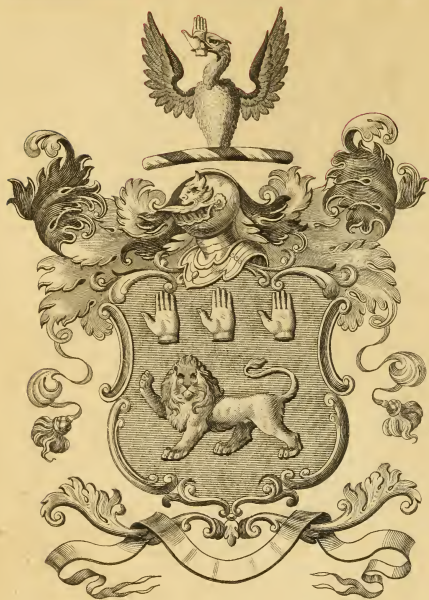


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T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

SK 1159

Thos. J. Allen
1812.

THE
FANCIES,
Chast and Noble:

PRESENTED BY THE
QUEENES Maiesties Servants,
At the PHOENIX in
Drury-lane.

FIDE HONOR.

LONDON,

Printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the Tygers Head in Fleetstreet,
over-against Saint Dunstons
Church. 1638.

Chast and Noble:

151.664

May 1873

QUEEN'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

At the Phoenix in



FIDE HONOR.

LONDON.

Printed by E. P. for Henry Selig, and are to be sold

at the Phoenix in the Strand

and at the Phoenix in the Strand

Edinburgh. 1873.



TO
THE RIGHT NOBLE
Lord, the Lord RANDALL
MACKDONNELL, Earle of
Antrim in the Kingdome of Ireland,
Lord Viscount *Dunluce.*

My Lord,

RINCES, and worthy persons of your owne eminence, have entertained Poëms of this Nature, with a serious welcome. The Desert of their *Autbours* might transcend mine, not their study of service. A practice of Courtship to Greatnesse, hath not hitherto, in me, aym'd at any thrift: yet I have ever honored vertue, as the richest ornament to the Noblest Titles. Endeavour of being knowne to your Lordship, by such meanes, I conceive no Ambition; the extent being bounded by Humility

a ty

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

ty : so neither can the Argument appeare ungracious ; nor the Writer , in that , without allowance. You enjoy (my Lord) the generall suffrage, for your freedome of merits : may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such as I faithfully honor, those merits , to admit into your Noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

To

To Master JOHN FORD, of
the middle Temple, on his
Bower of Fancies.

I Follow faire *Example*, not report,
Like wits of th' *Vniversitie*, or *Court*,
To shew how I can write
At mine owne charges, for the Times delight;
But to acquit a debt,
Due to right *Poets*, not the counterfeit.

These *Fancies* chaste and noble, are no straines
Drop't from the itch of over-heated braines:

They speake unblushing truth,
The guard of *Beauty*, and the care of youth;
Well relish't, might repayre
An Academy, for the young, and faire.

Such labours (friend) will live; for though some
Pretenders to the Stage, in hast pursue

Those Laurels which of old
Enrich't the *Actors*: yet I can be bold,
To say, Their hopes are ster'd;
For they but beg, what *Pens* approv'd deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.



THE SCENE,

SIENA.

Prologue.

THE Fancies! that's our Play; in it is showne
Nothing, but what our Author knowes his owne
Without a learned theft; no servant here
To some faire Mistris, borrowes for his care,
His locke, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace
Of any pretty ribon; nor in place
Of charitable friendship, is brought in.
A thriving Gamester, that doth chance to win
A lusty summe, while the good hand doth ply him,
And Fancies, this, or that, to him sits by him.
His free invention runnes but in conceit.
Of meere imaginations: there's the hight
Of what he writes, which if traduc'd by some,
'Tis well (he sayes) he's farre enough from home.
For you, for him, for us, then this remains;
Fancie, your even opinions, for our paines.

Act.



ACT. I.

Enter TROYLO SAVELLI,
and LIVIO.

TROYLO.



Oe, doe, be wilfull, desperate, 'tis manly,
Build on your reputation; such a Fortune
May furnish out your *Tables*, trim your *liveries*,
Enrich your heirs, with purchase of a Patrimony
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot,
Sticke Honours on your Heraldry, with titles
As swelling and as numerous, as may likely
Grow to a pretty volume, here's eternity,
All this can reputation, marry can it,
Indeed what not?

Livio. Such language from a Gentleman
So noble in his quality as you are
Deserves in my weake Iudgement rather pittie
Then a contempt.

Troylo. Could'st thou consider *Livio*
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soone distinguish
Betwixt the abject lownesse of a poverty,
And the applauded triumph of abundance,

The FANCIES

Though compass by the meanest seruice, wherein
Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,
Waiving the private charge of your opinion
By rising up to greatnesse, or at least
To plenty which now buyes it.

Livio *Troylo-Savelli*,

Playes merrily on my wants,

Troy *Troylo-Savelli*.

Speakes to the friend he loves, to his owne *Livio*,
Looke prethee through the great Dukes Court in *Florence*,
Number his favorites, and then examine
By what steps some chiefe Officers in state
Have reach't the heigh they stand in.

Livio By their merrits.

Troylo Right, by their merrits, well he merited
Th'Intendments o're the Gallies at *Ligorne*,
Made grand collector of the customes there,
Who led the Prince unto his Wives chaste bed,
And stood himsef by, in his night gowne, fearing
The iest might be discovered: waste not handsome?
The Lady knowes not yet on't

Livio. Most impossible.

Troy. He merited well to weare a roabe of Chamler,
Who train'd his Brothers daughter (scarce a girl)
Into the Armes of *Mont-Angentorato*,
Whiles the young Lord of *Telamon* her husband,
Was packetted to France, to study courtship,
Under forsooth a colour of employment,
Employment, yea of honour.

Liv. Y're well read
In misteries of state,

Troy. Here in *Sienna*.

Bold *Julio de Varana* Lord of *Camerine*,
Held it no blemish to his blood and great nesse,
From a plaine Merchant with a thousand Ducats
To buy his wife, may justifie the purchase.

procur'd

Procur'd it by a dispensation
 From Rome, allowed and warrant'd : twas thought
 By his Physicians, that she was a creature,
 Agreed best with the cure of the disease,
 His present new infirmity then labour'd in.
 Yet these are things in prospect of the world,
 Advanc'd implo'd, and eminent.

Liv. at best 'Tis but a goodly pandarisme.

Troy. Shrewd businesse.

Thou child in thrift, thou foole of honesty,
 It's a disparagement for gentlemen,
 For friends of lower ranck to doe the offices
 Of necessary kindnesse without fee,
 For one another, courtesies of course,
 Mirthes of society, when petty mushroomes,
 Transplanted from their dunghills spread on mountaines,
 And passe for Cedars by their servile flatteries
 On great mens vices?-- Pander-- th'art deceived,
 The word includes preferment,-- tis a title
 Of dignity, I could adde somewhat more else,

Livio. Adde any thing of reason.

Troylo. *Castamela.*

Thy beaucious sifter like a precious Tissue,
 Not shapt into a garment fit for wearing,
 Wants the adornments of the Workemans cunning
 To set the richnesse of the piece at views,
 Though in her selfe all wonder. Come Ile tell thee,
 Away there may be (know I love thee *Livio*)
 To fix this Jewell in a Ring of gold,
 Yet lodge it in a Cabanet of Ivory,
 White pure, unspotted Ivorie, put case
Livio himselfe shall keepe the key on't?

Livio Oh Sir,

Create me what you please of yours, doe this,
 You are another Nature,

Troy. Be then pliable.

Enter *Ostavo*, and *Nitido*.

Troylo. Be then pliable
To my first rules of your advancement——*See*
Ostavo my good Uncle, the great Marquesse
Of our *Siena* comes as we could wish
In private——Noble Sir

Ost. My bosomes Secretary,
My dearest, best lov'd Nephew.

Troylo. We have beene thirsty
In our pursuit——Sir her's a gentleman
Desertfull of your knowledge, and as covetous
Of entertainment from it, you shall honour
Your judgment, to intrust him to your favours,
His merits will commend it.

Ost. Gladly welcome.
Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it:
For tast of your preferment, we admit you
The chiefe provisor of our Horse.

Livio. Your bounty
Stiles me your ever servant.

Troylo. Hee's our owne,
Surely, nay most perswadedly——my thanks Sir
Owes to this just engagement.

Ost. Slacke no time
To enter on your fortunes——thou art carefull
My *Troylo* in the study of a duty,
His name is *Livio*!

Li. *Livio* my good Lord.

Ost. Again y^e are welcome to us, be as speedy
Deare Nephew as th^o art constant——men of parts,
Fit parts and sound are rarelie to be met with,
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd,
With love and with supportance, while I stand,

Livio can no way fall——
Yet once more welcome. *Exit. Ost. Page.*

Troylo. An honourable liberality,

Timely

Timely dispos'd without delay or question,
 Commands a gratitude, is not this better
 Then waiting three or foure months at livory,
 With cup and knee unto this chaire of state,
 And to their painted Arras for a need
 From Goodman Usher, or the formall Secretary
 Especially the Iugler with the purse,
 That paises some shares, in all a yonger brother
 Sometimes an elder, 'not well trim'd i'th head-piece,
 May spend what his friends best in expectation,
 Of being turned out of service for attendance
 Or marry a waiting woman, and be damb'd for't
 To open laughter, (and what's worth) old beggerie,
 What thinkes my *Livio* of this rise at first?
 Is't not miraculous.

Livio. It seemes the bargaine,
 Was driven before betweene yee.

Troy. 'Twas, and nothing
 Could void it, but the peevish resolution
 Of your dissent from goodnesse, as you call it,
 A Thin, a threadbare honesty, a vertue
 Without a living to't.

Liv. I must resolve
 To turne my sister whore, speake a homeword,
 For my old Batchelor--Lord, so, i't not so?
 A trifle in respect of present meanes,
 Here's all—

Troy. Be yet more confident, the flaverie
 Of such an abject office, shall not tempt
 The freedome of my spirit, stand ingenious
 To thine owne fate, and we will practise wisely
 Without the charge of scandall.

Liv. May it prove so. *Exeunt.*

Enter

*Enter SECCO with a Casting bottle, sprinkling his Hatte
and Face, and a little lookeing glasse at his
Girdle, setting his Countenance.*

Secco. Admirable! incomparably admirable! to be the minion, the darling, the delight of love, 'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i'th blood, a bosoming the extasie, the rapture of virginity, soule and paradise of perfection -- ah -- pittie of generation *Secco*, there are no more such men.

Spa. O yes, if any man, woman, or beast, have found, stolne, or taken up a fine, very fine male Barber, of the age of above or under eightene more or lesse.

Sec. *Spadone*, hold, what's the noise?

Spa. Umh ——— pay the cryer, I have bin almost lost my selfe in seeking you, heere's a letter from ———

Sec. Whom, whom my deare *Spadone*, whom?

Spa. Soft and faire, and you be so brieft, I'll retorne it whence it came, or looke out a new owner, O yes.

Sa. Low, low, what dost meane, i't from the glory of beauty, (*Morosa* the fairest faire, be gentle to me, here's a duccat, peake lowe prethe.

Spa. Give me one, and take t'other, 'tis from the party, Golden newes believe it.

Sec. Honest *Spadone* divine *Morosa*.

Spa. Fairest faire, quoth a, so is an old rotten Codled mungrell, parcell Bawde, parcell midwife, all the markes are quite out of her mouth, not the stumpe of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the curd of a Posslet ——— Seignior 'tis as I told yee, all's right,

Sec. Right, just as thou could'st me, all's right,

Spa. To a very haire *Seignior mio*.

Sec. For which Sirrah *Spadone*, I will make thee a man, a man, dost heare? I say a man.

Spa. Th'art

Spa. Th'art a prickeard foyft, a citterne headed gew,
gaw, a knacke, a snipper-snapper, twitmee with the decre-
ments of my pendants, though I am made a gelding, and
like a tame Buck have lost my Dowsets, more a monster then
a Cuckold with his hornes seene, yet I scorne to be jeer'd by
any checker, aproved Barbarian of yee all, make me a man,
I desie thee.

Sec. How now fellow, how now, roring tipe indeed?

Spa. Indeed? Th'art worse, a drie shaver, a copper ba-
sand-suds-monger.

Sec. Nay, nay, by my Mistresse faire eyes I meant no
such thing.

Spa. Eyes in thy belly, the reverend Madam shall know
how I have beens used, I will blow my nose in thy casting-
bottle, breake the teeth of thy combes, poyson thy camphire
Balls, slice out thy towels with thine owne razor, betallow
thy tweezes, and urine in thy bason, make me a man?

Sec. Hold take another Duccat, as I love new cloathes.

Spa. Or cast old ones.

Sec. Yes or cast old ones, I intended no injury.

Spa. Good, we are piec'd againe, reputation, *Seignior*, is
precious.

Sec. I know it is.

Spa. Old fores would not be rub'd.

Sec. For me never.

Spa. The Lady guardianesse, the mother of the *Fancies*,
is resolved to draw with yee, in the wholesome of matrimo-
ny, suddenly.

Sec. Shee writes as much, and *Spadone*, when wee are
married.

Spa. You will to bed no doubt.

Sec. We will revell in such variety of delights.

Spa. Doe miracles and get Babies.

Sec. Liveso sumptuously.

Spa. In feather and old fures.

Sec. Feed so deliciously.

Spa. On Pap and Bulbeefe.

Sec. Enjoy the sweetnes of our yeers.

Spa. Eighteene and threescore with advantage.

Sec. Tumble and wallow in abundance.

Spa. The pure christall puddle of pleasures.

Sec. That all the world should wonder.

Spa. A pox on them that envy yee.

Sec. How doe the beauties (my dainty knave) live, with, thinke, and dreame, sirrah ha.

Spa. Fumble one with another, on the gambos of imagination betweene their legs, cate they doe, and sleepe, game, laugh, and lye downe, as beauties ought to doe, there's all.

Sec. Commend me to my choisest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on, say to her, she shall find me a man *at all points*.

Enter NITIDO.

Spa. Why, there's another quarrell, man, once more in sight of my nose.

Nit. Away *Secco* away, my Lord cals, a' ha's a loose haire started from his fellowes, a clip of your art is commanded.

Sec. I fly, *Nitido*, *Spadone* remember me. *Exit.*

Nit. Trudging betweene an old moyle, and a young Calfe, my nimble intelligencer, what, thou fatten'st apace on Capon still?

Spa. Yes crimpe, 'tis a gallant life to bee an old Lords *pimpe whiskein*, but beware of the porters lodge, for carrying tales out of the schoole.

Nit. What a terrible sight to a lib'd breech is a sow gelder?

Spa. Not so terrible as a crosse tree that never growes, to a wag-halter-Page.

Nit. Good! witty rascall, th'art a Satire I protest, but that the Nymphs need not feare the evidence of thy mortali-

lity, goe put on a cleane bib, and spinne amongst the Nuns,
sing'em a bawdy song, all the children thou get'st, shall bee
christened in wassaile bowles, and turn'd into a college of
men Midwives, farewell night-mare.

Spa. Very, very well, if I dye in thy debt for this crack-
rope) let me be buried in a cole-sacke. I'll fit yee, (apes face)
looke for't.

Nit. And still the Vrchin would, but could not doe. sing.

Spa. Marke the end on't, and laugh at last. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romanello and Castamela.

Rom. Tell me you cannot love me,

Chast. You importune
Too strict a resolution, as a gentleman
Of commendable parts, and faire deserts,
In every sweet condition that becomes
A hopefull expectation, I doe honour
Th'exemple of your youth, but Sir our fortunes
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,
Move you to conster gently my forbearance
In argument of fit consideration.

Rom. Why *Castamela*, I have shapt thy vertues
(Even from our childish yeeres) into a dowry
Of richer estimation, then thy portion,
Doubled an hundred times, can equall: now
I cleerely find, thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the guilt of rior,
Not the free ocean of a soft content.
You'd marry pompe and plenty, 'tis the Idoll
(I must confesse) that creatures of the time,
Bend their devotions to, But I have fashion'd
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

Cast. Enjoy your own prosperity, I am resolv'd,
Never by any charge with me, to force
A poverty upon yee, want of love.

'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.
 Ile not be your undoing.

Rom. Sure some dotage
 Of living stately, richly, lend a cunning
 To Eloquence. How is this piece of goodnesse
 Chang'd to ambition? oh you are most miserable
 In your desires, the female curse ha's caught yee.

Cast. Fie, fie, how ill this suits.

Rom. A Divell of pride,
 Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a starre,
 Whiles yee graspe mole-hills.

Cast. Worse and worse I vow.

Rom. But that some remnant of an honest sence,
 Ebbes a full tide of blood to shame; all women
 Would prostitute a' honour to the luxurie of ease and titles.

Cast. *Romanello*, know
 You have forgot the noblenesse of truth,
 And fixt on scandall now.

Rom. A Dogge, a Parrot, and a monkey to begeth
 A Monkey, a Caroch, a guarded lackey,
 A waiting woman with her lips seal'd up,
 Are pretty toys to please my Mistresse wamond
 So is a fiddle too, 'twill make it dances,
 Or else be sicke and whine.

Cast. This is uncrivil
 I am not Sir your charge.

Rom. My griefe you are,
 For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

Cast. So is my chiefe opinion of your worthinesse,
 When such distractions tempt yee, you would prove
 A cruell Lord, who dare, being yet a servant,
 As you professes, to bait my best respects
 Of duty to your welfare, 'tis a madnesse
 I have not oft observed, possesse your freedome;
 You have no right in me, let this suffice:
 I wish your joyes much comfort,

Enter

Enter LIVIO fresh suited.

Liv. Sister, looke yee,
How by a new creation off my Taylors,
I've shooke off old mortality, the rags
Of home spun Gentry (prethee sister marke it)
Are cast by, and I now appeare in fashion
Vnto men, and receiv'd, observe me sister,
The consequence concernes you.

Cast. True good Brother,
For my well doing must consist in yours.

Li. Heere's *Romanello*, a fine temper'd gallant,
Of decent carriage, of indifferent meanes,
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,
From a lost merchants warehouse, to the titles
Of a great Lords-bed, may supply his wants
Not sunck in his acquaintance, for a scholler
Able enough, and one who may subsist
Without the helpe of friends; provided alwayes,
He flie not upon wedlocke without certainty
Of an advancement, else a batchelor
May thrive by observation on a little.
As single life's no burthen, but to draw
In yoakes is chargeable, and will require
A double maintenaice, why I can live
Without a wife, and purchase.

Rom. Ist a mysterie?
Y'ave lately found out *Livio*, or a cunning
Conceal'd, till now for wonder?

Livio. Pish, believe it,
Endevours and an active braine, are better
Then patrimonies left by parents. Prove it.
One thrives by cheating; shallow fooles and unthrifts,
Are game knaves onely flie at: then a fellow
Presumes on his haire, and that his backe can toile

For fodder from the City, lies : another
 Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up
 Quarrels or braves them, as the novice likes,
 To guild his reputation, most improbable.
 A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,
 Procures some hungry meales, some taverne surfets,
 Some frippery to hide nakednesse : perhaps
 The scrambling halfe a ducatt now and then
 To rore and noyse it with the tatling hostesse,
 For a weekes lodging : these are pretty shifts,
 Soules bankrupt of their royalty submit to.
 Give me a man, whose practice and experience,
 Conceives not barely the Philosophers stone,
 But indeed ha's it, one whose *wit's* his *Indies*.
 The poore is most ridiculous.

Rom. Yare pleasant
 In new discoveries of fortune ; use them
 With moderation, *Livio*.

Cast. Such wilde language
 Was wont to be a stranger to your custome ;
 How ever, Brother, you are pleas'd to vent it,
 I hope for recreation.

Li. Name and honour.
 What are they ? a meer sound without supportance.
 A begging chastity, youth, beaurty, handsomnesse,
 Discourse, behaviour which might charm attention,
 And curse the gazers eyes into amazement ;
 Are *Natures common bowties*. So are Diamonds
 Uncut, so flowers unworne, so silke-wormes webs
 Unwrought, gold unrefin'd, then all those glories
 are of esteeme, when us'd and set at price,
 There's no darke sence in this,

Rom. I understand not
 The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.

Cast. Pray Brother be more plaine.

Liv. First *Romanello*,

This

This for your satisfaction : if you waste
More houres in courtship to this maid, my sister,
Weighing her competency with your owne,
You goe about to build without foundation ;
So that care will prove void.

Rom. A sure acquittance,
If I must be discharged.

Liv. Next *Castamela*,
To thee (my owne lov'd Sister) let me say
I have not beene so bountifull, in shewing
To Fame, the treasure, which this age hath open'd,
As thy true value merits.

Cast. You are merry.

Liv. My jealousie of thy fresh blooming yeeres,
Prompted a feare of husbanding too charily
Thy growth to such perfection, as no flattery
Of art can perish now.

Cast. Here's talke in riddles,
Brother, th' exposition ?

Liv. I'le no longer
Chamber thy freedome, we have beene already
Thrifty enough in our lowe fortunes, henceforth
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

Rom. Is't come to this ?

Cast. Y'are wondrous full of curtesie.

Livio. Ladies of birth and quality are suitors
For being knowne t'ee, I have promised, sister,
They shall partake your company.

Cast. What Ladyes,
Where, when, how, who ?

Liv. A day, a weeke, a month
Sported amongst such beanties, is a gaine
On time, th'are young, wise, noble, faire, and chaste.

Cast. Chaste ?

Livio. *Castamela* chaste, I would not hazard
My hopes, my joyes of thee, on dangerous triall.

Yet

Yet if (as it may chance) a neat cloath'd merriment
 Passe without blush in tatling to the words,
 Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smil'd at
 Amongst your selves in counsaile, but beware
 Of being over-heard.

Cast. This is pretty.

Rom. I doubt I know not what, yet must be silent.

*Enter TROYLO, FLORIA, CLARELIA,
 SILVIA and NITIDO.*

Li. They come as soon as spoke of--sweetest faire-ones.
 My sister cannot but conceive this honour
 Particular in your respects : *Deare sir*
 You grace us in your favours.

Troy. Vertuous Lady.

Flo. We are your servants.

Clar. Your sure friends.

Sil. Society,

May fix us in a league.

Cast. All fitly welcome.

I find not reason (gentle Ladyes) whercon
 To cast this debt of mine, but my acknowledgement
 Shall study to pay thankfulnessse.

Troy. Sweet beauty,

Your Brother hath indeed beene too much churl
 In this concealement from us all, who love him,
 Of such desir'd a presence.

Sil. Please to enrich us

With your wish'd amity.

Flo. Our coach attends;

We cannot be deny'd:

Clar. Command it *Nitido.*

Nit. Ladies, I shall, now for a lusty harvest.

'Twill prove a cheap yeare, should these barnes be fill'd once.

Cast. Brother one word in private.

Livio. Phew——anon

I shall instruct at large.--we are prepar'd
And easily intreated; 'tis good manners
Not to be troublesome.

Troy. Thou art perfect *Livio*.

Cast. Whether--but--hee's my brother.

Troy. Faire, your arme.

I am your Usher Lady.

Cast. As you please sir.

Liv. I waite you to your coach,
Some two houres hence.

I shall returne againe. *Exeunt.*

Rom. *Troilo-Savelli,*

Next heire unto the marquesse? and the Page too?

The Marquesse's owne page, *Livio* transform'd

Into a suddaine bravery, and alter'd

In Nature, or I dreame? amongst the Ladies,

I not remember I have seene one face.

There's cunning in these changes, I am resolute,

Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour. *Exeunt.*

Actus II.

Enter FRAVIO supported by CAMILLO,
and VESPUCCI.

Flavia. Not yet return'd.

Cam. Madam.

Fla. The Lord our husband,

We meane, unkind! foure houres are almost past,

(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glasse)

Since we broke company, was never (gentlemen)

Poore Princeesse us'd so?

Ves. With your gracious favour,

Peeres great in ranck and place, ought of necessity

To attend on state employments.

Cam. For such duties,

C

Are

Are all their toyle and labour, but their pleasures
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers
All sence of other travaile.

Fla. Trimly spoken,

When we were *common, mortall, and a subiect*,
As other creatures of heavens making are,
(the more the pittie) blesse us ! how we waited
For the *huge play day when the Pageants flatter'd*
About the City, for we then were certaine,
The *Madam courtiers*, would vouchsafe to visit us,
And call us by our names, and eate our viands:
Nay give us leave to sit at the upper end
of our *owne Tables*, telling us how welcome
They'd make us, when we came to *Court*: full little
Dream't I at that time of the *wind* that blew me
Up to the *Weathertocke of th'honours*, now
Are thrust upon me, but we beare the burthen,
Were't twice as much as tis, the next great feast,
Wee'l grace the *City* with *poore soules*, and see
How they'll behave themselves, before *our presence*.
You two shall wait on us.

Ves. With best observance,
And glory in our service.

Cam. Wee are creatures
Made proud in your commands.

Fla. Beleeve't you are so:
And you shall find *Vs* readier in your pleasures,
Then you in *your* obedience, sic methinks
I have an excellent humor to be pettish:
A little toyfome, 'tis a pretty signe
Of breeding, i'th not firs? I could, indeed lay
Long for some strange *good things* now.

Cam. Such newes, Madam,
Would over-joy my Lord your husband.

Ves. Cause
Bonfires and bell ringings

Fla. I

Fla. I must be with childe then,
And't be but for the publique Iollity,
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pitty.

Cam. Sweet fates forbid it.

Enter Fabricio,

Fab. Noblest Lady——

Ves. rudenesse

Keepe off, or I shal -- sawcy groome, learn manners,
Goe swab amongst your Goblins.

Fla. Let him stay,
The fellow I have seene, and now remember
His name, *Fabricio*.

Fab. Your poore Creature Lady;
Out of your gentlenesse, please you to consider
The brieft of this petition, which containes
All hope of my last fortunes.

Fla. Give it from him.

Cam. Here Madam-- marke *Vespucci*, how the
Wittol stares on his *sometime wife*! sure he imagines
To be a cuckold, by consent, is purchase
Of approbation in a state,

Ves. Good reason.

The gaine repriev'd him from bankerouts statute,
And fil'd him in the charter of his freedome.
Shee had seene the fellow, didst observe,

Cam. Most punctually.

Could cal him by his name too, why 'tis possible,
Shee ha's not yet forgot a' was *her husband*.

Ves. That were strange, oh 'tis a *precious trincket*.
Was ever puppet so slipt up?

Cam. The tale

Of *Venus Cat* (man) chang'd into a woman,
Was embleme but to this, she turnes.

Ves. 'A stands just like *Acteon* in the painted cloth'

Cam. No more.

Fla. Friend we have read, and weighed the sum

Of what your *Scrivener*, which in effect
 Is meant your counsell learned, ha's drawn for yee:
 'Tis a faire hand insooth, but the contents
 Somewhat vnseasonable, for let us tell yee,
 Y'ave beene a spender, a vaine spender, wasted
 Your stocke of credit, and of Wares unthriftilly.
 You are a faulty man, and should we urge
 Our Lord as often for supplies, as shame,
 Or wants drive you to aske, it might be construed
 An impudence, which we desie, an Impudence,
 Base in *base Women*, but in *Noble* sinfull.
 Are yee not asham'd yet of your selfe?

Fab. Great Lady,

Of my misfortunes I am asham'd.

Cam. So, so, This jeere twangs roundly, doe's it not *Vespuch*?

Ves. Why heere's a Lady worshipfull!

Fla. Pray gentlemen,

Retire awhile; *this fellow* shall resolve
 Some doubts that stick about me.

Ambo. As you please. *Exeunt.*

Fla. To thee *Fabricio*, oh the change is cruel;
 Since I find some small leisure, I must iustifie,
 Thou art unworthy of the name of man,
 These holy vowes, which we by bonds of Faith,
 Recorded in the register of Truth,
 Were kept by me unbroken, no assaults
 Of guifts of courtship from the great and wantons,
 No threats, nor sence of poverty (to which
 Thy riots had betray'd me) could betray
 My warrantable thoughts, to impure folly.
 VVhy wouldst thou force me miserable?

Fab. The scorne

Of rumor, is reward enough, to brand
 My lewder actions, 'twas I thought impossible
 A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brooke

Thee

The last of my decayes.

Fla. Did I complaine?

My sleeps between thine arms, were even as sound,

My dreames as harmelesse, my contents as free,

As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride bed.

Amongst some of a meane, but quiet fortune,

Distrust of what *they call their owne*, or Iealousie

Of those whom in *their bosomes* they possesse

VVithout controule, begets a selfe unworthinesse;

For which feare, or what is worst desire,

Or paulty gaine, they practise art, and labor to

Pander their own wives: those wives whose innocence

Stranger to language, spoke obedience onely,

And such a wife was *Flavia* to *Fabritio*.

Fab. My losse is irrecoverable.

Fla. Call not

Thy wickednesse thy losse; without my knowledge

Thou shouldst me, and in open court protestedst

A *precontract* unto another, falsly.

To iustifie a separation, wherein

Could I offend to be believ'd thy *Strumper*,

In best sence an *Adulteresse*? so conceav'd.

In all opinions, that I am shooke off,

Even from mine own blood, which although I boast

Not Noble, yet it was not meanes for *Romanello*

Mine onely brother, shunnes me, and abhors

To owne me for his sister.

Fab. I is confest,

I am the shame of mankind.

Fla. I live happy

In this *great Lords* love, now, but could his cunning

Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never

Beene sunder'd, by th temptation of his *purchase*,

Introth *Fabritio*, I am little proud of

My unsought honours, and so farre from triumph,

That I am not more foole, to such as honour me;

Then to my selfe, who hate this *antique carriage*!

Fab. You are an Angell rather to be worshipt,
Then grossly to be talked with.

Fla. Keepe those Duccats;
I shall provide you better: 'twere a bravery,
Could you forget the place wherein y'ave render'd
Your name for ever hatefull.

Fab. I will doo't,
Doo't excellentest goodnesse, and conclude
My dayes in silent goodnesse.

Fla. You may prosper
In *Spaine*, in *France*, or elsewhere, as in *Italie*.
Besides, you are a scholer bred, however
You interrupted study with commerce;
Ile think of your supplies, mean time, pray, storm not
At my behaviour t'ee, I have forgot acquaintance
With mine owne--keepe your first distance ———

Enter Julio, Camillo, Vespucci.
Camillo, who is neere, *Vespucci*.

Jul. What, Our Ladies cast familier.

Fla. Oh my stomach
Wambles at sight of-- sicke, sicke, I am sicke ———
I faint at heart--kisse me, nay prethee quickly,
Or I shall fown--y'ave staid a sweet while from me.
And this companion to ——— besbrew him.

In. Dearest,
Thou art my health, my blessing--turne the banque-
rout out of my dores--sirrah, Ile have thee whipt.
If thou comst here againe.

Cam. Hence, hence you vermine, *Exit Fa.*

In. How i'th my best of joyes?

Fla. Prettily mended.

Now we have our owne Lord here: I shall never
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.
See what the thing presented.

In. A petition,

Belike

Belike for some new charity,

Fla. We must not

Be troubled with his needs, a *wanting creature*

Is monstrous, is as ominous ———— *—* he, upon't.

Dispatch the *silly Mushroome* once for all,

And send him with some pittance out o'th' countrey,

Where we may heare no more of him.

In. Thy will shall stand a law, my *Flavia*,

Flav. You have beene

In private with our fellow *Peeres* now: shanot we

Know how the businesse stands, sure in som countrey,

Ladies are privy *Counsellors*, I warrant yee:

Are they not thinke yee? there the land is (doubtlesse)

Most *politickly* govern'd; all the women

Weare *swords* and *Breeches*, I have heard most certainly,

Such sights were excellent.

Inl. Th'art a matchlesse pleasure:

Noc life is sweet without thee, in my heart

Raigne *Empresse*, and be still thy *Julia's* *Souveraigne*.

My onely, precious deare.

Fla. VVee'l prove no lesse true. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troilo and Livio.

Troy. Sea sicke a shore still? thou couldst rarely scape

A *Calenture* in a long voyage, *Livio*,

VVho in a short one, and at home art subject

To such faint stomacke qualmes, no cordials comfort

The businesse of thy thoughts, for ought I see:

VVhat ayles thee (*man*) be merry, hang up jealousies.

Liv. VVho, I, I jealous? no, no, heere's no cause

In this place 'tis a nunnerie, a retirement

For meditation, all the difference extant

But puzzles, onely barre beliefe, not grounds in,

Rich services in place! soft and faire lodgings,

Varieties of recreations, exercise

Of musique in all changes? neate attendance?

Princely

Princely, nay royall furniture of garments?
 Society of gardens, orchards, waterworkes,
 Pictures so ravishing, that ranging eyes,
 Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,
 Without a single wish for livelier substance?
 The great world in a little world of *Fancie*,
 Is here abstracted: noe temptation proper'd
 But, such as *fooles* and *mad folkes* can invite to?
 And yet——

Troy. And yet your reason cannot answer
 Th'objections of your feares, which argue danger.

Liv. Danger? dishonour, *Troylo*: were my sister
 In safety from those charmes, I must confesse
 I could live here for ever.

Troy. But you could not.
 I can assure yee, for'twere then scarce possible,
 A dore might open'tee, hardly a loope-hole.

Liv. My presence then is usher to her ruine,
 And losse of her, the fruit of my preferment.

Troy. Briefly partake a secret, but be sure
 To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosome,
 Where memory may not find it for discovery;
 By our firme truth of friendship, I require thee.

Liv. By our firme truth of friendship, I subscribe
 To just conditions.

Troy. Our great *Vncle Marquesse*,
 Disabled from his Cradle, by an impotence
 In nature first, that impotence, since seconded
 And rendred more infirme, by a fatall breach
 Receiv'd in fight against the Turkish Gallies
 Is made uncapable of any faculty,
 Of active manhood, more then what affections
 Proper unto his Sex, must else distinguish:
 So that no helpes of art can warrant life,
 Should he transcend the bounds his weaknes limits.

Li. On, I attend with eagerneffe.

Troy. 'Tis

Troy. 'Tis strange,

Such naturall defects at no time checks
A full and free sufficiency of spirit ;
Which flowes, both in so cleare and fixt a strength,
That to confirme beliefe (it seemes) where nature
Is in the body lame, she is suppli'd
In fine proportion of the minde, a word
Concludes all ; to a man his enemy,
He is a dangerous threatning : but to women,
How ever pleasurable, no way cunning
To shew abilities of friendship, other
Then what his outward fences can delight in,
Or charge and bounty court with.

Liv. Good, good——*Troylo,*

Oh that I had a lusty Faith to credit it,
Though none of all this wonder should be possible.

Troy. As I love honour, and an honest name,
I fault not (my *Livio*) in one syllable,

Liv. Newes admirable, 'tis, 'tis so--pish I know it,
Yet 'a has a kind heart of his owne to girles,
Young, handsome Girles ; yes, yes, so 'a may,
'Tis granted--- 'a woud now and then be pidling,
And play the wanton, like a flie that dallies
About a candles flame ; then scorch his wings,
Drop downe, and creepe away, ha ?

Troy. Hardly that too ;

To looke upon fresh beauties, to discourse
In an unblushing merriment of words,
To heare them play or sing, and see them dance,
To passe the time in pretty amorons questions,
Read a chaste verse, of love, or prattle riddles,
Is th'height of his temptations.

Liv. Send him joy on't.

Troy. His choices are not of the courtly trayne ;
Nor Citties practice ; but the countries innocence,
Such as are gentle-borne, not meanely ; such,

To whom both gawdineſſe and apeliſke faſhions
Are monſtrous; ſuch as cleanelineſſe and decency,
Prompt to a vertuous envy, ſuch as ſtudy
A knowledge of no danger, but themſelves.

Liv. Well, I have liv'd in ignorance: the ancients,
Who chatted of the golden age, ſain'd trifles.
Had they dream't this, they would have truth'd in heaven.
I meane an earthly heaven: leſſe it is not.

Troy. Yet is this Batchelor miracle not free
From the epidemical head-ach.

Liv. The Yellowes.

Troy. Huge jealous fits, admitting none to enter
But me, his page, and Barber, with an Eunuch,
And an old guardianefſe, it is a favour
Not common, that the licence of your viſits,
To your owne ſiſter, now and then is wink't at.

Liv. But why are you his instrument, his Nephew?
'Tis ominous in nature.

Troy. Not in policy.
Being his heire, I may take truce a little,
With mine owne fortunes.

Liv. Knowing how things ſtand too, how's ---

Troy. At certaine ſeaſons, as the humor takes him,
A ſet of muſicke are permitted peaceably,
To cheare their ſolitarineſſe, provided
Th'are ſtrangers, not acquainted neere the city,
But never the ſame twice, pardon him that;
Nor muſt their ſtay exceed an houre, or two
At fartheſt; as at this wife wedding, wherfore
His Barber is the maſter to inſtruct
The laſſes both in Song and Dance, by him
Train'd up in either quality.

Liv. A caution happily ſtudied.

Troy. Farther to prevent
Suſpition, a has married his young Barber
To the old Matron, and withall is pleaſed.

Repor.

Report should mutter him a mighty man
For th'game, to take off' all suspicion
Of insufficiency, and this strickt company
A' cal's his bower of *Fancies*.

Liv. Yes and properly,
Since all his recreations are in *Fancy*.
I'm infinitely taken——sister? marry
Would I had sisters in a plenty, *Troylo*,
So to bestow them all, and turne them *Fancies*.
Fancies? Why 'tis a pretty name methinks.

Troy. Something remaines, which in conclusion shortly.

Song.

Shall take thee fuller--- Harke, the wedding jollity!
With a Bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials!
Perhaps the Ladies will turne Songsters.

Liv. Silence.

Enter *Secco*, *Castamela*, *Floria*, *Clarella*, *Silvia*,
Morosa, and *Spadone*.

Sec. Passing neat and exquisite, I protest faire creatures;
These honours to our solemnity, are liberall and uncommon;
my spouse and my selfe with our posterity, shall prostitute
our services to your bounties, shals not duckling?

Mor. Yes *honey suckle*, and doe as much for them one
day, if things stand right as they should stand, Bill, Pigeon
doe; thou'lt be my *Cattamountaine*, and I thy sweet bryer,
Honey, wee'l lead you to kind examples (pretty ones) believe
it, and you shall find us, one in one, whiles hearts doe
last.

Sec. Ever mine owne, and ever.

Spa. Well said old *Touch hole*.

Liv. All happinesse, all joy.

Troy. A plenteous issue,

A fruitfull wombe——Thou hast a blessing *Secco*,

Mor. Indeed a' ha's Sir, if yee know all, as I conceive
you know enough, if not the whole: for you have (I may
say)

(ay) tryed me to the quick, through and through, and most of my carriage, from time to time.

Spa. 'Twould wind-breake a moyle, or a ring'd mare, to vie burthens with her.

Mor. What's that you mumble, Gelding, shey,

Spa. Nothing forsooth, but that y'are a bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pittie to part yee, though you hung together in a smoakie chimney.

Mor. 'Twere eene pittie indeed, *Spadone*, may tha'ft a foolish loving nature of thine own, and wilhest wel to plaine dealings o' my conscience.

Spa. Thank your Brideship---your Bawdship.

Flo. Our sister is not merry.

Cl. Sadnesse cannot
Become a Bridall harmony.

Sil. At a wedding, free sp'rits are required.

Troy. You should dispence
With serious thoughts, now, Lady.

Mor. Well said Gentlefolks.

Liv. Fie *Castamela* fie,

Om. A dance, a dance.

Troy. By a y meanes, the day is not compleat else.

Cast. Indeed Ile be excus'd,

Troy. By no meanes, Lady.

Sec. We are all suitors.

Cast. With your pardons, spare me
For this time, grant me licence to looke on.

Command your pleasures, Lady,---every one hand

Your Partner---nay, *Spadone*, must make one.

These merriments are free.

Spa. VVith all my heart, I'me sure I am not the heaviest
In the company.

Strike up for the honour of the Bride and Bridegroom.

Dance.

Troy. So, so, here's art in motion: on all parts,

Yee have bestir'd yee nimble,

Mor. I

Mor. I could dance now,
Eene till I dropt againe ; but want of practice
Denies the scope of breath or so , yet firrah,
My *Cattamountaine*, doe not I trip quickly,
And with a gracetoo, firrah.

Sec. Light as a feather.

Spa. Sure you are not without a stick of Licorice in your
pocket forsooth; you have I believe stout lungs of your owne,
you swim about so roundly without rubs ; 'tis a tickling sight
to be young still.

Enter NITIDO.

Nit. Madam *Morosa*?

Mor. Childe.

Nit. To you in secret.

Spa. That eare-wig scatters the troope now, Ile goe neer
to fit 'em.

Liv. My Lord upon my life.

Troy. Then we must sever.

Mor. Ladies and gentlemen, your eares.

Spa. Oh 'twas ever a wanton monkey --- a' will wriggle
into a starting hole so cleanly --- and it had bin on my wed-
ding day, --- I know what I know.

Sec. Saist so *Spadone*?

Spa. Nothing, nothing, I prate sometimes beside the pur-
pose, whore son lecherous weezill?

Sec. Looke, looke, looke how officious the little knave
is --- but ---

Spa. VVhy? there's the businesse, *Buts* on ones fore-
head, are but scurvie *Buts*.

Mr. *Spadone*, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

Spa. Yes, I know my postures --- oh monstrous *Buts*. *Exit.*

Mor. Attend within, Sweeting, --- your pardons
Gentlemen ; to your recreations deare virgins :
Page have a care,

Nit. My duty reverend Madam.

Troy. *Livio* away --- sweet beauties.

Cast. Brother.

Liv. Suddenly I shall returne, 'now for a round temptation.

Mor. One gentle word in private with your Ladiship. I shall Not hold you long. *Ex.* severally *Morosa* staies *Castamela*.

Cast. What meanes this huddle
Of flying severall wayes thus? who ha's frighted 'em?
They live not at devotion here, or pension!
Pray quit me of distrust.

Mor. May it please your Goodnesse,
You'll find him even in every point as honourable,
As flesh and bloud can vouch him:

Cast. Ha, him? whom?
What him?

Mor. He will not presse beyond his bounds.
He will but chat and toy, and feele your——

Cast. Guard me,
A powerfull *Genius*! feele——

Mor. Your hands to kisse them.
Your faire, pure, white hands, what strange businesse is it?
These melting twins of Ivory, but softer
Then downe of Turtles, shall but feede the appetite——

Cast. A rape upon my eares.

Mor. The appetite
Of his poore ravisht eye; should he swell higher
In his desires, and soare upon ambition
Of rising in humility, by degrees;
Perhaps a' might crave leave to clap ——

Cast. Fond woman,
In thy grave sinfull,

Mor. Clap or pat the dimples,
VVhere *Loves tombe* stands erected on your cheekes.
Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one,
His Lordship is as harmelesse a weake implement,
As ere young Lady trembled under.

Cast. Lordship!
(Stead me my modest anger) 'tis belike then

Religious matron) some great mans prison,
 Where Virgins honours suffer Martyrdome.
 And you are their tormentor; let's lay downe
 Our ruin'd names to the insulters mercy!
 Let's sport and smile on scandall (rare calamity,
 What hast thou toy'd me in?) you nam'd his Lordship;
 Some gallant youth and fiery?

Mor. No, no deed la.

A very grave stale Batchelor (*my dainty one*)
 There's the conceit: Hee's none of your hot rovers,
 Who ruffle at first dafh, and so disfigure
 Your *Dresses*, and your sets of blush at once.
 Hee's wise in yeeres, and of a temperate warmth;
 Mighty in meanes and power: and withall liberall.
 A wanton in his wishes, but else, farther,
 A' cannot ——— cause ——— a' cannot.

Cast. Cannot, prethee,
 Be plainer: I begin to like thee strangely.
 What cannot?

Mor. You urge timely, and to purpose.
 A' cannot doe---the truth is truth---doe, any thing,
 (As one should say) that's any thing, put case
 (I doe but put the case forsooth) a' finde yee.

Cast. My stars I thank yee, for being ignorant
 Of what *this old in mischief* can intend.
 And so we might be merry, bravely merry.

Mor. You hit it--what else--she is cunning--looke yee,
 Pray lend your hand forsooth.

Cast. Why prethee take it.

Mor. You have a delicate moyft palme--umh--can yee
 relish that tickle? there.

Cast. And laugh if need were.

Mor. And laugh, why now you have it, what hurt pray
 Perceive yee? there's all, all, goe to, you want tutoring,
 Are an apt scholar, Ile neglect no paines
 For your instruction.

Cast. Doe:

Cast. Doe not, but his Lordship,
What may his *Lordship* be?

Mor. No worse man
Then marquesse of *Siena*, the great Master
Of this small familie, your master found him,
A bounteous benefactor, has advanc'd him,
The gentleman o'th horse, in a short time
He meanes to visit you *himselfe in person*,
As kind, as loving, an old man.

Cast. Wee'l meet him
With a full flame of welcome, i'f the Marquesse?
No worse?

Mor. No worse I can assure your Ladiship,
The onely free maintainer of *the Fancies*.

Cast. *Fancies*? How meane yee that.

Mor. The pretty soules
VVho are companions in the house, all daughters
To honest vertuous parents, and right worshipfull.
A kind of *chaste collapsed Ladies*.

Cast. Chast too, and yet *collapsed*?

Mor. Onely in their fortunes.

Cast. Sure I must be a *Fancie* in the number.

Mor. A *Fancie* principall, I hope you'le fashion
Your entertainment, when the Marquesse courts you,
As that I may stand blamelesse.

Cast. Free suspicion. My Brothers rayser?

Mor. Meerely.

Cast. My supporter?

Mor. Undoubredly.

Cast. An old man and a lover?

Mor. True, there's the Musick, the content, the harmony.

Cast. And I my selfe a *Fancy*?

Mor. You are pregnant.

Cast. The chance is throwne, I now am fortunes minion,
I will be bold and resolute.

Mor. Blessing on thee. *Exeunt.*

ACT

Actus III.

Enter ROMANELLO.

Rom. Prosper me now my fate ; some better *genius*
 Then such a one, as waits on troubled passions,
 Direct my courses to a noble issue.
 My thoughts have wander'd in a labyrinth,
 But if the clew I have laid hold on, faile not,
 I shall tred out the toyle of these darke paths
 In spight of politique reaches--I am punish'd
 In mine owne hopes, by her unluckie fortunes,
 Whose fame is ruin'd ; *Flavia*, my lost sister!
 Lost to report, by her unworthy husband,
 Though hightned by a greatnes, in whose mixtures,
 I hate to claime a part——Oh welcome, welcome,
 Deere boy ! thou keep'st time with my expectations
 As justly, as the promise of my bounties
 Shall reckon with thy service.

Enter
Nitido,

Nit. I have fashion'd the meanes of your admittance.

Rom. Pretious *Nitido*.

Nit. More, have bethought me of a shape, a quaint one,
 You may appeare in, safe and unsuspected.

Rom. Th'art an ingenious boy.

Nit. Beyond all this ;

Have so contriv'd the feate, that at first sight,
Troylo himselve shall court your entertainment :
 Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

Rom. Th'ast out done all counsaile, and all cunning .

Nit. True, I have fir

Fadg'd nimble in my practises : but surely,
 There are some certaine elogs, some roguish staggers,
 Somewhat shall I call em in the busines ?

Rom. *Nitido*,

E

What

What faint now? deare heart beare up, what staggers,
What clogs? let me remove 'em.

Nit. Am I honest

In this discovery?

Rom. Honest, pish is that all?

By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats
Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty,
Against all *Italies*, and prove it perfect.
Besides, remember, I am bound to secrecie.
Thou't not betray thy selfe.

Nit. All feares are clear'd then.

But if——

Rom. If what? out with't.

Nit. If w'are discover'd,

You'le answer I am honest still?

Rom. Dost doubt it?

Nit. Not much; I have your purse in pawne fort.
Now to the shape, and know the wits in *Florence*,
Who in the great Dukes court, buffoones his complement,
According to the change of meates in season,
At every free Lords table,

Rom. Or free meetings
In Tavernes, there a' sits at the upper end,
And eates, and prates, a' cares not how nor what.
The very quaik of fashions, the very *hee* that
Weates a *Steeetto* on his chinne.

Nit. You have him.

Like such a thing must you appeare, and study
Amongst the Ladies in a formall forperry,
To vent some curiosity of language,
Above their apprehensions, or your owne,
Indeed beyond sence, you are the more *the person*.
Now amorous, then scurvie, sometimes bawdy,
The same man still, but evermore phantastically,
As being the *suppositor to laughter*:
It hath sav'd charge in physick.

Rom. When

Rom. When occasion
Offers it selfe (for where it do's or not,
I will be bold to take it) I may turne
To some one in the company; and changing
My Method talke of state, and rayle against
Th'employment of the *time*, mislike the carriage
Of places, and mislike that men of parts,
Of merit, such as my selfe am, are not
Thrust into *publike action*: 'twill set off
A privilege I challenge from opinion,
With a more lively current.

Nit. On my Modesty,
You are some kin to him——Seignior *Prugnioli*!
Seignior *Musbrumpo*!
Leape but into his anticke garbe, and trust me
You'll fit it to a thought.

Rom. The time?

Nit. As suddenly
As you can be transform'd, —— for the event,
'Tis pregnant.

Rom. Yet my pretty knave, thou hast not
Discover'd where faire *Castamela* lives;
Nor how, nor amongst whome.

Nit. Pish, it more *Queres*?
Till your owne eyes informe, be silent, else
Take backe your earnest, what, turne woman? fie;
Be idle and inquisitive?

Rom. No more.
I shall be speedily provided, aske for
A note at mine owne lodging. *Exit.*

Nit. Ile not sayle yee,
Assuredly, I wil not sayle you Seignior;
My fine *inamorato* —— twenty ducats?
Th'are halfe his quarters incombe —— love, oh love,
What a pure madnesse art thou? I shall fit him,
Fit, quit and split him too--most bounteous sir.

The FANCIES.

Enter *Troylo*.

Troy. Boy, thou art quicke and trusti e,
Be withall close and silent, and thy paines
Shall meet a liberall addition.

Nit. Though sir,

I'me but a child, yet you shall find me ———

Troy. man

In the contrivements ; I will speake for thee.
Well 'adoes relish the disguise !

Nit. Most greedily

Swallowes it with a licourish delight :

Will instantly be shap't in't, instantly.

And on my conscience, sir, the supposition

Strengthened by supposition, will trans forme him

Into the *beast it selfe* a do's resemble.

Troy. Spend that, and looke for more boy.

Nit. Sir, it needs not :

I have already twenty Ducats pursed

In a gay case, 'las sir, to you, my service.

Is but my duty.

Troy. Modestie in Pages

Shewes not a vertue, boy, when it exceeds

Good manners. Where must we meet ?

Nit. Sir at's lodging,

Or neere about : he will make haste beleeeve it.

Troy. Waite th'opportunity, and give me notice.

I shall attend.

Nit. If I misse my part, hang me.

Exit.

Enter *Vespuci* and *Camillo*.

Ves. Cometh'art caught *Camillo*.

Cam. Away, away,

That were a jest indeed ; I caught ?

Ves. The Lady

Does scatter glances, wheelles her round, and smiles ;

Steales an occasion to aske how the minutes

Each

Each houre have runne in progresse ; then , thou kissest
All thy foure fingers, crowchest and sighst faintly :
Deere beauty, if my watch keep faire *decorum*,
Three quarters have neere past the figure X.
Or as the time of day goes ———

Cam. So *Vespuci*,

This will not doe, I reade it on thy forehead,
The graine of thy complexion is quite altered.
Once 'twas a comely browne, 'tis now of late
A perfect Greene and yellow ; sure prognosticates
Of th'over flux o'th gall, and *melancholy*,
Symptomes of *love* and *jealousie*, poore soule.
Quoth *she*, the *she*, why hang thy looks like bel-ropes
Out of the wheelles ? thou flinging downe thy eyes
Low at her secte, replid'st, because , *oh Sovereigne*
The *great bell* of my *heart* is crack'd, and never
Can ring in tune againe, till't be new cast
By one only skilfull Foundresse. ——— hereat
She turn'd aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still and stard'st
I did observ't, be plaine, what hope ?

Vesp. Shee loves thee ;

Doates on thee : in my hearing told her Lord
Camillo was the *Piramus* and *Thisbe*
Of Courtship, and of complement : ah ha !
She nick'd it there. I envy not thy fortunes ;
For to say truth, th'art handsome, and deserv'st her,
Were she as great againe as she is.

Cam. I handsome ?

Alas, alas, a creature of heavens making,
Ther's all ! but firrah, prithee let's be sociable ;
I doe confesse, I thinke the *goodee-madame*
May possibly be compast ; I resolve too,
To put in for a share ; come what can come on't.

Vesp. A pretty toy 'tis, since th'art open breasted,

Camillo I presume she is wanton,

And therefore meane to give *the souffe*, when ever

I find the game on wing.

Cam. Let us consider,
Shee's but a merchants leavings.

Ves. Hatch'd i'th countrey,
And fledg'd i'th City.

Cam. 'Tis a common custome
'Mongst friends (they are not friends else) chiefly gallants,
To trade by turnes in such like *fraile commodities*.
The one is but reversioner to tother.

Ves. Why 'tis the fashion man.

Cam. Most free and proper,
One Surgeon, one apothecarie,

Ves. Thus then ;
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory
Of my endowments, my unblemish't services
To Ladies favours: with what Faith and secrecie,
I live in her commands, whose speciall curtesies,
Oblige me to particular engagements.
He doe as much for thee.

Cam. With this addition
Camillo (*best of faires*) a man so bashfull,
So simply harmelesse, and withall so constant,
Yet resolute in all ! true rights of honour ;
That to deliver him in perfect character,
Wereto detract from such a solid vertue
As raignes not in another soule--he is

Ves. The thing a *Mistresse* ought to wish her servant ;
Are we agreed?

Cam. Most readily on tother side ,
Unto the Lord her husband, talke as courselly
Of one another as we can.

Ves. I like it, so shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

Enter *Iulio*, *Flavia*, and *Fabritio*.

Iulio Be thankfull (fellow) to a noble *Mistresse* ;
Two hundred ducats are no trifling summe,

Nor

Nor common almes.

Fla. You must not loyter lazily,
And speake about the towne my friend in tavernes,
In gaming houses, nor sneake after dinner
To publike shewes, to interludes, in riot,
To some lewd painted baggage, trick't up gawdily,
Like one of us ; oh fie upon 'em gibblers !
I have bin told *they ride in coaches*, flaunt it
In brave ries, so rich, that it is scarce possible
How to distinguish one of these vile *naughty packs*,
From true and arrant Ladies-- they'le inveigle
Your substance and your body, thinke on that,
I say your body, looke to't,
Is't not sound counsell ?

Ju. 'Tis more, 'tis heavenly.

Ves. What hope *Camillo* now if this tune hold ?

Cam. Hope faire enough, *Vespucis* now as ever :
Why any Woman in her husband's presence
Can say no lesse.

Ves. 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

Fab. Madam, your care and charity at once
Have so new moulded my resolves,
That henceforth when e're my mention
Falls into report,
It shall requite this bounty, I am travelling
To a new world.

Ju. I like your undertakings.

Fla. New world, where's that I pray ? good, if you light on
A Parrot or a Monkey that has qualities
Of a new fashion, thinke on me.

Fab. Yes, Lady

I, I shall thinke on you ; and my devotions
Tendred where they are due in single meekenes,
With purer flames will mount with free increase
Of plenty, honors, full contents, full blessings,
ruth and affection twixt your Lord and you,

So

Sowith my humblest best leave, I turne from you.
 Never as now I am to appeare before yee.
 All joyes dwell here and lasting.

Exit.

Fla. Prithee sweetest

Harken in your eare———bespew't, the brim of your hat
 Strucke in mine eye--*Dissemble honest teares*
The griefes my heart does labour in———smarts
 Vnmeasurably,

Jul. A chance, a chance, 'twill off;
 Suddenly off, forbear, this handkercher
 But makes it worse.

Cam. Wincke madam with that eye,
 The paine will quickly passe.

Vesp. Immediatly,
 I know it by experience.

Fla. Yes, I find it.

Jul. Spare us a little Gentlemen : speak freely. *Ex. Ca. Vt.*
 What wer't thou saying *deere st*?

Fla. Doe you love me?
 Answer in sober sadnesse, I'me your wife now;
 I know my place and power.

Jul. What's this riddle?
 Thou hast thy selfe reply'd to thine owne question,
 In being marryed to me, a sure argument
 Of more then protestation.

Fla. Such it should be
 Were you as other husbands: 'tis granted,
 A woman of my state may like good cloaths,
 Choyce dyet, many servants, change of merriments,
 All these I doe enjoy; and wherefore not?
Great Ladies should command their owne delights,
 And yet for all this, I am us'd but homely,
 But I am serv'd even well enough.

Jul. My *Flavia*
 I understand not what thou would'st

Fla. Pray pardon me;

I doe confesse I'm foolish, very foolish ;
Trust me indeed I am, for I could cry
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour ;
You know I have a Brother.

Iu. Romanello,

An unkinde Brother.

Fla. Right, right, since you bosom'd
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe
As much as to come neere me. Oh, it mads me,
Being but two, that we should live at distance ;
As if I were a Cast-away, and you
For your part take no care on't, nor attempted
To draw him hither.

Iu. Say the man be peevish,
Must I petition him ?

Fla. Yea marry must ye,
Or else you love not me; not see my Brother ?
Yes I will see him, so I will, will see him.
You hear't, — oh my good Lord, deere gentle, prethec,
You shan't be angrie; 'las I know poore Gentleman,
A beares a troubled mind : but let us meete
And talke a little, we perhaps may chide
At first, shed some few teares, and then be quiet ;
There's all.

Iu. Write to him, and invite him hither,
Or goe to him thy selfe. Come, no more sadnesse,
Ile doe what thou canst wish.

Fla. And in requitall,
Beleeve I shall say something that may settle
A constancie of peace, for which thoult thanke me. *Exit.*

Enter SECCO and SPADONE.

Sacco. The rarest fellow, *Spadone*, so full of gamballs, a
talkes so humorously, does a not, so carelessly ? Oh rich !
O, my hope of posterity ! I could be in love with him.

Spadone. His tongue troubles like a Mill-clack : a tow-
zes the Lady sisters, as a tumbling Dog does young Rabets ;

hey here, dab there, your Madona; a has a catch at her too : There's a tricke in the businesse; I am a dunce, else I say a shrewd one.

Sec. Iumpe with me, I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

Spa. Who brought him in ? that would be knowne ?

Sec. That did signior *Troyle*; I saw the Page part at the doore; some trick still, go to Wife, I must and I will have an eye to this geere.

Spa. A plaine case, Roguery, Brokage and Roguery, or call me Bulchin. Fancies, quoth a? rather Frenzies. We shall all rore shortly : turne madcaps, lie open to what comes first I may stand to't. That boy Page, is a naughty boy Page; let me feele your forehead, ha, oh, hum,—yes—there,—there againe; I'm sorry for ye, a hand-saw cannot cure ye, monstrous and apparent.

Sec. What, what, what, what, what *Spadone*?

Spa. What what what what, nothing but Velvet tips you are of the first head yet : have a good hart man, a Cuckold though a be a Beast, weares invisable hornes; else we might know a City Bull from a Countrey Calfe,——villanous Boy still.

Sec. My Razer shall be my weapon, my Razer.

Spa. Why ? hee's not come to the honour of a Beard yet, he needs no shaving.

Sec. I will trim him and tram him.

Spa. Nay she may doe well enough for one.

Sec. One, ten, a hundred, a thouland; ten thousand: doe beyond Arithmetick *Spadone*, I speake it with some passion, I am a notorious Cuckold.

Spa. Grosse and ridiculous,——look ye, point blanck I dare not sweare that this same Mountbancking new-come foyst, is at least a procurer in the businesse; if not a pretender himselfe : but I thinke what I thinke.

Sec. Hee, *Troyle*, *Livio*, the Page, that hole-creeeping Page; all horne me sirrah; Ile forgive thee from my heart :

Dost

Dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottome.

Spa. A likely matter, 'las I'm Metamorphos'd I, be patient you'l marre all else.

Within. Ha ha ha ha.

Sec. Now, now, now, now, the games rampant, rampant.

Spa. Leave your wild fegaries, and learne to be a tame Antick, or Ile observe no longer.

Within. Ha ha ha ha.

Enter Troylo, Castamela, Floria, Clarella Silvia,
Morosa, and Romanello, like a Courtly

Mountebanck.

Sil. You are extremely busie signior.

Flo. Courtlie,

Without a fellow.

Cla. Have a stabbing wit.

Cast. But are you alwaies, when you presse on Ladies
Of mild and easie nature, so much satyre;
So tart and keen as we doe taste ye now?
It argues a leane braine.

Rom. Gip to your beauties,
You would be faire forsooth, you would be Monsters;
Faire Women are such, Monsters to bee seen
Are rare, and so are they.

Troy. Beare with him Ladies.

Mor. He is a foule-mouth'd man.

Sec. Whore, bitch——Fox, treedle——fa la la la——

Mor. How's that my Cat a Mountaine?

Spa. Hold her there Boy.

Cla. Were you ere in love fine Signior?

Rom. Yes for sports sake;
But soone forgot it. He that rides a gallop
Is quickly weary. I esteem of Love
As of a man in some huge place; it puzzles
Reason, distracts the freedome of the soule;
Renders a wise man foole, and a foole wise
In's owne conceit, not else it yeelds effects

Of pleasure travaile, bitter, sweet; warre, peace;
 Thornes, roses; prayers, curses; longings, surfers;
 Despaire, and then a rope: oh my trim lover,
 Yes, I have loved a score at once.

Spa. Out stallion, as I am a man and no man, the Baboon
 lies I dare sweare abominably.

Sec. Inhumanly, ——— keepe your bow close, *vixen*.

Mor. Beshrew your fingers if you be in earnest:
 You pinch too hard, go to, Ile pare your nailes for't.

Spa. She meanes your hornes, there's a bob for you.

Cl. Spruce Signior, if a man may love so many,
 Why may not a faire Lady have like priviledge
 Of severall servants?

Troy. Answer that, the reason
 Holds the same weight.

Mor. Marry and so it does,
 Tho he would spit his gall out.

Spa. Marke that *Secco*.

Sil. De'e pompe for a reply?

R. The learned differ
 In that point; grand and famous Schollers often
 Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtfull;
 Volumes have been writ on't. If then great Clerkes
 Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modestie
 For me to silence mine.

Flo. Dull and phlegmatick.

Cl. Yet Women sure in such a case are ever
 More secret then men are.

Sil. Yea and talke lesse.

Rom. That is a truth much fabled, never found
 You secret? when your Dresses blab your vanities;
Carnation for your Points? there's a grosse babler:
Tawny, hey ho, the pretty heart is wounded.
 A knot of *Willow* Ribbands she's forsaken?
 Another rides the Cock-horse, *green and azure*,
 Wince and cry wee hee like a Colt unbroken:

But

But desperate *black* puts em in minde of fish daies ;
When Lent spurres on Devotion, there's a famine :
Yet love and judgement may helpe all this pudder.
Where are they ? not in females ?

Flo. In all sorts of men no doubt.

Sil. Else they were sots to choofe.

Cla. To sweare and flatter, sometimes ly for profit.

Ro. Not so forthooth, should love and judgement meet,
The old, the foole; the ugly and deform'd
Could never be belov'd; for example,
Behold these two; this Madam and this shaver.

Mor. I doe defie thee; am I old or ugly ?

Sec. Tricks, knacks, devices, now it tronles about.

Rom. Troule let it stripling, thou hast yet firme footing,
And needst not feare the Cuckolds livory.

There's good Philosophie fort, take this for comfort,

No horned Beasts have teeth in either gummes :

But thou art tooth'd on both sides, tho she faile in't.

Mor. He's not jealous Sirrah.

Rom. That's his Fortune,

Women indeed more jealous are then Men ;

But men have more cause.

Spa. There a rub'd your forehead, 'twas a tough blow.

Sec. It smarts.

Mor. Pox on him, let him

Put's finger into any Gums of mine,

He shall finde I have teeth about me, sound ones.

Sec. You are a scurvie fellow, and I am made a Cokes,
an Ass; and this same filthy Cron's a flirt. *Whope do me
no harme good Woman.* *Exit Secco and Spadone.*

Spa. Now now he's in, I must not leave him so.

Troy. *Morosa*, what meanes this ?

Mor. I know not I,

He pinched me, called me names, most filthy names.

Will ye part hence Sir, I will set ye packing. *Exit.*

Cla. You were indeed too broad, too violent.

Flo. Here's nothing meant but mirth.

Sil. The Gentleman
Hath been a little pleasant.

Cla. Somewhat bitter
Against our sex.

Cast. For which I promise him
A nere proves choise of mine.

Rem. Not I your choice.

Troy. So she protested Signior.

Rom. Indeed.

Enter MOROSA.

Cla. Why you are moy'd Sir?

Mor. Hence, there enters

A civiller companion for faire Ladies
Then such a sloven.

Ro. Beauties.

Troy. Time prevents us,
Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

*Enter Octavio, Secco whispering him, Livio
and Nitido.*

Octa. Enough, slip off, and on your life be secret. *Exit*
A lovely day, young creatures. To you *Floria*; *Secco*,
To you *Clarella*, *Silvia*, to all service:
But who is this faire stranger?

Li. Castamela,
My Sister, noble Lord.

Oft. Let ignorance
Of what you were, plead my neglect of manners,
And this soft touch excuse it, y'ave enriched
This little family (most excellent Virgin)
With th'honour of your company.

Cast. I finde them
Worthily gracefull Sir.

Li. Are ye sotaken?

Oft. Here are no publique sights nor Courtly visitants,
Which youth and active blood might stray in thought for:
The

The companies are few, the pleasures single,
And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps by any ;
Not perfectly acquainted with this custome,
Are they not lovely one ?

Li. Sir, I dare answer
My sisters resolution. Free converse
Amongst so many of her Sex, so vertuous,
She ever hath prefer'd before the surquedry
Of protestation, or the vainer giddinesse
Of popular attendants.

Musicke.

Cast. Well playd Brother.

Off. The meaning of this Musicke.

Mor. Please your Lordship,
It is the Ladies hower for exercise
In Song and Dance.

Off. I dare not be the Author
Of trewanting the time then; neither will I.

Mor. Walke on deere Ladies;

Off. 'Tis a taske of pleasure.

Li. Be now my Sister, stand a triall bravely:

Mor. Remember my instructions, or—*Exit. Manet*

Off. With pardon. *Octa. and Casta-*

mela.
You are not of the number I presume yet,
To be enjoyn'd to houres. If you please,
We for a little while may sit as Iudges
Of their proficiencie, pray vouchsafe the favour.

Cast. I am Sir in a place to be commanded,
As now the present urgeth.

Off. No compulsion,
That were too hard a word; where you are Sovereaigne
Your yea and nay is Law : I have a suit tee.

Cast. For what Sir ?

Off. For your love.

Cast. To whom ? I am not
So weary of th' authority I hold

Over

Over mine owne contents in sleepees and wakings;
That I de resigne my liberty to any
Who should controule it.

Oct. Neither I intend so,
Grant me an entertainment.

Cast. Of what nature?

Oct. To acknowledge me your creature.

Cast. Oh my Lord.

You are too wise in yeeres, too full of counsaile
For my greene inexperience.

Oct. Love deare Maid,

Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty to desire to be belov'd.

I am not free from passion, tho' the current
Of a more lively heate runnes slowly through me,

My heart is gentle, and beleeve *fresh Girle*;

Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,

Which may adorne thy rarities to boast em;

That bounty can, withhold this *Academy*.

Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but onely

To such a constant use.

Cast. You have belike then

A Patent for concealing Virgins, otherwise

Make plainer your intentions.

Oct. To be pleasant

In practise of some outward sences onely

No more.

Cast. No, worse you dare not to imagine;

Where such an awfull Innocencie, as mine is,

Out-faces every wickednesse, your dotage

Has lul'd you in. I scent your cruell mercies,

Your factresse hath been tampering for my misery;

Your old temptation; your shee-Devill — beare with;

A language which this place, and none but this, hath

Infected my tongue with. The time will come too,

When he (unhappy man) whom your advancement

Hath

Hath ruin'd by being Spahnell to your fortunes;
Will curse a train'd me hither.——*Livio*,
I must not call him Brother; this one act
Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.

Off. The proffer of a noble courtesie
Is checkt it seemes.

Cast. A courtesie? a bondage;
You are a great man vicious, much more vicious,
Because you hold a seeming league with charity
Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality
For sensualists in your owne Sepulchre,
Even by your life time: yet are dead already.

Off. How's this, come be more mild.

Cast. You chide me soberly,
Then Sir *I* tune my voice to other Musique;
You are an eminent statift, be a Father
To such unfriended Virgins, as your bounty
Hath drawn into a scandall, you are powerfull
In meanes. A Batchelour, freed from the jealousies
Of wants, convert this privacie of maintenance
Into your own Court: let this (as you call it)
Your *Academy* have a residence there;
And there survey your charity your selfe:
That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands
With fitting portions, such as you know worthie;
You may yeeld to the present age example,
And to posterity a glorious Chronicle:
There were a worke of piety: the other is
A scorne upon your Tombe-stone; where the Reader
Will but expound, that when you liv'd you pander'd
Your owne purse and your fame. *I* am too bold Sir,
Some anger and some pittie hath directed
A wandering trouble.

Off. Be not known what passages
The time hath lent, for once *I* can beare with yee.

Cast. He countenance the hazzard of suspicion.

And be your guest a while.

Oct. Be——but hereafter——

I know not what——*Livio.*

Enter LIVIO and MOROSA.

Li. My Lord.

Cast. Indeed Sir

I cannot part we'e yet.

Oct. Well then thou shalt not,
My pretious *Castamela*——thou hast a Sister,

A perfect Sister *Livio.*

Mor. All is inck'd here
Good soule indeed.

Li. Ide speake with you anon.

Cast. It may be so.

Oct. Come faire one.

Li. Oh I am cheated, *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IIII.

Enter LIVIO and CASTAMELA.

Li. **P**Rithee be serious.

Cast. **P**Rithee interupt not

The Paradife of my becharming thoughts,
Which mount my knowledge to the spheare I move in,
Above this uselesse tattle.

Li. Tattle? Sister,
Dee know to whom you talke this?

Cast. To the Gentleman
Of my Lords Horse, new stept into the Office:
'Tis a good place Sir, if you can be thankfull.

Demeane your carriage in it, so that negligence
Or pride of your preferment oversway not
The grace you hold in his esteem. Such fortunes
Drop not down every day; observe the favour

That

That rais'd you to this fortune.

Li. Thou mistak'st sure

What person thou hold'st speech with.

Cast. Strange and idle.

Li. Is't possible? why? you are turn'd a Mistress;

A Mistress of the trimme; beshrew me Lady

You keepe a stately Port, but it becomes you not.

Our Fathers Daughter, if I erre not rarely,

Delighted in a softer humbler sweetness:

Not in a hey-de-gay of scurvey Gallantry.

You do not brave it like a thing oth' fashion;

You Ape the humor faintly.

Cast. Love deare Maid

Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper

For beauty to desire to be belov'd.

Li. Fine sport, you mind not me; will you yet heare me
Madam?

Cast. Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,

Which may adorne thy rarities to boast em:

That bounty can withhold——I know I shall not.

Li. And so you clapt the bargaine, the conceit on't

Tickles your contemplation. 'Tis come out now,

A Womans tongue I see, some time or other

Will prove her Traytor: This was all I sifted,

And here have found thee wretched.

Cast. We shall flourish.

Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be streightend

Within the limits of an emptie patience:

Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing onely

On greatnes, which enjoyes the swindge of pleasures.

But be our selves the object of their envie,

To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.

It was thy cunning *Livia*, I applaud it,

Feare nothing; Ile be thrifty in thy projects:

Want misery? may all such want as thinke on't;

Our footing shall stand firme.

Li. You are much witty.

Why *Castamela*, this to me? you counterfeit
Most palpable. I am too well acquainted
With thy condition Sister; if the Marquesse
Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,
Provoking thy contempt: not all the flatteries
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising,
Can or shall save our soules.

Cast. Indeed not so Sir,
You are beside the point, most gentle Signior,
Ile be no more your ward, no longer chamber'd,
Nor mew'd up to the lure of your Devotion:
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not; surely
I cannot for my promise past; and sufferance
Of former trialls hath too strongly arm'd me:
You may take this for answer.

Li. In such earnest?
Hath goodnes left thee quite? foole thou art wandring
In dangerous fogges, which will corrupt the puritie
Of every noble vertue dwelt within thee.
Come home againe, home *Castamela* Sister;
Home to thine owne simplicitie, and rather
Then yeeld thy memorie up to the Witch-craft
Of an abused confidence; be courted
For *Romanello*.

Cast. *Romanello*.

Li. Scornst thou
The name? thy thoughts I finde then are chang'd rebels
To all that's honest, that's to truth and honour.

Cast. So Sir, and in good time.

Li. Thou art false suddainly
Into a plurisie of faithlesse impudence;
A whorish itch infects thy blood; a leprosie
Of raging lust, and thou art madde to prostitute
The glory of thy Virgin dower basely
For common sale. This foulness must be purg'd,

Or thy disease will ranckle to a pestilence,
Which can even taint the very ayre about thee:
But *I* shall studie Physick.

Cast. Learne good manners :
I take it you are sawcie.

Li. Sawcie? strumpet
In thy desires: 'tis in my power to cut off
The twist thy life is spunne by.

Cast. Phew, you rave now :
But if you have not perished all your reason;
Know *I* will use my freedome; you (forsooth)
For change of fresh apparell, and the pocketting
Of some well looking Duccats, were contented,
Passinglie pleas'd, yes marry were you (marke it)
To expose me to the danger now you raile at.
Brought me, nay forc'd me hither, without question
Of what might follow, here you finde the issue :
And *I* distrust not but it was th'appointment
Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me
Then widdowed virginity.

Li. You are a gallant
One of my old Lord *Fancies*. Peevish girle,
Was't ever heard that youth could doate on sicknesse,
A gray beard, wrinckled face, a dryed up marrow,
A toothlesse head, — a — this is but a merriment,
Meerely but triall. *Romanello* loves thee,
Has not abundance, true, yet cannot want.
Returne with me, and *I* will leave these fortunes,
Good Maid, of gentle nature.

Cast. By my hopes,
I never plac'd affection on that Gentleman,
Tho a deserv'd well; *I* have told him often
My resolution.

Li. Will you hence, and trust to
My care of settling you a peace.

Cast. No surely,

Such treatie may breake off.

Li. Off bee't broken,
He doe what thou shalt rue.

Cast. You cannot *Livio*.

Li. So confident? young Mistris mine, He do't. *Exit.*

Enter TROYLO.

Troy. Incomparable Maid.

Cast. You have been Counsellor
To a strange Dialogue.

Troy. If there be constancie
In protestation of a vertuous nature;
You are secure, as the effects shall witnes.

Cast. Be noble, I am credulous, my language
Hath prejudic'd my heart; I and my Brother
Nere parted at such distance; yet I glory
In the faire race he runs: but feare the violence
Of his disorder.

Troy. Little time shall quit him.

*Enter Secco leading Nitido in a Garier with one hand, a Rod
in his other; followed by Morosa, Silvia, Floria,*

Clarella; Spadone behind laughing.

Sec. The young Whelp is mad, I must slice the worrne
out of his breech: I have noos'd his neck in the Collar;
and I will once turne Dog-leech. Stand from about me, or
you'l finde me terrible and furious.

Nit. Ladies good Ladies, deare Madam *Morosa.*

Flo. Honest *Secco.*

Sil. What was the cause? what wrong has hee done
to thee?

Cla. Why dost thou fright us so, and art so peremptory
where wee are present fellow?

Mor. Honey-bird, Spouse, Catamountaine; ah the Child,
the pretty poore Child; the sweet fac'd Child.

Spa. That very word halters the care-wig.

Sec. Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked truth to
your faces: his foreparts have been so lusty, and his po-
sterions

sterions must do penance for't: Vntrusse *Whiskin* untrusse;
away burres, out Mare-hagge moyle; avaunt, thy turne
comes next, avaunt thy turn comes next; avaunt the Horns
of my rage are advanced; hence or *I* shall gore ye.

Spa. Lash him soundly, let the little Ape shew trickes.

Nie. Helpe, or *I* shall be throtled.

Mor. Yes, *I* will helpe thee pretty heart, if my tongue
cannot prevaile; my nayles shall. Barbarous minded man, let
go, or *I* shall use my tallons.

Spa. Well playd Dog, well playd Beare, sa, sa, sa; to't to't.

Sec. Fury, whore, baud, my Wife and the Devill.

Mor. To'spot, stinckard, pander, my husband & a rascal.

Spa. Scould Coxcombe, baggage, Cuckold.

Crabed Age and Youth
Cannot jumpe together :
One is like good lucke,
T'other like foule weather.

Troy. Let us fall in now : What uncivill rudenesse
Dares offer a disturbance to this company.
Peace and delights dwell here, not brawles and outrage :
Sirrah be sure you shew some reasons why
You so forget your duty ? quickly shew it,
Or *I* shall tame your choller ; what's the ground on't ?

Spa. Humh how's that ? how's that ? is he there with
a Wanion ? Then doe *I* begin to dwindle, — O oh, the
fit, the fit; the fits upon me now, now now now.

Sec. It shall out. First then know all Christian people
Jewes and *Infidels*, hees and shees, by these presents, that
I am a beast; see what *I* say, *I* say a very beast.

Troy. 'Tis granted.

Sec. Go to then, a horned beast : a goodly tall horn'd
beast in pure verity a Cuckold : nay *I* will tickle their
Trangdidoes.

Mor. Ah thou base fellow ! wouldst thou confesse it
and it were so : but 'tis not so, and thou lyeest and lowdly.

Troy. Patience *Morosa*, you are you say a Cuckold.

Sec. He

Sec. Ile justifie my words; I scorn to eate em: this sucking Ferret hath been wrigling in my old Coney borough.

Mor. The Boy, the Babe, the Infant; I spit at thee.

Cast. Fie *Secco* fie.

Sec. Appeare *Spadone*, my proofes are pregnant and grosse: truth is the truth; I must and I will be divorced. speake *Spadone* and exalt thy voice.

Spa. Who I speake, alas I cannot speake I.

Nit. As I hope to live to be a man.

Sec. Dambe the prick of thy weason Pipe: where but two lie in a bed you must be Bodkin bitch-baby must yc. *Spadone*, am I a Cuckold or no Cuckold?

Spa. Why? you know I an ignorant unable trifle in such businesse; an Oase, a simple Alcatote; an Innocent.

Sec. Nay nay nay, no matter for that; this Ramkin hath tup'd my old rotten carrion Mutton.

Mor. Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage.

Sec. *Spadone* speake alowd what I am.

Spa. I do not know.

Sec. What hast thou seen em doing together? doing.

Spa. Nothing.

Mor. Are thy mad braines in thy mazar now, thou jealous Bedlam?

Sec. Didst not thou from time to time tell me as much?

Spa. Never.

Sec. Hoyday, Ladies and Signior I am abus'd, they are agreed to scorne jeere and runne me out of my wits; by consent this gelded hobet a hoy is a corrupted Pander: the page a milke liverd Dildo; my Wife a Whore confest; and I my selfe a Cuckold arrant.

Spa. Truely *Secco* for the antient good Woman; I dare sweare point-black; and the Boy surely, I ever said was to any mans thinking, a very Chrisome in the thing you wot, that's my opinion clearely.

Cl. What a wise goose-cap hast thou shew'd thy self?

Sec. Here in my fore-head it sticks, and stick it shall.
Law

law I will have; I will never more tumble in sheets with thee; I will father no mis-begotten of thine; the Court shall trounce thee, the Citie casheere thee, diseases devoure thee, and the Spittle confound thee. *Exit.*

Casf. The man ha's dream'd himsele into a lunacie.

Sil. Alas poore *Nitido*.

Nit. Truly I am innocent.

Mor. Marry art thou, so thou art; the World sayes how vertuously I have carried my good name in every part about me, these threescore yeares and odde; and at last to slip with a child; there are men, men enough, tough and lustie (I hope) if one would give their mind to the iniquitie of the flesh, but this is the life I ha' led with him a while since when a lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

Troy. This onely (Ladies) is a fit of noveltie,
All will be reconcil'd, I doubt, *Spadone*;
Here is your hand in this how ere deny'd.

Spa. Faithfully in truth forsooth.

Troy. Well, well enough—*Morosa*, be lesse troubled;
This little jarre is argument of loue,
It will prove lasting; Beauties, I attend yee. *Ex. Troy. La.*

Spa. Youngling, a word youngling: have not you scap'd the lash handsomly? thanke me for't

Nit. I feare thy roguery, and I shall finde it.

Spa. If possible, give me thy little silt, we are friends;
have a care henceforth, remember this whilst you live.

And still the Vrchin would, but could not doe:

Pretty knave, and so forth: Come, truce on all hands.

Nit. Beshrew your fooles head; this was jeast in earnest.

Exeunt.

Enter ROMANELLO:

Rom. I will converse with beasts; there is in mankinde
No sound society, but in woman (blesse me)
Nor faith nor reason: I may justly wonder
What trust was in my Mother.

Enter a Servant.

H

Ser.

Ser. A Caroch, fir,
Stand ω at the Gate.

Rom. Stand let it still, and freeze there :
Make sure the locks.

Ser. Too late, you are prevented.

Enter Flavia, Camillo, and Vespuci.

Fla. Brother, I come——

Rom. Vnlookt for ;——I but sojourne
My selfe ; I keepe nor house, nor entertainments,
French Cookes compos'd, Italian Collations;
Rich Persian surfets, with a traine of services,
Besitting exquisite Ladies, such as you are,
Perfume not our low Roofes ; —the way lies open
That there: ——Good day, great Madam.

Fla. Why d'ye'e slight me?
For what one act of mine, even from my Childhood,
Which may deliver my deserts inferiour
Or to our Births or Familie ; is Nature
Become, in your contempt of me, a Monster ?

Ves. What's this *Camillo*!

Cam. Not the straine in ordinary.

Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourses——however,
You are a Woman.

Fla. Pensive and unfortunate,
Wanting a Brothers bosome to dis-burthen
More griefs, then female weaknesse can keep league with ;
Let worst of malice, voyc'd in loud report,
Spit what it dares invent against my actions ;
And it shall never find a power to blemish
My mention, other then besemes a patient :
I not repine at lownesse ; and the Fortunes
Which I attend on now, are as I value them,
No new creation to a looser liberty :
Your strangenes only may beget a change
In wild opinion.

Cam.

Cam. Heere's another tang of sence, *Vespuci.*

Ves. Listen and observe,

Rom. Are not you pray ye, (nay, wee'l be contented
In presence of your Vihers, once to prattle
Some idle minutes) are you not inthroan'd
The Ladie Regent, by whole speciall influence
Julio the Count of *Camerine* is order'd?

Fla. His Wife'tis knowne I am; and in that title,
Obedient to a service; else, of greatnesse
The quiet of my wish was nere ambitious.

Rom. Hee loues you?

Fla. As worthily, as dearely.

Rom. And 'tis beleeu'd how practice quickly fashion'd
A port of humorous anticknesse in carriage,
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

Cam. Put home roundly.

Ves. A ward for that blow.

Fla. Safety, of mine Honor,
Instructed such deceit.

Rom. Your Honour?

Fla. Witnesse

This brace of sprightly Gallants, whose confederacie
Presum'd to plot a siege.

Cam. Ves. Wee, Madam!

Rom. On, on,

Some leysure serves us now.

Fla. Still as Lord *Julio*

Pursu'd his Contract with the man (oh pardon
If I forget to name him) by whose poverty
Of honest truth, I was renounc'd in Marriage:
These two, intrusted for a secret Courtship,
By tokens, letters, message, in their turnes,
Profferd their owne devotions, as they term'd them,
Almost unto an impudence; regardlesse
Of him, on whose supportance they relyed.

Rom. Dare not for both your lives to interrupt her.

Fla. Bayted thus to vexation, I assum'd
 A dulnesse of simplicity; till afterwards
 Lost to my Citie, Freedome, and now enter'd
 Into this present state of my Condition;
 (Concluding henceforth absolute security
 From their lascivious Villanies) I continued
 My former custome of ridiculous lightnesse,
 As they did their pursuit; t'acquaint my Lord, were
 T'have ruin'd their best certainty of living:
 But that might yeeld suspicion in my nature;
 And woman may be vertuous without mischief,
 To such as tempt them.

Rom. You are much to blame sirs,
 Should all be truth is utterd.

Fla. For that Justice
 I did command them hither, for a privacie
 In conference 'twixt *Flavia* and her brother
 Needed no Secretaries such as these are:
 Now *Romanello*, thou art every refuge.
 I flie for right to; if I be thy Sister,
 And not a Bastard, answer their confession,
 Or threaten vengeance, with perpetuall silence.

Cam. My follies are acknowledg'd; y'are a Lady
 Who have outdone example; when I trespasse
 In ought but duty, and respects of service,
 May hopes of ioyes forsake me,

Ves. To like pennance
 I joyne a constant votarie.

Rom. Peace then
 Is ratified, — my Sister thou hast waken'd
 Intrans'd affection from its sleepe to knowledge
 Of once more who thou art; no jealous frenzie
 Shall hazard a distrust: reigne in thy sweetnes,
 Thou onely worthy Woman; these two Converts
 Record our hearty vnion, I have shooke off
 My thraldome Lady, and have made discoveries

Of famous Novels ; but of those hereafter ;
Thus wee seale love, you shall know all and wonder.

Enter LIVIO.

Liv. Health and his hearts desire to *Romanello* ;
My welcome I bring with me ; noblest Lady,
Excuse an ignorance of your faire presence ;
This may be bold intrusion.

Fla. Not by me, Sir.

Rom. You are not frequent here as I remember ;
But since you bring your welcome with you, *Livio*,
Be bold to use it ; to the point.

Liv. This Lady,
With both these Gentlemen, in happie houre
May be partakers of the long liv'd amity,
Our soules must liuke in.

Rom. So belike the Marquesse
Stores some new grace, some speciall close employment,
For whom your kind commends by deputation
Please thinke on to oblige, and *Livio's* charity
Descends on *Romanello* liberally, above my means to thank.

Liv. *Siena* sometimes
Has beene inform'd how gladly there did passe
A treatie of chaste loves with *Castamela* ;
From this good heart, it was in me an error
Wilfull and causelesse, 'tis confest, that hinder'd
Such honourable prosecution,
Even and equall ; better thoughts consider,
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led yee
To vowes of true affection ; usof friendship.

Rom. Sits the wind there boy, leaving formall circum-
stance, proceed ; you dally yet.

Liv. Then without plea,
For countenancing what has beene injurious
On my part, I am come to tender really
My Sister a lou'd Wife t' yee ; freely take her
Right honest man, and as yee live together.

May your encrease of yeares prove but one spring,
 One lasting flourishing youth; she is your owne,
 My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony.

Fla. Brother, this day was meant a holyday,
 For feast on every side.

Rom. The new-turn'd Courtier
 Proffers most franckly; but withall leaves out
 A due consideration of the narrowness
 Our short estate is bounded in, some *Politicks*
 As they rise vp (like *Livio*) to perfection
 In their owne competencies, gather also
 Grave supplement of providence and wisedome;
 Yet he abates in his —you use a triumph
 In your advantages, it smells of state:
 We know you are no foole.

Fla. Sooth I beleieve him.

Cam. Else 'twere imposture.

Ves. Folly ranck, and sence lesse.

Liv. Enjoyne an oath at large.

Rom. Since you meane earnest,
 Receive in satisfaction; I am resolv'd
 For single life; there was a time (was *Livio*)
 When indiscretion blinded forecast in me;
 But recollection, with your rules of thriftinesse,
 Prevaild against all passion.

Liv. You'd be courted,
 Courtship's the childe of coynesse *Romanello*;
 And for the Rules 'tis possible to name them.

Rom. A single life's no burthen; but to draw
 In yoakes is chargeable, and doth require
 A double maintenance; *Livios* very words,
 For he can live without a wife and purchase,
 By'r Lady so you doe Sir, send you joy on't;
 These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.

Liv. Full, —answer was late mate to this already,
 My Sister's onely thine.

Rom.

Rom. Where lives the Creature
Your pitty stoopes to pin upon your ser vant ?
Not in a Nunn'ry for a yeares probation ?
Fie on such coldnes, there are BOVVRES OF FANCIES
Ravish'd from troops of Fairy Nymphs, and Virgins
Cul'd from the downie breasts of Queenes their Mothers,
In the *Titaniau* Empire, far from Mortals :
But these are tales ; troth I have quite abandoned
All loving humour.

Liv. Heere is Icorne in Riddles,

Rom. Were there another Marquesse in *Sienna*
More potent then the same who is vice-gerent
To the great Duke of *Florence*, our grand Master:
We're the *great Duke* himselfe here, and would lift up
My head to fellow pompe amongst his Nobles,
By falshood to the honour of a *Sister*,
Vrging me instrument in his *Seraglio*;
Ide teare the Wardrobe of an outside from him.
Rather then live a Pandar to his bribery.

Liv. So would the *hee* you talke to, *Romanello*,
Without a noise that's singular.

Rom. Shees a Countesse
Flavia, shee ; but she has an Earle her Husband,
Though farre from our procurement.

Liv. *Castamela*
Is refus'd then.

Rom. Never design'd my Choyce,
You know and I know (*Livio*) more I tell thee.
A noble honestie ought to give allowance,
When reason intercedes ; by all that's manly,
I range not in derision, but compassion.

Liv. Intelligence flies swiftly.

Rom. Pretty swiftly ;
We have compar'd the Copie with th' *Originall*,
And finde no disagreement.

Liv. So my Sister

Can be no wife for *Romanello*?

Rom. No, no,

One noe once more and ever; —this your courtesie
Foild me a second; —Sir, you brought a welcome,
You must not part without it; scan with pittie
My plainnesse, I intend nor gall, nor quarrell.

Liv. Far bee't from me to presse a blame, great Lady;
I kisse your noble hands, and to these Gentlemen
Present a civill parting; *Romanello*,
By the next foot-Post thou wilt heare some newes
Of alteration; if I send, come to me.

Rom. Questionlesse, yea.

Liv. My thanks may quit the favor. *Exit.*

Fla. Brother his intercourse of conference,
Appeares at once perplext, but withall sensible.

Rom. Doubts easily resolv'd; upon your vertues
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded:
Ile guard yee to your home, lost in one comfort
Heere I have found another.

Fla. Goodnesse prosper it. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, and NITIDO.

Oct. **N**O more of these complaints and clamors;
Have we nor enemies abroad,
Nor waking Sycophants,
Who peering through our actions, wait occasion
By which they watch to lay advantage open
To vulgar descant, but amongst our selves
Some whom we call our owne must practise scandall
(Out of a libertie of ease and fulnesse)
Against our honour, we shall quickly order
Strange reformation Sirs, and you will finde it.

Troy.

Troy. When Servants servants, slaves, once relish license
Of good opinion from a noble nature,
They take upon them boldnesse to abuse
Such interest, and Lord it ore their fellowes,
As if they were exempt from that condition.

Os. He is unfit to mannage publique matters
Who knowes not how to rule at home his hoshould ;
You must be jealous (puppie) of a Boy too ;
Raife uprores, (bandie noise) amongst young Maidens ;
Keepe revels in your madnesse, use authoritie
Of giving punishment ; a foole must foole ye ;
And this is all but pastime, as you thinke it.

Nit. With your good Lordships favor, since, *Spadone*
Confest it was a gullery put on *Secco*,
For some revenge meant me.

Troy. He vow'd it truth
Before the Ladies in my hearing.

Os. Sirrah,
Ile turne you to your shop agen and trinkets,
Your suds and pan of small-cole ; take your damzell
The grand old ragg, of beautie ; your deaths head ;
Try then what custome *reverence* can trade in ;
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neighbours ;
That all the towne may roare ye ; now ye simper
And looke like a shav'd skull.

Nit. This comes of prating.

Sec. I am my Lord a worme, pray my Lord tread on
me, I will not turne agen ; 'las I shall never venture
To hang my Pole out ; on my knees I begge it,
My bare knees, I will downe unto my wife
And doe what she will have me, all I can doe ;
Nay more, (if she will have it) aske forgiveness,
Be an obedient Husband ; never crosse her,
Vnlesse sometimes in kindnes : Seignior *Troylo*,
Speake one sweet word ; Ile sweare 'twas in my madnes,
I said I knew not what, and that no creature.

Was brought by you amongst the Ladies, *Nitide*
He forswears thee too.

Oct. Wait a while our pleasure;
You shall know more anon.

Sec. Remember me now. *Exeunt.*

Oct. *Troylo*, thou art my brothers sonne, and nereest
In blood to me; thou hast beene next in counsell.
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider
How much they doe engage) worke by instinct
In every worthy or ignoble mention
Which can concerne me.

Troy. Sir, they have and shall
As long as I beare life.

Oct. Henceforth the Stewardship
My carefulnes, for the honour of our *Familie*
Has undertooke, must yeeld the world account,
And make cleare reckonings; yet we stand suspected
In our even courses.

Troy. But when time shall wonder
How much it was mistaken in the issue
Of honourable, and secure contrivements.
Your wisdom crown'd with lawrels of a Iustice
Deserving approbation will quite foyle
The ignorance of popular opinion.

Oct. Report is merry with my feates; my dotage
Vndoubtedly the Vulgar voyce doth caroll it.

Troy. True Sir, but *Romanello's* late admission
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumor
Without all contradiction; now 'tis Oracle,
And so receiv'd; I am confirm'd, the Lady
By this time proves his scorne as well as laughter.

Oct. And we with her his table-talk—she stands not
In any firme affection to him.

Troy. None Sir,
More then her wonted Noblenesse afforded
Out of a civill custome.

Oct. We.

Off. We are resolute
In our determination, meaning quickly
To cause these clouds flie off ; the ordering of it
Nephew is thine.

Enter Livio.

Troy. Your care and love commands me.

Liv. I come, my Lord, a Suiter.

Off. Honest *Livio*,
Perfectly honest, reallie ; no fallacies
No flaws are in thy truth : I shall promote thee
To place more eminent.

Troy. *Livio* deserves it.

Off. What suit ? speake boldly.

Liv. Pray discharge my office,
My mastership ; 'twere better live a yeoman
And live with men, then over-eye your houses,
Whiles I my selfe am ridden like a jade. (man,

Off. Such breath sounds but ill manners ; know young
Old as we are, our Soule retaines a fire
Active and quick in motion, which shall equall
The daringst boyes ambition of true manhood
That weares a pride to brave us.

Troy. He is my friend, Sir.

Off. You are wearie of our service, and may leave it.
We can court no mans dutie.

Liv. Without passion,
My Lord, d'ye thinke your Nephew here, your *Troyle*
Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood ;
'Tis no rude question.

Off. Had you knowne his Mother
You might have sworne her honest ; let him justifie
Himselfe not base borne : for thy Sisters sake
I doe conceive the like of thee ; be wiser,
But prate to me no more thus ; — if the gallant
Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,
Acquaint him with the present service, Nephew,

I meant to imploy him in. *Exit.*

Troy. Fic *Livio*, wherefore
Turn'd wild upon the sodaine.

Liv. Pretty Gentleman,
How modestly you move your doubts? how tamely?
Aske *Romanello*, he hath without leave
Surveigh'd your *Bowres of FANCIES*, hath discovered
The mystery of those pure *Nuns*; those chaste ones,
Vntouch'd forsooth; the holy *Academie*:
Hath found a *Mothers daughter* there of mine too,
And one who cald my *Father Father*, talks ont,
Ruffles in mirth on't; bassel'd to my face
The glory of her greatnesse by it.

Troy. Truly.

(sery,

Liv. Death to my sufferance, canst thou heare this mi-
And answer't with a truly? 'twas thy wickednes
False as thine owne heart tempted my credulity,
That, her to ruine; she was once an innocent,
As free from spot, as the blew face of heaven
Without a cloud in't; she is now as fully'd
As is that *Canopie*, when mists and vapours
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

Troy. Sayes he so, *Livio*.

Liv. Yes, and't like your noblenes;
He truly does so say; your breach of friendship
With me, must borrow courage from your Vncle,
Whiles your sword talkes an answer; theres no remedy,
I will have satisfaction, though thy life
Come short of such demand.

Troy. Then satisfaction
Much worthier then your sword can force, you shall have,
Yet mine shall keepe the peace; I can be angry
And brave alow'd in my reply; but honour
Schooles me to fitter grounds, this as a gentleman
I promise ere the minutes of the night
Warne us to rest, such satisfaction (heare me

And

And credit it) as more you cannot wish for,
So much not thinke of.

Liv. Not ? the time is short,
Before our sleeping houre : you vow.

Troy. I doe,
Before we ought to sleepe.

Liv. So I intend to,
On confidence of which, what left the *Marquess*
In charge for me ? Ile do't.

Troy. Invite Count *Julio*
His Ladie, and her brother, with their company
To my Lords Court at Supper.

Liv. Easie busines,
And then.——

Troy. And then soone after, the performance
Of my past vow waites on yee, but be certaine
You bring them with y'e.

Liv. Yet your servant.

Troy. Neerer my friend, you'l find no lesse.

Liv. 'Tis strange, is't possible. *Exeunt.*

Enter Castamela, Clarella, Floria, and Silvia.

Cast. You have discourst to me a lovely story,
My heart doth dance toth' musique ; 'twere a sinne
Should I in any tittle stand distrustfull
Where such a people such as you are, innocent
Even by the Patent of your yeares and language,
Informe a truth ; O talke it ore againe ;
Ye are ye say *three daughters of one mother*,
That Mother *only Sister* to the *Marquess*,
Whose charge hath since her death (being left a widdow)
Here in this place prefer'd your education :
Is't so ?

Cl. It is even so, and howsoever
Report may wander loosely in some scandall
Against our privacies ; yet we have wanted
No gracefull meanes fit for our births and qualities,

To traine us up into a vertuous knowledge
Of what, and who we ought to be.

Flo. Our Vncle

Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him
Before he shew'd us to the world, to render
Our youths and our demeanors in each action
Approv'd by his experience, then too early
Adventure on the follies of the age,
By prone temptations fatall.

Sil. In good deed la,

We meane no harme.

Cast. Deceit must want a shelter

Vnder a rooffe, that's covering to soules
So white as breaths beneath it, such as these are ;
My happines shares largely in this blessing,
And I must thanke direction of the providence
Which led me hither.

Gla. Aptly have you stil'd it,

A providence for ever in chaste loves,
Such majestie hath power, —our Kinsman *Troyle*
Was herein his owne factor ; he will prove,
Beleeve him Lady, every way as constant,
As noble, we can baile him from the cruelty
Of misconstruction.

Flo. You will finde his tongue

But a just Secretary to his heart.

Cast. The Guardianesse

(Deare Creatures) now and then, it seemes
Makes bold to talke.

Gla. Sh'as waited on us

From all our Cradles, will prate sometimes odly,
However meanes but sport ; I am unwilling
Our household should breake up, but must obey
His wisdom, under whose command we live ;
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not ;
Yet 'tis a pretty life this and a quiet.

Enter

Enter Morosa, Secco, his apron on, Basin of water, Seissers, Combs, Towels, Razor, &c.

Sec. Chuck, duckling, honye, mousse, monkey all and every thing; I am thine ever and only, will never offend againe, as I hope to shave cleane and get honour by't, heartily I aske forgiveness; bee gracious to thine owne flesh and blood, and kisse me home.

Mor. Looke you provoke us no more, for this time you shall finde mercy; — was't that hedgehog set thy braines a crowing? bee quits with him, but doe not hurt the great male-baby.

Sec. Enough, I am wise, and will be merry, — hast Beauties, the Caroches will sodaine receive yee; a night of pleasure is toward, pray for good husbands a peece, that may trim you featly, (dainty ones) and let mee alone to trim them.

Mor. Loving hearts be quick as soone as ye can, time runs apace; what you must doe, doe nimbly, and give your minds to't; young bloods stand fumbling? fie away, be ready for shame before-hand; hisband, stand to thy tackling hisband, like a man of mettall: goe, goe, goe.

Exit Morosa and Ladies.

Sec. Will ye come away loyterers? shall I wait all day? Am I at livery d'ye thinke.

Enter Spadone ready to be trim'd, and Nitsdo.

Spa. Here and ready; what a mouthing thou keep'st, I have but scour'd my hands, and curried my head to save time, honest *Secco*, neat *Secco*, precious barbarian, now thou look'st like a worshipfull Tooth-drawer, would I might see thee on horsebacke, in the pompe once.

Sec. A Chaire, a Chaire, quick, quick.

Nit. Here's a chaire, a chaire politique, my fine boy, sit thee downe in triumph, and rise one of the nine Worthies; thou'lt be a sweet youth anon sirrah.

Spa. So, to worke with a grace now, I cannot but highly be in love with the fashion of Gentry, which is never com-

compleat, till the *snip snap* of dexterity, hath mow'd off the excrements of slovenry.

Sec. Very commodiously deliver'd I protest.

Nit. Nay, the thing under your fingers is a *whelp* of *thewits* I can assure you.

Spa. I a whelp of the wits? no, no, I cannot barke impudently, and ignorantly enough; —oh, and a man of this Art had now and then Sovereignty over faire Ladies, you would tickle their *upper* and their *lower lips*, you'd so smouch and belaver their chopps.

Sec. We light on some offices for Ladies too, as occasion serves.

Nit. Yes, frizzle or powder their haire, plane their eye-browes, set a napp on their cheekes, keepe secrets, and tell newes; that's all.

Sec. Winke fast with both your eyes, the ingredients to the composition of this ball, are most odorous Camphire, pure sope of *Venice*, oyle of sweet Almonds, with the spirit of Allome; they will search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the shop-windowes of your head close.

Spa. Newes? well remember'd, that's part of your trade too (prethee doe not rub so roughly) and how goes the tattle oth' towne? what novelties stirring, ha?

Sec. Strange, and scarce to be credited; a gelding was lately scene to leape an old Mare; and an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fifteene with childe, here hard by, most admirable and portentous.

Spa. Ile never beleieve it, 'tis impossible.

Nit. Most certaine, some *Doctor Farriers* are of opinion that the Mare may cast a Foale, which the Master of their Hall conclude in spight of all lockies and their familiars, will carry every race before him, without spurre or switch.

Spa. O rare, a man might venture ten or twenty to one safely then, and nere be in danger o' the clieate; —this
water

water me thinks is none of the sweetest ; Camphire and soape of Venice say ye.

Sec. With a little *grecum album* for mundification.

Nit. *Grecum album* is a kinde of white perfum'd powder, which plaine Countrey people, I beleeeve, call dog-muske.

Spa. Dog-muske, poxe o'the dog-muske, what dost meane to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such twitches to't ? set me at liberty as soone as thou canst, gentle *Secco*.

Sec. Onely pare off a little superfluous downe from your chin, and all's done.

Spa. Pish, no matter for that ; dispatch, I entreat thee.

Nit. Have patience man, 'tis for his credit to be neat.

Spa. What's that so cold at my throat ; and scrubs so hard ?

Sec. A kinde of steele instrument ycleped a Razor, a sharp toole and a keene, it has a certaine vertue of cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind to't ; —hold up your muzzle Signior, —when did you talke baudily to my wife last ? tell me for your owne good (Signior) I advise you.

Spa. I talke baudily to thy wife ? hang baudry ; good now mind thy busines, lest thy hand slip.

Nit. Give him kinde words you were best, for a toy that I know.

Sec. Confesse, or I shall marre your grace in whiffing Tobacco or squirting of sweet wines downe your gullet ; —you have beene offering to play the gelding we told yee of I suppose ; —speake truth, (move the semicircle of your countenance to my left hand file) out with the truth ; would you have had aleap.

Nit. *Spadone*, thou art in a lamentable pickle, have a good heart and pray if thou canst, I pittie thee.

Spa. I protest and vow friend *Secco*, I know no leaps, I.

Sec. Letcherously goatish and an Eunuch ? this cutt, and then—

Spa. Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts, I am no Eunuch, you finicall asse, I am no Eunuch; but at all points as well provided, as any he in *Italy*, and that thy Wife could have told thee: this your conspiracie, to thrust my head into a brazen tub of Kitchin-lee, hudwinke mine eyes in mud-soape, and then offer to cut my throat in the darke like a Coward? I may live to be reveng'd on both of yee.

Nit. Oh scurvy! thou art angry, feele man whether thy weason be not cracked first.

Sec. You must fiddie my braines into a jealousie, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juyce of yellowes: have I fitted yee now sir?

Enter Morosa.

Spa. All's whole yet I hope?

Mor. Yes, sirrah; all is whole yet; but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thoult finde a roguy bargain on't; *deare*, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion: *Nitido* has pag'd it trimly too; no wording, but make ready and attend at Court.

Sec. Now we know thou art a man; we forget what hath past, and are fellowes and friends againe.

Nit. Wipe your face cleane; and take heed of a Razor.

Spa. The feare put me into a sweat; I cannot helpe it; I am glad I have my throat mine owne, and must laugh for Company, or be laught at. *Exit.*

Enter Livio, and Troilo.

Liv. You finde Sir, I have prov'd a ready servant, And brought th'expected guests, amidst these feastings, These costly entertainments; you must pardon My incivility that here sequesters Your eares from choise of musique, or discourse To a lesse pleasant parley; night drawes on, And quickly will grow old; it were unmanly For any Gentleman, who loves his honour,

To

To put it on the rack ; here is small comfort
Of such a satisfaction as was promis'd,
Though certainly it must be had ; pray tell me
What can appeare about me to be us'd thus ?

My soule is free from injuries.

(you,

Troy. My tongue from serious untruths, I never wrong'd
Love you too well to meane it now.

Liv. Not wrong'd mee ?

(Blest Heaven !) this is the bandie of a patience
Beyond all sufferance.

Troy. If your owne acknowledgement
Quit me not fairely ere the houres of rest
Shall shut our eyes up, say I made a forfeit
Of what no length of yeares can once redeeme.

Liv. Fine whirles in tame imagination ; on fir,
It is scarce mannerly at such a season,
Such a solemnitie (the place and presence
Consider'd) with delights, to mixe combustions.

Troy. Prepare for free contents, and give em welcome.

Flourish. Enter Octavio, Iulio, Flavia, Romanello,
Camillo and Vespuci.

Oct. I dare not study words, or hold a complement
For this particular ; this speciall favour.

Iul. Your bounty and your love, my Lord, must justly
Ingage a thankfulness.

Fla. Indeepe

Varieties of entertainment heere
Have so exceeded all account of plentie,
That you have left (great Sir) no rarities
Except an equall welcome which may purchase
Opinion of a common Hospitality.

Oct. But for this grace (Madam) I will lay open
Before your judgements which I know can rate 'em,
A Cabinet of Jewels, rich and lively,
The world can shew none goodlier ; those I prize
Deare as my life ; — Nephew —

K 2

Troy. Sir,

Troy. Sir, I obey you.— *Exit.*

Fla. Jewels, my Lord.

Oct. No strangers eye ere view'd them,
Vnlesse your Brother *Romanello* haply
Was wo'd unto a sight for his approvement:
No more.

Rem. Not I, I doe protest; I hope Sir
You cannot thinke I am a lapidarie;
I skill in Jewels?

Oct. 'Tis a proper quality
For any Gentleman; your other friends
May be are not so coy.

Iul. Who they, they know not
A *Topaze* from an *Opall*.

Cam. We are ignorant
In gems which are not common.

Ves. But his Lordship
Is pleas'd (it seemes) to try our ignorance.
For passage of the time, till they are brought,
Pray looke upon a Letter lately sent me,
Lord *Iulio*, (Madam) *Romanello*, read
A noveltie; 'tis written from *Bonony*
Fabricio once a Merchant in this Citie
Is enter'd into orders, and receiv'd
Amongst the Capuchins a fellow, newes
Which ought not any way to be unpleasant,
Certaine I can assure it.

Iul. He at last has
Bestow'd himselfe upon a glorious service.

Rom. Most happie man, I now forgive the injuries
Thy former life expos'd thee to.

Liv. Turne Capuchine,
Hee, whiles I stand a Cypher and fill up
Only an uselesse summe to be laid out
In an unthrifty leudnesse, that must buy
Both name and riot; Oh my fickle destinie!

Rom.

Rom. Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,
But thankfully.

Fla. Hee's now dead to the world
And lives to heaven, a Saints reward reward him;
My onely lov'd Lord, all your feares are henceforth
Confin'd unto a sweet and happie pennance.

*Enter Troylo, Castamela, Clarella, Floria, Silvia,
and Morosa.*

Oct. Behold, I keepe my word, these are the Jewels
Deserve a treasure; I can be prodigall
Amongst my friends.; examine well their lustre
Do's it not sparkle? wherfore dwels your silence
In such amazement?

Liv. Patience keepe within me,
Leap not yet rudely into scorne of anger.

Fla. Beauties incomparable.

Oct. *Romanello*,
I have beene onely Steward to your pleasures;
You lov'd this Ladie once, what say you now to her?

Cast. I must not court you Sir.

Rom. By no meanes faire one,
Enjoy your life of greatnesse; sure the spring
Is past, the BOUVERS OF FANCIES is quite wither'd
And offer'd like a lottery to be drawne;
I dare not venture for a blanke, excuse me,—
Exquisite Jewels.

Liv. Hearke ye *Troylo*.

Troy. Spare me.

Oct. You then renounce all right in *Castamela*,
Say *Romanello*.

Rom. Gladly.

Troy. Then I must not;
Thus I embrace mine owne, my wife; confirme it.
Thus when I faile (my dearest) to deserve thee
Comforts and life shall faile me.

Cast. Like vow I, for my part.

Troy. *Livio*, now my Brother, justly
I have given satisfaction.

Cast. Oh excuse
Our secrecie, I have beene—

Liv. Much more worthy
A better Brother, he a better Friend
Then my dull braines could fashion.

Rom. Am I cosen'd.

Os. You are not *Romanello*; we examin'd
On what conditions your affections fix'd,
And found them meerely Courtship; but my Nephew
Lov'd with a faith resolv'd, and us'd his policie
To draw the Ladie into this societie,
More freely to discover his sinceritie
Even without *Livio's* knowledge, thus succeeded
And prospered, he's my heire and she deserv'd him.

Jul. Storme not at what is past.

Fla. A fate as happie
May crowne you with a full content.

Os. What ever
Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these
Know they are all my neeces, are the daughters
To my dead onely Sister, this their Guardianesse
Since they first saw the World; indeed my Mistresses
They are, I have none other; how brought up
Their qualities may speake; now *Romanello*,
And Gentlemen, for such I know yee all,
Portions they shall not want both fit and worthy;
Nor will I looke on fortune, if you like
Court them and win them, here is free access,
In mine owne Court henceforth; only for thee
Livio I with *Clarella* were allotted.

Liv. Most noble Lord, I am struck silent.

Fla. Brother, heere's noble choyce.

Rom. Frenzy, how didst thou seize me!

Cla. We knew you Sir, in *Prugniolo's* posture.

Flo.

Flo. Were merry at the fight.

Sil. And gave you welcome.

Mor. Indeed forsooth, and so we did an't like ye.

Off. Enough, enough; now to shut up the night,
Some meniall servants of mine owne are ready
For to present a merriment; they intend
According to th'occasion of the meeting,
In severall shapes to shew how love orefwayes
All men of severall conditions; *Soldier,*
Gentry, foole, scholler, Merchant man, and Clowne:
A harmlesse recreation; take your places. —

Dance.

Your duties are perform'd henceforth, *Spadone,*
Cast off thy borrow'd title: Nephew *Troylo,*
His *Mother* gave thee suck; esteeme him honestly.
Lights for the Lodgings, 'tis high time for rest;
Great men may be mistooke when they meane best.

F I N I S.

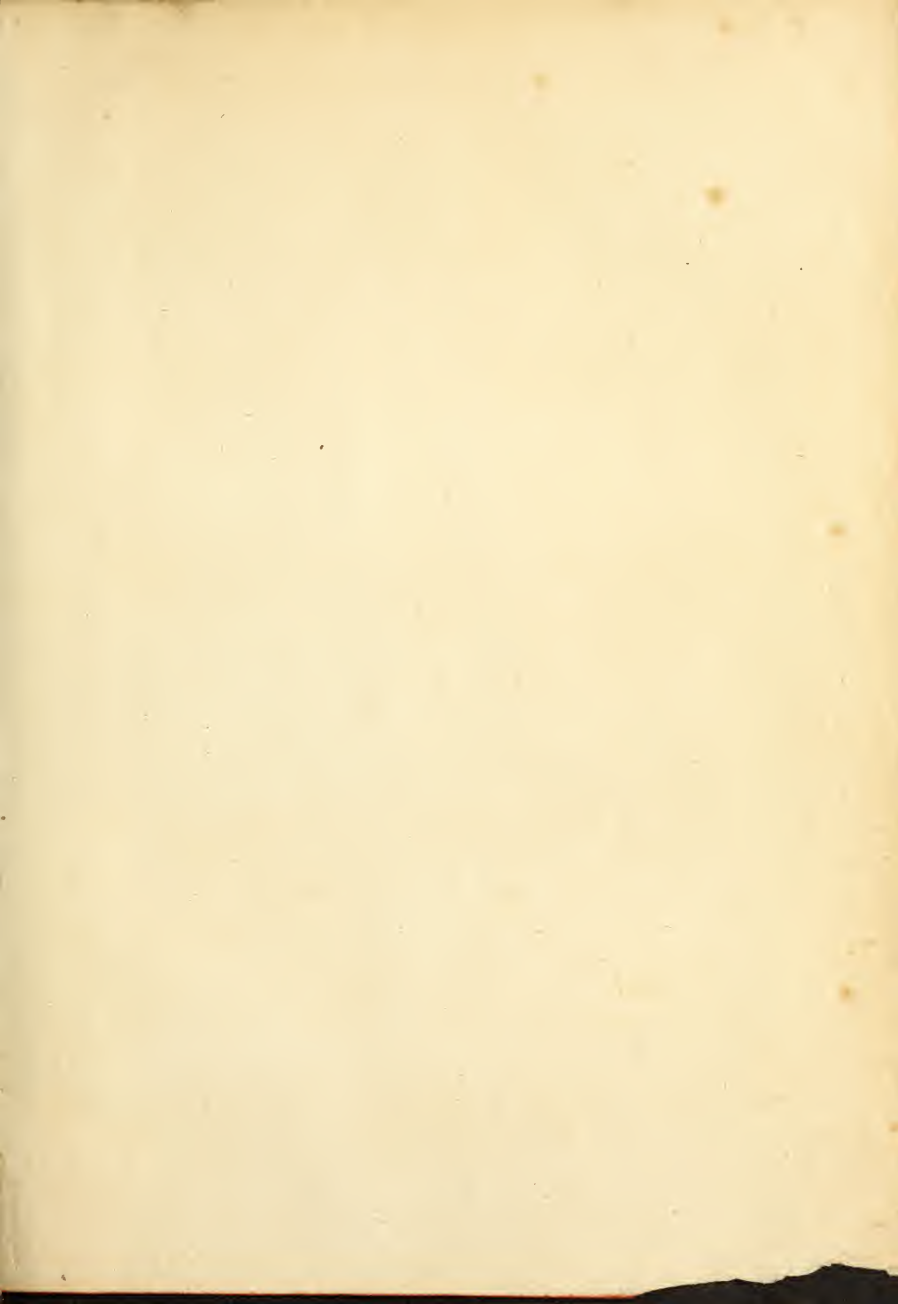
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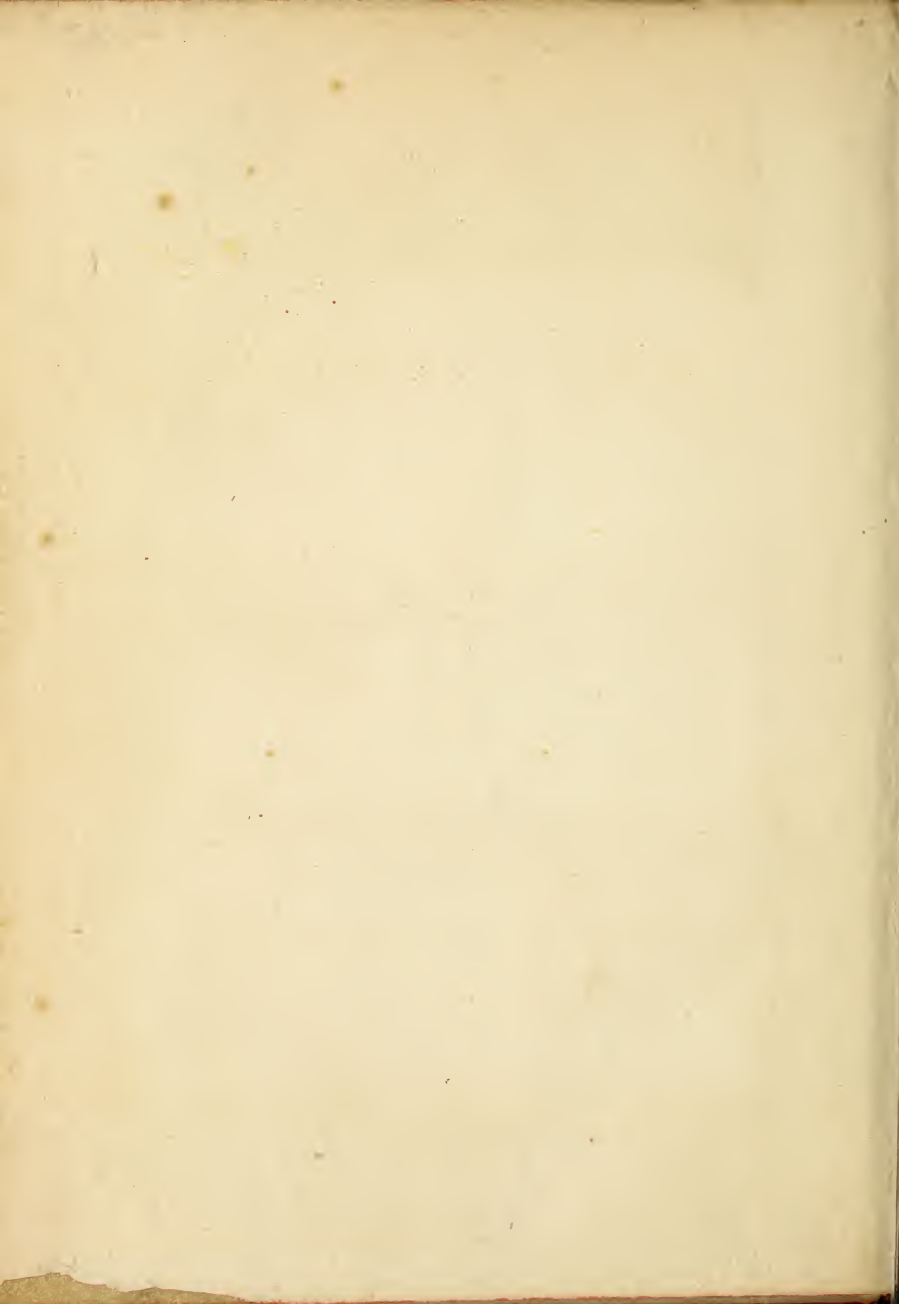
MOR. **A** *While suspected (Gentlemen) I looke
For no new Law, being quitted by the Booke.*

CLA. *Our harmlesse pleasure's, free in every sort
Actions of scandall; may they free report.*

CAST. *Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs;
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.*

FLA. *Fancie and Iudgement are a Playes full matter:
If we have er'd in one, right you the latter.*





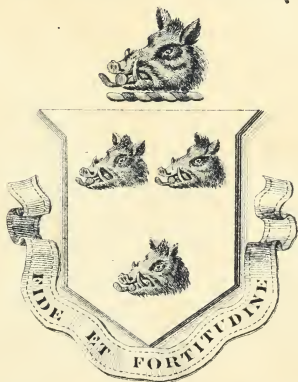
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