'r agreed.

Madam, it seems they both are of one minde.

*La.* I donotlikeit. What's the matter *Nehemiah?*

*Neh.* She is no wife for me, she has broke my  
Jewes-trump ; look you here else. And almost broke  
my head with one of my bounding stones.

*La.* bleffe my boy ; she has not, has she, ha !

*Neh.* And yet after all that, and for all I offered to  
teach her to shoot in my Trunk and my Stone-bowe.  
Do you think she would play with me at Trou, Ma-  
dam ? no, nor at any thing else. I'le none of her.

And yet I'll have her too. If she will promise to do as I would have her hereafter.

*La.* There, do you note him there, Sir *Swithen*?

This childe has no childish meaning in't, I warrant you.

*Whim.* No, Madam, no, I know him inwardly.

He is my joy, and she shall be conformable, Or fare the worse.

*La.* She will, I know she will.

Will you not have my son, sweet Mrs. *Bli*?

*Bli.* Sweet Madam, what to do? ha, ha, I shall be quickly weary with laughing at him. His fooling will soon be stale and tedious; and then to beat him would be as toilsome to me; and lastly, to be tied to nothing but to cuckold him, is such a common Town-trick, that I scorn to follow the fashion.

*La.* Can she talk thus? ha!

*Whim.* A merry harmlesse Girle.

Fear not, good Madam, she will come about.

*Bli.* A thousand mile about rather than meet him.

*La.* I much desire she would; for now my sonne Is set a marrying, I warrant it pure thing

It is in paine, till it be at it: ha!

Pray bring her on, Sir *Swithen*, let him kisse her.

Poor heart, he licks his lips; and look how arseward she is.

*Whi.* Fie *Bli*, be courteous, *Bli*.

*Nch.* Mother,— she has spit Amard just in my mouth.

*Bli.* Amard, what's that? if you speak *French* you wrong me.

*La.* Gip, Mrs. *Tripshort*. Is this the manners your Mother left you?

*Bli.* Speak not you of Mothers, Madam.

*La.* Sir *Swithen*, will you see my childe abus'd so, ha?

*Whim.*



*Whim.* I can but grieve for't, Madam.

*Neh.* My mother is as good as your mother, so she is, for all she's dead.

*La.* I, well said *Neh.*

*Eli.* Yes, it appears in your good breeding. Your fine qualities expresse her vertues sufficiently.

*La.* How dare you Hufwife talk thus to my son, of me, and before my face too? ha! Sir *Swithen*, can you think well of me, and suffer this, ha?

*Whim.* Alas, good Madam, I am down again. I know not what to think of living woman now.

*La.* Do you bring your Neece to abuse me?

*Whim.* I'am so drown'd in teares, that I cannot see what to say to't.

*Neh.* Mother, Amardla, the more I look on her, the better I like her. *La.* Sayest so, my boy. *Neh.* Besides, I have a conceit she can out-scold you, and that's more than ever woman did, I think f'ooth.

*La.* For thee, I do forbear her.

*Enter Matchil, Rachel.*

*Mat.* By your leave, my Lady *Nestlecock*, I have brought a sister of yours here to salute you.

*La.* Though unworthy to be of your Counsel, or at the Ceremony, I heard you were married brother. And by a Sisters name you are welcome.

*Rac.* I thank your Ladiship.

*Mat.* Sir *Swithen Whimlby!* and your pretty Neece! well met, what affairs have you in hand here? what do you cry for your old wife still or for a new one? But hark, you Lady Sister, where's my daughter?

*La.* Now for a tempest. Truly sir, I know not.

*Mat.* Is she not with you, ha?

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*La.*

*La.* No truly, fir.

She's flipt from me with her good Uncle *Strigood*.

*Mat.* That Thief has fold her then into fome Bawdihoufe.

Was this your project for her education,  
To steal my childe to make a whore of her ?

Are you turn'd Lady-baud now for your Neece

Because you have no daughter ? O the devil !

If there be Law, I'll trounce your Lady Hagship.

*La.* What, what ? how now ? do you taunt me,  
firrah, ha ?

*Mat.* I'll make thee an example.

*La.* Thou haft made thy felf an example, and  
the fcorne of thine own childe in marrying of thy  
drudge there ; and thats the cause of her running  
away thou mayeft think, because fhe hates to live  
where fhe muft call her mother that was thy droile.

*Ra.* Droile, I think, fhe faid.

*Mat.* Speak to her, I charge thee on thy obe-  
dience to fpeak to her.

*Ra.* The droile is now your brothers wife, Madam,  
and in that fetting your Ladifhips lavish tongue  
afide, as good a woman as your felfe, none difprais'd, ha.

*Mat.* Well faid *Rachel*, hold thine own *Rachel*.  
And fo to you, fir *Swithen*.

*Neh.* Mother, come away, mother.

*La.* By and by, my boy.

*Rac.* Do you prefume to call me drudge and  
droile, that am a Ladies Sifter every day in the  
week ; and have been any time thefe three dayes, ha.

*Bli.* That's not every day in a whole week yet.

*La.* Thou fhalt not dare to call me fifter Huf-  
wife.

*Ra.* Cods fo, and why troe ? because a Lady  
fcornes to be a hufwife, ha. If you be no hufwife,

I scorn to call you Sister, I; though my husband be your brother. From whence came you troe, ha?

*La.* I know not what to say to the bold-face.

*Neh.* Pray f'footh come away, I am afear'd she'll beat you.

*La.* Thanks, my good childe, but do not be afraid my Lamb.

*Ra.* Boldface, ha! Her brothers wife's a bold-face, but her face is not varnish't over, yet like his Lady-sisters face, but it may be in time when she learns the trick on't, and have as many flies upon't, though not so troubled with 'hem, as a bald mare at *Midsommer*, hah.

*La.* I know not what to say to her, she has charm'd the vertue of my tongue.

*Mat.* I never heard her speak so much in all her life, Sir *Swithen*, nor half so loud. Thank heaven, she has a voice yet on a good occasion. And so farre I'll maintain her in it. Nephew *Nehemiah*, when saw you your Cousin *Foyce*.

*Neh.* O Lud, O mother f'footh, look you, mine Uncle holds me.

*Mat.* Ah, naughty man, did a so gi'me a stroke, and I'll beat it, ah—

*La.* Your wife has taught you to play the rude companion, has she? Pray take her home sir, and let her discipline your owne childe if you have one, and let mine alone. You know the way you came, sir; or if you have a minde to stay here, Come Sir *Swithen*, come away children; I hope I shall finde some other room in my own house, free from your assaults, if not, I'm sure there's Law against Riots. Come Sir *Swithen*.

*Mat.* Not yet good Madam *Nestlecock*, you shall hear me.

You have entic'd away, then lost my daughter.

(c)

And

And now y'are a jugling with your widow wit,  
And your small worme here, to catch up for Gud-  
geons.

Sir *Swithen* and his Neece, I know your plot.  
She's not fit match for you Sir *Swithen*; and her son  
Much lesse for your faire Neece. Come dry your eyes,  
And look upon him, and not only look,  
But laugh at him, I charge you.

*Bli.* I could now for him heartily.

*Mat.* Mark how his mothers milk drops at his  
nose, while I shew you the mother and the childe.

He was her youngest sonne, and all that's left of  
seven, and dreaming that he needs must prove a  
Prophet, she has bred him up a fool.

*Neh.* F'footh mother he mocks me, oh.—

*La.* O prophane wretch, worfe then thy brother  
*Strigood.*

Do not cry, *Nehemiah*, peace, good boy, peace. So  
fo.

*Mat.* A tender mother I must say she has been.  
For till he was fifteen, none but her selfe  
Must look his head, or wash his pretty face  
For making of it cry. Laugh at her good Sir  
*Swithen.*

And before that, till he was twelve yeares old  
She would dance him on her knee, and play with's  
Cock.

*Whim.* Ah ah ah ah.—

*Mat.* So well said, Sir *Swithen.*

*Whim.* Just so efac my mother would serve me,  
ha, ha.

Is not this better then whining.

Yes, or perhaps then wiving either.

*Rac.* Do you say so.

*Wh.* Ha, ha.

*Mat.* Well said, Sir *Swithen*, laugh on.

I hope I ha' done a cure on him, by shewing him a more ridiculous object then himselfe, to turne the tide of's tears.

*Wh.* Ha, ha.

*Mat.* Laugh still, defie the fiends, women, and all their works.

*Wh.* Ha, ha, ha, let the dead go, and the quick care for themselves. You buri'd your wife, and cri'd, and I buried mine.

And laugh : which is the manlier Passion.

*Ra.* He knows not that he is married agen.

*Whi.* You are the merriest Merchant, ha, ha, ha. I think I shall not marry again in haste, ha, ha.

*Mat.* Well-said, hold there. And for your Neece Let me alone, I'le fit her with a match.

I know a Lad that's worthy of her.

*Whi.* Ha, ha, ha——

*Mat.* He'll laugh too much, I feare.

*Ra.* He may at you,  
For your officiousnesse.

*Mat.* How's that ?

*Whi.* Ha, ha.——

*Ra.* To thrust your self into unthankful offices.  
In things concerne you not. Will you turne Match-maker

For others unintreated, 'tis enough.

For you, I hope, that you have match't your selfe, ha.

*Mat.* Hah ! Do you hah, or talk to me ?

*Ra.* Why else

Should talk or give you counsel but your wife ?

*La.* Well-said *Rachel*, hold thine own *Rachel*.

*Mat.* I am match't again.

*Whi.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Mat.* Pax, cry again, or burst thy self with laughing.

*Whi. La.* Ha, ha, ha. Laugh fon *Nehemiah*.

(c)

*Neh.*

*Neh.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Mat.* What am I? what do you make of me?

*La.* Nay, what ha' you made your self? best ask the Chimney piece that you have married there.

*Mat.* Durst thou advance a voice against me, ha?

*Ra.* You did commend it in me against your Sister.

And I may better be familiar with you

Hah, are you not my husband? I am sure

'Tis not so long since we were married, that

You can forget it, or repent so soon.

I am not now your slave, to have my face

Wash't with your snuffes, nor to be kick't and trod on

Without resistance, nor to make you answers

Meerly with silent court'sies, run when you bid go

To fetch and carry like your Spaniel,

In which condition I liv'd long enough,

And was content until you freed me out on't.

Now free I am, and will be a free woman,

As you are a free-man, ha.

*Whi.* Ha, ha ha.

*Mat.* O base-borne begger.

*Ra.* You wrong your wife in that.

*Mat.* How she holds up the wife,

*Ra.* I never beg'd

Nor mov'd a lip to be your wife, not I.

You held my service portion good enough,

And for my blood 'tis no more base then yours,

Since both are mixt in marriage.

*Mat.* Come your way.

And let me hear you speak so much at home.

*Ra.* I hope I may be bolder in mine own house.

So Madam, for the love I have found in yours

You shall be welcome thither, when y'are sent for.

*La.* What a bold piece of Kitchin-stuffe is this?  
Brother y'are match't.

*Whi.*

*Whi.* And catch't ifac la, ha, ha, ha.

*La* He has not a word to speak.

*Mat.* Follow me home and durst.

*Ex.*

*Ra.* Yes, fir, I dare without more leave taking,  
ha. *Ex.*

*La.* war ever combe fo cut.

*Whi.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Neh.* There's a new Aunt indeed, she brought me nothing.

*Whi.* I have not laugh't fo much I know not when,  
H'has me laugh until I cry again.

*La.* Again, you are welcom, Sir. *Mrs. Blith*

Now the unwelcome guests are gone, lets in

And dine, then will we after meat.

*Whi.* Of Joinctures, Madam, and of Nuptials  
treat.

*La.* Right fir.

*Bli.* Love, as I shall adore thee for a deity.  
Rid me of this ridiculous society.

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### ACT III. SCÆN I.

*Enter Matchil, Rachel, between Erasmus and  
Valentine.*

*Eraf.* **G**ood Mr. *Matchil.*

*Val.* Mystris, be not fo violent.

*Ra.* Ha.

*Mat.* I'll rather run my Countrey, Gentlemen, then  
endure her.

*Ra.* You were best to kill her then, and then  
you'll have no other course to take, unlesse you  
stay and be hang'd. *Mat.*

*Mat.* I'll make thee glad to flie first.

*Ra.* From my house and husband shall I? from my possessions shall I? And leave you all to spend in riot shall I? No fir, I'll stay and spend my share if you go to that, that will I. And make all flie as well as you, and you go to that, that will I, ha.

*Mat.* Whoop, whow.

*Er.* Nay, fie be not so loud.

*Mat.* What didst thou bring thou drudge thou.

*Ra.* That which you were content to drudge withal, I am too fure o'that. The drudge you speak of is no worfe then your own wife, I am too fure o' that.

*Mat.* I know not what to say to her.

*Ra.* Did you not say for better, for worfe? And if 'twere worfe than 'tis, 'twere all too good for you. And that I hope I shall finde some good Friend to know.

*Val.* That I like well, I'll be her first man.

*Ra.* I trust you have found the drudge to be a woman fit to content a man, and if you grant not that, some better man perhaps shall be a Judge, betwixt you and the drudge.

*Val.* Better still.

*Mat.* She threatens hornes, I think.

*Ra.* Hornes. I think, you said. If 'twere so 'twere too good for you. Cannot your own wife content you, ha?

*Val.* She holds up that point stoutly.

*Ra.* That shall be tri'd.

*Mat.* O for an expert Chyrurgion now to cast her in a deep sleep, and geld her.

*Er.* In troth you will be both sorry, when your passion gives but least way to your understandings. Mr. *Matchil*, let me perswade with you.

*Mat.* Never unlesse you bring her on her knees, to crave forgiveness at my foot. *Val.*



*Val.* If you but yield an inch, he treads upon your neck. I will not give an under spur-leather for you. But bear it out bravely, and I'll be your fervant.

*Er.* Mrs. *Matchil.*

*Ra.* Mrs. *Match-ill* indeed, to be so match't.

*Mat.* So match't! how match't? what from the hurden smock with lockram upper-bodies, and hempen sheets, to weare and sleep in *Holland*, and from the dripping-pan to eat in silver, ha. Do you repine at your match, ha. Is wealth contemptible to you?

*Ra.* I was better content in my povertie. I have not been my selfe, Gentlemen, since he married me.

*Mat.* You may be poor again as soon as you please, the door is open, depart at your pleasure; you know the way to your old Aunt the Apple-woman, at *Hockly-hole*. Take your knitting Needles again, and live with her, go.

*Ra.* No sir, I'll stay with you, and make you as poor before I have done wi' ye, as I was before you had me Gent. I shall not be myself till then.

*Mat.* The devil you shall. Was ever such a crooked condition crept into a thing like woman?

*Val.* Yet this sir, is the rare piece of obedience You boasted of, and said you would defie The devil to dishonest her, I am sorry Your judgement led you into such an error, Already she's my Mystresse.

*Mat.* Is she so?

*Ra.* Yes, and I'll call him my fervant, Gentlewomen use it.

*Val.* Do so, Mystresse.

*Mat.* If she, sir, be your Mystresse, Then am I Your Master-in-law, out of my house I charge you.

*Er.* Doest thou conspire to grieve him?

*Val.*

*Val.* Troth, fir, I did but jest. You have my pity.

*Er.* All are not times for Jest, friend *Valentine*.

*Mat.* O my affliction! [*She looks in her Watch.*]

*Er.* Have a little patience, fir,  
While I talk calmly with her.

*Mat.* Leave me then

A while unto my thoughts. Go into the house.

*Ra.* Pray servant help me here a little. Do so much

As winde up my Jack, for me, my Watch I would fay.

*Val.* Her Jack! she's in the Kitchin still.

A pretty Watch this, Mystresse, what did you pay for't.

*Ra.* Nothing, my husband ga't me.

*Val.* Pity the spring is broke, but I can get it mended.

*Ra.* Good servant take it with you then to the Jack-makers, I would fay, the Watch-makers. Come Gentlemen, shall we have a crash at cards?

*Er.* With all my heart. What is your game?

*Ra.* I can play a many old games. One and thirty bone-ace, Tickle me quicklie, and my Ladies hole, and fichie. But you shall teach me new ones, though I lose money for my learning, Gleek and Primero, Gresco faut, primofistula, I know all by hear-fay. Come let us have a bout at somewhat. I have money enough.

*Val.* And I'll make shift to ease you of some on't.

*Ex. three*

*Mat.* Affliction on affliction hourly findes me,  
And layes me on the Rack, tearing my heart  
Like greedie vultures, O my heart, this heart  
That I so long suppos'd impenetrable  
By all the darts of sorrow, is now transfixt,  
Shot through and through with torments, and by  
this. This

This last made sensible of all the rest,  
My fons untimely death, my daughter's losse.  
My Sisters follies, and my Brothers vices.  
My servants falshood, and the jeers of strangers  
Now wound me all at once ; and all through this  
Predominant blow, pull'd on me by mine own  
Impetuous rashnesse. Let me here confider,  
While my hearts torture keeps my soule awake,  
The moving cause of all these ill effects.  
Mine owne unbridled wilde affections.  
Scorne of example, and contempt of counsel.  
I cannot but observe withal, how just  
A judgement follows mine own wilful acts,  
In the same kinde of doing ill for ill.  
For my lost sonne, I rashly wrought revenge  
Upon an innocent Girle ; and with her  
Have lost mine own ; and for th'unmanly joy  
I took in one wives death, because a Shrew.  
(Though otherwise vertuous) I am in another  
Trebly tormented ; not alone with noife,  
But with a feare of unchaste purposes,  
Which if they come to act, my purse must pay for.  
I see my faults, and feel the punishments.  
And rather then stand out in my defence  
T'enjoy some peace, I will endure some sorrow  
And bear it civilly. Within there.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir.

*Mat.* Go call your Mystresse, pray her to come  
alone.

*Ex. Ser.*

My resolution brings me yet some ease :  
Men that are borne to serve, must seek to please.

I

*Enter*

*Enter Rachel.*

*Mat.* Rachel.

*Ra.* Your pleasure quickly, I have left  
My company, my servant, and my friend yond,  
Sawing against one another at Corne the Caster,  
till I come to 'hem.

*Mat.* And then all three to In and In, is't so?

*Ra.* My servant, and my friend and I are e'ne all  
one.

They are the goodest Gentlemen, the best com-  
pany.

*Mat.* Your servant and your friend.

*Ra.* Yes, and my servant playes for me now in  
my absence, as farre as ten pieces go that I left  
him.

My plow goes there, though I am here.

*Mat.* Your plow makes vile baulkes of my  
money the while.

*Ra.* I am not so ill a huswife as you imagine.  
And my friend, and my servant have promis'd to  
carry me abroad, to this town, and to that town,  
and tother town, and whow, I know not whither.  
And my servant will have me to *Hide Park*, he  
saves, to see and to shew all, as well as the brave  
Gallants.

*Mat.* This is gallant indeed.

*Ra.* And my friend will carry me to a whatdee-  
call, a new Academy, where I shall see the rarest  
musick and dancing, he saves, and learn the finest  
Complements, and other courtly qualities that are  
to be had for money, and such instructions for the  
newest fashions.

*Mat.* She will flie to the devil for fashions fake.  
Pray stay a little, and let me take talk calmly  
with you. You have almost broke my heart.

*Ra..*

*Ra.* But not altogether, I hope. I would not win so great a game, without some sport in playing it.

*Mat.* Hear me.

I know you put on this affected carriage,  
But to try masterie, and the disease  
Being so general among all women,  
Is in you therefore more excusable.

*Ra.* O, are you coming ?

*Mat.* Hear what I say to you.

And finde in that a husbands good affection.  
I love my peace, and would preserve my honour,  
Both which are in your breasts to save or spoil.

*Ra.* And can you think the way to purchase peace  
Is by a war with me ? hah, you are cozen'd.  
Do you think your domineering looks, or noise,  
Or blowes, can fright me into quietnesse,  
Or that you shall have honour by abusing  
Your wife ?

*Mat.* You will not understand me.

*Ra.* Hah.

*Mat.* Though I love peace, and would preserve  
my honour,  
I'll yield in both to you, and can, (I have been  
So us'd to thraldome) But the world, the world  
Is such a Talker.—

*Ra.* I have found the man.

*Mat.* There I would save a reputation.

*Ra.* He's loth to bring it out ; I'll close w'ye.  
You'll be content so, I will suffer you  
To bear a loud command o're me in publick,  
That I shall carrie it in private. Is't not so ?

*Mat.* Truly wife, yes.

*Ra.* You'll give me leave to beat you  
In private then.

*Mat.* Nay, we'll bar blowes at all times.

*Ra.* But if I chance to give you a rap or two,

(c)

L 2

Or

Or now and then a nip, and you strike me  
 Again, I'll strike you some way else, as you  
 Would not be struck. And so observe my carriage.  
 The Gentlemen are coming.

*Enter Erasmus, Valentine.*

*Er.* O, here they are.

*Val.* And not by the eares : that's wonderful.

*Ra.* Sir, I perceive my errour, and repent it.  
 Promising you in all my after life,  
 To be a faithful and obedient wife.

*Val.* He has fetch't her about, it seems.

*Mat.* Grammercy *Rachel*, binde it with a kisse.

[*Kisse.*]

*Er.* And thus it should be.

*Mat.* Gentlemen, have ye found us ?

*Er.* With joy to see this reconciliation.

*Mat.* Thus shall ye see it ever, Gentlemen.

I knew she would yield, or I should make her  
 heart ake.

What were a husband, if he were not Master ?

*Val.* You have wonne the field, it seems, yet I  
 may hope

I have not lost a Mystresse.

*Er.* Nor I a friend.

*Mat.* In a faire way, Gentlemen, I shall  
 Abridge her of no courtly priviledge.  
 But no more haytie twaytie tricks, I charge you.  
 She shall not jaunt to this nor that town with you.  
 (I thank you for your care) nor to *Hide-Park*.  
 Nor to the Academy you tell her of, without my  
 leave.

*Val.* And do you say so Mystresse ?

*Ra.* Truly yes.

I am no such woman as you took me for,  
 With Mr. *Matchils* leave you may be welcome  
 Home to his house in good and seemly fort. But

But pray expect no further entertainment  
Then he shall well allow of.

*Val.* I have lost her.

*Er.* This change is admirable.

*Mat.* Why do you admire it.

Is she not mine? how could you think she durst  
Stand out in her rebellion? although the devil  
Who foothes all Upstarts dispositions  
Into an over-weening of themselves.  
Possess her for a time, had not I power  
And vertue do you think to conjure him out?  
What have I studied for, think you, e're since  
My last wife di'd, but how to rule the next?  
Go get you in, there's something in the house  
Worth looking after.

*Er.* I be sworn, he frights her.

*Ra.* Would I had you within to perform  
covenants.

*Mat.* What do you grow rebellious again.  
Why stir you not else, ha? prithee Sweetheart  
Respect my dignity, or seem to do it.

*Ra.* Yes, I will only seem to do it.

*Val.* He makes her tremble.

*Ra.* Gentlemen, I must about my house-affaires.  
So, I take my leave.

*Er. Val.* Good Mrs. *Matchil*.

*Mat.* Aha.

*Ra.* And Mr. *Matchil*, at your own good pleasure.  
[*Curt'sie.*

Having in private something to impart to you,  
I would entreat your presence.

*Mat.* Well, Anon, anon.

*Ra.* Your care before I go good Mr. *Matchil*.

[*Curt'sie, Pinch.*

*Val.* H'has brought her to her servile old obedi-  
ence.

*Mat.* O—oh.

*Ra.* That is a private touch, fir, of the bufineffe.

*Mat.* Pox of your Lobfter-claws. There waanip!

*Ra.* It will be worth confideration, fir.

*Mat.* Well, I'le come to you prefently.

*Ra.* I humbly take my leave. *Ex.*

*Er.* Any ill newes that you change colour fo?

*Mat.* No, nothing, nothing but a womanifh feare.

*Val.* Well, you are a happy man that have o're com her.

*Mat.* You know not me yet Gentlemen, I know a word in private would do it.

*Val.* Yet fhe defires to have you again in private.

*Mat.* Tis her abundant love, and pure obedience.

*Er.* She comes again.

*Enter Rachel.*

*Ra.* Since y'are not difpos'd to enter, fir.

One word more Mr. *Matchil*, if you please. [*curt'se.*

*Mat.* Oh,——I understand you. Go, I'le follow you.

*Ra.* Again I take my leave. *Ex.*

*Mat.* I muft weare Lantern-hornes upon mine arms,

If the ufe this. Well, Gentlemen, at your own time Lets fee yee. My *Rach.* fhall make you welcome, And for me, you know me, I will ftill be Mafter.—

*Enter Rachel.*

I come, I come, I come. So farewel Gentlemen.

*Ex.*

*Val.* Ha, do you run?

*Er.* What doft thou think of this?

*Val.* I'le lay all the tricks I have againft his brags. She masters him in private, and that all This fhew of her obedience is diffembled.

My hope revives again, we muft abroad with her.

But



But tell me, what new Academy's that  
You told her of. I understand not that yet.

*Er.* Nor have I seen it, but we both will shortly.  
'Tis but of two or three dayes standing yet.

*Val.* Where is it ; who are the Professours,  
And what the Arts ?

*Er.* I'll tell thee all I know.

It carries a love-found ; but I am told  
It is but private lodgings kept by  
Both men and women, as I am inform'd, after the  
French manner.

That professe Musick, Dancing, Fashion, Comple-  
ment.—

*Val.* And no drabbing ?

*Er.* A little perhaps in private.  
But guess now in whose house all this.

*Val.* I cannot.

*Er.* Even in your City-Mystresses, that lends you  
Money so freely

*Val.* Who *Camelion* ?

*Er.* Yes sir, I doubt, your borrowing of the wife  
Has broke the husband, put 'hem off their trade,  
And now they seek new wayes to live by projects.

*Val.* And could you keep this from me all this  
while,

Till I am there, each step's a tedious mile.

*Er.* But not without me, good *Val.* We'll finde  
a time.

Together, and our Mrs. *Matchil* with us. *Er.*

*Scæn. 2. Enter Camelion and Hannah.*

*Cam.* Cock, I protest Cock, I commend thy course  
Thou hast taken in brave Lodgers, gallant Guests,  
Guests o'th' Game Cock ; and my house is counted  
A house of quality and recreation, Cock,

In civil fort and gentle fashon, Cock,  
Sbobs Cock, I know thou wouldest not have  
it otherwise

For all the wealth i'th' Exchange.

*Han.* But *Rafe* you care not

What people say, so I bring you in profit.

*Cam.* Not I, not I, my little Cocksie, Nansie,  
Not I, pish, *Hony soit qui maly pense.*

*Han.* Some do not stick to say, I know what's  
what,

And that our house is no better than it should be.

*Cam.* Pish, *Hony soit* agen, i'th' very teeth of 'hem,  
Let 'hem all say what they will. Dainty come  
thou to me.

*Han.* But I know what I know, and that our  
house is

Better then it should be, if some of them  
Had but the keeping of it, that speak so ill on't.

And that the Gentlewomen in our house  
Are well condition'd, and as chaste as courteous.

And if you saw, (as they desire I should  
See all betwixt their great Resorts and them)

You'd be in love with their sweet way of living.

Then for their dancing, 'tis so neat and graceful.  
See 'hem anon at practice.

*Cam.* Not I, Cock, I'll see nothing.

I will not leave one ducking pond, for ten dancing  
schooles.

Yet I can dance, and love it : you know that Cock.

And though you are a Gentlewoman borne,

You took me for my legs, not for my armes.

Is not that a good Jest, Cock. Sbobs 'twas out before  
I was aware. Here comes their father.

*Enter* Strigood, Cash, *disguis'd in bravery.*

*Cam.* It seems he has brought in some new  
scholar. *Stri.*

*Stri.* Where are my daughters, Landlady.

*Han.* Clofe in their chamber, fir.

*Stri.* Are none of our Academicks come yet ?

*Han.* Not any, fir.

*Stri.* I look for fome anon.

Pray bid the Girles come down  
To praëctife.

*Han.* Yes, fir.

*Ex.*

*Cam.* Sir, when I was a Batchelour, I praëctif'd,  
Dauncing sometimes.

*Stri.* Indeed, good Landlord ?

*Cam.* And maugre wedlock, I have something left  
Yet in these legs, that can expresse at least  
Love to the quality.

*Stri.* That shall not be lost,  
If I can further it.

*Cam.* I saw last night  
Your new French daunce of three, what call you it ?

*Stri.* O the Tresboun.

*Cam.* I think I could make one in't.

*Stri.* This Gentleman's another, call the Mufick.  
I'll try what you can do.

*Ex. Cam.*

*Cash.* Thou art welcom, I am glad I met thee.

*Cash.* But that you had foreknowledge of my  
habit,

And seen it in my out-leaps, as you call 'hem.  
I might ha' past. But you in this disguise,  
None but the devil himself that is your Inmate,  
And lodges with you in it, could have known you.  
Sure he devis'd it.

*Stri.* No, you are short.

I learn't it of a Jesuite.  
And 'twas but easie : shaving of my old  
Gray haire and beard off ; clapping on this perrule  
After the fashion ; having but few wrinkles.  
(For which I thank my Batchelourship, I passe

For

For a brisk youth. But for my *Hannibal* eye here.  
 And by my brothers  
 Courteous advice I have ta'ne a courfe to live  
 Upon my flock of wit, flight and a&ctivity,  
 With nimble braine, quick hands, and aery heels,  
 as he told me, ha!

*Cash.* He could not think you would have stolne  
 his daughter to ha' set up withal.

*Stri.* But now I care not  
 What the wretch thinks, so he discovers nothing,  
 I dare trust thee *Cash*, partly on thy Oath  
 Which I have ta'ne you know: but more respectfully  
 Upon your fourty pieces here, friend *Cash*,  
 Which I have also ta'ne: but most of all  
 For that I know you dare not make discovery,  
 For feare of Little-eafe. That were a prison  
 Too fearful for such bravery to stoop into.

*Cash.* That keeps me still in awe. 'Tis well you  
 know it.

But it is better, he has no fufpition  
 That I am run away.

*Enter* Camelion.

*Cam.* The Mufick's ready, fir.

*Stri.* Play then,——the Tresboun.

*Daunce.*

*Stri.* 'Twas very well done, Landlord, I protest  
 I love your house the better for your quality.

*Cam.* But if you saw me at the ducking pond,  
 Me and my Trull.

*Stri.* Your Trull?

*Cam.* I mean, my bitch, fir.  
 () she would ravish you.

*Enter*

Enter Hannah.

*Stri.* Some other time.

Here comes your wife. The newes good Landlady ?

*Han.* Newes out of *Francc*, your fame is spread abroad.

*Stri.* How out of *France* ?

*Han.* Two young *French* Gentlemen.  
New come ashore, the daintiest sweetest Gentlemen  
That e're I saw (now you be jealous *Rafe*)

*Cam.* Not I.

*Han.* Are coming to lodge here, having heard  
It seems, that you professe *French* qualities.  
And instantly desire to be acquainted  
With you and your sweet company.

*Stri.* Can they speak English ?

*Han.* One very well : and the tother can fay  
Tree *Fransh* crown for two English kisse already,  
Now be jealous *Rafe*.

*Cam.* Pish, *Hony soit qui maly pense*.

*Stri.* You can speak *French*, Landlord.

*Cam.* So much as you have heard, not one word  
more.

I assure you but this, *Adieu Monsieur* and so  
I leave you

*Han.* Will you not see the Gallants *Rafe* ?

*Cam.* Not I, I wo'nt be jealous Cock, and so  
By the Back-door to the ducking pond I go. *Ex.*

*Stri.* Enter then Landlady, where be these Girles ?

*Han.* Here they are come. *Ex.*

Enter Joyce, Gabriella,

*Stri.* Stand aside *Cash*, and be not yet discovered.  
How Ladies, how do y'like your way of living ?

*Foy.* I do not like it Uucle.

*Gab.* Troth, nor I sir.

*Foy.*

*Foy.* We eat and lodge well; and we weare good cloathes,  
And keep our credit in the house we live in.  
But what we suffer in our reputation  
Abroad, is dangerously doubtful.

*Stri.* So, so.

*Gab.* Here we are view'd and review'd by all comers.

Courted and tempted too, and though w'are safe  
In our chaste thoughts, the impious world may say,  
We are set out to common sale.

*Stri.* So, so.

*Cash.* And so you are to th' utmost of his power  
I dare be sworne;

*Foy.* But Uncle, for the time that you intend  
To stay, I pray admit no new acquaintance,  
Nor any more, lest I for my escape  
Venture to leap two stories deep.

*Stri.* Ha! you said?

You know I have disclof'd you to no eye  
That could take knowledge who or whence you are,  
And for the forrein strangers, and such Townsfolks  
As knew us not; what need we weigh their thoughts.  
Their gold is weight; let that be all we look to.  
While our deserving arts and qualities  
Require it from 'hem. If they think us wicked,  
And hope to get Virginities for salary,  
And pay for their deluded hopes before-hand.  
What is our act but Justice on their follies,  
In taking of their prodigal coine?

*Gab.* I hope,  
You deal not that way for us.

*Stri.* Never fear it.

*Foy.* But Uncle, though you have taught us  
Courtly Gypsie tricks.  
That somewhat trench upon our modesties.

Pray

Pray let it not be thought we'll sell our honesties.

*Stri.* Trust to my care.

*Cash.* And thats the way to do it.

*Stri.* And in that care be confidently seen,  
By a deserving Gentleman, whom I  
Present to kisse your hands.

*Foy.* I will see none.

*Cash.* You need not feare me, Lady ; for I can  
But tell your father, if you slight his servant.

*Gab.* Blessè us ! what Metamorphosis is this ?  
'Tis *Cash* your fathers man.

*Foy.* Is this the habit of a Merchants Prentice ?

*Cash.* Is this the lodging of a Merchants daughter ?

*Foy.* Has his great marriage turn'd my fathers  
house

Into a sumptuous Palace that he keeps  
Such costly men. Or doth the bravery  
Of his late beauteous Bride require such gorgeous  
Attendants ? Pray what office may you fill  
About her person.

*Cash.* Will you home and see ?

*Gab.* We are betray'd ?

*Stri.* Ha, ha, ha. Be not afraid of *Cash*.  
I know him, and he knows us. He is our friend  
And we'll be his. As for his bravery  
'Tis no new thing with him. I know him of old.  
This fute's his worst of foure.

And he's one  
Of the foure famous Prentices o'th'time.  
None of the Cream and Cake-boyes, nor of those,  
That gall their hands with stool-balls, or their Cat-  
sticks,  
For white-pots, pudding-pies, stew'd prunes, and  
Tanfies.

To feast their Titts at *Islington* or *Hogsdon*.

But

But haunts the famous Ordinaries o'th' time,  
Where the best chear, best game, best company are  
frequent.

Lords call him Cousin at the Bowling Green ; And  
the great Tennis-Court.

Thy fathers money

Would rust else, Girle. Keep thou our Council *Cash*.

And we'll keep thine, though't be to the undoing

Of him and all the wretches of his brotherhood,

That love their money, and their base desires,

Better then blood or name.

*Gab.* But can you hold

It good in any servant so to hazard

His Masters livelihood.

*Stri.* Can you hold your peace ?

He's wife, and saves by't all this while : He knows

His friends are bound in full two thousand pounds,

For's truth, and his true service, and perhaps,

He is not out above one thousand yet,

Where's your wit now ?

*Cash.* Mystresse, I'le do you service, and be true  
to you.

I'd not have mist of this discovery.—

*Stri.* You see she hearkensto him. Talk aside *Cash*.  
And touch her boldly.

*Cash.* I would not have mist it.

For all the wealth your father has : and at

Convenient privacy. I'le give you reasons,

That shall gaine your belief to't.

*Stri.* The French Gallants.

*Enter Papillion, Galliard.*

I had almost forgot them. They are a paire

Of delicate young Monsieurs. If they have

But crownes enough, they are the likeliest

Mer-



Merchants for my new Mart that I can choofe.  
 She faid they can fpeak *Engliſh*, that's a help.  
 For devil of *French* have I to entertain hem [*Salutes*.

*Gab.* See mine own heart, here's more temptation  
 ſtill.

*Joy.* I'll not endure the onſet.

*Cafh.* I'll defend you.

*Joy.* Yet there are graces in their looks methinks,  
 That do invite my ſtay.

*Pap.* *N' entendes vous, la langue francois Mon-*  
*ſieur dittez.*

*Stri.* I would be glad to heare you ſpeak the lan-  
 guage

I better underſtand, and that is *Engliſh*.

In which you are moſt welcome.

*Pap.* Your faire courteſie  
 Merits our greateſt thanks.

*Gali.* I tanck you, ſir.

I have bid *Fraunce* adieu to come and learn

De *Engliſh* very well ; I ſpeak a lietel,

But de *Engliſh* Meſtereffe can teach de beſt.

I ſhall be glad to take my commencements,

Or my firſt Leſſons from theſe Ladies lips. [*Salute*.

*Stri.* A fine forward ſpark ?

*Gali.* O ſweet, O delicate.

Ladies, if you will breath into me *Engliſh*,

I ſhall, if you pleaſe, put *Franſh* into you.

*Une pour l'autre*, dat is one for anoder.

*Cafh.* So they might make a hot bargain on't.

*Joy.* Are theſe your Civil Gentlemen, Landlady ?

*Han.* He ſeems a little waggiſh : but the other  
 Is wondrous civil. He comes bluſhingly.

*Pap.* You are before me in the *Salutation*  
 Of theſe faire Ladies, *Monſieur Galiard* :

*Gal.* *Il E'vray Monſieur Papilion*, I kiſſe before,  
 then you moſe kiſſe behind.

But

But let me pray my tardineffe be excuf'd. [*Salute.*

*Joy.* You pronounce English well, fir.

*Pap.* I am glad

You like it Lady.

*Gab.* I like the others as well.

*Pap.* I have before fpent many monethes in  
*England*:

And my great love unto the Nation,  
Efppecially to the beauties of your Sexe,  
Retraëts me hither, where my friend was never.  
Till now that my perfwafion wonne his company ;  
And happily, I fuppofe, we are arriv'd :  
That, to the fight and knowledge we have had  
Of Mufick, Dances, Courtfhips, and Behaviour.  
Through all parts of our Countrey, *France*, with an  
Addition of all *Italy* affords.

Where (by all beft opinions) even the choicest  
Of fuch court qualities, and active graces,  
I have had their Spring, we now as Fame fuggefts,  
Shall in this faire Society, difcerne  
More then by all our former observation.

*Stri.* Report, fir, fpeaks too loud on our behalfe,  
And let me pray ye, that it not beget  
Too great an expectation on our weakneffe,  
By your too gentle fuffrage. What we can,  
We'll do.

*Gali.* O wec dats de beft. Doe is de ting  
De Franfh man loves : If all your both two daugh-  
ters

Shew all ; all makes but more defire to do.

Speak I no good *English*. *Madamoifelle* ?

*Joy.* I understand you not.

*Gali.* You no understand me,  
Becaufe you tinck I lie. But if you lie  
With me, I make you understand me prefently.

*Cafh.* This hot-rein'd *Monsieur* takes 'em for the  
fame. *Strigood.*

*Strigood* would have 'em be. I came in time.

*Stri.* At afternoon we'll have an exercise  
Of courtship, Gentlemen. In the *Interim*,  
If you will have to stir the appetite,  
A dance before our Ordinary we are for you.

*Gali.* And we for you *Alloun al Egremant Alloun  
Monsieur Papillion pour l'honneur de France.*

*Pap.* What are your dances chiefly in request.

*Stri.* Good Landlady, bid the Musick be in  
readiness.

And then see dinner set upon the table. *Ex. Han.*

We have Sir for Corants,—*La Miniard,*  
*La Vemimde, Le Marqueffe, Le Holland,*  
*La Brittain, Le Roy, Le Prince, Le Montague,*  
The *Saraband*, the *Canaries, La Reverree.*

For Galliards, the *Sellibrand*, the *Dolphine*,  
The new *Galliard*, the *Valette Galliard*, and *lepees.*

*Gali.* 'Tis all very good *Monsieur Papillica  
Effontes Mon Amy.*

*Cash.* And heark you, *Monsieur Strigood*, you  
will be put to't.

*Stri.* I feare no *French* flashes. Beare up *Cash.*  
If we cannot daunce them of o'their legs, our  
wenches can, I warrant thee. Musick be ready.

Gallants, what are you pleased to daunce? *Phil.*  
tells what, &c.

*After the Daunces, Enter Hannah.*

*Han.* Gentlemen, your dinner stays, meat will be  
cold.

*Fran.* And we are hot, 'tis better that take cold  
then we.

But come, one table for us all.

*Phil. Stri.* Agreed, agreed, agreed.

*Cash.* I say so too.

But to my self reserve what I will do. *Ex. omnes.*

(c)

M

Act.

## ACT. IV. Scœn. I.

*Nehemiah, Ephraim.*

*Neh.* **E** *Phraim*, thou hast made me a man, both without, witnesse this sword, and within, witnesse this precious book, which I have gotten almost by heart already.

*Eph.* But sir, beware you fall not back again Into your childish follies : but go forwards In manly actions : for *non progredi est regredi.*

*Neh.* I know the meaning of that too, *Ephraim.* That's once a man and twice a childe. But if I turne childe again, while I have teeth in my head, I'll give Mrs. *Blithe* leave to dig 'hem out with Sugar-plums, as she almost did these two of 'hem yesterday, with her knuckles. I would they stuck both in her bum for't, till I were married to her, and that shall be shortly, they say I wo not turne boy again for that trick.

*Eph.* I hope you will not.

*Neh.* Thou mayest be sure ou't, *Ephraim*; for if I would turne boy again, I ha' not wherewithal to set up again. Thou sawest that, assoon as I had tasted the sweetnesse of this delicious book here, I tore and burnt all my ballats as well the godly as the ungodly. In my conscience as many as might have furnish't three *Bartholomew* Faïres, and then for love of this sword, I broke and did away all my storehouse of tops, gigs, balls, cat and catsticks, pot guns, key guns, trunks, tillers, and all; and will I turne boy again canst think? yet I am half sorry, being towards a wife, that I did  
not

not keep 'him for my children : some money might have been fav'd by't. And that is a manly and a good husbandly confideration, I take it. But hang covetoufneffe : There comes not a mouth into the world, but there's meat for't ; and if I finde 'em not play games, their mother will finde friends, that shall, for them and her felfe too.

*Eph.* I'm glad to heare fuch good things to come from you,

And hope that now your judgment's ftrong enough

To manage my affair. You know my minde, fir.

*Neh.* Amardla *Ephraim*, 'twill be hard to compaffe. For the old Knight will never let me have his Neece, unleffe he have my mother. He meanes to truck for her, though, I confesse, I had rather call thee father then any man, I know, yet I know not how to bring it about, unleffe he marry her firft ; and then she be weary of him, and take thee afterwards to mend her match. I think it must be fo, Amardla *Ephraim*.

*Eph.* Now you flie out again, that's as impossible, as 'tis unlawful.

*La.* *Within.* *Negh.* *Negh.*

*Neh.* Peace, my mother comes.

*La.* Where are you childe ? *Neh.*

*Neh.* I hear her neighing after me, I'll do all I can for thee, Amardla *Ephraim*.

*Enter* Lady.

*La.* Look you sonne, what kinde Sir *Swithin* has sent you. A dancing frog, you would think it were alive, and a ballet of burning the false prophets before they be tried. And another fearful one of the new Antichrift.

*Neh.* Hang bawbles, burn ballets, I am a man, and defie boyes tricks. (c) *La.*

*La.* A sudden change, I pray it be good.

*Neh.* Tell me of toys : I have a sword : offer me ballets ? I have a book. Speak to me of Sir *Swithin*, I'll talk to you of *Ephraim* that gave me these blessings ; and is fitter to be father, (so he is) then the foolishest Knight of 'em all. [*Reades.*

*La.* Blessè my sonne from too much learning. That book has done him no good, I doubt. He talks and looks so wildly o'the sudden.

*Neh.* A ha !

*La.* What book is't. Let me see it.

*Neh.* I'll tell you first. It is a book all of Bulls, Jests, and Lies. Collected by an *A. S. Gent.* Mother I 'footh, there be such things in it ! If you never reade it, it is the rarest book that ever you read in your life. Open it where you will, and you shall learn something. As here now. One refusing to eat Cheefecakes, was ask't his reason. He told them he lov'd the flesh well, but was afraid of the bones. Then here's the next to't. One asking whence Lobsters were brought : his fellow repli'd, one might easily know their countrey by their coat. They are fetch't from the red sea. Now would I might never eat more of 'hem, as well as I love 'hem, if I know what Cheefe-cakes were made of, or from whence Lobsters came before.

*La.* Is this your book-learning ? In troth thou mak'st me laugh.

*Neh.* Laugh on, good Mother. And while you are in the merry mood, let me speak a good word for *Ephraim*. I have a minde f'footh, because he has made me a man, to make him my father, f'footh.

*La.* What, what ! How now. How durst you, sirrah, move my sonne in this ? ha.

*Eph.* Madam.

*La.* It is but so ? ha !

*Neh.*

*Neh.* Pray f'footh hear him speak. He can speak Poetry (he sayes) as well as Knight *Whimlbic*.  
Speak *Ephraim*.

*Eph.* *Madam, Faire truth have told*

*That Queens of old*

*Have now and then*

*Married with private men.*

*A Countesse was no Blusher,*

*To wed her Usher.*

*Without remorse*

*A Lady took her Horse-*

*Keeper in wedlock. These did wisely know*

*Inferiour men best could their work below.*

*Neh.* Mother f'footh, Is it not fine ?

*Eph.* Nay, Madam, more then so,

I'le further go.

*La.* But you shall not, Sirrah. What ! what, how now ! I'st but up and ride ? ha ! Out of my doors thou varlet.

*Neh.* I must out too then, mother I am afraid, oh—

*La.* Good *Neh.* be pacified, I'le give him a better answer.

But not a word on't now, sweet childe, I pray thee.  
Here comes Sir *Swithin*.

*Enter Whimlbic, Blithe.*

*Whi.* Ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. [*Kisse.*]

*La.* I marry Sir *Swithen*. This is better then O Madam, O,—. when you wash't your handkerchiefs in the fuds, and then to wring 'hem out in Poetry.

*Whi.* My tears with the memory of the dead are all fallen into Lethe; and nothing but joy left in me, sine my hopes are confirm'd in your lap. And hang

(c)

Poetry,

Poetry: I study profit now. Therefore, look you, Madam, here is a draught of my marriage-instrument to your lap.

*Eph.* His instrument being drawn, I must put up my pipe and be gone. *Ex.*

*Whi.* And here is another draught for sweet Master *Nehemiah*, for my Neece *Blithes* Jointure.

*Neh.* O but she sayes she will not have me.

*Whi.* When did she say so?

*Neh.* Now, now, she spat the word out of her mouth. And I say, if she ha' not me, you shall whine both your eyes out before you have my mother; and see ne're the worfe, I warrant you.

*Neh.* A crosse marriage, or no marriage, I say still.

*La.* I say so too, sonne, Sweet boy, be content.

*Whi. Blithc.* You spoke well of him behinde his back: and made me think you lov'd him, and would marry him.

*Bli.* Behind his back, I may do much to please you. But when I look upon him, he turnes my stomach worfe then a fool made of soure milk.

*La.* Marry Gip, Mrs. *Qucasie*, my sonne's as sweet as you, I hope, and as wise as you. And suck't as sweet milk as ever the good Cow your mother gave.

*Bli.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Whi.* Patience, good Madam.

*Eph.* I hope the crosse marriage is crost. This is untoward wooing.

*La.* Uds so! do you flirt out your unfavoury comparisons upon my sonne?

*Bli.* Flirt not you at me, Madam, lest I flirt your milk-sop under the snotty nose here.

*Neh.* Yes, and I have a sword, and you ha' got ne're a one.

*La.* You wo' not will you, ha! Do you flie at him, ha! *Whi.*



*Whi.* Fear not, good Madam.

*La.* *Ephraim*, save my boy.

*Bli.* Ha, ha, ha.—

*Whi.* She shall not hurt him. Leave her to me good Madam.

*La.* I ever fear'd he was not long-liv'd he was so witty. And now I feare she will be the death of him. I would not he should marry her for a million.

*Neh.* Say not so, mother. I love her better and better still.

I never had play-fellow i my life, but we fell out and in agen.

And I must and will marry her, I take my death on't aforehand.

*La.* O me! he is bewitch't to her.

*Whi.* Leave all to me, dear Madam.

*La.* As I am to you, I think, Sir *Swithin*.

*Whi.* Let me alone with her: I'll win her, and he shall wear her, feare not. As I was saying, Madam, she speaks as well of him behind his back, as your owne heart can wish. And told me she was content to marry him.

*La.* Behind his back? did she so?

*Whi.* Yes truly, Madam,

*Neh.* Loe you there, mother. Let her marry me behind my back then: And when we are marri'd, I'll make her stick to't before my face, I warrant you; or if she will make back-play. I'll play at nothing but back gammons with her.

*La.* Well, Heaven bleffe thee, thou art but too good for her.

*Whi.* Speak gently, Necce, I charge you.

*Bli.* Madam, I hope your Ladiship shall finde me too good for him. If e're he has me.

*La.* Ha, say you so?

*Whi.* She meanes in well-doing, Madam.

*La.* Nay then, I thank you Mrs. *Blithe*. Assuring you that you shall be no way so good to him, but I will be as good to you.

*Neh.* Agreed again of all hands. But look how she turnes and keeps cut like my Sparrow. She will be my back Sweet-heart, still I see, and love me behind.

*Whi.* She is yet raw, and has not much been abroad to see the manners of the time. In which my melancholy has been her main hinderance. But Madam, there is now that is worth all our sight and observation; A new Academy, where they say, the newest and most courtly carriage and behaviour is taught and practised both for young Gentlemen and women. Have you not heard on't?

*La.* Yes, Sir *Swithin*; and that the *French* tongue is taught there with great alacrity; and my sonne is wish't thither, but soft I warrant you.

*Whi.* But let him see it: at least in our company it will embolden him; I mean to carry my Neece thither. I have been a Lover of Arts and Exercises; and know somewhat since my youth. Pray let us spend one houre of this afternoon there.

*La.* Pardon me good Sir *Swithin*.

*Neh.* But he shall not mother if you love me: for I mean to perfect my dancing there; and to learn *French* there, For I mean when I am married to travel into *France*. But I will first be perfect in the tongue. I shall learn it the sooner when I am there you know. Pray let us go to th' Acomedy, what dee call it?

*Whi.* The Academy.

*La.* Say you so sonne? then come fir *Swithin* Come Mrs. *Blithe*, we will all go.

*Bli.* I'll wait upon you, though my heart fayes  
no.

*Ex.*  
*Scen.*

Scen. 2. Enter Joyce, Gabriella.

Joy. O mine own heart! how near were we both  
fallen  
Into the Gulf of Ruine?

Gab. Thanks for our delivery!  
We were upon the brink of main destruction.

Joy. Was ever such a Friend as this mine Vncle?  
Pretending us his children too, and call'd us daugh-  
ters

To those he bargain'd with to sell our Maidenheads?

Gab. 'Twas a most damnable practise! fie upon  
him.

Joy. And had the *Monsieurs* been as capable  
Of our Virinities, as he was of  
Their moneys, how had we then resisted.

Gab. By *Venus* (mine own heart) my Gentleman  
Came up so close to me, that if my voice  
Had not been stronger then mine armes (O me!  
I tremble for it yet) I had been vanquish't.

Joy. But did you note the vertue of the Gentle-  
men?

When they were sensible of our feares and tears,  
How gently they desisted, and with what humanity,  
When they perceiv'd how we had been betray'd,  
They pitied our conditions; and woo'd honestly  
Our loves in way of marriage. Provided that  
Our births and fortunes might no way disparage  
Theirs, being free and generous.

Gab. I confesse  
I love 'hem both so well, that if they prove  
(As they pretend they are not) our inferiours  
In blood and worth, I would take either of 'em.

Joy. Troth (mine own heart) 'tis just the same  
with me.

(c)

I

I care not which I have. And mark a sympathy,  
 How equally all our affections strike.  
 We both love them, they both love us alike.  
 But peace. *Cash*, though he has done us good service,  
 Must not know all. How goes it within *Cash*?

*Enter Cash.*

*Cash.* And why *Cash* pray. Ha' not you chang'd  
 your names  
 From *Joyce* and *Gabriella* to *Jane* and *Frances*.  
 And is not your Uncle *Strigood* now become  
 Your father, by the name of Mr. *Lightfoot*  
 The nimble dancing Master? And must I still  
 Carry the name of *Cash*? and having lost  
 My nature too, in having no cash left?  
 (Pox o'the dice) call me Mr. *Outlash*.

*Joy.* My father will fetch you homewith an *Inlash*  
 One o' these dayes.

*Cash.* But after you, faire Mistris,  
 Now to your question for the squares within.

*Joy.* I with the Frenchmen, and my Uncle *Strigood*.

*Cash.* Your father *Lightfoot*, you forget agen.  
 There's a drawn match made: For the *Monsieurs*  
 Have ta'ne their money again: And you have still  
 Your Maidenheads, I hope. But to have heard  
 The coile they kept, the wrangle, and the stir;  
 And how the young Blades put the old one to't;  
 Would ha' perplext you more then keeping of  
 Your Maidenheads from men you love.

*Gab.* You cannot tell that.

*Cash.* O how the old man chafes that you would  
 offer

To make you mone to 'hem to move their pity,  
 And not to make his bargain good; and then

How

How they put home his baseness to him ; to make  
false

Of his own blood and honour in his children.

(They knew they said some parents in their country,  
After their children were turn'd whores, would share  
To live upon the profits, but to sell

Their souls before they were damned, fie, fie, fie, fie.)

Till he confess indeed you were none of his.

But children of some friends of his decease,

Left to his care for breeding ; which he had

Plentifully given, and thought it might seem reason-  
able

To raise his money out of you again.

*Joy.* What an old devil is this ?

*Cash.* Baser and baser still.

The *Monsieurs* cri'd, and swore if they could find

Your Parents were Gentle and virtuous,

Being their first Loves, they would marry you,

To free you from this miserable thralldome.

*Gab.* Brave honest Gentlemen.

*Gab.* Be advis'd though, Mistress.

*Joy.* I hope I shall.

*Cash.* Beware of Travellers, many pass abroad

For gallant fellows that have run their country,

For picking pockets.

*Joy.* And some you know at home

For cozening their Masters.

*Cash.* You are pleas'd.

But you have known my love ; for *Gabriella*

Let 'hem share her betwixt 'hem. You and I

Made one, may soon make peace with the old man

At home.

*Joy.* O Rogue ! I'll tell you more anon *Cash.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Strigood, Pap. Galliard.

*Stri.* Come Gentlemen, *Monsieur Papillion*.  
And *Monsieur Galliard*, all friends, all friends.

*Pap.* Agreed, agreed, fir.

*Gall.* And agree for me.

Agree poor tout.

*Stri.* Chear up your faces Girles.  
'Twas but my trial of your chastity.  
And since you have stood firme, I am proud of you.  
Trust me, 'twas but to try you.

*Gall.* Wee wee All, but for try. Trimount, trimount.

No more, but all for try : no man can tinck,  
But 'twas too very moshe to take two hundred  
Crowns for two puffillages, no, no was but  
For try : but and she had not squeek and scraff too  
Like to de leetel chat, I had Trimount  
One, two, tree five time, for all your try.

*Stri.* What's past let be forgot. According to  
Agreement, Gentlemen, y'are now content  
To joyne with us in Academick fellowship,  
And for your pastime professe Art and Science,  
As we do for our profit : y'are expert,  
I finde ; and shall winne wonder of our Nation,  
To your own much delight out of their follies.

*Cash.* And then for Gamesters, Gentlemen. If  
you'll play.

I'le bring ye those shall venture money enough.

*Pap.* We are planted to our wish.

*Gall.* All very good.

All very good ; but I would see thee first.  
What Ladies will come here to practife complement.

*Stri.* You are still hot upon the female *Monsieur Galliard*.

*Monsieur Papillion* here flies over 'hem.

*Enter*

Enter Hannah.

Han. Ha, ha, ha, what will this world come to?

Stri. Landlady, the newes?

Han. The old will to't.

As well as the young I see.

Stri. To what Landlady?

Han. To fashion following; } *He takes her aside.*  
A Reverend Lady } *And that while the*  
Of fifty five; and a Knight of } *young men and*  
threescore } *maids court and*  
} *confer at tother side.*

And upwards, are come hither to learn fashion.

Stri. Do you know their names?

Han. Yes, yes: and them; 'tis that  
Begets my wonder.

'Tis the Lady *Nestlecock*. and one Sir *Swithin*  
*Whimlby*.

Stri. Wit be merciful unto us.

Enter Hannah, Cash.

Han. The Ladies man's without: who came to  
know if the house were ready to entertain 'hem;  
do you know 'em Mr. *Lightfoot*.

Stri. I have heard o'th' Lady. *Cash*, see if it be  
*Ephraim*.

He cannot know thee. Let him not away, [*He looks*  
*out*.

By any meanes, his not return to them may keep  
'hem back.

*Cash*. 'Tis he, I see him hither.

Stri. Landlady, is your husband come from  
ducking.

Han. Yes, overjoy'd with the good sport he has  
had.

He'll play th' good fellow then. Entreat him *Cash*.  
To

To help thee, put a cup or two upon  
That fellow ; and hear'ft me, ſpice his cup,  
I mean, grave *Ephraims* cup with this ſame powder,  
'Twill lay him aſleep, and quickly.

*Caſh.* I know the trick on't. *Ex.*

*Stri.* And Landlady, when the Knight and Lady  
come,

Say we are ready for 'em.

*Han.* That I ſhall ſir,

*Pap.* 'Tis then an abſolute contract, I am yours.

*Joy.* And I am yours as firme as faith can binde.

*Gall.* To which we are de witneſſe. Be ſo for us.  
I am her husband, And ſhe is my wife,  
Speak you.

*Gab.* 'Fore Heaven, I do acknowledge it,  
But ſir, the Church muſt be obſerv'd.

*Gall.* For that.

We'll ſend for one Miniſter that ſhall marry  
Us all at once. One kiſſe till then ſhall ſerve. [*Kiſſe.*

*Stri.* 'Twas well done *Monſieurs*. I no ſooner turn  
My back, but you are on the Damoſels lips.

*Gall.* A leetle in de honeſt way will ſerve,  
But he ſhall know no-ting.

*Stri.* On with your Maſques Maids,  
And take eſpecial heed you bluſh not through 'hem.  
For here are ſome at hand will put us to't.

*Joy.* 'Tis not my father, nor my Lady Aunt ?

*Stri.* I cannot promiſe you. Be bold and ſafe.  
Beare it out bravely, or our ſchool breaks up  
Immediately : and we are broke for ever,  
Beſides, there is no ſtarting.

*Gab.* That's enough  
To make a coward fight, and mine own heart ;  
We muſt ſtand ſtoutly to't, or we loſe our loves elſe.

*Joy.* Well, I am arm'd.

*Gab.* And I.

*Stri.*



*Stri.* Fall into complement. *Masques on.*

*Enter* Whimlby, Lady, Neh. Blithe.

*La* I muse we lost my man thus.

*Neh.* By your leave, sir.

Are you the Regent of this Academy ?

*Stri.* I am sir.

*Whim.* And are those of your Assistants.

*Stri.* Yes sir, and all Professors of Court-discipline, By the most accurate, yet more familiar Rules, then have ever yet been taught by any, For quick instruction both of young and old.

*Whim.* You promise very fairly. For us old ones, We know and could have done things in our youth, Which still we have a minde to : but we leave The practice to our young ones : Here's a paire Would faine be at it. We'll pay their admittance.

*La.* But I'd be glad to see first by your leave, Some probability of what they shall learn.

*Stri.* And reason good, good Madam. Pray observe there.

*Pap.* Fair star of courtship, my unworthy humble self, a

Profest servant to the integrity of beauty, makes this

Clear testimony of your merits, that every eye that sees you

Owes you his heart for tribute, and that unjustly your beholders live, that live not in your service.

*Neh.* Mother f'footh, is not this *French?*

*La.* Peace childe. Hear more on't.

*Joy.* Noble sir, you are so exactly deserving in the opinion of all righteous judgements, that the least syllable of your fair testimony, is able to re-edifie the ruines of a decayed commendation.

*Whim.* The best that ever I heard, since I woo'd my *Griffel.* *Stri.*

*Stri.* Was not that a sweet bout, fir ;

*Whim.* Yes, yes, it puts me in minde of some sweet bouts I had with one before I married her.

*Stri.* Has he married my Sister troe ?

*Pap.* I am forc't to giye you over, Madam, you have such a preventing and preoccupying wit in all things.

*Nch.* That goes like English Mrs. *Blithe*. I could learn some of that me thinks.

*Bli.* Best tell your mother so ; she may rejoyce at it.

*Stri.* There, Lady, was a taste of sweet complement between persons equally affected. May it please you now to let your sonne passe upon this damosel. Who being to her a stranger, and raw (as I imagine) in courtship, shall meet with reprehension, that may be for his instruction.

*La.* Do *Nch.* speak to her.

*Whim.* Put of your hat and say——

*Nch.* What ! and her masque on ?

*La.* That was well said. Why are they mask'd, I pray fir ?

*Stri.* We are commanded it by the policy of wife authority ; for feare young heires might fall in love with 'em, and sink their fortunes.

*La.* You have well satisfied me.

*Nch.* What should I say to one I never saw.

*Whim.* When I was young and bold, I would have said, Lady, you are most auspiciously encountred. And speak it boldly.

*Nch.* Lady, you are most suspiciously accoutred, I speak it boldly.

*Whim.* Auspiciously encountred man.

*Nch.* Auspiciously encountred woman, I say.

*Gab.* I commiserate your encounter. 'Tis a most hungry, verminous, impoverish't word fir. It seems you are a stranger by't, to the Innovation of courtship.

*Nch.*

*Nch.* What should I say to that now ?

*La.* He's a weak scholar forsooth, and would be glad to learn.

*Gab.* The acknowledgement of his weaknesse is the first greece of gradation to perfection, and his gladnesse the scaling-ladder of resolution.

*Nch.* Pray f'footh, can you teach me a complement to offer you sugar-plums, and eat 'hem my selfe : to save my manners and my plums too ?

*La.* What a wag it is ?

*Gab.* What walking dunghil is this ? made of the dust swept from the house of ignorance.

*La.* What, what ! how now, ha ? you are a Flapfe to terme my sonne so, ha !

*Stri.* O good Madam. This is but school-play.

*La.* I'll put her by her school-tricks and noonly unmask, but unskin her face too, and she come over my heire apparent with such *Billingsgate* Compliments.

*Pap.* Sweet Madam, no harm was meant, and nothing said in earnest : 'Twas meerly but school-practice, but to shew the sweet young Gentleman how he might be subject to the scorn of Court, before he be seen in Complement.

*La.* Say you so ?

*Pap.* 'Twas told your Ladiship before, that by reprehension he might finde instruction.

*Whim.* Right Madam ; For no Fencer learns his Science before he receive some hits and knocks too : Oh, I have had many.

*La.* Nay, I am satisfied, and pray, that my rash error may prove pardonable Lady

*Gab.* Rather let me implore your mercy, Madam—.

*Stri.* 'Tis well, 'tis well. Lets hear an Interchange or two now, of complemental acknowledgement of

courtesies past betwixt Ladies, for the edification of this faire one, who seems not 'yet to have ta'ne notice of us, but looks o'the ground still.

*Bli.* 'Tis not to finde a fescue, sir, among the Ruffles.

To pick out a lesson in your crisse-crosse-row of complement.

*Stri.* Sharp and fudden. She has a good wit I see.

*Whim.* Observe, good *Bli*the, observe.

*Gab.* Can your poorfervant expresse acknowledgement enough, Lady, for favours so incessantly heap't upon her, besides the accumulation of many secret benefits?

*Joy.* I cannot but admire, Madam, your noble and illustrious Gratitude, that can give beauty to benefits of so low a birth and condition.

*Whim.* O, my *Griffel* comes to my minde agen, she was the gratefullest woman.

*Gab.* If such favours, Madam, should passe under an humble name, Honour would grow idle, and a thankful Nature beguil'd of her employment.

*Joy.* You'll make my zeale hereafter, too bashful to serve your most curious acknowledgement.

*Bli.* Curious acknowledgement! There was a thrid drawn out.

*Gab.* I am bound by many kindneses, Madam, to celebrate the faire memory of you; as the trouble of your Coach twice in one day, besides those inestimable Jewels, the Monkey and Dormouse your Ladiship sent me.

*Nch.* I would you could lend me a sight of 'hem forsooth, I love such things devoutly.

*Joy.* You do but open a privie door to my thankful remembrance, Madam, for the bounty of your Squirrel and Paraquitoe.

*Bli.* Fagh, shut that privie door.

*Nch.*

*Neh.* And shut in the Squirrel and the Paraquitoe to be stifled, shall she? O that I could see 'hem!

*Stri.* Now Madam, and Sir Knight, Is not this neat and handsom?

*Whim.* Truly, truly, 'tis most admirable pretty.

*Stri.* Nay, if you heard our Lectures, saw our Daunces.

Relish't our Musick and harmonious voices,

Observ'd our Rules for fashion and attire.

Our many exact postures and dimensions,

Fit to be us'd by way of Salutation,

Of courtesie, of honour, of obeisance,

To all degrees of man or womankind,

From the low bent of vassalage, to the head

Of trowing Majesty, you should admire.

*La.* But do you reade and teach all these to your scholars?

*Stri.* Stand forth, *Monsieur Galliard.* Stay w'are interrupted.

*Enter* Eraf. Val. Rachel.

Up maids, and quickly; or 'tis not your Masques  
Can keep you undiscover'd. Go, be ready,  
With Musick and your voices, when I call to yee.

*Ex. Joy. Gab.*

*La.* Why are we interrupted? pray proceed.

*Neh.* Mother, it is my naughty Aunt, so 'tis.

*La.* No matter, sonne, we'll take no notice of her.

I wonder at the boldnesse of the drudge though.

*Ra.* I can turne taile too, as well as the great Lady, Hah.

*Val.* And do so, Mystresse, give her a broad-side.

Well-said, we'll make our partie good, I warrant you.

*Er.* Sir, we have heard your Fame; and love your Arts.

And pray that our ambition be excus'd,  
Which drew on our Intrusion.

*Stri.* To me and to the place you are all welcome.

*Val.* And so to all I hope, chiefly to you,  
Good Madam Dowager, hoping in good time  
I may get good, by doing much good upon you.  
How likes your Lap: my complement.

*La.* Do you bring your rude companions to  
affront me? Are you so hot? you stir up your cinders  
before they be cak't.

*Val.* Still in the Kitchin-dialect.

*Ra.* No ruder then your self, hah.

*Val.* I brought her, Madam,  
T' advance my suit to you.

*La.* Will you see me abus'd  
Sir *Swithin*, look to your Neece, the t'other talks  
to her.

*Whi.* Kinde merry Gentlemen, Madam, when I  
was young I would have done the like. Their coming  
hither, was as ours was to note th' instructions  
That are taught here. Pray fir proceed. On with  
your exercise, that we may all be edified.

*Stri.* We shall do so, Sir.

*Val.* But fir, your Gentlewomen,  
That past upon our entrance, where are they?

*Stri.* Sir, they were call'd in haste to private  
practice

With some great Ladies in an upper room.

*Val.* *Umh*——private practice. Well, I shall  
know all.

*Stri.* And they being absent, we shall for the  
present

Only deliver by these Gentlemen,  
Some heads of Sciences.

A

A Song, a Daunce, and then  
Entreat you take a taste of a collation,  
And all most fairly welcome. Speak *Monfieur*  
*Galliard*,  
The heads of our chief Arts. Your silence, pray you.  
*Gal.* The first is the due carriage of the body,  
The proper motion of the head, hand, leg,  
To every severall degree of person,  
From the Peasant unto the Potentate ;  
To your inferiours how and when to use the Nod,  
The Hum, the Ha, the Frown, the Smile,  
Upon the fit occasion ; and to your equals,  
The exactest, newest, and familiar motions  
Of eye, of hand, of knee, of arme and shoulder,  
That are in Garbe, in Congee, Crindge, or Shrug,  
In common Courtesie, or Complement.  
Lastly, for your Addressees to Superiours.  
The Honours, Reverence, or Obeysances,  
Proper unto the quality or estate  
Of person whatsoever. And so much  
For carriage and behaviour. In the next place  
You shall have rules for the more graceful wearing  
Of your Apparel, with the natural Reasons,  
Why some mans hat does better in his hand  
Then on his head, and why his coat hangs neater  
Upon his elbow, then upon his back,  
As also Reasons for Tunes bringing up.  
And marriages, together of the fashions  
Of man and woman, how his Callet, and her  
Black-bag, came on together ; how his pocket combe,  
To spruce his Perrule, and her Girdle-glasse,  
To order her black pashes, came together ;  
How his walking in the streets without a cloak,  
And her, without a man came up together ;  
Of these, and of a hundred more the like,  
We shall demonstrate reasons and instructions.

Shall render you most graceful in each fashion.

The next are skills in instruments, song and dancing.

*Stri.* Enough, those shall be made familiar to you  
By voice and action instantly. A Song there.

S O N G.

*Whim.* Admirable pretty still.

*Er.* Are these your Gentlewomens voices, fir?

*Stri.* They are.

*Val.* What do you keep 'hem up like Nuns,  
To sing and not be seen?

*Stri.* Not alwayes fir.

But may it please yee Gentlemen and Ladies,  
Now to observe the practice of our feet  
In active dancing.

*Nch.* That came I to learn,  
And to speak *French*, do you think fir, you can bring  
My mouth to handle the *French* tongue handfomly.

*La.* He's apt to learn, fir, I can tell you that.

*Gal.* Yes, I shall bring his Mout to it. But his  
Mout is yet a leetel too wide. But he shall have  
some of de water dat de woman use for anoder ting,  
to bring it better together; and he shall speak like  
de *Fransh* Lady.

*Nch.* Pray fir, if you can like the Ladies daugh-  
ter of *Paris* properlie.

*Er.* Now *Val.* thou knowest the way.

*Val.* I wonder fir, 'Mongst all your Arts and  
Sciences

You have so little judgement in a face,  
Does his mouth appear wide to you? what false  
glasse

Are your eyes made of?

*Gal.* What do you mean?

*Er.* Nay, friend.

*Stri.*



*Stri.* Pray fir take no offence. Here was none meant.

*Val.* Slander is no offence then. He has injur'd, By breathing an aspersion on that face, The life of beauty, and the foule of sweetnesse. Wide mouth Y—.

*Gal.* Begar *Monficur*, you shall nopoint out mouth, No, nor out-face the Frensh man with your great Bullbeef, and Mustard English looks.

*Er.* Nay, gentle *Val.* forbear.

*Val.* I'le stop.

This mouth that knowingly fayer he dares except Against a tittle of his face or person. But as he is an ignorant stranger, and I must respect the company. I forbear.

*La.* However fir, I can but thank your love in't.

*Er.* Now it works in her.

*Val.* Pardon my plainnesse, Madam.

I never was so ta'ne with Masculine beauty. And till I winne a woman that is like him, Or has been like him, I can but languish.

*La.* They told me I was like him, when I was younger. *[Aside.*

And let me tell you y'are a comely Gentleman. And be you but as honest as y'are handfom, you deserve well.

*Val.* *Umh*, 'tis a hard matter to bring those ends together.

*Neh.* Mother f'sooth. Here's a man now for you to make my father!

Beyond the Knight or *Ephraim*!

*La.* Were I free from the old Knight, I could look well upon him.

*Ra.* Come, servant, come away.

*Val.* By no meanes, *Mystresse*, I do but sooth her up to jeare her for you.

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If

If you out-stay her not, you lose your honour,  
She'll brag she has out-look't you, If you start.

*Ra.* Nay, and she go to that, I hope I can,  
Look as ill favouredly as her selfe, or a better  
Woman then she, and stay in spight of her, hah.

*Val.* 'Tis well done, Mystris, Madam shall I tell  
you.

But I would pray you not to storme, but laugh at it.  
She sayes you are no match for me.

*La.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Val.* And knowing I aim at none but some great  
widow.

Tells me she knows her husband's but short-liv'd.  
I feare she means to break his heart.

*La.* Say you so?

*Val.* No words, good Madam.

*Whim.* Yet more whispering.

Pray Madam let us go. Neece come away,  
For I fear Madam, as you wisely doubted,  
This is no companie for us.

*La.* Sir, I hope

I am not yet so tied, but I may safelie  
Use my own freedom, I'll go when I please.

*Whim.* O *Griffel, Griffel*, when would'st thou  
have said so?

*Bli.* Loves power, I hope, hath wonne on destinie.  
T'appoint this day for my delivery.

*Er.* Nay, good Sir *Swithin*, —Ladies— we  
have yet

Dauncing to come, and a Collation promis'd.

*Enter Camelion.*

*Stri.* Yes Gallants, now w'are readie, we but  
stayed for this fourth man here.

*Val.* O *Camelion*.

Where is your wife? I hope your jealousie

Locks

Locks her not up.

*Cam.* Pish, *Honi soit*. I hate it.

No, she has been preparing of a banquet,  
Which now is ready for you, worthy Mr. *Lightfoot*,  
And your faire company ; jealousie I desie  
The bafe horne Ague, Mr. *Askal* I.

*La.* What does he call you ? *Rafcal* ?

*Val.* *Askal* Madam.

My name is *Askal*. But the R in Master  
Runs into't so, that sometimes it sounds doubtful.  
I must be Knighted, *Euphoniæ gratia*.  
Sir *Valentine Askal* will come fairly off.

*Cam.* Now note me Mr. *Askal*, and tell me if ever  
jealous man came so lightly off.

*Enter* Hannah.

*Daunce.*

*Han.* Sir, your collation stayes.

*Stri.* 'Tis well, Gallants and Ladies  
Wilt please you enter.

*Omn.* Agreed, agreed, of all sides. *Ex. Omn.*

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ACT. V. Scœn. I.

*Enter* Lafoy, Hardy, Matchil.

*Laf.* I Nhospitable ! 'tis inhumane, past  
The cruelty of infidels.

*Mat.* Thou speak'st  
But thine own barbarous cruelty, hollow Frenchman.

*Laf.* Abominable hypocrite.

*Mat.* Cunning Villain.

*Har.* Fie Gentlemen, forbear this unknown lan-  
guage. And

And either speak to others understanding,  
If you speak Justice.

*Mat.* Give me then my sonne.

*Laf.* Thou hast thy sonne, give me my sonne  
and daughter.

*Har.* Pray Gentlemen, if you'll not hear each  
other, yet both hear me.

*Mat.* I pray Captain speak.

*Har.* You had his sonne to foster; he your  
daughter.

You faithfully affirme you sent his sonne  
For *England* a moneth since.

*Laf.* And mine own with him.

*Har.* You have confest you put away his daughter.

*Mat.* And mine own with her, through her dis-  
obedience.

But 'twas upon advertisement by letter,  
That he had first cast off my sonne to an  
Untimely death.

*Har.* Some Villain forg'd that letter,  
And let me tell you fir, though in your house,  
*Lafoy's* an honest and a temperate man.  
You are rash and unadvif'd, what *Lafoy* speaks  
I will maintain for truth: what you have done  
I wish you could make good; But I may fear  
You are mark't out by your own wilfulnesse,  
The subject of much woe and sad misfortune.

*Mat.* I know not what I am; but did you know  
The number, and the weight of my afflictions,  
You could not chide me thus without some pity,

*Har.* Indeed I pity you, and now y'are calme,  
Know that *Lafoy* sent his sonne over with yours,  
And but for some affaires he had with me,  
I'th' Isle of *Wight* he had embark'd himself  
With them, and brought 'nem to you.

*Mat.* There's hope then yet  
That my boy lives.

*Hard.*

*Hard.* And is come over feare not.

*Mat.* You comfort me, and now *Lafoy* y'are welcome.

*Laf.* But to what comfort, having lost my daughter.

*Mat.* Lost or lost not, mine's with her. And I purpose now to be sad no longer. For I think I ha' lost my wife too, there's a second comfort.

*Har.* Take an example here *Monficur Lafoy*. And shake of sadnesse ; mirth may come unlook't for.

*Har.* I ha' lost a sonne too, a wild roaring Lad, About this town. And if I finde not him, I doubt not I shall finde, that he has spent me A hundred pound since I last heard of him. By the way sir, I sent you a bill of change Last moneth, to pay a hundred pieces for me.

*Mat.* 'Twas paid. I have your bill for my discharge.

How now ?

Ha' you found your Mystresse.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* No tidings of her, sir.

*Mat.* She has found then some good exercise, I doubt not.

That holds her so.

*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentleman Craves instant speech with you.

*Mat.* Who ? or whence comes he ?

*Ser.* He will be known to none before he sees you And, when you see him, he sayes he thinks you'll know him.

He's a brave gallant, one o'the Alamodes, Nothing but *French* all over.

*Mat.* Fetch him me quickly,

It

It is my sonne. Grammercie mine own heart,  
That waft not light so suddenie for nothing,  
Pray Gentlemen, who e're you see, name no man  
To me, unlesse I ask you. He comes, he comes.

*Enter Cash.*

I'm grown a proper man. Heaven make me  
thankful.

Iust such a spark was I at two and twenty,  
Set cloathes and fashon by. He thinks to try  
If I can know him now. But there I'le fit him.  
With me fir is your bufinesse?

*Cash.* I presume  
You do not know me, fir.

*Mat.* As well as he that got him,  
Pray Gentlemen keep your countenances. Not  
know you fir?

'Tis like I may have known you heretofore,  
But cannot readily collect; perhaps  
You are much chang'd by Travel, Time, and Bravery,  
Since I last saw you. There he may finde  
I partly gueffe, but will not know him yet.  
Good Gentlemen say nothing.

*Har.* What ailes he troe.

*Cash.* He knowes me, I feare, too soon. If now  
my plot faile, and he have a Counterplot upon me.  
I am laid up.

*Cash.* Do you not know me yet fir.

*Mat.* Know you, or know you not fir, what's  
your bufinesse.

*Cash.* You sometimes had a sonne fir.

*Mat.* Now he comes to me.

I had fir. But I hear he's slain in *France*.  
And farewell he. Mark how I handle him.  
And what fir of my sonne?

*Cash.*

*Cash* He's dead you fay.

*Mat.* I muse the Knave askes me not blessing  
though.

*Cash.* But to supplie his losse you have a daughter

That may endear a sonne, fir, to your comfort.

*Mat.* Whither now flies he trow ! Sir, do you  
know her.

Or where to finde her ?

*Cash.* First upon my knees  
Let me implore your pardon.

*Mat.* Now he comes home : And I can hold no  
longer.

My blessing boy, thou meanest. Take it, and welcome

To a glad father. Rise, and let my teares,  
If joy confirm thy welcom.

*Cash.* I may not rise yet fir.

*Mat.* No ? why ? what hast thou done ? where's  
young *Lafoy* ?

My true friends soone here ? whom I now must  
lock

Up in these armes, amidst a thousand welcomes :  
Where's the young man ?

*Cash.* I know not who you mean fir.

*Mat.* Distract me not.

*Laf.* I feare you are distraught.

I know not him. How should he know my son.

*Mat.* Let me look nearer.

*Cash.* Sir, I am your Prentice.

*Mat.* Whow——whow, whow, who—my Thiefe  
and Runaway.

*Cash.* Pray fir afford me hearing.

*Mat.* Sir, your cause  
Requires a Judges hearing.

*Cash.* I have put me

Into

Into your hands, and not without much hope,  
To gaine your pardon, and your daughters love.

*Mat.* 'Tis roundly spoken. Gentlemen, I'll tell  
you.

This gallant youth, has gallanted away  
A thousand pound of mine.

*Cash.* For your advantage sir : For  
By this way

Of Gallantry, as you call it, I have travell'd  
Through the Reforts and Haunts publike and pri-  
vate

Of all the Gallants in the Town. In brief  
I have found your daughter, where she had been lost  
For ever in your brother *Strigoods* hands.

*Mat.* Canst bring me thither ?

*Laf.* Is my daughter with her ?

*Cash.* Madam *Gabriella*, the French Damfel's  
there.

And others, men and women, whom you'll know  
when you come there.

*Laf.* Good sir, lets hasten thither.

*Mat.* You'll aid me, sirs ?

*Har.* Yes, with our lives and fortune. *Ex. omnes*

*Scæn. 2. Enter Erasmus, Blithe, Camelion.*

*Er.* Be scarieffe Lady, and upon my life,  
Honour, and faith ; you are secure from danger.

*Bli.* Sir, I have put me in your hands you see  
So liberally that I may feare to suffer,  
If not a censure, yet a supposition  
Of too much easinesse, in being led  
So suddenly so farre towards your desire.  
But my opinion of your noblenesse  
Joyn'd with your Protestation, pleads my pardon

At



At least it may, the wretchednesse considered,  
To which I was enthrall'd.

*Er.* It is not more my love  
Unto your vertue, and your faire endowments.  
Then pity in me labours your release.  
Nor is it rather to enrich my self.  
Then to save you from so immente a danger,  
As you had fallen into by yielding under  
Your Uncles weaknesse in so fond a match.

*Bli.* Blesse me from being fool-clog'd.

*Er.* Now you are free.  
If you can think your self so, and but yield  
Unto my present Counsel.

*Cam.* Do so Lady  
Before you are mist within. Here is the Clofet,  
And here's the Key in your own hands. And presently  
I'll fetch a Priest.

*Er.* You see  
I still deal fairlie w'ye; and give you power  
To keep guard on your self.

*Bli.* And yet I yield  
My self your prisoner.

*Cam.* In: some body comes.  
She will be yours. And let me tell you, sir,  
I wish you as much joy with her, as I  
Have with my Cock.

*Er.* You have befriended me  
In this good enterprife: And one good turne  
Requires another. And now for that I told you,  
Touching your wife, your Cock you so rejoyce in.

*Cam.* Alas, alas, good Gentlemen, you would  
fain  
Hla'me be jealous. *Honi soit, y'are short.*

*Enter Val. Hannah.*

*Er.* Stand by and observe.

*Val.*

*Val.* Do you begin to boggle,  
And when I send for twenty pieces, do you  
Send me but ten ?

*Cam.* What's that ?

*Er.* Nay mark.

*Val.* I pray,  
What have I had in all by your account.

*Han.* At several times, you have had fifty pounds  
of my poor husbands money.

*Val.* What's that to the free pleasure of my body  
Which must afford you sweet and lustie payment ?  
You froward Monkey. But perhaps you ha' got  
Some new-found Horn-maker, that you may think,  
Deserves your husbands money better, for  
Doing his Journey-work, one o'the *Monfieurs*,  
Or both perhaps i'th' house here under's Antlers,  
It must be so, why else of all the town,  
Must I be one o'th' last that must take notice  
Of your new College here, your brazen-face Col-  
lege  
Of feates and fine fagaries ? do you grow weary of  
me ?

*Han.* Do you grow wilde ? speak lower, do you  
mean to undo me ?

*Val.* Will tother fifty pound undo thee, I have  
loft  
All that I had within among your *Monfieurs*.  
And you must yield supply or lose a friend  
Of me.

*Cam.* What a way would so much money have  
gone in betts at the ducking pond ?

*Han.* Will no lesse serve your turn then fifty ?

*Val.* No lesse. All makes (you know) but a  
just hundred.

And there I'll stick ; and stick close to thee too,  
Else all flies open. What care I who knows

Your

Your credits breach, when you respect not mine.

*Cam.* 'Tis too well known already; All's too open.  
My house, my purse, my wife, and all's too open.

*Han.* O me, undone.

*Cam.* Was ever loving husband  
So much about'd ?

*Val.* Enquire among your neighbours.

*Er.* Be patient man.

*Cam.* O thou close whore.

*Val.* Take heed sir, what you say.

Eene now you said she was too open, sir.

Y'are in two tales already.

*Han.* I feare he's mad  
Or jealous, which is worse.

*Val.* Pish, *Honi soit.*

He jealous, he defies it.

*Cam.* Do you deride me ?

Sir, you can witnesse with me, he confest  
Receipt of fifty pounds my wife has lent him,  
(False woman that she is) for Horn-making,  
Job Journey-work.

*Han.* You are deceiv'd.

*Cam.* I know.

(At least I think) I am deceiv'd in both.

My money and thy honesty, but the Lawes  
In both shall do me right, or all shall flie for't.  
I'll instantly to council.

*Han.* Hear me first.

*Er.* By all meanes hear her first, Pray grant her  
that.

*Cam.* I dare not look on her, lest I be tempted  
To yield unto my shame and my undoing

*Val.* Will you not heare your Cock, your Nansie  
Nanny Cock.

*Han.* Time was you would not ha' denied me  
that.

O

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Nor any thing, if my Cock had but stood upon't.

Such was my love, but now,

*Han.* But now y'are jealous.

*Cam.* Have I not cause?

*Han.* Here's tother fifty pieces. take 'hem fir. They are full weight, and truly told.

*Val.* Brave wench.

*Han.* If you will law, fir, you shall law for something.

*Cam.* What dost thou mean?

*Val.* I hope she 'll humble him so, That he shall keep our chamber door for us, While we get boyes for him. A dainty Rogue, She tempts me strongly now. Would she would call me

About it presently.

*Han.* That money fir May serve to countenance you among the Gamesters Within, that blew you up. The Lady widow May think the better of your credit too, Being so good i'th' house.

*Val.* I'll streight amongst 'em.

*Cam.* Councel me not fir. All my joyes are gone. I cannot think now what a ducking pond Can be good for, except to drown me in't.

*Er.* Alas, poor man, I was in this too busie.

*Han.* Stay, you shall promise me before my husband, That you will never more attempt my chastity.

*Val.* That bargaine's yet to make. Though before him

I may say much, I will not stand to that For all the wealth he has.

*Han.* You shall protest Then, fairly, as you are a Gentleman

You

You never have enjoy'd me.

*Cam.* I like that.

*Val.* No, no, I cannot safely, for in that I shall surrender up my interest In's house; and he may warn me out on't. No, Take heed o'that. 'Tis not his tother hundred Shall make me slip that hold.

*Cam.* I am lost again.

*Han.* What a bold thief is this! Pray heare me, fir.

You may remember that I ask't you once What Countreyman you were.

*Val.* Yes, when you first cast your good liking on me, and I told you.

O'th' Isle of *Wight*: And what o' that?

*Han.* And you Call Captain *Hardyman*, their father-in-law.

*Val.* You wrong me safely, to say I call him any thing: for he gives me nothing.

*Han.* You wrong him safely. Look you, Can you reade.

*Val.* I had done ill to venter (as I ha' done) On *Salisbury* plain else. Hah, what's here That daughter. I sent you order to receive for me an hundred pounds. If you finde that your brother the Spendthrift *Val. Askal*, (Zookes that I) be in any want, furnish him according to your own discretion. I am *Val. Askal*, where's the money? My hundred pound, ha' you't.

*Han.* It seems a Sister of yours had it. Ha' you a sister?

*Val.* He had a daughter by my mother, but He plac'd her out a childe, I know not where. Where's that young whore trow? *Hannah* I think her name was. Hang me if I know directly.

*Cam.* My wives name's *Hannah*, fir.

(c)

O 2

*Han.*

*Han.* I am that sifter, brother, but no whore.

*Er.* Now *Val.* your brags to make men think you lay with her.

*Han.* You have your hundred pound fir. Look you, husband.

This is my fathers letter which you wrote on. That which you dar'd the devil and Clerks to counterfeit, reade your own hand.

*Cam.* *Honi soit qui maly pense.*

*Er.* I must admire this woman.

*Val.* Dost think I did not know thee.

*Han.* No fir, nor would I that you should, Till I had foil'd you in your course, And had my will to make my husband jealous.

*Cam.* My Cock, my Cock again, my Nanny cock Cock-all, my Cock-a-hoop, I am overjoy'd, See, see thy father too.

*Enter Matchil, Hardy, Lafoy, Cash.*

*Mat.* This is the woman.  
To whom I paid your money.

*Hard.* 'Tis my daughter—  
My blessing on you.—What are you here too.

*Vol.* And ask you blessing too. Your hundred pound Has bound me to't. Heaven bleffeyou. Here's halfe one still, yes, and the better halfe, for tother's spent.

*Hard.* O y'are a great good husband.

*Val.* I would be one. And here's a good rich widow

Now in the house, your countenance may help me,  
My Sifter and my Brother both can tell you,  
How orderly and civilly I live.

*Cam.* O wag.

*Hard.* 'Tis like fir, I shall prove your Furtherer.  
What is she? *Val.*

*Val.* That Merchants Sister, and a Lady fir.  
I would not have him hear.  
*Hard.* We'll talk aside then. [talk aside,  
*Mat.* In that I'm partly satisfied.  
*Er.* I love you fir,  
And waited on your wife but as your Spie,  
For feare he might have led her to more folly.  
*Mat.* But saw you not two fuch Damfels here ?  
*Er.* Here are  
Some in the house that would not be seen by us.  
*Cash.* Because they thought you'd know 'hem.  
*Er.* And if that  
Old fellow be your brother *Strigood*, 'tis most  
strange.  
*Mat.* You know not him here do you ?  
*Er.* No not I.  
*Mat.* 'Tis my man *Cash*.  
*Er.* Most wonderful.  
*Mat.* We shall know more anon.  
*Laf.* Pray haste fir. to discovery : I would faine  
Once see my daughter.  
*Mat.* I would see a little  
The fashions o'the house first.  
*Cash.* Pray obscure  
Your selves in that by-room there, where you may  
See and hear all that passes, nor can any  
Passe out o'th' house without your notice.  
The Gentlemen and I will mix again  
With the Society, if they please.  
*Er.* Agreed.  
*Within Strigood.* Where are you Gentlemen ?  
*Er.* Come away *Val*.  
*Mat.* Is not that the Hell-hounds voice ?  
*Cash.* Yes, 'tis your brother.  
*Mat.* Good Captain go with us upon discovery.  
*Han.* I'll feate you to see all, and be unfeen.

*Cam.* Do so good Cock. Do so now fir, I'll  
fetch the Priest. *Ex. Han. Hard. Mat. Lafoy.*

*Enter* Strigood.

*Stri.* O Gentlemen, you have lost such sport, the  
Lady

And Merchants wife have been by th' cares.

*Cash.* Could not

The old Knight part 'hem?

*Stri.* He has done his best,

And almost lost his eyes in the adventure

Betwixt the Furies tallons.

*Er.* But are they friends agen?

*Stri.* And deep in complement.

Our school affords no such in act or language.

*Enter* Lady, Rach.

*La.* Sister, Indeed I am too much your trouble.

*Ra.* Pray Madam let me serve you truly truly.

I'll be your servant for a yeare and a day.

*La.* Indeed, indeed you wrong your self, I am  
yours.

*Ra.* I am your servants servant, and will serve  
Under your Ladiships Cook to do you service.

*La.* Indeed you may not.

*La.* If I may not be

Accepted for your household servant, let me

Become your Chare-woman in any office

From Cupboard to Clofe-stool, I can do all

To do your Ladiship service.

*Val.* This now favours of Complement indeed!

*Ra.* In sooth, 'tis sooth, forsooth the tale I told  
you.

*Enter*



Enter Neh.

Neh. Well acted mother.

La. Y' are too obsequious

Good gentle Sifter.

Ra. I am short of good.

Gentle I grant I am, for I bite nobody.

Command me then sweet Madam.

Neh. And very well acted Nant.

La. O you shall pardon me.

Ra. I am no Pope, for your sake would I were.

La. Your courtesie o'comes me.

Ra. O not so.

I wish it could forsooth, would it were better for you.

Neh. Exceeding well acted o'both sides.

Mother and Aunt f'footh, Amardla you have done't

Better than the two School-Mystresses to day

Could do their Whatshicomes, their Complements

I think you call 'hem. But I ha' lost my Mystressse

To complement withal. Mrs. *Blithe Tripshort*

Has out-strip't me, Amardla that she has.

La. Where's her wife Uncle should ha' look't to her.

Neh. He's crying all about the house for her,

But cannot finde her. How shall I have her now?

La. Thou shalt not have her boy, she's naught.

Neh. Then he's

Naught too. You sha'nt have him.

La. Nor will, I feare not.

Neh. Think of the Gentleman mother that out-fac'd

The Frenchman for me. I would you had a thousand such in *France* now.

Val. God-a-mercy boy.

Er. Peace, hear a little more.

<sup>27</sup> VOL. II. (c)

Enter

*Enter Camelion.*

*Cam.* Sir, come away.

I have found a carelesse Curate, that has nothing but a bare Coat too loose shall chopt't up presently. And give him but a piece, he'll fear no Cannon.

*Er.* I am bound to thee for ever. *Ex. Cam. Er.*

*Stri.* Whither goes he ?

*Val.* No matter, let him go t'untruffe perhaps.

*Enter Whimlby, Ephraim.*

*Eph.* I say she is i'th house.

*Whim.* She's gone, she's gone.

*Whim.* She's flown out of a window, or chimney top then.

I'm sure I watch't the door with open eyes  
E're since you entred, as my Lady charg'd me,  
Left her childe might slip out to play i'th' street.

*Neh.* And I am here you see. He cannot see  
He has no more eyes then a sucking pig,  
And yet he weeps like a roasted one.

*Whim.* I am abut'd,  
And render me my Neece,  
You have stolne her for your sonne.

*La.* My sonne defies her,  
As I do you, old whining wither'd fellow,  
That has no moisture in him but for teares.

*Val.* That is my Cue. A young well-govern'd  
man  
Were fitter, Madam.

*Ra.* Where have you been fervant ?

*Val.* I speak to my Lady.

*Ra.* My Lady, I think you said.  
Are you so stout sir, hah ?

*La.*

*La.* I rather think he playes the cunning hypocrite  
With his false teares, and packt her hence himself.

*Ra.* My Lady mindes you not, and I can learn  
To give you a broad-side too.

*Eph.* Madam, that cannot be, for I have seen  
All that went out, or came into the house  
Since you. Here came a Church-man in ere while.

*Whim.* A Church-man! then I fear she's closely  
married unto her wo and mine.

*Nch.* Perhaps to me.  
Behinde my back you said she would do so.  
And before him came in your brother *Matchil*.

*La.* My brother, who her husband?

*Eph.* Yes, with others.

*Ra.* My husband, I think you said. What a foule  
house these washing dayes make?

*Val.* Nay, 'tis no Jest. Now Ladies let me tell you.  
And sad Sir *Swithin*; pray lend all your eares.

*Stri.* *Cash*, we are betrayed *Cash* if we be not  
nimble.

I smell a Fox, Hy thee up quickly *Cash*,  
And hurry down the wenches. We'll make bold with  
My Ladies Coach to hurry us away.

*Enter Matchil, Hardy, Lafoy, Hannah.*

*Mat.* But not too fast. Go sir, fetch down the  
wenches.

Thou shamelesse Reprobate. Dost thou hang thy  
head now?

I'll take a course to hang the rest o'thee.  
Your Ladiships well met at the new school,  
So is your Chare-woman. Ha' you profited  
By the devils doctrine here? you weep sir *Swithin*  
For the iniquity of the times.

*Nch.* You mean  
His Neece, pray Vncle did you meet her.

(c)

She's

She's gone away too, after my Cousin *Foyce*,  
And the French maid, I think, she is here agen.

*Enter* Eraf. Blithe, Camelion.

Amardla, wipe your eyes, and look Sir *Swithin*,  
The tother honest Gentleman has found her.  
And let him take her for his paines for me.

*Er.* I thank your love. But fir, 'tis your consent  
We only seek.

*Mat.* Sir *Swithin*, let 'em have it,

*Mat.* This is the Gentleman I would have spoke  
for:

In birth, in meanes, in person every way  
Deferving her, Take him upon my word.

*Hard.* And Madam, since you stick but upon  
Joyncture,

Having heard lately well of his husbandry.

*Han.* Thank a good sifter, fir.

*Hard.* I will secure you  
Three hundred pounds a year, your brother knows  
me.

*Mat.* Will make good his word. Agree by your  
felves.

*Lad.* Upon these termes, 'tis like we shall agree.  
Sir *Swithin* are you pleas'd.

*Whim.* Pleas'd or displeas'd.  
It seems they are married.

*Cam.* Yes, I assure you,  
I saw their hands joyn'd, and I heard 'hem both  
Answer the Priest.

*Whim.* I will no longer whine.  
Heaven give you joy, As y'are your owne, y'are  
mine.

*Cam.* There are more weddings i'th' house, your  
daughters,  
Are linck't by this time to the two young French-  
men. *Mat.*

Mat. His daughters? ours I fear? what French?  
where are they?

*Enter Cash, two sounes, Foy, Gab.*

Cash. Here fir, undone I feare.

Mat. What are you married.

Mat. *Fun.* Sir, she is mine, I must and will maintain it.

Laf. *Fun.* And she is mine.

Laf. This is your sonne. And this  
Is mine.

Mat. This is your daughter. And this mine.  
Each married to her brother.

Laf. *Fun.* *Mon Pere Je desire vestre Benediction  
Four pour moy & ma fennue.*

Laf. You are lost children all, was ever thread  
By fate so crossely spun, so crossely wed?

Mat. I know not how to blesse you, or to look  
On your incestuous eyes.

Laf. *Fun.* What is dat Incest,  
We have commit noting, we have no time,  
Since we were marry for so much as kisse,  
Begar no point so much as but one kisse.

Har. Be not dismay'd. These marriages are none.  
The errour of the persons nullifies  
The verbal ceremony; and 'tis well  
They past not unto further rites: I'll finde  
A lawfull way to clear all this. And then  
As you and they consent, they shall exchange  
And marry in due order.

Laf. *Fun.* Sir I tanck you.  
You've speak very well. And we shall make.  
De exfhange presently. A new exchange,  
De new Exfhange indeed, for de husbands  
To shange the wifes before they can be wearie.

*Prenez mon frere, la voici la' une pour lautre.*

Dere, is one for anoder

*Har.*

*Har.* Is each party  
Agreed, and so content ?

*Mat. F. Gab.* We are.

*Fo.* And we.

*Laf. Fu.* Wee wee, *I en suis tresbien contult.*

*Mat. Fu.* Provided that we have our fathers  
leaves and councls.

*Mat.* Can you feek fathers leaves or councls now,  
That have run from 'hem in your difobedience,  
Into the snares of hell : too farre I fear  
To be releast. O hell-bred Villain.

*Stri.* Your brother o' one side.

*Mat. Fu.* Lend but a patient eare.  
And by my hopes of your desired pardon  
I'le quit you of your feare. 'Tis true, my duty  
At my Arrival should have wing'd me to you,  
But hearing of your late, ill talk't on marriage.

*Mat.* O that root of mischief.  
And of my Sisters flight, as loth to appear to you,  
As to presume a welcom ? I was curious  
First to observe the Town, and taste the newes ;  
When more by Providence then accident,  
Here we made choice of lodging, saw and lik't  
The practices of the Society,  
Until this wicked man, (who still presumes  
To call you brother,) finding us youthful strangers,  
And (as he might suppose) wanton——

*Mat.* He made  
A bargain with you for their Maidenheads.

*Cash* told me that, and how that hellish purpose  
Was vertuously declin'd.

*Stri.* O counterfeit *Cash*.

*Mat.* But must you therefore, knowing whose  
sons you were.

Marry you knew not whom.

*Mat. Fu.* Pardon me, sir,

Our

Our loves were noble, and by due enquirie,  
Fetch't from each others faithful breast, the know-  
ledge  
Of each other.

*Mat.* What! and marry then  
Each his own Sister? Riddle me not to death.

*Mat. Jun.* Sir, I have done. And now that I  
have said  
The worst that might have hapned by his practice,  
To make his shame or his repentance greater,  
Who only was my aim. We are not married,  
None of us all are married one to other.

*Cam.* No, I assure you sir. Howere I li'd  
At their request, (small matter for a friend)  
I saw all the hurt the Priest did here to day.  
That was upon them two there.

*Er.* Thank you sir.

*Mat.* You shall be then. And so take hands in  
earnest.

Is't not a double Match *Lafoy*?

*Laf.* Without

All manner of condition I consent.

*Mat.* I am full of joy.

*Cash.* O can you pardon me sir.

*Mat.* Good boy, good boy. I know not how a City  
Could stand without such Prentices. And hope  
This wants few such. But what canst thou now say  
Brother, o'one side for thy selfe. Speak quickly,  
While the good humour holds me to be friends  
With all the world: yet yonder's one lies heavy  
Athwart my stomach.

*Stri.* Y'are full of joy you say.  
And I say had it been within my power,  
To have broke your heart, I had don't. Therefore  
in me

Be comforted and love me; for I finde

I have no power to hurt you, and will therefore  
Attempt no further.

*Mat.* Brotherly spoke in troth.  
And worthily worth an hundred mark a month,  
Shall ha't.

*Stri.* Know then into the bargain, that  
I forg'd the letter that fugged to you  
My Nephews death, in hope of means that way.

*Mat.* Honestly said again. Now what say you?

*Ra.* I say that I am humbled on my knees.  
I beg your pardon.

*Mat.* All's too well me thinks.  
But heark, before you break up school; lets have  
One frisk, one fling now, one cariering dance.  
And then pack up.

*Omn.* Agreed, Agreed, Agreed.

*Stri.* Play then *Les tous ensembles*.

*Neh.* That's the French name on't, Uncle, 'tis in  
Dutch call'd All-to-mall; and I call it in *English*.  
*Omnium Gatherum*, 'tis the daintiest daunce.  
We had it here to-day. I and my mother,  
My Aunt and all can daunce in't, as well as the  
best,

With everyone in their own footing. Now observe

*Daunce.*

*Mat.* You have done well. Now pray lets break  
up school.

*Hard.* But yet not break up houfe. My sonne  
and daughter  
Have given me power to call their Supper mine.  
To which I'll give you welcome, Ale and wine.

*Deus dedit his quoque finem, laus Deo.*

*FINIS.*



THE  
Q U E E N  
And  
CONCUBINE.  
A  
COMEDIE

---

BY RICHARD BROME

---

*Asperius nihil est Humili cum surgit in Altum.  
———Si vis vincere, disce pati.*



---

L O N D O N :

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## *Drammatis Personæ*

---

- Gonzago.* King of *Sicilie*.  
*Gonzago.* His Son the Prince.  
*Horatio.* An old humorous Courtier.  
*Lodovico.* *Eulalia's* faithful Counsellor.  
*Flavello.* *alias Alphonso, Alinda's* Sycophant.  
Four Lords, two Bishops.  
*Sforza.* } Two Rivall Generals.  
*Petruccio.* }  
Two other Captains and Souldiers.  
*Strozso.* } Two cashier'd Lieutenants.  
*Fabio.* }  
*A Doctor.* } Suborned false witneffes against *Eula-*  
*A Midwife.* } *lia*.  
*Pedro.* A Gentleman of *Palermo*.  
*Poggio.* } Two chief Inhabitants of *Palermo*.  
*Lollio.* }  
Three or four Countrey-men of *Palermo*.  
*Curat.* }  
*Cryer.* } Of *Palermo*.  
*Guard.* }  
*Andrea.* *Eulalia's* Fool.  
*Argo.* } Two other her Servants.  
*ugio.* }  
*Faylor.* Women.  
*King's Guard* *Eulalia*, The banish'd Queen.  
*Petruccio's Servant.* *Alinda*, the veil'd Concubine.  
*Genius of Eulalia.* Three or four Girls.  
The Scène *Sicilie*.

The

*The first Song, for pag. 88.*

W Hat if a Day, or a moneth, or a year  
Crown thy Delights  
With a thousand with'd contentings ?  
May not the chance of a Night or an Hour  
Crofs thy Delights  
With as many sad Tormentings ?  
Fortune, Honour, Beautie, Birth,  
Are but bloffomes dying.  
Wanton Pleasures, doating Mirth,  
Are but Shadows flying.  
All our Joys  
Are but Toys,  
Idle thoughts deceiving :  
None hath power  
Of an Hour  
In our lifes bereaving.

*The second Song, for pag. 111.*

(Hours  
H Ow blefs'd are they that waft their wearied  
In folemn Groves, and folitarie Bowers,  
Where neither eye nor Ear  
Can fee or hear  
The frantique mirth  
And false Delights of frolique earth :  
Where they may fit and par  
And breath their purfy Soul  
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want  
Afflicts ; nor fullen care controuls.  
Away false Joys, ye Murder where ye kiffe.  
There is no Heaven to that, no Life to this.

A C T



ACT I. SCÆN I.

*Enter Horatio, Lodovico.*

*Hor.* **T**He clouds of Doubts and Fears are now  
dispers'd,  
And Joy, like the resplendent Sun, spreads forth  
New life and spirit over all this Kingdom,  
That lately gasp'd with Sorrow. *Lod.* Now the  
Court  
Puts on her rich Attire, and like fresh *Flora*,  
After the blasts of winter, spreads her Mantle,  
Deck'd with delightful Colours, to receive  
The jocund Spring, that brings her this new life.

SCÆN II.

*Enter Flavello bare before the Prince, the Queen  
Eulalia, Alinda, Attendants, Hoboys,*

*Hor.* The Queen comes on, Joy in that face ap-  
pears.

That lately was overwhelmed in her tears,

*Lod. and Hor.* Health and perpetual Joy unto the  
Queen,

*Eul.* Thanks my good Lords, I am prepar'd to  
meet it.

How neer's the King? *Hor.* At hand, my Sovereign.

*Eul.* Welcome that happy word that leads the way,  
but yet he is not come, he is not here :

Never so sweet an expectation

B

Appear

Appear'd so tedious : pray set on apace,  
 That I may live yet to an interview  
 With my lov'd honour'd Lord. *Hor.* That your delay  
 May seem less grievous, hear this by the way,  
 A brief relation of the Kings success  
 In this late well-won Battail.

*Eul.* Be it so.

But mention not his dangers, good my Lord.

*Hor.* That were to make his Conquest nothing  
 worth :

It would make Victory upon his head,  
 As she had flown into his Burgonet,  
 To throw her from a storm, and not to sit  
 Or rather stand triumphant on a foot,  
 With display'd wings upon the utmost Sprigg  
 Of his high flourishing Plume, vaunting her safety  
 So perch'd and so supported by his Valour.

*Prin.* Pray Mother hear the dangers too ; the  
 worst

Will make the best the sweeter : I could hear  
 Of dangers yet to come ; and Women may  
 Discourse of Perils past each Holy-day.

*Hor.* Well said, young Prince, right of the Kings  
 own Metal :

And gracious Madam, let me tell you, though  
 You do not love to hear of blood and danger,  
 Y'have brought a Warrior forth, I do foresee't :  
 I love to speak my thoughts, I hope you trust me,  
 A right old Courtier I, still true to th' Crown.

*Prin.* How this old fellow talkes ! you said, my  
 Lord,

You would discourse the Battail. *Ho.* Excellent  
 Prince,

I was i'th' way : but the Queen put me out on't.

*Eul.* Well, well my Lord, deliver't your own way.

*Hor.* Then, humph, humh, humh, in my own way.  
 But by the way, no way to derogate From

From the Kings matchless resolution.  
 A word or two of the best Soldier  
 In all the world, (under the King I mean,  
 I know my limits) that's our brave General,  
 Lord *Sforza*, Madam, your stout Country-man,  
 Though our Kings Subject now; that bore him so  
 At the great marriage-Triumph in Tourneament,  
 Tumbling down Peers and Princes, that e'er since,  
 He's call'd your Champion, and the Queens old  
 Souldier.

*Eul.* But what of him now in the battail ?

*Hor.* Marry but this, That as we have a King,  
 And as the King brings victory, nay life,  
 Home to his Queen, his Country and our comforts,  
 Next under Heaven we are to give the praise  
 To this old Souldier, to this man, the man  
 Indeed, another man is not to be  
 (Except the King) nam'd in this Victory.

*Eul.* You seem my Lord to honour *Sforza* yet  
 Before the King.

*Hor.* Excuse me gracious Madam,  
 I know my limits : what ? before the King ?  
 I am an old Courtier I, still true to th' Crown,  
 But thus it is declar'd, that in the battail,  
 When in the heat of fight the mingled bloods  
 Of either Army reek'd up to the Sun,  
 Dimming its glorious light with gory vapour,  
 When slaughter had rang'd round about the field,  
 Searching how by advantage to lay hold upon our  
 King.

*Eul.* Prithee no more. *Prin.* Good mother.

*Hor.* At last she spied and circled him about  
 With Spears and fwords so thickly pointed on him,  
 That nothing but his sacred valour could  
 Give light for a supply to his relief,  
 Which shin'd so through and through 'his wals of foes,

As a rich Diamond 'mongst an heap of Ruines,  
 And so was found by the quick eye of *Sforza*,  
 When like a Deitie arm'd with wrath and Thunder,  
 He cut a path of horror through the Battail  
 Raining down blood about him as he flew,  
 Like a prodigious Cloud of pitch and fire,  
 Until he pierc'd into the straight, wherein  
 The Royal Person of our King was at  
 His last bare stake of one life to a thousand.

*Enl.* I dare not hear it, yet.

*Hor.* Then in a word, old *Sforza* fetcht him off,  
 And with his sword which never touch'd in vain,  
 Set him i'th' heart of of 's Army once again.

*Enl.* That I like well.

*Hor.* That did your Champion, Madam,  
 The Queens old Souldier, and your Father, Lady :  
 D'ye siple at it ? such a Souldier breaths not,  
 Only the King except : now note the Miracle,  
 The King receiv'd and gave new life at once  
 Of and unto his Army, which new life  
 Was straight way multipl'd, as if the lives  
 Of all the slain on both sides were transfus'd  
 In our remaining part, who with a present fury  
 Made on with that advantage on the Foe,  
 That the whole field was won as at one blow.  
 I am prevented. [Shout within, Victory]

### Scœn. III.

*Enter Captain, Drum and Colours, King and  
 Sforza, Souldiers.*

*The King embraces and kisses the Queen, the Prince  
 and Alinda.*

*King.* Now cease our Drums, and furl our En-  
 signes up: Dif-



Dismiss the Souldiers, hostile Armes surcease,  
Whiles we rejoyce, safe in these Armes of Peace.

*Sfor.* Go Souldiers, better never stood the shock  
Of danger, or made good their Countreys cause.  
Drink this to the Kings health and victory.

*Sold.* Heaven blefs the King, and our good Ge-  
neral *Sforza*.

*Again.* Long live the King and *Sforza*, *Sforza*  
and the King,

*Kin.* The King and *Sforza*, *Sforza* and the King,  
Equal at least, and sometimes three notes higher,

*Exit Capt. and Sould.*

Sound *Sforza's* namethen doth the Kings : the voyce  
Of the wild People as I pass'd along

Threw up his praises neerer unto Heaven

Ever methought then mee : but be it so,

He has deserv'd well, now let me again

Embrace the happie comforts of my life.

Through deadly dangers, yea through death it self,

I am restor'd unto my Heaven on Earth,

My wife and Son : a thousand blessings on thee.

Say, dearest life, whose prayers I know have been

Successful to me in this doubtful War,

How welcome am I ?

*Eul.* That's more than I can speak :

For should I bring comparisons of the Spring,

After a Frosty winter to the Birds,

Or rich returns of ventures to the Merchant,

After the twentieth currant news of Shipwrack,

Redemption from captivity, or the Joyes

Women conceive after most painful Childbirths,

All were but Fabulous nothings to the Blifs

Your presence brings in answer to my Prayers:

Heaven heard me at the full : when I forget

To send due praises thither, let me die

Most wretched, though my gratitude shall never

Sleep to th' inferior means, e'en to the meanest  
 Souldier assistant to your safe return,  
 Especially to you good *Sforza*, Noble Souldier,  
 I heard of your fidelitie. *Sfor.* My duty Madam.

*King.* Are you one of his great Admirers too ?  
 The world will make an Idol of his Valour,  
 While I am but his shadow : Ile but think on't,  
 Indeed he's worth your favour, he has done wonders.

*Sfor.* Let me now speak, I may not hear these  
 wonders bounc'd.

*King.* You do forget yourself. *Eul.* What says  
 my Lord ?

*King.* Nay I have done.

*Gonzago*, you and I have chang'd no words yet ;  
 I have brought Victory home, which may perhaps  
 Be checkt at when my heat shall fall to ashes.  
 How will you maintain your Fathers quarrels ore  
 his Grave ?

*Pain.* I do not hope t' outlive you Sir, but if I  
 must,

I sure shall hope to keep your name and right  
 Alive whilst I live, though I cannot hope  
 To have so good a Souldier at my Standard  
 As Warlike *Sforza*. *King.* This is more and worse  
 Then all the rest : the childe has spoken plainly,  
 I had been nothing without Warlike *Sforza* :  
 Ile make him nothing, and no longer stand  
 His Cypher that in number makes him ten.  
 My Lords, my thanks to you for your due care  
 In my late absence.

*Hor.* All was Loyal Dutie,  
 As we are old Courtiers Sir, still true to th' Crown.

*King.* I have found you faithful. *Hor.* It befits  
 true Statesmen

Watchful to be at home 'gainst civil harms,  
 When Kings expose themselves to hostile Arms.

*King.*

*King.* There's a State-Rime now : but *Horatio*,  
Has not *Petruccio* visited the Court  
Since our departure? *Hor.* Pox on *Petruccio*.  
Bless me, and be good to me : how thinks your  
Grace of my Allegiance, and can ask  
Me that Question? *King.* Now he is in his Fit.

*Hor.* The Hangman take him. *Petruccio* King?  
Peugh, peugh ; I hate to name him.  
How can you think your State had been secur'd  
If he had breath'd amongst us? That vile wretch,  
Whom in your Kingly wisdom you did banish  
The Court for a most dangerous Male-content,  
After his just repulse from being your General,  
When he durst stand in Competition  
With brave deserving *Sforza* here, the best  
Most absolute Souldier of the world.

*King.* Still *Sforza* ! *Hor.* Except your Majesty.

*King.* There is an Exception wrung out,

*Hor.* He comes at Court by my permission?  
I should as soon be won to set your Court  
On fire, as see him here.

*King.* Send for him speedily.

*Hor.* [*Starts*] Your Majesty is pleas'd to have it so.

*King.* And upon your Allegiance  
Which you so boast of, let me have him here,  
And very speedily ; Ile have your head else.

*Hor.* Nay since it is your Highness pleasure, and  
So seriously commanded, I will send  
My own head off my shoulders, but wee'l have him :  
In what you can command, I dare be Loyal.

*King.* Look to it, [*goes to the Queen*] *Hor.* It must  
be so, this is one of his un-to-be-examin'd haſtie  
Humours, one of his starts : these and a devillish gift  
He has in Vencie, are all his faults.

Well, I must go, and still be true to th' Crown.

*Exit Horatio.*

*Lod.* *Petruccio* sent for ! who for braving of  
Brave *Sfarza* here, so lately was confin'd.

*Flav.* I cannot think the Court must hold 'm both  
At once, less they were reconcil'd, which is  
As much unlikely : what do you think my Lord ?

*Lod.* I know not what to think.

*King.* She *Sforza's* Daughter, say you ?

*Queen.* Yes my Lord.

*King.* She's a right handsome one : I never knew  
he had a Daughter.

*Eul.* He brought her o'er a Childe with me,  
when happily I came your Bride, bred her at home,  
she never saw the Court, till now I sent for her to  
be some comfort in your long absence.

*King.* *Sforza's* absence, I fear you mean, [*aside.*

*Eul.* And trust me Sir, Her simple Countrey In-  
Innocence at first

Bred such delight in me, with such affection,  
That I have call'd her Daughter, to embolden her.

*King.* O did you so ? *Eul.* And now she has got  
some spirit,

A prettie lively spirit, which becomes her  
Methinks so like her Fathers. *King.* Very good.  
I like her strangely. *Eul.* What was that she said  
To you *Gonzago* ?

*Gonz.* That Heaven might ha' pleased  
T' have fashion'd her out to have been a Queen.

*King.* Comely Ambition.

*Sfor.* Reconcile all quickly,

Or you had better never have been born,  
Then disobey my last command, which was  
Never to see the Court till I induc'd you.  
Do you stare at me ?

*Alin.* I but obey'd the Queen.

I hope shee'l answer't. *Sfor.* No more, I'll talk  
with you anon.

*King.*

*King.* Come *Sforza*. Welcome to Court, fo is your Daughter too, I have tane notice of her : O faireft, welcome. *Kiffes her.* *Sforza storms.* Come you both with me this night, weel Feast : Pray bid us welcome all, as but one Gueft.

*Eul.* I fhall in all obey you. *Alin.* And for this. Lefs then a King I fhall abhor to kifs. *Exeunt.*

## Scœn. IV.

*Enter Petruccio.*

*Petr.* Repuls'd? difgrac'd? and madethescorno'th' Court?

In the advancement of an upstart ftranger,  
 Because he is the Queens dear Countrey-man?  
 Have I for all my many Services,  
 Found the reward of being made an outcast?  
 Could not the King be pleas'd, though he advanc'd  
*Sforza* unto the Honour I deferv'd,  
 To trust me in his service? could he think  
 My sword could be an hinderance in the Battail,  
 Or have delay'd the winning of the Field?  
 And muft his Court and prefence which I have  
 With my obfervance dignifi'd, reject me  
 Now, as a dangerous and infectious person!  
 Tis a new way to gratifie old Souldiers.  
 Sofoon return'd? I do commend thy fpeed.  
 The news at Court. *Enter Servant in hafte: fwitch.*

*Serv.* The King's come bravely home,  
 And every ear is fill'd with Victory,  
 But chiefly with the Fame of *Sforza's* Valour.

*Petre.* *Sforza?* *Ser.* Lord *Sforza* Sir, I cry him  
 mercy,  
 The new Lord General.

*Petr.* Thou com'ft too faft [*strikes him*] *Serv.* So  
 me thinks too, lefs 'twere to better purpofe.

(c)

*Petr.*

*Petr.* The Fame of *Sforza's* Valour, good if it last.  
What other news?

*Serv.* I have told you all the best.

*Petr.* If thou hast worse, lets have it quicky.

*Serv.* You shall, That you may flie the danger.

*Petr.* What is't, without your Preface?

*Serv.* Here are Messengers sent from the King to you; pray Heaven all be well. Ther's the old tutchie testie Lord, that rails, and never could abide you, since the King look'd from your Honour.

*Petr.* Th' hast made me amends, ther's for thy news.

Is this bad news?

*Serv.* Truly my Lord, I think so:  
For if the King had sent to you for good,  
I think he would have sent one lov'd you better.

*Petr.* What? then the old Courtier? thou knowst him not.

He shew him thee. He is the onely man  
That does the King that service, just to love  
Or hate as the King does, so much and so long,  
Just to a scruple or a minute, and then he has an  
ignorant Loyaltie, to do as the King bids him,  
though he fear immediate death by it.

Call him in. *Serv.* They come.

### Scæn. V.

*Enter Horatio and guard.*

*Hor.* My masters, come along, and clofe up to me:  
my Loyaltie defend me, I shall not dare to trust  
me in this devillish fellows reach else. And thus it  
is Sir.

*Petr.* 'Tis thus Sir, I can tell you. [drawes]

*Hor.* Good friends look well to me.

*Petr.* You come with strength of armed men, to  
bear me From

From mine own House which was my appointed  
Prison,

Unto a stronger Hold. *Hor.* Look every way.

*Petr.* The King it seems now that his Mignon  
General is Landed, cannot think him safe, and I not  
Faster: which though I can prevent, I will not.

Come, what Gaol will you remove me to?

*Hor.* I would thou wert in Hell for me:

No Sir, I come to call you to the King.

*Petr.* What? with a Guard? *Hor.* That's for my  
Self. I know thou lovest not me.

*Petr.* Nor you me, do you? *Hor.* Nor cannot,  
less the King could love thee.

*Petr.* Why perhaps he does, you see he sends for  
me.

*Petr.* Why if he does, I do, but 'tis more then I  
know or can collect yet by his Majesties affection.

*Petr.* Here's an Humour now. *Hor.* I know my  
Loyalty, and I know the King has sent for you;  
But to what end I know not: and if it be to hang  
thee I cannot help it. Look to me now my Masters.  
Nor do I care, that's the plain troth on't, while the  
King is pleas'd, and thou wert my Brother. I am  
an old Courtier I, still true to the Crown.

*Petr.* I commend your Loyaltie: Come, we are  
Friends. *Hor.* Look to me for all that.

*Petr.* Were you afraid, you came so arm'd and  
guarded?

*Har.* That's becaufe I would not be afraid: look  
to me still.

*Petr.* Indeed my Lord you are welcome.

*Hor.* Yes, as much as I look for.

*Petr.* What should the King intend by this? I  
fear no ill,

For I have done none; therefore I go.

Perhaps he thinks to make me honour *Sforza*.

Now

Now in his time of Jollitie, and be friends :  
 I need not go for that ; he cannot do't,  
 Yet I will go to tell him so : my Lord,  
 My joy to see the King will post me faster  
 Than your grave Loyaltie, or Massie bill-men.

*Hor.* Yes, prethie keep afore with thy back to-  
 wards me, and so long I dare trust thee.  
 Have an eye though. *Excunt Omnes.*

Scœn. VI.

*Enter King and Flavello.*

*King.* Her Father hath surpriz'd her then ?

*Flav.* Yes, and means to hurry her away from  
 Court this night : I heard him threaten it.

*King.* But he must not do't, she is too sweet *Fla-  
 vello*, and too fit for my embraces, to be snatch'd  
 away.

*Flav.* Now that shee's ripe and ready for your  
 use,  
 Like fruit that cries, Come eat me. Ile not boast  
 The pains I took to fit her to your Appetite, before  
 she saw you.

*King.* How, my carefull Agent ? *Flav.* At first  
 sight of her Feature, I foresaw  
 She was compliable to your affection.  
 Then by discourse I found she was ambitious,  
 I ply'd her then with Pills that puff'd her up  
 To an high longing, till she saw the hopes  
 She had to grow by. Pray stand close, they come.

*Enter.*



*Enter Sforza and Alinda.*

*Sfor.* Has the air of Court infected you already?  
Has the Kings kisses mov'd by adulterate heat,  
Swoln you into a stubborn loathsomness  
Of wholsom Counsel? Come your wayes; Ile try  
If Countrey-Air and Diet can restore you  
To your forgotten modestie and Duty.

*Alin.* What have I done amifs? *Sfor.* Do you  
capitulate?  
But so much satisfaction as may make  
Thee sensible of shame, I will afford thee:  
Didst thou not after Banquet, when the King  
Heated with wine, and lust rais'd in his eyes,  
Had kifs'd thee once, twice, thrice, though I  
look'd on,

And all the Prefence whispered their cold fears  
Of the Kings wantonness and the Queens abuse;  
Didst thou not then still gaze upon his Face,  
As thou hadst long'd for more? O impudence!

*Alin.* Impudence? Sir, pray give it the right  
name,  
Courtship, 'twas Courtship Sir, if I have learn'd  
Any since I came here.

*King.* Brave metal'd wench!

*Sfor.* I am amaz'd.

*Alin.* Besides Sir, the Kings kisses  
Are great inestimable Honours, and  
What Lady would not think her self the more  
Honour'd, by how much the King did kifs her?

*Sfor.* And should he more than kifs, still the  
more Honour'd?

*Alin.* It might be thought so. *Sfor.* Durst thou  
argue thus?

(c)

*Alin.*

*Alin.* I know he dares not beat me here. Pray Sir.

Let me but ask you this, then use your pleasure :  
(Cause you stile Impudence, that which I call  
Courtship)

What Courtier sits down satisfied with the first  
Office or Honour is conferr'd upon him ?

If he does so, he leaves to be a Courtier.

And not the thing we treat of. Did your self  
After the King had grac'd you once, twice, thrice,  
(As he kifs'd me) expect no further from him ?

*Sfor.* She's wonderoufely well read in Court  
alreadie :

Who i'th' Devils name has been her Lecturer ?

*Flav.* Do but your Majesty observe that, and think  
What pains I took with her. *Alin.* How many  
Offices

Did you run through before you were made General ?

And as the more the King confers upon us,  
Is more our Honour, so 'tis more the Kings,  
When most his Favours shine upon Desert.

*King.* I like her better still. *Sfor.* Insufferable  
Baggage !

Dar'ft thou call anything in thee Desert ?

Or mention those base Favours which the King  
Maintains his Lust by, with those real Honours  
Confer'd on me, who have preserv'd his life ?

Is it such Dignity to be a Whore ?

*Alin.* Pray Sir, take heed : Kings Mistriffes must  
not

Be call'd so. *Sfor.* Dar'ft thou talk thus to me ?

*Alin.* Yes, Sir ;

If you dare think me worth the Kings embraces,  
In that neer kind, howe'er you please to stile it :  
Sure I shall dare, and be allow'd to speak.

*King.* That word makes thee a Queen. *Sfor.* The  
King dares not Main-

Maintain it. *King.* And that costs you your head.

*Alin.* Dear Sir, take heed ; Protest I dare not  
hear you :

Suppose I were advanc'd so far above you  
To be your Queen, would you be therefore de-  
perate,

And fall from what you are to nothing ? Pray  
Utter no more such words, I'd have you live.

*Flav.* She vexes him handsomelie.

*Sfor.* As I live she's mad. Do you dream of  
being a Queen ?

*Alin.* Why if I should, I hope that were no  
Treason :

Nor if I were a Queen, were that sufficient  
Warrant for you, to utter Treason by,  
Because you were my Father ; No dear Sir,  
Let not your Passion be Master of your Tongue.

*Sfor.* How she flies up with the conceit ! d'ye  
hear ?

*Alin.* Because you were my Father.  
Soveraignty you know, admits no Parentage.  
Honour, poor petty Honour forgets Descent.  
Let but a silly Daughter of a City  
Become a Countesse, and note how squeamishly  
She takes the wind of her Progenitors.

*Sfor.* She has swallowed an Ambition  
That will burst her : I'll let the humour forth.

*Alin.* You will not kill your Child ?

*Sfor.* Though all Posterity should perish by it.

*Alin.* Not for the Jewel in your Ear.

*Sfor.* Impudent Harlot ! she has heard me value  
This Jewel, which I wear for her dead Mother,  
I would not part with, whilst I wore my Head ;  
And now she threatens that : a Kingdom shall not  
save thy life.

*Alin.* Know where you are, Sir, at Court, the  
Kings House. *Sfor*

*Sfor.* Were it a Church, and this unhallowed Room  
*Sanctum Sanctorum*, I will bring you to your knees,  
 And make me such a Recantation  
 As never follow'd Disobedience ;

I'll take thy life else, and immediately.

*King. Flav.* Treason ! a Guard ! Treason ! &c.

*Omn.* Heaven save the King, *Enter Capt. & Guard.*

*King.* Lay hold on *Sforza*, the dangerous Traytor.

*Sfor.* 'Tis *Sforza* is betray'd.

*King.* Away with him, see he be kept close  
 Prisoner.

*Flavello*, see that his daughter have convenient  
 Lodging.

*Sfor.* Let me but speak ; I hope your Majesty—

*King.* Let not a word come from him : hence,  
 away.

What a most dangerous estate even Kings do live in ?  
 When those that we do lodge so neer our Breast  
 Study our Death, when we expect our Rest. *Exeunt.*

## Scœn. VII.

*Enter Lodovico and Eulalia.*

*Lod.* Be comforted good Queen, and I beseech  
 Your Grace to pardon me in this command  
 The King has laid upon me. *Eul. Lodovico,*  
 I do, and must no less submit my self  
 To the Kings sovereign will then you : and though  
 I am committed to your house and custody,  
 I am his Highness Prisoner : and more,  
 Though I know not my crime, unless it be  
 My due Obedience, I am still so far  
 From grudging at his pleasure, as I fear  
 To ask you what it is suppos'd to be ;  
 But rather wait th' Event, which though it bring  
 My Death, 'tis welcom from my Lord and King.

*Lod.* Was ever Vertue more abus'd then hers ?

*Eul.*

*Eul.* Yet thus much, good my Lord, without offence :

Let me demand, Is *Sforza* still close Prisoner ?

*Lod.* Yes, and *Petruccio* his Adversarie Governs his Place, and high in the Kings Favour.

*Eul.* I will not ask his Trespafs neither, it Sufficeth it is the Kings highpleasure. But *Alinda*, *Sforza's* fair Daughter, what becomes of her ?

Poor vertuous Maid, is she thrown out of Favour Because I lov'd her too ? *Lod.* Alas good Queen !

*Eul.* What do you weep ? nay then all is not well With her, I fear. *Lod.* Good Queen, I fear so too ; And that all ill proceeds from her to you.

*Eul.* I may not understand thee, *Lodovico* ; I'll still retain the duty of a wife, Which though it be rejected, shall not throw Me from the path a Subject ought to go.

*Lod.* Two such wives more might save a Nation. But see *Petruccio* the now-powerful man, under the King.

*Eul.* *Horatio* with him too, are they such Friends ?

*Lod.* None greater since the King was pleas'd to grace *Petruccio*.

### SCÆN. VIII.

*Enter Petruccio and Horatio.*

*Petr.* Madam, howe'er my Person, no less then my Authority, I know is most unwelcom to you ; I must appear, and lay the Kings Command upon you, which you must obey.

*Eul.* I must ? see *Lodovico*, here's a plain-Dealing Lord, that knows, my Love and my Obedience to the King, and warnes me Faithfully to observe it : good my Lord, I will obey the Kings Command in you : Lay't on me. What must I do ? C

*Petr.*

(c)

*Petr.* You must go to the Bar, to answer to  
Those Accusations that will be brought  
Against your Life and Honour, as touching  
Your foul Disloyaltie unto the King.

*Eul.* He is a Traytor to the King and Me,  
That dares accuse me of Disloyaltie.  
Patience assist me, and controul my Passion.  
The greatest Crime that ever I committed  
Against my Sovereign, was, To be so neer  
The Vice of Anger in the Prefence of  
One that he lov'd so well ; but pray your Pardon,  
Thoughtruly those sharp-pointed words drew Blood  
From my oppressed heart: and though you love me  
not,

I hope you think me innocent. *Petr.* Would I could.

*Eul.* You do. *Petr.* I would I durst speak what  
I think.

*Eul.* My Lord, you ever lov'd me, can you think ?

*Hor.* Come, what I think, I think ; my love to  
you

Was the Kings love, if it were love at all :  
If he will say, he ever lov'd you, I can say so too.  
But to speak truth, I know not if I did,  
Or I did not ; but now you're hateful to me ;  
That I dare speak, because he hates you foundly.  
And your old Ruffian *Sforza*, that fell Traytor,  
That would have kill'd the King : do you look up  
at it ?

You may look down with sorrow enough :  
Your Country-man, your brave old Champion,  
He has Champion'd you sweetly it seems,  
Is there no honest Woman ?

*Eul.* What means this unknown Language ?

*Hor.* Women are alwayes ignorant of Reproof :  
I'll tell you what it means, for that loves fake  
You thought I lov'd you once. Or do you know

What

What *Mars* and *Venus* meant, when injur'd *Vulcan*  
Had 'em in's Net? Good King, how wert thou a-  
bus'd?

And this good honest, faithful, loyal Lord,  
Full to the brim, of Merit, and true Valour,  
By that Blade-brandishing *Sforza*, that meer Fencer,  
To this great Martialist: but he is fast enough,  
And all's come out, howe'er you'l answer it.

*Eul.* What must I answer? I know not yet your  
meaning.

*Hor.* Nor ever shall, for me. *Petr.* You'll know  
too much

I fear, anon. Come, Madam, will you go?  
The High-Court stays your coming.

*Eul.* I must submit me to it, and its Laws;  
But to a higher Judge refer my Cause.

*Lod.* Good Queen, thy wrongs are manifest,  
though none

Must dare to utter them, but in our Mone.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

### SCÆN. IX.

*Enter Alinda.*

*Alin.* Mount, mount, my thoughts, above the  
earthy pitch

Of Vassal minds, whilst strength of womans wit  
Props my Ambition up, and lifts my hope  
Above the flight of Envy Let the base  
And abject mindes be pleas'd with servile Bondage;  
My Breast breeds not a thought that shall not flie  
The lofty height of trowning Majesty.

My power upon the weakness of the King  
(Whose raging Dotage to obtain my Love,  
Like a devouring flame, seeks to consume

All interpos'd Lets) hath laid a Ground-work  
 So sure upon those Ruines, that the power  
 Of Fate shall not controul, or stop my building  
 Up to the top of Sovereignty, where I'll stand  
 And dare the World to dis-commend my Act :  
 It shall but say, when I the Crown have won,  
 The work was harsh in doing, but well done.

*Euter Flavello.*

*Flavello*, welcom! *Flav.* Hail, my Sovereign Queen.

*Alin.* 'Tis a brave found, and that which my  
 Soul thirsts for ;

But do not mock mine Ears. *Flav.* Believe it Madam,  
 Joyn your attention but with one hours patience,  
 And you shall hear the general Voice o'th' Kingdom.  
 Give you that stile, with large and loud allowance.

*Alin.* Stile thy self happy then, in what Reward  
 A Subject can receive, or a Queen give.

How moves our great proceedings? *Flav.* Fairly,  
 thus :

*Eulalia*, for now I must no more  
 Give her the Title that belongs unto

Your Excellence, of Queen. *Alin.* Advance that  
 Harmonie.

*Flav.* *Eulalia* is brought unto the Bar, accus'd,  
 Convicted of that high offence, that instantlie  
 Shall pull that Judgement on her, that shall crush  
 Her into nothing. *Alin.* Appear the proofs manifest?

*Flav.* That was my care, it behoov'd me to work  
 the Witnesses, who fwore (in belief) most bravely,  
 that they heard Lord *Sforza*, whom you also may  
 forget now to call Father.

*Alin.* That without your instruction.

*Flav.* They fwore, I say, they heard that *Sforza*  
 boast

The knowledge of the Queen in carnal Lust.

*Alin.* Was



*Alin.* Was that enough? *Flav.* No, but it serv'd  
to put

The question to her, Was it true or not?  
No, cries the Queen, nor can I think that *Sforza*  
Would lay that scandal upon himself and me.  
Those Witnesses were two cashier'd Lieutenants  
That *Sforza* should have hang'd for Mutinies  
In the late war, but threw 'em by, it seems,  
To serve him in this Office: me they cost  
Five hundred Crowns apiece, and well they got it.  
But where I left: the Queen denies their Oath.  
And though it had been true that *Sforza* had  
Affirm'd as much, that had not found her guilty.

*Alin.* What Witnesses were next? *Flav.* Two  
dainty devils

Birds, a Doctor and a Midwife, who accus'd  
Themselves for Bawds i'th' Action, and depos'd  
I know not how many, how many, how many times,  
They saw 'em link'd in their unlawful pleasures.  
These were the Queens own people, and deserv'd  
A thousand Crowns apiece, and had it instantly,  
Afore-hand too. *Alin.* What could the Queen say  
then?

*Flav.* She denied all, but in such a patient way,  
After her foolish fashion, that it gave strength  
To th' Evidence against her; then she wept  
For their iniquity, and gave them a *God forgive ye.*  
And so attends the censure of the Court,  
Which straightway will be given: they'll be set  
Before my coming. *Alin.* Haft, *Flavello*, haft,  
And let thy next news be to this a Crown,  
That she is not a Queen, and I am one. *Exit Flav.*  
This Father and this Queen I now could pity,  
For being hew'd out and squar'd thus to my use,  
But that they make those necessary steps  
By which I must ascend to my Ambition.

They that will rise unto a supream Head  
Should not regard upon whose Necks they tread.

ACT II. SCÆN. I.

[Loud Musick.]

*Enter four Lords, two Bishops, King, Prince: they sit; Eulalia in black, Crowned; a golden Wand in her hand, led between two Friars; she kneels to the King, he rejects her with his hand. Enter at the other door, a Doctor of Physick, a Midwife, two Souldiers; the King points them to the Bishops, they each deliver Papers, kiss the Bishops Books, and are dismiss'd. The Paper given to the King, He with his Finger menaces Eulalia, and sends her the Papers: she looks meekly. The Bishops take her Crown and Wand, give her a Wreath of Cypress, and a white Wand. All the Lords peruse the Papers. They shew various countenances: Some seem to applaud the King, some pity Eulalia. Musick ceases. King speaks.*

*King.* MY Lords and loyal Peers. *Lod. A*  
new distinction.

Between Spiritual and Temporal. *Hor. Good Lo-*  
*dovico, peace.*

This is a Cause, the which, but for fair Order,  
By which I am constrain'd to be a Judge,  
Would rather drive me to a mourning Closet  
Then to this Seat; to shew my equal grief  
Against the Crime and Shame of the Deliquent.  
I see y'are all amaz'd, and cannot marveil

At

At your Astonishment, who do suffer with you  
 In the great Change Honour compels me to,  
 Together with Religion, fairly urging  
 To an high point of Justice, which to utter  
 Draws faintness from my words, chilling my Blood  
 Like the departing Breath that separates Life.  
 For such I held her, and so many years  
 Retain'd her in the Closet of my Heart,  
 Its self-Companion : that till these proofs,  
 Which now like daggers by compulsive wounds  
 Have made their passage, she could ne'er have  
 parted.

*Lod.* Royal Hypocrisie! *King.* The Proofs you  
 see are plain,  
 That she was found——Pray speak it for me. *Hor.*  
 In Adultery.

*King.* And that she fought the Life of fair *Alinda*  
 By Sword and Poyson both : and of that Cup  
 'Tis like myself had tasted,  
 For my supposed love to that wrong'd Lady.

*Lod.* You have given her the Bed-right that be-  
 long'd to your wrong'd Queen, these twelve months.

*King.* Our Laws of *Sicilie* are so well rebated  
 With Clemencie, and Mercie, that in this Case  
 They cut not Life from one of Royal Blood,  
 Onely take off (as is on her perform'd)  
 All Dignities, all Titles, all Possessions,  
 All means to live, even to her naked hands.  
 And such, *Eulalia*, now is your condition.

*Lod.* To work for her living? if she were as  
 young, and no honestier then she for whose sake  
 this is inflicted on her, she might find something  
 else about her, then naked hands, to help at a liv-  
 ing shift.

*King.* Now to this Censure, for due Orders sake.  
 And for which end this Parliament was call'd ;

C

Your

Your Voyces are requir'd : do ye all approve it ?

*Omn.* We do. *Lod.* We must. *King.* What say you, *Lodovico* ?

*Lod.* We do ; Heaven knows against my heart.

*Eul.* My thanks unto you all, that do obey  
So well with one consent your Sovereign Lord.  
And sacred Sir, thus low, as it becomes me,  
Let your poor Hand-maid beg, that you incline  
A patient Ear to this my last Petition :  
That as you cast me off, as an offence,  
You will be pleas'd to think me not offended,  
But pleas'd in all I suffer : for, Heaven knows,  
I am as free from any Passion  
Of Anger, Hate, Repining or Distaste,  
Nay, as insensible of Grief or Sorrow,  
Or whatsoever Anguish of the Minde,  
As I was capable, for ought I know,  
Of Joy or Blifs the first hour I was born.  
Never made happy till I was your Bride,  
In which blest state I cannot but remain,  
While you are pleas'd, and I obey your will,  
Though unto Death, to Banishment or Prison.  
Poverty is Blessedness, in which I'll pray  
For Pardon of the Sins of my Accusers,  
And those that have suborn'd them. *Lod.* O poor  
Woman !

*Eul.* So in the blest continuance of your Dayes,  
I shall pray Heaven to smile on all your Wayes.

*King.* Nay, stay *Eulalia*, I have yet a Business  
I would have pass the general Consent  
Of this Assemblic, in which your Voice is useful.  
*Flavello* ? *Exit Flavello.*

*Lod.* Upon my life, his Marriage with that Start-up,  
That Snake this good Queen cocker'd in her Bosom,  
Is not this Royal cruelty ? [*Gonzago kneels to the*

*Eul.* You wrong your Princely Dignity: *Queen.*]

Turn

Turn to the King your Father, kneel to him.

*Gonz.* And are not you my Mother ?

*Eul.* I must and can forget what I have been ;  
So must not you : your Mother was a Queen.  
My present fortune claims no Title in you.  
Hurt not your own, by looking down on me.  
This I will do as warranted by fate,  
Not as a Mother, but Beadswoman, pray  
For all that bliss on you a Mother may,  
Good Sir, observe the King before his wrath  
Take hold on you for regarding me.

[*Loud Musick.*]

Scæn. II.

*Enter Favello ushering Alinda like a Bride, two  
Virgins.*

*The King descends, takes her up : the Lords rise, all  
amazed.*

*King.* Let your amazement cease, and now perceive

My Lords in general, that I your King,  
Am Subject to this all-deserving Lady,  
And do require you not alone to hear  
What I can say, but without all denial  
That you approve, confirm what I will say.  
I am by law no less than your consent  
Divorc'd, and free from all impediment  
To make my second choice in Marriage,  
And therefore crave *Alinda* for my wife,  
And that immediately we solemnize  
Our Marriage, and her Coronation.  
I hope none rates our will or his own life  
So meanly, as to give least contradiction.

*Eul.* O let me lead your voyces. Long live  
*Gonzago*

*Gonzago* and *Alinda*, King and Queen of Sicily.

*Alin.* O grofs Hyocrisie !

*Eul.* My Lord the Prince, pray let your voyce  
be next ;

The rest will follow. Why speak you not, my Lord ?

*Alin.* She would fain seem to voyce in your be-  
half,

But in a way that much perfwades againft you.

Do but your Highnefs note it.

*Kin.* You Sir, come from that Woman.

*Gonz.* She was my mother when ſhe was your wife ;  
And that's ſo late, I cannot yet forget it.

But I fear to offend.

*Eul.* O ſhew it in your Duty then, young  
Prince :

'Tis true, the Law of Nature wills a Son  
To be a partner in his Mothers woe ;  
But Laws above that lay a ſtrong command  
On Sons to obey the Ediſts of their Fathers.  
A Fathers frowne are Comets threatning ruine.  
Let all your thoughts be free from his offence :  
The moſt Heaven ſeeks, is our obedience.  
In all obey the King ; think not of me :  
I am no more, nay not ſo much to you  
As is the Begger whom you may relieve,  
Since of all theſe comforts I am depos'd.

*Lod.* Faith thou hadſt not mine, good woman :  
I muſt not call thee Queen now.

*Eul.* Or if you needs will think I am your mother,  
Let it be onely in the charge I give you,  
That ſince *Alinda* blefs'd by providence  
Muſt be inveſted with the Regal Crown,  
You ſhew her that obedience befits a Queen,  
And your dread Fathers Wife.

*Alin.* I fear ſhee'l turn him  
Traytor, if he give more ear to her enchantments.

*King.*

*King.* Ile shew him a way to give her thanks.  
*Gonzago?*

*Gonz.* My Royal and dread Father.

*King.* Put forth that woman :  
Do it without grudge, out of the Court,  
I mean to seek her way. Do you refuse ?

*Eul.* He does not, shall not, Royal Sir.  
Onely I beg that I may take my leave.  
The wishes a true Subject ought to send  
From the most humble heart up to the Throne  
Of sacred Majesty, I equally divide  
To you my King and Queen,  
Professing by the Powers you present,  
I part as well content with my condition,  
Since it is your command, as ere I was to sit in  
that Promotion.

*Alin.* Sir, I may not sit to be taunted and up-  
braided thus.

*Eul.* Pardon me, mighty Lady, I am as far  
From daring to do so, as from a Queen.  
And whilst you love the King, and he is pleas'd,  
I shall no less obey you, then I lov'd you  
When I sent for you to the Court, and there into  
this heart received you.

*Alin.* I am plainly jeer'd : hence that woman.

*King.* Away with her. *Exit Eulalia with Gonzago.*  
And let it be proclaim'd according to the extremi-  
tie of Law our Censure be observ'd.

*Lod.* Alas, how can she live one night ?

*King.* And now to your consent : have I it yet  
For Marriage with *Alinda* ? If you are pleas'd,  
Then call us King and Queen.

*Omni.* Long live the King and Queen.

*Lod.* I mean *Eulalia*. [aside]

*King.* Tis well : on to the ceremonies then.  
Kings were

But

But common men, did not their Power get fear.

Scœn. III.

*Enter presently again, Lodovico, Horatio.*

*Lod.* It is oppression, Tyrannie indeed.

*Hor.* Speak lower, good my Lord.

*Lod.* For fear of whom ? of what ?

*Hor.* You would not that the King should hear you, would you ? *Lod.* Faith if he did.——

*Hor.* Faith then as sure as your tongue's your own now, your whole head would be his then.

*Lod.* If it might so excuse the Queen, I car'd not.

*Hor.* It will do the Queen as much good, as the money it might be sold for in the Market ; That and the Appurtenances to it, would yield little at the Shambles. Come my Lord, speak privately, and purposely keep your head on your shoulders : it becomes the place as well as 't had been made for it. If the King have a mind to turn away his Wife, Ile give him leave to turn mine after her, to wait upon her, rather than to have my head bowl'd at her, though I were sure it should kisse the Mistrefs.

*Lod.* Oh but the ensuing danger, my *Horatio* ! The mischiefs that of necessary course must follow, even to the ruine of the State, by the Kings dotage on his second choice, draws blood from Subject hearts : Oh that lewd Woman !

*Hor.* She is a Woman of middle earth yet. But what shall we dare to say two hours hence ? Come, think upon Law and Regal Authoritie. The Kings Power Warrants his Acts : I know as well as you the Queen *Eulalia* (Heaven blefs her, I hope 'tis yet no Treason to pray for her) is as vertuous a Lady as ever beautified a Court, or made a Kings Bed happy, For all the Articles fram'd against her.

*Lod.*



*Lod.* The perfect Pattern of Meekness, Patience, Obedience.

*Hor.* Of all that's good, or should be wish'd in Woman.

*Lod.* So obsequious a lover of her Husband, that she gave way unto his loose affections, even to this now-she-start-up that supplants her.

*Hor.* She consider'd she grows old : she reads in her Sons face nigh twenty years of the Kings love to her : and gives him leave to place it now elsewhere.

*Lod.* And is so far from limiting his Choice, That she possesses it that seeks her blood.

My soul tells me the witnessses against The Queen, are by this Concubine suborn'd.

*Hor.* I will not say so. *Lod.* You cannot chuse but think so.

*Hor.* My thoughts are warranted by the Proverb. But come, make up your Face, temper your voyce and looks with the rest of the most Honourable Assembly : shake off this discontent, 'tis a disease by which you'll perish else : now all the Court's in height ; you to professe distaste ! Come, be a looker on at least.

*Lod.* Upon a Court on Fire ? O *Horatio*, Bright Burning Troy gave not a dearer cause Of willingness to those affrighted souls She forc'd to leave her sinking in her ashes, To flie for refuge to another Region ; Nor in their flight could they by looks reverted, See danger in more horrible aspect, Than I upon the ruines of this Kingdom.

*Hor.* Your stay, my Lord, may prevent danger.

*Lod.* Yes, if it could remove the Fatal cause, The pride, the crueltie, the Ambition Of that wild Fury, the outrageous Queen, Who treads and tramples down the Government. Consider this *Horatio*, and the means To

To work this great effect : and I am yours,  
 To stay till it be done. *Hor. Alinda's Death.*  
 Who's there ? [Looks about.]

*Lod.* Is it not necessary ? no body : what d' ye  
 fear ?

Or can you find how to preserve the State  
 At a less rate ? you know too well the King,  
 How apt his Nature is to sell oppression.  
 The burden of whose cruelty long since,  
 If by the vertuous Clemencie of his Wife  
 It had not been alay'd and mitigated,  
 Had been a general subversion.  
 And now that Peerless Princeesse being depos'd,  
 Whose vertue made her famous, and us happy ;  
 And he re-married to this shame of women,  
 Whose vileness breeds her envie and our mischief,  
 What can we look for but destruction ?

*Hor.* I dare me thinks a little hear you now,  
 (The Court being surfeited too with wine and noise)  
 And could almost talk to the point it self,  
 To your own ear. (*Looks about him at every word.*)  
 'Tis fit somewhat were done :

I cannot say what : but if the wronged Queen  
 Be not restor'd, we shew ingratitude,  
 How much, I may not say : enough to damn us,

*Lod.* I, now you speak.

*Hor.* And though I will not speak it : if the  
 Strumpet :

Be not conveniently and speedily destroy'd,  
 Though death dance with us in the enterprize,  
 We shall seem born more for our selves than Coun-  
 trey.

*Lod.* Brave noble resolution !

*Hor.* Nay more, now I will speak.

*Lod.* This way, good *Horatio*.

*Hor.* That way, or any way ; If Poyson, Sword,  
 Policy

Policy or Strength may do it—

*Lod.* Speak lower, good *Horatio*: see the Migration. [Enter *Flavello* and divers *Petitioners*]

*Hor.* What for him? my Ladies Game-keeper, that understands nothing but Monkeyes, Parrots, short-nos'd Dogs and Starlings; Master of her Majesties Foisting-Hounds.

*Lod.* So, he hears you.

*Hor.* Let him; he has no Soul to understand, nor Language to answer a Man: he knows how to dyet, disple and perfume the small Cattle he has charge of; for which rare Art, and catching Spiders for principle Pug, he is rais'd prime man in his great Mistresses favour.

*Lod.* How the *Petitioners* flock to him!

*Hor.* Swarm rather, for they are Bees in his head; Oh! he engrosses all the Suits, and commends them to the White Hand, whose disposing will make the whole Kingdom black in Mourning, if Fate by us prevent not. See how he carries it! We might talk what we would, for him. His well-ordered head is so taken up with Particular Affaires, he mindes no General talk.

But my good Lord, 'fore others Ears and Eyes, Pursue we our Design as all were Spies: You and the Common Good have won me.

*Lod.* O I embrace you. *Excunt.*

## Scæn. V.

*Enter Andrea with a Box.*

*Andr.* Oh--Oh--and Oh-ho--O and alas! O and alack for O--O--O--that ever a true Neapolitan born, should live to see this day in *Sicily!* there O--again, O Queen--O me--what wilt thou do? O--O--what  
(c) shall

shall I do? O--thou maist work and starve; O--and I may beg and live: O—but from thee I cannot live: O—I cannot, nor I wonnot, so I wonnot.

[Enter Jago and Rugio.]

Jag, See here's poor *Andrea* mourning as well as we,

And all the rest of the poor Queens cast-awayes.

Rug. But I can tell him comfort. *Andr.* Oh--I will hear no comfort. *Rug.* Yes, and be glad on't too.

*Andr.* Is my Queen Countrey-woman call'd back again?

Rug. No, but the Queen *Alinda* has enquired for thee, to entertain thee into her service, whilst we and all the rest of our late Queens servants are turn'd out o'th' Court, and now at this high dinner-time too.

*Andr.* She would eat me, would she not?

Jag. That would make it a Feast indeed.

*Andr.* But Ile not trust her on a fasting night: Fools are meat then.

Rug. Well said *Andrea*, witty in thy sorrow: I know thou wilt back again for a new Mistresse.

*Andr.* No, no, take you your course, and serve her if you please, I have play'd the Fool too long, to play the Knave now.

Ile after my old Mistresse.

Rug. Thou maist not serve her; that will be brought within compass of Relief, and then thou maist be hang'd for her.

*Andr.* If I be hang'd for doing good, pray let it not grieve you: and as I am an Innocent, I'll never grieve for you though you be hang'd never so justly.

*Both.* We thank you good *Andrea*.

*Andr.* Take you your swinge, let me take mine I pray. [Flourish]

Jag. Hark, the King drinks now to his new Queen. *Andr.*

*Andr.* So, having turn'd his old Wife out of door,  
A man may drink and frolique with his who—  
Would have thought it? did you think to catch me?

*Rug.* Not I *Andrea*.

*Andr.* Catch me if you can: when it shall be  
Treason to say there is an honest woman, Ile say my  
Countrey-woman was justly condemn'd of Adultery:  
and till then, I know what to say; Catch me if ye  
can.

[*Flourish*]

*Rug.* There again: now the Queen drinks.

*Andr.* Poore woman, at what River? *Rug.* I  
mean the Queen *Alinda*.

*Andr.* O the new thing at home here; I will  
not call her Queen, not I: my Countrey-woman is  
my Queen.

*Rug.* Why is not she thy Countrey-woman?

*Andr.* She was when she was *Sforza's* Daughter:  
But she 'has turn'd a Father out of him.

*Rug.* As here come some to turn us out o'th'  
Court.

Scæn. V.

*Enter Horatio, Flavello, Guard, two or three  
Gentlemen.*

*Flav.* Away with them: out of the gates, away.

*Hor.* See, here are more of them: more of that  
hated womans Retinue: away with all.

*Rug.* Befeech you, good my Lord: I hope we  
are true men.

*Hor.* As I am true to the Crown, not one of you  
pesters the Court a minute longer: go, you are  
trash and trumpery: and Ile sweep the Court of all  
of ye: follow your Mistresse: go.

D

*Flav.*

*Flav.* The Fool my Lord shall stay: the Queen ask'd for him. *Exeunt Omn. præter Andrea.*

*Hor.* Yes yes, the Fool my Lord, shall stay.

*Andr.* The Fool my Lord will not stay.

*Hor.* Will not? how dar'st thou say so? ha, Fool, ha? *[Seize and rifle his Pack.]*

*Andr.* The Fool dare say more than the wisest Lord dares do amongst ye: you will not take my own proper goods from me, will ye?

*Hor.* See what he carries: I heard of Plate and Jewels lost to day.

*Flav.* Let's see, Sir, I will see.

*[Opens the Box: Coxcomb, Bable, Bells, and Coat.]*

*Hor.* Heyday, here's stuff indeed!

*Andr.* Your Wardrobe cannot matcht it: pray give me all again; or if you will be the Kings and Queens Takers with that extremitie to force my goods from me, then present this to his Highness, and this to Hers; and tell them, 'tis all the poor discarded Fool could spare them.

*Flav.* No Sir, you shall take them with you, and a whip for advantage, unless you'll stay and serve the Queen.

*Andr.* No Sir, to you with an *excuse moy*, If you be your Queens Fool-taker, you may In Countrey, Court and City quickly find Fools upon Fools that I shall leave behind. New Lords (you know the Proverb) make new Laws, New Lawyers of an old make a new cause. New workmen are delighted with new Toolles, And her new Majesty must have new Fools. New fools she wants, not having you about her, While the old Fool makes shift to live without her.

*Fla.* Let the Fool go my Lord, 'tis but a Fool the less,

For he'll get wit by it, to wish himself here again.

*Andr.*

*Andr.* If I get but enough to keep me from Court, I care not. *Flav.* Farewell Fool, take your Trinkets with you. *Andr.* Farewell fine Lords, adieu old Courtier.

*Hor.* The Court unclouded of this Factious crew, Will shine on us that to the Crown are true.

*Exeunt.*

Scœn. VI.

*Enter Sforza and Keeper as in Prison.*

*Sfor.* Was ever man so hurried into thraldom,  
And lock'd up in the ignorance of the cause,  
Stronger and darker than his Prison walls?  
But I must not be Sepulchr'd alive,  
And therefore Keeper, though thy office be  
More Devillish than thy visage, yet thy heart  
May be humane: let me then conjure thee  
To vent the secret forth but in a whisper;  
Or shouldst thou utter't in a Tempests voyce,  
As loud as are my injuries, thou art safe:  
I can be here no carry-Tale: I am fast  
In thine own custody, thou feest:  
I pray thee tell me, what's laid upon my charge?

*Keep.* All I can say, 'Tis the Kings pleasure, and you must obey.

*Sfor.* Do you barke sentences, Hell-hound?

*Keep.* My Lord, y'are off your Command, and under mine,

You much mistake your self and me. *Sfor.* 'Tis true.

*Keep.* Lions may rage in toyles: but whilst they do,  
They more enthral themselves: will you sit down,  
And promise on your Honour not to force  
My counsels from me? Ile deal fairly with you,  
(My meaning is, to give him never a word)

*Sfor.* I will not lift a finger up against thee,  
As I am a Souldier : now prithee tell me,  
What say they is my crime? [*shakes his head*] nay  
speak it freely.

I can give it hearing : [*shruggs, &c.*]  
Or tell me first if thou wilt, how fares the Queen?  
What? art thou dumb to that too? Answer me,  
Is my Antagonist *Petruccio*  
Repeal'd to Court yet? thence may spring my mis-  
chief.

Why dost not speak? this is dogged silence,  
In scorn of me, to mock my misery.  
I may not wrong the Honour of a Souldier  
In my Revenge, or I would thrattle thee.

[*he makes leggs.*]

You're very civil, Hell take your courtesie.

*Keep.* I pitie him : but must not dare to shew it.  
It adds to some mens misery, not to know it. *Exit.*

*Sfor.* It is decreed of me, that I must suffer  
This Barbarous crueltie ; and Ile bravely bear it :  
I ha' not force these double walls to part,  
Or mollifie the Jaylors harder heart.  
May spirit then assist me to despise  
And bear my scorn above my injuries.

## Scœn. VII.

*Enter Petruccio and Guard.*

*Petr.* Revenge has cast her self into my hands,  
Strangling the Life of *Sforza* in these Lines :  
His Head is in this grasp, but where is Honour?  
Must that forsake this Brest? must the pure heat  
Of heavenly Honour, yeeld unto the scorch  
Of Hell-bred base Revenge? it must not, cannot :  
For as the Sun puts out all baser Fires,

Where



Where Honour shines, thought of Revenge expires.  
 Besides, he is below my Anger now ;  
 And has no life but forfeited to Law,  
 Or the Kings Fury, I'll not question which ;  
 Nor was it justlie, he gave me th' Affront,  
 In being made Lord General, when I stood for't.  
 But the Kings self, in his Election,  
 He wrong'd not me no more then I did him,  
 When th' Honour was transfer'd from him to me.  
 That's answer'd cleerly, I acquit thee, *Sforza*.  
 But now my Loyaltie, how shall I discharge  
 That special Duty I am here commanded,  
 (Stand back I say) to see the Execution,  
 And bring the head of *Sforza* to the King ?  
 What an addition here is of Advancement ?  
 To make me first a General, then a Hangman :  
 I'll do him better Service : Loyal *Horatio*  
 Would think himself now damn'd, to leave a tittle  
 Of the Kings powerful pleasure unfulfil'd.

Call the Keeper. *Keep.* Here my Lord. [*Enter*  
*Petr.* I am to see and speak with *Sforza*. *Keeper*]

*Keep.* Then I doubt not but your Honour has  
 brought Warrant.

*Petr.* My Honour be your Warrant : will not  
 that serve ?

*Keep.* I will not lose the Kings Grace for all the  
 Honours in the Kingdom.

*Petr.* Do'st know me, or my place ?

*Keep.* Yes, I both know and honour you, as far  
 as my own place gives me leave : but in this I must  
 crave pardon ; you may not see him my Lord, by  
 a less Warrant then the Kings own Signet, and  
 that fetches him out, and it please you.

*Petr.* But have you been so strict to all men else ?  
 Has no man chang'd a word with him ? *Keep.* Not  
 since

These Keys commanded him, I can assure you,  
 Not even the Prince himself, who much desir'd it.  
 I look'd as black on him, as upon you now.  
 I am no white Prison-Keeper, I, to venture  
 Mine own Neck for a Prisoner's, at a price,  
 And give condemn'd men leave to run away :  
 No, I am the black Jaylor, I, and 'tis thought,  
 Lineally descended from *Cerberus*.

*Petr.* I must commend thy Care ; see, there's the  
 Signet.

*Keep.* I'll fetch the Prisoner.  
 May it please you to come forth, my Lord ?

*Enter Sforza.*

*Sfor.* Have I then liv'd to hear Mans voice  
 again ?

*Keep.* Here's the Lord Marshal, and Chief General  
 Of the Kings Forces, come to speak with you.

*Sfor.* Those Titles once were mine, but now I  
 must

Attend his pleasure that is Master of them.

*Petr.* All leave the Room, but be at hand.

*Guard.* We shall. *Exeunt Keeper and Guard.*

### Scœn. VIII.

*Sfor.* My first object from my long obscurity,  
 The man that hates me most of all the world ?  
 It is : his news cannot be good : not good ?  
 The better : 'tis best to know the worst ; he cannot  
 deceive me.

*Petr.* My Lord, I do presume I am unwelcom,  
 Because you are possess'd I never lov'd you :

*Sfor.* The Court yields me such Complement ;  
 this has  
 No ampler Comforts in't. But y'are deceiv'd,  
 For you are welcom, sowe captious Lord, y'are  
 welcom. Be-

Because (love me or love me not) you speak.  
 I have been here these two and twenty dayes.  
 And never heard the voice of Man till now :  
 Meat I have found, and Lodging; but for Language,  
 In what part of the world I am, I know not.  
 Proceed ; I value your words well, you see,  
 That give you six for one ; why do you not speak ?  
 I have been us'd to talk with men that love me not,  
 And more with Enemies, I dare besworn,  
 Then Friends : come, speak, I pray, what is't you  
 come for ?

*Petr.* Alas ! I pity him : his too too much vexation  
 Has over-tam'd him. *Sfor.* Will you not speak and  
 tell me ?

*Petr.* Pray let me ask you first ; Have you been  
 kept  
 So strictly from the speech of all men ?

*Sfor.* E'er since I was committed, and from the  
 knowledge  
 Of why I was committed too ; nay, he that keeps  
 me,

'Till now he call'd me forth, never spake a word :  
 If I ask'd him, what News ? here he was with me :  
 Or when he heard from Court ? then there again :  
 Or, why I was committed ? still the same answer.  
 So that I could inform myself of nothing.  
 Come, if thou be'st an honest Enemy,  
 Tell me something :

As thou dost wish my throat cut, tell me something.

*Pctr.* You seem to take no notice of the cause of  
 your commitment.

*Sfor.* Further than this I cannot : 'Twas the  
 Kings pleasure to command it.

Treason was cry'd ; a Guard : away with him :  
 But for what cause, unless it were for drawing  
 My sword upon (O that Rebellious Girle !)

To save her from the danger of his lust,  
 (Which I tell you I was doubtful of) and so Sir,  
 Let me ask you, is she still about the Queen?  
 My daughter Sir, I mean. *Petr.* Yes, much about  
 the Queen.

*Sfor.* And the Queen loves her? *Petr.* As dearly  
 as her self.

*Sfor.* Nay if you be a Souldier, now speak truly.

*Petr.* The Queen and shee's all one. *Sfor.* Then  
 there's some hope,

The King yet keeps fair quarter with her.  
 Women are quickly jealous. *Petr.* He knows nothing,  
 I'm confident, of all these great proceedings.

Poor man! I pity him: but Ile put him to it.

Will you now answer me as y'are a Souldier  
 To some few Articles? *Sfor.* You have engag'd me.

*Petr.* 'Twere shame he should die ignorant of at  
 least

The Accusations are laid against him.

*Sfor.* Come Sir, your Articles? *Petr.* You are  
 accus'd

Of an intended Treason 'gainst the King.

*Sfor.* Who's my Accuser? *Petr.* Even the King  
 himself.

*Sfor.* Umh, umh, umh: he should not be my  
 Judge then.

It is some Devillish dream of his, or else  
 That Policie that Princes purchase Hell by,  
 With strong assurance without all exception;  
 That is, when Souldiers men of best desert  
 Have merited more then they have means to give,  
 To cut their lives by whom they onely live.

*Petr.* You flie now from the question: y'are  
 engag'd by the Honour of a Souldier  
 Unto that Accusation: guiltie or not guiltie?

*Sfor.* I am not guiltie, as I am a Souldier;  
 And in that Oath I would not be forsworn, To

To save as many lives, were they within me,  
As perish'd by my Sword to save his One.

*Petr.* In that I am satisfied : now to the next,  
If you will hear it ; you shall promise me  
To answer without passion I or no.

*Sfor.* I will do what I can. *Petr.* You're next  
accus'd  
Of foul Adulterie with the Queen *Eulalia.*

*Sfor.* Hah !

*Petr.* Guiltie or no ? *Sfor.* No Sir, nor dares  
there be

Such a suggestion in the heart of Hell.  
And were he there, that thought, or could but dream  
Of such a Scandal, I'd squeeze it out on's Brains.

*Petr.* Then I must hold you to your promise Sir.

[*Enter Guard.*]

*Sfor.* A wrestling towards ; away west, away.  
Nay then I am betray'd. *Petr.* Forbear I pray.

[*Guard retire.*]

*Sfor.* He comes but to insult and to torment me.

*Petr.* My Lord you much forget, is not this Passion ?

*Sfor.* Passion of heart ! he hopes not for Salvation  
That hears with patience but the repetition  
Of such a blasphemie. I must not die,  
Until the world be vindicated from  
The redamnation such an error threatens.

*Petr.* You see I could oppress you ; but all for-  
bear the roome. *Exit Guard.*

*Sfor.* Do you come to mad me ?

*Petr.* If you will be calm, I'll tell you what I  
come for.

*Sfor.* As settled as a Rock beneath a mountain  
Here will I sit, and hear thy loudest malice.

*Petr.* If this man be not innocent, vertue lives not.

*Sfor.* Now tell me what you come for ; and be sure  
You ask no more abominable questions,

Whilst

Whilst calmly I clear these, thus : By the Honour  
 And faith of a true Souldier, I am clear  
 Of these suggested crimes, which before Heaven  
 (Which knows my Innocencie) I do not urge  
 To save my life from the Kings violent Fury,  
 Nor any way to close with thee in Friendship,  
 Now that my fortune is at worst. So, speak :  
 'Tis long a coming : I begin to think  
 It is some good, you are so loath to utter't.

*Petr.* It is, if you can apprehend it so.  
 My Lord, I take you for my friend, and come  
 To make my moan to you ; infomuch as now  
 I do conceive you Noble, Vertuous, Honest.

*Sfor.* Foh ! this is worse than all the rest, this  
 stinks  
 Of the Court-putrefaction, Flatterie, grossly.  
 But on I prithee : talk is such a noveltie,  
 I will hear anything. .

*Petr.* I could not see your vertue, when it shin'd  
 Thorow the radiant favours of the King :  
 It dazled me with envie then : but now,  
 Like the red Sun through cold and mystie va-  
 pours,  
 I can behold it at the full.

*Sfor.* So, so : umh, whu : so much for my vertues :  
 What's your business now ?

*Petr.* I say I come to make my moan to you,  
 Groaning beneath a weightie Injury  
 The King has thrown upon me. *Sfor.* Has denyed  
 him

Something I warrant, that he would have begg'd ;  
 The making of a Knight, or some such foolerie :  
 What was't ?

*Petr.* In putting a base office on me.

*Sfor.* Is the great Marshals and chief Generals  
 Office, become so base ?

*Petr.*

*Petr.* No Sir, the Hangmans Office. Read that——

I am commanded there, and warranted  
With present speed to bring your Head to him.

*Sfor.* A prayer or two, by his great leave and yours,

And you shall have it instantly.

*Petr.* My Lord, you shall not undervalue't so :  
That Honour which has won me to you, shall  
Work better for your preservation.

I have much more to tell you, and strong Reasons  
Why you should live : of the Queens infinite wrongs  
And yours, wrought by your Daughters cruel Ambition.

*Sfor.* This is a nobleness beyond Example :  
Sure now you are honest.

*Petr.* There you see my strength :  
If now for truth and Honours cause I strain  
A point of Loyaltie, you will engage  
Your Honour to secure me ?

*Sfor.* I hold my Honour equal to the best,  
And prize it still so far above my life,  
That to save Kingdoms Ile not forfeit it.  
Here in the fight of Heaven I do engage it,  
For your securitie.

*Petr.* I ask no better. Keeper ! [*Enter Keeper.*]

*Keep.* My Lord. *Petr.* Dismiss that Guard, and give us way. *Keep.* I shall.

*Petr.* Now come my Lord, vertue may be cast by :  
But never overcome by Tyrannie.

*Sfor.* Wars Sword, Laws Axe, or Tyrannies fell  
Knife,

May overcome my Person, not my life.

For that is yours *Petruccio.* *Exeunt Ambo.*

A C T .

## ACT III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Eulalia.*

*Eul.* **T**URN'd out of all, and cast into the world ;  
 And that forbidden too to pitie me ?  
 No succour, no relief to be afforded ?  
 Heaven still is where it was, and cannot lose  
 The Providence it ever had : let those  
 That think me wretched now, consider that,  
 And be with me converted to a Faith  
 That will proclaim us happy, What's my loss ?  
 What was the State and glory of a Court,  
 But steps and lights through dangerous Ambition,  
 To ends beyond our selves, in whose achievements,  
 We make our selves but nothing to our selves.  
 And all that we are then, is to the world,  
 Which renders us great Titles : which tane off,  
 We then return unto our selves again,  
 And all the world is ours : I was not great  
 Till now ; nor could I confidently say  
 Any thing was mine own, till I had nothing.  
 They do but sleep, that live in highest Pompe ;  
 And all their happiness is but a dream,  
 When mine is real : nay, nay, I can prove it.  
 Their costly fare breeds riot, mine content :  
 Their rich Attire is but mere Pageantry,  
 Made to please their eyes : mine keeps me warm,  
 And healthful, when a cold becomes their sickness.  
 They boast of Honour and Gentilitie,  
 For their Attendants then, when the chief Honour  
 Of the best woman, meek obedience,  
 Is my own handmaid ; and my Patience  
 A sweeter servant than Gentilitie, Con-



Continually my other : for Council and defence,  
what have I now ?

They have the helps of worldly wife mens brains,  
And I the comforts of my fruitfull Prayers.

They have tall big-bon'd servants for defence :  
I the strongest guard of all, mine innocence.

[*Birds chirp.*]

What Musick had the Court compar'd to this,  
Or what comparifon can all their sports  
And Revells hold with those of Kids and Fawnes,  
And frisking Lambs upon the countrey lawnes ?

Which are my hourly pleasant entertainments  
In all my wanderings : in which I have not  
Hunger'd at any time, but I have found  
Meat which I duely earn'd : nor ever thirsted,  
But I have found a Spring that has refresh'd me.

And am no fooner weary, then I finde

A shelter or a shade to rest me in :

As now, in which a slumber 'gins to creep  
Over mine Eyes, more soft then any sleep,  
Could these my Senses when I lay of late  
On Down, beneath the Canopy of State.

[*falls asleep.*]

Scœn. II.

*Enter Genius.*

Sleep in thy Sainted Innocence,  
Whilst Angels watch in thy defence.  
Sleep whilst I charm these bubbling Streams  
With Musick, to make sweet thy Dreams ;  
Thy Dreams which truly shall relate  
The Passages of thy Estate.

*Dumb*

*Dumb shew. Enter Alinda, Flavello, two Lieutenants, Doctor, Midwife. Exeunt Lieutenants Doctor, Midwife. Enter Sforza at the other end raging, and the Faylor, with mute action. Enter King, Petruccio: Alinda whispers the King: he gives a Warrant and Signet to Petruccio: Exit Petruccio. King kisses Alinda, graces Flavello. Exeunt. All this as the Genius speaks.*

Note, first thy Foes in Court conspire  
 Against thy Life, and Villains hire  
 To act thy Tragedy.  
 Lo! those the perjur'd Evidence  
 That suggested thine offence,  
 Are hir'd the second time to be  
 Co-actors in thy Tragedie.  
 They have their Fee, and now are sent  
 Towards thee with a vile intent.  
 Ill thrive their purposes. Now note  
 The wrongs that are 'gainst *Sforza* wrought,  
 Who lives from Speech of all men still,  
 Pent by the Kings abused will ;  
 Not knowing of the Treacherie  
 That was conspir'd 'gainst him and thee.  
 Nothing of all that's past knows he,  
 More then he must a Prisoner be ;  
 Which doth him much impatience bring :  
 But the bad Queen instructs the King  
 How his vexation he may end,  
 Who strictly for his Head doth fend.  
 What from these black intents shall grow,  
 Is not as yet for thee to know.  
 Now, holy Soul, I must thee set  
 A course that must thy living get.  
 Thou must not beg, nor take for need

More

More than thy Merits proper meed.  
 First therefore, I thy Brain inspire  
 With a Divine Prophetick Fire ;  
 Thou shalt be able to Fore-doom  
 The ends of many things to come.  
 Into thy Breast I next infuse  
 The Skill of Med'cine how to use :  
 Learn'd *Æsculapius* never knew  
 The use of Simples more than you.  
 Many diseas'd by Grief and Pain,  
 Of thee shalt Health and Strength obtain.  
 Next Handy-Works and Literature,  
 With Education good and pure,  
 Thou shalt be able to bestow  
 Upon the Country's Youth, and show  
 The Elder fort how to improve  
 Their Wealths by Neighbour-hood and Love :  
 Now when thou from this Trance dost wake,  
 See that thou present Practice make  
 Of these thy Gifts, and fear not then  
 The Practices of Fiends or Men. *Exit Genius.*

*Eul.* What soft? what sweet? what heavenly  
 Trance was this?

I feel myself inspir'd with holy Flame  
 Above the heat of Mortals : sure I have  
 The Spirit of Prophecie, the Gift of Healing,  
 And Art of teaching hidden Mysteries.  
 Thanks Heaven, that first didst send me Patience  
 To sweeten my Afflictions, and now  
 Plentiful means to live, for others Good.  
 Who live but for themselves, are but for show,  
 And stand like barren Trees, where good might  
 grow.

## Scæn. III.

*Enter to her, Lodovico and Andrea.*

*Lod.* Farewel, thou foolish Pomp, and Pride of Court,

Whose shine is but an *Ignus fatuus*.

That leads fond Mortals from the path of Vertue,  
And Tracts of real Comforts : thus I shake  
Thy wanton Dust from off my Feet, to tread  
The wayes of Truth and Innocence : this Air  
Breaths Health upon me, Peace, and perfect Plea-  
sure.

Where the swoln Courts soplificated Breath  
Did but diseafe my Blood, and taint my Senses.

*Eul.* It is good *Lodovico*, though disguis'd,  
I can no less then know him : and the poor Fool  
That was my Servant : they come to relieve me  
In these disguises, that I might not know  
From whom I receiv'd Comfort. *Lod.* To this way  
The most unfortunate Queen enclin'd her course :  
And see, already, how her Wants and Woes  
Have worne her to the bone : Alas, she's pin'd !

*Andr.* And look you new Master, yonder's my  
old Mistrefs :  
What Fools were we, that could not find her sooner !  
Alas ! I can see through her : there is not  
So thin a Queen in the Cards.

*Lod.* Hold thee, good Woman, pray thee take  
it quickly.  
I came now from a Feast where we had plenty,  
And brought these Dainties, meant unto another ;  
But my dear Charity tells me thou dost want it.  
I pray thee eat it ; do not look, but eat it.

*Eul.* What Traytor art thou, that presents me  
Poyson ?

*Lod*

*Lod.* By all the truth and honesty in Man,  
'Tis wholesome Food : see, I will be thy Taster,  
Though in good sooth, it grieves mee to beguile thee  
Of the least Morfel : sure thou hast need of 't.  
Good Woman eat, and let not Famine be  
Fearful of Poyson, or false Treacherie.

*Eul.* Is it not Poyson to a loyal heart,  
To eat contrary to the Kings Command ?

*Andr.* No, if it were, what a many would have  
been poyson'd the last Lent, that may live to be  
very good Subjects, very good Subjects all the  
yeer after, except a few Fish-Days ?

*Lod.* 'Las, we are plain poor Country Folke, and  
hear no such news.

*Eul.* Why will ye urge so much against your  
conscience ?  
Have you not heard of my banishment, and the  
Kings Edict,  
Proclaiming all men Traytors that relieve me ?

*Lod.* We heard indeed the King had put away  
his old good Wife, and tane a new one: but can  
we think that you are she that was the Queen ?

*Eul.* Yes good Diffembler, you do know't, and  
you ;  
As sure as I know you for *Lodovico*,  
And you, Sir, for *Andrea* : Can it be,  
That you that have been loyal Subjects, should  
Now go about to forfeit thus your Lives ?

*Andr.* Pray leave this fooling, Mistrifs : eat your  
meat ;  
And here's good Drink to wash it down : and then  
If you have a minde to hang us, let the  
Gallows take his due ; for my own part, I had  
Rather hang like a man, while I am good  
For something, then you should pine away to no-  
thing.

(c)

E

*Eul.*

*Eul.* Fear not you me, pray Sir, nor neglect the  
care

That's due unto your selves, to injure me.

*Lod.* O dearest Heaven! do you think we'd  
injure you,

That venture lives for you? no, gentle Queen.

*Andr.* Lo, there again, that's Treason too, to  
call her Queen.

*Lod.* No body hears nor sees; pray eat a little.

*Eul.* Do not I hear and see you? I am not safe  
In my obedience unto the King,  
To hold such conference with you that would  
So violate his Laws: but let it warn ye  
Off of this course; for I'll appeal to Justice  
If you persist in this Rebellion.

*Andr.* Any woman but she, now in her Case,  
would eat such an Husbands Brains without Butter,  
rather than forsake good meat; and but for this  
wilfulness in her, I should not think her a woman,  
I. But as she is, new Master, we shall never do good  
upon her: and therefore since your Grace has not  
the grace to eat this meat, mark with what a grace  
or without Grace, I will eat it my self: do you  
fear Poyson? [*Eats*] Now Bottle let me play a part  
with thee; can you think this Poyson, that goes  
down so merrily. [*Drinkes*]

*Eul.* Much good may it do thee.

*Lod.* Stay, now perhaps she'll eat.

*Andr.* 'Tis like enough; I did but eat to get her  
an Appetite, therefore I'll e'en eat on, till all  
be done, to get her the better stomach: now Bottle,  
to thee again.

*Eul.* See, here come poor Folks, that perhaps  
do want

That which superfluously thou hast devour'd.

*Andr.* I'll eat again, for that: I am as poor as  
they

they ; and you never knew Charity in Beggars towards one another. Bottle again for that.

Scœn. IV.

*Enter to them, Pedro, Poggio and Lollo.*

*Pedr.* O Misery ! O Defolation !

*Pogg. Loll.* Diseases, Sicknesse, O Calamity !

*Andr.* What Saints are those that they invoke  
so ?

*Eul.* What is the Cause of these sad Cries, good  
People ?

*Pedr.* Go back, if you respect your safety, go ;  
And look not this way where the Air disperfeth  
Nothing but foul Infection, Pain and Sorrow.  
Return, I say, for here you appear strangers,  
And run not to the Ruine of your selves :  
This way is fil'd with Cries : you can meet nothing  
But Lamentations of a thousand Souls :  
Some Lame, some Blind, some Deaf, some Lunatick,  
Some struck with Palsie, some with Leprosie ;  
All sighing, groaning, crying, underneath  
The painful weight of Sorrow and Affliction.

*Eul.* What is that woful part o'th' Country call'd,  
That suffers this Calamitie ? and how  
Did the Inhabitants there stand affected  
To Goodness or Religion ? *Pedr.* We are all sinful :  
Yet no way to extenuate our fault,  
Or murmur at the Judgement fall upon us ;  
We have been held obedient to the Church,  
True Subjects to the King, and friendliest Neigh-  
bours

Among our selves, all Sicily could boast of :  
This part of it, or Province, being call'd,

*The fair Palermian Fields*, and is the fame  
Our Kings have customarily laid out  
For their Queens Dowry : and has therefore been  
Vulgarly call'd *The Paradise of Love*.

*Andr.* Stay there, old man : I have heard there is  
Neither Lawyer nor Physician in all the Province.

*Lod.* None could e'er get a living amongst 'um  
in all their Practise.

It seems they liv'd then civilly and temperately.

*Andr.* Nor Gentleman nor Beggar in their Con-  
fines.

*Lod.* Then sure their Wealth was all communi-  
cable.

There could not but be excellent Neighbour-hood.

*Andr.* And, which was worth all the rest, their  
Priests

Were ever the best good-Fellows in all the Country.

*Pedr.* Y'are now upon the Confines of that  
Country,

And cannot scape some dangerous ill,  
If you dare tast the Aire of it.

*Andr.* That shall be try'd ; I'll have a whiff on't :  
If I get a mischief by it, let the Fools harm be a  
warning to the Wife.

*Pedr.* See more of those distressed Souls that flie  
The foul Contagion, [*Enter four Others. Exit Andr.*]  
Yet charitable to each others wants :

For here the Deaf conducts the Blind : the Blind  
Supports the lame : the Dumb removes the sick  
and feeble.

All that can make least shift for't, flie the Place,  
Then do not you press toward it. *Eul.* There will I  
Take up my Habitation. *Lod.* Y'are not desperate ?

*Eul.* Mark me, good *Lodovico*, note my Reasons :  
This poor afflicted Province was my Dowry :  
And the o'er-hasty judging world will say,  
According to the Censure pass'd on me, My



My Trespafs drew this Evil on the Land.

*Lod.* Tis better that the world should judge fo,  
and perish

For it in it's Ignorance, then you so wilfully  
Be cast away : you hear that none escape.

*Pedr.* None, Old nor Young, Man, Woman,  
Child, all

In one kinde or other, do feel Affliction. (with

*Eul.* Do any die? *Pedr.* None, though the most do  
They might, in lieu of their sad sufferings.

*Eul.* And whither now do you intend your tra-  
vail with your griefs?

*Pedr.* We hope a better Air will cure us. But  
We are advis'd by our Divines and Augurs,  
By the best means we can, to make our Journey  
Towards the Court, to fend our sad complaint  
Unto the King. (*Eul.* Hear now what he will say)

*Pedr.* They find by Divination, that this punish-  
ment

Is false upon this Province by the Sin  
Of the Adulterous Queen, whose Dowrie 'twas.

*Eul.* Did not I tell you? *Pedr.* And that until  
His justice take away Her loathed life,

This evil will not cease. *Lod.* What, the Queen  
*Eulalia's* life! (relief :

*Pedr.* Yes Sir ; we hear shee's banish'd, and forbid  
But nothing save her polluted blood must quench  
this flame,

In expiation of her Sin and shame.

*Lod.* Dare you stay longer here? pray let us flie.

*Eul.* Why then you think me guiltie, *Lodovico.*

*Lod.* I know not what to think, but that I will not.

*Eul.* Was that your Priests opinion and advice?

*Pedr.* Yes, and thus grounded, that our pains began  
Just at the hour, the Kings Indulgencie  
Releas'd her forfeit Life.

*Eul.* 'Twas *everſo* ; Priests are but Apes to Kings,  
And prostitute Religion to their ends.

Might you not judge as well, it was th' injustice  
and the wrongs the innocent Queen hath suffer'd,  
that has brought ſenſe of her injuries upon her Pro-  
vince ? And that if ſhe had died, her Dowrie here  
with her had alſo ſuffered Death ? to make it no-  
thing to the King, as he made her.

*Lod.* I, mark ye that : and that your falſe ſurmife  
Againſt the Queen has brought this evil on you.

*Pedr.* O now my pain increaſes. 1. O mine Eyes.  
2. My Brain. 3. My Bones. 4. My limbs are on  
the Rack.

*Lod.* 'Tis plain, your ſowl miſtruſt is the infec-  
tion that rages in you.

*Eul.* *Lodovico*, peace : where is thy pain good  
man ?

*Pedr.* Here in this Arm ſhrunk up as it were  
ſear'd with fiery Irons. *Eul.* Bleſ'd Providence  
aſſiſt me whilſt with Prayers I uſe the gift thou  
gav'ſt me for the cure of theſe afflicted People.  
Give me thine hand : what feelſt thou now ?

*Pedr.* A precious cooling Balm that has extin-  
guiſhed  
The ſcorching heat I felt, and has reduc'd  
My Fleſh, my Sinews, and my Arteries,  
Into their natural temper and true uſe.

*Eul.* Joyn that hand to thy other, and thank  
Heaven then  
That made thee whole. *Pedr.* I do, I do. *Lod.* Mira-  
culous ! (Goddeſs.

*Pedr.* O ſure you are ſome Heavenly Saint or  
*Eul.* Beware Idolatry, and onely ſend  
All praiſe to th' power whoſe mercy hath no end.  
Onely do this for me : inform the reſt  
How you have ſped, and win them back again,

To

To the next village : bid them be of chear,  
 Whilst I make Holy Prayers for their help.  
 Ile come and live among you for my hire,  
 Which shall be cheap, believe me. *Pedr.* All we have  
 Will be too slight reward : first take my store.

*Eul.* I will but take my next competent meal.  
 I hope this will be thought but valuable.

*Pedr.* I pray take more.

*Eul.* Go back I say with your sad company,  
 And comfort them with news of your success,  
 And a full hope of cure to every one  
 That's Partner in this sad Affliction.

*Pedr.* With happy feet I shall spread it through  
 the Countrey. *Exeunt omnes Rustici.*

*Lod.* O happy woman, now no more a Queen,  
 But Holy Saint : I see how Providence  
 Means to advance thy injur'd innocence.  
 Ile dwell here now my self, and without fear :  
 For perfect health I think dwells only where  
 Good *Eulalia* remains : I have enough  
 To buy a Farm for me and poor *Andrea*.  
 But what's become of him ?

*Eul.* Ile tell you, *Lodovico* : the poor Fellow  
 Is gone to taste the Countrey Air for me,  
 Lest I might be infected : you shall see  
 Straight how he speeds. *Lod.* And that was honest  
 love. *Enter Andrea.*

*Andr.* A Surgeon, a Surgeon ! Oh a Surgeon !

*Eul.* How now, *Andrea* ?

*Andr.* A Surgeon : Oh twentie Surgeons, bone-  
 setting Surgeons. *Eul.* What's the matter man ?

*Andr.* I am out of joynt. Ile taste no more of  
 such contagious Aires, To save as many Queens as  
 I have hairs. Oh Surgeons and Bone-setters, Bone-  
 setters and Surgeons, all my Bones, all my Bones  
 for a penny. I have not a finger nor a toe in joynt :

my Leggs, my Thighs, my Arms, my neck.  
 My back and Crupperbone is out of joynt.  
 Oh for a Sowgelder, a Surgeon I would fay.  
 Out a joynt, out a joynt, I am all out a joynt.

*Eul.* Thy tongue's not out a joynt.

*Andr.* No, nor a Thing

I have that has no Bone in't : All else is out a joynt.

*Eul.* This came of tempting Providence : were  
 not you

Told the danger by the many that smarted of it ?

*Andr.* I met them all dancing and frisking home.  
 The blind man made the way : the dumb man fung,  
 The deaf kept time to his Notes : the lame led on  
 The Dance to all the rest : whilst I can go  
 No further. [*lies down*] 'Twas for you I ventured.

*Eul.* And now you repent you meant me so much  
 good.

*Andr.* And now again I do repent that ever I did  
 repent. Oh for a Stone-cutter, a Bone-fetter I  
 would fay.

*Eul.* Well Sir, give me your hands : stand up.

*Andr.* With as good a will as ever I stood to  
 woman.

*Eul.* Now, how do you feel your self? *Andr.* In  
 very pretty plight, I feel I am sufficient.

Haugh, heigh—[*Capers and turns*] 'twill do again :  
 and if I durst venture into that unluckie Countrey  
 again, I would now teach the Clowns how to Dance  
 for joy.

*Eul.* Yes you shall venter Sir ; and by the way,  
 Ile teach you to teach them to work and pray.

*Andr.* To work and play I pray you,

*Lod.* If there be Heaven on earth, it is this  
 woman.

*Andr.* Then if there be a Purgatorie on earth,  
 Ile venter through it for her, heigh o, ho.

Scæn.

## Scæn. V.

*Enter three or four Countrey-men.*

1. Health and Joy : Health and Joy.

2. O happy woman that ever she came hither !

1. Nay happy we that ere she came among us.

2. What shall we render her in recompence ?

All that we have is too little for this woman,  
This good woman, this holy woman, this she-Saint,  
If there be one above ground.

3. O do not make an *If* at her, neighbour, lest  
the ground swallow thee quick in thy Infidelitie.

2. Now doubtless, and without all adventure, she  
is an unknown woman.

3. And therefore a good woman : for 'tis too true.  
All those that are well known are e'en bad enough :  
And known she will not be for all our entreats,  
No not so much as from whence she came, we see.

2. And that counsel she may keep still for me :  
For doubtless, and without all peradventure  
If we had need of another such, 'it were in vain to  
seek her.

1. Sure 'twas from Heaven she came,  
Where the whole stock of good women were plac'd  
long ago.

## Scæn. VI.

*Enter Fabio and Strozza.*

*Fab.* 'Tis she I'm confident.    *Stroz.* Our work  
lies fairly then before us.

*Lod.*

*Lod.* These look like mischievous Robbers.

*Eul.* What can they take from us ?

*Lod.* Your Life, I fear.

*Andr.* I have e'en din'd, let 'em take away when they please.

*Lod.* Their looks are murderous.

*Eul.* Fear not *Lodovico* : why look ye Friends, so amazedly ? ha'ye lost your way ? or what do ye seek ?

*Fab.* No, we ha' found our way, 'tis to you we seek : we dare come roundly to you, for all your Guard, your old Fool, and your young here,

*Lod.* O my unhappy Fears !

*Eul.* You will not murder me ?

*Fab.* 'Tis all the Office we are bound to doe you.

*Eul.* Just Heaven protect me.

*Fab.* Call upon Heaven as you go thitherward : We may not stay long Invocations.

*Andr.* Pray take me in your way, and run me through her, if you be honest Murderers. Help Murder, Murder ?

## SCÆN. VII.

*Enter to them, Curate, Crier, Pedro, Lollo, Poggio.*

*Crier.* O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! *Cur.* Silence Crier, suspend the Proclamation, to prevent abomination.

*Lod.* Heaven has sent us ayd.

*Fab.* O we are prevented !

*Cur.* On, on ; fa, fa ; down with their Weapons, up with their heels, till we infect and rip up the intrails of the Cause : what an Assassinate was here attempted ? *O infausta Dies !* two swords against the  
the

the naked womb of a Woman! and none but weapon-less men to assist her! *viz. Senex & Ineptus.*

*Andr.* That is to say, Give me their Swords under my Fools Coat, I'll hurt no body.

*Cur.* Upon my facundity, an elegant construction by the Fool. So, I am *cedunt arma Togæ.*

*Fab.* For our attempt Sir, we will answer it: we are for the King.

*Cur.* Then we are for the King, Sir; & *in nomine Majestatis*, we command you to attend our present Office, and then we will examine yours.

*Loll.* And then if you deserve the Gallows, you shall be sure on't: a short breathing-while shall be no hinderance to you. So Crier lift up your Voice, and proceed.

*Crier.* O yes, O yes, O yes: By the Kings most Excellent Majesty, a Proclamation, prohibiting upon pain of Death, any relief to be given unto the banish'd *Eulalia.*

*Cur.* Now say, Whereas upon just and lawful Tryal.

*Crier.* Whereas, &c. *Cur.* The said *Eulalia.*  
*Crier.* The said *Eulalia.*

*Eul.* I am that hapless she, that for relief will not beg, nor borrow, nor take of yee.

[*Lod. & Cur. aside*]

*Pedr.* 'Tis she, and at the price of Life I will relieve her.

[*aside*]

*Pog.* How? what have we done? In relieving her from killing, we are become Traytors.

*Loll.* That's an idle fear: we knew her not, Which now we do, we may again relieve her Into their hands, for them to kill her yet: And then there's no harm done.

*Pog.* So let us give them their swords again; and when they have done their work, to make all sure,  
we'll

we'll hang them for their pains, and so keep the Law  
in our own hands while we have it.

*Cur.* *O homines insani ! quomodo erravistis ?*  
The woman must be fav'd *a manibus istis*.

They are Catilinarian Traytors.

*Lod.* You Sir, have reason ; you have found her  
Life

The King has pardon'd : and although her Doom  
In this her Banishment were heavy, and  
A punishment even unto Death, but that  
Good foul she works and labours for her food,  
You find not yet 'tis lawful any kill her.

*Cur.* *Recte dixisti Domine* therefore Sir,  
You that are for the King, as you pretend,  
Shew us th' *Imperative mood* or warrant for her  
death,

Or we shall put you into the *Optativa mood*,  
By punishment to wish your selves dead oftner  
Or more times than *bona fide* there be *Tenses*  
In all the moods of all my Accidences.

*Eul.* For my part Ile forgive them, if they will  
Deliver truely who corrupted them,  
To rid the world of this weary burden ; that I may  
pray for them.

*Pedr.* Can such a goodness deserve so fowl a  
Censure ?

*Eul.* But first tell me : Are not you two the men  
that gave false evidence at my Arraignment touch-  
ing injur'd *Sforza* ? *Fab.* We gave no evidence,  
nor false nor true. (Beards.

*Andr.* No countrey-woman, they had no such  
But I will try if I can make'em like'em : O rare !  
what a nimble Barber am I ? *Lod.* They are the  
self-same men, the two cashier'd Lieutenants that  
*Sforza* should have hang'd for mutinies in the late  
Wars.

*Pedr.* What hinders now their execution. *Cur.*



*Cur.* *Digito compeſce labellum* : ſilence good *Pedro*.  
I do commend your zeal : but *Periculum eſt in via*,  
We will walk ſafely : for this time therefore wee'l  
do onely thus,

Double our guards upon 'em, and away to priſon  
with them,

*Eſt locus in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.*

We will preſume to know who 'twas that ſet you  
awork, before you go.

*Ambo.* You will be made to answer for it.

*Cur.* A word more, wee'l hang you preſently,  
and answer that too : *Abite hinc in malam Rem* :  
away with 'm.

*Loll.* Ah Rogues, wee'l hamper yee. *Pogg.* Kill a  
woman 'cauſe ſhe was a Queen ?

*Loll.* Wee'l hamper ye, and halter ye, and do ye  
hear? hang ye.

*Exeunt Lollio and Poggio, with Fabio and Strozza.*

*Andr.* *Abi hinc & malam rem*, away with 'm.

[*Lodovico, Eulalia. Petro aſide*]

*Cur.* As I am *Erudite, idoneus Adoleſcens*,  
A very towardsly *Juvenis, Cupis atq; doceri* ?

*Andr.* What's that ? *Cur.* Wilt thou be a Scholar ?

*Andr.* After you is manners.

*Cur.* Now by mine intellect, diſcreetly ſpoken.  
Be but my Pupil, I will make thee one,  
And dip thy Caput in pure Helicon.

*Andr.* Pray what's my Caput ? and what's your  
Helicon ?

*Cur.* Still a deſire to learn : this is no Fool.  
And by the company hee's in, I do ſuſpect  
*Simile non eſt Idem* : hee's too wiſe,  
To be the thing he ſeems but in diſguiſe :  
Some Lord of Court, his outſide *non obſtante*.

*Lod.* It is confeſs'd Sir, I am *Lodovico*,  
Sometimes a Lord of Court when this was Queen.

(c)

*Cur.*

*Cur.* O *Oedipus* ! I meant this *Juvenal*.

*Andr.* No truly Sir, your *Simile non est Idem*.  
I am no Lord, what ere you like me to.  
What I may pass for in the Countrey I know not,  
At Court I was a Fool when she was Queen.

*Lod.* We dare not call her Queen now : but  
while we  
Relieve her not, though we associate her,  
We are the Kings true Subjects ; and with your  
leave,  
Disclaiming of all Honourable Titles,  
We'll live amongst ye.

*Pedr.* O gracious woman, so I may safely call you.  
Who once preserv'd my life. *Eul.* Mention not that.

*Pedr.* I ought not to conceal it : therefore know  
That some years past being employ'd to Court  
To render the Kings Rents for this Province :  
Which though I duely did, there was a Lord,  
A strange officious one, that charg'd me deeply,  
And all our Province, with detested breach  
Of our Allegiance : at which my rage  
Banish'd my reason, and confounded so  
My senses, that without respect of Person,  
Or Place, which was the Danger of the Law,  
I struck him there in Court : and was adjudg'd  
To suffer death for 't, till you won my Pardon.

*Lod.* Were you that man ? *Andr.* And 'twas my  
Cozen Lord I warrant that you box'd.

*Pedr.* 'Tis he that braggs so much his truth unto  
the Crown ; I need not name him.

*Cur.* *Sed nunc quid sequitur ?* Pray mark the  
issue of this Court quarrell. By the way, 'tis well  
you have renounc'd all qualitie of Court.

Here were no living for you else ; for know  
Since this mans trouble, not a Gentleman,  
Much less a Courtier dares breath amongst us,

But

But be as you pretend and write, but Yeoman :  
 You shall live Jovially with us and welcome,  
 At your own charge, your own *Viaticum*.

[*Enter Lollo and Poggio.*]

*Loll.* We have laid up  
 The murderous minded men in dungeons deep,  
 Clogg'd them with Ploughchains, Fetters and  
 Horfe-locks.

*Pog.* We'll teach 'm to kill Queens : *Cur. Cave,*  
*caveto.*

*Loll.* We mean this woman, this discarded Queen.  
*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scæn. VIII.

*Enter Alinda and Flavello.*

*Alind.* For all the Feasts, the Triumphs and the  
 Glories  
 That have been spent, at price of great Estates,  
 In celebration of my high Advancement ;  
 For all the King has in his present being,  
 His Love to boot, assur'd in highest measure ;  
 Me-thinks there is yet wanting an Addition  
 To crown my Happiness : all's not safe hereafter ; !  
 I cannot safely say I am his Wife,  
 While th'other seems contented with a Life.

*Flavello !*

*Flav.* Most Mighty Sovereign. *Alind.* O most  
 Cœlestial sound !  
 Here's all your business granted.

*Flav.* Greatest and best of Queens ! All ?

*Alind.* See the Kings hand to all : do you mis-  
 trust me ?

*Flav.* I onely look for the poor womans Pardon.  
 That kill'd her Husband for his gelding the Priest.

*Alind.*

*Alind.* If you but manage the Profits of my Favours with a discreet Hand now, you may soon finde the difference between a Mignon, and the Son of a Dish-Maker.

*Flav.* I finde it in your Gifts, my bounteous Goddeffs.

*Alind.* Oh Divine! *Flav.* And would presume that I myself were worthy  
A place i'th' Kalendar, might I do you Service,  
That merited the smallest of your Graces.

*Alind.* Do you know the village where that woman lives?

*Flav.* Who, sacred Deitie? *Alind.* I'm very sick to name her or her Son.

*Flav.* O *Eulalia*; yes, the very House; 'tis in your Majesties way now, as you pass to *Nicosia*: the King is ready, Madam, and calls away; he longs to be at the end of his journey, to perform his Duty in the three Grants belong to you.

*Alind.* O but that Woman, and that hated Boy.

*Flav.* *Eulalia*, Madam? *Alind.* Thou art a base Ingrateful Villain to name her to me;  
Thou hear'st me say, I dare not speak her name,  
Yet thou dar'st stab mine Ears again, with it.  
Had some receiv'd the Favours thou hast done,  
Or could but dream of half thou'rt like to have,  
I should not fear her Ghost; but thou art dull.

*Flav.* O let me take new spirit from your hand.  
And say unto your self, She is sure dead.  
But the King comes, I am enough inspir'd.

*Exit Flav.*

Scœn.

## Scœn. IX.

*Enter King and Gonzago.*

*King.* I will not onely have you guiltless, Sir,  
But free from least suspect ; let but a spark  
Of Discontent appear upon your Look,  
I'll rip the hollow cave that holds the fire,  
And with Death quench it. *Gonz.* I beseech your  
Highness,

If any alteration in my looks  
Be found, or read, let it as well be construed,  
It grows but from a filial fear t' offend.  
I have forgot I had another Mother :  
And humbly at the Feet of this I honour.  
I beg her Ayd, to win your Favour towards me.  
Most gracious Madam, if you knew the Truth,  
The fair sincerity I bear in Duty  
Towards your Highness——

*Alind.* For what respect, young Prince ?

*Gonz.* The principal 'ith' World : For that you  
have  
My Fathers Love ; and but to Wrong or Grieve you  
Were Stripes or Wounds to his Affection.  
So much of my late Mother I remember,  
To yield a Reverence to his Contentment, and  
shall for ever.

*Alind.* My Lord, my Love, what pretty meaning  
have you?  
Do you bring your Son to mock me ?

*King.* Ha ! my *Alinda*, he's no Son of mine,  
That with lesse Adoration dares look up  
On thy Divinity, then the *Ægyptians*  
Gave to the Sun it self : but an out-cast Bastard,  
(c) And

And of the daring Giants ignorant Nature,  
That war'd against the Gods.

*Alind.* I would not move your Anger : pray let  
this win your Reconcilement. [Kisses]

*King.* O thou art gentle, and the life of Sweet-  
ness :

Come, my *Alinda*, I was calling you  
To our intended Journey to *Nicosia*,  
Where solemnly I will perform my Vow,  
To grant the three demands I promis'd you,  
In the full view of our Nobility.  
Which by the Custome of my Predecessors  
Have ratified and confirm'd the Power  
Of Queens, and made them absolute: have you  
thought

To ask things worthy of your Dignity,  
Wherein I fully may declare my Bounty?

*Alind.* I, Sir, shall be so reasonable, that  
I doubt not upon the way, or there at very instant,  
To crave past my Desert.

*King.* O you are modest : but ask home, *Alinda*.

*Alind.* And by the way, Sir, let it be my Suit,  
We give a Visit to distressed *Eulalia*;  
Wherein we may do Charity fitting Princes ;  
(We may perhaps give Order for her Burial) [*aside*]

*King.* Thou art all Goodness : Come, all Friends,  
*Gonzago* :

But thank her Clemency. *Exit King.*

*Manet Alinda, to her Flavello.*

*Alind.* An Earldome bethou sure of, wise *Flavello*,  
To add to thy improvements : Though it be  
No full discovery, I'll make it serve,  
As I will fashion it, to excellent use.  
Poyson or Sword thou heardst him speak ?

*Flav.* And in a menacing way : Now what may  
be

Con-

Conjectur'd by such words, from men whose looks  
Shew discontent against your Mightiness,  
Rests most considerable. *Alind.* Write, *Flavello*,

write,  
Write by that Copy in a States-Man's hand.  
Alas, good men! I dare even swear for them,  
How ere these words might fall in their discourse,  
They have no thought of me: yet this surmise  
Gives me an hint to try her Loyaltie,  
Or make her once more guiltie: for my State  
Stands by the King, as unto her his hate.  
Read it *Flavello*.

[Reads.] *Most Royal and most wronged Sovereign  
Mistress, be happily assured that the time of your  
Restoration is at hand: and that by no less means  
then the death of that she-monster that usurps  
your Dignitie. All shall be determined at Ni-  
cossia, by*

*Your devoted Servant unto  
death. Nameless.*

*Alind.* 'Tis well.

In needs no superscription, only seal it,  
And think of your directions and disguise.  
'Tis but your half days journey: and be sure  
We are not far behind you.

*Fla.* I flie, my Sovereign. *Alin.* Now to the King,  
Of whose despight I still must sharp the sting.

## SCÈN. X.

*Enter King, and Horatio.*

*King.* No news of *Lodovico* yet, *Horatio*?

*Hor.* None since he stole from Court upon the  
Banishment

Of that false wicked woman, whom I cannot  
Name to your face or forehead, but I tremble.

*King.* Because you fear all horned Beasts.

*Hor.* My Loyalty forbid,  
And my infallible Truth unto the Crown,  
But I were sensible of the injury.

*King.* I know thy Loyalty : but as for *Lodovico*,  
How was my Judgement wrong'd in him ! *Hor.* And  
mine.

*King.* I thought my self as safe in that mans  
Counfel—*Hor.* And so did I,  
By my lov'd Loyalty, think my self safe  
In his Advices—*King.* Yet methought he had  
A kinde of slyness in his Countenance.

*Hor.* Yes, he had ever a kind of a sly look.

*King.* That still methought I had a Genius  
That check'd my forward love, and did inform me  
That he would prove disloyal : and for that cause,  
To speak plain truth, I never lov'd him truly.

*Hor.* Will your Majesty believe me ? I would I  
might never rise

Into your Favour (and that I would not say  
For all the Traytors Lands in your Kingdom,  
Which were no small reward) if that were not  
Mine very own conceit of *Lodovico*  
That Traytor ; hang him : what should I call him  
less ?

*King.* Yet 'twas given out you lov'd him.

*Hor.*



*Hor.* So 'twas thought your Highness did.

*King.* And that he was your yoak-fellow in the State.

*Hor.* Yes, when he's hang'd he shall be.

*King.* How *Horatio*?

*Hor.* Your Majesty knows my thoughts: nay I thank my creation, I was ever Just of your Majesties mind from my Nativitie, And in that faith Ile die. *King.* Here's a true Statesman now!

Go, send *Gonzago* to me. *Hor.* My sweet yong Prince? I shall: but ere I go,

Let me inform your Highness in my thoughts Of the sweet Prince *Gonzago*: if ever King Was happy in a Son, you are in him.

*King.* Go, call him to me. *Hor.* Cherish him, good my Lord:

Hee'l be a sure staff to you in your Age, And prove a Statesman quickly: I cannot think, Except in him and your undoubted Queen, *Petrucchio* and my self, True Loyalty lives. And here he comes: obedience in his Face Most brightly shining.

*Enter Gonzago.*

*King.* Wait without *Horatio*. [*Exit Horatio*] *Gonzago*? *Gonz.* My dread Lord. *King.* Did you attempt

Against my strict command to visit *Sforza*?

*Gonza.* It is most true, I did. *King.* You are a Traytor.

*Gonz.* Gracious Heaven forbid it. *King.* What was your purpose?

*Gonz.* First on my knees let me implore your Royal Pardon. *King.* Well Sir.

*Gonz.* My end was noble: as I thought, well,  
 suiting  
 The Honour of a Prince: I would have search'd  
 Into the secrets of his heart by questions,  
 Whether he had intended or conceived  
 Treason against your Highness, as it is  
 Presum'd he did: for which he was committed.

*King.* My self for that was his Accuser;  
 How durst you then make a scruple at it?

*Gonz.* Still relying on your Pardon, I had thought  
 T'have won confession of it from himself.

*King.* Suppose he had confess'd it? *Gonza.* I  
 had then  
 Concluded there had been a Probabilitie  
 Of my poor mothers falsehood: yet I would have put  
 That Question to him next. *King.* And say  
 He had confess'd that too? *Gonz.* Then had I sav'd  
 Your Laws a needless labour in his death;  
 And with the same hand made that mother child-  
 less,  
 That by her folly forfeited her Husband.

*King.* Was that your resolution? but suppose  
 He had denied all? *Gonz.* All had then been  
 nothing

But a Scandal to my mother and himself:  
 So good a Souldier would not be a lyer  
 To save an abject life. *King.* Sirrah, you are  
 His Bastard, not my son, in doing this.

*Gonz.* You are my King, would I could say,  
 my Father.

*King.* Within there! *Enter Horatio.*  
*Horatio,* would you think it? this young stripling  
 Takes part against me with that Traytor *Sforza.*

*Hor.* Do you think so?

*King.* Think so? I know it.

*Hor.* Then I know it too: Think, did you say?

I think 'twas time to think it. *King.*

*King*. I knew it not till now.

*Hor*. As I am true to th' Crown, just now I knew it too.

*Gonz*. O do not so interpret, Royal Sir.

*Hor*. What can be said against it? has not his Grace spoke it?

What must be done with him to please your Majesty?

*King*. Convey him from my sight, and let our Marshal

*Petruccio* take him to safe custody, (ther. Till our further pleasure. *Gonz*. My King, and Fa-

*King*. Hence with him I say. *Gonz*. Great Sir, your mercy.

*Hor*. Did not I tell your Majesty there was not, But in the Queen, *Petruccio*, and my self, True Loyaltie in the Court? Away you Traytorling.

*Gonz*. My Lord, you are too severe.

*Hor*. What? in being true to th' Crown? O my Loyaltie! *Exeunt with Gonzago*.

## SCÈN. XI.

*Enter Alinda, Flavello.*

*Alin*. No news yet? no return? *Flav*. We shall have, Madam.

*Alin*. You made not choise of men of Resolution.

*Flav*. They were the same exasperate cashier'd Souldiers

That sware so valliantly against *Enlalia*.

*Alin*. Many that pass for Souldiers dare swear valiantly,

That dare not fight. *Flav*. Many that dare not fight,

Dare do a murther Madam, such a tame one too,  
I am confident they have kill'd her : however, I  
have done my best.

*Alin.* Thou hast done nothing whilst that woman  
lives.

The work was not so course, that your own hand  
Could have disdain'd it, Sir, if you had lov'd me.  
So leave me, negligent Fellow.

*Flav.* Her first months Majesty hath wip'd out  
The memorie of all her former dayes.

I must not lose her though : this hand then soon  
Must do the work, be't not already done. *Exit.*

*King.* How cheers my love ? what ominous aspect  
Hath wrought this sad Eclipse upon that Beautie,  
Whose radiancie onely is my life ?

Cast by this veil of sadness : quit my fears,  
And from my Browes wipe off a score of years.  
No ? what must then remove it ? or dispell  
These Clouds, that from the anguish of thy heart  
Do cast this shadow ore my happiness ?

*Alin.* I must not, will not name it : but you said  
You would do something, which it seems  
Your wavering love neglects. *King.* Can I neglect  
A duty that belongs to my *Alinda* ?

Speak it again : and by my first nights blifs  
I had with thee, by this kifs, and by this,  
Ile treble in performance all my promises.

*Alin.* Y' are dull in your performances : I will  
Not name a request the second time, although my  
life,

Your dignitie, and your Kingdoms safetie,  
Lie on the rack for't. *King.* She will not name't  
again :

Her last request was for the head of *Sforza*,  
Her arrogant proud Father, whose perversness  
Checq'd at her due promotion ; and whose life

Swolne

Swolne up with Popularitie, was my danger,  
 Threatning no less then ruine on my State.  
 She will not name 't again, poor tender soul,  
 Left she might fall into th' interpretation  
 Of an unnatural child : yet for my safetie,  
 She suffers in desire to have it done,  
 I have prevented her desire, 'tis done :  
 I know *Petruccio* his Antagonist,  
 Who had my warrant and Signet for it,  
 Would not be slack in th' execution.  
 Come, sweet, be fearless : that which your mild  
 goodnes

Is now so timerous to name, is done.

*Alin.* Is she pursu'd and put to death ?

*King.* What she ?

*Alin.* Nay, I have said again.

*King.* *Sforza*, my dearest life, th' unnatural  
 Homicide

That fought thy life and mine, is put to death.

*Alin.* What, my dear Father ? *King.* Was it not  
 your Desire ? *Enter Petruccio.*

Here comes sure Testimony : speak *Petruccio* ;  
 I will not ask, Is't done ? but speak the manner  
 How *Sforza* di'd. *Petr.* A self-wil'd obstinate man :  
 Such as he liv'd he di'd : and gracious Madam,  
 That a more bloody Spectacle should not move  
 Your tender nature to compunctiō, I brought  
 But this inseparate Adjunct of his malicious Head  
 [a Jewel]

Against you, the King, and the whole Kingdoms  
 good.

*Alin.* This is a token most infallible,  
 The Jewel that none but the cold hand of Death  
 Could ravish from him : Tis done :  
 The fear of him is like a storm blown ore :  
 'Tis done but this is yet but part of that full satis-  
 faction That

That must confirm my safetie : Pray my Lord, [*side*]  
 You fatal instrument of my Fathers blood,  
 Let me not look upon you. *King.* Nay *Alinda*,  
*Exit Petruccio.*

You must not be so sad : your gentle sorrow  
 In those obsequious Tears exprefs'd, shew nature  
 And Filial pietie as he was your Father :  
 But think upon your wrongs, my dangers, and your  
 own.

*Alin.* Alas my Lord, think you withall, a Father  
 Is not so early forgot. But sorrow leave me,  
 And do you give me leave to think, that now  
 It is no less a Childs part to embrace  
 Revenge then sorrow for a Fathers loss.

*King.* How means my love? *Alin.* She lives that  
 was his Ruine.

You may remember whom I mean : *Eulalia.*  
 Till now, I had no Plea against her life :  
 Onely my care of you might wish her Death,  
 For you security. Her fowl Adultery  
 And secret Practices against your Crown,  
 Were nothing unto me, compar'd with this.  
 Now I have lost a Father : she the cause :  
 He suffers, she survives : where are your Lawes ?

*King.* Sweet, be content. *Alin.* Content your  
 self great Sir,  
 With your black infamie : sit down content  
 On your Majestick Throne. the President  
 Of Capital contented Cuckolds, do,  
 Till all your Subjects dance the Hornpipe too,

*King.* Nay dear *Alinda*, do but think——

*Alin.* Think what ?  
 What on a course to be reveng'd on you ?  
 To serve you in that kind my self? *Kin.* O torment !  
*Alin.* Or rather, let me think your lustful purpose  
 Was but to rob me of my Virgin-Honour.

And

And that you put her by but for a time,  
 Until my youth had quench'd your Appetite ;  
 Then to recal her home to your embraces.  
 She is your wife it seems then still : not I.

*King.* You have awak'd me from a Lethargie  
 In which I was confounded : now I see  
 She and mine Honour cannot live at once :  
 She dies, *Alinda:* *Alin.* And you may consider  
 A little further yet Sir, if you please :  
 You Father and maintain a Son (your own  
 I cannot safely say, and therefore more  
 Is my vexation) who demeans himself  
 Not towards me, like one that were your wife.

*King.* Hee's also doom'd already, my *Alinda*.

*Alin.* It may prevent a greater strife hereafter,  
 Should he but live t' inherit Lands and Titles  
 That must belong to yours and my succession.

*King.* Thy wisdom has inspir'd me : all shall be  
 (Be thou but my *Alinda*) rul'd by thee.

*Alin.* Seal you that Grant : with this kifs I Seal  
 mine :

My glories were eclips'd, but now they shine.

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## ACT. IV. SCÆN. I.

*Enter Poggio, Lollio, two Countrey-men with  
 Eulalia.*

*Eul.* **Y**'Are welcome Friends, your prayers and  
 good wishes  
 Are comforts to me, yet without danger of the  
 Proclamation.

*Pog.* Madam, the Court in all the Braverie  
 It boasts and borrows, cannot so rejoyce

(c)

In

In the bright shining Beauty of their Queen,  
 As we in your enjoying in this plainness.  
 Their Bells, and Bonfires, Tilts and Tournaments,  
 Their Feasts and Banquets, Musicks and costly  
 shews

(How ere unpaid for) shall not outpasse our loves.

*Eul.* Be you as confident, I will not wrong  
 A man among you : therefore pray reserve  
 What is your own, and warrant your own safety.

*Pogg.* But how you'll live, we know not : we are  
 now

In our old former Health : the Countrey's cur'd,  
 Your Practice at an end : unless you had  
 The common gift of most Physitians,  
 To make as many sick, as you make sound,  
 You will not find a Patient in seven years.

*Eul.* But I have other Arts : sufficient skill  
 In works of several kinds, the Needle, Loome,  
 The Wheel, the Frame, the Net-Pin : and choice of  
 Fingers works are most familiar with me.

*Lol.* And can you handle the Bobbins well, good  
 Woman ?

Make statute-Lace ? you shall have my Daughter.

*Pogg.* And mine, to make Tape-Purles : can you  
 do it ?

*Eul.* Yes, and teach all your children works to  
 live on.

The which, together with my own labour,  
 May bring sufficient for my maintenance :  
 Without the idle help of Begging, Borrowing,  
 Or any way infringing the Kings Command.

*Lol.* You'll have a help beyond himself, bare bor-  
 rowing.

*Eul.* Something I have in Book, to help their  
 knowledge,  
 And by practise give them literature.

Then



Then when these serious works and studies toil us,  
For Recreation, yet with equal skill,  
Wee'l practice divers Instruments, Songs and mea-  
sures,

That shall invite the Powers above to smile  
On the content of which we them beguile.

*Pog.* Well Mistris, ours is the voice of the whole  
Country;

All which, or what you please of it, is yours :  
Take this House : make your choice of servants.  
Take our children : make your own Rates for their  
Education.

Our Purfes and our lives are free to you :  
Get what you can, that's your own: will this please  
you ?

*Eul.* Yes gentle Friends, and with asmuch con-  
tent

As ere I found in height of Government.

*Pog.* Take your possession then : and let  
Posteritie record, that without grieving  
A Royal Queen once Traded for her living.

## Scæn. II.

*Enter Curate.*

*Cur.* Eho,oh, io, where is my learned sifter ?

*Eul.* Why seem you so distracted ?

*Cur.* *Proh Sancto Jupiter !*

*Eul.* Alas what is the matter ? *Cur.* *Hei mihi  
Qualis erat ?*

*Talis erat qualem nunquam vidi.*

*Andr.* Sure, sure, his Scholars have over-Ma-  
ster'd him, and whipt him out of his wits.

*Cur.* *Corpus inane animæ,* hold thy peace.

*Eul.* Pray speak, what chance has happened ?

*Cur.* *Non est narrandi locus :* Go forth and see.

Th'

Th' enraged Rurals are in an uproar lowd, each  
 one an *Hercules furens*, a *formidabilis formidandus*  
*Hostis* : and quite against the Law  
 Of *nostrum est injuriam non inferre*,  
 Are on the point of making themselves merry,  
 In hanging those ill destin'd men by th' neck  
 That fought so late to give your neck the check.

*Eul.* O let us flie to rescue them. *Andr.* Yet I  
 hope  
 Your hast will bring you short to cut the Rope.

Scœn. III.

*Enter Lollo, Poggio, and guard, with Fabio and Strozza.*

*Lol.* Bring 'em away to presnt execution :  
 They have lien too long upon the Countreys charge,  
 We have given 'em bread and water a whole for-  
 night.

*Fab.* You dare not do't : what Law are we con-  
 demn'd by ?

*Pog.* Dare we not do't ? that word's an hanging  
 matter  
 Here in our Civil Government : dare not do't Sir ?  
 Wee'l do't ; and when 'tis done, wee'l argue Law  
 with you.

*Stroz.* When you have tane our lives, you'l lay  
 the Law to us : you cannot be so Barbarous.

*Lol.* Impudent Traytors ! how dare you fay we  
 cannot ? yet becaufe we graciously are pleas'd to  
 put the Law out of our hands, and make you hang  
 your selves, Ile give you Reason : Silence on your  
 lives.

First, know, lewd, men, y' are Traytors to the King,  
 In offering to be wiser than his Judgement,  
 Which was but Banishment to the good *Eulalia* :

Seck-

Seeking most Trayterously to take the life  
Of (I do not say the Queen, but) the Kings wife  
Of most happy memory.

*Fab.* The good *Eulalia*? *Stroz.* the Kings wife?

*Pog.* That was :

You shall not catch us tripping Sir,  
We are more than your match.

*Lol.* Good I do say she is, and good again  
I dare pronounce her, that by dayly pain  
Works for her dayly bread : and for bare hire,  
Teacheth our children so, that we admire :  
The Infants who have understanding more  
Then we their Parents have, or then  
Our Fore-fathers before us had.

*Pog.* But brother *Lollio*, make not your speech so  
long : what is't to them? they'l carry none on't to  
th' 'other world : let's do what we came to do, e'en  
hang 'em. Then, as I said, wee'l argle it afterwards.

*Loll.* But brother *Poggio*, better 'tis they live  
A minute two or three, then such a Speech  
As I am now upon, be lost.

*Enter Lodovico, Pedro, Curate, Andrea, Eulalia.*

*Pog.* See what y' have won by your delay ! if she  
prevent not now  
The good we meant her, I dare hang for 'm.

*Cur.* *In tempore venimus* with a Reprieve, *quod  
omnium Rerum est Primum.*

*Eul.* Alas, what mean you neighbours ? would  
you now  
For all my labours and my Prayers for you,  
Blast me with curses of expiring men ?  
What trespass have I done you, that for me  
You put these men to death against my will ?

*Fab. Stroz.* We do applaud your mercy, gracious  
Queen. (c) *Pegg.*

*Pog.* There now, there they deserve hanging for that :

They call you Queen, against the Proclamation.  
Dare you maintain 'em in't, and now speak for 'em ?

*Eul.* No, I condemn their faults, and blame their lives ;

But have nor Power nor will to judge the men :  
You have the will : but to assume the Power,  
You take the Kings Right from him : you transgress  
As much his Laws in spilling of their blood,  
As they had done in mine, had they prevail'd.

*Andr.* They do not intend to spill their blood,  
Country woman, they would but strangle them :  
never pierce the skin, nor make 'm an hair worse  
men, if you consider rightly what they are.

*Lol.* But to the point. This is the All and some :  
We meant you a good turn, and for your sake  
t' have hang'd 'em right or wrong. Now since you  
will needs stand in your own highway of womens  
wisdom, which is wilfulness (*Cur.* A most Elegant  
Figure!) Let 'em and please you come to the  
Gallows another day for killing you out right : who  
can help it ?

*Cur.* Oraculously spoken : which of the Sages  
could have said more ?

*Lol.* 'Tis not unknown to you, that I can speak  
like a Sage, and am one of the Sages of our Pre-  
cinct here for the Laytie, though your learning lie  
another way among us. I am a Sage, and will be  
a Sage.

*Pog.* And so am I, and will be : and but that  
wife woman, which is as much to say as a fool for  
her labour.

*Cur.* Another elegant Figure. *Pog.* But that, I  
say, she has gain-said it, we would ; yet to shew our  
selves Sages, hang 'em up for Scarcrowes, to  
fright

fright all their fellows for coming from Court to kill women in the Countrey.

*Andr.* O how I love a Sage! how many Sages do you allow in your Precinct?

*Lol.* Some three or four main Heads: we have now only *Pedro, Poggio* and myself: But we have many Powers under us: These now are Powers that execute our Commands. There is as much difference between a Sage and a Power,

As between a Judge and a Hangman.

*Andr.* But is not the learned Curate a Sage amongst ye? *Lol.* No, as I said before, their learning lies another way: we allow not our Clergie any Temporal Offices, for reasons known unto our selves.

*Andr.* Pray let me have a Sages place amongst ye then: I long to be a Sage.

*Lol.* Brother *Andrca*, you shall have my voice in your Election. *Andr.* Sage brother *Lollio*, I thank you.

*Cur.* But will ye now, if *miser cordially*  
This gracious Fœminine preserve your lives  
*Ex ore lupi*, from the Gallow Tree,  
Become new men indeed? *Eul.* I know they will  
When they consider the most dangerous sin,  
That threw them on their desperate Attempt,  
And their escape from merited Punishment,  
They cannot be so graceless, not to turn  
To a reformed life: First know, yong men,  
Your former Act 'gainst me an Innocent,  
Was Perjurie by which I fell, yet flourish.  
Consider there how black and fowl your Sin  
Is rendred by my Chrystal innocence:  
Your next Attempt against me, was blacker, Murder,  
The very word sounds horror. *Stroz.* Gentle Madam,  
Name it not then: but by your sacred mercy,  
G Acquit

Acquit us of the Doom which we so justly  
 Have drawn upon our selves : and we will spend  
 Our lives in rendring satisfaction  
 To your abused goodness. *Eul.* This is ferious.

*Fab.* Or may the earth on which we kneel for  
 favour,  
 Forc'd by the weight of our detested Sins, open.

*Amb.* Quick devour us. *Eul.* So, enough :  
 Ile take your words, *Lod.* But now you must reveal  
 By whom you have been wrought to these fowl  
 Practices,

*Fab.* All, wee'l discover all, though justly then  
 we pay our lives to Law.

*Lod.* Good neighbours, *Lollo*, *Poggio*, and  
*Andrea*, conduct them to my House.

*Cur.* My self also will to be their securer convoy  
 go,

For fear the Rusticks may presume again  
 To stretch these penitent necks with halter strain.

*Lod.* You shall do well : I thank your Charity.

*Lol.* Well, since in these we are prevented thus,  
 Come more, wee'l hang 'em, or they shall hang us.

*Andr.* Make me but once a Sage, and then fear  
 nothing.

*Pogg.* Thou shalt be one next Sessions, without  
 all peradventure.

*Lod.* When we have tane these mens confessions,  
 Ile write at large each passage to the King,  
 Against the good *Eulalia's* will or knowledge.

*Pedr.* Ile be your faithful Messenger, my Lord.

*Lod.* Thanks my good *Pedro* : but remember  
 Silence.

So deep in thought good Madam ?

*Eul.* Never enough in contemplation of my  
 Happiness.

*Pedr.* It is your Heavenly mind that sweetens  
 all things. *Enter*

*Enter one of the Countrymen.*

*Pogg.* What's the matter man?

Doubtless and without all peradventure, more miracles.

*Lol.* The news, good neighbour.

*Countr.* O neighbours *Poggio* and *Lollo*, such a news, such a Discoverie, such a thing is come to pass, such a business is come to light, as your hearts never heard, your Tongues never thought, nor your ears ever utter'd: you cannot hear it, but it will drown you in a Sea of Admiration, never to rise again in your right wits.

*Lol.* Now am I mad till I hear it.

*Pog.* Thou shalt tell me first whether it be good or bad, or Ile not hear it.

*Countr.* It is good or bad I assure you: and therefore you may be gone.

*Pog.* I mean which is it? good or bad?

*Countr.* I say it is good and bad: and you may both stay and be gone, hear it or hear it not, an't please you.

*Pog.* Nay thou art in thy Jibes now: how good or how bad is thy news?

I pray thee neighbour, I do pray thee how good or bad is it?

*Countr.* Nay then it is neither good nor bad, but both: the best and the worst that ever you heard in your life, and the worst shall out first; what do you think of the woman that we have got among us?

*Pog.* Who, the holy woman? that we are all so bound to pray for? I hope no ill's betide her.

*Countr.* Come, she's a witch: flatly and plainly said to be a witch.

*Pog.* Did not I tell you she was an unknown woman, and therefore a good one, quoth you? but say I, doubtlesly; and without all peradventure. all that she did was but a kind of witchcraft.

*Lol.* It cannot, fie, it cannot be: how is she found so? *Countr.* I do not say shee's found a witch, but she's accus'd for one.

*Pog.* By whom is she accus'd?

*Countr.* By two brave men at Arms that came from Court

With purpose to have kill'd her for the same.

To be short, They found her out, and naked swords they drew:

But as they thought to have thrust her through and through,

They both dead Palfie-struck fall to the ground.

And had no strength but of their Tongues to wound

The Fame she had. *Pog.* Vertue can want no Foes.

*Countr.* With that they cryed she was a witch, and She also was that Queen which for a whore (swore The King had turn'd away.

*Pog.* This is indeed the best news thou couldst bring.

Now doubtlesly and without all peradventure, 'tis the Queen indeed: and if she be not a witch, I am sorry I thought so, with all my heart: where be those men? wee'l hang 'em presently.

*Countr.* No, the Queen, if she be the Queen, will not have them hurt more then they be: we were about to execute 'em: but she would not suffer it.

*Lol.* Goodness it self!

*Pog.* Nay without all peradventure, if there be goodness above ground, I said, and I say it again, 'tis in that woman.

*Countr.* She would have cur'd 'em presently her self: but could not do't, because the cruel Caitifs  
Would



would not confesse their fins, as she made us, you know, before her gift could cure us : by the same token I suffered an hours torment that I might have scap'd, because I was so loath to bring out that naughtie busines betwixt me and the Millers wife.

*Pog.* 'Twas well you confests'd at last.

*Countr.* I, and they will be glad to confests, before they be able to stir hand or foot, I warrant : and so I told 'm when I lodg'd 'em both lovingly together upon straw in my Barn ; too good for 'em ; and so I told 'em too, for being Traytors to her Holines.

*Lol.* But where's our Holy woman ? *Pog.* Our Queen wee'l call her now, without all peradventure.

*Lol.* Coming this way, to her Court-Cottage here, but very slowly, though our two new neighbours make the best way they can for her through the People that pres upon her so with thanks and offerings for their new Healths : but she takes not so much for curing a thousand mortal People, as I have spent in Turpentine and Tarre to keep my Flocklings cleanly in a Spring time. Hark, she comes : this is the Musick where ere she goes.

[*Shout within.*]

*All.* Heaven blefs our Holy woman.

### Scæn. III.

*Enter Lodovico, Eulalia, Andrea.*

*Lod.* Depart good neighbours, good people all depart : shee'l come abroad again to morrow.

*Within.* Heaven blefs our Holy woman. (part,

*Andr.* She thanks you all good People, pray de-  
To morrow you shall have the second part :  
She shall appear again unto you ; pray depart,  
The men in Peace, the Wives in quietness.

And let your bigger children fill the lefs.

[*All within.*] Heaven blefs our Holy woman.

*Andr.* So, now the Hubbub's gone : I pray pafs on.

I fhall be as weary of the Cottage, as of the Court,  
If this noife hold : here's thrufting and crowding  
As much as there, onely here they have lefs Pride.

*Eul.* Was ever comfort in the Court like this ?

*Lod.* I never liv'd till now.

*Enter three country-men more.*

*Andr.* Here come more of our weather-headed  
wife neighbours.

*Pog.* Heaven blefs our Holy woman. 1. Heaven  
blefs your Holinefs.

2. Nay then Heaven blefs our Sacred Sovereign.

*Eul.* This Homage fits not me.

1. We had not liv'd but by your facred means ;  
And will no longer live then be your Subjects.

*Eul.* You go about to caft away your lives :  
In ferving or in succouring me, you fall  
Into Rebellion againft the King.

2. We have no King nor Queen but you.  
Heaven blefs your Majesty. *Omn.* Heaven blefs  
your Majeftic.

*Andr.* That was pronounc'd bravely ; O my brave  
new neighbours !

*Eul.* Y' are Traytors All. 1. In honouring our  
Sovereign ?

*Andr.* I, well faid, hold her to it.

*Eul.* How dare you call me fo ? 2. We dare,  
and can prove it good and lawful.  
This Province is engag'd unto you Madam,  
The King made it your Joynture : and we find  
No reason but you instantly poffeffe it.

*Eul.* What, and the King alive ?

1. He's

1. He's dead to you. *Lol.* Yes, yes, he's dead to you.

*Andr.* Well said again : that's a found point, be-  
sworn

These be true Blades. *Eul.* I tremble but to hear you,  
And will not live an hour amongst you more  
But with this freedom, To use my fair obedience to  
the King.

2. You shall obey the King then, and we'll obey  
your Majesty.

*Eul.* O let that Title die with my late Fortune :  
Remember it no more, but let me be  
As one of you ; nay rather, an Inferior,  
Or I from this abiding must remove :  
Of which I first made choice in truth for love.

3. O Madam ! *Eul.* Take heed good neighbours,  
Beware how you give Dignitie or Title ; therein  
you may transgress.

2. No whit good Madam. Observe the Dialect  
of France,

And you shall find Madam given there in Courtesie,  
To women of low Fortunes, unto whom  
'Tis held a poore addition, though great Queens  
Do grace and make it Royal. *Eul.* 'Tis then the  
Greatness of

The Person dignifies the Titles, not it the Person.

1. And in that, Madam, you are in your content  
Above all Titles proper to great Princes :  
But setting this aside, how thrive your Scholars ?

*Eul.* We go fairly on. [*Enter 1. Girl.*] look you  
Here's one that knew no letter in the Book (Sir,  
Within these ten days, can read hitherto,  
And waits for a new lesson : proceed hither——

And at your hour Ile hear you. 1. *Girl.* Yes, for-  
sooth Mistresse. *Enter 2. Girl.*

*Eul.* Good Girl, well said : nay, nay, hold up  
G 4 your

your head : fo, fo, 'tis very well : let's see your sampler : what an hearts ease is here ! *Lod.* Right in its perfect Colours. *Eul.* Nay shee'l do well : now take me out this Flower. Keep your work clean, and you shall be a good Maid. *Enter 3. Girl.* Now where's your writing book ? *3. Girl.* 'Tis here forsooth. Pray shall I have a Joyn-hand Copy next ?

*Eul.* No child, you must not Joyn-hand yet : you must your letters and your minums better first. Take heed, you may Joyn-hand too soon, and so mar all : still youth desires to be too forward. Go take your Lute, and let me hear you sing the last I taught you.

[*Song*]

*Enter 4. Girls.*

SCÆN. IV.

*Enter Doctor and Midwife.*

*Lod.* Whither do you press ? who would you speak with all ? *Doctor.* O Sir, for Charity sake give us access unto the holy woman. *Lod.* Who are you ? or from whence ?

*Doct.* We are poor Pilgrims man and wife, that are upon our way struck with sad pain and sorrow.

*Andr.* Alas poor Pilgrims ! here's she must do you good.

*Eul.* How divine Justice throwes my Enemies into my hands ? what are your griefes ?

*Doct.* My wife is struck with dumbness.

*Andr.* Hold a little,

That's the greatest grief a woman can endure :  
But trouble not thy self to seek for cure.

Too many a man i'th' world will change with thee  
A wife that of her Language is too free,

And give good Boot. *Eul.* Pray Sir be you silent.  
And where's your pain ? *Doct.* Here in this hand ;

Which

Which I desire to shew in some more privacie.

*Eul.* Because your Blow cannot be safely given here, you think.

O sinful wretch! thou hadst no pain till now;  
Nor was she dumb till divine Providence  
Now at this instant struck her. It is now  
Just as thou saist: and justly are you punished  
For treacherous counterfeits. *Lodowick* search his  
hand.

*Lod.* His hand is wither'd, and lets fall a Knife.

*Andr.* As sharp to do a mischief as ere was felt on.

*Eul.* Now take off his false Beard: see if you  
know him,

And let the woman be unmuffled. *Lod.* O Devils!

*Andr.* O the last couple that came out of Hell!

*Lod.* These are the other two that damn'd them-  
selves

In perjurie against you at your Tryal.

*Andr.* How do you master Doctor, and Mistres  
Midwife?

Is this the Pen your Doctorship prescribes with?  
This might soon write that might cure all diseases:  
And are these the Labours you go to, Mistres Mid-  
night?

Would you bring women to bed this way?

*Omn.* O damnable conspirators!

*Eul.* Pray take 'em hence, their time's not come  
for cure yet.

*Andr.* Come away Pilgrims: we'll cure 'em for  
you,

If your own salves can cure you: O my sweet Pil-  
grims.

1. Fough, they stink of Treason damnably.
2. What, shall we hang 'em? drown 'em? or  
burn 'em?
1. They shall taste fortie deaths, then take their  
own. (c) 2. 1,

2. I, come away with 'em: they shall die fortie times without peradventure.

*Eul.* You shall lose me, if you do any violence to any of 'em: but let 'm be lodg'd with those we take to day: Ile feed 'em all. *Andr.* They'l be a jolly company. *Eul.* Pray do as I intreat.

3. You shall in all command us.  
1. Ile make my Barn a spittle for your conspirators till it be top full, and then set fire on't, and please you.

*Eul.* Do you no harm, and fear none: send your Children.

2. *Omn.* Long live our Queen. *Andr.* Your Queen? have you a mind to be hang'd? *Omn.* our School-Mistrefs, we would say.

*Eul.* We live secure in spight of Foes: and see, Where Heaven protects, in vain is Treacherie: Who says our State is low, or that I fell When I was put from Court? I did not rise Till then, nor was advanc'd till now. I see Heaven plants me 'bove the reach of Treachery.

*Lod.* O happie, happie Saint!

*Ex. Ruslici with Doct. and Midwife.*

### Scœn. V.

*Enter Flavello, alias Alphonso, with a Letter to Eulalia, Poggio and Lollo following.*

*Lol.* I would she had a Councel: she shall have a Councel,  
And we will be the Heads thereof,  
Though I be put to the pains to be President my self.

*Pog.* It is most requisite for her safety: her danger may be great.

A good

A good guard then in my opinion were more requirable.

*Lol.* 'Tis well confider'd : ſhe ſhall have a Guard too : and we will be the limbs thereof, though I be put to the trouble of Captain on't my ſelf.

*Pog.* You will put on all Offices, yet count 'em pain and trouble.

*Lol.* Yes, and perform 'em too in our Court of Conſcience, for here's no other profit to hinder the Dutie : let them above do what they liſt ; we will have as much care of our School-Miſtreſs, as they of their *Semiramis* : I ſpeak no Treason nor no trifles neither, if you mark it. But ſhe muſt never know this care of ours, She'll urge the Statute of Relief againſt it.

*Pog.* This is ſome Courtier ſure that's with her ; he ſmells illfavor'dly.

*Lol.* That made me dog him hither. *Pog.* He ſhall not have her out of fight, that's certain. *Lol.* Nor out of reach neither : a miſchief's quickly done.

*Eul.* No Superſcription, nor any names unto it.

*Moſt Royal and moſt wronged Sovereign Miſtreſs* : (that muſt needs be me.) *Be happily affured your Reſtauration is at hand ; And by no leſs means then by her Death that uſurps your Dignitie* : (a plain conſpiracie againſt *Alinda* in my behalf.) *All ſhall be determined at Nicofia, by*  
*Your Loyal Servants.*

Nameleſs.

*Eul.* You know not the contents then, and are bound by Oath you ſay not to reveal the ſenders of this Letter.

*Alph.* It is moſt true : onely thus much I tell you, they are your noble and beſt choſen Friends.

*Eul.* Heaven ! can it be, that men in my reſpect can plunge into ſuch danger ?

*Alph.*

(c)

*Alph.* So Madam, this being all I had in charge,  
I must crave leave (indeed I do not like this  
Oportunitie, nor well the countenances of these  
Hobnols. [aside]

*Eul.* You are no messenger of such ill Tidings  
To part so slightly : indeed you shall not.

*Alph.* She's honied with the newes : I have al-  
ready  
Madam my Reward, and will no longer stay.

*Eul.* Then I must say, you shall stay : or Ile send  
A cry as loud as Treason after you.

*Alph.* You'll wrong your self and Friends then.

*Omni.* You wrong your self Sir, and we charge  
you stay.

*Alph.* By the command of Peasants ?

*Lol.* How ! you choplogical Rascal, Peasants !

*Pog.* Down with him into utter darknes.

*Eul.* No violence good Friends : but if you will  
detain him

Till I give order for his libertie,  
You do the State good service.

*Lol.* May it do you Service ? *Pog.* The State is  
finely serv'd already. *Eul.* Me most of all. *Lol.* Hell  
cannot hold him faster then. *Alph.* Madam, hear me.

*Lol.* Mad Affe, hold your prating till she calls you:  
Mean time you are fast : 'twas time we were a  
Council or a Guard. *Exeunt with Alphonso.*

*Eul.* I thank thee Providence, I dreamed not of  
such ready help.

I am struck through with wonder at this Letter :  
I could not at the first but think't a Bayt  
To catch my willingnes to such an Act ;  
Or Gullerie to mock my Hopes or wishes,  
In case I had such : therefore I desired  
The Messengers restraint from being my Relator :  
But now a strong Belief possesse me,  
A noble Fury has stirr'd up some Friends        To



To this high enterprize : whereby I gather  
 My cause is weigh'd above, whence I shall see  
 How well my patience over-rules my wrong,  
 And my Foes ruin'd with mine Honours safety.  
 But let my better Judgement weigh those thoughts.  
 I do not seek revenge, why shall I suffer it ?  
 My causeless injuries have brought me Honour,  
 And 'tis her shame to hear of my mis-hap.  
 And if by Treachery she fall, the world  
 Will judge me accessarie, as I were indeed  
 In this foreknowledge of the foul intent,  
 Should I conceal it.

Then here's the trembling doubt which way to take :  
 Whether to rise by her Destruction,  
 Or sink my Friends, discovering their pretence.  
 Friends have no Priviledge to be treacherous :  
 She is my Soveraignes wife, his chief content ;  
 Of which to rob him, were an act of horreur  
 Committed on himself. The question's then,  
 Whether it be more foule ingratitude  
 To unknown Friends, and for an act of Sin,  
 Then to be treacherous to the Prince I love ?  
 It is resolv'd : Ile once more see the Court.

*Lollo, Poggio and Countreymen return.*

O my good Patrons, I must now intreat  
 Means for my Journey to attend the King,  
 On a discoverie for the present safety  
 Of his fair Queen : she will be murder'd else.

*Pog.* And let her go : we have shut up your news-  
 bringer safe enough, will keep you by your favour,  
 short enough from hindring such a work. *Eul.* Dear  
 Friends, a small matter will prevent this world of  
 dangers.

*Lol.* Would you have us to become Traytors, to  
 Supply your wants against the Proclamation ?  
 If you be well, remain so : your Industry  
 Can keep you here : but for a Journey, that Re-

Requires Horfes and Attendants : money muſt be had,

Which we have not for ſuch an idle purpoſe.

*Eul.* O hear me. *Pog.* Will you neglect your Houſe and Trade to meddle any more with State-matters ?

*Lol.* And bring our necks in danger to aſſiſt you ? Let your own counſell adviſe you to ſtay.

*Exeunt.*

Scœn. VI.

*Enter King, Petruccio.*

*King.* How died the Boy ? *Petr. Gonzago* Sir, your Son ?

*King.* My Son, my Son ? you urge the name of Son

To work remorse within me, when I ask How died that Baſtard boy ; no Son of mine.

*Petr.* His laſt words that he ſpake to me, were theſe :

Go, tell the King my Father, that his frown Hath pierc'd my heart : tell him, if all his Land Be peopled with obedient hearts like mine, He needs no lawes to ſecond his diſpleaſure, To make a general Depopulation : But that he may not loſe ſo much, I pray That in my Death his miſſe-plac'd anger die, And that his wrath have double force 'gainſt thoſe That to his Perſon and his Laws are Foes.

*King.* Did he ſay ſo ? *Petr.* And then, as if the Spirit of Prayer

Had onely been habitual in his ſoul, He did implore Heaven's goodneſs to come down, Liſting him hence to ſhine upon your Crown.

*King.* This Boy yet might be mine, though *Sforza* might have wrong'd me by the By.

*Petr.* This done, he pray'd me leave the Roome. I wept : In ſooth I could not chuſe. *King.*

*King.* Well, well, you wept, return'd, and found  
him dead in's Bed you say.

*Pctr.* Yes, in so sweet a Posture, as no Statuarie  
With best of skill on most immaculate Marble  
Could fashion him an Image purer, flighter.

*King.* No more.

*Pctr.* I found his stretch'd-out fingers which so  
lately  
Had clos'd his eyes, still moistned with his tears ;  
And on his either cheek a tear undryed,  
Which shone like Stars.

*King.* It seems he wept and died.  
Prithee no more: I cannot though forget  
My threatnings were too sharp: I must forget it.  
I charge you that you leavy up our Army  
Against those Rebels that we hear give succour  
Unto the wretched cause of all my mischiefes,  
That hated ill-liv'd woman.

Scen. VII.

*Enter Horatio.*

*Hor.* O my dread liege ?

*King.* The matter? speak; how does the Queen ?

*Hor.* O the sweet Queen ! I fear, I fear, I fear,

*King.* What fearst thou? speak the worst I  
charge thee.

*Hor.* I fear she has a Moonflaw in her brains :  
She chides and fights that none can look upon her.  
Her Fathers Ghost is in her I think: here she comes.

*Alin.* Where's this King ? this King of Clouts.

*Pctr.* Fearful effect of Pride !

*Alin.* This shadow of a King, that stands fet up  
As in a Prefs among the Raggs and Vizors

That

That represent his deceas'd Ancestors.

*King.* What means my love ?

*Alin.* Your love ? where is your love ?

Where is the preparation that you promis'd  
Of strength to tear in pieces that vile Witch  
That lives my souls vexation ? your love ?  
You are a load of torment : your delays  
To my desires are Hellish cruelties.  
Are these your promises ?

[*Horatio holds up his hands.*]

*King.* I have given order with all speed I could.

*Alin.* You could cut off an old man in a Prison,  
That could make no resistance, and you could  
Vex a poor Boy to death, that could but cry  
In his defence ; that you could do ; but this  
That has so much shew of fear or hardness,  
As a few Peasants to maintain a Strumpet  
Against your Dignitie, is too much to do  
For a poor coward King. *Petr.* What a tyrannous  
Ambition

Has the Devil puff'd up this Bladder with !

*King.* I fear her wits are craz'd indeed. *Alinda,*  
Hear me gentle love. *Alin.* O my torment !

*Hor.* As I am true to the Crown, I know not  
what to say to this : she's falling mad sure.

*Alin.* No, no, you dare not do't : your Army may  
Perhaps i'th' dangerous Action break a shin,  
Or get a bloody nose : it now appears  
My Father (as 'twas voyc'd) was all your valour.  
Y' have never a *Mars* or Cuckold-making General  
Now left : and for your self, you'r past it.

*Hor.* His 'tother wife would not have us'd him  
thus.

Quiet Cuckroldie is better then scolding chastitie  
all the world over.

*King.* I see distraction in her face.

*Alin.*

*Alin.* Did all your brave Commanders die in *Sforza*?

*Petr.* By the Kings favour Madam (not to stir The dust of your dead Father) he has Souldiers That know to lead and execute no less Then did victorious *Sforza*.

*Alin.* Sirrah! you have stir'd more then his dust; you have mov'd his blood in me, unto a Justice that claims thy trayterous head.

*Petr.* My head? and Trayterous? I do appeal unto the King. *Alin.* A King? a Cobweb.

*Hor.* And she the Spider in't I fear. My Loyaltie knowes not how to look upon her.

*Alin.* If thou beest King, thou yet art but that King That owes me love and life, and so my subject.

*King.* Indeed *Alinda!* — *Alin.* Yes, indeed *Gonzago*, Life by inheritance: for my valiant Father Whose life thou tookst, gave thine, and so 'tis mine. And for your love, you dare not wrest it from me; Therefore deny not now my just demand, In that proud Traytors head. *Hor.* She's mad beyond all cure.

*King.* Examine his offence, my dear *Alinda*.

*Alin.* Is't not enough *Alinda* doth command it? Are these the Articles you gave me grant of? Is this the nothing that you would deny me?

*King.* Sweet, weigh but his offence.

*Alin.* His Head is my offence: and give me that Now, without pause, or by the strength of Hercules Ile take thee by the Horns, and writhe thine own off.

*King.* Go from her sight *Petruccio*; levie up our Forces, And let the Boy *Gonzago* be embowell'd, And sent as a forerunner of our Furie

(c)

H

Unto

Unto that Witch, contriver of these woes.

*Petr.* 'Tis done, my liege. [Exit Petruccio.]

*Alin.* Was ever woman barr'd her will, as I am?

*Hor.* Here's a fine woman spoil'd now, by humoring her at first, and cherishing her Pride.

*Alin.* Sure you have but mock'd me all this while: I am no wife, no Queen, but silly Subject.

*King.* 'Tis a disease in her that must be sooth'd: Sweet, thou shalt have his Head. *Alin.* O shall I so?

*King.* Go in, it shall be brought thee.

*Alin.* Mark what I say to bind you to your word: Do it, or Ile not love you: I can change Love into hate, hate into love most sweetly: Let that man live to morrow, Ile love him, And do fine feats with him, such as your tother wife And *Sforza* did; but make much better sport on't. They were an old dry couple. *Hor.* Take this, take all.

*Alin.* I leave all to your Kingly consideration: You know your charge: look to't, and so I leave you. *Exit.*

*King.* What wild Affections do in women reign! But this a Passion past all President. O 'tis meer Madness, mix'd with Divellish cunning, To hurl me upon more and endless mischiefs: It has awak'd me to the sight of those My fury (sprung from Dotage) hath already Laid in my Path, grim Spectacles of horror, The blood of *Sforza*, and that tender Boy: O let me think no further, yet stay there: To plunge at first into too deep a Sense Of soul-afflicting terrours, drowns the Reason, And stupifies the Conscience, which delivers Us over to an insensibilitie Of our misdeeds, and of our selves: just Heaven! Afford me light to see I am misled: But let it not as lightning blast mine eyes, Con-

Confound my Senses, make me further stray,  
For ever coming back to know my way.

*Hor.* How fares your Majesty? *Kin.* O *Horatio!*  
Thee's lost, thee's lost, *Horatio.*

*Hor.* I would my wife were with her then :  
And so would any Subject say, I think.

*King.* What dost thou think ?

*Hor.* Marry I think (and so would any good Sub-  
ject think, I think) as your Majesty thinks.

*King.* What dost thou think of Loyaltie now ?

*Hor.* Truly I think there's now not any warrant-  
able Loyaltie left but in *Petruccio* and my self.

The Queen is now out of my Catalogue, and my  
Creed too.

### Scæn. VIII.

[*A shout within*] *crying, Kill him, kill him: for*  
*Sforza, Sforza: kill him for the blood of Sforza,*  
*Sforza, &c.*

*King.* What terrible, what hideous noise is this ?  
[*Within.*] Kill him for *Sforza, Sforza* ; kill him,  
kill him.

*Hor.* My Loyaltie defend me ! I know not what  
to make on't.

[*Enter a Captain distractedly, Sforza Disguised.*]

*King.* What art thou ! speak : hadst thou the  
voice of Hell,  
Denouncing all the Furies in't, I dare yet hear  
thee ; speak.

*Capt.* O mighty Sir, *Petruccio.* *King.* What of  
*Petruccio?*

*Capt.* O *Petruccio!* I tremble but to speak him.

*King.* Shall I then with the Prophetique Spirit  
of a King  
Speak of *Petruccio?* he is turn'd Traytor,

And animates the Souldiers against me,  
 Upon the discontent *Alinda* gave him  
 Now in her Fury : is't not so ?

*Hor.* 'Tis so, 'tis so: ne'er ask him for the matter :  
 I thought so, just, just as your Majesty thought it ;  
 And find withall, that now you have not left  
 A Loyal heart but in *Horatio's* bosome,  
 Now that *Petruccio* fails : I fear'd 'twould come  
 To that : nay knew't : O hang him, hang him,  
 False hearted villain ! he was never right,  
 And so I always told your Majesty. [*Shout.*]

*King.* The cry comes neerer still: what does he  
 mean,  
 To bring my Army on to Massacre  
 Me in my House? *Capt.* Dread Sir, vouchsafe  
 attention:

*Petruccio* is Loyal : 'tis his Loyaltie,  
 And most sincere obedience to your will,  
 That brings him to the ruine of his life,  
 Unless your awful Presence make prevention.

*King.* Is then his Loyaltie become his danger ?

*Capt.* As thus great Sir, in the late Execution  
 Of Death-doom'd *Sforza*, which the Souldier  
 (Not looking on your Justice, but the Feud  
 That was betwixt *Petruccio* and him)  
 Resents as if it were *Petruccio's* Act,  
 Not yours, that cut him off: and still, as madly  
 Bewitch'd with *Sforza's* love, as ignorant  
 Of the desert of brave *Petruccio*,  
 They all turn head upon him: and as if  
 'Twere in his power to new create him to them,  
 They cry to him for *Sforza*, *Sforza* ; or if not,  
*Petruccio's* life must answer *Sforza's* blood.

*King.* Left you him in that distress? *Capt.* He  
 did prevail  
 With much entreatie, by some private reasons,  
 Upon their fury for an hours respite : In



In which dear time 'tis onely you may save  
Guiltless *Petruccio* from a timelefs Grave.

*King.* Thou art a Souldier, art not ?

*Capt.* And have commanded in your Highneffe  
Wars.

*King.* Me thinks I should remember, but Ile  
trust thee.

*Hor.* I hope you'll be advis'd, though, how you run  
Into this wild-fire of Rebellion.

*King.* My Fortune is more desperate then his :  
I am beset and circled in with mischiefes.  
Way-laid with heaps of dangers every where :  
Yet I will on : Kings were not made to fear.  
Ile fetch him off, and the more readily,  
For my misprision of his Loyaltie.  
Could I think that man false ? *Hor.* No Sir, nor I :  
By all meanes fetch him off : that Loyal General  
Is tenfold worth the whole Rebellious Army :  
Save him, and hang them all.

*Enter Petruccio with a Rabble of Souldiers,  
and two Captains, crying,* Come, come,  
away with him, away with him.

*Petr.* Have you no Faith, nor due obedience  
Unto the King ? this outrage is 'gainst him,  
In me he suffers. 1. *Capt.* We obey the King,  
And 'tis his Justice that we cut your throat,  
For doing such outrage in the death of our brave  
General,

That had you lives more then false drops of blood,  
They were not all sufficient satisfaction for his losse.

2. *Capt.* Your limited hour draws on apace :

Prepare.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Petr.* He's come within that hour, that shall  
relieve me.

Where is he ? is he come ?

*Serv.* You are betray'd :

He's fled and gone : no such man to be found.

*Petr.* Then Faith is fled from man : is *Sforza* fled ?

Why should I wish to live, now Honour's dead ?  
Now take your bloody course, and in my fall,  
Martyr the man that fav'd your General.

1. *Capt.* Sav'd him ? how fav'd ? *Petr.* *Sforza* lives.

*All.* How's that ? how's that ? that, that again.

*Petr.* As I now live, I set him free from Prison,  
Trusting unto his Honour to secure me,  
In which I did abuse the Kings Authoritie  
To th'forfeit of my life. *Sold.* This founds : this founds.

1. *Capt.* But does this found well from a Souldiers mouth ?

2. *Capt.* He is not now worthy of death, before  
He be well whipt for lying.

[*Within*] The King, the King, the King !

1. *Capt.* He could never come in a better time,  
to see how bravely we will do justice for him.

*King.* How comes this Fury rais'd amongst ye  
Souldiers ?

Have you forgot my Laws and Person too ?

1. *Capt.* We honour both thus low : now give us  
leave

To look like men, and give your Highness welcome  
To see a General of your Election

Die with a lie in's mouth : your Souldier here,  
None of the good Queens old ones.

*King.* Dare you both judge and execute this  
man ?

2. *Capt.* We dare to kill the Hangman of our  
General,

And think it fits our Office best : though you  
Have Law enough to wave our care and pain,

And

And hang him up your self : for he affirms  
That he let *Sforza* live 'gainst your command ;  
And that's the lie we treat of.

*Kin.* Ile give you all your Pardons, and him  
Honour,

To make that true. *Sfor.* Your Kingly word is  
taken. [*Discovers himself.*]

Noble *Petruccio*, thou art difengag'd :  
And if the temper of the King's high Anger  
Blow still above his Justice, let it crush  
This cloud that holds a shower of innocent blood,  
Willing to fall and calm his violent fury.

*All.* Our General lives : a *Sforza, Sforza.*

*King. Sforza ! Petr.* You have outdone me in  
Nobilitie.

*King.* I am all wonder : now this man appears  
The Mansion and habitual Seat of Honour ;  
Of which he seems so full, there cannot be  
An Angle in his breast to lodge so base  
An Inmate as disloyaltie : if so,  
How was *Eulalia* false ? or how *Gonzago*,  
That tender Boy, the fruit of lawless lust ?  
There I am lost again : Great Power, that knowest  
The subtletie of hearts, shew me some light  
Through these Cymmerian mists of doubts and fears,  
In which I am perplex'd even to distraction :  
Shew me, shew me yet the face of glorious Truth ;  
where I may read

If I have err'd, which way I was misled.

*Hor. Enters.* O my dread Lord ! *King.* Thy news ?

*Hor.* O my sweet Sovereign ! *King.* Art thou  
distracted too ?

*Hor.* No Sir : The Queen, the Queen, the  
Queen's distracted,

And I am like to be, and you, and any man  
That loves the King, unless some Conjuror

(c)

H 4

Be

Be found to lay the Devil: I mean *Sforza*.  
*Sforza* Sir (would you think?) that monstrous  
 Traytor

*Sforza* walks in the Court without a Head;  
 Appear'd unto the Queen: I found her talking  
 with him,

Kneeling and praying him to give her Pardon;  
 Told him indeed 'twas she that fought his Head,  
 And that she thought, that being now a Queen,  
 She might by her Prerogative take Heads,  
 Whose and as many as she listed: but  
 She promis'd she would fend it him again,  
 Or else *Petruccio's* first: or if he would forgive her  
 This time, she'd do so no more.

He seem'd he would not hear her: then she beat  
 Her self against the walls and floor, and flies  
 To free her self by th' windows: calls for Poison,  
 Knife, Rope, or anything, whereby to follow  
 Her most abused Father. What to make on't,  
 As I am true to th' Crown, I must refer  
 Onely unto your Majestie. *King*. O 'tis fearful!

*Petr*. My Lord, you saw not th' Apparition, did  
 you?

*Hor*. Not I: I saw him not: nor has the Devil  
 Power in a Traytors shadow to appear  
 Unto a Loyal Subject. Hah! my Loyaltie  
 And truth unto the Crown defend me!  
 See the very foresaid Devil at my Elbowe,  
 Head and all now: avoid, attempt me not, Satan,  
 I do conjure thee by all the vertues of a Loyal  
 Courtier.

*Sfor*. They are all too weak to charma Devil Sir;  
 But me they may, your Friend.

*Hor*. I defie thee Bubsbel. *Petr*. What do you  
 see, my Lord?

*Hor*. Look there, the Apparition, there it is;  
 As like the Traytor *Sforza* when he liv'd, As

As Devil can be like a Devil—oh !

*Petr.* Fear not : he lives, and Loyal to the King.

*Hor.* Does the King say so ?

*Sfor.* Give me your hand my Lord,  
The King will say so, if this be flesh and blood.

*Hor.* I, if thou beest flesh and blood : but how to believe that I know not, when my touch makes me sweat out a whole showre of pure Loyaltie.

*King.* No more, *Horatio*: I find that my credulitie  
Has been wrought on unto my much abuse,  
And *Sforza* now appears an honest man.

*Hor.* Whoever thought otherwife ? or how  
Could he in nature appear less then Loyal ?

O my right noble Lord, I weep thy welcome.

*King.* Back Souldiers, to your dutie: learn of me  
Hereafter how to judge with equitie.

*Sould.* Long live the King.

*Excunt Capt. and Souldiers.*

*King.* Now in the midst of my soul-frighting objects,

I cannot but applaud your mutual Friendship.

*Hor.* Yes, and how equally I affect them both.

*King.* O that mischance propitiously might be  
A light to reconcile my thoughts and me.

*Sfor.* May you be pleas'd Sir then to let the cause  
In which your injur'd Queen, your Son and I,  
And truth itself have suffered, be review'd ?  
The mischievous creature that was drunk, now's mad  
With brain-confounding strong Ambition :  
She whom your ill-plac'd love Grac'd as a wife,  
Whom now I am not fond of to call Daughter,  
It seems is past Examination.

*Hor.* Mad, mad, most irrecoverably mad.

*Sfor.* But let those Hell-bred witnessers be call'd,  
And re-examined. *Hor.* They are not to be found.

*King.* No ? where is *Flavello* ?

*Petr.* Not seen in Court these ten dayes. *Hor.*

*Hor.* Let me out-squeeze that Court Sponge.  
If I do not fetch out the poisonous corruption  
Of all this Practice, let me yet be guiltie.

## SCÈN. IX.

*Post-Horn. Enter Pedr. Letters.*

*King.* From whence art thou. *Pedr.* Your Province of *Palermo*

Thus low submits in dutie to your Highness,  
The Service and the lives of whose Inhabitants  
So truely are subjected to your Power,  
That needles is the Preparation  
Which with much grief we hear you make against us,  
By hostile Force to root up a Rebellion  
Bred meerly out of Rumour. *King.* Peace, no more :  
I find the Province Loyal. *Hor.* Who made doubt  
on't ?

He undertake to find more Toads in Ireland,  
Then Rebels in *Palermo*, were the Queen  
(Queen did I call her ?) that disloyal woman  
And that she Traytor *Lodovico* out on't.

*King.* See *Sforza*, see *Petruccio*, what *Lodovico*  
That trustie and true-hearted Lord has wrote me :  
He has ended all my doubts, good man.

*Hor.* Ah, ah ! does not your grace come to me  
now ?

I thought I would put your Highness to't for once,  
To try what you would say : when *Lodovico*  
Does not prove trustie, let me be trufs'd.

*Petr.* 'Tis a most happy Information.

*King.* I, do you note the Passages ?

*Sfor.* 'Tis indeed worthy a Kings regard : you  
see your way.

*King.* Yes, yes, I know now what to do,  
And mean to put it presently in Act.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* This I forefaw would prove an hour of comfort.

The Stars themselves ne'er faw events more plainly.

*King.* How full of April-changes is our life?

Now a fit showre of sad distilling Rain,  
And by and by the Sun breaks forth again,

*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT. V. SCÆN. I.

*Enter Lodovico, Eulalia.*

*Lod.* FEAR not good Madam, trust my care and Reason.

*Eul.* Good *Lodovico*, though I thank your care  
And love to me, yet give me leave to doubt,  
That as that cruel and Ambitious woman  
Hath oversway'd the Judgement of the King,  
She may pervert his Royal purposes  
Of Peace and love, to your and my destruction.  
Before you sent, would you had tane my Counsel.

*Enter Pedro with Gonzago, and Letters.*

*Lod.* To end all doubts, see *Pedro* is return'd.

*Pedr.* And happily: see Madam.

[*Presents Gonzago to her.*] *Eul.* My *Gonzago*;  
My Prince, I should have said. *Gonz.* Thrice-gracious  
Mother,

I thank *Petrucchio*, who preserv'd my life,  
For nothing more, then this one minutes Blifs,  
In which I find your Blessing in a kifs.

*Eul.* Weep not, fair Sir. *Pedr.* The Lord *Petrucchio* Madam

Presents you these. [*Letters. She Reads.*]

*Lod.* Welcome my sweet young Prince. *Gonz.* I  
thank you *Lodovico*.

*Lod.* Now I see methinks a Court again.

(c)

*Pedr.*

*Pedr.* We shall do shortly ; for the King is coming,  
 And not in terror, but with Grace and Favour.  
*Lod.* 'Tis happy Heavenly news. *Eul.* See here's an Inundation  
 Of Joys that do like waves orecome each other.  
 Brave, wife, and valiant *Petruccio* !  
 That couldst so happily deceive the King  
 By a supposed death, to save the Life  
 Of my sweet Boy : all that I can be sorry for,  
 Is this : *Alinda* is Frantick. [*Lod. reads*]  
*Pedr.* Can that grieve you ?  
*Eul.* He brings her with him : and I hope the change  
 Of Air, with wholsome Prayers and Physicks Art,  
 In which I am not ignorant, may restore her.  
*Lod.* Madam, the Sun shines fairly.

## Scœn. II.

*Enter Lollo and Poggio.*

*Lol.* News, news upon news ! *Eul.* The Queen is kill'd : is not that it ?

*Lol.* No nor the King neither, God blefs him : they are both alive, with all their Pomp and Train coming to see our School-Mistrefs. *Eul.* Auspicious Providence !

*Lol.* They take us in their way, for they are passing to *Nicosia*, where the King means to keep his word with the Queen, in giving her three what d'ye calls ?

*Lod.* Three Boons, as the custom is.

*Lol.* Boons ? I Boons : I warrant she'l ask no Baubles.

*Pog.*



*Pog.* O Mistrefs, you were careful for her, that comes I warrant but to jeere you.

*Eul.* Patience would die, if 'twere not exercis'd.  
But now it rests, that we prepare to entertain our  
Guests.

We muft to welcome them make Holy day,  
And give our Scholars leave to Feast and Play.  
The Swaines you fay are perfect in the Dance ;  
So are my Maids : wee'l leave it for the King.

*Exeunt.*

Scæn. III.

*Enter King, Alinda, Horatio, Lodovico, Attendants.*

*King.* I cannot but applaud your mind, *Alinda*.  
But am not much affected with the Subject  
On which you purpose now to cast your Favour.

*Lod.* More scorn upon my life, and rude vexa-  
tion. [*aside*]

*Alin.* If my fair meaning Sir shall prove mistaken,  
'Tis but a loving purpose lost.

(O that wretch *Flavello*!) [*aside*]

*Lod.* If she have further purpose then to raise  
More sorrow by the Kings displeasure to her. [*aside*]

*Hor.* Let her alone, her Raig'n's but short we  
know. [*aside*] *Soft Musick.*

*Hor.* Is this the sound of want and misery ?

*Alin.* Of wantonness I fear, and Luxurie.  
(The villain had no purpose but to flatter.) [*aside*]

O Sir, why came we hither ? *Lod.* Mark the Came-  
lion. [*aside*]

*King.* 'Tis most sweet Musick.

Scæn.

## SCÈN. IV.

*Enter Eulalia with three or four Girls, and work in their hands.*

*Eul.* Such as the rudeness of the Countrey  
yields Sir,  
Hail to the King and Queen, and may the thanks  
Which on my knees I offer at those Feet  
That beautifie and blefs this humble Earth  
Add many years unto your happy lives.

*Alin.* We have e'en seen enough : 'twas all I  
fear'd,  
To find her knee-deep in Hypocrisie.

*Eul.* Seem not to turn away, most gracious  
Madam,  
Before I shew for which I hop'd you came,  
The manner how I get a competence to live.

[*Shews her works, and makes a brave description  
of Pieces : As Sale-work, Day-work, Night-work,  
wrought Night-caps, Coyfs, Stomachers.*]

*Alin.* Your work you say, though't be o'th newest  
Frame,  
I fear your Play is still at the old Game.

Both wayes bring money : is't not so forsooth ?

*King.* Enough, *Alinda.*

*Lod.* Too much, to tread upon Affliction. [*aside*]

*King.* What say you *Lodovico* ?

*Lod.* I say Sir, the distresses of that Lady merit  
a Kings Pity, and not such scorn.

As I see cast upon her : but the best are women.

*King.* No more.

*Eul.* May it please your Highness sit, and note  
the Play  
By which we gain when we lay work away.

The

The Song I taught you laſt. *Song.*

*Alin.* Theſe wenches will be a good help to you  
at waffel-tide.

*Eul.* We have varietie for all the Seaſons,  
Of ſuch poor entertainments, mighty Queen,  
To ſhew our much contentment in their welcome.

*Lod.* Goodneſs ſpeaks in her.

*Alin.* There's for your Song () No, ſtay, I may  
traſfgrefs

The Law. (*Lod.* O Devil! *Hor.* Let her jeer on.)

*King.* Not if you give it for her pains, *Alinda.* [*afidè*]

*Alin.* Nay ſince you warrant it, let's pay and go.  
Though I have heard ſuch pains diſputed Begging.

*Lod.* As all Arts are, by the Rewards they find.

*Eul.* Nay I beſeech your Majeſties. *Alin.* What's  
the Feat now? [*Mufick, Dance.*]

*Alin.* Sir, are you pleas'd to proſecute your  
journey?

Or do theſe Beauties and delights enchant you?

*King.* Ha? no, come, let's away.

*Eul.* Oh let me yet entreat your Highneſs ſtay.

*Alin.* Not a ſtroke more I thank you: we have  
heard

And ſeen enough: ſo much, as I muſt tell you  
I cannot but commend your Parents Wiſdom,  
Who having Calculated your Nativitie,  
By which they had the foreſight of your fall,  
Prevented thus the Planets by their care,  
By teaching you to live by Hand and Foot.

*Lod.* Did ever Daughter of a King thus ſufter?  
Or has ſhe Pride to ſmile on Injuries?

*Alind.* Sir, you forget *Nicoſia.*

[*Eulalia whispers her.*]

*Alin.* Plots againſt me? *King.* How's that?

*Alin.* She dreams of Treason intended againſt  
me. *Hor.*

*Hor.* No Divination againſt her own good, I  
hope. [*afide*]

*Eul.* Mighty Sir, hear me : not to implore your  
Bountie ;

No not your thanks, nor Popular Applauſe ;  
But for I am your Subject and your ſervant,  
Bound by your Allegiance as well to prevent  
All Ills might paſs againſt you, as to do none.  
I could not think it but ſtriſt dutie in me  
To haſten this diſcoverie.

*Lod.* Treafon, and a Letter ?

We have never a falſe Brother amongſt us, have we ?

*Hor.* If ever you held your peace, peace now.

*King.* It bears a face of Horror.

*Alin.* Cunning and Giſſie Tricks : will you to  
*Nicoſia* ? (well.

*King.* What we meant there, we may do here as  
The Treafon's there intended : look ye my Lords !  
How careleſs is this woman of her ſafetic.

*Alin.* You Sir are careleſs : for if there be danger,  
Where can I fear it but in this place onely ?  
The world holds not an Enemy of mine,  
But this enchantreſs you maintain againſt me.

*King.* Your motion and your own love drew us  
hither.

*Alin.* I would fain love her, and certainly I ſhould,  
But that ſhe ſtills begets freſh cauſe of Hatred.  
She has ſome Devilliſh Plot in hand this Inſtant :  
This ſhew is but the ſtraw that hides the Pit.

*Lod.* No enemy but ſhe ? to let her know ſhe lies,  
Even unto Prophanation againſt that Lady,  
He ſpeak. *Hor.* I hope you will not.

*Lod.* The King ſhall ſee his error. *Hor.* Will you ?

*Lod.* She her crueltie. *Hor.* Will you, will you ?

*Lod.* The world *Eulalia's* Pietie.

*Hor.* Will you ? will you ? *King.* What ſays

*Lodovico* ?

*Lod.*

*Lod.* Most mighty Sir, we here confefs and fay.

*Hor.* We? you hear not me fay any thing; do you?

*King.* What will you fay? *Lod.* That Letter was not ours.

*Hor.* That's well. *King.* We easily believe it.

*Lod.* Nor any day or place as yet fet down Among our selves, for fact against the Queen. I mean *Elinda.* *Hor.* Nor fact intended was there of death or danger?

*Lod.* 'Twas wish'd at least by us. *Hor.* Lord, Lord, Lord numb.

*King.* Our Guard. [Enter Guard.]

*Lod.* King she's the General grudge of all thy Kingdom.

*Hor.* You do not hear me fay so.

*King.* Their grudge incites my love: take e'm away.

Come my wrong, *Alinda*: This place shall serve, And this Assembly, to make a Kings word good. Make your Demands: three things I promise you. Ask what you will, even to my dearest blood.

*Alin.* Your Highness will excuse me, if I urge you

To bind it with an oath? *King.* Give me a Book. What I have promis'd to my lawful Queen, I will perform; ask freely.

*Eul.* Great Queen, vouchsafe to take an Admonition,

My last and truest Testimonie of Love. The rest were shadows to it.

*Alin.* Well, pray let's hear it.

*Eul.* Let your Demands be for the common good. Not for your own respects: self love may hurt you: Beware Ambition, Envie, and Revenge.

*King.* The Oracle could not pronounce more wisely. I *Alin.*

*Alin.* Is this your love ? 'tis fear of my just Ven-  
geance.

Therefore hear my demands, my King and Husband.  
First I demand the lives of these conspirators  
*Lodovico and Horatio.*

*Omn.* Bloody. *Alin.* Next that your Son, much  
of the Mothers Nature,  
By Act of Parliament be disinherited.

*Omn.* O fearful. *Alin.* Last, that this woman  
have her eyes put out,  
And be for ever banish'd your Dominions.

*Omn.* Crueltie and Ingratitude past all Example.

*King.* Was this your Charitie ? you have now  
declar'd it fully :

And I of both have made sufficient Tryal.  
Come here *Eulalia*, take now thy wonted Seat and  
keep it ever.

Thy povertie and patience have restor'd thee  
By the just Providence : while her Excessie and  
Pride

Casts her before thee, to receive that Doom  
She had devis'd 'gainst thy immortal Goodness.  
Into perpetual Exile ; hence, away with her.

*Alind.* Remember your Oath, my Lord.

*King.* My Oath was to perform what I had pro-  
mis'd unto my lawful Queen : that's my *Eulalia*.  
And let good *Lodowick* and *Horatio* be restor'd.

*Exeunt King and Attendants. Alinda en-  
traus'd carried out.*

Scæn. V.

*Enter Curate.*

*Cur.* Oh ! proh ! proh *Nefas* !  
Ile have no hand in blood of any man.

*Eul.* More exclamations ? what distracts you now ?

*Cur.*

*Cur. Coram Senatu res acta est : sub Judice lis est.*  
*Ocurvæ in Terris animæ : the Rusticks*

Have tane again the Law into their hands.  
 And will you tender clemencie *non instante*  
 A Courtier hang, his sweet Face *nec invante*.

*Eul.* What is his name! *Cur.* His name is hight  
*Alphonso*

That Treafon brought *in Pectore & Skonfo*.

*Eul.* Who are the heads of the Judicious Faction?

*Cur. Andrea, Lollo, Poggio, the Drudges*  
 Have got the Peoples voice to be their Judges.

*Lod.* Dare they do this? *Cur.* Yes Judges they  
 will be,

And kill, they say, the Snake of Treachery.

*Eul.* I hope we may come yet to stay their Sen-  
 tence.

Pray bring us to the place : where if we can  
 Let us avert their Judgment from this man.

*Exeunt.*

Scæn. VI.

*Enter Andrea, Poggio, Lollo, a Typstaff before them.*

*Andr.* And can these turmoiles never have an  
 end?

Unless we load our heads and shoulders thus

Our bodies eke with Justice *Capa Pe*.

And Pepper all our brains with Policie.

*Pog.* 'Twas time to have a care : I, and a piteous  
 care.

*Lol.* A pious care you mean. *Pog.* Well pious then :  
 You'll shew your own wit, whose clothes soever you  
 wear

(So do the wits of the time) but as I said,

'Tis time we have a care, for though our Queen,

(c)

Our

Our School Mistrefs I would fay, be mercifully,  
idleful

It is fit that we be prejudicious in the State.

*Lol.* Ju-dicious Brother. *Pog.* Jew in your face.  
Trip me again? *Andr.* Agree upon't, Brother  
Sages of the Bench.

My Brother *Poggio* here said very well  
And learnedly and as I would have said my self?  
(If you will take his meaning) to wit that as  
Our School Mistris doats upon  
Clemencie, it is fit that we run mad upon crueltye,  
So meeting her in the midst, we shall jump into the  
Sadle of Justice.

*Pog.* I do say so, without all peradventure.  
For if the Candle of her mercy be not put out,  
We shall shortly, see more honest men then Knaves  
among us.

*Lol.* More Knaves you mean Brother.

*Pog.* I mean no more Knaves then your self,  
Brother.

*Andr.* Agree again, Sage brothers of the Bench :  
and let no private

Itch grow to a publike Scab. *Lol.* Then the point :  
Do not I understand the purpose of our meeting  
Here in our pettie Parliament, if I may so call it ?  
Is it not for a Reformation, to pull down  
The Queens mercy, and set up our Justice ?  
For the prevention of a superabundance of Treason  
Dayly practiced against her ?

*Andr.* Most true. And is it fit therefore that  
you brabble among your selves, and leave all worse  
then you found it ?

*Lol.* No, we will make such a Reformation, that  
Treason shall not dare to peep over the Hedge of  
her Dominion, but we will take it by the nose and  
punish it indignely : most indignely will we punish  
it ?

*Pog.*



*Pog.* All this I grant : but before we sit and bustle on the Bench, because it is, and that without all peradventure, the first time that ever we play'd fo wife a part, is it not fit to take advice, among our selves, how to deform our selves in our office.

*Lol.* De did you say? in in you should say. *Pog.* In with your Horns : how now? *Andr.* Nay Brothers o'th Bench.

*Pog.* Does he think to control me? because he has been a Sexton, and a little more book learned then a Lay man with an Amen forfooth?

*Andr.* Nay Brothers : this will control the busines.

*Pog.* Or because he has been in many a mans grave before him, does he think no man so deep in grave matters as himself? *Lol.* Well, I forbear.

*Pog.* Shall he bid me In, In? as if I were not his inferior? *Lol.* I forbear still.

*Pog.* I will shew my self his inferior I, and a greater man then he ; and to prove myself a great man, let him hang one, I will save two. *Lol.* Still forbear.

*Andr.* Pray Brothers yet agree : and remember we use no mercy.

*Pog.* Let him that uses any mercy lack mercy, for my part.

*Lol.* Then let us sit, and fall to the Busines.

*Pog.* Sit and fall : was that so wisely spoken of a book-learned man now?

*Lol.* Still I forbear Passion becomes not Judges, Now bring in the offender, the new and last offender.

*Andr.* Pray thinke on your speeches.

[Exit Typstaff.]

*Lol.* I have made speeches that I hope shall make Traytors. *Andr.* How? *Lol.* Asham'd to wear their own heads on their shoulders. *Andr.* A Traytors head is not his own head : 'tis forfeited by Law to

the King ; 'tis the Kings head.

*Pog.* I say a Traytors head is his own Head :  
and a good Subjects head is the Kings Head.

*Lol.* I say that's Treafon : and the head thou  
wearest is not thine own then, if thou beeft a good  
Subject.

*Pog.* Wilt thou tell me that ?

*Andr.* Paffion becomes not Judges, Brothers o'th  
Bench.

The offender comes,

Now they are hot, he fhall be fure to fmoak for it.

### SCÆN. VII.

*Enter Alphonfo and Guard.*

*Alph.* Whither do you hale me ? you Peafe-  
porridge Peafants :  
Is this a place for me to come to Tryal in ?  
If I had broke the Law, as I have not  
I am a Peer, and do appeal unto  
The Kings high Seat of Justice, publicly.

*Lol.* And will not our low ftool of Justice, privily  
Serve for a Traytor ? ha. *Alph.* Your felves are  
Traytors,  
In fuccouring 'gainft the Law, a diffolute woman  
Whom I command you, in the King's high name,  
To yield into my hands. *Lol. Pog. Andr.* You  
fhall be hang'd firft.

*Alph.* By whose Authority ? *Lol.* By the faid  
womans Sir.  
She is our Queen and her Authority is in our hands.

*Alph.* That fpeaks you Traytors : and the King  
has Law againft you and her.

*Lol.* When you are hang'd he has: to the next  
able  
Tree with him, and hang him prefently.

*Alph.* Villains : you dare not fo fay. *Omn.*

*Omn.* We do all say Hang him with one accord :

*Gua.* If one cord will not do't another shall :

So come away Sir. *Lol.* Stay : hear a speech first.

*Alph.* You dare not use me thus : dare you take  
Justice on ye ?

*Lol.* Yes, Sir, we can spie

Great faults in Noble Coats, with half an eye.

What though we nod ? does Treason therefore think

Justice is adle brain'd ? or though she wink

In us (as thus) that she's a sleep ? or say

She take a nap, d'ye think shee'l sleep for ay ?

No, she but dreams a while, to circumvent,

Your vain hopes, with sharper punishment.

For if she be but jogg'd, no Mastife takes

Swifter or surer vengeance when she wakes.

*Pog* I, hang him, hang him. *Andr.* Is he  
not hang'd yet ?

*Pog.* Without all peradventure the Hangman  
means to hang for him.

*Guard.* Come Sir along, never hang backward,  
for up you must.

*Lol.* Stay him, my speeches will be lost else.

*Pog.* Your long speeches will loose our purpose  
again, without all peradventure.

*Alph.* Must I be mock'd out of my life ? and have  
My death by hanging made a sport to Peasants,  
In this blind hole o'th' Kingdom ?

*Andr.* Why thou choplogically Fellow, dost thou  
not think, there are as good men hang'd, and as  
good sport made of it too, in the blind holes of  
the Kingdom, as in the very eye or open mouth of  
it ? ha !

*Pog.* Away with him without peradventure.

*Alph.* I am a Courtier, and servant to the King.

*Lol.* Come all the Court in all your costly  
Braveries.

And Treafon in your Breech, we'll hang you for  
 your Knaveries,  
 On tree in Hempen twine nay if you come  
 In open Arms, up fhall you all and fome.  
 For though for Tournament your Fames do flie  
 Run all at Tilt on us, wee'l draw you dry.

*Andr.* Tell us you are a Courtier? we find here  
 Faults to correct, which you perceive not there.  
 So, now away with him, I have spoke my best.

*Pog.* And without all peradventure well faid  
 Judge *Andrea* :  
 How long muft we fay away with him? ha!

*Alph.* You hobnayl'd Rascals: can you think  
 that you  
 Are fit to spie or correct faults at Court?

*Lol.* Stay, a fhort fpeech for that, and turn him  
 off.

Your fhoes at Court are all too fine and thin:  
 To tread out snuffes and sparks of kindling Sin,  
 Which let alone the Rufhes may take fire.  
 Then flame, then burn up higher ftill, and higher:  
 You warm you at fuch fire, 'tis we walk through't  
 The hobnayl'd Common wealth muft tread it out.

*Andr.* So, now away with him. Hang him firft,  
 d'ye hear  
 He has the beft clothes, that will encourage  
 The Hangman the better to turn the reft after him.

*Enter Eulalia, Lodovico.*

*Eul.* Whither away with him?

*Pog.* So, now you fee what's become of your fine  
 fpeeches.

*Eul.* Will ye, 'gainft all my Counfels and requests  
 Perfift to pull deftruction by taking others lives upon  
 your own?

And feem to carry it as in care for me?

*Pog.* No, 'tis in care of our felves, becaufe we know  
 Not

Not to breed our Children honestly without you.

*Eul.* Have I not often counsell'd and entreated  
You would forbear? *Lol.* Your counsels and entreats  
We are bound to disobey by Proclamation:  
For we must grant you nothing. *Andr.* Well found  
out.

*Pog.* And therefore if you say, Hang not this man  
We are bound to hang him! we will shew our selves  
the Kings Subjects not yours.

*Lol.* If you can answer't to the King, 'tis well;  
His Majesty is here at hand. *Eul.* Go leave him  
unto me.

*Andr.* The King at hand? 'tis time for us to  
look about us.

*Lol.* Must not we be hang'd now?

*Pog.* It will be so, without all peradventure.

*Eul.* Release your Prisoner, set him free, and go  
send the rest of the confederats.

*Exeunt Guard, Alphonso kneeles.*

*Alph.* I was not bound till now  
I have no power to stir or move a limb:  
O sacred Queen, use mercy, in adjudging me,  
To present death, to quit me of the torment.  
That rages all upon me, all within me.  
The sight of you has shot more paines into me  
Then I have drops of blood: O let me die.

*Eul.* I cannot give thee death: nor will my  
prayers

Be prevalent for thy cure poor sinful man!  
Till thou layst ope the cause of thy disease;  
(Thy hainous sin) by fair and free confession.

*Alph.* I hope no cure, and therefore ask no life.  
But the Kings Justice to afford me death,  
That is no less deserved then desir'd;  
For I confess, This my Device was but  
To make my way to you, t' have murder'd you.

*Enter*

*Enter two Lieutenants, Doctor and Midwife.*  
 Wrought thereunto by *Alinda's* Instigation.  
 More I confefs ; The evidence againſt you,  
 Whereby you were deſpos'd, was falſe.  
 And all theſe witneſſes which now do bring  
 Addition to my torment, did I hire  
 Both for their perjury paſt, and for their late  
 Attempt upon your life, with the Queens money.

*Eul.* Do you confefs it ?

*Omn.* Heaven Pardon our miſdeed : it is moſt true.

*Eul.* Heaven grant you all your cures.

*Omn.* All bleſſings on the Queen.

*Eul.* All was confefs'd before by *Fabio* and  
*Strozso*

And you do well to ſeem ſo penitent :  
 I do forgive you : and will plead your pardon unto  
 the King.

*Alph.* Your ſacred mercy Madam, ſhall ſave a  
 life then, to be ſpent in Praiſes and Prayers for your  
 Grace.

*Eul.* Go, and pray for grace to mend your lives.  
 [*Exeunt offenders.*]

So, let's now to the King.

*Lod.* Now look you about you : caſt your Coats,  
 and inſtantly  
 Haſt to the Curat, hee's preparing ſports,  
 In ſpeech and Dance, to entertain the King :  
 Go and aſſiſt him : that muſt be the way  
 To gain your Pardons. *Andr.* Comethen, let's away  
 No longer Brothers of the Bench wee'l be,  
 But of the Revels for his Majeſty.

### Scœn. VIII.

[*Recorders.*]

*Enter King, Horatio, Sforza, Petruccio.*

*King.* Theſe troubles over : let us, now  
 Surveigh this part of my Poſſeſſion.

I never saw before. I could contemplate  
 This late neglected piece of my Estate,  
 To be the happiest : sure it is no less,  
 To those that think on earth there's happiness,  
 The Air disperseth pleasure and the Earth  
 Of fresh delight to every step gives birth.  
 Here plenty grows, and above it content,  
 Ore spreads the Face of all the Continent.  
*Eulalia*, thou art happy, and didst rise,  
 Not fall from Court into this Paradise.  
 Nor can it move my admiration much,  
 Thy virtue wrought the change, and made it such.

*Sfor.* My Lord, the King is sad, what shall we  
 do ?

*Hor.* I am as sad as he, and should be dead,  
 If he were dead : and therefore no fit member  
 To make Him merry, I : try your vein with him.  
 Tell him your Daughters dying ; that may cheer  
 him.

*Sfor.* Are you so tart Court Blain-worm ?

*King.* Yet can I smile in midst of grief to think  
 How the Court malice hath been wav'd and  
 punished,

By Rustical simplicitie. *Petr.* The Sun  
 Appears again in the Kings smiles : observe.

*Hor.* I thank your Majestie, that sweet smile re-  
 viv'd me.

*King.* Who smil'd ? *Hor.* Not I, I'm sure did you :  
 or you ?

There could be no such thing : who dares be  
 merry, when the King's sad ? *Shalmes.*

*Petr.* Yes, here are some now coming, I hear 'm,  
 that are merry in hope to make the King so.

## SCÈN. IX.

*Enter Curat richly rob'd, and Crown'd with Bays, playing on a Fiddle, many School Boys with Skarfes and Nofegays, &c. then follow Gonzago, dress'd and Crown'd as Queen of the Girles, following her: at last Eulalia supported by Lodovico and Andrea: Alphonso, Strozso, Fabio. D. Midwife. The former being all pass'd over the Stage: they kneel to the King.*

*King.* O my *Eulalia!* *Eul.* Still the most humble Handmaid

To your high Majesty. *King.* Thy words are sweet: Yet to my guiltie sense they are no less Then thunder bolts; fram'd of the wrongs I shot Against the Heavenly Region of thy mind. And 'tis but Justice that the repercussion Do strike me dead. *Eul.* No Passion mighty Sir.

*Hor.* O my sweet Queen! but I am thunder struck.

*Andr.* Old Lad, art there? still sick oth' Kings disease. [*afide.*]

*Eul.* If I may presume of any favour, vouchsafe a glance on these.

*Alphonso, Stro. Fab. Doctor and Mid.* Befeech your Highness.

*Enter Curat Gonzago in his hand veil'd three or four Lasscs.*

*Cur.* Thus have you seen great King in best array,  
*Nostri Discipuli* have made Holy-day,  
Whilst I their Pædagogues or pettie King  
Present in hand this little Royal Thing,  
Yeclep'd their Queen or Mistresses: *certe fallor*

For



For that's the Royal School Mistrefs as we call her.  
 And this her under Usher : vey'd is she,  
 Dreading the Power of shinning Majesty.  
 Might dazle her Dancing : *nunc est saltandum*,  
 And here are Lads and Lasses that at Random  
 Have left their works, aswe the School & *Templum*,  
 To follow us ; 'tis *Regis ad Exemplum*.  
 The youth's are muffled for their better graces,  
 Though you may like their feet, youl'd blame their  
 Faces

But Ile not trouble you with long Oration,  
 Because I had but short precogitation. [Dance]

*Hor.* His Highness thanks you : and hath here  
 dispos'd

An hundred Duccats in this Purse inclof'd ;  
 Drink it amongst ye to the Kings well faring,  
 And see there be no falling out ith' sharing  
 So make your *Exit*. *Cur. Non simus ingrati*  
*Rex & Regina semper sint Beati.*

*Exeunt Curat and Lasses.*

*Eul.* Stay you a while.

*Manent Fabio Strozso Alphonso Doctor and Mid-*  
*wife ; they all kneel.*

You know my Story, Sir, and who have been  
 My strong abusers, and by me converted,  
 Therefore let me Petition : Royal King  
 You have by these discovered the abuse  
 That led you into error : and that light,  
 Which makes discovery of their black misdeeds,  
 Will shew you to a Throne of greater mercy  
 Then you can give. *King.* I must confes I need it,  
 Bee't as thou wilt *Eulalia.*

*Eul.* Go then, and thank the King.

*All.* Long live the King and Queen.

[*Exeunt offenders.*]

*Lod.* Here's goodness now. *Hor.* I would the  
 Devil

Devil had 'm, that thought ill of her.

*Andr.* And good King Pardon me, and my pure brother Judges, and Sages of the Dorpe here, that would have hang'd those Manuſactōrs.

*King.* 'Tis quickly granted.

*Andr.* And Ile as quickly make them run mad with Joy.

*Eul.* My next ſuit is, (for now I'm ſet a begging,) You'l Pardon your *Alinda*.

*King.* She is not mine ;  
Should ſhe recover, as Heavens will be done.

*Eul.* Recover? fear not, Sir, this Traunſe has drown'd

Her Frenzie, and ſhec'l live a ſober life.

*King.* I ſhall forgive her,  
But ſhe muſt no more, in her recovery :  
Be comfort or acquaintance unto me :  
But where's Poſteritie now? O my Boy!

*Eul.* Sir you have had but homely entertainment  
Yet in my humble dwelling : now Ile ſhew you  
(Since you appear ſo tender and ſo good  
A Father) the ſweet comfort of a Son ;  
Pray fetch the Prince. *King.* You cannot raiſe  
from death. *Exit Lodovico.*

*Eul.* Can you forgive *Petrucio* that deceiv'd you  
In his faign'd death, to ſave a real life :

*King.* Forgive? he won me in preſerving *Sforza*,  
Let me but ſee my Son, Ile honour him.

*Enter Lodovico with Gonzago.*

*Hor.* See the moſt Princely vertue that ſurvives.

*King.* Lives my *Gonzago*?

*Gonz.* If you my Royal Father be not displeas'd  
With me, or my good mother, I ſhall live.

*Hor.* And long live my ſweet Prince.

*King.* Let not my joy confound me! where's  
*Petrucio*?

*Lod.*

*Lod. Sforza* and he are bringing the entraunc'd  
*Alinda*

(Your fair Queene) to your prefence.

*King.* She is no Queen of mine.

*Hor.* No, hang her, hang her. This, this is the  
Queen.

A very Queen of harts: a better Title  
Crowns not the best of women in our days.

*King.* Good *Lodovico*, may the merited Fame of  
thy fidelitie,

While there are Kings on Earth, Shew them to  
gratifie

All trustie servants: love him *Gonzago*.

*Hor.* Love him? my Loyaltie preserv'd,

I shall not desire the Princes love my self

If he not giv't to faithful *Lodovico*,

My true yoak fellow in State and Commonwealth.

[*Recorders.*]

*Enter Sforza and Petruccio, bringing Alinda in  
a Chayre, veyl'd.*

*King.* But here's the man *Gonzago*, whom thou  
owest,

A love of equal value to thy life.

*Petr.* I cannot Sir, in dutie nevertheles

But fall before your mercy, which I pray for,

That durst assume the hardnes to control:

Your Majestie Command.

*Hor.* There is a Loyaltie after my own heart now.

*Here a new Song, Eulalia unvailes Alinda.*

*Eul.* Bles'd Heaven! she lives and wakes I hope  
in health.

*Sfor.* If she awake to vertue, she is welcome,  
Into the world again: but if she rise  
With an Ambitious Thought of what she was  
Or meet the light with a presumptuous look:  
That renders her in thought but worthy of it:  
By this bles'd prefence I will yet take leave. To

To sink her under earth immediately.

*Eul.* Patience good *Sforza*, see what she will do.

*Alin.* Where have I been ? or how am I brought  
hither ?

Or where I am I know not : but that shall not.

[*Musick ceas'd.*]

But unto me a wonder : for I know

Were it reveal'd, it could not be so strange :

A storie as my self was to the world.

How have I wandred in the way of Error !

Till I was worn into an Arie vapour.

Then wrap'd into a cloud : and thence distill'd,

Into the earth to find a new creation.

'Tis found : and I am found in better state,

Then I was in, before I lost my Dutie.

For in this second Birth : I find a knowledge

How to preserve it. Therefore if an Heart

Diffolved in its Tears may move your Pity

My noble Father, (if I may say Father,)

Whose blessing and forgiveness I entreat,

Let not your frown destroy my future hopes.

*Sfor.* What a rich found were this now, were it  
reall !

*Eul.* As you may think I honour vertue *Sforza*,  
I do believe 'tis really unfaigned.

*Sfor.* It is Heavens goodness to your Grace then  
Madam.

The more to vindicate your injur'd vertue.

And manifest your merit to the world,

Thou art mine own again *Alinda.* *Eul.* Note her  
further.

*Alin.* My suit is next to you King, Queen, and  
Prince,

Whose love, whose Pietie, whose Innocence,

I have too much abus'd : that to appeal,

My trespasses at large by due confession.

I should appear but more impertinent to each eye  
and ear.

My suit is therefore (though you not forget  
I ever was) you will be pleas'd to think,  
There is not an *Alinda* in the world.  
So give me leave to leave it : and in this,  
I beg my Fathers Aid, to be remov'd  
Back to my countrey Naples ; and in that,  
Into the Magdalene Nunnerie at Lucera,  
To spend this life in Tears for my amifs,  
And holy Prayers for eternal Blifs.

[veiles her self.]

*Sfor.* So thou art mine for ever.

*King.* She has anticipated my great purpose,  
For on the reconcilment of this difference,  
I vow'd my after life unto the Monasterie  
Of holy *Augustinians* at *Solanto*.

*Omn.* O mighty Sir! *King.* 'Tis not to be gain-  
said.

So haste we to *Nicosia*, where (my Son)  
In lieu of former wrongs, Ile yield thee up my  
Crown and Kingdom.

Your vertuous mother (whom may you for ever  
Honour for her pietie) with these true  
Statesmen, will enable you to govern well.

*Hor.* Who makes a doubt of that?

*King.* And let your studie, Sir, be ever watchful  
To cherish vertue, as to punish vice.  
And see that you considerative be  
Of *Sforza*, in the wrongs he felt by me.  
His was the greatest losse.

*Sfor.* Sir, I have won :

My wrongs are drown'd in her conversion.

*King.* Good *Sforza*, see her plac'd as she desires,  
In that Religious order. I have now  
Plighted my Troth to Heaven, and so has she.

K

*Omn.*

*Omn.* O may (Sir) fuch Wedlock ne'er broken be,  
*King.* Now with fuch melting filence as fweet  
 Souls

From Bodies part to Immortalitie,  
 May we for better life divided be.

*Excunt Omnes.*

*Dedit Deus his quoq ; finem.*

*R I C . B R O M E .*

*The Epiloguc.*

*Lod.* **T**Hrough much diftrefs, and many perilous  
 wayes  
 Our Queen at laft with more then conquering Bays  
 Is Crown'd with hearts : but now ſhe fals again,  
 And we, except her glory you maintain.  
 Our good depends on you then, thus it ſtands ;  
 She chears our Hearts, if ſhe but gain your Hands.

F I N I S .

---

*Errata.*

**P**Ag. 9. l. 13 f. *is* read *in*. p. 38. bet. l. 13 & 14, insert *Ent. Sforza*. p. 68 *penultimate*, f. mine r. my. p. 69. l. 5. f. shall be King. r. shalt, *King*. p. 75. l. 19. f. inspir'd r. has inspir'd. p. 76. l. 33, f. but r. bare. p. 80, l. 26, f. said r. have said. p. 83, l. 4, insert *Lol*. p. 84, l. 18, dele *Countr*. p. 94, insert *Excunt*. p. 95, l. 23, f. speaks r. speak. l. 29, f. in r. is in. p. 97, l. 10 f. they r. thy. p. 115, l. 12, f. to their r. to be their. l. 19, dele *Eul*.

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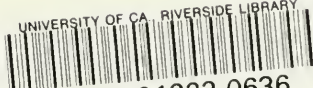
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