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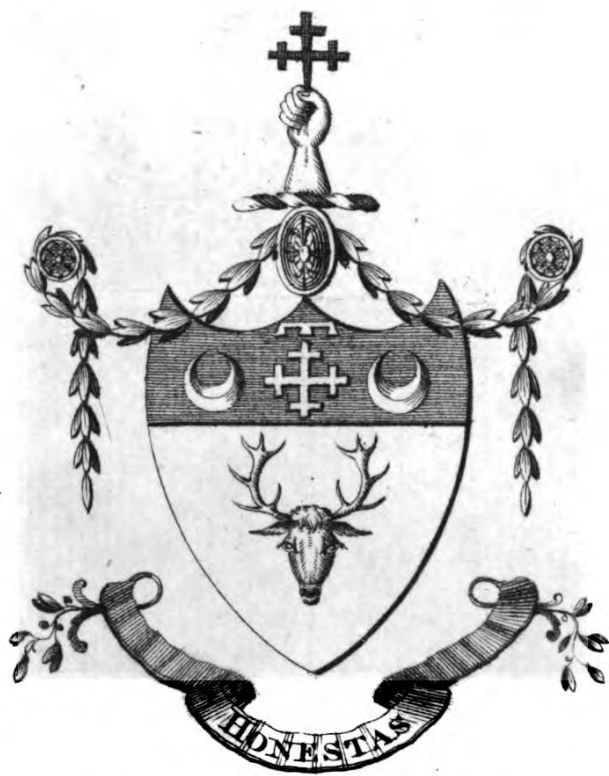
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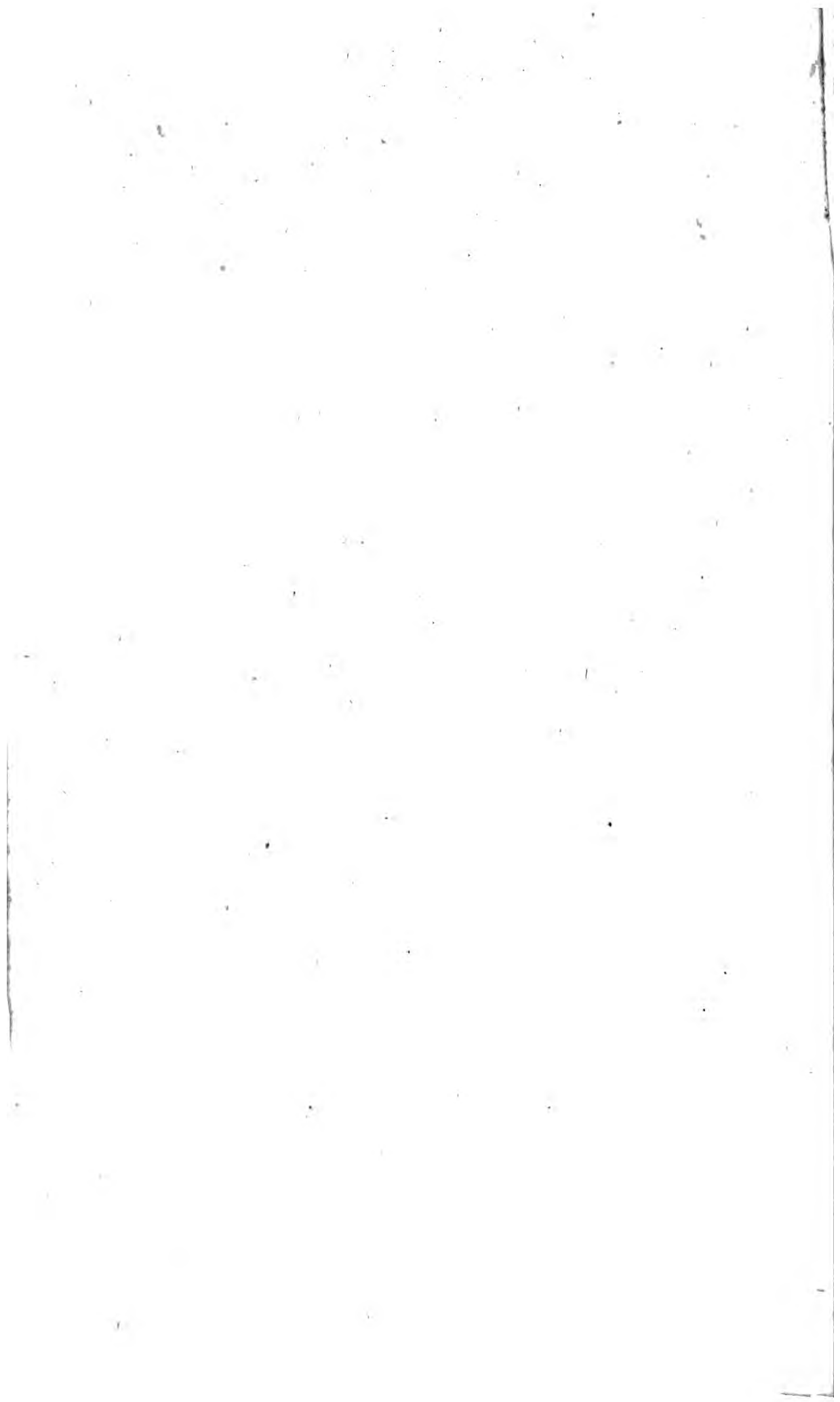
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T H E
W O R K S
O F
Mr. *Francis Beaumont,*
A N D
Mr. *John Fletcher.*

VOLUME THE SECOND.

C O N T A I N I N G

The C U S T O M *of the* C O U N T R Y,

The E L D E R B R O T H E R,

The S P A N I S H C U R A T E *to* Page 233,

Printed under the Inspection of the late Mr. Theobald.

The R e m a i n d e r *of that* P L A Y,

W I T W I T H O U T M O N E Y, *and*

The B E G G A R ' S B U S H,

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N and S. D R A P E R
in the *Strand.*

M D C C L.

E R R A T A.

- Page 12, Line 10, for *eaches* read *teaches*
38, 22, for *off* read *of*
84, 47, for *Towns* read *Town*
141, 27, for *Titles* read *Tiles*
188, 31, for *Contended* read *Contented*
308, 3, after *old Age* put a ?
384, Note 16, Before *As I can make &c.* insert the Word of the old Text,
English Beer by *th' Belly*
Page 429, Line 7, for *betray* read *betray'd*
8, for *mock* read *mock'ft*





THE

C U S T O M

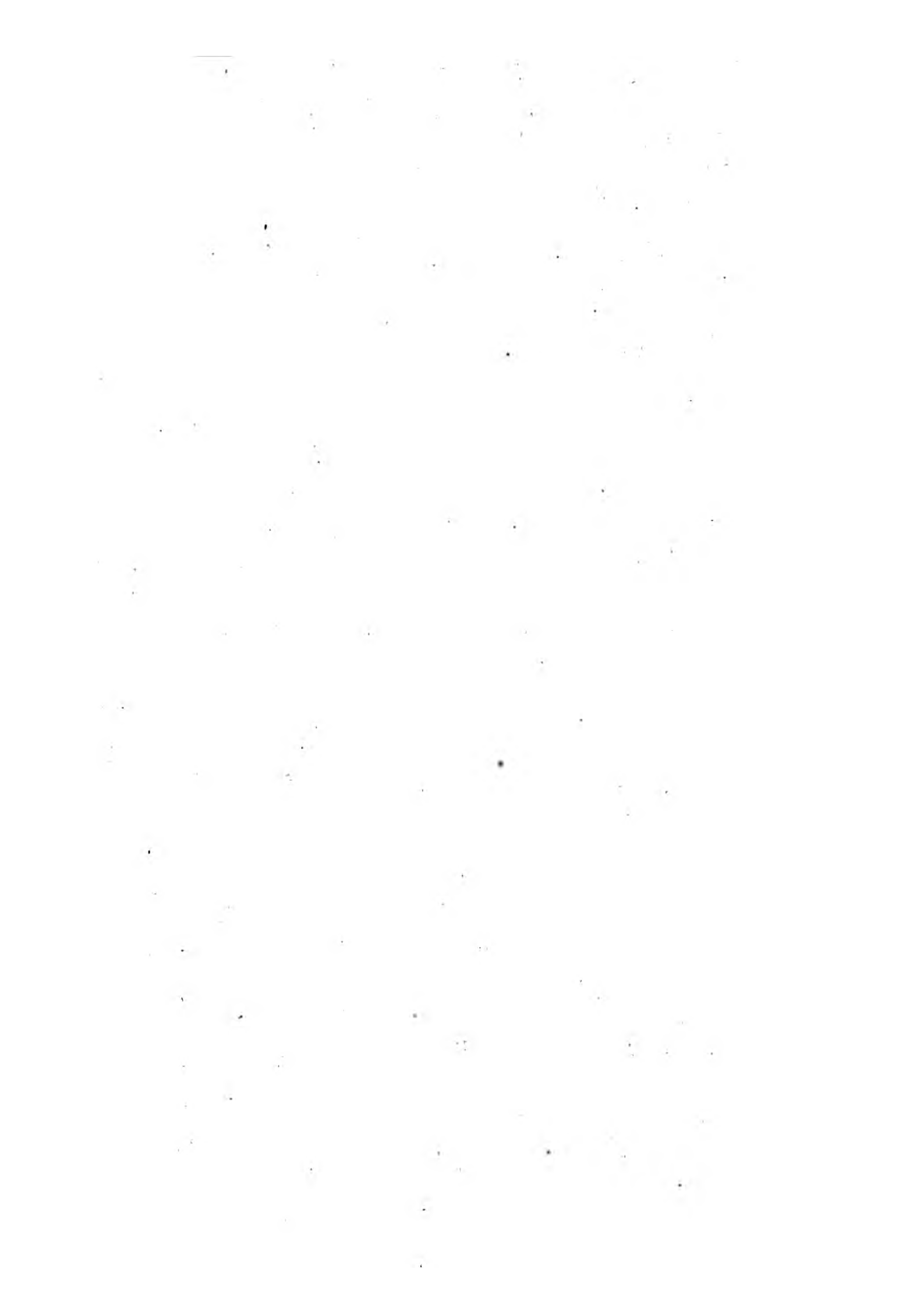
OF THE

C O U N T R Y.



VOL. II.

B





The PROLOGUE.

SO free this Work is, Gentlemen, from Offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no Defence
From us, or from the Poets——We dare look
On any Man, that brings his Table-book
To write down What again he may repeat
At some great Table, to deserve his Meat.
Let Such come swell'd with Malice, to apply
What is Mirth here, there for an Injury.
Nor Lord, nor Lady, we have tax'd; nor State,
Nor any private Person; their poor Hate
Will be starv'd here; for Envy shall not find
One Touch that may be wrested to her Mind.
And yet despair not, Gentlemen, the Play
Is quick and witty; so the Poets say,
And we believe them; the Plot neat and new;
Fashion'd like those, that are approv'd by you.
Only 'twill crave Attention in the most;
Because, one Point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our Cause is, let our Censure be.

Another PROLOGUE.

WE wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this Night's Luck, if new.
It being our Ambition to delight
Our kind Spectators with what's good, and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By Such, as were held Workmen in their Trade;
At a Time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty Wine,
The Nectar of the Muses; Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear

P R O L O G U E.

*A well-drawn Piece, which gave a lawful Birth
To passionate Scenes mixt with no vulgar Mirth.
But unto Such to whom 'tis known by Fame
From others, perhaps, only by the Name,
I am a Suitor, that they would prepare
Sound Palates, and then judge their Bill of Fare.
It were Injustice to decry this now,
For being lik'd before; you may allow
(Your Candour safe) what's taught in the old Schools;
All such, as liv'd before you, were not Fools.*



D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

*Count Clodio, Governor, and a dishonourable Pursuer of Zenocia.
Manuel du Sosa, Governor of Lisbon, and Brother to Guiomar.
Arnoldo, a Gentleman contracted to Zenocia.
Rutilio, a merry Gentleman, Brother to Arnoldo.
Charino, Father to Zenocia.
Duarte, Son to Guiomar; a Gentleman well qualified, but vain-
glorious.
Alonzo, a young Portugal Gentleman, Enemy to Duarte.
Leopold, a Sea-Captain, enamour'd on Hippolyta.
Zabulon, a Jew, Servant to Hippolyta.
Jaques, Servant to Sulpitia.*

W O M E N.

*Zenocia, Mistress to Arnoldo, and a chaste Wife.
Guiomar, a virtuous Lady; Mother to Duarte.
Hippolyta, a rich Lady; wantonly in Love with Arnoldo.
Sulpitia, a Bawd, Mistress of the Male Stews.

Doct̄or, Chirurgion, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of
the Male Stews, Servants.*

The S C E N E, sometimes Lisbon; sometimes, Italy.

T H E



T H E
(1) *CUSTOM of the COUNTRY.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Rutilio, and Arnoldo.

R U T I L I O.



W H Y do you grieve thus still?

Arn. 'Twould melt a Marble, [tune.
And tame a Savage Man, to feel my For-
Rut. What Fortune? I have liv'd this
thirty Years,

And run thro' all these Follies you call Fortunes,

(1) The *CUSTOM*, on which a main Part of the Plot of this Comedy is built, prevail'd at one Time, as *MONS. BAYLE* tells us, in *Italy*; 'till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious Cardinal. It obtain'd likewise for a good long Time in *Scotland*. *Eugenius III.* King of *Scotland*, (who began his Reign A. D. 535) ordain'd, that the Lord, or Master, should have the first Night's Lodging with every Woman married to his Tenant or Bondman. This obscene Ordinance was abrogated by *Malcolm III.* who began his Reign A. D. 1061, about Five Years before the *Norman Conquest*; having lasted in Force somewhat above 500 Years. See *BLOUNT* in his Dictionary of *Law-Terms*, under the Word *Mercheta*.
Mr. Dryden, I remember, having been accused by *Mr. Collier* of too many Grosseties in his Dramatick Writings, replies, that there is more Bawdry in one Play of *FLETCHER's*, call'd, *The Custom of the Country*, than in all his put together. Should we allow this to be true, the Plea of this Great Man is far from being defensible in following so bad an Example.

6 *The Custom of the Country.*

Yet never fixt on any good and constant,
But what I made my self: Why should I grieve then
At that I may mould any way?

Arn. You are wide still.

Rut. You love a Gentlewoman, a young handsom
Woman, I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.

Arn. You are dispos'd,——

Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful Calling,
And prettily esteem'd of, but take heed then;
(2) Take heed, dear Brother, of a stranger Fortune
Than e'er you felt yet; *Fortune my Foe's* a Friend to it.

Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous Maid,
And am belov'd again.

Rut. That's too much o' Conscience,
To love all these, would run me out o' my Wits.

Arn. Prithee, give Ear, I am to marry her.

Rut. Dispatch it then, and I'll go call the Piper.

Arn. But, O, the wicked Custom of this Country,
The barbarous, most inhuman, damned Custom.

(3) *Rut.* 'Tis true, to marry is the most inhuman
Damn'd

(2) *Take heed, dear Brother, of a stranger Fortune
Than e'er you felt yet; Fortune my Foe's a Friend to it.]*
i. e. Take heed of the Consequences of Marriage, the Chance of
Cuckoldom. But still this Passage must be obscure to the most
attentive Reader, who is not inform'd of this Circumstance. *Fortune
my Foe* was the Beginning of an old Ballad, in which were enumerated
all the Misfortunes that fall upon Mankind thro' the Caprice of *For-
tune*. This Ballad is again mention'd in our Author's *Knight of the
burning Pestle*.

Old Mer. *Sing, I say, or by the merry Heart you come not in.*

Merch. *Well, Sir, I'll sing. Fortune my Foe, &c.*

And it is likewise mention'd in a Comedy of more recent Date, call'd
the *Rump*, or *Mirroure of the Times*. A *Frenchman* is introduced at
the Bonfires made for the burning of the *Rumps*; and, catching hold
of *Priscilla*, Mrs. Lambert's Waiting-woman, will oblige her to
dance, and orders the Musick to play, *Fortune my Foe*.

(3) 'Tis true, to marry is a Custom

I'the World; for, look you, Brother,] *i. e.* It is a Custom to
marry; for who would be such a Fool as to marry? Besides the
Defect in the Metre, this is flagrant Nonsense. Nothing is more
common in Printing than to reprint the Words of a foregoing Line
in a subsequent one; and when the same Words are really to be
repeated,

The Custom of the Country. 7

Damn'd Custom in the World; for, look you, Brother,
Wou'd any Man stand plucking for the Ace of Hearts,
With one Pack of Cards all Day's on's Life?

Arn. You do not,
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.

Rut. Proceed, I will give Ear. *Arn.* They have a Custom
In this most beastly Country, out upon't.—

Rut. Let's hear it first.

Arn. That when a Maid's contracted
And ready for the Tie o'th' Church, the Governor,
He that commands in Chief, must have her Maidenhead;
Or ransom it for Money, at his Pleasure. [Custom!

Rut. How might a Man atchieve that Place? a rare
An admirable rare Custom! and none excepted?

Arn. None, none.

Rut. The rarer still: How could I lay about me,
In this rare Office? Are they born to it, or chosen?

Arn. Both equal damnable.

Rut. Methinks, both excellent,
'Would, I were the next Heir. *Arn.* To this mad Fortune
Am I now come, my Marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this Mischief.

Rut. She's very young.

Arn. Yes.

Rut. And fair, I dare proclaim her;
Else mine Eyes fail.

Arn. Fair as the Bud unblasted.

Rut. I cannot blame him then, if 'twere mine own case;
(4) *I would not go an Ace less.*

repeated, the Printer, by not attending to the Sense, might naturally think it an Error of the Transcriber, and so omit them. This latter has undoubtedly happen'd in the Place above, which therefore, I believe, I have restored, and the Passage gains much Humour by it.

Mr. Seward.

I must own, there is an uncommon Liberty taken in this Emendation; but the Conjecture is so ingenious, so full of Sagacity, and so probable; and the Text so lame and absurd without it, that, I hope, the Readers for once will be satisfied with sound Sense, rather than dispense with what, thro' the Blunder of the Copyists, carries no Sense at all.

(4) *I would not go an Ace less.*] *i. e.* As we now say, I would not bate an Ace of it.

8 *The Custom of the Country.*

Arn. Fie, *Rutilio*,

Why do you make your Brother's Misery
Your Sport and Game? *Rut.* There is no Pastime like it.

Arn. I look'd for your Advice, your timely Counsel,
How to avoid this Blow, not to be mock'd at,
And my Afflictions jeer'd. *Rut.* I tell thee, *Arnoldo*,
An thou wert my Father, as thou art but my Brother,
My younger Brother too, I must be merry.

(5) And where there is a Wench i'th' Cafe, a young
Wench,

A handsome Wench, and so near a good Turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.

But you shall see, Sir, I can change this Habit
To do you any Service; Advise what you please,
And see with what Devotion I'll attend it:

But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Custom,

Enter Charino and Zenocia.

And could pretend to th' Place. *Arn.* Draw off a little;
Here comes my Mistress and her Father.

Rut. A dainty Wench!

'Wou'd, I might farm this Custom!

Char. My dear Daughter,

Now to bethink your self of new Advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeless Sorrow;

No Price, no Prayers, can infringe the Fate
Your Beauty hath cast on you. My best *Zenocia*,

Be rul'd by me, a Father's Care directs ye,
Look on the Count, look chearfully and sweetly;

What though he have the Power to possess ye,
To pluck your maiden Honour, and then slight ye,

By Custom unresistible to enjoy you;

Yet, my sweet Child, so much your Youth and Goodness,

(5) *And where there is a Wench yet can, a young Wench,*

A handsome Wench, and sooner a good turn too,] The oldest
Folio exhibits *it can*, which led the latter Editors to this corrupted
Reading, and will lead us back again to the true One. I think, I
may venture to say, that I have both retriev'd the Metre and the
Meaning of the Authors. Mr. *Seward* likewise saw with me, that,
i'th' Cafe, was necessary in the first Part of the Emendation.

The

(6) The Beauty of your Soul, and Saint-like Modesty,
Have won upon his wild Mind, so much charm'd him,
That all Pow'r laid aside, what Law allows him,
Or sudden Fires, kindled from those bright Eyes,
He swears to be your Servant, fairly, nobly,
For ever to be ty'd your faithful Husband:
Consider, my best Child. *Zen.* I have consider'd.

Char. The Blessedness, that this breeds too, consider;
Besides your Father's Honour, your own Peace,
The Banishment for ever of this Custom,
This base and barbarous Use; for after once
He has found the Happiness of holy Marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one Beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an Heritage
Left him by Lust, and lewd Progenitors.
All Virgins too shall bless your Name, shall faint it,
And like so many Pilgrims go to your Shrine,
When Time has turn'd your Beauty into Ashes,
Fill'd with your pious Memory. *Zen.* Good Father,
Hide not that bitter Pill I loath to swallow
In such sweet Words.

Char. The Count's a handsome Gentleman,
And, having him, you're certain of a Fortune,
A high and noble Fortune to attend you:
Where, if you fling your Love upon this Stranger,
This young *Arnoldo*, not knowing from what Place
Or honourable Strain he's sprung, you venture
All your own Sweets, and my long Cares to nothing,
Nor are you certain of his Faith; why may not that
Wander, as he does, every where? *Zen.* No more, Sir,
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus;

(6) *The Beauty of your Soul and saint-like Modesty,*

Have won upon his mild Mind,] But wherein was *Clodio* of a
mild Mind? He prided himself in the Privilege of the lewd Custom,
and the Gratification of his sensual Appetite. The change of a single
Letter restores his true Character, and the Intention of our Poets.
Upon Reference to the first *Folio*, in 1647, I find my Emendation
there confirm'd.

(7) Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.
 'Tis an ill Office in your Age, a poor one,
 To judge thus weakly ; and believe your self too,
 A weaker ; to betray your innocent Daughter,
 To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild Embraces,
 She hates as Heav'n hates Falshood.

Rut. A good Wench,
 She sticks close to you, Sir.

Zen. His Faith uncertain?
 The Nobleness his Virtue springs from, doubted?
 D'ye doubt, 'tis Day now ? or when your Body's perfect,
 Your Stomach well dispos'd, your Pulses temperate,
 D'ye doubt, you are in Health ? I tell you, Father,
 One Hour of this Man's Goodness, this Man's Nobleness,
 Put in the Scale against the Count's whole Being,
 (Forgive his Lusts too, which are half his Life,)
 He could no more endure to hold Weight with him.

Arnoldo's very Looks are fair Examples ;
 His common and indifferent Actions,
 Rules and strong Ties of Virtue : He has my first Love,
 To him in Sacred Vow I have giv'n this Body,
 In him my Mind inhabits. *Rut.* Good Wench still.

Zen. And 'till he sling me off, as undeserving,
 Which I confess I am, of such a Blessing,
 But would be loth to find it so — *Arn.* O never ;
 Never, my happy Mistress, never, never ;
 When your poor Servant lives but in your Favour,
 One Foot i'th' Grave, the other shall not linger.
 What Sacrifice of Thanks, what Age of Service,
 What Danger of more dreadful Look than Death,
 What willing Martyrdom to crown me constant
 May merit such a Goodness, such a Sweetness ?
 A Love so nobly great, no Pow'r can ruin ;
 Most blessed Maid, go on, the Gods that gave this,

(7) *Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.*] This glorious Sentiment, which, as the ingenious Mr. *Sympson* says, is more worthy of a Philosopher than a Woman, we have met with before, somewhat differently cloath'd, in *Philaster*.

*When any falls from Virtue, I am distracted ;
 I have an Int'rest in't.*

This

This pure, unspotted Love, the Child of Heav'n,
In their own Goodness, must preserve and save it,
And raise you a Reward beyond our Recompence.

Zen. I ask but you, a pure Maid to possess,
And then they have crown'd my Wishes: If I fall then,
Go seek some better Love; mine will debase you.

Rut. A pretty innocent Fool; well, Governor,
Though I think well of your Custom, and could wish
For this Night in your Place, heartily wish it; [my self
Yet if you play not fair Play and above board too,
(8) I have a foolish Engine here, I say no more;
I'll tell you what, and if your Honour's Guts
Are not enchanted——

Arn. I should now chide you, Sir, for so declining
[To Charino.

The Goodness and the Grace you have ever shew'd me;
And your own Virtue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that Love Heav'n has appointed;
To wrest your Daughter's Thoughts, part that Affection
That both our Hearts have ty'd, and seek to give it —

(9) Rut. To a wild Fellow, that wou'd worry her;
A Cannibal that feeds o' th' Heads of Maids,
Then flings their Bones and Bodies to the Devil.
Wou'd any Man of Discretion venture such a Gristle,
To the rude Claws of such a Cat o' Mountain? [Bull
(10) You'd better tear her 'tween two Oaks, (11) a Town
Is

(8) *I have a foolish Gin here,*] The Verse halts in its *Emphasis*; and besides, *Gin*, I think, is always used to signify a Trap, or Snare; never, a Sword, or Pistol, which carry open Violence.

(9) *To a wild Fellow, that would weary her;*] Sure, this Term conveys very little Distress in it: What, only *weary* her? We might expect harsher Treatment certainly from a Cannibal, or Cat o' Mountain, as *Clodio* is immediately describ'd to be. The Emendation, which I have substituted, was likewise started to me by Mr. *Symphon*.

(10) *You had better tear her between two Oaks,*] I have cured the Metre, and now must explain the Allusion of our Poets. *Sinis*, or *Sinnis*, was a Tyrant of a gigantick Stature and Strength, haunting the Isthmus of the *Peloponnese*; and was call'd Πίσυονδάμπης, or the *Pine-bender*. When any unhappy Passenger fell into the Clutches of this merciless Man, he would bend down by main Force two Pines till he had brought them to meet together, and having fasten'd

12 *The Custom of the Country.*

Is a meer *Stoick* to this Fellow, a grave Philosopher,
And a *Spanish Jennet*, a most virtuous Gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome, Sir ?

Rat. Though I confess,
Any Man wou'd desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common Hangman,
That hath whipt off the Heads of a thousand Maids already,
That he should glean the Harvest, sticks in my Stomach :
This Rogue, that breaks young Wenches to the Saddle,
And eaches them to stumble ever after ;
(12) That he should have her 'fore my Brother now,
That is a handsome young Fellow ; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the business ?
Or 'fore my self, that have a Reputation,
Have studied the Conclusions of these Causes,

an Arm and a Leg to each of them, tore asunder the Limbs of his wretched Captives. *Pausanias* tells us, that one of those Pines was to be seen on the Banks of a River even in his Time, under the Reign of *Adrian*. This *Sinnis* was put to Death by *Theseus* in the same Manner that He had exercised his Cruelty upon others ; as *Plutarch* informs us in the Life of that Hero.

————— *Nec Lex est justior ulla,
Quàm Necis Artifices arte perire suâ.*

(11) ————— a Town Bull

*Is a meer Stoick to this Fellow, a grave Philosopher,
And a Spanish Jennet, a most virtuous Gentleman.*

I have not ventured to disturb the Body of the Text here, tho', I think, a slight Transposition is absolutely necessary. In the first place, the Versification is most inharmonious, and runs out of all Bounds. Then there is a flat, and flagrant, Tautology. Was not a *Stoick* always a *grave Philosopher* ? I have a great Suspicion, that it came from our Poets thus ;

————— a Town-Bull
*Is a meer Stoick to this Fellow ; and
A Spanish Jennet, a grave Philosopher ;
A most virtuous Gentleman.*—————

(12) *That he should have her ? for my Brother now
That is a handsome young Fellow ; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the Business :
Or for myself, that have a Reputation,
And have studied the Conclusions of these Causes,*

And know the perfect Manage,] This Passage, till reform'd in the Pointing, and the Change of two Monosyllables, as I have regulated the Text, I think, I may venture to pronounce was stark Nonsense.

And

And know the perfect Manage ? I'll tell you, old Sir,
(If I should call you *wise Sir*, I should bely you :)
This thing, you study to betray your Child to,
This Maiden-monger, when you have done your best,
And think you have fixt her in the point of Honour,
Who do you think you have ty'd her to ? a Surgeon ;
I must confesse, an excellent Dissector ;

One, that has cut up more young tender Lamb-pies—

Char. What I spake, Gentlemen, was meer Compulsion,
No Father's Free-will, nor did I touch your Persons
(13) With any Edge of Spight ; or stain your Loves
With any base, or hir'd Perswasions ;

Witness these Tears, how well I wish'd your Fortunes. [*Ex.*

Rut. There's some Grace in thee yet ; You are determin'd
To marry this Count, Lady.

Zen. Marry him, *Rutilio* ?

Rut. Marry him, and lye with him, I mean.

Zen. You cannot mean that,

If you be a true Gentleman, you dare not,
The Brother to this Man, and one that loves him ;
I'll marry the Devil first.

Rut. A better Choice.

And, lay his Horns by, a handsomer Bed-fellow ;
A cooler, o' my Conscience.

Arn. Pray, let me ask you ;

And, my dear Mistres, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound : I am confident,
No Promise, nor no Pow'r, can force your Love,
I mean, in way of Marriage, never stir you ;
Nor, to forget my Faith, no State can win you.
But for this Custom, which this wretched Country
Hath wrought into a Law, and must be satisfied ;
Where all the Pleas of Honour are but laugh'd at,
And Modesty regarded as a May-game,
What shall be here consider'd ? Pow'r we have none
To make Resistance, nor Policy to crosse it ;
'Tis held Religion too, to pay this Duty.

(13) ————— or strain your Loves
With any base, or hir'd Perswasions ;] Mr. Symphon saw
with me, that the Word here should be, *Stain*.

14 *The Custom of the Country.*

Zen. I'll die an Atheist then.

Arn. My noblest Mistress.

Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,
 Say, you did render up part of your Honour,
 (For whilst your Will is clear, all cannot perish;)
 Say, for one Night you entertain'd this Monster,
 Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this Render?
 Your Mind, I know, is pure, and full as beauteous;
 After this short Eclipse, you would rise again,
 And, shaking off that Cloud, spread all your Lustre.

Zen. Who made you witty, to undo your self, Sir?
 Or are you loaden with the Love I bring you,
 And fain would fling that Burthen on another?
 Am I grown common in your Eyes, *Arnoldo*?
 Old, or unworthy of your Fellowship?
 D'ye think, because a Woman, I must err,
 And therefore rather wish I fall before-hand,
 Coloured with Custom not to be resisted?
 D'ye love, as Painters do, only some Pieces,
 Some certain handsome Touches of your Mistress,
 And let the Mind pass by you, unexamin'd?
 Be not abus'd. (14) With what the Maiden Vessel
 Is season'd first — you understand the Proverb.

Rut. I am afraid, this thing will make me virtuous.

Zen Should you lay by the least part of that Love,
 You've sworn is mine, your Youth and Faith has giv'n me,
 To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
 And make the case thus desp'rate, she must dye else;
 D'ye think, I would give way, or count this honest?
 Be not deceiv'd, these Eyes should never see you more,
 This Tongue forget to name you, and this Heart
 Hate you, as if you were born my full Antipathy.
 (15) Empire and more imperious Love alone

(14) ——— *With what the maiden Vessel
 Is season'd first, — You understand the Proverb.]* The Poets
 here had evidently HORACE in their Eye.

*Quò semel est imbuta recens, servabit Odorem
 Testa diù.*

(15) *Empire and more imperious Love alone
 Rule, and admit no Rivals:]* This is a fine Translation of
 a Sentiment in OVID'S *Metamorphoses*.

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ Sede morantur
 Majestas & Amor.*

Rule,

Rule; and admit no Rivals: The purest Springs,
When they are courted by lascivious Land-floods,
Their Maiden Pureness, and their Coolness perish;
And tho' they purge again to their first Beauty,
The Sweetness of their Taste is clean departed.
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble Name of Wife, *Arnoldo*,
Than I can bring a whole Heart pure and handsome.

Arn. I never shall deserve you: Not to thank you;
You are so heav'nly good, no Man can reach you:
I am sorry, I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have try'd a thousand Women so,
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should ha' fol-
lowed your Counsel.

Take heed o' clapping Spurs to such free Cattle.

Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
And wisely too, we expect no common Danger.

Zen. Be most assur'd, I'll die first.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Rut. An't come to that once,
The Devil pick his Bones, that dies a Coward!
I'll jog along with you; here comes the Stallion,
How smug he looks upon the Imagination
Of what he hopes to act? Pox o' your Kidneys!
How they begin to melt? How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all: What a sweet Company
Of Rogues and Panders wait upon his Lewdness?
Plague o' your Chops! you ha' more handsome Bits,
Than a hundred honest Men, and more deserving.
How the Dog leers! *Clod.* You need not now be jealous,
I speak at distance to your Wife, but when
The Priest has done, we shall grow nearer then,
And more familiar. *Rut.* I'll watch you for that Trick,
Baboon, I'll smoke you: The Rogue sweats, as if
He had eaten Grains, he broils; if I do come
To th' basting of you,——

Arn. Your Lordship
May happily speak this, to fright a Stranger,
But 'tis not in your Honour to perform it;
The Custom of this Place, if such there be,

16 *The Custom of the Country.*

At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
 But if you be an honest Man, you hate it:
 However, I will presently prepare
 To make her mine; and most undoubtedly
 Believe, you are abus'd; this Custom feign'd too,
 And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.

Clod. Go and believe, a good Belief does well, Sir;
 And you, Sir, clear the Place, but leave her here.

Arn. Your Lordship's Pleasure——

Clod. That anon, *Arnoldo*;
 This is but Talk.

Rut. Shall we go off?

Arn. By any means,
 I know, she has pious Thoughts enough to guard her:
 Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till the Tie be done,
 Nor dare he offer.

Rut. Now do I long to worry him:
 Pray, have a care to the main Chance. [*Exit Arn. and Rut.*]

Zen. Pray, Sir, fear not.

Clod. Now, what say you to me? *Zen.* Sir, it becomes
 The Modesty, that Maids are ever born with,
 To use few words.

Clod. Do you see nothing in me?
 Nothing to catch your Eyes, nothing of Wonder
 The common Mould of Men come short, and want in?
 Do you read no future Fortune for your self here?
 And what a Happiness it may be to you,
 To have him honour you, all Women aim at?
 To have him love you, Lady, that Man love you,
 The best, and the most beauteous, have run mad for?
 Look, and be wise; you have a Favour offer'd you
 I do not every Day propound to Women;
 You are a pretty one; and though each Hour
 I am glutted with the Sacrifice of Beauty,
 I may be brought, as you may handle it,
 To cast so good a Grace and Liking on you,——
 You understand,——Come kiss me, and be joyful,
 I give you Leave.

Zen. Faith, Sir, 'twill not shew handsome;
 Our Sex is blushing, full of Fear, unskill'd too
 In these Alarms.

Clod.

Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your Honour pardon me,
And take some skilful one can hold you Play,
I am a Fool.

Clod. I tell thee, Maid, I love thee,
Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without Ceremony,
I will descend so low, to marry thee;
Methinks, I see the Race that shall spring from us,
Some, Princes; some, great Soldiers.

Zen. I am afraid,
Your Honour's cozen'd in this Calculation;
For, certain, I shall ne'er have Child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. 'Cause I must not think to marry you,
I dare not, Sir; the step betwixt your Honour,
And my poor humble State——

Clod. I will descend to thee,
And buoy thee up.

Zen. I'll sink to th' Center first.
Why would you marry, and confine that Pleasure
You ever have had freely cast upon you?
Take heed, my Lord, this marrying is a mad Matter,
Lighter a Pair of Shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a Quartane Fever find you.
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only;
Your Eyes must be call'd home, your Thoughts in Cages
To sing to no Ears then but mine; your Heart bound;
The Custom, that your Youth was ever nurs'd in,
Must be forgot; I shall forget my Duty else,
And how that will appear——

Clod. We'll talk of that more.

Zen. Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,
As all young Women are, that shew like handsome,
Exceeding proud; being commended, monstrous.
Of an unquiet Temper, seldom pleas'd,
Unless it be with infinite Observance,
Which you were never bred to; once well angred,
As every Cross in us provokes that Passion,
Like a Sea, I roll, toss, chafe a whole Week after.

18 *The Custom of the Country.*

And then all Mischief I can think upon,
Abusing of your Bed the least and poorest;
I tell you, what you'll find; and in these Fits,
This little Beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an Ugliness,
To such a Vizard; ten to one, I die too;
Take't then upon my Death, you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away, Fool, why dost thou proclaim these
To prevent that in me, thou hast chosen in another?

Zen. Him I have chosen, I can rule and master,
Temper to what I please; you are a Great one,
Of too strong Will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wise, my Lord, and say, you were well counsel'd;
Take Money for my Ransom, and forget me;
'Twill be both safe, and noble for your Honour:
And wheresoe'er my Fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy Mentions I shall render of you,
So virtuous and so fair,——

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beseech your Honour, be not angry
At what I say, I cannot love ye, dare not;
But set a Ransom for the Flower you covet.

Clod. No Money, nor no Prayers, shall redeem that,
Not all the Art you have.

Zen. Set your own Price, Sir.

Clod. Go to your Wedding, never kneel to me,
When that's done, you are mine, I will enjoy you:
Your Tears do nothing; I will not lose my Custom,
To cast upon my self an Empire's Fortune.

Zen. My Mind shall not pay this Custom, cruel Man. [*Ex.*

Clod. Your Body will content me: I'll look for you. [*Ex.*

*Enter Charino, and Servants in Black; covering the
Place with Blacks.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd Flowers, your Autumn
By the hot Sun ravish'd of Bud and Beauty, [*Sweets,*
Thus round about her Bride-bed; hang those Blacks there,
The Emblems of her Honour lost; all Joy,
That leads a Virgin to receive her Lover,
Keep from this Place; all Fellow-maids that bless her,
And

The Custom of the Country. 19

And blushing do unloose her Zone, keep from her :
No merry Noise, nor lusty Songs, be heard here,
Nor full Cups crown'd with Wine make the Rooms giddy ;
This is no Masque of Mirth, but murder'd Honour.
Sing mournfully that sad Epithalamion
I gave thee now : And, prithee, let thy Lute weep.

Song and Dance. Enter Rutilio.

Rut. How now, what Livery's this ? Do you call this
This is more like a Funeral. [a Wedding?

Char. It is one,

And my poor Daughter going to her Grave ;
To his most loath'd Embraces, that gapes for her.
Make the Earl's Bed ready ; is the Marriage done, Sir ?

Rut. Yes, they are knit ; but must this Slubberdegullion
Have her Maidenhead now ?

Arn. There's no avoiding it.

Rut. And there's the Scaffold where she must lose it ?

Arn. The Bed, Sir.

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy Chaps ?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honest well-deserving Fellow,
And 'twere but to a merry Cobler, I cou'd sit still now,
I love the Game so well ; but that this Puckfist,
This universal Rutter——Fare ye well, Sir ;
And if you have any good Pray'rs, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a Remedy.

Char. I wish it.

[*Exit Rutilio.*

And all my best Devotions offer to it.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Clod. Now, is this Tie dispatch'd ? *Char.* I think it be, Sir.

Clod. And my Bed ready ?

Char. There you may quickly find, Sir,
Such a loath'd Preparation. *Clod.* Never grumble,
Nor fling a Discontent upon my Pleasure,
It must and shall be done : Give me some Wine,
And fill it 'till it leap upon my Lips :
Here's to the foolish Maidenhead you wot of,

20 *The Custom of the Country.*

The Toy I must take Pains for.

Char. I beseech your Lordship,
Load not a Father's Love. *Clod.* Pledge it, *Charino.*
Or, by my Life, I'll make thee pledge thy last;
And be sure, she be a Maid, a perfect Virgin,
(I will not have my Expectation dull'd)
Or your old Pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my Blood beats Alarums through my Body,
And Fancy, high. You of my Guard retire,
And let me hear no Noise about the Lodging,
But Musick and sweet Airs; now fetch your Daughter,
And bid the coy Wench put on all her Beauties,
All her Enticements; out-blush Damask Roses,
And dim the breaking East with her bright Crystals.
I'm all on Fire, away.

Char. And I am frozen. [Exit.

*Enter Zenocia with Bow and Quiver, an Arrow bent,
Arnoldo and Rutilio after her, arm'd.*

Zen. Come fearless on. *Rut.* Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty Sticks. *Clod.* What Masque is this?
What pretty Fancy to provoke me high?
Diana shews an *Ethiop* to this Beauty,
(16) This beauteous Huntress, fairer far, and sweeter;
Protected by two Virgin Knights.

Rut. That's a Lye,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.
The Guard's dispers'd. *Arn.* Fortune, I hope, invites us.

Clod. I can no longer hold, she pulls my Heart from me.

Zen. Stand, and stand fix'd, move not a Foot, nor speak not,
For, if thou dost, upon this Point thy Death fits.
Thou miserable, base, and sordid Leacher,
Thou Scum of noble Blood, repent and speedily;
Repent thy thousand Thefts from helpless Virgins,
Their Innocence betray'd to thy Embraces.

(16) *The beauteous Huntress, fairer far, and sweeter;
Diana shews an Ethiop to this Beauty,
Protected by two Virgin Knights.]* I have ruminated over
this Passage an hundred Times, and can find no Sense in it but by the
Transposition which I have made in the first two Lines.

Arn.

The Custom of the Country. 21

Arn. The base Dishonour that thou doft to Strangers,
In glorying to abuse the Laws of Marriage;
The Infamy thou haft flung upon thy Country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.

Clod. My Guard,—

Arn. One word more, and thou dieft.

Rut. One Syllable

That tends to any thing, but *I beseech you,*
And, as you're Gentlemen, tender my Case,
And I will thrust my Javelin down thy Throat.
Thou Dog-whelp, thou, pox upon thee, what
Should I call thee, Pompion?
Thou kifs my Lady? Thou scour her Chamber-pot:
Thou have a Maidenhead? a motley Coat,
You great blind Fool; farewell and be hang'd to ye;
Lose no Time, Lady. *Arn.* Pray take your Pleasure, Sir,
And so we'll take our Leaves. *Zen.* We are determin'd,
Die, before yield. *Arn.* Honour, and a fair Grave.

Zen. Before a lustful Bed; so, to our Fortunes.

(17) *Rut.* *Du cat a whee,* good Count; cry, prithee, cry;
O what a Wench hast thou lost? Cry, you great Booby.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is she gone then, am I dishonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and baff'd? My Guard, there; no Man answer?
My Guard, I say: Sirrah, you knew of this Plot;
Where are my Guard? I'll have your Life, you Villain,
You politick old Thief. *Char.* Heaven send her far enough!

Enter Guard.

And let me pay the Ransom.

Guard. Did your Honour call us?

Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange Gentlemen, and the fair Lady.

Guard. This Day was married, Sir?

Clod. The same. *Guard.* We saw 'em

(17) *Du cat a whee,* good Count;] 'Tis very much out of Character, that an *Italian* to an *Italian* should talk *Welsh*, in his Merriment; neither of whom in all Probability ever heard a Syllable of that Language.

22 *The Custom of the Country.*

Making with all main Speed to the Port:

Clod. Away, Villains.

[*Exit Guard.*

Recover her, or I shall die; deal truly,
Didst not thou know?

Char. By all that's good, I did not.

If your Honour mean their Flight, to say, I grieve for that,
Will be to lye; you may handle me as you please.

Clod. Be sure, with all the Cruelty, with all the Rigor,
For thou hast rob'd me, Villain, of a Treasure.

Enter Guard.

How now?

Guard. They're all aboard, a Bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under Sail, and past Recovery.

Clod. Rig me a Ship with all the Speed that may be,
I will not lose her: Thou, her most false Father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole Day will I study to destroy thee.

Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Manuel du Sofa, and Guiomar.

Man. I Hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, Madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no Uncle's Part in him;
And, much I fear, the Comfort of a Son
You will not long enjoy. *Gui.* 'Tis not my Fault,
And therefore from his Guilt my Innocence
Cannot be tainted; since his Father's Death,
(Peace to his Soul!) a Mother's Pray'rs and Care
Were never wanting in his Education.
His Child-hood I pass o'er, as being brought up
Under my Wing; and growing ripe for Study,
I overcame the Tenderness, and Joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest Masters, and of greatest Name

Of

(18) Of *Salamanca*, in all liberal Arts,
To train his Youth up.

Man. I must witness that.

Gui. How there he prosper'd to the Admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general Scholar,
Being one of Note, before he was a Man,
Is still remembred in that Academy.
From thence I sent him to the Emperor's Court,
Attended like his Father's Son, and there
Maintain'd him in such Bravery and Height,
As did become a Courtier.

Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him,
My Nephew had been happy, but for that.
The Court's a School, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous Principles; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in Practice, serious Actions
Are obsolete and out of use; my Nephew
Had been a happy Man, had he ne'er known
What's there in Grace and Fashion.

Gui. I have heard yet,
That, while he liv'd in Court, the Emperor
Took Notice of his Carriage and good Parts,
The Grandees did not scorn his Company;
And of the greatest Ladies he was held
A compleat Gentleman.

Man. He, indeed, danc'd well;
A turn o'th' Toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue Nimbleness, and a strong Back,
Will go far with a Madam: 'Tis most true,
That he's an excellent Scholar, and he knows it;
An exact Courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with Honour,
Which he forgets not. *Gui.* Nor have I much Reason
To grieve his Fortune that way.

(18) *Of Salamanca in all liberal Arts,*

Man. *To train his Youth up.* —

I must witness That.] Manuel is here made to speak before his Time. The first Hemistich is the Close of *Guimar's* Speech, as *Ms. Seward* likewise observ'd to me.

24 *The Custom of the Country.*

Men. You are mistaken.

Prosperity does search a Gentlemen's Temper,
 More than his adverse Fortune : I have known
 Many, and of rare Parts, from their Success
 In private Duels, rais'd up to such a Pride,
 And so transform'd from what they were, that all,
 That lov'd them truly, wish'd they had fall'n in them.
 I need not write Examples, in your Son
 'Tis too apparent ; for e'er *Don Duarte*
 Made Trial of his Valour, he, indeed, was
 Admir'd for civil Courtesie ; but now
 He's swoln so high, out of his own Assurance
 Of what he dares do, that he seeks Occasions,
 Unjust Occasions, grounded on blind Passion,
 Ever to be in Quarrels, and this makes him
 Shunn'd of all fair Societies. *Gui.* 'Wou'd, it were
 In my weak pow'r to help it ! I will use
 With my Entreaties th' Authority of a Mother,
 As you may of an Uncle, and enlarge it
 With your Command, as being a Governor
 To the great King in *Lisbon*.

Enter Duarte, and his Page.

Man. Here he comes,
 We are unseen, observe him.

Dua. Boy. *Page.* My Lord.

Dua. What faith the *Spanish* Captain, that I struck,
 To my bold Challenge ? *Page.* He refus'd to read it.

Dua. Why didst not leave it there ?

Page. I did, my Lord,
 But to no purpose ; for he seems more willing
 To sit down with the Wrongs, than to repair
 His Honour by the Sword ; he knows too well,
 That from your Lordship nothing can be got
 But more Blows, and Disgraces. *Dua.* He's a Wretch,
 A miserable Wretch, and all my Fury
 Is lost upon him. Holds the Masque, appointed
 I' th' honour of *Hippolyta* ? *Page.* Tis broke off.

Dua. The Reason ?

Page.

Page. This was one ; they heard your Lordship
Was by the Ladies Choice to lead the Dance ;
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said,
They would not serve for Foils to set you off.

Dua. They at their best are such, and ever shall be,
Where I appear. *Man.* Do you note his Modesty?

Dua. But was there nothing else pretended? *Page.* Yes,
Young Don *Alonzo*, the great Captain's Nephew,
Stood on Comparisons.

Dua. With whom? *Page.* With you,
And openly profess'd that all Precedence,
His Birth and State consider'd, was due to him ;
Nor were your Lordship to contend with one
So far above you.

Dua. I look down upon him
With such Contempt and Scorn, as on my Slave ;
He's a Name only, and all Good in him
He must derive from his great Grandfire's Ashes ;
For had not their victorious Acts bequeath'd
His Titles to him, and wrote on his Forehead,
This is a Lord, he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any Man of Mark, and died as one
Amongst the common Rout. Compare with me?
'Tis Giant-like Ambition ; I know him,
And know my self ; that Man is truly noble,
(19) And he may justly call that Worth his own,
Which his Deserts have purchas'd ; I could wish,
My Birth were more obscure, my Friends and Kinsmen
Of lesser Pow'r, or that my provident Father
Had been like to that riotous Emperor
That chose his Belly for his only Heir ;
For being of no Family then, and poor,
My Virtues, wherefo'er I liv'd, should make
That Kingdom my Inheritance. *Gui.* Strange Self-love !

(19) *And he may justly call that Worth his own,
Which his Deserts have purchas'd ;*] This Sentiment is evi-
dently founded on HORACE.

————— *Sume Superbiam
Quasitam Meritis.*

Dua.

Dua. For if I studied the Country's Laws,
 I should so easily Sound all their Depth,
 And rise up such a Wonder, that the Pleaders,
 That now are in most Practice and Esteem,
 Should starve for want of Clients. If I travell'd,
 Like wise *Ulysses*, to see Men and Manners,
 I would return in Act more knowing, than
Homer could fancy him. If a Physician,
 So oft I would restore Death-wounded Men,
 That, where I liv'd, *Galen* should not be nam'd ;
 And he, that join'd again the scatter'd Limbs
 Of torn *Hippolytus*, should be forgotten.
 I could teach *Ovid* Courtship, how to win
 A *Julia*, and enjoy her, though her Dow'r
 Were all the Sun gives light to : And for Arms
 Were the *Persian* Host, that drank up Rivers, added
 To the *Turks* present Pow'rs, I cou'd direct,
 Command, and marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not
 To rule your self ; you would not to a Boy else,
 Like *Plautus*' Braggart, boast thus. *Dua.* All I speak,
 In Act I can make good.

Gui. Why then being Master
 Of such and so good Parts, do you destroy them
 With self Opinion ; or, like a rich Miser,
 Hoard up the Treasures you possess, imparting
 Nor to your self, nor others, the Use of them ?
 They are to you but like enchanted Viands,
 On which you seem to feed, yet pine with Hunger ;
 And those so rare Perfections in my Son,
 Which would make others happy, render me
 A wretched Mother. *Man.* You are too insolent.
 And those too many Excellencies, that feed
 Your Pride, turn to a Pleurisie, and kill
 That which should nourish Virtue. Dare you think,
 All Blessings are conferr'd on you alone ?
 You're grossly cozen'd ; there's no Good in you,
 Which others have not. Are you a Scholar ? So
 Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant ?
 Waste not that Courage then in brawles, but spend it
 I'th'

I' th' Wars, in service of your King, and Country.

Dua. Yet, fo I might be General, no Man lives
That's worthy to command me, *Man.* Sir, in *Lisbon*
(20) I am ; and you shall know it : Every Hour
I am troubled with Complaints of your Behaviour
From Men of all Conditions, and all Sects.
And my Authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my Nephew,
No longer shall protect you ; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next Fault with as much Severity
As if you were a Stranger, rest assur'd on't.

Gui. And by that Love you should bear, or that Duty
You owe a Mother, once more I command you
To cast this Haughtiness off ; which if you do,
All, that is mine, is yours ; If not, expect
My Pray'rs and Vows, for your Conversion only ;
But never Means, nor Favour. [*Ex. Manuel and Guiomar.*

Dua. I am tutor'd
As if I were a Child still ; the base Peasants
That fear, and envy my great Worth, have done this ;
(21) But I will find them out ; I will abroad ;
Get my Disguise ; I have too long been idle,
Nor will I curb my Spirit ; I was born free,
And will pursue the Course best liketh me. [*Exeunt.*

(20) ————— *Ev'ry hour*

*I'm troubled with Complaints of your Behaviour
From Men of all Conditions, and all Sexes.]* One would ima-
gine, there were as great a Number of Sexes, as of Conditions of
Mankind, by this last Part of the Verse. But could *Fletcher* write
so ? Surely, a little Alteration will set all right. Read then,

From Men of all Conditions, and all Sects. Mr. *Sympson.*

Before I receiv'd this Emendation from my Friend, I had correc-
ted the Passage thus.

From Them of all Conditions, and all Sexes.

Men and them, I have observ'd, frequently take Place of each other
in the old Editions of our Dramatick Poets.

(21) *I will o' board ;]* But he has not been talking of any Vessel
provided for his Passage. I suspect, the Poets intended no more
than (on his being *tutor'd* so, as he calls it) that he should express a
Resolution of quitting his Country and going *abroad.* Mr. *Sympson.*

Enter

28 *The Custom of the Country.*

Enter Leopold, Sailors, and Zenocia.

Leop. Divide the Spoil amongst you, this fair Captive
I only challenge for my self. *Sail.* You have won her,
And well deserve her : Twenty Years I have liv'd
A Burgefs of the Sea, and have been present
At many a desperate Fight, but never saw
So small a Bark with such incredible Valour
So long defended, and against such Odds ;
And by two Men scarce arm'd too.

Leop. 'Twas a Wonder.
And yet the Courage they exprest being taken,
And their Contempt of Death, wan more upon me
Than all they did, when they were free : Methinks,
I see them yet when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in Fetters ;
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the Bread of Servitude,
Both snatching up their Swords, and, from this Virgin
Taking a Farewel only with their Eyes,
They leapt into the Sea.

Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.

Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great Ship that pursued us, our own Safety
Hindring my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their Lives
They should have had their Liberties. *Zen.* O too late.
For they are lost, for ever lost. *Leop.* Take Comfort ;
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet,
For, when they left the Ships, they were within
A League o'th' Shore, and with such Strength and Cunning
They, swimming, did delude the rising Billows,
With one Hand making way, and with the other
Their bloody Swords advanc'd, threatning the Sea-gods
With War, unless they brought them safely off ;
That I am almost confident, they live,
And you again may see them. *Zen.* In that Hope
I brook a wretched Being, till I am
Made certain of their Fortunes ; but, they dead,

Death

(22) Death hath so many Doors to let out Life,
I will not long survive them. *Leop.* Hope the best,
And let the courteous Usage you have found,
Not usual in Men of War, persuade you
To tell me your Condition. *Zen.* You know it,
A Captive my Fate and your Pow'r have made me ;
Such I am now ; but, what I was, it skills not ;
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge Family, or Country,
And therefore, Sir, enquire not ; let it suffice,
I am your Servant, and a thankful Servant
(If you will call that so, which is but Duty)
I ever will be ; and, my Honour safe,
(Which nobly hitherto ye have preserv'd,)
No Slavery can appear in such a Form,
Which with a masculine Constancy I will not
Boldly look on and suffer. *Leop.* You mistake me :
That you are made my Prisoner, may prove
The Birth of your good Fortune. I do find
A winning Language in your Tongue and Looks ;
Nor can a Suit by you mov'd be deny'd ;
And therefore of a Prisoner you must be
The Victor's Advocate.

Zen. To whom ? *Leop.* A Lady :
In whom all Graces, that can perfect Beauty,
Are friendly met, I grant, that you are Fair :
And had I not seen her before, perhaps,
I might have fought to you. *Zen.* This I hear gladly.

Leop. To this incomparable Lady I will give you,
(Yet being mine, you are already hers)
And to serve her is more than to be free,
At least, I think so ; and when you live with her,
If you will please to think on him that brought you
To such a Happiness, for so her Bounty
Will make you think her Service, you shall ever
Make me at your Devotion. *Zen.* All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of. *Leop.* At Night I'll present you,

(22) *Death hath so many Doors to let out Life,*
Mille viæ Mortis,
As *Virgil* says in his *Æneis*.

Till

Till when I am your Guard. *Zen.* Ever your Servant.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arnaldo and Rutilio.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?

Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain;
Drowning we have escap'd miraculously, and
Stand fair, for aught I know, for hanging; Money
We've none, nor like to have, 'tis to be doubted:
Besides, we're Strangers, wondrous hungry Strangers;
And Charity growing cold, and Miracles ceasing,
Without a Conjurer's Help, I cannot find
When we shall eat again. *Arn.* These are no Wants
If put in Balance with *Zenocia's* Loss;
In that alone all Miseries are spoken:
O, my *Rutilio*, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a Captive,
(23) Then I could curse my self, almost those Pow'rs
That fenc'd me, from the fury of the Ocean.

Rut. You've lost a Wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one,
Two Blessings, not found often in one Woman;
But she may be recover'd; questionless,
The Ship that took us was of *Portugal*,
And here in *Lisbon*; by some means or other,
We may hear of her. *Arn.* In that Hope I live.

Rut. And so do I, but Hope is a poor Sallad
To dine and sup with, after a two days Fast too:
Have you no Money left?

Arn. Not a Denier.

Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'Tis now in Fashion.
(24) Having a Mistress, sure, you should not be

Without

(23) *Then I could curse myself, almost those Pow'rs
That send me from the Fury of the Ocean,*] *Send*, here, is a
very weak and unmeaning Word: The Pow'rs did not send, but
protected him, from the Fury of the Ocean. I have ventured to
substitute a Term, that comes very near to the Traces of the Letters,
and as near to the Meaning required.

(24) *Having a Mistress, sure, you should not be
Without a neat Historical Shirt.*] This is an obscure Epithet
to us at this time of Day. *Mr. Sympson* conjectured to me, that it
might

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Without a neat historical Shirt. *Arn.* For Shame,
Talk not so poorly. *Rut.* I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to, for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a Window,
To filch to feed me; something must be done,
And suddenly, resolve on't.

Enter Zabulon, and a Servant.

Arn. What are these?

Rut. One by his Habit is a *Jew.* *Zab.* No more:
Thou'rt sure, that's he. *Ser.* Most certain.

Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him? *Ser.* Some two Hours. [*Exit Ser.*]

Zab. Be gone,
Let me alone to work him. *Rut.* How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us; In the Devil's Name,
What would he with us? *Arn.* Innocence is bold:
Nor can I fear. *Zab.* That you are poor and Strangers
I easily perceive. *Rut.* But that you'll help us,
Or, any of your Tribe, we dare not hope, Sir.

Zab. Why think you so?

Rut. Because you are a *Jew*, Sir;
And Courtesies come sooner from the Devil
Than any of your Nation. *Zab.* We are Men,
And have, like you, Compassion, when we find
Fit Subjects for our Bounty; and, for Proof
That we dare give, and freely, (not to you, Sir;
Pray, spare your pains,) there's Gold; stand not amaz'd;
'Tis current, I assure you. *Rut.* Take it Man.
Sure, thy good Angel is a *Jew*, and comes
In his own shape to help thee: I cou'd wish now,
Mine would appear too like a *Turk*.

Arn. I thank you;
But yet must tell you, if this be the Prologue

might possibly have been a neat rhetorical *Shirt*, i. e. a moving, persuasive One; Neatness being a main Recommendation to the Ladies. I have not presum'd to alter the Text. The Poets, perhaps, might mean no more than a Shirt neatly wrought, with some Story express'd in it: as we have at this day Damask Table-cloaths with Sieges, Encampments, Cannons, &c. by way of Decoration.

To

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To any bad Act, you would have me practise,
I must not take it.

Zab. This is but the Earnest
Of that which is to follow, and the Bond,
Which you must seal to for't, is your Advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her Pow'r to give,
Offers her self up to you: Entertain her,
And that, which Princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents it self to you. *Arn.* 'Tis above Wonder.

Zab. But far beneath the Truth, in my Relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
(25) There is an Hour in each Man's Life appointed
To make his Happiness, if then he seize it;
And this, (in which, beyond all Expectation,
You are invited to your Good) is yours;
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like Offer.

Arn. 'Tis no Vision.

[Exit.
[share;

Rut. 'Tis Gold, I'm sure. *Arn.* We must, like Brothers,
There's for you.

Rut. By this Light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few Gallants, (for Men may be such,
And yet want Gold; yea, and sometimes want Silver)
But would receive such Favours from the Devil,
Though he appear'd like a Broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred. *Arn.* Wherefore should I fear
Some Plot upon my Life? 'Tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him:
Farewel, wish me good Fortune, we shall meet
Again, I doubt not.

Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust *Jew* more, [Exit *Arnoldo*.
Nor Christian for his sake——Plague o' my Stars!
How long might I have walk'd without a Cloak,
Before

(25) *There is an Hour in each Man's Life appointed
To make his Happiness, if then he seize it;* How much
more nobly, and more poetically, is this Sentiment express'd by
Shakespeare in his *Julius Cæsar*!

*There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows and in Misery.*

Before I should have met with such a Fortune?
We elder Brothers, though we are proper Men,
Ha' not the Luck, ha' too much Beard, that spoils us;
The smooth Chin carries all. What's here to do now?

Enter Duarte, Alonzo, and a Page.

Dua. I'll take you as I find you. *Alon.* That were base;
You see, I am unarm'd. *Dua.* Out with your Bodkin,
Your Pocket-dagger, your Stiletto, out with it,
Or, by this Hand, I'll kill you. Such, as you are,
Have studied the Undoing of poor Cutlers,
And made all manly Weapons out of Fashion:
You carry Poniards to murder Men,
Yet dare not wear a Sword to guard your Honour.

Rut. That's true, indeed: Upon my Life, this Gallant
Is brib'd to repeal banish'd Swords.

Dua. I'll shew you
The Difference now between a *Spanish Rapier*
(26) And your poor *Pisa*. *Alon.* Let me fetch a Sword;
Upon mine Honour, I'll return.

Dua. Not so, Sir.

Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.

Rut. To be disgrac'd as you are; no, I thank you;
Spight of the Fashion, while I live, I am
Instructed to go arm'd: What Folly 'tis
For you, that are a Man, to put your self
Into your Enemy's Mercy. *Dua.* Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your Hand, and now disgrace you;
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,
You may again prefer Complaints against me
To my Uncle and my Mother, and then think
To make it good with a Poniard. *Alon.* I am paid
For being of the Fashion. *Dua.* Get a Sword;
Then, if you dare redeem your Reputation,

(26) *And your pure Pisa.*] The *Pisa* and *Provant* Sword-Blades never were in any Estimation. Those of *Turky*, *Toledo*, and the Steel temper'd in the Water of the *Ebro*, were eminent for their Goodness, and consequently bore a Price. The Epithet, I have substituted for the corrupted one, shews that Contempt which *Duarte* would express for a *Pisa*-Rapier.

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You know, I am easily found: I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind.

Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the Advantage
Of that which your unequal Weapon gave you,
More than your Valour.

Dua. This to me, you Peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my Foot, poor Fellow;
'Tis Scorn, not Pity, makes me give thee Life:
Kneel down and thank me for't:—How! do you stare?

Rut. I have a Sword, Sir, you shall find, a good one;
This is no stabbing Guard. *Dua.* Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee.

Rut. Then have at you, [*Fight.*
I scorn to take Blows.

Dua. O! I'm slain. [*Falls.*

Page. Help! Murther! Murther!

Alon. Shift for your self, you are dead else,
You've kill'd the Governor's Nephew.

Page. Raise the Streets there.

Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot 'scape;
Will you betray your self?

Rut. Undone for ever! [*Exe. Rut. and Alonzo:*

Enter Officers.

1 Offi. Who makes this Out-cry?

Page. O, my Lord is murder'd!
This way he took, make after him;
Help, help there!

[*Exit Page.*

2 Offi. 'Tis Don *Duarte.*

1 Offi. Pride has got a Fall;
He was still in Quarrels, scorn'd us Peace-makers,
And all our Bill-authority, now h'as paid for't.
You ha' met with your Match, Sir, now: Bring off his Body,
And bear it to the Governor. Some pursue
The Murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;
Were I a Prince, I would reward him for't,
He has rid the City of a turbulent Beast,
There's few will pity him: But for his Mother
I truly grieve, indeed, she's a good Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. He's not i'th' House?

Ser. No, Madam.

Gui. Hafte and seek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to Bed,
'Till you return him; take away the Lights too,
The Moon lends me too much, to find my Fears:
And those Devotions, I am to pay,
Are written in my Heart, not in this Book, [Kneels.
And I shall read them there, without a Taper. [Ex. Ser.

Enter Rutilio.

Rut. I am pursued; and all the Ports are stopt too;
Not any Hope to escape, behind, before me,
On either Side I am beset; Curs'd Fortune,
My Enemy on the Sea, and on the Land too,
Redeem'd from one Affliction to another!
'Would, I had made the greedy Waves my Tomb
And died obscure, and innocent, not as *Nero* [me?
Smear'd o'er with Blood. Whither have my Fears brought
I am got into a House, the Doors all open,
This, by the Largeness of the Room, the Hangings,
And other rich Adornments, glistring through
The fable Mask of Night, says, it belongs
To one of Means and Rank: No Servant stirring?
Murmur, nor whisper? *Gui.* Who's that?

Rut. By the Voice,
This is a Woman. *Gui.* *Stephano, Jasper, Julia,*
Who waits there? *Rut.* 'Tis the Lady of the House,
I'll fly to her Protection. *Gui.* Speak, what are you?
Rut. Of all, that ever breath'd, a Man most wretched.

Gui. I'm sure, you are a Man of most ill Manners;
You cou'd not with so little Reverence else
Pres to my private Chamber. Whither wou'd you,
Or what d' you seek for?

Rut. Gracious Woman, hear me;
I am a Stranger, and in that I answer
All your Demands, a most unfortunate Stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my Enemy's Pride,

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Have left him dead i'th' Streets. Justice pursues me,
And for that Life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair Defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you in your Charity protect me.

Your House is now my Sanctuary; and the Altar,
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet Mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your Virtues,
And by your Innocence, that needs no Forgiveness,
Take Pity on me. *Gui.* Are you a *Castilian*?

Rut. No, Madam, *Italy* claims my Birth. *Gui.* I ask not
With purpose to betray you; if you were
Ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the Nation
We *Portugals* most hate, I yet would save you
If it lay in my Pow'r: Lift up these Hangings;
Behind my Bed's Head there's a hollow Place,
Into which enter. So; but from this stir not
If th' Officers come, as you expect they will do;
I know, they owe such Reverence to my Lodgings,
That they will easily give Credit to me,
And search no further. *Rut.* The bless'd Saints pay for me
The infinite Debt I owe you! *Gui.* How he quakes?
Thus far I feel his Heart beat: Be of Comfort,
Once more I give my Promise for your Safety;
All Men are subject to such Accidents,
Especially, the valiant; and who knows not,
But that the Charity I afford this Stranger
My only Son else-where may stand in Need of?

Enter Officers, and Servants, with the Body of Duarte.

1 Ser. Now, Madam, if your Wisdom ever cou'd
Raise up Defences against Floods of Sorrow
That haste to overwhelm you, make true Use of
Your great Discretion. *2 Ser.* Your only Son,
My Lord *Duarte*, 's slain. *1 Offi.* His Murtherer,
Pursu'd by us, was by a Boy discover'd
Entring your House, and that induced us
To press into it for his Apprehension.

Gui. Oh!— *1 Ser.* Sure, her Heart is broke.

Offi. Madam,— *Gui.* Stand off.

My Sorrow is so dear and precious to me

That

That you must not partake it; suffer it,
Like Wounds, that do bleed inward, to dispatch me!
O my *Duarte*, such an End as this
Thy Pride long since did prophesy; thou art dead,
And, to encrease my Misery, thy sad Mother
Must make a willful Shipwreck of her Vow,
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My Soul's divided;
And Piety to a Son, and true Performance
Of hospitable Duties to my Guest,
That are to others Angels, are my Furies.
Vengeance knocks at my Heart, but my word giv'n
Denies the Entrance: Is no *Medium* left,
But that I must protect the Murderer,
Or suffer in that Faith he made his Altar?
Motherly Love, give place; the Fault made this way,
To keep a Vow, to which high Heav'n is witness,
Heav'n may be pleas'd to pardon.

Enter Manuel, Doctors, and Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, past all Recov'ry: now Reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give Comfort;
And yet remember, Sister,— *Gui.* O forbear,
Search for the Murtherer, and remove the Body,
And, as you think fit, give it Burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all Comfort,
And therefore I intreat my Friends and Kinsfolk,
And you, my Lord, for some Space to forbear
Your courteous Visitations.

Man. We obey you. [Exeunt with the Body.

Manet Guiomar.

Rut. My Spirits come back, and now Despair resigns
Her Place again to Hope.

Gui Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have giv'n Means of Life, to witness
With what Religion I have kept my Promise,
Come fearless forth; but let thy Face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly Affection may return,

My Vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast taken from me
 The Respiration of my Heart, the Light
 Of my swoln Eyes, in his Life that sustain'd me :
 Yet my Word giv'n, to save you, I make good,
 Because what you did, was not done with Malice.
 You are not known, there is no mark about you
 That can discover you ; let not Fear betray you.
 With all convenient Speed you can, fly from me,
 That I may never see you ; and that Want
 Of Means may be no Let unto your Journey,
 There are a hundred Crowns : You're at the Door now,
 And so Farewel for ever.

Rut. Let me first fall
 Before your Feet, and on them pay the Duty
 I owe your Goodness ; Next, all Blessings on you,
 And Heav'n restore the Joys I have bereft you,
 With full Increase hereafter ! Living, be
 The Goddess stil'd of Hospitality. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Leopold, and Zenocia.

Leop. **F**Ling off these fullen Clouds, you are enter'd now
 Into a House off Joy and Happiness,
 I have prepar'd a Blessing for ye. *Zen.* Thank ye.
 My State would rather ask a Curse. *Leop.* You're peevish.
 And know not when ye are friended ; I've us'd those
 The Lady of this House, the noble Lady, [means,—
 Will take ye as her own, and use ye graciously :
 Make much of what you're Mistress of, that Beauty ;
 Expose it not to such betraying Sorrows ;
 When ye are old, and all those Sweets hang wither'd,

Enter Servant.

Then sit and sigh. *Zen.* My Autumn's not far off.

Leop. Have you told your Lady ?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I have told her

Both

Both of your noble Service, and your Present,
Which she accepts. *Leop.* I should be blest to see her.

Ser. That now you cannot do: She keeps the Chamber,
Not well dispos'd, and has deny'd all Visits;
The Maid I have in Charge to receive from ye,
So please you render her. *Leop.* With all my Service,
But fain I would have seen— *Ser.* 'Tis but your Patience;
No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly.

Leop. These three Years I have lov'd this scornful Lady,
And follow'd her with all the Truth of Service;
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With Sight of her blest Beauty: When you please, Sir,
You may receive your Charge, and tell your Lady,
A Gentleman, whose Life is dedicated
To her Commands, kisses her beauteous Hands;
And, Fair One, now, your Help; you may remember
The honest Courtesies, since you were mine,
I ever did your Modesty; you shall be near her;
And if sometimes you name my Service to her,
And tell her with what Nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a Gratitude I shall remember.

Zen. What in my poor Pow'r lies, so it be honest,—

Leop. I ask no more.

Ser. You must along with me, Fair.

(27) *Leop.* And so I leave you two: But to a Fortune
Too happy for my Fate: You shall enjoy here.

S C E N E II.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

(28) *Zab.* Be quick, be quick; out with the Banquet there;
These

(27) *And so I leave you too: But a Fortune
Too happy for my Fate; you shall enjoy her.]* The slight Al-
teration which I have made, I think, restores the Meaning of the
Authors, and the Sense will then run thus. I leave you Two (*Zenocia*
and the Servant) to a Fortune you shall enjoy here; *viz.* of seeing
Hippolyta, which is a Happiness too great for me to have, for in so
many Years time he could never see her but twice. This must solve
it, or nothing, that I can yet think of, can. *Mr. Symphon.*

(28) *out with the Banquet there;]* A Banquet

The Custom of the Country.

These Scents are dull ; cast richer on, and fuller ;
Scent every Place : Where have you plac'd the Musick ?

Ser. Here they stand ready, Sir.

Zab. 'Tis well, be sure

The Wines be lusty, high, and full of Spirit,
And amber'd all.

Ser. They are. *Zab.* Give fair Attendance.

In the best Trim, and State, make ready all.

I shall come presently again. [*Banquet set forth. Exit Zab.*

2 Ser. We shall, Sir.

What Preparation's this? Some new Device
My Lady has in hand.

1 Ser. O, prosper it

As long as it carries good Wine in the Mouth,
And good Meat with it! where are all the rest ?

2 Ser. They are ready to attend.

[*Musick.*

1 Ser. Sure, some great Person,

They would not make this Hurry else.

2 Ser. Hark, the Musick.

Enter Zabulon and Arnolde.

It will appear now certain, here it comes.
Now, to our Places. *Arn.* Whither will he lead me ?
What Invitation's this? to what new End
Are these fair Preparations? a rich Banquet,
Musick, and every Place stuck with Adornment
Fit for a Prince's Welcome ; what new Game
Has Fortune now prepar'd to shew me Happy ?
And then again to sink me? 'tis no Illusion,
Mine Eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real :
What Wealth and State !

Zab. Will you sit down and eat, Sir ?

These carry little Wonder, they are usual ;

is set out in about eight Lines after this, as we find by the marginal Direction. The oldest Folio in 1647, when this Play was first printed, has it, *out with the Bucket there* ; and then it must relate to the Vessel that held the Perfumes. I only mention the Variation of the Copies ; for as the Sense of the Text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the Words we espouse.

But

(29) But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike indeed, strike with Amazement ;
Then, if you be a Man, this fair Health to you.

Arn. What shall I see? I pledge ye, Sir, I was never
So bury'd in Amazement—

Zab. You are so still :

Drink freely. *Arn.* The very Wines are admirable:
Good Sir, give me but Leave to ask this Question,
For what great worthy Man are these prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?

Zab. They are for you, Sir ;
And under-value not the Worth you carry,
You are that worthy Man: Think well of these,
They shall be more, and greater.

Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou hast the prettiest Changes, when thou'rt pleas'd
To play the Game out wantonly— *Zab.* Come, be lusty,
And wake your Spirits. *Arn.* Good Sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I'd die in this Dream; pray, whose Servants
Are all these that attend here? *Zab.* They are yours;
They wait on you. *Arn.* I never yet remember,
I kept such Faces, nor that I was able
To maintain so many. *Zab.* Now you are, and shall be.

Arn. You'll say, this House is mine too?

Zab. Say it? swear it.

Arn. And all this Wealth?

Zab. This is the least you see, Sir.

Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty Years?
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy
'Till this hour, never dream'd of House, and Servants.
I had thought I had been a younger Brother, a poor Gen-
I may eat boldly then? [tleman.

Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for ye.

Arn. The Taste is perfect, and most delicate :

(29) *But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike dead, strike with Amazement;]* This
must be a wonderful Sight indeed, that first strikes *dead*, and *after*
that, strikes with Amazement. But we will acquit the Poets from
all Intention of shewing such a Wonder. The second Verse halts
in its Metre, a shrewd Sign of a corrupted Reading. I have re-
triev'd the Sense, by the Authority of the old *Folio* in 1647.

But

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But why for me? give me some Wine, I do drink;
I feel it sensibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious Place: I am bravely us'd too,
Good Sir, give me but Leave to think a little,
For either I am much abus'd——

Zab. Strike, Musick;

(30) And sing that lusty Song. [Musick. Song.]

Arn. Bewitching Harmony!

Sure, I am turn'd into another Creature.

Enter Hippolyta.

Happy and blest, *Arnoldo* was unfortunate;
Ha! blest mine Eyes; what precious piece of Nature
To poze the World?

Zab. I told you, you would see that
Would darken these poor Preparations;
What think ye now? nay, rise not, 'tis no Vision.

Arn. 'Tis more: 'Tis Miracle.

Hip. You are welcome, Sir.

Arn. It speaks, and entertains me, still more glorious;
She is warm, and this is Flesh here: How she stirs me!
Blest me, what Stars are there? *Hip.* May I sit near ye?

Arn. No, you're too pure an Object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon, and live;
I must remove. *Zab.* She is a Woman, Sir,
Fy, what faint Heart is this?

(30) *And sing that lusty Song.*] *Lusty*, at first View, may seem an odd Epithet appropriated to Musick: but it means, that wanton, invigorating Song, inciting to amorous Pleasures. So, before, in this very Play.

No merry Noise, nor lusty Songs, be heard here;
So, again;

————— *Come, be lusty,*

And wake your Spirits.

So, towards the Conclusion of *Wit without Money*;

————— *Come, Boy, sing the Song I taught you,*

And sing it lustily.

And, in the *Mad Lover*, Songs in this free Strain are express'd by another, but equivalent, Term.

Fool. — *What new Songs, Sirrah?*

Stre. *A thousand, Man, a thousand.*

Fool. — — — *Itching Airs,*

Alluding to the old Sport.

Arn.

Arn. The House of Wonder.

Zab. Do not you think your self now truly happy?
You have the Abstract of all Sweetness by ye,
The precious wealth Youth labours to arrive at;
Nor is she less in Honour, than in Beauty;
Ferrara's royal Duke is proud to call her
His best, his noblest, and most happy Sister;
Fortune has made her Mistress of her self,
Wealthy, and wise, without a Pow'r to sway her;
Wonder of *Italy*, of all Hearts Mistress.

Arn. And all this is— *Zab.* *Hippolyta*, the beauteous.

Hip. You are a poor Relater of my Fortunes,
Too weak a Chronicle to speak my Blessings,
And leave out that essential part of Story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,
The Acquaintance, and the noble Fellowship
Of this fair Gentleman. Pray ye, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome Lady
Speak freely to ye. With your fair Leave and Courtesy,
I will sit by ye.

Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am; nor to what End consider,
Why do you use me thus? *Hip.* Are ye angry, Sir,
Because ye're entertain'd with all Humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd? *Arn.* No, gentle Lady,
That were uncivil, but it much 'mazes me,
A Stranger, and a Man of no Desert,
Should find such floods of Courtesy. *Hip.* I love ye,
I honour ye, the first and best of all Men,
And, where that fair Opinion leads, 'tis usual
These Trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love ye; though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale Favour I fling on ye,
Though ye be handsome, and the only Man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine Eye on,
And bring along all Promises that please us,
Yet I should hate ye then, despise ye, scorn ye;
And with as much Contempt pursue your Person,
As now I do with Love. But you are wiser,

At

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At least, I think, more Master of your Fortune ;
And so I drink your Health.

Arn. Hold fast, good Honesty,
I am a lost Man else. *Hip.* Now you may kiss me,
'Tis the first Kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to ye.

Arn. That I dare do, sweet Lady.

Hip. You do it well too ;
You are a Master, Sir, that makes you coy.

Arn. 'Would, you wou'd fend your People off.

Hip. Well thought on.

Wait all without. [*Ex. Zab. and Servants.*]

Zab. I hope, she is pleas'd throughly.

Hip. Why stand ye still? here's no Man to detect ye ;
My People are gone off : Come, come, leave Conjuring ;
The Spirit, you would raise, is here already ;
Look boldly on me.

Arn. What wou'd you have me do?

Hip. O most unmanly Question ! I have you do?
Is't possible, your Years should want a Tutor ?
I'll teach ye : Come, embrace me. *Arn.* Fie, stand off ;
And give me Leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A Building of so goodly a Proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the Frame of Heaven,
Should hide within so base Inhabitants :
You are as fair, as if the Morning bare ye,
Imagination never made a sweeter ;
(31) Can it be possible, this Frame should totter,
And, built on slight Affections, fright the Viewer ?
(32) Be excellent within, as you are outward,
The worthy Mistress of those many Blessings

(31) *Can it be possible, this Frame should suffer,
And, built on slight Affections, fright the Viewer ?* Tho' the
Word, *suffer*, be not absolute Nonsense, yet it carries on the fine Me-
taphor of the following Line so ill, that, I am persuaded, it is a cor-
rupt Reading ; and that the original Word was, *totter* ; which per-
fectly corresponds with the rest of the Metaphor. Mr. Seward.

(32) *Be excellent in all, as you are outward,*] I make no Doubt
but the Authors wrote ;

*Be excellent within, as you are outward,
And so the Antithesis is preserv'd.*

Mr. Symphon.

Heav'n

(33) Heav'n has bestow'd ; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a weaker Keeper.

Wou'd ye have me love ye ?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your Beauty ;
Though, I confess, it blows the first Fire in us ;
Time, as he passes by, puts out that Sparkle.
Nor for your Wealth ; although the World kneel to it,
And make it all Addition to a Woman ;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his Conquest.
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire ye ;
At least, be wise ; and where ye lay these Nets,
Strow over 'em a little Modesty,
'Twill well become your Cause, and catch more Fools.

Hip. Cou'd any one, that lov'd this wholesome Counsel,
But love the Giver more ? you make me fonder :
You have a virtuous Mind, I want that Ornament ;
Is it a Sin I covet, to enjoy ye ?
If ye imagine I'm too free a Lover,
And act that Part belongs to you, I am silent :

(33) ————— *make 'em appear still nobler,*
Because they're trusted to a weaker Keeper.] The Epithet
weaker appears to me to be Nonsense, and in direct Opposition to all
that goes before. He had been advising her not to debase the Charms
of her Beauty by her Vices, but to make herself the *worthy Mistress*
of them. As much the same Sense is pursued in the Line above, an
Epithet must have stood in the Original consonant to it. To repeat
the same (*viz.* *worthy*) would be Tautology. I at first, therefore,
thought it should have been, *wary* ; but That's a Tautology in Sense,
tho' not in Words. I therefore believe the Original to have been
wealthy. i. e. " Be the worthy Mistress of all the many Excellencies,
" with which Heaven has adorn'd your Person, (for He's before
" speaking of her personal Charms) and make them appear still
" nobler, because they are set off and adorn'd with Riches." This
Letter is a new, and, I think, a just Idea. *Mr. Seward.*

Notwithstanding this ingenious Conjecture, and the ingenious Reasoning upon it, (Both of which ought, certainly, to be submitted to the Readers) I have not ventured to alter the Text : Because I always apprehended, that the Poets here had the Words of the *Sacred Writ* in View, of Woman being ἀδυνάτερον σκεῦος, *the weaker Vessel*. The Comment then will run thus, " Be the worthy Mistress of those " Blessings which Heaven has bestow'd ; and make Them still nobler " by preserving them, as they are intrusted to the *Frailty, and Weakness, of a Woman.*

Mine Eyes shall speak my Blushes, partly with ye ;
 I will not touch your Hand, but with a Tremble
 Fitting a Vestal Nun ; not long to kiss ye,
 But gently as the Air, and undiscern'd too,
 I'll steal it thus : I'll walk your Shadow by ye,
 So still and silent, that it shall be equal
 To put me off, as that ; and when I covet,
 To give such Toys as these——

Arn. A new Temptation——

Hip. Thus, like the lazy Minutes, will I drop 'em,
 Which past once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent Vice!

Hip. Will ye be won? Look steadfastly upon me,
 Look manly, take a Man's Affections to you ;
 Young Women, in the old World, were not wont, Sir,
 To hang out gaudy Bushes for their Beauties,
 To talk themselves into young Mens Affections.
 How cold and dull you are !

Arn. How do I stagger!
 She's wise, as fair ; but 'tis a wicked Wisdom ;
 I'll choak before I yield.

Hip. Who waits within there? [Zabulon *within.*
 Make ready the green Chamber.

Zab. It shall be, Madam.

Arn. I am afraid, she will enjoy me indeed.

Hip. What Musick do ye love?

Arn. A modest Tongue.

Hip. We'll have enough of that: Fie, fie, how lumpish?
 In a young Lady's Arms thus dull?

Arn. For Heav'n's sake,
 Profess a little Goodness.

Hip. Of what Country?

Arn. I am of *Rome.*

Hip. Nay then, I know, you mock me ;
 The *Italians* are not frighted with such Bug-bears ;
 Prithee, go in.

Arn. I am not well.

Hip. I'll make thee,
 I'll kiss thee well.

Arn. I am not sick of that Sore.

Hip.

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Hip. Upon my Conscience, I must ravish thee,
I shall be famous for the first Example :

With this I'll tie ye first, then try your Strength, Sir.

Arn. My Strength? Away, base Woman, I abhor thee.
I am not caught with Stales; Disease dwell with thee! [*Ex.*

Hip. Are ye so quick? And have I lost my Wishes?
Hoe, *Zabulon*; my Servants——

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Call'd ye, Madam?

Hip. Is all that Beauty scorn'd, so many su'd for;
So many Princes? By a Stranger too?
Must I endure this?

Zab. Where's the Gentleman?

Hip. Go presently, pursue the Stranger, *Zabulon*.
He has broke from me, Jewels I have giv'n him:
Charge him with Theft: He has stol'n my Love, my Free-
Draw him before the Governor, imprison him; [dom,
Why dost thou stay?

Zab. I'll teach him a new Dance,
For playing fast and loose with such a Lady.
Come, Fellows, come: I'll execute your Anger,
And to the full.

Hip. His Scorn shall feel my Vengeance—— [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Sulpitia, and Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty Man again?

Ja. Faith, Mistress,
You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.

Sul. Where is the *Frenchman*?

Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters,
And lies, taking the height of his Fortune with a Syringe.
He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good Man, he is a Mourner.

Sul. What is become o' th' *Dane*?

Ja. Who? Goldy-locks?
He's foul i'th' Touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main Spring's weaken'd that holds up his Cock,
He lies at the Sign of the Sun, to be new breech'd.

Sul.

(34) *Sul.* The Ruttier, too, 's gone.

Ja. O, that was a brave Raical,
He would labour like a Thrasher. But, alas,
What Thing can ever last? He has been ill mew'd,
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the Hospital.

Sul. There was an *Englishman*.

Ja. Ay, there was an *Englishman*;
You'll scant find any now, to make that Name good.
There were those *English*, that were Men indeed,
And would perform like Men; but now they are vanish'd:
They are so taken up in their own Country,
So beaten off their Speed by their own Women,
When they come here, they draw their Legs like Hack-
Drink, and their own Devices have undone 'em. [nies.

Sul. I must have one that's strong, no Life in *Lisbon* else,
Perfect and young: My Custom with young Ladies,
And high-fed City-Dames, will fall, and break else.
I want my self too, in mine Age to nourish me:
They are all sunk, I maintain'd: Now, what's this Business?
What goodly Fellow's that?

Enter Rutilio and Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your Justice! let me loose.

i Off. Not so, Sir.

Rut. Cannot a Man fall into one of your drunken Cellars,
And venture the breaking on's Neck, your Trap-doors
But he must be us'd thus rascally? [open,

i Off. What made you wandring
So late i'th' Night? You know, that is Imprisonment.

Rut. May be, I walk in my Sleep.

Off. May be, we'll wake ye.

What made you wandring, Sir, into that Vault
Where all the City Store, and the Munition lay?

Rut. I fell into't by Chance, I broke my Shins for't:
Your Worships feel not that: I knock'd my Head

(34) *The Rutter, too, is gone.*] I suspect, this Word should be *Ruttier*, which in *French* signifies an old beaten Soldier. And they have a Phrase, *C'est un vieux Routtier*, He's an old Dog at it; meaning, I suppose, at the Game, that is here discours'd of.

Against

Against a hundred Posts; 'would, you had had it!
Cannot I break my Neck in my own Defence?

2 Offi. This will not serve: You cannot put it off so;
Your coming thither was to play the Villain,
To fire the Powder, to blow up part o'th' City.

Rut. Yes, with my Nose: Why were the Trap-doors
open?

Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought, your City had sunk.

1 Offi. You did your best, Sir,
We must presume, to help it into the Air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you, what's the Law;
He that is taken there, unless a Magistrate,
And have Command in that Place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his Torture, or his present Death,
Must either pay his Fine for his Presumption,
(Which is six hundred Duckets) or for six Years
Tug at an Oar i'th' Gallies. Will ye walk, Sir?
For, we presume, you cannot pay the Penalty.

Rut. Row in the Gallies, after all this Mischief?

2 Offi. May be, you were drunk; they'll keep you sober

Rut. Tug at an Oar? You are not arrant Rascals, [there.
To catch me in a Pit-fall, and betray me?

Sul. A lusty-minded Man.

Ja. A wondrous able.

Sul. Pray, Gentlemen, allow me but that Liberty
To speak a few words with your Prisoner,
And I shall thank you.

1 Offi. Take your Pleasure, Lady. [ye,

Sul. What would ye give that Woman, should redeem
Redeem ye from this Slavery?

Rut. Besides my Service,
I'd give her my whole self, I'd be her Vassal.

Sul. She has Reason to expect as much, considering
The great Sum she pays for it, yet take Comfort;
What ye shall do to merit this, is easy,
And I will be the Woman shall befriend ye;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome Ladies,
And young fair Gentlewomen: You guess the way:

But giving of your Mind——

Rut. I am excellent at it:

You cannot pick out such another living.

I understand ye: Is't not thus?

Sul. Ye have it.

Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em: I'll dispatch 'em.

I will be none but yours: Should another offer

Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.

What Women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty:

Not to be taken down: Would you have Children?

I'll get you those as fast, and thick as Flie-blows.

Sul. I admire him; wonder at him!

Rut. Hark ye, Lady,

You may require sometimes——

Sul. Ay, by my Faith.

Rut. And you shall have it by my Faith, and handsomly:

This old Cat will suck shrewdly: You have no Daughters?

I fly at all: Now am I in my Kingdom.

Tug at an Oar? No, tug in a Feather-bed,

With good warm Caudles; hang your Bread and Water.

I'll make you young again, believe that, Lady,

I will so frubbish you.

Sul. Come, follow, Officers,

This Gentleman is free: I'll pay the Duckets. [tub

Rut. And when you catch me in your City-powdering-
Again, boil me with Cabbage.

Offi. You are both warn'd and arm'd, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, and Zenocia.

Zen. Will your Ladyship wear this Dressing?

Hip. Leave thy prating:

I care not what I wear. *Zen.* Yet 'tis my Duty

To know your Pleasure, and my worst Affliction

To see you discontented.

Hip. Weeping too?

Prithee, forgive me: I am much distemper'd,

And speak I know not what: To make thee Amends,

The Gown, that I wore yesterday, is thine;

Let

Let it alone awhile. *Leop.* Now you perceive,
And taste her Bounty. *Zen.* Much above my Merit.

Leop. But have you not yet found a happy Time
To move for me? *Zen.* I have watch'd all Occasions,
But, hitherto, without Success: Yet doubt not,
But I'll embrace the first Means. *Leop.* Do, and prosper:
Excellent Creature, whose Perfections make
Even Sorrow lovely, if your Frowns thus take me,
What would your Smiles do?

Hip. Pox o' this stale Courtship!
If I have any Pow'r,—— *Leop.* I am commanded;
Obedience is the Lover's Sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. *Hip.* To be forc'd to woo,
Being a Woman, cou'd not but torment me;
But bringing, for my Advocates, Youth and Beauty,
Set off with Wealth, and then to be deny'd too,
Does comprehend all Tortures. They flatter'd me,
That said my Looks were Charms, my Touches Fetters,
My Locks soft Chains, to bind the Arms of Princes,
And make them, in that wish'd-for Bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarser Feature,
As weak t' allure, but in my Dotage, stronger:
I am no *Circe*; he, more than *Ulysses*,
Scorns all my offer'd Bounties, flights my Favours;
(35) And, as I were some new *Egyptian*, flies me,
Leaving no Pawn, but my own Shame behind him.
But he shall find, that, in my fell Revenge,
I am a Woman: One, that never pardons
The rude Contemner of her proffer'd Sweetness.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.

(35) *And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,]* This, certainly, as both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympson* hinted to me, alludes to the Story of *Potiphar's* Wife tempting the Patriarch *Joseph*. The Circumstances, in the Verses that follow, fix it down to this Story;

But he shall find, that, in my fell Revenge,

I am a Woman: One, that never pardons

The rude Contemner of her proffer'd Sweetness.

For *Potiphar's* Wife, 'tis well known, failing in her Design of seducing *Joseph* to Wantonness with her, accused him to her Husband of an Attempt upon her Chastity.

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Hip. What's done? *Zab.* Th' uncivil Stranger
Is at your Suit arrested. *Hip.* 'Tis well handled.

Zab. And under Guard sent to the Governor,
With whom my Testimony, and the Favour
He bears your Ladyship, have so prevail'd,
That he is sentenc'd. *Hip.* How? *Zab.* To lose his Head.

Hip. Is that the Means to quench the scorching Heat
Of my inrag'd Desires? Must Innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? Or is my Love so fatal,
That of Necessity it must destroy
The Object it most longs for? Dull *Hippolyta*,
To think that Injuries could make Way for Love,
When Courtesies were despis'd: That by his Death
Thou should'st gain that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living: My Honour's at the Stake now,
And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish.

The enjoying of the Thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my Fame: Why doubt I now then?
One only Way is left me, to redeem all:
Make ready my Caroch. *Leop.* What will you, Madam?

Hip. And yet I am impatient of such Stay:
Bind up my Hair: Fie, fie, while that is doing
The Law may seize his Life: Thus as I am then,
Not like *Hippolyta*, but a *Bacchanal*,
My frantick Love transports me. [*Exit.*

Leop. Sure, she's distracted.

Zab. Pray you, follow her: I will along with you:
I more than guess the Cause: Women, that love,
Are most uncertain; and one Minute crave,
What in another they refuse to have. [*Exe.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Clodio, and Charino.

Clod. Assure thy self, *Charino*, I am alter'd
From what I was; the Tempests, we have met with
In our uncertain Voyage, were smooth Gales
Compar'd to those, the Memory of my Lusts
Rais'd in my Conscience: And if e'er again
I live to see *Zenocia*, I will sue,
And seek t' her as a Lover, and a Servant;

And

And not command Affection, like a Tyrant.

Char. In hearing this, you make me young again ;
And Heav'n, it seems, favouring this good Change in you,
In setting of a Period to our Dangers,
Gives us fair Hopes to find That here in *Lisbon*
Which hitherto in vain we long have fought for.
I have receiv'd assur'd Intelligence,
Such Strangers have been seen here : And though yet
I cannot learn their Fortunes, nor the Place
Of their Abode, I have a Soul presages
A fortunate Event here,

Clod. There have pass'd
A mutual Enterchange of Courtesies
Between me, and the Governor ; therefore boldly
We may presume of him, and of his Pow'r,
If we find Cause to use them ; otherwise,
I would not be known here ; and these Disguises
Will keep us from Discovery.

Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnaldo, and Guard.

Char. What are these ?

Clod. The Governor : With him my Rival, bound.

Char. For certain, 'tis *Arnaldo*. *Clod.* Let's attend.
What the Success will be. *Man.* Is't possible,
There should be hope of his Recovery,
His Wounds so many and so deadly ?

Doct. So they appear'd at first, but the Blood stop'd,
His Trance forsook him, and, on better Search,
We found they were not mortal.

Man. Use all Care
To perfect this unhop'd-for Cure : That done,
Propose your own Rewards : And till you shall
Hear farther from me, for some Ends I have,
Conceal it from his Mother.

Doct. We'll not fail, Sir. [Exit.

Man. You still stand confident on your Innocence.

Arn. It is my best and last Guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain Mercy.

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Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, and two Servants.

Hip. Who bad you follow me? Go home, and you, Sir,
As you respect me, go with her.

Arn. Zenocia!

And in her House a Servant!

Char. 'Tis my Daughter.

[*Zen. passes.*]

Clod. My Love? Contain your Joy, observe the Sequel.

Man. Fye, Madam, how undecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike your self, to be seen thus
In th' open Streets? Why do you kneel? Pray you, rise;
I am acquainted with the Wrong, and Loss
You have sustain'd, and the Delinquent now
Stands ready for his Punishment.

Hip. Let it fall, Sir,
On the Offender: He is innocent,
And most unworthy of these Bonds he wears,
But I made up of Guilt.

Man. What strange Turn's this?

Leop. This was my Prisoner once. *Hip.* If Chastity
In a young Man, and tempted to the Height too,
Did e'er deserve Reward, or Admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his Person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my House;
All Engines I rais'd there to shake his Virtue,
Which in th' Assault were useles; he, unmov'd still,
As if he had no Part of human Frailty,
Against the Nature of my Sex, almost
I plaid the Ravisher. You might have seen,
In our Contention, young *Apollo* fly
And Love-sick *Daphne* follow; all Arts failing,
By flight he won the Victory, breaking from
My scorn'd Embraces: The Repulse (in Women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be reveng'd: And from this grew
His Accusation, and the Abuse
Of your still-equal Justice: My Rage over,
(Thank, Heav'n) though wanton, I found not my self

So

So far engag'd to Hell, to prosecute
To th' Death what I had plotted; for that Love,
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me with the Hazard of my self
First to entreat his Pardon, then acquit him.

Man. Whate'er you are, so much I love your Virtue,
That I desire your Friendship. Do you unloose
Him from those Bonds, you are worthy of. Your Repentance
Makes part of Satisfaction; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.

Leop. I am made
A Stale on all parts: But this Fellow shall
Pay dearly for her Favour.

Arn. My Life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair
Of any certain Port; one Trouble ending,
A new, and worse, succeeds it: What should *Zenocia*
Do in this Woman's House? Can Chastity
And hot Lust dwell together without Infection?
I wou'd not be, or jealous, or secure,
Yet something must be done, to sound the Depth on't:
That she lives, is my Bliss; but living there,
A Hell of Torments; there's no Way to her
In whom I live, but by this Door, through which
To me 'tis Death to enter, yet I must
And will make Trial.

Man. Let me hear no more
Of these Devices, Lady: This I pardon,
And at your Intercession I forgive
Your Instrument the *Jew* too: Get you home.
The hundred thousand Crowns you lent the City,
Towards the setting forth of the last Navy
Bound for the Islands, was a Good then, which
I balance with your Ill now. *Char.* Now, Sir, to him,
You know, my Daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine Eye, Sir, though my Lip
Be barr'd the Ceremony, Courtesie,
And Custom too, allows of.

Arn. Gentle Madam,

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I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it: You are unguarded,
And let me tell you that I am ashamed
Of my late Rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
If you please to accept my ready Service,
Wait on you to your House.

Hip Above my hope:

Sir, if an Angel were to be my Convoy,
He should not be more welcome,— *Ex. Arn. and Hip.*

Clod. Now you know me.

Man. Yes, Sir, and honour you: Ever remembering
Your many Bounties, being ambitious only
To give you Cause to say, by some one Service,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:

I have a Suit to you, and an easy one,
Which e'er long you shall know.

Man. When you think fit, Sir,
And then as a Command I will receive it;
Till when, most welcome: You are welcome too, Sir,
'Tis spoken from the Heart, and therefore needs not
Much Protestation: At your better Leisure
I will enquire the Cause that brought you hither:
I'th' mean time serve you.

Clod. You out-do me, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Duarte, and Doctor.

Dua. **Y**OU have bestow'd on me a second Life,
For which I live your Creature, and have bet-
What Nature fram'd imperfect; my first Being [ter'd
Insolent Pride made monstrous; but this latter,
In learning me to know my self, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to Rest without Alarm
Giv'n ev'ry minute to a Guilt-sick Conscience

To

To keep us waking; and rise in the Morning
Secure in being innocent: But when,
In the Remembrance of our worser Actions,
We ever bear about us Whips and Furies,
To make the Day a Night of Sorrow to us,
Even Life's a burthen.

Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made Peace
With those intestine Enemies, my rude Passions,
To be so with Mankind: But, worthy Doctor,
Pray, if you can, resolve me; was the Gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his Trial?

Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.

Dua. That's my Grief.

Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd? *Dua.* No.
The Stream of my swoln Sorrow runs not that way:
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n
It shall be my first Care to seek him out,
I would with Thanks acknowledge that his Sword,
In opening my Veins, which proud Blood poison'd,
Gave the first Symptoms of true Health.

Doct. 'Tis in you.

A Christian Resolution: That you live
Is by the Governor's, your Uncle's, Charge
As yet conceal'd. And though a Son's Loss never
Was solemniz'd with more Tears of true Sorrow,
Than have been paid by your unequal'd Mother
For your supposed Death, she's not acquainted
With your Recovery.

Dua. For some few days,
Pray, let her so continue: Thus disguis'd,
I may abroad unknown. *Doct.* Without Suspicion,
Of being discover'd (36) *Dua.* I am confident,
No Moisture sooner dries than Womens Tears,
And therefore, though I know my Mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail Sex, I purpose

(36) ————— *I am confident,*

No Moisture sooner dies than Womens Tears;] Moisture dying
is stark Nonsense; the Insertion of a single Letter gives the true
Sense, *dries.* Mr. *Sympson.*

Her

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Her farther Trial, *Doct.* That as you think fit
—I'll not betray you. *Dua.* To find out this Stranger,
This true Physician of my Mind and Manners
Were such a Blessing. — He seem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in Want; wou'd I cou'd find him!
The inns I'll search first, then the publick Stews;
He was of *Italy*, and that Country breeds not
Precifians that way, but hot Libertines;
And such the most are: 'tis but a little Travel:
I am unfurnish'd too; pray, Mr. Doctor,
Can you supply me?

Doct. With what Sum you please.

Dua. I will not be long absent.

Doct. That I wish too;

For till you have more Strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.

Dua. Fear not, I will be careful. [Exeunt.]

Enter Leopold, Zabulon, and Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him, Sir; a Fellow that will do it,
Though Hell stood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't. *Leop.* He has a strange Aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a Hang-man
In a Table of the Passion. *Zab.* He transcends
All Precedents, believe it; a flesh'd Ruffian,
That hath so often taken the Strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty Trick
Is to a Tumbler: He hath perus'd too
All Dungeons in *Portugal*, thrice sev'n Years
Row'd in the Gallies for three several Murthers;
Though, I presume, that he has done a hundred,
And scap'd unpunish'd. *Leop.* He is much in debt to you,
(37) You set him off so well. What will you take, Sir,
To beat a Fellow for me, that has wrong'd me?

Bra. To beat him, say you?

(37) ————— *What will you take, Sir,
To beat a Fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?*] Thus
wrong'd me? The Nature and Quality of the Wrong are not in one
Syllable premis'd. The Poets certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd
me. Mr. Sympson.

Leop.

Leop. Yes, beat him to Lameness,
To cut his Lips or Nose off; any thing,
That may disfigure him. *Bra.* Let me consider?
Five hundred Pistolets for such a Service
I think were no dear Penniworth. *Zab.* Five hundred!
Why there are of your Brother-hood in the City,
I'll undertake, shall kill a Man for twenty.

Bra. Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any Man
For half the Money.

Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound Beating than a Murther?

Bra. Ay, Sir,
And with good Reason; for a Dog that's dead,
The *Spanish* Proverb says, will never bite:
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.

Leop. A good Conclusion;
The Obduracy of this Rascal makes me tender.
I'll run some other Course, there's your Reward
Without the Employment.

Bra. For that, as you please, Sir;
When you have Need to kill a Man, pray use me,
But I am out at beating.

Exit.

Zab. What's to be done then?

Leop. I'll tell thee, *Zabulon*, and make thee privy
To my most near Designs: This Stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my Prisoner
When the last Virgin, I bestow'd upon her,
Was made my Prize; how he escap'd, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the Love
He bears the Servant, makes him scorn the Mistress.

Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for the first time he saw her
His looks express'd so much, and, for my Proof,
Since he came to my Lady's House, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
To help him to a Conference, without
The Knowledge of *Hippolyta*; which I promis'd.

Leop. And by all means perform it for their Meeting,
But work it so, that my disdainful Mistress
(Whom, notwithstanding all her Injuries,

'Tis

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'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.

Zab. To what end, Sir?

Leop. This, *Zabulon*: When she sees
Who is her Rival, and her Lover's Baseness
To leave a Princess for her Bond-woman,
The Sight will make her scorn, what now she dotes on:
I'll double thy Reward.

Zab. You are like to speed then:
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,
We serve them best that are most apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
And yet be unobserv'd. *Leop.* That I desire too. [*Exe.*

Enter Arnaldo.

Arn. I cannot see her yet; How it afflicts me,
The Poison of this Place should mix it self [manded,
With her pure Thoughts! 'Twas She that was com-
Or my Eyes fail'd me grossly; that Youth, that Face,
And all that noble Sweetness. May she not live here,
And yet be honest still?

Enter Zenocia.

Zen. It is *Arnaldo*,
From all his Dangers free; Fortune, I bless thee.
My noble Husband! how my Joy swells in me!
But why in this Place? what Business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me, I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now?
And how that Joy, I had, cools, and forsakes me?

Enter above Hippolyta, and Zabulon.

This Lady is but fair, I have been thought so,
Without Compare admir'd; She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot —

Arn. 'Tis she again, the same —
The same *Zenocia*. *Zab.* There they are together. —
Now you may mark 'em.

Hip. Peace, and let 'em parley.

Arn. That you are well, *Zenocia*, and once more
Bless my despairing Eyes with your wish'd Presence,
I thank the Gods; but that I meet you here —

Hip.

Hip. They are acquainted.

Zab. I found that Secret, Madam,
When you commanded her go home: Pray, hear 'em.

Zen. That you do meet me here, ne'er blush, *Arnoldo*.
(38) Your Coming comes too late: I am a Woman,
One Woman with another may be trusted;
Do you fear the House?

Arn. More than a Fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honest.

Zen. What do you here then?
I th' Name of Virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confess the Doubt, and yet pursue it?
Where have your Eyes been wandring, my *Arnoldo*?
What Constancy, what Faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton Mark, and wound another?
I do confess, the Lady fair, most beauteous,
Leopold places himself unseen below.

And able to betray a strong Man's Liberty,
But you, that have a Love, a Wife — you do well
To deal thus wisely with me: Yet, *Arnoldo*,
Since you are pleas'd to study a new Beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with Misery,
(39) Study a nobler way, for Shame, to leave me;
Wrong not her Honesty —

Arn. You have confirm'd me. [der you,

Zen. Who though she be your Wife, will never hin-
So much I rest a Servant to your Wishes,
And love your Loves, though they be my Destructions.
No Man shall know me, not the share I have in thee,
No Eye suspect I am able to prevent you,
For since I am a Slave to this great Lady,

(38) *Your Coming comes too late:*] I have not ventured to dis-
turb the Text, tho', I indeed, suspect *Coming comes* not to be ge-
nuine. I believe, the Authors wrote;

Your Coining comes too late:

i. e. your Fallacy, your Dissimulation: for she was jealous in seeing
Arnoldo at *Hippolyta's* House:

(39) *Study a nobler way for Shame to love me.*] A nobler way to
love her, when She suspected that he had ceas'd to *love* her at all? We
must read, *to leave me.* The foregoing Lines sufficiently evince the
Genuineness of this Emendation. Mr. Seward.

Whom

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Whom I perceive you follow——

Arn. Be not blinded.

Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your Service,
I will speak for you.

Arn. Speak for me? you wrong me.

Zen. I will endeavour all the Ways I am able
To make her think well of you; will that please?
To make her dote upon you, dote to Madness,
So far, against my self, I will obey you.
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this Duty,
This great Obedience, few will buy't at my Price,
Thus will I shake Hands with you; wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive Comfort
From any thing, *Arnoldo.*

Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer
To be a Man, and live, than I am honest
And only yours; our infinite Affections
Abus'd us both.

Zab. Where are your Favours now?
The Courtesies you shew'd this Stranger, Madam?

Hip. Have I now found the Cause?

Zab. Attend it further.

Zen. Did she invite you, do you say?

Arn. Most cunningly,
And with a Preparation of that State
I was brought in and welcom'd——

Zen. Seem'd to love you?

Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.

Zen. She is a good Lady.

Arn. Wondrous handsome:
At first view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your Memory not present then to assist me,
She seem'd so glorious sweet, and so far stir'd me;
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done. *Zen.* Prithee—
Did'st thou not kiss, *Arnoldo?* *Arn.* Yes, faith, did I.

Zen. And then—— *Arn.* I durst not, did not—

Zen. I forgive you,
Come, tell the Truth. *Arn.* May be, I lay with her.

Hip. He mocks me too, most basely. *Zen.* Did ye, faith?
Did

Did ye forget so far?

Arn. Come, come, no weeping;

I would have lyen first in my Grave, believe that.

Why will you ask those Things you wou'd not hear?

She's too intemperate to betray my Virtues,

Too openly lascivious: Had she dealt

But with that seeming Modesty she might,

And flung a little Art upon her Ardor,——

But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,

And glad I was deceiv'd. No, my *Zenocia*,

My first Love here begun, rests here unreact yet,

And here for ever. *Zen.* You have made me happy,

Even in the midst of Bondage blest. *Zab.* You see now,

What Rubs are in your way.

Hip. And quickly, *Zabulon*,

I'll root 'em out.—Be sure, you do this presently.

Zab. Do not you alter then.

Hip. I'm resolute.

[*Exit. Zabulon.*]

Arn. To see you only I came hither last,

Drawn by no Love of hers, nor base Allurements,

For, by this holy Light, I hate her heartily.

Leop. I am glad of that, you have fav'd me so much

And so much Fear,—— [Vengeance

From this Hour fair befall you!

Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you,

'Till when, observe her well, and fit her Temper,

Only her Lust contemn. *Zen.* When shall I see you?

Arn. I will live hereabouts; and bear her fair still,

'Till I can find a fit Hour to redeem you.

Hip. Shut all the Doors. *Arn.* Who's that?

Zen. We are betray'd,

The Lady of the House has heard our Parly,

Seen us, and seen our Loves.

Hip. You courteous Gallant,

You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at

Th' Afflictions, and the Groans I suffer for you,

That slight and jeer my Love, contemn the Fortune

My Favours can fling on you, have I caught you?

Have I now found the Cause ye fool my Wishes?

Is mine own Slave, my Bane? I nourish that,

That

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That fucks up my Content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish Man,
And, to thy bitter Pain and Anguish, look on
The Vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted;
Redeem her then, and steal her hence. Ho, *Zabulon*,
Now to your Work.

*Enter Zabulon, and Servants, some holding Arnolde, some
ready with a Cord to strangle Zenocia.*

Arn. Lady, but hear me speak first,
As you have Pity.

Hip. I have none. You taught me,
When I ev'n hung about your Neck, you scorn'd me.

Zab. Shall we pluck yet?

Hip. No, hold a little, *Zabulon*;
I'll pluck his Heart-strings first: Now am I worthy
A little of your Love?

Arn. I'll be your Servant,
Command me through what Danger you shall aim at,
Let it be Death. *Hip.* Be sure, Sir, I shall fit you.

(40) *Arn.* But spare this Virgin.

Hip. I would spare that Villain,
Had cut my Father's Throat, first. *Arn.* Bounteous Lady,
If in your Sex there be that noble Softness,
That Tenderness of Heart, Women are crown'd for——

Zen. Kneel not, *Arnolde*, do her not that Honour,
She is not worthy such Submission;
I scorn a Life depends upon her Pity.

Proud Woman, do thy worst, and arm thy Anger
With Thoughts as black as Hell, as hot and bloody,
I bring a Patience here, shall make 'em blush,
An Innocence, shall outlook thee, and Death too.

Arn. Make me your Slave, I give my Freedom to ye,
For ever to be fetter'd to your Service;
'Twas I offended, be not so unjust then,
To strike the Innocent; this gentle Maid

Never

(40) *But spare this Virgin,*

Hip. *I would spare that Villain first,*

Had cut my Father's Throat.] The Metre here is so defective,
that the Transposition, and Correction in the Pointing, which I have
made, seem absolutely necessary.

Never intended Fear and Doubt against you:
She is your Servant, pay not her Observance
With cruel Looks, her duteous Faith with Death.

Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your Liking?

Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious Devil,
Thou varnisht piece of Lust, thou painted Fury!

Arn. Speak gently, Sweet, speak gently.

Zen. I'll speak nobly.

'Tis not the saving of a Life I aim at:
Mark me, lascivious Woman, mark me truly,
And then consider, how I weigh thy Anger.
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than useful to his Honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the Courtesies
Humanity and noble Blood are link'd to,
Thou cou'dst not have propounded such a Benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for Honour
As dying for his sake, to be his Martyr;
'Tis such a Grace.

Hip. You shall not want that Favour,
And let your Bones work Miracles.

Arn. Dear Lady,
By those fair Eyes——

Hip. There is but this Way left ye
To save her Life.——*Arn.* Speak it, and I embrace it.

Hip. Come to my private Chamber presently,
And there, what Love and I command— *Arn.* I'll do it.
Be comforted, *Zenocia.* *Zen.* Do not do this

To save me, do not lose your self, I charge you;
I charge you by your Love, that Love you bear me;
That Love, that constant Love you have twin'd to me,
By all your Promises, (take Heed, you keep 'em,)
Now is your constant Trial. If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one Foot, to guide thee to her Lust,
My Curses and eternal Hate pursue thee.

Redeem me at the base Price of Disloyalty?
Must my undoubted Honesty be thy Bawd too?

Go, and intwine thy self about that Body;
Tell her, for my Life thou hast lost thine Honour,
Pull'd all thy Vows from Heav'n; basely, most basely,

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Stoop'd to the servile Flames of that foul Woman,
To add an Hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee not again, nor name thee for a Husband.

Arn. What shall I do to save her?

Hip. How now, what Haste there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Governor, attended with some Gentlemen,
Are newly entred, to speak with your Ladyship.

Hip. Pox o' their Business! reprove her for this Hour,
I shall have other Time.

Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!

Hip. I'll meet 'em presently: Retire awhile all. [*Exeunt.*]

Zab. You rise to Day upon your right side, Lady.
You know the Danger too, and may prevent it,
And if you suffer her to perish thus,
(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her Friend;) you know the way on't;
I guess, you poorly love her, less your Fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this Matter,
There are Hours ordain'd for several Businesses,
You understand——

Arn. I understand you Bawd, Sir,
And such a Counsellor I never car'd for.

*Enter the Governor, Clodio, Leopold, Charino and
Attendants at one Door, Hippolyta at the other.*

Hip. Your Lordship does me Honour.

Gov. Fair Hippolyta,

I am come to ease you of a Charge.

Hip. I keep none

I count a Burthen, Sir: and yet I lie too.

Gov. Which is the Maid? is she here?

Clod. Yes, Sir,

This is she, this is *Zenocia*,

The very fame I sued to your Lordship for.

Zen. *Clodio* again? more Misery? more Ruin?

Under what angry Star is my Life govern'd? [*Woman,*

Gov. Come hither, Maid, you are once more a free
Here I discharge your Bonds.

Arn.

Arn. Another Smile,
Another Trick of Fortune to betray us!

Hip. Why does your Lordship use me so unnobly?
Against my Will to take away my Bond-woman?

Gov. She was no lawful Prize, therefore no Bond-woman:
She's of that Country we hold Friendship with,
And ever did; and therefore to be us'd
With Entertainment, fair and courteous.

The Breach of League in us gives foul Example,
Therefore you must be pleas'd to think this honest;
Did you know what she was?

Leop. Not 'till this Instant;
For had I known her, she had been no Prisoner. [now,

Gov. There, take the Maid, she's at her own Dispose
And if there be aught else to do your Honour
Any poor Service in——

Clod. I am vow'd your Servant.

Arn. Your Father's here too, that's our only Comfort,
And in a Country now we stand free People,
Where *Clodio* has no Power, be comforted.

Zen. I fear some Trick yet.

Arn. Be not so dejected.

Gov. You must not be displeas'd; so, farewell, Lady!
Come, Gentlemen; Captain, you must with me too,
I have a little Business.

Leop. I attend your Lordship:
Now my Way's free, and my Hope's Lord again.

[*Exeunt all but Hip. and Zab.*]

Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet——to make you howl both.

Zab. You might have done; you had Power then,
But now the Chains are off, the Command lost,
And such a Story they will make of this
To laugh out lazy Time,——

Hip. No Means yet left me?
For now I burst with Anger: None to satisfy me?
No Comfort? no Revenge?

Zab. You speak too late;
You might have had all these, your useful Servants,

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(41) Had you been wise, and sudden: What Pow'r, or Will,
Over her Beauty have you now, by Violence
To constrain his Love? she is as free as you are,
And no Law can impeach her Liberty,
And while she's so, *Arnoldo* will despise you.

Hip. Either my Love or Anger must be satisfied,
Or I must die.

Zab. I have a Way wou'd do it,
Wou'd do it yet, protect me from the Law.

Hip. From any thing; thou know'st, what Power I have,
What Money, and what Friends.

Zab. 'Tis a devilish one:
But such must now be us'd: Walk in, I'll tell you;
And, if you like it, if the Devil can do any thing—

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied. [*Ex.*]

Enter Sulpitia, and Jaques.

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest Fellow,
And so bestirs himself——

Ja. Give him Breath, Mistress,
You'll melt him else.

Sul. He does perform such Wonders——
The Women are mad on him.

Ja. Give him Breath, I say;
The Man is but a Man, he must have Breath.

(42) *Sul.* How many had he yesterday?

Ja.

(41) —— —— *What Power, or Will*

Over her Beauty have you now? By Violence

To constrain his Love;] The false Punctuation here, thro' all the Editions, has quite overthrown the Sense. My Regulation, I hope, has restor'd it. *To constrain his Love*, in Point of *Emphasis*, to be sure, is no harmonious Beginning of a Verse: But it is to be observ'd, that it was a Licence in the Dramatick Poets, contemporary with our Authors, to *liquidate*, and *melt* a Syllable so in Pronunciation, that a Redundancy might not appear to the Audience.

(42) *How many had he yesterday?*

And they paid bravely too.

Ja. *About Fourteen.*] The necessary Transposition here is so self-evident, that it wants no Note in Confirmation. The Metre is lame and defective; and *Sulpitia* is made to say what belongs to *Jaques*, which quite destroys the Sense. I decline saying more upon this Occasion

Ja. About fourteen, and they paid bravely too:
But still I cry, give Breath, spare him, and have him.

Sul. Five Dames to Day; this was but a small Stage,
He may endure five more.

Ja. Breath, Breath, I cry still;
Body o'me, give Breath; the Man's a lost Man else.
Feed him, and give him Breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, Gentlewomen,
You're very welcome. (Fellow

1 Gen. We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd
That does rare Tricks; my Sister, and my self here,
Would trifle out an Hour or two, so please you.

Sul. *Jaques*, conduct 'em in.

Both. There's for your Courtesy. [*Ex. Jaq. and Gent.*

Sul. Good Pay still, good round Pay, this happy Fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in Gold
Faster than I have Leisure to receive it:

O, that his Body were not Flesh and fading;
But I'll so pap him up—Nothing too dear for him;
What a sweet Scent he has?—Now, what News, *Jaques*?

Ja. He cannot last, I pity the poor Man,
I suffer for him; two Coaches of young City Dames,
And they drive as the Devil were in the Wheels,
Are ready now to enter: And behind these
An old dead-palsied Lady in a Litter,
And she makes all the haste she can: The Man's lost,
You may gather up his dry Bones to make Nine-pins,
But for his Flesh——

Sul. These are but easy Labours;
Yet, for, I know, he must have Rest——

Ja. He must——
You'll beat him off his Legs else presently.

Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself, I'm pleas'd too:

Occasion, because, as the Subject is not a little dissolute, *pudet his Nequitias immorari*. A proper Regard to Decency is a Respect due to the Readers; and an Editor ever ought to blush, when he takes a voluntary Liberty of offending them.

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To-morrow's a new Day ; but, if he can,
I would have him take some Pity o'th' old Lady.
Alas! 'tis Charity.

Ja. I'll tell him all this,
And if he be not too Fool-hardy.

Enter Zabulon.

Sul. How now?
What News with you?

Zab. You must presently
Shew all the Art you have, and for my Lady.

Sul. She may command.

Zab. You must not dream nor trifle.

Sul. Which way?

Zab. A Spell you must prepare, a pow'rful one,
Peruse but these Directions, you shall find all;
There is the Picture too, be quick and faithful,
And do it with that Strength——when 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your Reward at what you please, you have it.

Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly: But hark ye,
Will you never lie at home again?

Zab. Excuse me,
I have too much Business yet.

Sul. I am right glad on't.

Zab. Think on your Business; so, farewell.

Sul. I'll do it.

Zab. Within this Hour I'll visit you again,
And give you greater Lights. *Sul.* I shall observe ye;
This brings a brave Reward, bravely I'll do it,
And all the hidden Art I have, express in't.

[Exeunt at both Doors.]

Enter Rutilio with a Night-cap.

Rut. Now do I look as if I were Crow-trodden,
Fie, how my Hams shrink under me! O me,
I am broken-winded too; is this a Life?
Is this the Recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a Body once, a handsome Body,
And wholesome too. Now I appear like a Rascal,
That had been hung a Year or two in Gibbets,
Fye, how I faint! Women? keep me from Women;

Place

Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a Pleasure ;
Stretch me upon a Rack, a Recreation ;
But Women ? Women ? O the Devil ! Women ?
Curtius's Gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the Trap-door again,
And fall into the Cellar ? and be taken ?
No lucky Fortune to direct me that way ?
No Gallies to be got, nor yet no Gallows ?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing
But these unsatisfied Men-leeches, Women.
How devilishly my Bones ake ! O the old Lady !
I have a kind of Waiting-woman lies cros my Back too,
O how she stings ! No Treason to deliver me ?
Now, what are you ? do you mock me ?

Enter three, with Night-caps, very faintly.

1. No, Sir, no,

We were your Predecessors in this place.

2. And come to see how you bear up.

Rut. Good Gentlemen ;

You seem to have a snuffling in your head, Sir,
A parlous snuffling ; but this same dampish Air—

2. A dampish Air, indeed.

Rut. Blow your Face tenderly,

Your Nose will ne'er endure it : Mercy o' me,
What are Men chang'd to here ? Is my Nose fast yet ?
Methinks, it shakes, i'th' Hilts : Pray, tell me, Gentlemen,
How long is't since you flourish'd here ?

3. Not long since.

Rut. Move your self easily ; I see, you are tender ;
Not long endured.

2. The Labour was so much, Sir,
And so few to perform it—

Rut. Must I come to this ?

And draw my Legs after me, like a lame Dog ?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble :

Will you sue for this Place again, Gentlemen ?

1. No, truly, Sir, the Place has been too warm for our
Complexions.

2. We have enough on't ; rest you merry, Sir ;

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We came but to congratulate your Fortune,
You have abundance.

3. Bear your Fortune soberly,
And so we leave you to the next fair Lady. [*Ex. the Three.*

Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, Gentlemen,
At the next Hospital : There's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer ;
(43) With all the Helps and Heats that can be given me.
I am at my Trot already : They are fair and young
Most of the Women that repair unto me,
But they stick on like Burs ; shake me, like Feathers.

Enter Sulpitia.

More Women yet ? 'Wou'd I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a Face,
And not a Groat to keep her, nor a Smock ;
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,
Rather than labouring in these Fulling-mills.

Sul. By this, the Spell begins to work : You are lusty,
I see, you bear up bravely yet.

Rut. Do you hear, Lady,
Do not make a Game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your Whelps ; it will not hold ;
Play me with some Discretion ; to day, one Course ;
And, two days hence, another.

Sul. If you be so angry,
Pay back the Money I redeem'd you at
And take your Course, I can have Men enough : [ther,
You have cost me a hundred Crowns since you came hi-
In Broths and strengthening Caudles ; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour,
I'll chain you to't else.

(43) *With all the Helps and Heats that can be given me,
I'm at my Trot already.*] The first Line here would be very
obscure, and the Text to be very much suspected, but for the sub-
sequent One ; from which, I think, the Allusion is plainly to the
Managery of Horses. It is the Duty of a Groom to give his Horses
Heats, (*i. e.* to pace 'em out in a Morning) lest they should grow
restive and short-winded. This *Rutilio* complains to be his Case, he is
quite broken-winded, beaten off his Speed, is reduced to a *Trot*, and
past all Power of *galloping*.

Rut.

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Rut. Make me a Dog-kennel,
I'll keep your House and bark, and feed on bare Bones,
And be whipt out o' Doors, do you mark me? whipt:
I'll eat old Shoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this House I am told
There is a Stranger, of a goodly Person.
And such a one there was; if I could see him,
I yet remember him.

Sul. Your business, Sir,
If it be for a Woman, ye are cozen'd,
I keep none here.

[*Exit.*

Dua. Certain, this is the Gentleman;
The very fame.

Rut. 'Death! If I had but Money,
Or, any Friend to bring me from this Bondage,
I'd thrash, set up a Cobler's-shop, keep Hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell Tinder-boxes,
And Knights of Ginger-bread; thatch for three
Half pence a Day, and think it Lordly,
From this base Stallion-trade: Why does he eye me,
Eye me so narrowly?

Dua. It seems, you are troubled, Sir;
I heard you speak of Want.

Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving, Sir. *Dua.* I do not think so,
You know me not. *Rut.* Not yet, that I remember.

Dua. You shall, and for your Friend: I am beholding to
Greatly beholding, Sir; if you remember, [ye,
You fought with such a Man, they call'd *Duarte*,
A proud distemper'd Man: He was my Enemy,
My mortal Foe, you slew him fairly, nobly.

Rut. Speak softly, Sir, you do not mean to betray me.
I wish'd the Gallows, now th'are coming fairly.

Dua. Be confident, for, as I live, I love you,
And now you shall perceive it: For that Service,
Me, and my Purse command: There, take it to ye,
'Tis Gold, and no small Sum, a thousand Duckets;
Supply your Want.

Rut.

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Rut. But do you do this faithfully?

Dua. If I mean ill, spit in my Face, and kick me:
In what else may I serve you, Sir —

Rut. I thank you,
This is as strange to me as Knights' Adventures.
I have a Project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my Fortune.

Dua. Trust me with it.

Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust ye;
'Tis but to carry a Letter to a Lady,
That fav'd my Life once.

Dua. That will be most thankful,
I will do't with all Care,

Rut. Where are you, White-broth? [Enter Sul.
Now, lusty Blood, come in, and tell your Money:
'Tis ready here, no Threats, nor no Orations,
Nor Prayers now.

Sul. You do not mean to leave me?

Rut. I'll live in Hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come quickly, come, dispatch, this Air's unwholsome:
Quickly, good Lady, quickly to't.

Sul. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer. [take ye!

Rut. And pick his Bones, as you've done mine, Pox

Dua. At my Lodging, for a while, you shall be quarter'd,
And there take Physick for your Health.

Rut. I thank ye,
I have found my Angel now too, if I can keep him.
[Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Rutilio and Duarte.

Rut. **Y**OU like the Letter?

Dua. Yes, but I must tell you
You tempt a desperate Hazard, to sollicit
The Mother, (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of

Of him you slew so lately.

Rut. I have told you
Some Proofs of her Affection, and I know not
A nearer way to make her Satisfaction
For a lost Son than speedily to help her
To a good Husband; one that will beget
Both Sons and Daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a Breathing now, and have recover'd
What I lost in my late Service, 'twas a hot one:
(44) It fired and fetter'd me; but, all Thanks to you, Sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.

Dua. What is done, Sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded,
And therefore spare your Thanks.

Rut. I'll no more Whoring:
This fencing 'twixt a pair of Sheets more wears one
Than all the Exercise in the World besides.
To be drunk with good Canary, a meer Julip,
Or like Gourd-water to it; twenty Surfeits
Come short of one Night's Work there. If I get this Lady,
As ten to one I shall, I was ne'er denied yet,
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,
And then instruct my Family; you are sad,
What do you muse on, Sir?

Dua. Troth, I was thinking
What Course to take for the Deliv'ry of your Letter,
And now I have it: But, faith, did this Lady
(For do not gull your self) for certain know,
You kill'd her Son?

Rut. Give me a Book, I'll swear't;
Deny'd me to the Officers, that pursu'd me,
Brought me her self to the Door, then gave me Gold

(44) *It fired and fired me; but, all Thanks to you, Sir,*

You have both freed and cool'd me.] I imagine, an *Antithestis*
was design'd by the Poets in this Passage, but half of it is quite lost.
Cool'd stands very well in Opposition to *fired*; but the Contrast to
freed is wanting. My Conjecture supplies the other part of the *Antithestis*:
For *Rutilio* was not only *fired* in his hot Service, but *fetter'd*
to it; so confin'd, and watch'd, that he could not make an
Escape.

Mr. Symphon.

To

To bear my Charges, and shall I make doubt then,
But that she lov'd me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her Grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her: For, then to have woo'd her,
Had been unseasonable.

Dua. Well, Sir, there's more Money,
To make you handsom; I'll about your Business:
You know, where you must stay?

Rut. There you shall find me:
'Would, I could meet my Brother now, to know,
Whether the *Jew*, his Genius, or my Christian,
Has prov'd the better Friend. [Exit.

Dua. O, who wou'd trust
Deceiving Woman! Or believe, that one
The best, and most canoniz'd, ever was
More than a seeming Goodness? I cou'd rail now
Against the Sex, and curse it; but the Theam
And Way's too common: Yet that *Guiomar*
My Mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The Wonder of our Nation) she that was
Mark'd out the great Example for all Matrons,
Both Wife and Widow; she that in my Breeding
Express'd the utmost of a Mother's Care,
And Tenderness to a Son; she that yet feigns
(45) Such Sorrow for me; good God, that this Mother,
After all this, should give up to a Stranger
The Wreak she ow'd her Son! I fear her Honour.
That he was sav'd, much joys me; I grieve only,
That she was his Preserver. I'll try further,
And, by this Engine, find whether the Tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or us'd to cloke her base Hypocrisy. [Exit.

(45) ————— *Good God, that this Mother,
After all this, should give up to a Stranger,
The Wreak she ow'd her Son!*] *i. e.* That She should give up
the Right and Duty of Vengeance which She ow'd for her Son's Mur-
ther, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his Murtherer out of
the Pursuit and Reach of Justice.

Enter

Enter Hippolyta and Sulpitia.

Hip. Are you assur'd, the Charm prevails?

Sul. Do I live?

Or do you speak to me? Now, this very Instant,
Health takes its last Leave of her; meager Paleness,
Like Winter, nips the Roses and the Lillies,
The Spring that Youth and Love adorn'd her Face with,
To force Affection is beyond our Art,
For I have prov'd all means that Hell has taught me,
Or th' Malice of a Woman, which exceeds it,
To change *Arnoldo's* Love, but to no purpose:
But for your Bond-woman —

Hip. Let her pine and die;

She once remov'd, which like a brighter Sun
Obscures my Beams, I may shine out again,
And, as I have been, be admir'd and fought to:
How long has she to live?

Sul. Lady, before

The Sun twice rise and set, be confident,
She is but dead; I know, my Charm hath found her.
Nor can the Governor's Guard, her Lover's Tears,
Her Father's Sorrow, or his Pow'r, that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. All things have succeeded
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick home;
The Image of pale Death stamp'd on her Forehead.
Let me adore this second *Hecate*,
This great Commandress of the fatal Sisters,
That, as she pleases, can cut short, or lengthen,
The Thread of Life.

Hip. Where was she when th' Inchantment
First seiz'd upon her?

Zab. Taking the fresh Air,
I th' Company of the Governor, and Count *Clodio*,
Arnoldo too was present with her Father,
When, in a moment (so the Servants told me)
As she was giving thanks to the Governor,

And

And *Clodio*, for her unexpected Freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their Amazement.

Hip. 'Tis thy Master-piece,
(46) Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here ;
And, with the Hazard of thy Life, no more
Make Trial of thy pow'rful Art ; which, known,
Our Laws call Death ? Off with this Magical Robe,
And be thy self.

Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.

Sul. Stand close, you shall hear more.

Man. You must have Patience ; all Rage is vain now,
And Piety forbids, that we should question
What is decreed above or ask a Reason,
Why Heav'n determines this, or that, Way of us.

Clod. Heav'n has no hand in't ; 'tis a Work of Hell.
Her Life hath been so innocent, all her Actions
So free from the Suspicion of a Crime,
As rather she deserves a Saint's Place here,
Than to endure, what now her Sweetness suffers.

Char. Not for her Fault, but mine, *Zenocia* suffers :
The Sin I made, when I fought to raze down
Arnoldo's Love, built on a Rock of Truth,
Now to the Height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no Birth, nor Parts, the present Sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all Kings, though such had been his Rivals.

Clod. All ancient Stories, of the Love of Husbands
To virtuous Wives, be now no more remembered !

Char. The Tales of Turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believ'd !

Man. I have heard, there has been
Between some married Pairs, such Sympathy,

(46) *Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here ;*

And with the Hazard of thy Life, no more

Make Trial of thy pow'rful Art,] i. e. I'll reward Thee so
liberally, as to set thee above all the Necessities of Life, and thou
shalt rest in this last Trial of thy pernicious destructive Practices,
which, once discover'd, are Death by the Laws.

That

That th' Husband has felt really the Throes!
His Wife then teeming suffers: This true Grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now
All possible Means to help her.

Man. Care, nor Cost,
Nor what Physicians can do, shall be wanting;
Make use of any Means or Men.

Char. You are Noble. [*Exeunt Man. Clod. and Char.*]

Sul. Ten Colleges of Doctors shall not save her.
Her Fate is in your Hand.

Hip. Can I restore her?

Sul. If you command my Art.

Hip. I'll die my self first.

And yet I will go visit her, and see
This Miracle of Sorrow in *Arnoldo*:
An 'twere for me, I should change Places with her,
And die most happy; such a Lover's Tears
Were a rich Monument; but too good for her,
Whose Misery I glory in: Come, *Sulpitia*,
You shall go along with me; good *Zabulan*,
Be not far off.

Zab. I will attend you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duarte, and a Servant.

Ser. I have serv'd you from my Youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful: That you live, 's a Treasure
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth,
But when you give me Warrant.

Dua. I rely
Upon thy Faith; nay, no more Protestations,
Too many of them will call that in Question,
Which now I doubt not: she is there?

Ser. Alone too;
But take it on my Life, your Entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse;
For the Displeasure I shall undergo,
I am prepar'd.

Dua. Leave me, I'll stand the Hazard. [*Exit Servant.*]
The

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The Silence that's observ'd, her close Retirements,
 No Visitants admitted, not the Day;
 These sable Colours, all Signs of true Sorrow,
 Or hers is deeply Counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
 Manners, give Leave—she sits upon the Ground;
 By Heav'n, she weeps; my Picture in her Hand too;
 She kisses it and weeps again.

Enter Guiomar.

Gui. Who's there?

Dua. There is no starting back now, Madam.

Gui. Ha!

Another Murderer! I'll not protect thee,
 Though I have no more Sons.

Dua. Your Pardon, Lady,
 There's no such foul Fact taints me.

Gui. What makest thou here then?
 Where are my Servants, do none but my Sorrows
 Attend upon me? speak, what brought thee hither?

Dua. A Will to give you Comfort.

Gui. Thou'rt but a Man,
 And 'tis beyond a human Reach to do it:
 If thou cou'dst raise the Dead out of their Graves,
 Bid Time run back, make me now what I was,
 A happy Mother, gladly, I would hear thee;
 But that's impossible.

Dua. Please you but read this;
 You shall know better there, why I am sent
 Than if I should deliver it.

Gui. From whom comes it?

Dua. That will instruct you. I suspect this Stranger,
 Yet she spake something that holds such Alliance
 With his Reports; I know not what to think on't;
 What a Frown was there? she looks me thro', and thro',
 Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;
 And yet there's more of Anger in't than Mirth,
 These are strange Changes; oh, I understand it;
 She's full of serious Thoughts.

Gui. You are just, you Heav'ns,
 And never do forget to hear their Pray'rs,
 That truly pay their Vows; the defer'd Vengeance,

For

For you and my Word's fake so long defer'd,
Under which as a Mountain my Heart groans yet,
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.
The Woman's Mask, Diffimulation, help me! [man,
Come hither, Friend; I am sure, you know the Gentle-
That sent these Charms.

Dua. Charms, Lady?

Gui. Ay, these Charms,
I well may call them so, they've won upon me,
More than e'er Letter did; thou art his Friend,
(The Confidence, he has in thee, confirms it)
And therefore I'll be open-breasted to thee;
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desir'd of all Men; let me blush,
And then I'll say, I love him. *Dua.* All Men see,
In this a Woman's Virtue! *Gui.* I expected,
For th' Courtesy I did, long since to 've seen him;
And though I then forbid it, you Men know,
Between our Hearts and Tongues there's a large Distance;
But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my Son
Fell by his Hand.

Dua. And Reason, Lady. *Gui.* No,
He did me a Pleasure in't, a riotous Fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning;
I have indeed kept a long solemn Sorrow,
For my Friends' fake partly; but especially
For his long Absence.

Dua. O the Devil!

Gui. Therefore
Bid him be speedy; a Priest shall be ready
To tie the holy Knot; this Kiss I send him,
Deliver that, and bring him.

Dua. I am dumb:
A good Cause I have now, and a good Sword,
And something I shall do. I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnaldo, Zenocia borne in
a Chair, two Doctors, and Clodio.

Doct. Give her more Air, she dies else.

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Arn. O thou dread Pow'r,
That mad'st this All, and of thy Workmanship
This virgin Wife, the Master-piece, look down on her;
Let her Mind's Virtues, cloath'd in this fair Garment,
That worthily deserves a better Name
Than Flesh and Blood, now sue, and prevail for her!
Or, if those are deny'd, let Innocence,
To which all Passages in Heav'n stand open,
Appear in her white Robe, before thy Throne,
And mediate for her: Or if this Age of Sin
Be worthy of a Miracle, the Sun
In his diurnal Progress never saw
So sweet a Subject to employ it on.

Man. Wonders are ceas'd, Sir, we must work by Means.

Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend Physicians are;
To you thus low I fall then; So may you ever
Be stil'd the Hands of Heav'n, Nature's Restorers;
Get Wealth and Honours; and by your Success,
In all your Undertakings, propagate
Your great Opinion in the World, as now
You use your saving Art! For know, good Gentlemen,
Besides the Fame, and all that I possess,
For a Reward, Posterity shall stand
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)
Shou'd my *Zenocia* die, robbing this Age
Of all that's good or graceful, Times succeeding,
The Story of her pure Life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the Want of her Example.

Doct. Were all the World to perish with her, we
Can do no more, than what Art and Experience
Give us Assurance of; we have us'd all Means
To find the Cause of her Disease, yet cannot;
How should we then, promise the Cure?

Arn. Away,
I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
The Pow'r of doing; ye are meer Names only,
And ev'n your best Perfection accidental.
What ever Malady thou art, or Spirit,
(As some hold all Diseases that afflict us)
As Love already makes me sensible

Of half her Sufferings, ease her of her Part,
And let me stand the Butt of thy fell Malice,
And I will swear, thou'rt merciful.

Doct. Your Hand, Lady ;

What a strange Heat is here ? bring some warm Water.

Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours ; my Sorrow
Provides her of a better Bath, my Tears
Shall do that Office.

Zen. O my best *Arnoldo!*

The Truest of all Lovers ! I would live,
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your Sorrow
With my true Service ; but since that's denied me,
May you live long and happy ! Do not suffer
(By your Affection to me, I conjure you)
My Sicknes to infect you ; though much Love
Makes you too subject to it.

Arn. In this only

Zenocia wrongs her Servant ; can the Body
Subsist, the Soul departed ? 'tis as easy,
As I to live without you ; I am your Husband,
And long have been so, though our adverse Fortune,
Banding us from one Hazard to another,
Wou'd never grant me so much Happiness
To pay a Husband's Debt ; despite of Fortune,
In Death I'll follow you, and guard mine own ;
And there enjoy what here my Fate forbids me.

Clod. So true a Sorrow, and so feelingly
Express'd, I never read of.

Man. I am struck

With Wonder to behold it, as with Pity.

Char. If you, that are a Stranger, suffer for them,
Being tied no further than Humanity
Leads you to soft Compassion ; think, great Sir,
What of Necessity I must endure,
That am a Father.

Hippolyta, Zabulon, and Sulpitia at the Door.

Hip. Wait me there, I hold it
Unfit to have you seen ; as I find Cause,
You shall proceed.

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Man. You're welcome, Lady. *Hip.* Sir,
I come to do a charitable Office,
How does the Patient?

Clod. You may enquire
Of more than one; for two are sick, and deadly;
He languishes in her; her Health's despair'd of,
And in hers, his.

Hip. 'Tis a strange Spectacle,
With what a Patience they sit unmov'd?
Are they not dead already?

Doct. By her Pulse,
She cannot last a Day.

Arn. Oh, by that Summons,
I know my Time too!

Hip. Look to the Man.

(47) *Clod.* Apply
Your Art, to save the Lady; preserve her,
A Crown is your Reward. *Hip.* I'll treble it
In ready Gold, if you restore *Arnoldo*;
For in his Death I die too. *Clod.* Without her
I am no more.

Arn. Are you there, Madam? now you
May feast upon my Miseries; my Coldness
In answering your Affections, or Hardness,
Give it what Name you please, you are reveng'd of;
For now you may perceive, our Thread of Life
Was spun together, and the poor *Arnoldo*
Made only to enjoy the best *Zenocia*,
And not to serve the Use of any other;

(47) ————— Apply
*Your Art to save the Lady, preserve her,
A Town is your Reward.*

Hip. I'll treble it

In ready Gold] *I can't think, how a Town should be trebled
in ready Money.* Indeed, where it is made a Guarantee, or Hoilage;
it may be rated at a particular Value; or where it is simply mortgaged,
another may be willing to advance three times the Value. But *Clodio*
had no Towns to give away; and if he had, what should *Sulpitia*,
or the *Doctor*, do with it. It must be *Crown*, or golden Coronet, or
Nothing: Upon which *Hippolyta* replies, that she'll give thrice the
Value of such a Coronet. in ready Money. *Mr. Symphon.*

And

(48) And, in That, She my Equal : My Lord *Clodio*
Had long since else enjoyed her, nor could I
Have been so blind, as not to see your great
And many Excellencies far beyond
Or my Deservings, or my Hopes; we are now
Going our latest Journey, and together,
Our only Comfort we desire; pray, give it;
Your Charity to our Ashes, such we must be,
And not to curse our Memories.

Hip. I am much mov'd.

Clod. I'm wholly overcome: All Love to Women
Farewel for ever; e'er you die, your Pardon;
And yours, Sir; had she many Years to live,
Perhaps, I might look on her as a Brother,
But as a Lover never; and since all
Your sad Misfortunes had Original
From th' barb'rous Custom practis'd in my Country,
Heav'n witness, for your sake I here release it.
So to your Memory, chaste Wives, and Virgins,
Shall ever pay their Vows. I give her to you;
And wish, she were so now, as when my Lust
Forc'd you to quit the Country. *Hip.* It is in vain
To strive with Destiny, here my Dotage ends.
Look up, *Zenocia*, Health in me speaks to you;
She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,
So long has kept him from you: and repent not,
That you were once my Servant; for which, Health,
In Recompence of what I made you suffer,
And th' hundred thousand Crowns, the City owes me,
Shall be your Dower. *Man.* 'Tis a magnificent Gift,
Had it been timely given. *Hip.* It is, believe it,
Sulpitia —

(48) *And in that she may equal,*] Mr. *Sympson* and I both saw that the Poets wrote,

And, in That, She my Equal:
The Sense, if any, without this Change is abrupt and imperfect;
with it, we gain this Meaning, that *Zenocia* would no more marry
any other Man but *Arnoldo*, than *Arnoldo* would marry any other
Woman but *Zenocia*.

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Enter Sulpitia.

Sul. Madam——

Hip. Quick, undo the Charm ;
Ask not a Reason why ; let it suffice,
It is my Will.

Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*]

(49) *Enter a Servant, who whispers Manuel.*

Man. Is to be married, say'st thou ?

Ser. So she says, Sir,
And does desire your Presence.

Man. Tell her, I'll come.

Hip. Pray, carry them to their Rest ; for though already
They do appear as dead, let my Life pay for't,
If they recover not. [*They are borne off in Chairs.*]

Man. What you have warranted,
Assure your self, will be expected from you ;
Look to them carefully ; and till the Trial, —

Hip. Which shall not be above four Hours.

Man. Let me
Intreat your Companies : There now is something
Of Weight invites me hence.

All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Guiomar, and Servants.

Gui. You understand what my Directions are,
And what they guide you to ; the faithful Promise
You've made me all.

All. We do, and will perform it.

Gui. The Governor will not fail to be here presently ;
Retire a while, till you shall find Occasion,
And bring me Word, when they arrive.

All. We shall, Madam.

Gui. Only stay you to entertain. *Ser.* I am ready.

Gui. I wonder at the bold, and practis'd Malice,

(49) *Enter a Servant, who whispers Manuel.]* The Direction for
the Servant entering here, (and not above with *Sulpitia*, as the
printed Copies have it) was sagaciously hinted to me by Mr. *Sympton*.

Men

Men ever have o' foot against our Honours;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,
No Shape put on so pious, (no, not think
What a Good is, be that Good ne'er so noble,
Never so laden with admir'd Example,)
But still we end in Lust; our Aims, our Actions,
Nay, even our Charities, with Lust are branded.
Why should this Stranger else, this wretched Stranger,
Whose Life I sav'd at what dear Price sticks here yet,
Why should he hope? He was not here an Hour,
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
I gave him no loose Look; I had no Reason;
Unless my Tears were Flames, my Curses Courtships;
The killing of my Son, a Kindness to me.
Why should he send to me, or with what Safety
(Examining the Ruin he had wrought me)
Though at that time my pious Pity fenc'd him,
And my Word fix'd. I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Gentlemen are come.

Gui. Then bid 'em welcome — I must retire. [*Exit.*]

Enter Rutilio, and Duarte, disguis'd.

Ser. You are welcome, Gentlemen.

Rut. I thank you, Friend, I would speak with your Lady.

Ser. I'll let her understand.

Rut. It shall besit you. [*Ex. Servant.*]

How do I look, Sir, in this handsome Trim?

Methinks, I am wondrous brave.

Dua. You're very decent.

Rut. These by themselves, without more Helps of Nature,
Would set a Woman hard; I know 'em all,

And where their first Aims light; I'll lay my Head on't,

I'll take her Eye, as soon as she looks on me;

And if I come to speak once, Woe be to her!

I have her in a Nooze, she cannot 'scape me;

I have their several Latts.

Dua. You are thoroughly studied;

But tell me, Sir, being unacquainted with her,

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As you confess you are —

Rut. That's not an Hour's Work,
I'll make a Nun forget her Beads in two Hours.

Dua. She being set in Years, none of those Lustres
Appearing in her Eye, that warm the Fancy;
Nor nothing in her Face, but handsom Ruins,—

Rut. I love old Stories: Those live believ'd, authentique,
When twenty of your modern Faces are call'd in,
For new Opinion, Paintings, and Corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd Face; besides, she fav'd me,
She fav'd my Life; have I not Cause to love her?
She's rich and of a constant State, a fair One,
Have I not Cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient
All your young Fillies, I think, this Back has try'd 'em,
And smarterd for it too: They run away with me,
Take Bit between the Teeth, and play the Devils;
A stayed Pace now becomes my Years; a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no Girths.

Dua. How miserable,
If my Mother should confirm, what I suspect now,
Beyond all human Cure were my Condition!
Then I shall wish, this Body had been so too.
Here comes the Lady, Sir.

Enter Guiomar.

Rut. Excellent Lady,
To shew I am a Creature bound to your Service,
And only yours— *Gui.* Keep at that Distance, Sir;
For if you stir — *Rut.* I am obedient.
She has found already, I am for her Turn;
With what a greedy Hawk's Eye she beholds me?
Mark, how she musters all my Parts.

Gui. A goodly Gentleman,
Of a more manly Set I never look'd on. [of 'em.

Rut. Mark, mark her Eyes still; mark but the Carriage

Gui. How happy am I now, since my Son fell,
He fell not by a base unnoble Hand?
As that still troubled me; how far more happy
Shall my Revenge be, since the Sacrifice,
I offer to his Grave, shall be both worthy

A

A Son's untimely Loss, and a Mother's Sorrow ?

Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it ; she is mine own,
I told you what a Spell I carried with me,
All this time does she spend in Contemplation
Of that unmatched Delight — I shall be thankful to ye ;
And if you please to know my House, to use it ;
To take it for your own —

Gui. Who waits without there ?

*Enter Guard, and Servants ; they seize upon Rutilio
and bind him.*

Rut. How now ? What means this, Lady ?

Gui. Bind him fast.

Rut. Are these the Bride-laces you prepare for me ?
The Colours that you give ?

Dua. Fye, gentle Lady,
This is not noble Dealing. *Gui.* Be you satisfied,
It seems you are a Stranger to this Meaning,
You shall not be so long.

Rut. Do you call this Wooing ? —

Is there no End of Womens Persecutions ?

(50) Must I needs fool it, to mine own Destruction ?

Have I not had fair Warnings, and enough too ?

Still pick the Devil's Teeth ? You are not mad, Lady ;

Do I come fairly, and like a Gentleman,

To offer you that Honour — *Gui.* You are deceiv'd, Sir,

You come befotted, to your own Destruction :

I sent not for you ; what Honour can ye add to me,

That brake that Staff of Honour, my Age lean'd on ?

That rob'd me of that Right, made me a Mother ?

Hear me, thou wretched Man, hear me with Terror,

And let thine own bold Folly shake thy Soul ;

Hear me pronounce thy Death, that now hangs o'er thee,

Thou desperate Fool ; who bad thee seek this Ruin ?

What mad unmanly Fate made thee discover

Thy curst Face to me again ? Was't not enough

(50) *Must I needs fool into my own Destruction ?*] I think verily,
we ought to read,

Must I needs fool it, to &c.

It appears to me much the more natural Expression. Mr. Seward.
To

To have the fair Protection of my House,
 When Misery and Justice close pursued thee?
 When thine own bloody Sword cried out against thee,
 (51) Hatch'd in the Life of him? Yet I forgave thee.
 My hospitable Word, even when I saw
 The goodliest Branch of all my Blood lopp'd from me,
 Did I not seal still to thee? *Rut.* I am gone.

(52) *Gui.* And when thou went'st, to imp thy Misery,
 Did I not give thee Means? But hark, Ungrateful,
 Was it not thus, to hide thy Face and fly me?
 To keep thy Name for ever from my Memory?
 Thy cursed Blood and Kindred? did I not swear then,
 If ever, (in this wretched Life thou hast left me,
 Short and unfortunate) I saw thee again,
 Or came but to the Knowledge where thou wandrest,
 To call my Vow back, and pursue with Vengeance,
 With all the Miseries a Mother suffers?

Rut. I was born to be hang'd, there's no avoiding it.

Gui. And dar'st thou with this Impudence appear here?
 Walk like the winding Sheet my Son was put in,
 Stand with those Wounds.

Dua. I am happy now again;
 Happy the Hour I fell, to find a Mother,
 So pious, good, and excellent in Sorrows.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Governor's come in.

Gui. O, let him enter.

[tunes,

Rut. I have fool'd my self a fair Thred of all my For-
 This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
 But that this unmannerly Boldness has brought me to it.

(51) Hatch'd in the Life of him?] Hatch'd, among *Cutlers*, is used to mean when the Hilts of a Sword are *gilt*: So she would say that *Rutilio's* bloody Sword was *batch'd* or *gilt* in the Life of her Son *Duarte*.

(52) ————— to imp thy Misery,

Did I not give thee Means?] *i. e.* Did I not furnish thee with Money, to assist thy Flight? It is a Term in *Falconry*; to *imp* is said, when a fresh Feather of a *Hawk* is put to an old broken Stump.

Enter

The Custom of the Country. 91

Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.

Gov. Are these fit Preparations for a Wedding, Lady?
I came prepar'd a Guest. *Gui.* O give me Justice;
As ever you will leave a virtuous Name,
Do Justice, Justice, Sir. *Gov.* You need not ask it,
I am bound to it. *Gui.* Justice upon this Man,
That kill'd my Son. *Gui.* Do you confess the Act?

Rut. Yes, Sir.

Clod. *Rutilio?*

Cha. 'Tis the same.

Clod. How fell he thus?

Here will be Sorrow for the good *Arnoldo.*

Gov. Take heed, Sir, what you say.

Rut. I have weigh'd it well,

I am the Man, nor is it Life I start at;

Only I am unhappy, I am poor,

Poor in expence of Lives, there I am wretched;

(53) That I've not two Lives lent me for this Sacrifice;

One for her Son, another for her Sorrows.

Excellent Lady, now rejoice again,

For though I cannot think, you're pleas'd in Blood,

Nor with that greedy Thirst pursue your Vengeance;

The Tenderness, even in those Tears, denies that;

Yet let the World believe, you lov'd *Duarte*;

The unmatched Courtesies you have done my Miseries,

Without this Forfeit to the Law, would charge me

To tender you this Life, and proud 'twou'd please you.

Gui. Shall I have Justice?

Gov. Yes.

Rut. I'll ask it for ye,

I'll follow it my self, against my self.

Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly,

The monstrous Burthen of that Grief, she labours with,

Will kill her else, then Blood on Blood lies on me;

Had I a thousand Lives, I'd give 'em all,

(53) *That I have not two Lives lent me for his Sacrifice;*] For whose Sacrifice? Not for *Duarte's*; that the Beginning of the subsequent Verse contradicts. To make any Sense, we must read, *this*.

Mr. Symphon.

Before I'd draw one Tear more from that Virtue.

Gui. Be not too cruel, Sir, and yet his bold Sword—
But his Life cannot restore that, he's a Man too
Of a fair Promise, but, alas! my Son's dead;
If I have Justice, must it kill him? *Gov.* Yes.

Gui. If I have not, it kills me; strong and goodly!
Why should he perish too?

Gov. 'T lies in your Pow'r,
You only may accuse him, or may quit him.

Clod. Be there no other Witnesses? *Gui.* Not any.
And, if I save him, will not the World proclaim,
I have forgot a Son, to save a Murderer?
And yet he looks not like one, he looks manly.

Clod. Pity, so brave a Gentleman should perish.
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.

Gui. Will you pronounce? yet stay a little, Sir.

Rut. Rid your self, Lady, of this Misery,
And let me go; I do but breed more Tempests,
With which you are already too much shaken.

Gui. Do, now pronounce; I will not hear.

Dua. You shall not, [Discovering himself.]
Yet turn and see, good Madam.

Gov. Do not wonder.
'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good Doctor;
Pray, do not stand amaz'd, it is *Duarte*,
He's well, is safe again.

Gui. O my sweet Son,
I will not press my Wonder now with Questions—
Sir, I am sorry for that Cruelty
I urg'd against you.

Rut. Madam, it was but Justice.

Dua. 'Tis true, the Doctor heal'd this Body again,
But this Man heal'd my Soul, made my Mind perfect;
The good sharp Lessons, his Sword read to me, sav'd me;
For which, if you have e'er lov'd me, dear Mother,
Honour and love this Man.

Gui. You sent this Letter?

Rut. My Boldness makes me blush now.

Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And with this Kiss, I take you for my Husband;

Your

Your Wooing's done, Sir; I believe, you love me,
And that's the Wealth I look for now.

Rut. You have it.

Dna. You have ended my Desire to all my Wishes.

Gov. Now, 'tis a Wedding again. And if *Hippolyta*
Make good, what with the Hazard of her Life
She undertook; the Evening will set clear,
After a stormy Day.

*Enter Hippolyta, and Leopold leading Arnaldo, and
Zenocia, with Zabulon, and Sulpitia.*

Char. Here comes the Lady.

Clod. With fair *Zenocia*, Health with Life again
Restor'd unto her. *Zen.* The Gift of her Goodness.

Rut. Let us embrace, I am of your Order too,
And though I once despair'd of Women, now
I find, they relish much of Scorpions;
For both have Stings, and both can hurt, and cure too;
But what have been your Fortunes?

Arn. We'll defer
Our Story, and at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence Virtue, and in that
Zenocia's Constancy, and perfect Love,
Or for her sake *Arnaldo's*, join with us
In th' Honour of this Lady. *Cba.* She deserves it.

Hip. *Hippolyta's* Life shall make That good hereafter,
Nor will I alone better my self, but others:
(54) For these, whose Wants, perhaps, have made their
Not altogether innocent, shall from me [Actions
Be so supplied, that Need shall not compel them
To any Course of Life, but what the Law
Shall give Allowance to.

Zab. and *Sulp.* Your Ladyship's Creatures.

Rut. Be so, and no more your Man-huckster.

(54) *For these, whose Wants, perhaps, have made their Actions
Not altogether innocent,]* *Hippolyta* had Obligations to the
Agency both of *Zabulon* and *Sulpitia*; and she shews a Sort of Ro-
mantick Generosity in requiting their Services; but, indeed, in poeti-
cal Justice, they Both ought to have been punish'd: *Zabulon* was a
scoundrel Pimp to a Bawdy-house; and *Sulpitia* was not only a noto-
rious Bawd, but a Dealer in Magick and a Poisoner.

Hip.

94 *The Custom of the Country.*

Hip. And, worthy *Leopold*, you that with such Fervour
So long have fought me, and in that deserv'd me,
Shall now find full Reward for all your Travels,
Which you have made more dear by patient Sufferance.
And though my violent Dotage did transport me,
Beyond those Bounds, my Modesty should have kept in,
(55) Though my Desires were loose, from unchaste Act
Heav'n knows, I am free.

Leop. The Thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your Offer.

Rut. Do so, Sir;
A Piece of crack'd Gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.

Gov. You shall be all my Guests,
I must not be deny'd.

Arn. Come, my *Zenocia*,
Our Bark at length has found a quiet Harbour;
And the unspotted Progress of our Loves
Ends not alone in Safety, but Reward,
To instruct others by our fair Example;
That, though good Purposes are long withstood,
The Hand of Heav'n still guides such as are good.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

(55) ——— from unchaste Art,
Heav'n knows, I am free.] How was she free from unchaste
Art? When she had used all the Arts, she was Mistress of, to corrupt
Arnoldo? I doubt not, but *Art* was the Original Word.

Mr. Seward.

Both *Mr. Sympson* and my self concurr'd in starting this Emendation.



EPILOGUE.



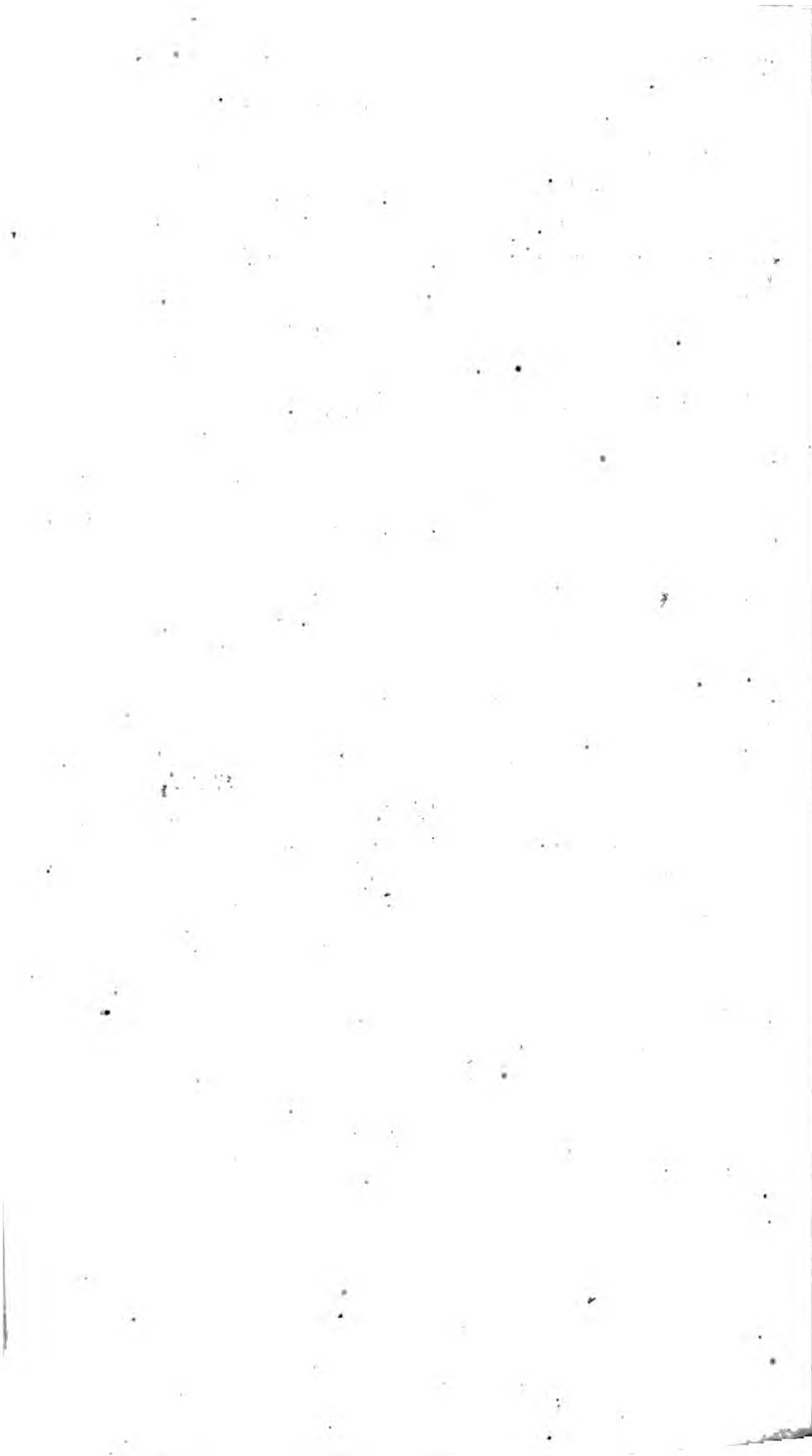
The EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an Epilogue to a Play,
I know no Cause: The old and usual Way,
For which they were made, was t' entreat the Grace
Of such as were Spectators: In this Place,
And Time, 'tis to no Purpose; for I know,
What you resolve already to bestow,
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say,
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;
Only to quit our Doubts, if you think fit,
You may, or cry it up, or silence it.

Another EPILOGUE.

I Spake much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its Desert, I hope; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a Syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same
In my Opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or Excuse: If you
Concur with me, and hold my Judgment true,
Shew it with any Sign; and from this Place,
Or send me off exploded, or with Grace.







T H E

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T H E
P R O L O G U E.

BUT that it would take from our Modesty,
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair Suffrage crown it ; I should say,
You're all most welcome to no vulgar Play ;
And, so far, we are confident : If he,
That made it, still lives in your Memory ;
You will expect what we present to Night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your Ears and Sight.
You shall hear Fletcher in it ; his true Strain,
And neat Expressions. Living, he did gain
Your good Opinions ; but, now dead, commends
This Orphan to the Care of noble Friends :
And may it raise in you Content and Mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate Birth !
Your Grace erects new Trophies to his Fame,
And shall to After-times preserve his Name.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lewis, *a Lord.*

Miramont, *a Gentleman.*

Brifac, *a Justice, Brother to Miramont.*

Charles, *a Scholar,* }
Eustace, *a Courtier,* } *Sons to Brifac.*

Egremont, }
Cowfy, } *two Courtiers, Dependants on Eustace.*

Andrew, *Servant to Charles.*

Cook, }
Butler, } *Servants to Brifac.*

Priest.

Notary.

Servants.

Officers.

W O M E N.

Angellina, *Daughter to Lewis.*

Sylvia, *her Woman.*

Lilly, *Wife to Andrew.*

Ladies.

L E C T O R I.

Would'st thou all Wit, all Comick Art survey?

Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the Play.

T H E



THE
ELDER BROTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.

LEWIS.



AY, I must walk you farther.

Ang. I am tir'd, Sir,

And ne'er shall foot it home.

Lew. 'Tis for your Health;

[ties,

The Want of Exercise takes from your Beau-

And Sloth dries up your Sweetness: That you are

My only Daughter, and my Heir, is granted;

And you in Thankfulness must needs acknowledge

You ever find me an indulgent Father,

And open-handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,

I hope, for Want of Duty to deserve

These Favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,

I love and cherish thy Obedience to me,

Which my Care, to advance thee, shall confirm;

All, that I aim at, is to win thee from

The Practice of an idle foolish State

Us'd by great Women, who think any Labour

(Though in the Service of themselves) a Blemish

To their fair Fortunes. *Ang.* Make me understand, Sir,

What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the Custom, how

Virgins of wealthy Families waste their Youth ;
 After a long Sleep, when you wake, your Woman
 Presents your Breakfast, then you sleep again,
 Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' Hands,
 You're led to Dinner, and that ended, either
 (1) To Cards or to your Couch (as if you were
 Born without Motion) after this to Supper,
 And then to Bed : And so your Life runs round
 Without Variety, or Action, Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learn'd Lecture!

Lew. From this Idleness,
 Diseases, both in Body, and in Mind,
 Grow strong upon you ; where a stirring Nature,
 With wholesome Exercise, guards Both from Danger ;
 I'd have thee rise wi' th' Sun, walk, dance, or hunt,
 Visit the Groves and Springs, and learn the Virtues
 Of Plants and Simples : Do this moderately,
 And thou shalt not, with eating Chalk, or Coals,
 Leather and Oatmeal, and such other Trash,
 Fall into the Green-sickness. *Syl.* With your Pardon,
 (Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I cou'd
 Prescribe a Remedy for my Lady's Health,
 And her Delight too, far transcending those
 Your Lordship but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia* ?

Syl. What is't ? a noble Husband : In that Word,
 A noble Husband, all Content of Woman
 Is wholly comprehended ; he will rouse her,
 As you say, with the Sun ; and so pipe to her,
 As she will dance, ne'er doubt it ; and hunt with her,
 Upon Occasion, until both be weary ;
 And then the Knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
 As I take it, were superfluous : A loving, and
 But add to it, a gamesome Bedfellow,

(1) *To Cards, or to your Couch ;*] The *Quarto* in 1655 has it *Coach*, which is most certainly a mistaken Reading ; for a *Coach* is very good Motion and Exercise for the Ladies : And *Lewis* is reproaching their Custom of using none at all. The first *Quarto* in 1640 (and the eldest Editions, I observe, are generally to be the most depended on) gives it us rightly, *Couch*.

Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said, Wench.

Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver
Your Verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deserve a Fee,
And not a Frown, dear Madam: I but speak
Her Thoughts, my Lord, and what her Modesty
Refuses to give Voice to. Shew no Mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with 't:
Let her lose no Time, Sir; Fathers, that deny
Their Daughters lawful Pleasures, when ripe for them,
In some kind edge their Appetites to taste of
The Fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it: No more blushing, Girl,
Thy Woman hath spoke Truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us
A Gentleman of Blood, Monsieur *Brisac*,
Of a fair State, six thousand Crowns *per Annum*,
The happy Father of two hopeful Sons,
Of different Breeding; the Elder, a meer Scholar;
The younger, a quaint Courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them
By publick Fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that oppos'd Antipathy, between
Their various Dispositions, renders them
The general Discourse and Argument;
One Part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other side preferring *Eustace*, as
A Man compleat in Courtship. *Lew.* And which Way
(If of these two you were to chuse a Husband)
Doth your Affection sway you? *Ang.* To be plain, Sir,
(Since you will teach me Boldness) as they are
Simply themselves, to neither: Let a Courtier
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with
All Parts that yield him to a Virgin gracious;
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his own Bottoms, though he have the Means
To bring his Mistress to a Masque, or by
Conveyance from some Great one's Lips, to taste
Such Favour from the King's: Or grant, he purchase,
Precedency in the Country, to be sworn
A Servant Extraordinary to the Queen;

Nay, though he live in Expectation of
 Some huge Preferment in Reversion; if
 He want a present Fortune, at the best
 Those are but glorious Dreams, and only yield him
 A Happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*;
 Nor can they fetch him Silks from th' Mercer; nor
 Discharge a Tailor's Bill, nor in full Plenty,
 Which still preserves a quiet Bed at home,
 Maintain a Family. *Lew.* Aptly consider'd,
 And to my Wish: But what's thy Censure of
 The Scholar? *Ang.* Troth, if he be nothing else,
 As of the Courtier; all his Songs, and Sonnets,
 His Anagrams, Acrostichs, Epigrams,
 His deep and philosophical Discourse
 Of Nature's hidden Secrets, make not up
 A perfect Husband; he can hardly borrow
 The Stars of the celestial Crown to make me
 A Tire for my Head; nor *Charles's* Wane for a Coach,
 Nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown
 From *Juno's* Wardrobe; nor wou'd I lye-in,
 For I despair not once to be a Mother,
 Under Heav'n's spangled Canopy, or banquet
 My Guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar;
 Pure *Orleans* would do better; no, no, Father,
 Though I cou'd be well pleas'd to have my Husband
 A Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant,
 These are but gawdy Nothings, if there be not
 Something to make a Substance. *Lew.* And what's that?
Ang. A full Estate; and, that said, I've said all;
 And get me such a one with these Additions,
 Farewel, Virginity! and welcome, Wedlock!
Lew. But where is such one to be met with, Daughter?
 (2) A black Swan is more common, you may wear
 Grey Tresses e'er we find him. *Ang.* I am not
 So punctual in all Ceremonies, I will bate
 Two or three of these good Parts, before I'll dwell
 Too long upon the Choice.

(2) *A black Swan is more common,]* The Poets seem here to have
 had an Eye to this *Latin* Hexameter.

Rara avis in Terris, nigroque simillima Cygno.

Syl.

Syl. Only, my Lord, remember,
That he be rich and active; for, without these,
The others yield no Relish, but these perfect,
You must bear with small Faults, Madam.

Lew. Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well; I'll to *Brisac*,
And try what may be done; i'th' mean time, home,
And feast thy Thoughts with th' Pleasures of a Bride.

Syl. Thoughts are but airy Food, Sir; let her taste them.

S C E N E II.

Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.

And. Unload part of the Library, and make room
For th' other dozen of Carts; I'll straight be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more Books?

And. More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their Names?

And. Their Names! he has 'em

As perfect as his *Pater Noster*, but that's nothing;
H'as read them over Leaf by Leaf three thousand times;
But here's the Wonder, though their Weight wou'd sink
A *Spanish* Carrack, without other Ballast;
He carrieth them all in his Head, and yet
He walks upright. *But.* Surely, he has a strong Brain.

And. If all thy Pipes of Wine were fill'd with Books,
Made of the Barks of Trees, or Myst'ries writ in
Old Moth-eaten Vellom, he wou'd sip thy Cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty: Then for's Diet,
He eats and digests more Volumes at a Meal,
Than there would be Larks, (though the Sky should fall)
Devour'd in a Month in *Paris*; yet fear not, [mach
Sons o' th' Buttery, and Kitchin, though his learn'd Sto-
Cannot be appeas'd, he'll seldom trouble you,
His knowing Stomach contemns your Black-Jacks, Butler,
And your Flagons; and, Cook, thy Boil'd, thy Roast, thy

Cook. How liveth he? [Bak'd.

And. Not as other Men do,
Few Princes fare like him; he breaks his Fast
With *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes

His

His Watering with the *Muses*, sups with *Livy*,
Then walks a Turn or two in *Viâ Lactea*,
And, after six Hours' Conference with the Stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*. *But*. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old Master,
And another old ignorant Elder ; I'll upon 'em.

Enter Brisac, and Lewis.

Bri. What, *Andrew*? welcome ; where's my *Charles*?
speak, *Andrew* ;

Where didst thou leave thy Master? *And*. Contemplating
The Number of the Sands in the High-way ;
And, from that, purposes to make a Judgment
Of the Remainder in the Sea : He is, Sir,
In serious Study, and will lose no Minute,
Nor out of's Pace to Knowledge. *Lew*. This is strange.

And. Yet he hath sent his Duty, Sir, before him
In this fair Manuscript. *Bri*. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and Andirons! *And*. I much pity you,
It is the *Syrian* Character, or the *Arabick*.
Wou'd you have it said, so great and deep a Scholar,
As Master *Charles* is, should ask Blessing
In any Christian Language? Were it *Greek*,
I could interpret for you ; but, indeed,
(3) I'm gone no farther. *Bri*. And in *Greek* you can
Lie with your smug Wife *Lilly*. *And*. If I keep her
From your *French* Dialect, (as I hope I shall, Sir ;)
However she is your Landress, she shall put you
To the Charge of no more Soap than usual
For th' washing of your Sheets. *Bri*. Take in the Knave,
And let him eat. *And*. And drink too, Sir.
Bri. And drink too,

(3) *Bri*. ————— *And in Greek you can*
Lie with your smug Wife Lilly.] *Brisac* is here strangely
out of Character. He is represented as an old stupid Justice of the
Peace, one of no polite Literature, and read only in the Old Statutes,
and in them no better learned than his Clerk : Yet here, 'tis manifest,
he is making an Allusion to a Passage in *JUVENAL'S Satires*.

Hoc cuncta effundunt animi Secreta. Quid ultra?
Concumbunt Græcè.

And

And see your Master's Chamber ready for him.

But. Come, Doctor *Andrew*, without Disputation
Thou shalt commence i'the Cellar. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd Meat.

Cook. Thou shalt ha'r, Boy. [Exeunt.]

Bri. Good Monsieur *Lewis*, I esteem my self
Much honour'd in your clear Intent to join
Our antient Families, and make them one ;
And 'twill take from my Age and Cares, to live
And see what you have purpos'd put in Act,
Of which your Visit at this present is
A hopeful Omen ; I each Minute expecting
Th' Arrival of my Sons ; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for Want of Means and Education,
To shape them to that Course each was addicted ;
And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
You first shall take a strict Perusal of them,
And then, from your Allowance, your fair Daughter
May fashion her Affection. *Lew.* Monsieur *Brisac*,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the same Line of Honour ; and, I hope,
Being blest but with one Daughter, I shall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though, with my utmost Vigilance and Study,
I labour to bestow her to her Worth :
Let others speak her Form, and future Fortune
From me descending to her ; I in that
Sit down with Silence. *Bri.* You may, my Lord, securely ;
Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her Perfections,
Commanding all Mens Tongues to sing her Praises ;
Should I say more, you'll well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horses ?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young Masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now observe their several Dispositions.

Enter

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my Subfizer carry my Hackney to
The Butt'ry, and give him his Bever; it is a civil
And sober Beast, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the Quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his Univerfity Tone.

Enter Euface, Egremont, and Cowfy.

Euf. Lackey, take Care our Coursers be well rub'd,
And cloath'd, they have outstrip'd the Wind in Speed.

Lew. Ay, marry, Sir, there's Metal in this young Fellow!
What a Sheep's Look his elder Brother has!

Char. Your Bleffing, Sir? *Bri.* Rife, *Charles*, thou haft it.

Euf. Sir, though it be unufual in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Country's Garb) I bend my Knee,
And do expect what follows. *Bri.* Courtly beg'd,
My Bleffing;—take it.

Euf. (to *Lew.*) Your Lordfhip's vow'd Adorer.
What a Thing this Brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him
The new *Italian* Shrug——How clownifhly
The Book-worm does return it.

Char. I'm glad, ye are well.

[*Reads.*

Euf. Pray you, be happy in the Knowledge of
This Pair of moft accomplished Monfieurs,
They are Gallants that have feen both Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their Love.

Egre. Which we'll repay with Service.

Cow. And will report your Bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you, make deferving Ufe on't firft.

Euface, give Entertainment to your Friends;
What's in my Houfe is theirs.

Euf. Which we'll make Ufe of;
Let's warm our Brains with half a dozen Healths,
And then, hang cold Difcourfe; for we'll fpeak Fire-works.

[*Exeunt.*

Lew. What, at his Book already?

Bri. Fie, fie, *Charles*,

No Hour of Interruption? *Char.* *Plato* differs
From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come, lay them by;

Let

(4) Let them agree at Leisure. *Char.* Man's Life, Sir, being So short, and then the Way that leads unto The Knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious, Each Minute should be precious. *Bri.* In our Care To manage worldly Business, you must part with This Bookish Contemplation, and prepare Your self for Action; to thrive in this Age, Is held the Palm of Learning. You must study To know what Part of my Land's good for th' Plough, And what for Pasture; how to buy and sell
 (5) To the best Vantage; how to cure my Oxen, When they're o'er-done with Labour.

Char. I may do this From what I've read, Sir; for what concerns Tillage, Who better can deliver it than *Virgil* In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your Herds, His *Bucolicks* is a Master-piece; but when He does describe the Common-wealth of Bees, Their Industry and Knowledge of the Herbs, From which they gather Honey, with their Care To place it with *Decorum* in the Hive, Their Government among themselves, their Order In going forth and coming loaden home, Their Obedience to their King, and his Rewards
 (6) To such as labour, with his Punishments

(4) *Man's Life, Sir, being So short, &c.*] *Charles* is here immediately shewing his Learning; for if I am not very much mistaken, the Poets have given him this Sentiment from the first *Aphorism* of *HIPPOCRATES*. Ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἢ τὸ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ὄξυς, ἢ δὲ πέρα σφαλέρη, ἢ δὲ κρίσις χαλεπή.

(5) ————— *how to cure my Oxen, When they're o'er-grown with Labour.*] To be o'er-grown with Labour should seem to signify the Oxen which are past their Labour, being worn out with Age and Toil; when Physick can have little Effect on them. The Idea, required here, is that of Oxen flung into Surfeits and Distempers by Over-fatigue. I take the Authors' Word therefore to have been o'er-done with Labour, which conveys this Idea. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Symphon likewise started the same Emendation.

(6) ————— *with his Punishments Only inflicted on the slothful Drone.*

Ignavum Fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent: says VIRGIL.

Only

Only inflicted on the slothful Drone,
 I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my Harvest;
 And there receive the Gain my Cattle bring me,
 And there find Wax and Honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
 In your Imagination; Heyday, heyday,
Georgicks, and *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the Knowledge of these guard me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your Bundle of Books,
 (And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all Tongues)
 What Pleasures they enjoy, that do embrace
 A well-shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story; there I read of
 All kind of virtuous and vicious Women,
 The antient *Spartan* Dames, and *Roman* Ladies,
 Their Beauties, and Deformities; and when
 I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*, [ness,
 Crown'd with still-flourishing Leaves of Truth and Good-
 With such a Feeling I peruse their Fortunes,
 As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted
 Their ravishing Sweetness; at the present, loving
 The whole Sex for their Goodness and Example.
 But, on the contrary, when I look on
 A *Clytemnestra* or a *Tullia*,
 The first bath'd in her Husband's Blood; the latter,
 Without a Touch of Piety, driving on
 Her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Trunk;
 Horror invades my Faculties; and comparing
 The Multitudes o' th' Guilty, with the few
 That did die Innocents, I detest, and loath 'em,
 As Ignorance or Atheism. *Bri.* You resolve then
 Ne'er to make Payment of the Debt you owe me.

Char. What Debt, good Sir?

Bri. A Debt I paid my Father
 When I begat thee, and made him a Grandfire;
 Which I expect from you. *Char.* The Children, Sir,
 Which I will leave to all Posterity,
 Begot and brought up by my painful Studies,
 Shall be my living Issue. *Bri.* Very well,
 And I shall have a general Collection
 Of all the Quiddits from *Adam* to this Time

To be my Grandchild. *Cbar.* And such a one, I hope, Sir,
As shall not shame the Family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take Care of my Estate. *Cbar.* But in my Wishes ;
For know, Sir, that the Wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any Prey, that soars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghil Minds, compos'd of Earth,
In that gross Element fix all their Happiness ;
But purer Spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off
That Clog of human Frailty ; give me Leave
T' enjoy my self ; that Place, that does contain
My Books, the best Companions, is to me
A glorious Court, where hourly I converse
With the old Sages and Philosophers ;
And sometimes, for Variety, I confer
With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counsels ;
Calling their Victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict Accompt, and, in my Fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues. Can I then
Part with such constant Pleasures, to imbrace
Uncertain Vanities? No, be it your Care
T' augment your Heap of Wealth ; it shall be mine,
T' encrease in Knowledge—Lights there for my Study!

[*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever Man, that had Reason, thus transported ;
From all Sense and Feeling of his proper Good ?
It vexes me, and if I found not Comfort
In my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude
My Name were at a Period ! *Lew.* He's, indeed, Sir,
The surer Base to build on.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsey, and Andrew.

Bri. Eustace,—

Eust. Sir.—

(7) *Bri.* Your Ear in private. *And.* I suspect, my Master

(7) You are *in private.*] This is not true, for there are several
Persons present. A Whisper immediately follows ; which fully shews
the true Reading.

Your Ear *in private.*

Mr. Seward.

The *Quarto's* in 1640, 1651, 1661, and the *Folio* in 1679 all
concur to confirm Mr. Seward's Conjecture.

Has

Has found harsh Welcome, he's gone supperless
 Into his Study ; cou'd I find out the Cause,
 It may be borrowing of his Books, or so ;
 I shall be satisfy'd. *Eust.* My Duty shall, Sir,
 Take any Form you please, and in your Motion
 To have me married, you cut off all Dangers
 The violent Heats of Youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well answer'd. *Eust.* Nor shall you, my Lord,
 Nor your fair Daughter, ever find just Cause
 To mourn your Choice of me : the Name of Husband,
 Nor the Authority it carries in it,
 Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
 As I am now, her Servant, and your Lordship's ;
 And but that Modesty forbids, that I
 Should sound the Trumpet of my own Deserts,
 I cou'd say, my choice Manners have been such,
 As render me lov'd and remarkable
 To th' Princes of the Blood.

Cow. Nay, to the King.

Egre. Nay, to the King and Council.

And. These are Court-Admirers,
 And ever echo him that bears the Bag :
 Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this Juggling:

Eust. Then for my Hopes, —

Cow. Nay, Certainties. *Eust.* They stand
 As fair as any Man's. What can there fall
 In Compass of her Wishes, which she shall not
 Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she Titles?
 By th' Grace and Favour of my princely Friends,
 I am what she would have me. *Bri.* He speaks well,
 And I believe him. *Lew.* I cou'd wish, I did so.
 Pray you, a Word, Sir ; He's a proper Gentleman,
 And promises nothing but what is possible.
 So far I will go with you : Nay, I add,
 He hath won much upon me, and were he
 But one Thing that his Brother is, the Bargain
 Were soon struck up. *Bri.* What's that, my Lord?

Lew. The Heir.

And. Which he is not, and, I trust, never shall be.

Bri. Come, that shall breed no Difference ; you see,
Charles

Charles has giv'n o'er the World ; I'll undertake,
And with much Ease, to buy his Birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new Books ; nor shall my State
Alone make Way for him, but my Elder Brother's ;
Who, being Issueless, t'advance our Name,
I doubt not, will add his. Your Resolution? [ings;

Lew. I'll first acquaint my Daughter with the Proceed-
On these Terms I am yours, as she shall be ;
Make you no Scruple, get the Writings ready,
She shall be tractable ; to morrow we will hold
A second Conference. Farewel, noble Eustace,
And you brave Gallants. Eust. Full Increase of Honour
Wait ever on your Lordship ! And. The Gout rather,
And a perpetual Megrim ! Bri. You see, Eustace,
How I travel to possess you of a Fortune
You were not born to ; be you worthy of it,
I'll furnish you for a Suitor ; visit her,
And prosper in't. Eust. She's mine, Sir, fear it not :
In all my Travels, I ne'er met a Virgin
That could resist my Courtship.

(8) Cow. If this take now,
W'are made for ever, and will revel it. [Exeunt.

And. In tough Welch Parsly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Strong hempen Halters ; my poor Master cozen'd, [is
And I a Looker on ! If we have studied
Our Majors, and our Minors, Antecedents,
And Consequents, to be concluded Coxcombs,
W've made a fair Hand on't ; I'm glad I've found
Out all their Plots, and their Conspiracies ;
This shall t'old Monsieur Miramont, one, that though

(8) ———— If this take now,
[We're made for ever.] Several of the Editions old and mo-
dern continue This to Eustace's Speech ; others have nonsensically
assign'd it to Brisac. The oldest Quarto of all has it thus.

Eust. If this take now, &c.
But Eustace was the last Speaker, and no body had interrupted him :
therefore 'tis absurd, that his Name should be put here only because
he continues to speak. It must certainly be placed to one of his
Hangers-on, who hugs himself with the Thought, that if this Match
takes place, they shall have it in their Power to revel it with a Ven-
geance.

He cannot read a Proclamation,
 Yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Master *Charles*
 For being a Scholar ; I hear, he's coming hither,
 I shall meet with him ; and if he be that old
 Rough testy Blade he always us'd to be,
 (9) He'll ring 'em such a Peal as shall go near
 To shake their Bell-room ; peradventure, beat 'em,
 For he is Fire and Flax ; and so have at him. [*Exit.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Miramont, and Brisac.

Mir. NAY, Brother, Brother, —

Bri. Pray, Sir, be not moved,
 I meddle with no Business but my own ;
 And, in mine own, 'tis Reason I should govern.

(10) *Mir.* But know to govern then, and understand,
 And be as wise as hasty ; though you be [Sir,
 My Brother and from one Blood sprung, I must tell ye,
 Heartily and home too, —

Bri. What, Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find,
 You are a Fool, and an old Fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to you ;
 Seek to deprive an honest noble Spirit,
 Your eldest Son, Sir, and your very Image,
 (But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't)
 Because he loves his Book, and dotes on that,
 And only studies how to know things excellent,

(9) *I'll ring him such a Peal, —* } *To ring a Peal* is a Metaphor for Scolding, which *Andrew* would certainly not use : No more than he would beat *Brisac* and *Eustace* : It is plain, *Miramont* was to do both ; we must read therefore ;

He'll ring 'em such a Peal —

This will restore both the Sense and Grammar.

Mr. Seward.

(10) *But how to govern then, and understand, Sir,*] This Speech is quite Nonsense from the Want of a Verb. The *Quarto* in 1651 retrieves it for us ; and thence I have substituted it into the Text.

Above

Above the Reach of such coarse Brains as yours,
Such muddy Fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choke your hide-bound Tenants with musty Harvests?

Bri. You go too fast. *Mir.* I'm not come to my Pace yet;
Because h' has made his Study all his Pleasure,
And is retir'd into his Contemplation,
Not meddling with the Dirt and Chaff of Nature,
That makes the Spirit of the Mind Mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his Inheritance?

(11) Must he be dispossess'd, and Monsieur jingle-boy
His younger Brother — *Bri.* You forget your self.

Mir. Because h' has been at Court, and learn'd new
And how to speak a tedious piece of Nothing, [Tongues,
To vary his Face as Seamen do their Compass,
To worship Images of Gold and Silver,
And fall before the She-Calves of the Season,
Therefore must he jump into his Brother's Land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough
In Praise of Learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.

Bri. But, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

Mir. 'Tis not to be a Justice of Peace as you are,
And palter out your Time i'th' penal Statutes,
To hear the curious Tenets controverted
Between a Protestant Constable, and a Jesuit Cobler,
To pick natural Philosophy out of Bawdry,
When your Worship's pleas'd to correctify a Lady;
Nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Justice,
(Which is deep Learning) when your Worship's Tenants
Bring a light Cause, and heavy Hens before ye,
Both fat and feasible, a Goose or Pig;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both Hands
Weighing indifferently the State o'th' Question.

(11) ————— and Monsieur jingle-Boy,
His younger Brother —] We must read, *jingle-boy.*) *i. e.* A
Pop, that fell into every upstart Fashion. It was the Custom in
the latter Part of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, and also in That of
King *James* the First, for the Men to wear Boots; as we may see
by the Pictures of those Times, and their Spurs were equipp'd with
a Sort of Bells, or loose Rowels, which *jingled* whenever they
mov'd.

These are your *quodlibets*, but no Learning, Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with Learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, Brother,
I'm sure, you have read all *Aristotle*. *Mir.* Faith, no;
But I believe, I have a learned Faith, Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my Sort;
Though I can speak no *Greek*, I love the Sound on't,
It goes so thundering as it conjur'd Devils;
Charles speaks it loftily, and if thou wert a Man,
Or hadst but ever heard of *Homer's Iliads*,
Hesiod, and the *Greek* Poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thy self for Joy thou'dst such a Gentleman
To be thy Son; O he has read such things
To me! *Bri.* And do you understand 'em, Brother?

Mir. I tell thee, no, that's not material; the Sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honest Man:

Good Brother *Brisac*, does your young Courtier,
That wears the fine Cloaths, and is the excellent Gentle-
(The Traveller, the Soldier, as you think too) [man,
Understand any other Pow'r than his Taylor?
Or knows what Motion is, more than an Horse-race?
What the Moon means, but to light him home from
Taverns?

Or th' Comfort of the Sun is, but to wear slash'd Cloaths in?
And must this piece of Ignorance be pop'd up,
Because it can kiss the Hand, and cry, *Sweet Lady*?
Say, *it had been at Rome, and seen the Relicks*,
(12) Drunk your *Verdea-Wine*, and rid at *Naples*,
Brought home a Box of *Venice Treacle* with it,
To cure young Wenches that have eaten Ashes:
Must this Thing therefore?—*Bri.* Yes, Sir, this Thing must,
I will not trust my Land to one so sotted,
So grown like a Disease unto his Study,
He that will fling off all Occasions
And Cares, to make him understand what State is,

(12) *Drunk your Verdea Wine.*] There is a River in *Italy*, that runs thro' the Territory of *Prænesse*, which of old was call'd *Veresius*: The more modern Geographers tell us that now its Name is *Verdi*. I doubt not, but our Authors allude to the Wines made in that Neighbourhood.

And how to govern it ; must by that Reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing :
My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an Ass, a Piece of Ginger-bread,
Gilt over to please foolish Girls and Puppets.

Bri. You are my elder Brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder Wit, thou'dst shame us all else ;
Go to, I say, *Charles* shall inherit. *Bri.* I say, no ;
Unless *Charles* had a Soul to understand it :
Why, can he manage six thousand Crowns a Year
Out of the Metaphysics ? Or can all
His learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards ?
Or can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines ?
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent Humanists
Sell 'em the Merchants for my best Advantage ?
Can History cut my Hay, or get my Corn in ?
And can Geometry vent it in the Market ?
Shall I have my Sheep kept with a *Jacob's* Staff now ?
I wonder, you will magnify this Mad-man,
You that are old and shou'd understand.

Mir. Shou'd, say'st thou,
Thou monstrous Piece of Ignorance in Office! [fuses,
Thou that hast no more Knowledge than thy Clerk in-
Thy dapper Clerk larded with Ends of *Latin*,
(13) And he no more than Custom of his Office ;
Thou unreprievable Dunce! (that thy formal Bandstrings,
Thy Ring, nor Pomander, cannot expiate for)
Dost thou tell me, I shou'd ? I'll poze thy Worship
In thine own Library, an Almanack ;
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out

(13) *And he no more than Custom of Offences.*] There is great Humour in this Passage, and 'tis Pity that it should be hurt by so obscure an Expression at the Close. I can affix no Idea to it, but that the Justice's Clerk's whole Literature consists in the Forms of Commitment for common Offences ; and therefore thought that the Original might have been, — *customary Offences* : Which conveys this Idea more clearly than the present Reading, which is too obscure to be genuine. But by as small a Change of the Letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which for that Reason is most likely to have been the Original one.

And he no more than Custom of his Office.

Mr. Seward.
Days

Days of Iniquity to cozen Fools in,
 And full Moons to cut Cattle; dost thou taint me,
 That have run over Story, Poetry,
 Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping Shadow
 Does o'er the Ears of Corn, and leave 'em blasted.
 Put up your Anger, what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do. *Bri.* I will.

Mir. Thou art an Ass then,
 A dull old tedious Ass; thou'rt ten times worse
 And of less Credit than Dunce *Hollingshead*
 (14) *The Englishman*, that writes of Shows and Sheriffs.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your Pleasure, here's one I must talk with.

Lew. Good Day, Sir. *Bri.* Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I speak w' ye? [nefs.]

Bri. With all my Heart, I was waiting on your Good-

Lew. Good-morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

Mir. O sweet Sir,

Keep your Good-morrow to cool your Worship's Pottage.
 A Couple of the World's Fools met together
 To raise up Dirt and Dunghills! *Lew.* Are they drawn?

Bri. They shall be ready, Sir, within these two Hours,
 And *Charles*, to set his Hand. *Lew.* 'Tis necessary;

For he being a joint Purchaser, though your State
 Was got by your own Industry, unless

He seal to the Conveyance, it can be

Of no Validity. *Bri.* He shall be ready,

And do it willingly. *Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope, your Daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, Sir;

Young *Eustace* is a Bait to catch a Woman,

A budding spritely Fellow; you're resolv'd then,

That all shall pass from *Charles*. *Bri.* All, all, he's nothing,

A Bunch of Books shall be his Patrimony,

(14) *That writes of Snows and Sheriffs.*] The *Quarto* in 1651,
 and the *Folio* in 1679, have it *Shows*; which I take to be the genuine
 Word: Because *Hollingshead* is very prolix in describing Tilts and
 Tournaments, publick Entries, Masques, and other Pieces of Pa-
 geantry.

And

And more than he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your Brother Pass over his Land too, to your Son *Eustace*?

You know, he has no Heir. *Mir.* He will be flead first, And Horse-collars made of's Skin! *Bri.* Let him alone, A willful Man; my State shall serve the Turn, Sir. And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the Hour; And, like a blushing Rose, that stays the pulling.

Bri. To-morrow then's the Day.

Lew. Why, then To-morrow I'll bring the Girl, get you the Writings ready.

Mar. But hark you, Monsieur, have you the virtuous To help to rob an Heir, an elder Brother, [Conscience Of that which Nature and the Law flings on him?

You were your Father's eldest Son, I take it, And had his Land; 'Would, you had had his Wit too, Or his Discretion to consider nobly,

What 'tis to deal unworthily in these Things!

You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his Son;

And he will say, he is no Son to inherit

Above a Shelf of Books; Why did he get him? [Things?

Why was he brought up to write and read, and know

Why was he not like his Father, a dumb Justice?

A flat dull Piece of Flegm, shap'd like a Man,

A reverend Idol in a Piece of Arras?

Can you lay Disobedience, Want of Manners,

Or any capital Crime to his Charge? *Lew.* I do not,

Nor do not weigh your Words; they bite not me, Sir,

This Man must answer. *Bri.* I have don't already,

And given sufficient Reason to secure me.

And so Good-morrow, Brother, to your Patience.

Lew. Good-morrow, Monsieur *Miramont.*

Mir. Good Night-caps! ———

Keep your Brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'em.

Well, *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee Books yet,

The fairest in thy Study are my Gift,

And the *Lovaine* University for thy sake

Hath tasted of my Bounty; and to vex

Th' old doting Fool thy Father, and thy Brother,

They shall not share a Solz of mine between them;

Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand Crowns a Year,
In some high Strain to write my Epitaph. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfy.

Eust. How do I look now to my elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handsome Suit.

Cow. All courtly, courtly.

Eust. I'll assure ye, Gentlemen, my Tailor has travel'd,
And speaks as lofty Language in his Bills too,
The Cover of an old Book wou'd not shew thus.
Fie, fie, what Things these Academicks are,
These Book-worms, how they look!

Egre. They're meer Images,
No genteel Motion nor Behaviour in 'em,
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a Story of the State of Heav'n,
What Lords and Ladies govern in such Houses,
And what Wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit Snow, Fire, and Hail like a Jügler,
And make a Noise, when drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the sneaking'st Things, and the contemptiblest;
Such Small-beer Brains; but ask 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their Understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted Pig;
Do they know what a Court is, or a Council,
Or how th' Affairs of Christendom are manag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tir'd Hackney?
(15) And then they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em.
They have made a fair Youth of your elder Brother,
A pretty Piece of Flesh. *Eust.* I thank 'em for it;

(15) *And then they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em.].* There is most certainly some Corruption here thro' all the Copies, which has debased the Text to stark Nonsense. I have not been able, by revolving it many times in my Mind, to retrieve the true Reading; or to conceive what it points at. I must leave it, as it is, to some more happy Conjecturers.

Long may he study to give me his State!

Saw you my Mistress?

Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young Woman,
But, be sure, you keep her from Learning. *Eust.* Songs she
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our Time contrive;
That has no Weight nor Wheel to move the Mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty Sound;
She shall have Cloaths, but not made by Geometry;
Horses and Coach, but of no immortal Race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine House
Above a gentle Reader; they corrupt
The foolish Women with their subtle Problems:
I'll have my House call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philosophers from Entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love those that love good Fashions,
Good Cloaths and rich, they invite Men to admire 'em,
That speak the Lisp of Court, Oh 'tis great Learning!
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle courtly,
They're rare Endowments; that they have seen far Coun-
tries, [Truths,
And can speak strange Things, though they speak no
For then they make things common. When are you
married?

Eust. To morow, I think; we must have a Masque, Boys,
And of our own Making.

Egre. 'Tis not half an Hour's Work,
A *Cupid* and a Fiddle, and the Thing's done;
But let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Eust. What, Nymphs with Beards?

Cow. That's true, we will be Knights then,
Some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

Eust. Let's go, let's go; I must go visit, Gentlemen,
And mark what sweet Lips I must kiss to morrow. [*Exe.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, and Butler.

Cook. And how does my Master?

And. Is at's Book; peace, Coxcomb,

That

That such an unlearn'd Tongue as thine should ask for him!

Cook. Does he not study conjuring too? *And.* Have you Lost any Plate, Butler? *But.* No, but I know, I shall to morrow at Dinner. *And.* Then to morrow You shall be turn'd out o' Place for't; we meddle with No Spirits o'th' Buttry, they taste too small for us; Keep me a Pye in *Folio*, I beseech thee, And thou shalt see how learn'dly I'll translate him; Shall's have good Cheer to morrow?

Cook. Excellent good Cheer, *Andrew.*

And. The spite on't is, that, much about that Time, I shall be arguing, or deciding rather, Which are the Males and Females of red Herrings; And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only, A Question found out by *Copernicus*, The learned Motion-maker. *Cook.* Ay, marry, Butler, Here are rare things; a Man, that look'd upon him, Would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew.* *And.* I've so much on't, And am so loaden with strong Understanding, I fear, they'll run me mad; here's a new Instrument, A mathematical Glister to purge the Moon with, When she is laden with cold flegmatick Humours; And here's another to remove the Stars, When they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Cook. O Heav'ns! why do I labour out my Life In a Beef-pot? And only search the Secrets Of a Sallad; and know no further! *And.* They are not Reveal'd to all Heads; these are far above Your Element of Fire, *Cook*; I cou'd tell you Of *Archimedes'* Glas to fire your Coals with; And of the Philosopher's Turf, that ne'er goes out; And *Gilbert Butler*, I cou'd ravish thee, With two most rare Inventions.

But. What are they, *Andrew?*

[base,

And. The one to blanch your Bread from Chippings And, in a moment, as thou wou'dst an Almond; The Sect of the *Epicureans* invented that; The other for thy Trenchers, that's a strong one,

To

To cleanse you twenty Dozen in a Minute,
And no Noise heard ; which is the Wonder, *Gilbert*,
And this was out of *Plato's* new Ideas. [drew ?

But. Why, what a learned Master dost thou serve, *An-*
And. These are but the Scrapings of his Understanding,
Gilbert.

With Gods and Goddeffes, and such strange People
He deals, and treats with, in so plain a Fashion,
As thou dost with thy Boy that draws thy Drink ;
Or *Ralph* there, with his Kitchen-Boys and Scalders.

Cook. But why shou'd he not be familiar and talk some-
As other Christians do, of hearty Matters, [times,
And come into the Kitchen, and there cut his Breakfast ?

But. And then retire to the Buttry, and there eat it,
And drink a lusty Bowl ? my younger Master,
That must now be the Heir, will do all these,
Ay, and be drunk too ; these are mortal things.

And. My Master studies Immortality.

Cook. Now that thou talk'st of Immortality,
How does thy Wife, good *Andrew* ? My old Master
Did you no small Pleasure when he procur'd her,
And stock'd you in a Farm. If he shou'd love her now,
As he hath a Colt's Tooth yet, what says your Learning
And your strange Instruments to that, my *Andrew* ?
Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it ?
Can ye put by his mathematical Engine ?

And. Yes, or I'll break it ; thou awaken'st me,
And I'll peep i'th' Moon this Month, but I'll watch for him.
My Master rings, I must go make him a Fire,
And conjure o'er his Books. *Cook.* Adieu, good *Andrew* ;
And send thee manly Patience with thy Learning.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have forgot to eat and sleep with Reading,
And all my Faculties turn into Study,
'Tis Meat and Sleep ; what need I outward Garments,
When I can cloath my self with Understanding ?

The

The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors,
 Yet ever new they are, and shine like Courtiers,
 The Seasons of the Year find no fond Parents,
 Yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glisters,
 And some in gawdy Green come in like Masquers ;
 The Silk-worm spins her own Suit and her Lodging,
 And has no Aid nor Partner in her Labours ;
 Why shou'd we care for any thing but Knowledge,
 Or look upon the World but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Wou'd you have any thing? *Char.* *Andrew,* I find,
 (16) There is a Stie grown o'er the Eye o'th' Bull,
 Which will go near to blind the Constellation.

And. Put a Gold-ring in's Nose, and that will cure him.

Char. *Ariadne's* Crown's awry too, two main Stars,
 That held it fast, are slip'd out. *And.* Send it presently
 (17) To *Gallileo* the *Italian* Star-wright,
 He'll set it right again with little Labour.

Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar. *And.* I hope, I shall be;
 Have I swept your Books so often to know nothing?

Char. I hear, thou'rt married.

And. It hath pleas'd your Father
 (18) To match me to a Mate of his own choosing:
 (I doubt, her Constellation's loose too, and wants nailing,
 And a sweet Farm he has giv'n us a Mile off, Sir.

Char. Marry thy self to Understanding, *Andrew,*
 These Women are *Errata* in all Authors ;

(16) *There is a Flie grown o'er the Eye o'th' Bull,*] *Charles* is speaking of the Bull, or Sign *Taurus*, upon the Cœlestial Globe. But, a *Fly growing over the Eye*, is an odd Expression. If the Globe were wet with any glutinous Matter, a Fly might stick to it. But I have retriev'd the true Reading from several of the old *Quarto's*. A Piece of Dirt was fall'n on the Bull's Eye, which look'd like that Inflammation which is call'd a *Stye*.

(17) *To Gallatteo, the Italian Star-wright.*] But *Gallileo* was his true Name, as I had several Years ago mark'd in the Margin of my Book ; and as *Mr. Sympson* likewise lately observ'd to me.

(18) *To match me to a Maid of his own choosing ;*] *Mr. Sympson* thinks *Mate* to have been the Original and more proper Reading ; and so I have reform'd the Text.

They're

They're fair to see too, and bound up in Vellom,
Smooth, white and clear; but their Contents are monstrous
They treat of nothing but dull Age and Diseases.
Thou hast not so much Wit in thy Head, as there is
On these Shelves, *Andrew*.

And. I think, I have not, Sir. *Char*. No, if thou hadst
(19) Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a Woman in thy Bosom;
They're Cataplasms made o'th' deadly Sins.

I never saw any yet but mine own Mother,

Or if I did, I did regard them but

As Shadows that pass by of under Creatures. [Wife;

And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own
I wou'd not have your Brother go beyond ye,
They're the prettiest natural Philosophers to play with.

Char. No, no, they're Opticks to delude Mens Eyes with.
Does my younger Brother speak any *Greek* yet, *Andrew*?

And. No, but he speaks *High Dutch*; and that goes as
daintily.

Char. Reach me the Books down I read yesterday,
And make a little Fire, and get a Manchet;
Make clean those Instruments of Bras I shew'd you,
And set the great Sphere by, then take the Fox-Tail
And purge the Books from Dust; last, take your *Lilly*,
And get your Part ready. *And*. Shall I go home, Sir?
My Wife's Name is *Lilly*, there my best Part lies, Sir.

Char. I mean, your Grammar; O thou Dunderhead!
Wou'dst thou be ever in thy Wife's *Syntaxis*?

Let me have no Noise, nor nothing to disturb me,

I am to find a Secret. *And*. So am I too;

Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't.

[*Exeunt*.

(19) *Thou'dst ne'er have married a Woman in thy Bosom;*] To
take a Woman into one's Bosom is a very common and sensible
Expression; but to marry one in one's Bosom is a Form of speak-
ing that I have never met with. In short, the *Quarto* in 1651 has
it rightly, *warm'd*; and the Allusion, I take it, is to the silly
Countryman, in the *Fable*, who cherish'd a frozen Snake in his
Bosom, till it recover'd and stung him.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, and Notary.

Lew. **T**HIS is the Day, my Daughter *Angellina*,
The happy Day, that must make you a Fortune,
A large and full one; my great Care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertain it.
Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all Points,
And his Behaviour affable and courtly,
His Person excellent; I know, you find that,
I read it in your Eyes, you like his Youth.
Young handsome People should be match'd together,
Then follow handsome Children, handsome Fortunes;
The most part of his Father's State, my Wench,
Is ty'd in Jointure, that makes up the Harmony;
And, when ye are marry'd, he's of that soft Temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your Observance,
That you may rule and turn him as you please.

What are the Writings drawn on our side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother set his Hand to,
Not all the Pow'r of Law shall e'er release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to do more Mischief than an Army.
Are all your Clauses sure? *Not.* Sure as Proportion;
They may turn Rivers sooner than these Writings.
Why did you not put all the Lands in, Sir?

Lew. 'Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a Fault made in the Writing;
If not found all the Land. *Lew.* These are small Devils,
That care not who has Mischief, so they make it;
They live upon the meer Scent of Dissention.

'Tis well, 'tis well; are you contented, Girl?
For your Will must be known.

Ang. A Husband's welcome,
And, as an humble Wife, I'll entertain him;
No Sovereignty I aim at, 'tis the Man's, Sir;
For she, that seeks it, kill her Husband's Honour:

The

The Gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him,
 Yet find not that grac'd Excellence you promise ;
 A pretty Gentleman, and he may please too ;
 And some few Flashes I have heard come from him,
 But not to Admiration, as from others ; [so,
 (20) He's young, and may be good, yet he must make him
 And I may help, and for Help thank him also.
 It is your Pleasure I should make him mine,
 And 't has been still my Duty to observe you.

Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your Modesty.
 To Horse, and bring the Coach out. *Angellina,*
 To-morrow you will look more Womanly.

Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no Eyes, Sir. [Exe.

S C E N E II.

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, and Lilly.

Bri. Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits

And. No Inheritance, Sir ? [him.

Bri. You speak like a Fool, a Coxcomb,
 He shall have annual Means to buy him Books,
 And find him Cloaths and Meat, what would he more ?
 Trouble him with Land ? 'tis flat against his Nature.
 I love him too, and honour those Gifts in him.

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all ?

Bri. All, all; he knows how
 To use it, he's a Man bred in the World,
 Th'other i'th' Heav'ns. My Masters, pray be wary
 And serviceable; and, Cook, see all your Sawces
 Be sharp and poynant in the Palate, that they may

(20) *He's young and may be good, yet he must make it,*

And I may help, and help to thank him also.] I can make
 no sort of Sense of the latter part of the last Line; but as the
 foregoing Lines point out the Intention of the Author, so That will
 direct us to the true Reading. The Sense I take to be this. He's
 yet too young to be fix'd to either Good or Evil, but he may here-
 after make himself good, and I may help to make him so: And,
 as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in Goodness. The
 slight Reformation, that I have offer'd, entirely gives this Sense.

Mr. Seward.

Com-

Commend you, look to your Roast and Bak'd Meats
handfomely,
And what new Kickshaws and delicate made Things—
Is th' Musick come?

But. Yes, Sir, they're here at Breakfast.

Bri. There will be a Masque too, you must see this Room
clean,

And, Butler, your Door open to all good Fellows ;
(21) But have an Eye to your Plate, for there be Furies.
My *Lilly*, welcome, you are for the Linnen,
Sort it, and see it ready for the Table ;
And see the Bride-bed made, and look the Cords be
Not cut afunder by the Gallants too ;
There be such Knacks abroad ; hark hither, *Lilly*,
To Morrow night at twelve o'Clock, I'll sup w'ye :
Your Husband shall be safe, I'll send ye Meat too ;
Before, I cannot well slip from my Company.

And. Will ye so, will ye so, Sir ? I'll make one to eat it,
I may chance make you stagger too.

Bri. No Answer, *Lilly*?

Lil. One word about the Linnen ; I'll be ready,
And rest your Worship's still. *And.* And I'll rest w'ye,
You shall see what Rest 'twill be. Are ye so nimble ?
A Man had need have ten pair of Ears to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your Master, for, I know, he wants ye ;
And keep him in his Study, that the Noise
Do not molest him : I will not fail, my *Lilly* —
Come in, Sweet-hearts, all to their several Duties. [*Exe.*

And. Are you Kissing-ripe, Sir ? Double but my Farm,
And kifs her 'till thy Heart ake. These Smock-vermine,
How eagerly they leap at old Mens Kiffes ;
They lick their Lips at Profit, not at Pleasure ;
And if 'twere not for the scurvy name of Cuckold,
He should lie with her ; I know, she'll labour at length
With a good Lordship. If he had a Wife now ?

(21) *But have an Eye to your Plate, for there be Furies*] i. e.
Pilferers, Persons with rapacious Talons : The Allusion may be to the
Harpies, mention'd by VIRGIL, whom he calls *Furies*.

———— *Vobis Furiarum maxima pando.*

And *Hefychius* calls them ἀρκακίικὸς κωϊας.

Mr. Symphon.

But

But that's all one, I'll fit him : I must up
Unto my Master, he'll be mad with Study.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Charles.

(22) *Char.* What Noise is in this House, (my Head is
With several Noises ; and in every Corner ; [broken!]
As if the Earth were shaken with some strange Cholick,
There are Stirs and Motions. What Planet rules this House ?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there? *And.* 'Tis I, Sir, faithfull *Andrew.*

Char. Come near,
And lay thine Ear down ; hear'st no Noise ?

And. The Cooks
Are chopping Herbs and Mince-meat to make Pies,
And breaking Marrow-Bones—

Char. Can they set them again? [stronger,

And. Yes, yes, in Broths and Puddings ; and they grow

(22) *What Noise is in this House, my Head is broken,*] The old Editions have handed down to us as ridiculous a Blunder upon this Passage, as ever pass'd the Press. They read ;

————— *my Head is broken,*
Within a Parenthesis in ev'ry Corner :

Our Learned and Ingenious Mr. CIBBER, who jumbled the Custom of the Country and this Play into one Comedy, sagaciously saw, that *within a Parenthesis* did not so harmoniously begin a Verse ; he has therefore alter'd it thus.

My Head is broken

With a Parenthesis in ev'ry Corner ;

This Gentleman, I suppose, might have met with this Scrap of Latin, which is said to those who make false Grammar, *Diminuis Prisciani Caput* : You break *Priscian's* Head. Now if a little false Grammar would break *Priscian's* Head, he naturally concluded, a common Man's Head might be broken with a *Parenthesis* : and so he very judiciously adopted the Expression. — But may it not be asked, how did this Nonsense slip at first into the old Books ? I believe, I can give a Solution for That. Some careful Reader had written in the Margin of his Book at the Words,

————— *My Head is broken*

Within a *Parenthesis.*

But forgetting to make the two half Moons, which form a *Parenthesis*, it was mistook at Press for a part of the Text, and thence we derive this wonderfull Interpolation.

For th' Use of any Man. *Char.* What Squeaking's that ?
 Sure, there is a Maffacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geefe, Sir,
 And Turkeys, for the Spit. The Cooks are angry Sirs,
 And that makes up the Medly. *Char.* Do they thus
 At every Dinner ? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
 Nor know, who is a Cook. *And.* They're sometimes sober,
 And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Char. What Loads are these ?

And. Meat, Meat, Sir, for the Kitchen.
 And stinking Fowls the Tenants have sent in ;
 They'll ne'er be found out at a general Eating,
 And there's fat Venifon, Sir.

Char. What's that ? *And.* Why, Deer,
 Those that Men fatten for their private Pleasures ;
 And let their Tenants starve upon the Commons.

Char. I've read of Deer, but, yet I ne'er eat any.

And. There's a Fishmonger's Boy with Caviar, Sir ;
 Anchoves, and Potargo, to make ye drink.

Char. Sure, these are modern, very modern Meats,
 For I understand 'em not. *And.* No more does any Man,
 From Caca-merda, or a Substance worse,
 'Till they be greas'd with Oil, and rubb'd with Onions,
 And then flung out of Doors, they are rare Sallads.

Char. And why is all this, prithee, tell me, *Andrew* ?
 Are there any Princes to dine here to Day ?
 By this Abundance, sure, there shou'd be Princes ;
 I've read of Entertainment for the Gods
 At half this Charge ; will not six Dishes serve 'em ?
 I never had but one, and that a small one.

And. Your Brother's married this Day, he's marry'd,
 Your younger Brother *Eustace*. *Char.* What of that ?

And. And all the Friends about are bidden hither ;
 There's not a Dog, that knows the House, but comes too.

Char. Marry'd ! to whom ?

And. Why, to a dainty Gentlewoman,
 Young, sweet, and modest.

Char. Are there modest Women ?
 How do they look ?

And. O, you'd bless your self to see them.
 He parts with's Books, he ne'er did so before yet——

Char.

Char. What does my Father for 'em?

And. Gives all his Land,

And makes your Brother Heir. *Char.* Must I have nothing?

And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his eldest Brother. *And.* True, you were so,
But he has leap'd o'er your Shoulders, Sir.

Char. 'Tis well,

He'll not inherit my Understanding too?

And. I think not, he'll scarce find Tenants to let it

Out to. *Char.* Hark, hark.

And. The Coach that brings the Fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, &c.

And. Now you may see her.

Char. Sure, this should be modest;

But I do not truly know what Women make of it,

(23) *Andrew*; she has a Face looks like a Story,

The Story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.

And. She has a wide Face then.

Char. She has a Cherubin's,

Cover'd and veil'd with modest Blushes.

Eustace, be happy, whilst poor *Charles* is patient.

Get me my Book again, and come in with me.——

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy, Miramont,
and Ladies.*

Bri. Welcome, sweet Daughter; welcome, noble Brother;
And you are welcome, Sir, with all your Writings;
Ladies, most welcome: What, my angry Brother!

(23) —— *She has a Face looks like a Story,*

The Story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.] I have not
ventured to disturb the Text, but I ought to subjoin Mr. Seward's
ingenious Conjecture upon this Passage. "As I can fix no Idea to
"the Word *Story* here, what if it should be alter'd to *Glory* in both
"Places? *Charles* speaks in a scholastick Stile; but, of all Persons
"in the Play, should not talk Nonsense. Mr. Seward.

I have preserv'd the Word *Story*, because our Authors have used the
same Image in their *Philaster*.

——— *How that foolish Man,
That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever!*

You must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.

Mir. I come not for your Welcome, I expect none ;
I bring no Joys to bless the Bed withal ;
Nor Songs, nor Masques to glorify the Nuptials ;
I bring an angry Mind to see your Folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll stay and dine though ?

Mir. All your Meat smells musty,
Your Table will shew nothing to content me.

Bri. I'll assure you, here's good Meat.

Mir. But your Sawce is scurvy.

It is not season'd with the Sharpness of Discretion.

Eust. It seems, your Anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir. Thou art not worth my Anger, th'art a Boy,
A Lump o'thy Father's Likeness, made of nothing
But antick Cloaths and Cringes ; look in thy Head,
And 'twill appear a Foot-ball full of Fumes
And rotten Smoke. Lady, I pity you,
You are a handsome and a sweet young Lady,
And ought to have a handsome Man yok'd t'ye,
An understanding too ; this is a Gincrack,
That can get nothing but new Fashions on you ;
For say, he have a Thing shap'd like a Child,
'Twill either prove a Tumbler or a Tailor.

Eust. These are but harsh Words, Uncle.

Mir. So I mean 'em.

Sir, you play harsher Play w'your elder Brother.

Eust. I would be loth to give you——

Mir. Do not venture,

I'll make your Wedding-cloaths fit closer t'ye then ;
I but disturb you, I'll go see my Nephew.

Lew. Pray, take a Piece of Rosemary.

Mir. I'll wear it,

But, for the Lady's sake ; and none of yours ;
May be, I'll see your Table too. *Bri.* Pray, do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman.

Bri. Yes, faith, sweet Daughter,
He has been thus his whole Age to my Knowledge ;
He has made *Charles* his Heir, I know that certainly ;
Then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing ?

Ang.

Ang. I would not have a light Head, nor one laden
With too much Learning, as, they say, this *Charles* is,
That makes his Book his Mistress. Sure, there's something
Hid in this old Man's Anger, that declares him
Not a meer Sot.

Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, Brother?
All Things are ready, and the Priest is here,
When *Charles* has set his Hand unto the Writings,
As he shall instantly, then to the Wedding,
And so to Dinner.

Lew. Come, let's seal the Book first,
For my Daughter's Jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, and Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Char.* Hum!

Mir. Ha'ye no greater Feeling?

And. You were most sensible of the great Book, Sir,
When it fell on your Head, and, now the House
Is ready to fall, do you feel nothing? *Char.* Will
He have my Books too? *Mir.* No, he has a Book,
A fair one too to read on, and read Wonders;
I wou'd, thou had'st her in thy Study, Nephew;
An 'twere but to new-string her.

Char. Yes, I saw her;
Methought, it was a curious Piece of Learning,
Handsomly bound, and of a dainty Letter.

And. He flung away his Book.——

Mir. I like that in him;
'Wou'd, he had flung away his Dullness too,
And spake to her. *Char.* And must my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair Woman too?

Mir. That Woman also. *Char.* He has enough then.
May I not see her sometimes, and call her Sister?
I will do him no Wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,
I cou'd now cry for Anger; these old Fools

Are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs.
Farewell, and fall to your Book, forget your Brother,
You are my Heir, and I'll provide y'a Wife:
I'll look upon this Marriage, though I hate it. [Exit.

Enter Brifac.

Bri. Where is my Son?

And. There, Sir, casting a Figure
What chopping Children his Brother shall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'st, *Charles*? still at thy Book?

And. He's studying now, Sir, who shall be his Father.

Bri. Peace, you rude Knave—Come hither, *Charles*, be

Char. I thank you, I am busy at my Book, Sir. [merry.

Bri. You must put your Hand, my *Charles*, as I wou'd
Unto a little Piece of Parchment here, [have you,
Only your Name, you write a reasonable Hand.

Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it.

What is it, Sir? *Bri.* To pass the Land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger Brother. *Char.* Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing, you shall be provided for,
And new Books you shall have still, and new Studies,
And have your Means brought in without thy Care, Boy;
And one still to attend you.

Char. This shews your Love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a Stone, I take it.

Char. Why, Father, I'll go down, an't please you let me,
Because I'd see the Thing they call the Gentlewoman;
I see no Women but through Contemplation,
And there I'll do't before the Company,
And wish my Brother Fortune. *Bri.* Do, I prithee.

Char. I must not stay, for I have Things above
Require my Study. *Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay;
Thou shalt have a brave Dinner too. *And.* Now has he
O'erthrown himself for ever; I will down
Into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for Anger. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, *Priest*, Ladies,
Cowfy, *Notary*, and Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his Son's Hand, and all's done.

Is yours ready? *Priest.* Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently, Immediately, for, in Truth, I am hungry.

Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly: Do not we stay long, Mistress? *Ang.* I find no Fault, Better Things well done than want Time to do them. Uncle, why are you sad? *Mir.* Sweet-smelling Blossom, 'Wou'd, I were thine Uncle to thine own Content, I'd make thy Husband's State a thousand better, A yearly thousand; thou hast mis'd a Man, (But that he is addicted to his Study, And knows no other Mistress than his Mind) Wou'd weigh down Bundles of these empty Kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, Sir?

Mir. 'Faith, yes, but not to Women: His Language is to Heav'n, and heav'nly Wonders; To Nature, and her dark and secret Causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there?

Mir. O, admirably; But he's too bashful to behold a Woman, There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

Ang. He is a Man.

Mir. Yes, and a clear sweet Spirit.

Ang. Then Conversation, methinks——

Mir. So think I too, But 'tis his rugged Fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy Nobleness. *Eust.* See, my mad Uncle Is courting my fair Mistress. *Lew.* Let him alone; There's nothing that allays an angry Mind So soon as a sweet Beauty; he'll come to us.

Enter Brisac, and Charles.

Eust. My Father's here, my Brother too! that's a Wonder; Broke like a Spirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither, Come nearer, *Charles*; 'twas your Desire to see My noble Daughter, and the Company, And give your Brother Joy, and to seal, Boy. You do like a good Brother. *Lew.* Marry, does he, And he shall have my Love for ever for't. Put to your Hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed, Sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me a while; I tell ye,
I am in Contemplation, do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy Study, *Charles.*

Char. I'll leave my Life first;
I study now to be a Man, I've found it.
Before, what Man was, was but my Argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken Fire,
His dull Mist flies away. *Eust.* Will you write, Brother?

Char. No, Brother, no; I have no Time for poor Things;
I'm taking the Height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say, you trifle Time, Son.

Char. I will not seal, Sir;
I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my Birth-right;
For, Heav'n forbid, I should become Example;
Had y' only shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud Man to have parted with it;
'Tis Dirt, and Labour. Do I speak right, Uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my Boy; and bless thy Tongue!

Char. I'll forward;
But you have open'd to me such a Treasure,
I find my Mind free; Heav'n direct my Fortune!

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a Son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable Piece of Beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my Soul of Reason,
And be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Fly,
And only make the Number of Things up,
Than yield one Foot of Land, if she be ty'd to't.

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And, methinks, bravely;
This the meer Scholar?

Eust. You but vex your self, Brother,
And vex your Study too. *Char.* Go you and study,
'Tis Time, young *Eustace*; you want both Man and Man-
I've study'd Both, although I made no Shew on't. [ners:
Go turn the Volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee;
Wear out the tedious Night with thy dim Lamps,
And sooner lose the Day than leave a Doubt;
Distill the Sweetness from the Poets' Spring,

And

And learn to love; thou know'st not what Fair is:
Traverse the Stories of the greatest Heroes,
The wise and civil Lives of good Men walk through;
Thou hast seen nothing but the Face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty Words:
Why shou'dst thou wear a Jewel of this Worth?
That hast no Worth within thee to preserve her.

*Beauty clear and fair,
Where the Air
Rather like a Perfume dwells;
Where the Violet and the Rose
Their blue Veins in Blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.*

*Where to live but near,
Planted there,
Is still to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a Favour is
More than Light, perpetual Bliss,
O! Make me live by serving you.*

*Dear, again recall,
To this Light,
A Stranger to himself and all;
Both the Wonder and the Story
Shall be yours, and eke the Glory:
I am your Servant, and your Thrall.*

Mir. Speak such another Ode, and take all yet.
What say ye to the Scholar now? *Ang.* I wonder;
Is he your Brother, Sir?

Eust. Yes; 'wou'd, he were buried!
(24) I fear, he'll make an Afs of me; a Younker.

(24) *I fear, he'll make an Afs of me; a Younger.] A Younger* what? He was already his *younger* Brother. I hope, I may venture to say, that I have retriev'd the Original Word. A *Younker*, among the *Sailors*, is a Lad employ'd in the most servile Offices belonging to the Ship; such as swabbing the Deck, taking in the Top-sails, flinging the Yards, taking their Turns at the Helm, &c.

Ang.

Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir; 'tis very likely.—

Bri. Come, leave your finical Talk, and let's dispatch,

Char. Dispatch? What? [Charles.]

Bri. Why, the Land. *Char.* You are deceiv'd, Sir;
Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a Woman, [here.
And what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop
A willfull Poverty ne'er made a Beauty,
Nor Want of Means maintain'd it virtuously:
Though Land and Monies be no Happiness,
Yet they are counted good Additions.
That Use I'll make, he that neglects a Blessing,
Though he want present Knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself. May be, I have done you Wrong, Lady,
Whose Love and Hope went Hand in Hand together;
May be, my Brother, that has long expected
The happy Hour, and blest'd my Ignorance——

(Pray, give me Leave, Sir, I shall clear all Doubts.)

Why did they shew me you? Pray, tell me that.

(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a Pension for thy Knavery.)

Char. You, happy you, why did you break unto me?

(25) The rosie-finger'd Morn ne'er broke so sweetly.

I am a Man and have Desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of Beauty rais'd them;
Till I saw those Eyes, I was but a Lump,
A Chaos of Confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those Eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd,
And into Form he drew my Faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the Maid.

Char. It is too late, Sir,

I have her Figure here. Nay, frown not, *Eustace*,
There are less worthy Souls for younger Brothers;
This is no Form of Silk but Sanctity,
Which wild lascivious Hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,

(25) *The rosie-finger'd Morn.*] Several of the old *Quarto's* read *rosie sugred Morn*; a Corruption, that, I presume, was occasioned by the Word, *sweetly*, following. But our Poets deriv'd their compound Epithet from HOMER, ῥοδὸδ'ἀκ'ἰουλῶ Ηώς.

For,

For, like the Light, we make no Separation;
You may sooner part the Billows of the Sea,
And put a Bar betwixt their Fellowships,
Than blot out my Remembrance; sooner shut
Old Time into a Den, and stay his Motion;
Wash off the swift Hours from his downy Wings,
Or steal Eternity to stop his Glafs,
Than shut the sweet Idea I have in me.

Room for an elder Brother!—pray, give place, Sir.

Mir. H'as studied Duel too, take heed, he'll beat thee.
H'as frighted the old Justice into a Fever;
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an As;
For, though he be grave with Years, he's a great Baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad?

Ang. No, certain, Sir.

I have heard nothing from you but Things excellent.

Char. You look upon my Cloaths and laugh at me,
My scurvy Cloaths! *Ang.* They have rich Linings, Sir;
I wou'd, your Brother—*Char.* His are Gold and gawdy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of Copper.

Char. Can ye love me? I am an Heir, sweet Lady,
However I appear a poor Dependant;
Love you with Honour, I shall love so ever:
Is your Eye ambitious? I may be a great Man.
Is't Wealth or Land you covet? My Father must die.

Mir. That was well put in; I hope, he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old Men are not immortal, as I take it;
What is't, you look for, Youth and Handsomeness?
I do confess, my Brother's a handsome Gentleman,
But he shall give me Leave to lead the Way, Lady.
Can you love for Love, and make that the Reward?
The old Man shall not love his Heaps of Gold
With a more dotting Superstition,
Than I love you; the young Man, his Delights;
The Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up,
And sees the Mountain-Billows falling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their Angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd Destruction,
Shall not with greater Joy embrace his Safety.
We'll live together like two wanton Vines,

Circling

Circling our Souls and Loves in one another ;
 We'll spring together, and we'll bear one Fruit,
 One Joy shall make us smile, and one Grief mourn,
 One Age go with us, and one Hour of Death
 Shall shut our Eyes, and one Grave make us happy.

Ang. And one Hand seal the Match ; I'm yours for ever.

Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay.

Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

(26) *Bri.* There was a Contract,—*Ang.* Only conditional,
 That if he had the Land, he had my Love too ;
 This Gentleman's the Heir, and he'll maintain it.

Pray, be not angry, Sir, at what I say ;
 Or if you be, 'tis at your own Adventure.

You have the Outside of a pretty Gentleman,
 But, by my Troth, your Inside is but barren ;
 'Tis not a Face I only am in Love with,

Nor will I say, your Face is excellent ;
 A reasonable hunting Face, to court the Wind with ;
 Nor th'are not Words, unless they be well plac'd too,
 Nor your sweet *Damnee's*, nor your hired Verses,
 Nor telling me of Cloaths, nor Coach and Horses,
 No, nor your Visits each Day in new Suits,
 Nor your black Patches you wear variously,

(27) Some cut like Stars, some in half Moons, some
 Lozenges.

(All which but shew you still a younger Brother)——

Mir. Gra'mercy, Wench, thou hast a noble Soul too.

Ang. Nor your long Travels, nor your little Knowledge,
 Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go study,
 And glean some Goodness, that you may shew manly ;
 (Your Brother at my Suit, I'm sure, will teach you,)
 Or only study how to get a Wife, Sir,

(26) *Bri.* *There was a Contract.*] Mr. *Sympson* is inclined to think, from the Tenor of *Angellina's* subsequent Speech, that these Words should be placed to *Eustace*, not to *Brisac*. But as she addresses her self first to the Father, and then to *Eustace*, I think, *Brisac* might say these Words as properly as the other.

(27) *Some cut like Stars, some in half Moons, some Lozenges.*] *Stars*, half *Moons*, and *Mullets*, are used in Coats of Arms, either as Bearings, or Differences in the younger Branches of Families ; *Lozenges*, as I take it, are only appropriated to unmarried Women, and Widows.

You're

You're cast behind, 'tis good you should be melancholy,
It shews like a Gamester that has lost his Money,
And 'tis the Fashion to wear your Arm in a Scarf, Sir,
For you have had a shrewd Cut o'er the Fingers.

Lew. But are you in earnest? *Ang.* Yes, believe me, Father,
You shall ne'er chuse for me; you're old and dim, Sir,
And th' Shadow of the Earth eclips'd your Judgment.
You've had your Time without Controul, dear Father,
And you must give me Leave to take mine now, Sir. [to?

Bri. This is the last Time of asking, will you set your Hand

Char. This is the last Time of answering, I will never.

Bri. Out of my Doors! *Char.* Most willingly.

Mir. He shall, Jew,

Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses*, Coxcomb,
And never trouble thee more till thy Chops be cold, Fool.

Ang. Must I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this Man will, what Fortune he shall run, Fa-
Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him. [ther,

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the Masque begin? *Eust.* 'Tis done
All, all, is broken off; I am undone, Friend; [already,
My Brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all,
Will not release the Land, has won the Wench too.

Egre. Cou'd he not stay till th' Masque was past? w'are
ready.

What a scurvy Trick is this? *Mir.* O you may vanish,
Perform it at some Hall, where the Citizens Wives
May see't for six Pence a Piece, and a cold Supper.
Come, let's go, *Charles*; and now, my noble Daughter,
I'll sell the Titles of my House e'er thou shalt want, Wench.
Rate up your Dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap.
Some younger Brother will take't up in Commodities.
Send you Joy, Nephew *Eustace*; if ye study the Law,
Keep your great Pippin-pies, they'll go far with ye.

Char. I'd have your Blessing.

Bri. No, no, meet me no more,
Farewel, thou wilt blast mine Eyes else. *Char.* I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for Gowns.

Ang. I'll wear coarse Flannel first.

Bri.

Bri. Come, let's go take some Counsel.

Lew. 'Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be, we shall vex 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. . S C E N E I.

Enter Brifac, Euface, Egremont, *and* Cowfy.

Bri. **N**E'er talk to me, you are no Men but Masquers,
Shapes, Shadows, and the Signs of Men, Court-
That every Breath, or breaks, or blows away; [bubbles,
You have no Souls, no Mettle in your Bloods,
No Heat to stir ye when ye have Occasion;
Frozen dull Things that must be turn'd with Leavers,
Are you the Courtiers and the travell'd Gallants?
The spritely Fellows, that the People talk of?
(28) You've no more Spirit than three sleepy Sots.

Eust. What would ye have me do, Sir?

Bri. Follow your Brother,
And get ye out of Doors, and seek your Fortune;
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A hair-brain'd Puppy and a bookish Boy,
That never knew a Blade above a Penknife,
And how to cut his Meat in Characters,
Cross my Design, and take thy own Wench from thee,
In mine own House too? Thou despis'd, poor, Fellow!

Eust. The Reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but Sawciness
'T have been so rough — *Egre.* And we not seeing him
Strive in his own Cause, that was Principal,
And shou'd have led us on, thought it ill Manners
To 'gin a Quarrel here. *Bri.* You dare do nothing.

(28) *You've no more Spirit than three sleepy Sops.*] Tho' several of the old *Quarto's* agree in this Reading, as the Impression in 1651 has it *Sots*, i. e. Fellows befotted by Drink, or Dullness, I have adopted that Reading; the other, I think, conveys too remote an Idea.

Do

Do you make your Care th' Excuse of your Cowardlineſs ?
Three Boys on Hobby-horſes, with three penny Halberts,
Would beat you all.

Cow. You muſt not ſay ſo. *Bri.* Yes,
And ſing it too. *Cow.* You are a Man of Peace,
Therefore we muſt give Way. *Bri.* I'll make my Way,
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you ;
And, having firſt torn off your flaunting Feathers,
I'll trample on 'em ; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my Houſe, I'll kick ye out of my Gates ;
(29) You gawdy Glow-worms, carrying ſeeming Fire,
Yet have no Heat within ye ! *Cow.* O bleſt Travell !
How much we owe thee for our Pow'r to ſuffer ?

Egre. Some spleenative Youths now, that had never ſeen
More than their Country Smoke, wou'd grow in Choler ;
It would ſhew fine in us. *Euſt.* Yes, marry, wou'd it,
That are prime Courtiers, and muſt know no Angers ;
But give Thanks for our Injuries, if we purpoſe
To hold our Places. *Bri.* Will you find the Door,
And find it ſuddenly ? You ſhall lead the Way, Sir,
With your perfum'd Retinue, and recover
The now loſt *Angellina* ; or, build on it,
I will adopt ſome Beggar's doubtful Iſſue,
Before thou ſhalt inherit. *Euſt.* We'll to Counſel,
And what may be done by Man's Wit or Valour
We'll put in Execution. *Bri.* Do, or never
Hope I ſhall know thee. [Exeunt.

Enter Lewis.

Lew. O Sir, have I found you ?

Bri. I never hid my ſelf : Whence flows this Fury,
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me ?

Lew. I ſmell a Plot, a meer Conſpiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my Daughter ;
And if ſhe be not ſuddenly deliver'd,

(29) *You gawdy Glow-worms, carrying ſeeming Fire,
Yet have no Heat within you !*] How finely has SHAKESPEARE
expres'd this Thought in his *Hamlet* !
*The Glow-worm ſhews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual Fire.*

Untainted

Untainted in her Reputation too,
 The best of *France* shall know how I am juggled with.
 She is my Heir, and if she may be ravish'd
 Thus from my Care, farewell, Nobility !
 Honour and Blood are meer neglected Nothings.

Bri. Nay, then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him,
 Whose Innocence understands not what Fear is,
 If your unconstant Daughter will not dwell
 On Certainties, must you thenceforth conclude
 That I am fickle ? what have I omitted,
 To make good my Integrity and Truth ?
 Nor can her Lightness, nor your Supposition,
 Cast an Asperision on me. *Lew.* I am wounded
 In Fact, nor can Words cure it : Do not trifle
 But speedily, once more I do repeat it,
 Restore my Daughter as I brought her hither,
 Or you shall hear from me in such a Kind,
 As you will blush to answer. —

[*Exit Lewis.*

Bri. All the World,
 I think, conspires to vex me, yet I will not
 Torment my self ; some sprightly Mirth must banish
 The Rage and Melancholy which hath almost choak'd me ;
 T'a knowing Man 'tis Physick, and 'tis thought one ;
 One merry Hour I'll have, in Spite of Fortune,
 To cheer my Heart, and this is that appointed ;
 This Night I'll hug my *Lilly* in my Arms,
 Provocatives are sent before to cheer me ;
 We old Men need 'em, and, though we pay dear
 For our stoln Pleasures, so it be done securely,
 The Charge, much like a sharp Sauce, gives 'em Relish.
 Well, honest *Andrew*, I gave you a Farm,
 And it shall have a Beacon, to give Warning
 To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches ;
 And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,
 I'll graff it with Dexterity on your Forehead ;
 Indeed, I will ; *Lilly*, I come ; poor *Andrew* !

Ex.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Miramont, and Andrew.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly ?

And. As they were rub'd with Soap, Sir.
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,
Like a Ring of Bells, whose Sound the Wind still alters ;
And then they sit in Council what to do,
And then they jar again, what shall be done ;
They talk of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to th' King, and Forces from the Province,
They have a thousand Heads in a thousand Minutes,
Yet ne'er a one Head worth a Head of Garlick. [*'em,*

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at
A couple of pure Puppies yoak'd together !

But what says the young Courtier, Master *Eustace*,
And his two warlike Friends ? *And.* They say but little,
How much they think, I know not ; they look ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a Vaulting-House,
And had been quite shot through 'tween Wind and Water
By a she *Dunkirk*, and had sprung a Leak, Sir.
Certain, my Master was to blame. *Mir.* Why, *Andrew* ?

And. To take away the Wench o'th' sudden from him,
And give him no lawful Warning ; he is tender,
And of a young Girl's Constitution, Sir,
Ready to get the Green-sickness with Conceit ;
Had he but ta'en his Leave in travelling Language,
(30) Or brought an Elegy of his Condolement,
That th' World might have ta'en Notice he had been
An *Afs*, it had been some Savour. *Mir.* Thou say'st true,
Wife *Andrew*, but these Scholars are such Things
When they can prattle.

(30) Or bought an Elegy of his Condolement

That th' World might have ta'en Notice had he been

An *Afs*, it had been some Favour.] But why must *Charles*,
who was a Scholar, and perhaps, a Poet, buy an Elegy ? He might
have compos'd one ; and then there had been some Relish in the
Affair. The two Words, which I have alter'd, are from the Authority
of the old *Quarto's*.

And. Very parlous Things, Sir.

Mir. And when they gain the Liberty to distinguish
The Difference 'twixt a Father and a Fool,
To look below and spy a younger Brother,
Pruning and dressing up his Expectations
In a rare Glas of Beauty, too good for him ;
These dreaming Scholars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew,*
And shew no Mercy. *And.* The more the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a Trick to catch my Brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew.*
It shall be only Anger, I assure thee,
And a little Shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir ;
Hark in your Ear. *Mir.* Thy Wife ?

And. So I assure ye :
This Night at Twelve o' Clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome ;
There are twenty Crowns due to thy Project, *Andrew.*
I've time to visit *Charles,* and see what Lecture
He reads to his Mistrefs. That done, I'll not fail
To be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my Master. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Angellina, and Sylvia with a Taper.

Ang. I'm worse than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, That that I only dote on ;
He follows me through every Room I pass,
And with a strong-set Eye he gazes on me,
As if his Spark of Innocence were blown
Into a Flame of Lust ; Virtue defend me !
His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis Night ;
And what these Opportunities may teach him —
What Fear and endless Care 'tis, to be honest !
To be a Maid, what Misery, what Mischief !
'Wou'd, I were rid of it, so it were fairly !

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a Child still ?
He follows you, but still to look upon you ;
Or if he did desire to lye with ye,

'Tis

'Tis but your own Desire, you love for that End ;
I'll lay my Life, if he were now a-bed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

Ang. Dare you venture that ?

Syl. Let him consent, and have at ye,
I fear him not, he knows not what a Woman is ;
Nor how to find the Mystery Men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own Shadow, Madam ?

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober Face ;
'Wou'd, I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.

Syl. You may know Both, let him but go with ye.

Enter Charles.

Char. Why do you fly me ? What have I so ill
About me, or within me, to deserve it ?

Ang. I am going to Bed, Sir.

Char. And I am come to light ye ;
I am a Maid, and 'tis a Maiden's Office ;
You may have me to Bed without a Scruple,
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two Innocents should not fear one another. [Madam.

Syl. The Gentleman says true. Pluck up your Heart,

Char. The glorious Sun, both rising and declining,
We boldly look upon ; even then, sweet Lady,
When, like a modest Bride, he draws Night's Curtains ;
Even then he blushes, that Men shou'd behold him.

Ang. I fear, he will persuade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.

Ang. Pray ye, to your Bed.

Char. Why not to yours, dear Mistrefs ?
One Heart and one Bed.

Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawfull :
But yet you know —

Char. I wou'd not know, forget it ;
Those are but sickly Loves that hang on Ceremony,
Nurst up with Doubts and Fears, ours high and healthfull ;
Full of Belief, and fit to teach the Priest ;
Love should seal first, then Hands confirm the Bargain.

Ang. I shall be an Heretick, if this continue.

What wou'd you do a-bed ? You make me blush, Sir.

Char. I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your Sleeps are excellent :
 You, that are waking such a noted Wonder,
 Must in your Slumbers prove an Admiration :
 I wou'd behold your Dreams too, if 'twere possible ;
 Those were rich Shows. *Ang.* I am becoming Traitor.

Char. Then, like blue *Neptune*, courting of an Island,
 Where all the Perfumes and the precious Things
 That wait upon great Nature are laid up,
 I'd clip it in mine Arms, and chafly kiss it ;
 Dwell in your Bosom like your dearest Thoughts,
 And sigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much Woman in me.

Char. And those true Tears, falling on your pure Crystals,
 (31) Should turn to Armlets for great Queens to wear.

Ang. I must be gone.

Char. Do not, I will not hurt ye ;
 This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,
 You've clear'd my Mind, and I can speak of Love too ;
 Fear not my Manners, though I never knew
 Before these few Hours what a Beauty was,
 And such a one that fires all Hearts that feel it ;
 Yet I have read of virtuous Temperance,
 And studied it among my other Secrets ;
 And sooner would I force a Separation
 Betwixt this Spirit and the Case of Flesh,
 Than but conceive one Rudeness against Chastity.

Ang. Then, we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing,
 Any thing fit for your Ears, and my Language ;
 Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil ;
 'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
 And not desire ; 'twill prove a wise Man's Task ;
 Yet those Desires I have so mingled still,
 And temper'd with the Quality of Honour,

(31) *Should turn to Armlets for great Queens t'adore,*] But why should a Queen, or Lady of any other Rank, *adore* her Bracelets ? They might be very rich and finely made, and so far to be admired and esteem'd : But to make them the Subject of Devotion, is a Rapture a little above the Pitch of common Sense. *For great Queens to wear,* is, I think, a sufficient Compliment ; and so I have ventur'd to reform the Text.

That if you shou'd yield, I shou'd hate you for't.
 I am no Courtier of a light Condition,
 Apt to take Fire at every beauteous Face,
 (32) That only serves his Will and Wantonness;
 And lets the serious Part of Life run by,
 As thin neglected Sand, Whiteness of Name.
 You must be mine; why shou'd I rob my self
 Of that, that lawfully must make me happy?
 Why shou'd I seek to cuckold my Delights?
 And widow all those Sweets, I aim at in you?
 We'll lose our selves in *Venus'* Groves of Mirtle,
 Where every little Bird shall be a *Cupid*,
 And sing of Love and Youth; each Wind that blows,
 And curls the Velvet Leaves, shall breed Delights;
 The wanton Springs shall call us to their Banks,
 And on the perfum'd Flow'rs we'll feast our Senses,
 Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their Pleasures,
 And, as they were pure Temples, we'll talk in them.
Ang. To Bed, and pray then, we may have a fair End

(32) *That only serves his Will and Wantonness,
 And lets the serious Part of Life run by
 As thin neglected Sand. Whiteness of Name,
 You must be mine;]*

Thus has the corrupted Pointing thro' all the Editions transmitted down Nonsense to us. In the first Place, what Lover ever call'd his Mistress, *Whiteness of Name*? We may say, *Charles* was grown ecstatick, but he was not run mad. Then again, he talks of the *serious Part of Life*; but does not inform us what he means by it. It is this that he would understand by *Whiteness of Name*: i. e. Purity and Chastity of Manners and Characters. This good Sense my Reformation of the Pointing has restored to the Authors: And if I am mistaken in this, I'll never venture again at understanding any Writer's Meaning.

So, again, in *Women pleas'd*;

————— *Her Honour too?
 What she may suffer in this rash Adventure,
 The Beauty of her Name?*

————— *Can you believe this?
 And know with what a Modesty and Whiteness
 Her Life was ever rank'd.*

————— *Do not wrong that Honour,
 Cast not upon that Purity these Aspersions, &c.*

Bel. He's clear.

Syl. She is as white in this as Infants.

Of our fair Loves ; 'wou'd, I were worthy of you,
 Or of such Parents that might give you Thanks !
 But I am poor in all but in your Love.
 Once more, good Night.

Char. A good Night t'ye, and may
 The Dew of Sleep fall gently on you, sweet One,
 And lock up those fair Lights in pleasing Slumbers ;
 No Dreams but chaste and clear attempt your Fancy,
 And break betimes, sweet Morn, I've lost my Light else.

Ang. Let it be ever Night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-School, he's
 so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your Brother with two Gallants is at Door, Sir,
 And they're so violent, they'll take no Denial.

Ang. This is no Time of Night.

Char. Let 'em in, Mistrefs.

Ser. They stay no Leave : Shall I raise the House on 'em.

Char. Not a Man, nor make no Murmur of 't, I charge ye.

Enter Euface, Egremont, and Cowfy.

Eust. They're here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.
 How do you, Brother, with your curious Story ?
 Have you not read her yet sufficiently ?

Char. No, Brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface ;
 The Stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her,
 She's Parcel of my Goods.

Char. She's all, when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your Hands, unmannerly, rude, Sir ;
 Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone, she gives good Counsel ; do not
 Trouble your self with Ladies, they are too light ;
 Let out your Land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfy you ;
 Such Vanities as you are to be laugh'd at.

Eust. Nay, then you must go, I must claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her. *Char.* Let her alone,
 [*She strikes off Euface's Hat.*

Pray, let her alone, and take your Coxcomb up :

Let

Let me talk civilly a while with you, Brother,
It may be, on some Terms I may part with her.

Eust. O, is your Heart come down?

What are your Terms, Sir?

Put up, put up. *Cbar.* This is the first and chiefest,
Let's walk a Turn; *[Snatches away his Sword.]*

Now stand off, Fools, I advise ye,
Stand as far off as you would hope for Mercy:
This is the first Sword yet I ever handled,
And a Sword's a beauteous Thing to look upon,
And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your Insolence:
'Tis sharp, I'm sure, and if I put it home,
'Tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins:
I find, I have Spirit enough to dispose of it,
And Will enough to make ye all Examples;
Let me toss it round, I have the full Command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defy him;
I feel the Fire of ten strong Spirits in me.

What, do you watch me when my Uncle is absent?

This is my Grief, I shall be flesh'd on Cowards;

Teach me to fight, I willing am to learn.

Are ye all gilded Flies, nothing but Shew in ye;

Why stand ye gaping? Who now touches her?

Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,

But name her as his own? who dares look on her?

That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.

Art thou a fit Man to inherit Land,

And hast no Wit, nor Spirit, to maintain it?

Stand still, thou Sign of Man, and pray for thy Friends,

Pray heartily, good Prayers may restore ye.

Ang. Do not kill 'em, Sir.

Cbar. You speak too late, Dear;

It is my first Fight, and I must do bravely;

I must not look with partial Eyes on any;

I cannot spare a Button of these Gentlemen;

Did Life lie in their Heel, *Achilles-like,*

I'd shoot my Anger at those Parts, and kill 'em.

Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir,——

Cbar. View all these, view 'em well,

Go round about 'em, and still view their Faces,

Round about yet ; see how Death waits upon 'em,
For thou shalt never view 'em more.

Eust. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me,
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my Glories.
Go to my Uncle, bid him post to the King,
And get my Pardon instantly, I have Need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural ? *Char.* You shall die last, Sir,
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no Man to fight with.
Come, will ye come ? Methinks, I've fought whole Battles.

Cow. We have no Quarrel to you, that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the House, and ask ye Mercy too :
Good Lady, let no Murther be done here ;
We came here but to parly. *Char.* How my Sword
Thirsts after them ? Stand away, Sweet. *Eust.* Pray, Sir,
Take my Submission, and I disclaim for ever.

Char. Away, ye poor Things, ye despicable Creatures !
Do you come post to fetch a Lady from me,
From a poor School-boy that ye scorn'd of late ?
And grow lame in your Hearts, when you should execute ?
Pray, take her, take her, I am weary of her ;
What did ye bring to carry her ?

Egre. A Coach and four Horses.

Char. But are they good ?

Egre. As good as *France* can shew, Sir. [Safeties ?

Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your
Speak quickly. *Eust.* Yes, with all our Hearts.

Char. 'Tis done then :

Many have got one Horse, I've got four by th' Bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now, who's here ?

Ser. Nay, now you're gone without Bail. [Sword ;

Mir. What, drawn, my Friends ? Fetch me my two-hand
I will not leave a Head on your Shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In Truth, Sir, I came but to do my Duty.

Both. And we to renew our Loves.

Mir. Bring me a Blanket.

What came they for ? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir ;
But one, that never fought yet, has so curried,

So

So bafinado'd them with manly Carriage,
 They ftand like Things *Gorgon* had turn'd to Stone:
 They watch'd your being abfent, and then thought
 They might do Wonders here, and they have done fo ;
 For, by my Troth, I wonder at their Coldnefs ;
 The nipping North, or Frofts, never came near them,
 St. *George* upon a Sign wou'd grow more fenfible:
 If the Name of Honour were for ever to be loft;
 Thefe were the moft fufficient Men to do it
 In all the World, and yet they are but young ;
 What will they rife to ? They're as full of Fire
 As a frozen Glow-worm's Tail, and fhine as goodly ;
 Nobility and Patience are match'd rarely
 In thefe three Gentlemen, thy have right Ufe on't ;
 They'll ftand ftill for an Hour, and be beaten.
 Thefe are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my Houfe with Cowardice,
 If they breathe longer in it ; my Roof covers
 No baffled Monfieurs, walk and air your felves ;
 As I live, they ftay not here, white-liver'd Wretches !
 Without one Word to ask a Reason why,
 Vanifh, 'tis the laft Warning, and with Speed ;
 For if I take ye in Hand, I fhall diffect you,
 And read upon your flegmatick dull Carcaffes.

[*Exeunt* Eufpace, Egremont, and Cowfy.]

My Horfe again there : I have other Bufinefs,
 Which you fhall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
 Good Night, *Charles* ; fair Goodnefs to you, dear Lady.
 'Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my beft Care fhall attend ye. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Andrew.

And. Are you come, old Mafter ? Very good, your Horfe
 Is well fet up ; but e'er ye part, I'll ride you,
 (33) And spur your reverend Jufticeship fuch a Queft on't,
 As

(33) *And spur your rev'rend Jufticeship fuch a Queftion,*] To
 spur fuch a *Queftion*, I think, is downright Nonfenfe: The Word,
 that

As I shall make the Sides o' your Reputation bleed,
 Truly, I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep——
 A Banquet——well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
 And, as I take it, Cantharides,——Excellent!
 A Priapisme follows; and, as I'll handle it,
 It shall, old lecherous Goat in Authority.
 Now they begin to bill; how he flavers her!
 Gra'mercy, *Lilly!* she spits his Kisses out;
 And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off,
 (That's a good Wench) and cries, *fair Play, above Board.*
 Who are they in the Corner? As I live,
 A Covey of Fidlers; I shall have some Musick yet at
 (34) My making Free o'th' Company of Horn'd Ones;
 There's the Comfort; and a Song too! He beckons for one—
 Sure, 'tis no Anthem, nor no borrowed Rhymes
 Out of the *School of Virtue*; I will listen— [*A Song.*
 This was never pen'd at *Geneva*, the Note's too spritely.
 So, so, the Musick's paid for; and now what follows?
 O, that Monsieur *Miramont* would but keep his Word,
 Here were a Feast to make him fat with Laughter,
 At the most 'tis not six Minutes riding from his House,
 Nor will he break, I hope——O, are you come, Sir?

Enter Miramont.

(35) The Prey is in the Net; and we'll break in
 Upon Occasion. *Mir.* Thou shalt rule me, *Andrew.*
 O, th' infinite Fright that will affail this Gentleman!
 The Quartans, Tertians, and Quotidians
 That will hang, like Serjeants, on his Worship's Shoulders!

that I have ventured to substitute, gives a Meaning and Humour into the Bargain. *i. e.* such an *Inquest*, such an *Enquiry* into what you are about; and the Term is the more peculiarly proper, as connected with *Justice*ship.

(34) *My making Free o'th' Company of Horners;*] This Word must signify *Planters of Horns, Cuckold-makers*; but this was not *Andrew's* Case, he was to be dubb'd a *Cuckold*; and therefore, consequently, to be made Free of the Company of *horn'd ones*.

(35) *The Prey is in the Net, and will break in Upon Occasion.*] If the Prey was already in the Net, where was it to break into? *Andrew* means, that he and *Miramont* would break in, and surprize it. *Mr. Seward* saw with me, that the slight Alteration, made, was quite necessary to the Sense.

The

The Humiliation of the Flesh of this Man,
This grave austere Man, will be wondred at.
How will those solemn Looks appear to me,
And that severe Face, that spake Chains and Shackles?
Now I take him in the Nick, e'er I have done with him,
He'd better have stood between two Panes of Wainscot,
And made his Recantation in the Market,
Than hear me conjure him.

And. He must pass this Way,
To th' only Bed I have; he comes, stand close.

Enter Brifac, and Lilly.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my Night-cap. So.
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee;
Come, Wench, a Kiss between each Point; kiss close;
It is a sweet Parenthesis. *Lil.* You're merry, Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it,
Thou shalt, my *Lilly.* *Lil.* Shall I air your Bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no, I'll use no Warming-pan but thine, Girl;
That's all. Come kiss me again. *Lil.* Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do Wonders, *Lilly.*
Shew me the Way. *Lil.* You cannot miss it, Sir;
You shall have a Caudle in the Morning, for
Your Worship's Breakfast. *Bri.* How, i'th' Morning, *Lilly?*
Th'art such a witty Thing to draw me on.
Leave Fooling, *Lilly,* I am hungry now,
And th'ast another Kickshaw, I must taste it.

Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you,
Y'have all y'are like to have. *And.* Can this be in earnest?

Mir. It seems so, and she honest. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy Promise, *Lilly?* *Lil.* Yes, and I've perform'd
Enough to a Man of your Years; this is Truth,
And you shall find, Sir; you have kiss'd and tous'd me,
Handled my Leg and Foot; what wou'd you more, Sir?
As for the rest, it requires Youth and Strength,

(36) And the Labour in an old Man would breed Aches,
Sciatica's,

(36) *And the Labour in an old Man would breed Agues,*] But will
Labour in any Case breed *Agues*, unless a Man gets a violent Cold
after it? *Aches*, which I have substituted, corresponds with the
attendant

Sciatica's, and Cramps; you shall not curse me,
 For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir.
 Be good unto your self, y'have ta'en already
 All you can take with Ease; you are past Threshing,
 It is a Work too boisterous for you, leave
 Such Drudgery to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How she jeers him?

Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own Tillage,
 He's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a Quean,
 A scoffing jeering Quean. *Lil.* It may be so, but,
 I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours. *Bri.* Do not provoke me,
 If thou dost, I'll have my Farm again, and turn
 Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the Will,
 And Want of Honesty to deny your Deed, Sir,
 Yet, I hope, *Andrew* has got so much Learning
 From my young Master, as to keep his own;
 At the worst, I'll tell a short Tale to the Judges,
 For what grave Ends you sign'd your Lease, and on
 What Terms you wou'd revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou dar'st not.
 Yield, or I'll have thee whip'd; how my Blood boils,
 As if 'twere o'er a Furnace! *Mir.* I shall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle *Lilly*, pity and forgive me;
 I'll be a Friend to ye, such a loving bountifull Friend—

Lil. To avoid Suits in Law, I wou'd grant a little,
 But should fierce *Andrew* know it, what wou'd become
 Of me? *And.* A Whore, a Whore.

Bri. Nothing but well, Wench,
 I will put such a strong Bit in his Mouth,
 As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*;
 Nay, he shall hold the Door, as I will work him,
 And thank thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed, *Andrew*,
 These are shrewd Temptations. *And.* Pray you, know
 Your Cue, and second me, Sir; By your Worship's Fa-
Bri. *Andrew!* [your—

And. I come in Time to take Possession
 Of th' Office you assign me! hold the Door!

attendant Words, *Sciatica's*, and *Cramps*. So, in *The Knight of Malta*;

—————
 Share her among ye;
 And may she give you as many Hurts as I have,
 And twice as many Aches!

Alas,

Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple Man
 To stay without, when a deep Understanding
 Holds Conference within; say, with his Wife:
 A Trifle, Sir; I know, I hold my Farm
 In Cuckold's Tenure; you are Lord o'th' Soil, Sir;
Lilly is a Weft, a Stray, she's yours to use, Sir,
 I claim no Interest in her. *Bri.* Art thou serious?
 Speak, honest *Andrew*, since thou hast o'erheard us,
 And wink at small Faults, Man; I'm but a Pidler,
 A little will serve my Turn; thou'lt find enough,
 When I've my Belly full: Wilt thou be private
 And silent? *And.* By all Means; I'll only have
 A Ballad made of't, sung to some lewd Tune,
 And the Name of it shall be the *Justice-Trap*:
 It will sell rarely with your Worship's Name,
 And *Lilly's*, on the Top. *Bri.* Seek not the Ruin
 O' my Reputation, *Andrew.* *And.* 'Tis for your Credit;
Monfieur Brisac, printed in Capital Letters,
 Then pasted upon all the Posts in *Paris*.

Bri. No Mercy, *Andrew*?

And. O, it will proclaim you

From th' City to the Court, and prove Sport Royal.

Bri. Thou shalt keep thy Farm.

Mir. He does afflict him rarely.

And. You trouble me. Then his Intent arriving,
 The Vizard of his Hypocrisy pull'd off
 To the Judge Criminal. *Bri.* O, I am undone:

And. He's put out of Commission with Disgrace,
 And held incapable of bearing Office
 Ever hereafter. This is my Revenge,

And this I'll put in Practice. *Bri.* Do but hear me.

And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my
 Horn-book,

It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Do not play the Tyrant;
 Accept of Composition. *Lil.* Hear him, *Andrew.*

And. What Composition? *Bri.* I'll confirm thy Farm,
 And add unto't an hundred Acres more
 Adjoining to it. *And.* Umph! this mollifies;
 But you're so fickle, and will again deny this,
 There being no Witnesses by. *Bri.* Call any Witness,

I'll

I'll presently assure it. *And.* Say you so?
Troth, there's a Friend of mine, Sir, within Hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past,
His Testimony will be authentical.

Bri. Will he be secret?

And. You may tie his Tongue up,
As you would do your Purse-strings.

Bri. Miramont! *Mir.* Ha, ha, ha.

And. This is my Witness. Lord, how you are troubled?
Sure, you've an Ague, you shake so with Choler;
He's your loving Brother, Sir, and will tell no body,
But all he meets; that you have eat a Snake,
And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.

Bri. Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make Jeasts of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious Gravity
Ridiculous to your Neighbours, then you had
Some Cause to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I shall become
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters.

And. Quick, *Lilly*, quick.

He's now past Kissing, between Point and Point.
He swoons, fetch him some Cordial—Now put in, Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? Sure, this is some Mistake:
Let me see his Face, wears he not a false Beard?
It cannot be *Brisac*, that worthy Gentleman,
The Pillar, and the Patron, of his Country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous,
Experience has taught him to avoid these Fooleries;
He is the Punisher and not the Doer,
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for Women;
This is some Counterfeit, he shall be whip'd for't,
Some base Abuser of my worthy Brother. [Judges?

Bri. Open the Doors, will ye imprison me? Are ye my

Mir. The Man raves! This is not judicious *Brisac*:
Yet now I think on't, a' has a kind of Dog-look
Like to my Brother, a guilty hanging Face.

Bri. I'll suffer bravely, do your worst, do, do.

Mir. Why, it's manly in you.

Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curse;
You Slave, you Whore, I will not meddle with you,
But

But all the Torments that e'er fell on Men,
That feed on Mischief, fall heavily on you all! [Exit.

Lil. You have giv'n him a Heat, Sir.

Mir. He will ride you the better, *Lilly*.

And. We'll teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. He shall make good his Promise to encrease thy
Farm, *Andrew*,

Or I'll jeer him to Death; fear nothing, *Lilly*;

I am thy Champion. This Jeast goes to *Charles*,

And then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace*

The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily

To see 'em mourn together. *And.* 'Twill be rare, Sir.

[Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfy.

Eust. TURn'd out of Doors, and baffled!

Egre. We share with you

In the Affront. *Cow.* Yet bear it not like you,

With such Dejection. *Eust.* My Coach and Horses

The Ransom of our Cowardice!

Cow. Pish, that's nothing,

'Tis *Dammum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a Suitor with false Hopes,

And after squeeze him with a dozen of Oaths.

You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembered.

Eust. And does the Court, that should be the Example
And Oracle of the Kingdom, read to us

No other Doctrine? *Egre.* None that thrives so well

(37) As that, within my Knowledge. *Cow.* Flatt'ry rubs on;

But since great Men learn to admire themselves,

(37) ——— *Flatt'ry rubs out*;] This is a slight typographical Error, which turns into Obscurity a Passage of great Wit and Humour. We must read, *on*; Flattery makes a Shift to rub on at Court; tho' it is some what Crest-fal'n, since great Men have learn'd to admire themselves.

Mr. Seward,

'Tis

'Tis something Crest-fallen. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
 Argues a subtle moral Understanding,
 And it is often cherish'd. *Eust.* Piety then,
 And Valour, nor to do nor suffer Wrong,
 Are there no Virtues. *Egre.* Rather Vices, *Eustace* ;
 Fighting! What's Fighting? It may be in Fashion
 Among Provant Swords, and Buff-jerkin Men :
 But w'us, that swim in choice of Silks and Tissues,
 Though in Defence of that Word Reputation,
 Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious Nothing,
 To lose a Dram of Blood must needs appear
 As coarse as to be honest. *Eust.* And all this
 You seriously believe. *Cow.* It is a Faith,
 That we will die in ; since from the black Guard
 To the grim *Sir* in Office, there are few
 Hold other Tenets. *Eust.* Now my Eyes are open,
 And I behold a strong Necessity,
 That keeps me Knave and Coward.

Cow. Y'are the wiser.

Eust. Nor can I change my Copy, if I purpose
 To be of your Society. *Egre.* By no means.

Eust. Honour is nothing with you ?

Cow. A meer Bubble ;

For what's grown common, is no more regarded.

Eust. My Sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd,
 You think, 's no Blemish. *Egre.* Get me a Battoon,
 'Tis twenty times more Court-like, and less Trouble.

Eust. And yet you wear a Sword.

Cow. Yes, and a good one,

A *Milan* Hilt, and a *Damasco* Blade,
 For Ornament, not Use ; the Court allows it.

Eust. Will't not fight of it self?

Cow. I ne'er try'd this.

Yet I have worn as fair as any Man ;
 I'm sure, I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
 For several Weapons, *Turkish* and *Toledo's*,
 Two thousand Crowns, and yet could never light
 Upon a fighting one. *Eust.* I'll borrow this,
 I like it well. *Cow.* 'Tis at your Service, Sir,
 A Lath in a velvet Scabbard will serve my Turn.

Eust.

Eust. And now I have it; leave me; y'are infectious;
 The Plague and Leprosy of your Baseness spreading
 On all that do come near you; such as you
 Render the Throne of Majesty, the Court,
 (38) Suspected and contemptible; you are Scarabs;
 That batten in her Dung, and have no Palates
 To taste her curious Viands; and, like Owls,
 Can only see her night Deformities,
 But with the glorious Splendor of her Beauties
 You are struck blind as Moles, that undermine
 The sumptuous Building that allow'd you Shelter:
 You stick, like running Ulcers, on her Face,
 And taint the Pureness of her native Candor,
 And, being bad Servants, cause your Master's Goodness
 To be disputed of; you make the Court,
 That is the Abstract of all Academies,
 To teach and practice noble Undertakings
 (Where Courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel;
 And Wisdom loaded with the Weight of Honour)
 A School of Vices. *Egre.* What sudden Rapture's this?

Eust. A Heav'nly one,
 That, raising me from Sloth and Ignorance,
 (In which your Conversation long hath charm'd me)
 Carries me up into the Air of Action,
 And Knowledge of my self; even now I feel,
 But pleading only in the Court's Defence,
 Though far short of her Merits and bright Lustre,
 A happy Alteration, and full Strength
 To stand her Champion against all the World,
 That throw Aspersions on her.

Cow. Sure, he'll beat us;
 I see it in his Eyes. *Egre.* A second Charles;
 Pray, look not, Sir, so furiously. *Eust.* Recant
 What you have said, ye Mungrils, and lick up
 The Vomit you have cast upon the Court,
 Where you unworthily have had Warmth and Breeding,
 And swear that you, like Spiders, have made Poison
 Of that which was a saving Antidote.

(38) ——— You are Scarabs] A Species of Beetles.

Egre. We will swear any thing.

Cow. We honour the Court
As a most sacred Place. *Egre.* And will make Oath,
If you enjoin us to't, nor Knave, nor Fool,
Nor Coward living in it. *Eust.* Except you two,
You Rascals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so. *Eust.* And that until
You are again reform'd and grown new Men,
You ne'er presume to name the Court, or press
Into the Porter's Lodge but for a Penance,
To be disciplin'd for your Roguery, and, this done,
With true Contrition — *Both.* Yes, Sir. *Eust.* You again,
May eat Scraps, and be thankful,

Cow. Here's a cold Breakfast
After a sharp Night's Walking. *Eust.* Keep your Oaths,
And without Grumbling vanish.

Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Eust. May all the Poorness of my Spirit go with you!
The Fetters of my Thraldom are fil'd off,
And I at Liberty to right my self;
And though my Hope in *Angellina's* little,
My Honour, unto which compar'd she's nothing,
Shall, like the Sun, disperse those lowring Clouds,
That yet obscure and dim it; not the Name
Of Brother shall divert me, but from him,
That in the World's Opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek Reparation, and call him
Unto a strict Accompt. Ha! 'tis near Day,
And if the Muse's Friend, Rose-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this solitary Grove,
As, I much hope, she will, he seldom missing
To pay his Vows here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his Devotions — The Door opens. —

Enter Charles.

'Tis he, most certain, and by's side my Sword:
Blest Opportunity! *Char.* I have o'erlept my self,
And lost part of the Morn, but I'll recover it.
Before I went to Bed, I wrote some Notes
Within my Table-book, which I'll now consider.

Ha!

Ha! what means this? What do I with a Sword?
Learn'd *Mercury* needs not th' Aid of *Mars*, and Innocence.
Is to it self a Guard, yet since Arms ever
Protect Arts, I may justly wear and use it;
For since 'twas made my Prize, I know not how,
I'm grown in Love with't, and cannot eat, nor study,
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle,
Matters of more Weight ask my Judgment.

Eust. None, Sir;

Treat of no other Theme, I'll keep you to it,
And see, y'expound it well. *Char.* *Eustace!*

Eust. The same, Sir,

Your younger Brother, who, as Duty binds him,
Hath all this Night, turn'd out of Doors, attended,
To bid Good-morrow t'ye. *Char.* This, not in Scorn,
Commands me to return it. Wou'd you aught else?

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin;
I must speak to you in another Strain
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the Language
Appear in the Delivery rough and harsh,
You, being my Tutor, must condemn your self,
From whom I learn'd it. *Char.* When I understand,
Be't in what Stile you please, what's your Demand,
I shall endeavour in the self-same Phrase
To make an Answer to the Point. *Eust.* I come not
To lay Claim to your Birth-right, 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you
Your Learning and deep Knowledge; though I am not
A Scholar as you are, I know them Diamonds
By your sole Industry, Patience, and Labour,
Forc'd from steep Rocks, and with much Toil attain'd,
And but to few, that prize their Value, granted;
And therefore without Rival freely wear them.

Char. These not repin'd at, as you seem t'inform me;
The Motion must be of a strange Condition,
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, *Eustace*,
Without this Tempest in your Looks, propound it,
And fear not a Denial. *Eust.* I require then,
As from an Enemy, and not a Brother,
The Reputation of a Man, the Honour,

Not by a fair War won when I was waking,
 But in my Sleep of Folly ravish'd from me;
 With these, the Restitution of my Sword,
 With large Acknowledgment of Satisfaction,
 My Coach, my Horses; I will part with Life,
 E'er lose one Hair of them; and what concludes all,
 My Mistrefs *Angellina*, as she was
 Before the musical Magick of thy Tongue
 Incharmed and seduc'd her. These perform'd,
 And with Submission, and done publickly,
 At my Father's and my Uncle's Intercession,
 (That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen
 To Terms of Reconcilement; but if these
 In every Circumstance are not subscrib'd to,
 To th' last Gasp I defy thee. *Char.* These are strict
 Conditions to a Brother. *Eust.* My Rest is up,
 Nor will I go less. *Char.* I'm no Gamester, *Eustace*;
 Yet I can guess, your Resolution stands
 To win or lose all; I rejoice to find ye
 Thus tender of your Honour, and that at length
 You understand what a wretched Thing you were;
 How deeply wounded by your self, and made
 Almost incurable, in your own Hopes;
 The dead Flesh of pale Cowardise growing over
 Your fester'd Reputation, which no Balm
 Or gentle Unguent ever cou'd make Way to.
 And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon,
 That did apply those burning Corrosives,
 That render you already sensible
 O'th' Danger you were plung'd in; teaching you,
 And by a fair Gradation, how far,
 And with what curious Respect and Care
 The Peace and Credit of a Man within
 (Which you ne'er thought 'till now) should be preferr'd
 Before a gawdy Outside; pray you, fix here,
 For so far I go with you. *Eust.* This Discourie
 Is from the Subject. *Char.* I'll come to it, Brother,
 But if you think to build upon my Ruins,
 You'll find a false Foundation: Your high Offers,
Taught

(39) Taught by the Masters of Dependencies,
That by compounding Differences 'tween others
Supply their own Necessities, with me
Will never carry't: As you are my Brother,
I would dispence a little, but no more
Than Honour can give Way to; nor must I
Destroy that in my self I love in you;
And therefore let not Hopes nor Threats persuade you,
I will descend to any Composition,
For which I may be censur'd. *Eust.* You shall fight then.

Char. With much Unwillingness with you, but if
There's no Evasion—— *Eust.* None.

Char. Hear yet a Word,
As for the Sword and other Fripperies,
In a fair Way fend for them, you shall have 'em,
But rather than surrender *Angellina*,
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppose
My Breast unto loud Thunder, cast behind me
All Ties of Nature. *Eust.* She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all Persuasion. *Char.* Guard thy self then, *Eustace*:
I'll use no other Rhetorick.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. Clashing of Swords
So near my House! Brother oppos'd to Brother!
Here is no fencing at half Sword; hold, hold,
Charles, Eustace,—*Eust.* Second him, or call in more Help.
Come not between us, I'll not know, nor spare you;
D'ye fight by th' Book?

Char. 'Tis you that wrong me; off, Sir,
And suddenly I'll conjure down the Spirit
That I have raised in him. *Eust.* Never, *Charles*,
'Till thine, and in thy Death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'm out of Breath, yet trust not too much to't, Boys;
For if you pause not suddenly, and hear Reason,——
Do, kill your Uncle, do, but that I'm patient,

(39) *Taught by the Masters of Dependencies,*] This is a Term used
in the Science of *Fencing*. We meet with it frequently both in
SHAKESPEARE, and BEN JONSON: And is fully explain'd by
CARANZA in his *Treatise of Duelling*.

And not a choleric old teasty Fool,
 (40) Like to your Father, I'd dance a *Mattachin* with you,
 Shou'd make you sweat your best Blood for't; I wou'd,
 And it may be I will. *Charles*, I command thee,
 And, *Eustace*, I intreat thee; th'art a brave Spark,
 A true tough-metal'd Blade, and I begin
 To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
 I'll cherish him for Example; in our Age
 They're not born every Day. *Char.* You of late, Sir,
 In me lov'd Learning. *Mix.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*;
 'Twas when young *Eustace* wore his Heart in's Breeches,
 And fought his Battles in Compliments and Cringes;
 When's Understanding wav'd in a flanting Feather,
 And his best Contemplation look'd no further
 Than a new-fashion'd Doublet; I confess, then,
 The lofty Noise, your *Greek* made, only pleas'd me;
 But now he's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
 (Nay, the whole dozen of Peers are bound up in him;))
 Let me remember, when I was of his Years,
 I did look very like him; and did you see
 My Picture as I was then, you would swear
 That gallant *Eustace*, (I mean, now he dares fight)
 Was the true Substance and the perfect Figure.
 Nay, nay, no Anger, you shall have enough, *Charles*.

Char. Sure, Sir, I shall not need Addition from him.

Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my Interest;
 Though I am lost to all deserving Men,
 To all that Men call good, for suff'ring tamely
 Insufferable Wrongs, and justly slighted,
 By yielding to a Minute of Delay
 In my Revenge, and from that made a Stranger
 Unto my Father's House and Favour, o'erwhelm'd
 With all Disgraces, yet I will mount upward,
 And force my self a Fortune, though my Birth
 And Breeding do deny it. *Char.* Seek not, *Eustace*,

(40) ——— *I'd dance a Mattachin with you,*] This was a Dance, as SKINNER tells us in his *Etymologicum*, of great Rapidity, so call'd from the Italian Word *Matto*, a Fool or Madman; because the Performers of it used many frantick Gesticulations: And FERRARIUS, in his *Origines Linguae Italicae*, gives us much the same Description of it.

By Violence what will be offer'd to you,
 On easier Composition; though I was not
 Ally'd unto your Weakness, you shall find me
 A Brother to your Bravery of Spirit;
 And one that, not compell'd to't by your Sword,
 (Which I must never fear) will share with you
 In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly said, *Charles*,
 And learn from my Experience, you may hear Reason
 And never maim your Fighting; for your Credit,
 (41) Which you think you have lost, spare *Charles*; and
 swinge me,

And soundly, three or four walking Velvet Cloaks,
 That wear Swords not to guard 'em; yet, deserve it,
 Thou art made up again. *Eust.* All this is Lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be Heart's-ease, *Eustace*, e'er I have done;
 As for thy Father's Anger, now thou dar'st fight,
 Ne'er fear't, for I've the Dowcets of his Gravity
 Fast in a String, and will so pinch and wring him,
 That, spite of his Authority, thou shalt make
 Thine own Conditions with him.

Eust. I'll take Leave.

A little to consider. *Char.* Here comes *Andrew*.

Mir. But without his Comical and learned Face.
 What sad Disaster, *Andrew*? *And.* You may read, Sir,
 A Tragedy in my Face. *Mir.* Art thou in Earnest?

And. Yes, by my Life, Sir; and if now you help not,
 And speedily by Force or by Persuasion,
 My good old Master (for now I pity him)
 Is ruin'd for ever. *Char.* Ha, my Father! *And.* He, Sir.

Mir. By what means? Speak.

And. At the Suit of Monsieur *Lewis*,

(41) ——— Spare *Charles*, and swinge me,

*And soundly, three or four walking velvet Cloaks,
 That wear no Swords to guard 'em.*] How would *Eustace*
 give Proof of his Valour, by beating three or four Beaux who had
 no Swords to defend themselves with? The Meaning undoubtedly
 is, who wear Swords for Ornament, and not for Use, as *Cowley* above
 says, he does; and that the Court allows it. Put *not* for *no*, and it
 will give this Sense: only it will still remain capable of the former.
 I would therefore read,

That wear Swords not to guard them, &c. Mr. Seward.

His House is seiz'd upon, and he in Person
Is under Guard, (I saw it with these Eyes, Sir,)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no Jestings. *Char.* Do I live,
And know my Father injur'd ?

And. And what's worse, Sir,
My Lady *Angellina*— *Eust.* What of her ?

And. She's carried away too. *Mir.* How ?

And. While you were absent,
A Crew of Monsieur *Lewis's* Friends and Kinsmen
By force brake in at th' back part of the House,
And took her away by Violence ; faithful *Andrew*,
(As this can witness for him,) did his best
In her Defence, but 'twould not do. *Mir.* Away,
And see our Horses saddled ; 'tis no Time
To talk, but do : *Eustace*, you now are offer'd
A spacious Field, and in a pious War
To exercise your Valour ; here's a Cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your Duty and Reverence due to a Father's Name
Commanding it ; but these unnatural Jars,
Arising between Brothers, should you prosper,
Wou'd shame your Victory. *Eust.* I wou'd do much, Sir ;
But still my Reputation— *Mir.* *Charles* shall give you
All decent Satisfaction ; nay, join Hands,
And heartily ; why, this is done like Brothers ;
And old as I am, in this Cause that concerns
The Honour of our Family, Monsieur *Lewis*,
If Reason cannot work, shall find and feel
There's hot Blood in this Arm, I'll lead you bravely.

Eust. And if I follow not, a Coward's Name
Be branded on my Forehead ! *Char.* This Spirit makes you
A Sharer in my Fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina*
Again in our Possession) you shall know,
My Heart speaks in my Tongue.

Eust. I dare not doubt it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, and Officers.

Lew. I'm deaf to all Persuasion. *Bri.* I use none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my Innocence suffers,
But when the King shall understand how falsely
Your Malice hath inform'd him, he in Justice
(42) Must set me right again. *Ang.* Sir, let not Passion
So far transport you as to think in Reason,
This violent Course repairs, but rather ruins
That Honour, you wou'd build up: You destroy,
What you would seem to nourish. If Respect
Of my Preferment, or my Reputation,
May challenge your paternal Love and Care,
Why do you, now good Fortune has provided
A better Husband for me than your Hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir?
Unless deep Learning be a Blemish in him,
Or well-proportion'd Limbs be Mulcts in Nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large Revenues
Are on the sudden grown distastfull to you?
Of what can you accuse him? *Lew.* Of a Rape
Done to my Honour, which thy rav'nous Lust
Made thee consent to.

Syl. Her Lust! You are her Father.

Lew. And you her Bawd.

Syl. Were you ten Lords, 'tis false;
The Pureness of her chaste Thoughts entertains not
Such spotted Instruments. *Ang.* As I have a Soul, Sir,—

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to fit down

(43) ————— *Sir, let not Passion*

So far transport you as to think in Reason,

This violent Course repairs, but ruins it;

That Honour you would build up you destroy,

What you would seem to nourish,] This Passage from wrong

Pointing, is all Obscurity and Nonsense. In the third Verse, there is a Relative (*it*) without any antecedent Substantive. I have, by the Assistance of the old *Quarto's* retriev'd the true Reading: and my Adjustment of the Stops makes all clear.

With

With this Disgrace would argue me a Peasant,
 And not born Noble : All Rigour that the Law
 And that Encrease of Pow'r by Favour yields,
 Shall be with all Severity inflicted ;

You have the King's Hand for't ; no Bail will serve,
 And therefore at your Perils, Officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is Madnefs. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court,
 And there I'll answer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, and Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Ill, if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances
 But one Step forward, dies. *Lew.* Shew the King's Writ.

Mir. Shew your Discretion, 'twill become you better.

Char. You're once more in my Power, and if again
 I part with you, let me for ever lose thee! [*To Angel.*

Eust. Force will not do't, nor Threats, accept this Service
 From your despair'd of *Eustace.* *And.* And beware,
 Your reverend Worship never more attempt
 To search my *Lilly-pot* ; you see, what follows.

Lew. Is the King's Pow'r contemn'd ?

Mir. No, but the Torrent
 O' your wilful Folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
 If you wou'd but be sensible, what can you wish
 But the Satisfaction of an obstinate Will,
 That is not tender'd to you ; rather than
 Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo
 Your Daughter's Fame, the Credit of your Judgment,
 And your old foolish Neighbour ; make your States,
 (43) And in a Suit not worth a Cardecue,
 A Prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes ;
 And after they have plum'd ye, return home
 Like a couple of naked Fowls without a Feather.

Char. This is a most strong Truth, Sir.

Mir. No, no, Monsieur,
 Let us be right *Frenchmen*, violent to charge ;
 But when our Follies are repell'd by Reason,

(34) ——— not worth a Cardecue,] We have made an *English*
 Word of This from a Corruption of the *French*, *un Quart d'écu*,
 i. e. the fourth Part of a *French* Crown.

'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more :
Observe my learned *Charles*, he'll get thee a Nephew,
On *Angellina*, shall dispute in her Belly,
And suck the Nurse by Logick. And here's *Eustace*,
He was an Ass, but now is grown an *Amadis* ;
Nor shall he want a Wife, if all my Land
For a Jointure can effect it : You're a good Lord,
And of a gentle Nature, in your Looks
I see a kind Consent, and it shews lovely.

And do you hear, old Fool ? but I'll not chide ;
Hereafter, like me, ever doat on Learning,
The meer Belief is excellent, twill save you ;
And next love Valour, though you dare not fight
Your self, or fright a foolish Officer ; young *Eustace*
Can do it to a Hair. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farm b'increas'd, that is your Penance,
You know for what ; and, see, you rut no more,
You understand me. So embrace on all Sides.

I'll pay those Billmen, and make large Amends ;
Provided we preserve you still our Friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*





T H E
E P I L O G U E.

*'T*IS not the Hands, or Smiles, or common Way
Of Approbation to a well-lik'd Play,
We only hope; But that you freely would,
To th' Author's Memory, so far unfold,
And shew your Loves and Liking to his Wit,
Not in your Praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand Assurance, that can give
The Poet and the Player Means to live.





T H E

S P A N I S H C U R A T E .

A

C O M E D Y .



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THE
P R O L O G U E.

TO tell ye, Gentlemen, we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to Day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterness; of Wit, you'll say,
For that is now held Wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make you pleasant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, easy to attend:
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no End,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is War.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is Vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it self; and pray,
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,
And stem all Doubts; 'twas built for such a Proof,
And we hope highly: If she lie aloof
For her own Vantage, to give Wind at Will,
Why, let her work, only be you but still,
And, sweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to say,
You're worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.



DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Don Henrique, an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.

Don Jamie, younger Brother to Don Henrique.

Bartolus, a covetous Lawyer, Husband to Amaranta.

*Leandro, a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyer's
Wife.*

Milanes, }
Arsenio, } *Two Gentlemen, Friends to Leandro.*

Afcanio, Son to Don Henrique.

Octavio, supposed Husband to Jacintha.

Lopez, the Spanish Curate.

Diego, his Sexton.

Affistant, which we call a Judge.

Algaziers, whom we call Serjeants.

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

W O M E N.

Violante, supposed Wife to Don Henrique.

Jacintha, formerly contracted to Don Henrique.

Amaranta, Wife to Bartolus.

A Woman Moor, Servant to Amaranta.

S C E N E, S P A I N.

T H E



THE
(1) *SPANISH CURATE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.

ARSENIO.



*E*ANDRO paid all.

Mil. 'Tis his usual Custom, [off

(2) And requisite he should: He has now put
The funeral Black, your rich Heir wears
with Joy,

When he pretends to weep for his dead Father.

Your gathering Sires so long heap Muck together,

(1) We are now come to the *Spanish Curate*, a most excellent Play; and from whence two of our first Rate Modern Plays, the *Spanish Fryar* and *Old Batchellor*, have taken their most comick Scenes. It is as full of Humour, Sprightliness and Pleasantry, as any one Comedy in the whole Set of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Works: And were it not that an Adulterer is rather set in too amiable a Light, I know scarce any Play I could wish to see oftener upon the Stage.

Mr. Seward.

(2) ————— *He has now put off*

The funeral Black (your rich Heir wears with Joy,

When he pretends to weep for his dead Father;] This Sent-

ment is shadow'd out from one of the select Sentences of *SENECA*,
and *PUBL. SYRUS*

Heredis fletus sub Personâ Risus est.

Which *BEN JONSON* has thus very closely translated, in his *Fox*.

————— *Tut! forget, Sir.*

*The Weeping of an Heir should still be Laughter,
Under a Visor.*

VOL. II.

N

That

That their kind Sons, to rid them of their Care,
 With them in Heav'n; or if they take a Taste
 Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
 Provided they remove hence; what is befalln
 To his Father, in the other World, I ask not;
 I am sure, his Prayer is heard: 'Would, I could use one
 For mine, in the same Method. *Arf.* Fie upon thee!
 This is prophane.

Mil. Good Doctor, do not school me
 For a Fault you are not free from: On my Life,
 Were all Heirs in *Corduba* put to their Oaths,
 They would confes with me, 'tis a sound Tenet:
 I'm sure, *Leandro* does.

Arf. He is th' Owner of
 A fair Estate.

Mil. And fairly he deserves it,
 He's a Royal Fellow; yet observes a Mean
 In all his Courses, carefull too on whom
 He showers his Bounties: He, that's liberal
 To all alike, may do a Good by Chance,
 But never out of Judgment: This invites
 The prime Men of the City to frequent
 All Places he resorts to, and are happy
 In his sweet Converse.

Arf. Don *Jamie*, the Brother
 To the Grandee Don *Henrique*, appears much taken
 With his Behaviour.

Mil. There is something more in't:
 He needs his Purse, and knows how to make Use on't.
 'Tis now in Fashion for your Don, that's poor,
 To vow all Leagues of Friendship with a Merchant
 That can supply his Wants; and howsoe'er
 Don *Jamie*'s noble born, his elder Brother
 Don *Henrique*'s rich, and his Revenues long since
 Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir,
 Call'd Madam *Violante*, he yet holds
 A hard Hand o'er *Jamie*, allowing him
 A bare Annuity only.

Arf. Yet, 'tis said,
 He hath no Child; and by the Laws of *Spain*,

If he die without Issue, Don *Jamie*
Inherits his Estate.

Mil. Why, that's the Reason
Of their so many Jars : Though the young Lord
Be sick of th' elder Brother, and in Reason
Shou'd flatter, and observe him ; he's of a Nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his Hopes.

Ans. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make so much of ?

Mil. 'Tis a sweet One,
And the best-condition'd Youth I ever saw yet ;
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The Love of all that know him ; and so modest,
That, in despite of Poverty, he wou'd starve
Rather than ask a Courtesy. He's the Son of
A poor cast Captain, one *Octavio* ;
And She, that once was call'd the fair *Jacinta*,
Is happy in being his Mother : For his sake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.

Though in their Fortunes fallen, they are esteem'd of,
And cherish'd by the best. O, here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'll justify my Report.

Jam. My good *Ascanio*,
Repair more often to me ; above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

Asc. My Lord, your Favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd Youth
To be both rude and sawcy.

Leon. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are so much desir'd :
And give me Leave, dear Friend, to be your Rival
In part of his Affection ; I will buy it
At any Rate.

Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future Hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron,
That wou'd not say, but do : Yet as I am,

Be mine, I'll not receive thee as a Servant ;
 But as my Son ; and though I want my self,
 No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
 Shall find a kinder Master.

Asc. I beseech you,
 That my Refusal of so great an Offer
 May make no ill Construction ; 'tis not Pride
 (That common Vice is far from my Condition)
 That makes you a Denial to receive
 A Favour I shou'd sue for : Nor the Fashion,
 Which the Country follows, in which to be a Servant
 In those that groan beneath the heavy Weight
 Of Poverty, is held an Argument
 Of a base abject Mind. I wish, my Years
 Were fit to do you Service in a nature
 That might become a Gentleman : (give me Leave
 To think my self one.) My Father serv'd the King
 As a Captain in the Field ; and though his Fortune
 Return'd him home a poor Man, he was rich
 In Reputation, and Wounds fairly taken ;
 Nor am I by his ill Success deterr'd ;
 I rather feel a strong Desire that sways me
 To follow his Profession ; and if Heav'n
 Hath mark'd me out to be a Man, how proud,
 P'th' Service of my Country, shou'd I be,
 To trail a Pike under your brave Command !
 There, I wou'd follow you as a Guide to Honour,
 Though all the Horrors of the War made up
 To stop my Passage.

Jam. Thou'rt a hopeful Boy,
 And it was bravely spoken : For this Answer,
 I love thee more than ever.

Mil. Pity, such Seeds
 Of promising Courage shou'd not grow and prosper !

Ang. Whatever his reputed Parents be,
 He hath a Mind that speaks him right and noble.

Lean. You make him blush : It needs not, sweet *Ascanio* ;
 We may hear Praises when they are deserv'd,
 Our Modesty unwounded. By my Life,
 I wou'd add something to the building up

So

So fair a Mind ; and if till you are fit
To bear Arms in the Field, you'll spend some Years
In *Salamanca*, I'll supply your Studies
With all Conveniences.

Asc. Your Goodness, Signiors,
And charitable Favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your Blood, you cou'd not be
More tender of me : What then can I pay,
A poor Boy and a Stranger, but a Heart
Bound to your Service ? With what Willingness
I wou'd receive, good Sir, your noble Offer,
Heav'n can bear witness for me : But, alas,
Shou'd I embrace the Means to raise my Fortunes,
I must destroy the Lives of my poor Parents,
To whom I owe my Being, they in me
Place all their Comforts ; and, as if I were
The Light of their dim Eyes, are so indulgent,
They cannot brook one short Day's Absence from me ;
And, what will hardly win Belief, though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurse : The Bounties,
Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain 'em ;
And, to forsake them in their Age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of Begging,
Wou'd make a Broker charitable.

Mil. Here.

Sweet-heart, I wish it were more.

Lean. When this is spent,
Seek for Supply to me.

Jam. Thy Piety
For ever be remembred ! Nay, take all ;
Though 'twere my Exhibition to a Ryal
For one whole Year.

Asc. High Heav'ns reward your Goodness !

Hen. So, Sir, is this a Slip of your own Grafting ;
You are so prodigal ?

Jam. A Slip, Sir ? *Hen.* Yes,
A Slip ; or call it by the proper Name,

Your Bastard.

Jam. You're foul-mouth'd ; do not provoke me,
I shall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And use you, as your Manners do deserve,
Uncivilly.

Hen. So brave ! Pray you, give me Hearing ;
Who am I, Sir ?

Jam. My Elder Brother : One,
That might have been born a Fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the Luck to creep into
The World a Year before me. *Lean.* Be more temperate.

Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his Example : Let him use his harsh
Unfavoury Reprehensions upon those
That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our Father left to him alone, rewards him,
For being twelve Months elder ; let that be
Forgotten, and let his Parasites remember
One Quality of Worth or Virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a Censurer
Of me, or my Manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a Tutor ; till then, never.

Hen. From whom have you your Means, Sir ?

Jam. From the Will
Of my dead Father ; I am sure, I spend not,
Nor give't upon your Purse.

Hen. But will it hold out
Without my Help ? *Jam.* I am sure, it shall, I'll sink else ;
For sooner I will seek Aid from a Whore,
Than a Courtesy from you.

Hen. 'Tis well ; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the Quick, I may be found
In the List of your Acquaintance.

Lean. Pray you, hold,
And give me Leave, my Lord, to say thus much,
And in mine own Defence, I am no Gull
To be wrought on by Persuasion ; nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my Means, but know to whom

And

And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my Reason warrants; you may be
As sparing as you please, I must be bold
To make Use of my own, without your Licence.

Jam. 'Pray thee, let him alone, he is not worth thy
All that he do's, *Leandro*, is for my Good; [Anger.
I think, there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.

Hen. Your Steward, Sir?

Jam. Yes, and a provident one,
Why, he knows, I am giv'n to large Expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else
That he, that sixteen Years hath worn the Yoke
Of barren Wedlock, without Hope of Issue,
His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitfull,
Cou'd be so sold to base and sordid Thrift,
As almost to deny himself the Means
And Necessaries of Life? Alas, he knows,
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir,
That all must come to me, if I out-live him;
Which sure, I must do, by the Course of Nature,
And the Assistance of good Mirth, and Sack,
How ever you prove melancholy.

Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this. *Jam.* When thou'rt dead,
I am sure, I shall not. *Mil.* Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd Meteors. *Arf.* Give them Line, and Way,
My Life for Don *Jamie*.

Jam. Continue still
The excellent Husband, and join Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear Day
Falls in the Prospect of your covetous Eye
To be another's; forget, you are a Grandee;
Take Use upon Use, and cut the Throats of Heirs
With coz'ning Mortgages: Rack your poor Tenants,
Till they look like so many Skeletons
For Want of Food; and when that Widows' Curfes,
The Ruins of ancient Families, Tears of Orphans,
Have hurried you to the Devil; ever remember,
All was rak'd up for me, your thankfull Brother;

That will dance merrily upon your Grave.
And, perhaps, give a double Pistolet
To some poor needy Friar, to say a Mass
To keep your Ghost from walking.

Hen. That the Law
Should force me to endure this!

Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure, it will,
If you can find a Loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my Behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests; and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter shall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Masques, and Revels,
As she was us'd, before she was your Captive.
Methinks, the meer Conceit of it should make you
Go home sick, and distemper'd: if it do's,
I'll send you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take Order for your Funeral.

Hen. You have said, Sir;
I will not fight with Words, but Deeds to tame you;
Rest confident, I will; and thou shalt wish,
This Day thou hadst been dumb. [Exit.

Mil. You have giv'n him a Heat,
But with your own Distemper.

Jam. Not a whit,
Now he is from mine Eye, I can be merry,
Forget the Cause and him: All Plagues go with him!
Let's talk of something else: What News is stirring?
Nothing to pass the Time?

Mil. 'Faith, it is said,
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.

Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us discourse
Of what concerns our selves. 'Tis now in Fashion,
To have your Gallants set down in a Tavern, [what
What the Arch-Duke's Purpose is the next Spring, and
Defence my Lords, the States, prepare; what Course
The Emperor takes against the encroaching *Turk*;
And whether his Moony-standards are design'd
For *Persia*, or *Polonia*; and all this

The wiser Sort of State-Worms seem to know
Better than their own Affairs : This is Discourse
Fit for the Council it concerns ; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome Women. *Mil.* And that's one,
Almost as general. *Arf.* Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.

Lean. Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dressings : Some the plump
Italian Bona-Roba's, some the State
That ours observe ; and I have heard one swear,
A merry Friend of mine, that once in *London*
He did enjoy the Company of a Gamester,
A common Gamester too, that in one Night
Met him th' *Italian*, *French*, and *Spanish Ways*,
And ended in the *Dutch* ; for, to cool her self,
She kiss'd him drunk i'th' Morning.

Jam. We may spare
The Travell of our Tongues in foreign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give Credit
To my Report, (for I have seen her, Gallants,)
There lives a Woman, of a mean Birth too,
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling Form
Disdains Comparison with any She,
(3) That puts in for a Fair One ; and though you borrow
From

(3) ————— and tho' you borrow

*From ev'ry Country of the Earth the best
Of those Perfections, which the Climate yields
To help to make her up, if put in Balance,
This will weigh down the Scale.]*

This Description comes
in very strongly in Support of a Parallel one of SHAKESPEARE
in his *Cymbeline*, which has been unnecessarily tamper'd with.

*And that She hath all courtly Parts more exquisite.
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman ; from each One
The best She hath, and She, of all compounded,
Outfells them all.*

I cannot see any impenetrable Nonsense in this, unless o'er-weaning
Criticks will labour to expound it into such. The Poet's Text is a
just *Climax* ; *scil.* " She hath all courtly Parts more exquisite than
" any single Lady whoever ; ay, than many Ladies ; nay, than
" the whole Sex put together." *Ferdinand* speaking of his Mistress
Miranda, says almost the same Thing in the *Tempest*.

But

From every Country of the Earth the best
Of those Perfections, which the Climate yields
To help to make her up, if put in Balance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean. You talk of Wonders.

Jam. She is, indeed, a Wonder, and so kept;
And, as the World deserv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a Pattern,
Whose Copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequestred from the World.

Lean. Who is the Owner
Of such a Gem? I am fir'd. *Jam.* One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate. *Arf.* A Knave on Record.

Mil. I am sure, he cheated me of the best Part
Of my Estate. *Jam.* Some Business calls me hence,
And of Importance, which denies me Leisure
To give you his full Character: In few Words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond Expression;
And, to increase his Heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the Plagues of Darkness: And to these
So jealous, as if you wou'd parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you must multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: Of these none sleep.
He, that would charm the heaviest Lid, must hire
A better *Mercury*, than *Jove* made Use of:
Bless your selves from the Thought of him and her,
For 'twill be Labour lost! So, farewell, Signiors. [*Exit.*

Arf. *Leandro*? In a Dream? Wake Man, for Shame.

Mil. Trained into a Fool's Paradise, with a Tale
Of an imagin'd Form.

Lean. *Jamie* is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend;
Nor am I so much fir'd with Lust as Envy,
That such a Churl as *Bartolus* should reap
So sweet a Harvest; half my State to any,
To help me to a Share.

Arf. Tush, do not hope for

————— *But You, O You,*
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of ev'ry Creature's best.

Impof-

Impossibilities. *Lean.* I must enjoy her,
And my prophetick Love tells me, I shall,
Lend me but your Assistance.

Ars. Give it o'er.

Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.

Lean. I have strange Engines
Fashioning here, and *Bartolus* on the Anvil;
Dissuade me not, but help me.

Mil. Take your Fortune,
If you come off well, praise your Wit; if not,
Expect to be the Subject of our Laughter. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Octavio, and Jacintha.

Jac. You met Don *Henrique*?

Oct. Yes.

Jac. What Comfort bring you?

Speak chearfully: How did my Letter work
On his hard Temper? I am sure, I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the Pen of Sorrow,
That it must force Compuncti^on.

Oct. You are cozen'd;

Can you with one Hand prop a falling Tow'r?
Or with the other stop the raging Main,
When it breaks in on the usurped Shore?
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude, that there is some way left
To move him to Compassion.

Jac. Is there a Justice
Or Thunder, my *Octavio*, and he
Not sunk unto the Center?

Oct. Good *Jacintha*,
With your long-practis'd Patience bear Afflictions;
And by provoking call not on Heav'n's Anger;
He did not only scorn to read your Letter,
But, most inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,
Curs'd you most bitterly.

Jac. The bad Man's Charity.

Oh,

Oh, that I cou'd forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the Relief I seek,
If given, were Bounty in him, and not Debt,
Debt of a dear Accompt!

Off. Touch not that String,
'Twill but increase your Sorrow; and tame Silence,
The Balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd Soul, and preserv'd your Fame,
Must be your Surgeon still.

Jac. If the Contagion
Of my Misfortunes had not spread it self
Upon my Son *Ascanio*, though my Wants
Were centuply'd upon my self, I cou'd be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious Care, his Duty, and Obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a Son,
Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all Means
To return any Scruple of the Debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painfull to be borne.

Off. I suffer with you,
In that; yet find in this Assurance Comfort;
High Heav'n ordains, whose Purposes cannot alter,
Children, that pay Obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.

Enter Ascanio.

Jac. Here comes our Joy;
Where has my dearest been?

Asc. I have made, Mother,
A fortunate Voyage, and brought home rich Prize,
In a few Hours: The Owners too contended,
From whom I took it. See, here's Gold, good Store too;
Nay, pray you, take it.

Jac. Mens Charities are so cold,
That if I knew not thou wert made of Goodness,
'Twould breed a Jealousy in me, by what Means
Thou cam'st by such a Sum.

Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure, it could not be employ'd so well,

As

As to relieve your Wants. Some noble Friends,
Rais'd by Heav'n's Mercy to me, not my Merits,
Bestow'd it on me,

Off. It were a Sacrilege
To rob thee of their Bounty, since they gave it
To thy Use only.

Jac. Buy thee brave Cloaths with it,
And fit thee for a Fortune, and leave us
To our Necessities; why do'st thou weep?

Asc. Out of my Fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am sure, you are too kind
Not to accept the Offer of my Service,
In which I am a Gainer; I have heard
My Tutor say, of all aerial Fowl
The Stork's the Embleme of true Piety;
Because, when Age hath seiz'd upon his Dam,
And made unfit for Flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his Back, provides her Food,
Repaying so her tender Care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then, that have Reason and Discourse,
That tell me, all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a filly Bird?
Or feed or cloath my self superfluously.

(4) And know, nay, see you want? Holy Saints keep me
From such Impiety!

Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know my self the Mother to such Goodness?

Off. Come let us dry our Eyes, we'll have a Feast,
Thanks to our little Steward.

Jac. And, in him,
Believe, that we are rich.

Asc. I'm sure, I am,
While I have Pow'r to comfort you, and serve you. [*Exe.*

(4) *Holy Saints keep me.*] *Ascanio's* Speech ends with an imperfect Sentence, and the natural Sense which supplies it, exactly fills up the Hemistich which follows. So that it is very probable it was an accidental Omission, which one may venture to fill up without Danger of adding what is not our Author's. *Mr. Seward.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Henrique, and Violante.

Viol. Is it my Fault, Don *Henrique*, or my Fate?
What's my Offence? I came young to your Bed,
I had a fruitful Mother, and you met me
With equal Ardour in your *May* of Blood;
And why then am I barren?

Hen. 'Tis not in Man
To yield a Reason for the Will of Heav'n,
Which is inscrutable.

Viol. To what Use serve
Full Fortunes, and the meaner Sort of Blessings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our Wishes,
The Period of human Happiness,
One only Child, that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us?

Hen. 'Tis the Curse
Of great Estates to want those Pledges, which
The Poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With Joy, behold the Models of their Youth;
And, as their Root decays, those budding Branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their Age;
But this is the Beginning, not the End
Of Misery to me, that 'gainst my Will,
Since Heav'n denies us Issue of our own,
Must leave the Fruit of all my Care and Travell
To an unthankful Brother, that insults
On my Calamity.

Viol. I will rather choose
A Bastard from the Hospital and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.

Hen. Such an Evasion,
My *Violante*, is forbid to us;
Happy the *Roman* State, where it was lawfull,
If our own Sons were vicious, to choose one
Out of a virtuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him Noble. But the Laws of *Spain*,
Intending to preserve all ancient Houses,

Prevent

Prevent such free Elections; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me, as a Master.

Viol. I will fire

The Portion I brought with me, e'er he spend
A Ryal of it: No Quirk left, no Quiddit,
That may defeat him? *Hen.* Were I but confirm'd,
That you wou'd take the Means I use with Patience,
As I must practise it with my Dishonour,
I cou'd lay level with the Earth his Hopes,
That soar above the Clouds with Expectation,
To see me in my Grave. *Viol.* Effect but this,
And our Revenge shall be to us a Son,
That shall inherit for us. *Hen.* Do not repent
When 'tis too late.

Viol. I fear not, what may fall;
He dispossest, that does usurp on all.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

(5) *Enter* Leandro, Milanes, and Arsenio.

Mil. CAN any thing but Wonder —
Lean. Wonder on,

I am, as ye see; and, what will follow, Gentlemen?

Arf. Why dost thou put on this Form? what can this do?

Thou look'st most sillily. *Mil.* Like a young Clerk,

A half-pin'd Puppy, that would write for a Ryal.

Is this a commanding Shape to win a Beauty?

To what Use, what Occasion?

Lean. Peace, ye are Fools,

More silly than my Out-side seems, ye are ignorant;

They, that pretend to Wonders, must weave cunningly.

Arf. What manner of Access can this get? or, if gotten,

(5) *Enter* Leandro, *with a Letter writ out,*] This is a Stage-Di-
rection, transcrib'd from the *Prompter's* Book; and a Memorandum
to him only, that *Leandro* should go on furnish'd with such a Letter,
to deliver to *Lopez* the Curate.

What

What Credit in her Eyes?

Lean. Will ye but leave me?

Mil. Methinks, a young Man and a handfom Gentleman,
(But, sure, thou art Lunatick,) methinks, a brave Man,
That wou'd catch cunningly the Beams of Beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his Comfort,
Shou'd like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest Form.

Lean. Ye are cozen'd, Gentlemen,
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it :
Thus as I am, I will begin my Voyage.
When you love, launch it out in Silks and Velvets,
I'll love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins.
To get upon my great Horse and appear
The Sign of such a Man, and trot my Measures,
(6) Or fiddle out whole frosty Nights, my Friends,
Under the Window, while my Teeth keep Time,
I hold no handfomness. Let me get in,
There trot, and fiddle, where I may have fair Play.

Arf. But how get in?

Lean. Leave that to me; your Patience,
I have some Toys here that I dare well trust to :
I have smelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez*.
You are ne'er the nearer now.

Mil. We do confess it.

Lean. Weak simple Men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the most inward *Damon*.

Arf. What can this do?

Mil. We know the Fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean. So.

(6) *Or fiddle out whole frosty Nights, my Friends,
Under the Window, whilst my Teeth keep Tune,*] I have ob-
serv'd, that no two Words, in the old Books, so often and so mis-
takenly change Place with each other, as *Time* and *Tune*. Indeed,
in the running Secretary-hand, the Difference is so minute betwixt
im and *un*, that it has been the Source of numberless Errors. *Lean-*
dro's Meaning is, that if he were to go a Serenading in a frosty
Night, he should be so cold as to have the Chattering of his Teeth
keep *Time* with his Instrument.

Arf.

(7) *Arf.* A poor, thin Thief: He help? he? hang the
Can reading of an Homily prefer thee? [Vicar;
Thou art dead-sick in Love, and he'll pray for thee.

Lean. Have Patience, Gentlemen; I say, this Vicar,
This Thing, I say, is all one with the clofe *Bartolus*,
(8) For so they call the Lawyer; on his Nature,
(Which I have studied by Relation;
And make no Doubt I shall hit handsomly;)
Will I work cunningly, and home: Understand me.

Enter Lopez, and Diego.

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my Fortune;
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto, Gentlemen;
I'll win this Diamond from the Rock, and wear her,
Or ———

Mil. Peace, the Vicar: Send-ye a full Sail, Sir.

Arf. There's your Confessor, but what shall be your Pe-

Lean. A Fool's Head, if I fail; and so forsake me. [nance?
You shall hear from me daily.

Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt Mil. Arf.*

Lop. Thin World, indeed!

Lean. I'll let him breath, and mark him:
No Man would think, a Stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great Commodity from his Pigbelly.

Lop. Poor stirring for poor Vicars.

Die. And poor Sextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no Purpose,
Those, that enjoy our Lands, choke our Devotions;
Our poor thin Stipends make us arrant Dunces.

Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, Master,
That are fed only with the Sound of Prayers?

(7) ———— hang the Vicar;

Can reading of an ——— prefer thee?] 'Tis strange, that
none of all the Editions should be able to furnish out the interme-
diate Word to fill up the *Hiatus* of this Verse. As they are talk-
ing of the Vicar, it is demonstrable it must have been, *Homily*;
which makes both the Metre and Sense complete.

(8) *For so they call the Lawyer, or his Nature,*
Which I have studied by Relation, &c.] This Passage has been
slightly corrupted in the Text and Pointing. I have regulated Both,
and Mr. *Sympton* prescrib'd the very same Adjustment.

We rife and ring the Bells to get good Stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the Ropes with Reverence.

Lop. When was there a Christning, *Diego* ?

Die. Not this ten Weeks :

Alas, they have forgot to get Children, Master ;
The Wars, the Seas, and Usury undo us :
Takes off our Minds, our Edges, blunts our Plough-shares.
They eat nothing here, but Herbs, and get nothing but
green Sauce :

There are some few poor Labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in seven Year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd-Butter-prints, that scarce hold
The Christning neither.

Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A strange fantastical Birth, to defraud the Vicar ;
And the Camp christens their Issues, or the Curtizans ;
'Tis a lewd Time.

Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die ; there's nothing got by Burials.

Lop. *Diego*, the Air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,
Lord, what a Torment 'tis !

Die. Good sensible Master,
You are allow'd to pray against all Weathers,
Both foul, and fair, as you shall find Occasion ;
Why not against all Airs ?

Lop. That's not i'th' Canons.

I wou'd, it had ; 'tis out of our way forty Pence. [die here,

Die. 'Tis strange, they are starv'd too yet they will not
They will not earth : A good stout Plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical Fevers.

That would turn up their Heels by whole-sale, Master,
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counsels,
That there might be no natural Help for Money :
How merrily would my Bells go then ?

Lop. Peace, *Diego*,

The Doctors are our Friends ; let's please them well ;
For though they kill but slow, they are certain, *Diego*.
We must remove into a muddy Air,
A most contagious Climate.

Die.

Die. We must, certain,
An Air that is the Nursery of Agues,
Such Agues, Master, that will shake Mens Souls out,
Ne'er stay for Poffets, nor good old Wives' Plaisters.

Lop. Gouts and dead Palsies.

Die. The Dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gouts will hang an arse a long time, Master:
The Pox, or *English* Surfeits, if we had 'em;
Those are rich Marle, they make a Church-yard fat;
And make the Sexton sing, they never miss, Sir.

Lop. Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in Season,
And Feasts that make us frolick.

Die. Wou'd I cou'd see 'em.

Lop. And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet, *Diego*, here I laugh.

Die. The Cause requires it.

Lop. Since People left to die, I am a Dunce, *Diego*.

Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.

Lean. A precious pair of Youths! I must make toward 'em.

Lop. Who's that? look, it seems, he would speak to us.
I hope a Marriage, or some Will to make, *Diego*.

Die. My Friend, your Business?

Lean. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bless your good Learning, Sir!

Lop. And bless you also!

He bears a promising Face, there's some Hope toward.

Lean. I have a Letter to your Worship.

Lop. Well, Sir,

From whence, I pray you?

Lean. From *Nova Hispania*, Sir,
And from an ancient Friend of yours.

Lop. 'Tis well; Sir,

'Tis very well: The Devil a one I know there.

Die. Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening Counte-
I do not like his way. [nance.

Lop. Let him go forward.

(9) *Cantabit vacuus*,---they that have nothing, fear nothing.

(9) *Cantabit vacuus* ---] This Hemistich is the beginning of a
Verse in *JUVENAL*'s *Satyres*.

Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

All I have to lose, *Diego*, is my Learning ;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut-shell.

Reads the Letter.

Signior Lopez, Since my Arrival from Cordova to these Parts, I have written divers Letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no Answer of any : (Good, and very good) And although so great a Forgetfulness might cause a Want in my due Correspondence, yet the Desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me (Better and better : The Devil a Man know I yet) and therefore with the present Occasion offered I am willing to crave a Continuance of the Favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my Son Leandro, the Bearer, to you ; with Request that he may be admitted in that University, till such time as I shall arrive at home ; his Studies he will make you acquainted withal : This Kindness shall supply the Want of your Slackness : And so Heaven keep you. Yours,

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,

A very ancient Friend of mine, I take it,
For till this Hour I never heard his Name yet.

Lean. You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father.

Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir ;

Alonzo Tiveria ?

Lean. The same, Sir.

Lop. And now i'th' Indies ?

Lean. Yes.

(10) *Lop.* He may be any where,
For aught that I —

Lean. Consider, think again, Sir ;
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha ?

(10) *He may be any where*
For aught that I consider.

Lean. *Think again, Sir,*] I have regulated the Text in this Passage, as Mr. *Sympson* gave me his Opinion, he suspected it should be.

Lean.

Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.

Lop. 'Wou'd, I could !

Lean. I have heard him say, you were Gossips too.

Lop. Very likely,

You did not hear him say, to whom? For we Students
May oft-times over-reach our Memories.

Dost thou remember, *Diego*, this same Signior ?

Thou hast been mine these twenty Years.

Die. Remember ?

Why, this Fellow wou'd make ye mad: *Nova Hispania* ?

And Signior *Tiveria* ? What are these ?

He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.

Take heed, I beseech your Worship: Do you hear, my

You have no Letters for me ? [Friend ?

Lean. Not any Letter,

But I was charg'd to do my Father's Love

To the old honest Sexton *Diego* : Are you he, Sir ?

Die. Ha! have I Friends, and know 'em not? My

Name is *Diego*,

But if either I remember you or your Father,

Or *Nova Hispania* (I was never there, Sir,)

Or any Kindred that you have—for Heav'n sake, Master,

Let's cast about a little, and consider,

We may dream out our Time.

Lean. It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir ;

Yet, that you are Don *Lopez*, all Men tell me,

The Curate here, and have been some time, Sir ;

And you the Sexton *Diego*, such I am sent to,

The Letter tells as much : May be, they are dead,

And you of the like Names succeed : I thank ye, Gentle-

Ye have done honestly in telling truth, [men,

I might have been forward else — For to that *Lopez*,

That was my Father's Friend, I had a Charge,

A Charge of Money to deliver, Gentlemen,

Five hundred Duckets, a poor small Gratuity ;

But since you are not he —

Lop. Good Sir, let me think,

I pray ye, be patient ; pray ye, stay a little ;

Nay, let me remember, I beseech you stay, Sir.

Die. An honest noble Friend, that sends so lovingly ;

An old Friend too ; you will remember, sure, Sir.

Lop. Thou say'st true, *Diego*.

Die. 'Pray ye, consider quickly ;

Do, do, by any means ; methinks, already

A grave staid Gentleman comes to my Memory.

Lean. He's old indeed, Sir.

Die. With a goodly white Beard,

(For now he must be so : I know he must be)

Signior *Alonzo*, Master.

Lop. I begin to have him.

[*Sir.*

Die. H'as been from hence about some twenty Years,

Lean. Some five and twenty, Sir.

Die. You say most true, Sir.

Just to an Hour ; 'tis now just five and twenty,

A fine strait-timber'd Man, and a brave Soldier,

He married : Let me see, —

Lean. *De Castro's* Daughter.

Die. The very same.

Lean. Thou art a very Rascal.

[*Aside.*

De Castro is the *Turk* to thee, or any Thing :

The Money rubs 'em into strange Remembrances,

For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam*.

Lop. Give me your Hand, you are welcome to your

Now I remember plainly, manifestly, [Country ;

As freshly, as if Yesterday I had seen him,

Most heartily welcome : sinfull that I am,

Most sinfull Man ! why shou'd I lose this Gentleman ?

This loving old Companion ? We had all one Soul, Sir,

He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome — *Lean.* Farm, Sir ;

You say most true.

Lop. *Alonzo Tiveria* !

[thus !

Lord, Lord, that Time should play the treacherous Knave

Why, he was the only Friend I had in *Spain*, Sir,

I knew your Mother too, a handsome Gentlewoman ;

She was married very young : I married 'em :

I do remember now the Masques and Sports then,

The Fire-works, and the fine Delights ; good Faith, Sir,

Now I look in your Face, whose Eyes are those, *Diego* ?

Nay, if he be not just *Alonzo's* Picture —

Lean.

Lean. Lord, how I blush for these two Impudents!

[*Aside.*

Die. Well, Gentleman, I think your Name's *Leandro*.

Lean. It is, indeed, Sir.

Gra'-mercy, Letter, thou hadst never known else. [*Aside.*

Die. I have dandled ye, and kifs'd ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred Times, and danc'd ye,
And swong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd swinging.

Lop. A sweet Boy.

Lean. Sweet lying Knaves.

What wou'd these do for thousands?

[*Aside.*

Lop. A wondrous sweet Boy then it was, see now
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his Country?

Lean. O, very shortly, Sir; 'till his Return
He has sent me over to your Charge.

Lop. And welcome,

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your Friend, Sir.

Lean. And to my Study, Sir, which must be the Law.
To further which, he wou'd entreat your Care
To plant me in the Favour of some Man
That's expert in that Knowledge: For his Pains
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: Which I am charg'd
To take still, as I use it, from your Custody,
I have the Money ready, and I am weary. [*welcome;*

Lop. Sit down, sit down, and once more, ye are most
The Law you have hit upon most happily;
Here is a Master in that Art, *Bartolus*,
A Neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye;
A learned Man, and my most loving Neighbour;
I'll do ye faithful Service, Sir.

Die. He's an Afs,

And so we'll use him; he shall be a Lawyer, [*Diego,*

Lop. But if ever he recover this Money again—Before,
And get some pretty Pittance: My Pupil's hungry.

Lean. Pray ye, Sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refresh ye, Sir;

When ye want, you know your Exchequer.

Lean. If all this get me but Access, I am happy.

Lop. Come, I am tender of ye.

Lean. I'll go with ye.

To have this Fort betray'd these Fools must fleece me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta*, a retir'd sweet Life,
Private and close, and still, and housewifely,
Becomes a Wife, sets off the Grace of Woman.
At home to be believ'd both young and handsome,
As Lillies that are cas'd in crystall Glasses,
Makes up the Wonder: Shew it abroad, 'tis stale,
And still, the more Eyes cheapen it, 'tis more flubber'd;
(11) And what need Windows open to Inviting?
Or ev'ning Terrasses, to take in Minions?

When the most wholesome Air, my Wife, blows inward,
When good Thoughts are the noblest Companions,
And old chaste Stories, Wife, the best Discourses;
But why do I talk thus, that know thy Nature? [*lousy;*

Ama. You know your own Disease; Distrust, and Jeal-
And those two give these Lessons, not good Meaning.
What Trial is there of my Honesty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what End, Husband,
Serves all the Virtuous Thoughts, and chaste Behaviour,
Without their Uses? Then they are known most excellent,
When by their Contraries they are set off, and burnish'd.
(12) If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,

Let

(11) *And what need Windows open to Inviting?*

*Or ev'ning Terrasses, to take Opinions?] Opinions, of
What? Only to be seen by Passengers, and have her Beauties judg'd
of? I believe verily, the Authors meant something farther: What if
we should read, and take in Minions? i. e. attract Admirers.*

Mr. Symphon.

(12) *If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,
Let me go fearless out, and win that Greatness:] The Word
Greatness is very obscure; it can only mean Greatness of Reputation,
a very stiff Expression upon this Occasion. The Meaning plainly is,
that*

Let me go fearless out, and win that Chastness:
These Seeds grow not in Shades, and conceal'd Places:
Set 'em i'th' Heat of all, then they rise glorious.

Bar. Peace, ye are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous.

If that be rank'd a Virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other Lawyers Wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my People, and my handsome Women,
My Will in honest Things.

Bar. Peace, *Amaranta*.

[cures 'em ;

Ama. They have Content, rich Cloaths, and that se-
Binds, to their carefull Husbands, their Observance ;
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar. Thou shalt too.

Ama. And freely may converse with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer Temptations daily to their Honour.

Enter Woman Moor.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou shalt have any
Let me but lay up for a handsome Office, [thing,
And then, my *Amaranta*—

Ama. Here's a thing now,
Ye place as Pleasure to me: All my Retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my Friend,
And what she fails in, I must do my self.
A Foil to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.

Bar. No more such Words, good Wife.
What would you have, Maid?

Moor. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a Stranger, Sir,
Attend to speak with your Worship.

Bar. A Stranger?

[not.

Ama. You had best to be jealous of the Man you know

Bar. 'Pray thee, no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray ye, go out to 'em ;

that no Woman deserves the Name of *Chast*, but they who have
prov'd themselves so when try'd: therefore let me go into the World,
and win the Name. I think, Chastness gives this Idea; and was
most probably the Author's Word.

Mr. Seward.

That



That will be safest for ye, I am well here,
I only love your Peace, and serve like a Slave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me;
Prithee, go in, my Duck; I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.

Ama. I am commanded,
One Day you will know my Sufferance.— [Exit.

Bar. And reward it.
So, so, fast bind, fast find; Come in, my Neighbours;
My loving Neighbours, pray ye, come in; ye are welcome.

Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.

Lop. Bless your good Reverence!

Bar. Good-day, good Master Curate,
And Neighbour *Diego*, welcome: what's your Business?
And, 'pray ye, be short, good Friends, the time is precious;
Welcome, good Sir.

Lop. To be short then with your Mastership,
For, I know, your several Hours are full of Business,
We have brought ye this young Man, of honest Parents,
And of an honest Face, —

Bar. It seems so, Neighbours,
But to what End?

Lop. To be your Pupil, Sir;
Your Servant, if you please.

Lean. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To seek a worthy Man.

Bar. Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poor Man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My House a little Cottage, and scarce able
To hold my self, and those poor Few that live under it;
Besides, you must not blame me, Gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his Dealing,
For in these Times —

Lop. Pray let me answer that, Sir,
Here is five hundred Duckets, to secure him,
He cannot want, Sir; to make good his Credit,

Good

Good Gold, and Coin.

Bar. And that's an honest Pledge;
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his Face and Carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred Honesty.

Lean. And (for I have a ripe Mind to the Law, Sir,
(13) In which, I understand, you live a Master)
The least poor Corner in your House, poor Bed, Sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your Worship)
With some Books to instruct me, and your Counsel,
Shall I rest most content with: Other Acquaintance
Than your grave Presence, and the Grounds of Law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, Sir;
For, surely, mine own Nature desires Privacy.
Next, for your monthly Pains, to shew my Thanks,
I do proportion out some twenty Duckets;
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, Sir,
To shew my Love to Learning, and my Master,
My Diet I'll defray too, without Trouble.

(14) *Lop.* Note but his Mind to Learning.

Bar. I do strangely,
Yes, and I like it too; —

Die. Thanks to his Money.

'Wou'd, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.

Lop. A wondrous modest Man, Sir.

Bar. So it seems,

(13) *In which, I understand, you live a Master]* This Word has a Sense not usual, tho' very elegant; and is put for, are; *Sensu Latino.* So, HORACE:

Vivet uter Locuples sine Natis; i. e. erit.

So PLAUTUS, in the Prologue to his *Amphitryon.*

Virtute, dixit, vos Viatores vivere. i. e. esse.

And so our incomparable SPENSER;

Lo I Fidessa dwell: i. e. am. Mr. Symphon.

(14) *Note but his Mind to Learning.*

Bar. I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, Thanks to his Money.

Die. *Would, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.]* Both the Measure and Humour are greatly injur'd by this corrupt Reading. I doubt not, but the Original run thus.

Lop. Note but his Mind to Learning.

Bar. ——— I do strangely;

Yes, and I like it too.

Die. ——— Thanks to his Money. —

'Would, he would live with me, &c.

Mr. Seward.

His

His dear love to his Study must be nourish'd ;
Neighbour, he's like to prove, —

Lop. With your good Counsel,
And with your Diligence, as you will ply him ;
His Parents, when they know your Care —

Bar. Come hither.

Die. An honest young Man, your Worship ne'er kept,
But he is so bashful —

Bar. O I like him better.

Say, I should undertake ye, which, indeed, Sir,
Will be no little Straitness to my Living,
Considering my Affairs, and my small House, Sir,
(For I see some Promises, that pull me to ye ;)
Cou'd you content your self, at first thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my House, Sir ?
For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye ;
And Study shou'd be still remote from Company ;
A little Fire sometimes too, to refresh ye ;
A Student must be frugal : Sometimes Lights too,
According to your Labour. *Lean.* Any thing, Sir,
That's dry, and wholesome : I am no bred Wanton.

Bar. Then I receive you : But I must desire ye
To keep within your Confines. *Lean.* Ever, Sir ;
There is the Gold, and ever be your Servant,
Take it and give me Books : May I but prove, Sir,
According to my Wish, and these shall multiply !

Lop. Do, study hard, pray ye take him in, and settle him,
He's only fit for you ; Shew him his Cell, Sir. [yer,

Die. Take a good Heart ; and when ye are a cunning Law-
I'll sell my Bells, and you shall prove it lawful. [gence.

Bar. Come, Sir, with me : Neighbours, I thank your Dili-

Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a Case with ye.

Bar. Welcome ——— [Exit.

Lop. Here's Money got with Ease : here, spend that jo-
And pray for the Fool, the Founder. [vially,

Die. Many more Fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his Example !
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what Condition,
And many such sweet Friends in *Nova Hispania* !

Lop. It will do well ; let 'em but send their Monies,
Come

Come from what Quarter of the World, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly ; nay, I'll be Kin to 'em ;
I cannot miss a Man, that sends me Money :
Let him law there, long as his Duckets last, Boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

Die. I'll turn Trade, Master,
And now live by the Living, let the Dead stink,
'Tis a poor stinking Trade.

Lop. If the young Fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair Wife, *Diego?*

Die. And handle her Case, Master, that's a Law-point ;
A Point would make him start, and put on his Spectacles ;
A hidden Point, were worth the canvassing.

Lop. Now, surely, surely, I shou'd love him, *Diego,*
And love him heartily : Nay, I shou'd love my self,
Or any thing that had but that good Fortune,
For to say the Truth, the Lawyer is a Dog-bolt,
An arrant Worm : And though I call him Worshipful,
I wish him a canoniz'd Cuckold, *Diego ;*
Now, if my Youth do but dub him —

Die. He is too demure, Sir.

Lop. If he do sting her home.

Die. There's no such Matter,
The Woman was not born to so much Blessedness,
He has no Heat : Study consumes his Oil, Master.

Lop. Leave it to the Will of Fate, and presently
Over a Cup of lusty Sack, let's prophesy.
I am like a Man that dream'd he was an Emperor,
Come, *Diego,* hope ; and, whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Jamie, Milanes, and Arsenio.

(15) *Jam.* *Milanes,* did you see this Wonder ?

Mil. Yes, yes.

Jam.

Jam. ANGELO, *Milanes,* did you see this Wonder ?

Mil. Yes, yes. *Jam.* And you, *Arsenio ?*

Ars. Yes, he is gone, Sir,

Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his Voyage.

Love guide his Thoughts! &c.] *Angelo* makes his Appearance
in

Jam. And you, *Arsenio*? *Arf.* Yes, he is gone, Sir, Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his Voyage. [Fellow,

Jam. Love guide his Thoughts! He's a brave honest Sit close, Don Lawyer, O that arrant Knave now, How he will stink, will smoak again, will burst! He's the most arrant Beast.

Mil. He may be more Beast.

Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him; The Villany he has sowed into my Brother, And, from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at! Pay him, my good *Leandro*, take my Prayers. [Heifer!

Arf. And all our Wishes plough with his fine white

Jam. Mark him, my dear Friend, for a famous Cuckold, Let it out-live his Books, his Pains, and hear me, The more he seeks to smother it with Justice,

Enter a Servant.

Let it blaze out the more: What News, *Andrea*?

Andr. News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, Sir; Your Brother lays a strict Command upon ye, No more to know his House, upon your Danger; I am sorry, Sir.

Jam. Faith, never be; I am glad on't; He keeps the House of Pride, and Foolery: I mean to shun it; so return my Answer;

in the first Scene of the first Act, but he speaks but four Lines there; and nothing but what *Arsenio* might full as well have said: And he has nothing to do here, but to spoil the Verse. As he is quite an unnecessary Person in the Play, I fancy, he has intruded into it by some Error of the Players. However, it is necessary to strike him out from this Passage. The latter Part of *Arsenio's* Speech ought, I believe, to be given to *Jamie*; it is perfectly in his Character. I would read therefore;

Jam. Milanes, did you see this Wonder? *Mil.* Yes, yes.

Jam. And you, *Arsenio*? *Arf.* Yes, he is gone, Sir, Strangely disguis'd; He's set upon his Voyage.

Jam. Love guide his Thoughts! &c.

Mr. Seward.

I will only add to *Mr. Seward's* Observation, that as *Angelo* is no where else spoke of, or to, throughout the whole Play; as he is no manner of a Character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the Plot; no ways assistant in making *Diego's* Will, nor comprehended in *Bartolus's* Resentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the Drama.

'Twill

'Twill shortly spew him out ; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our Heads together carefully,
How we may help our Friend ; and let's lodge near him,
Be still at hand : I wou'd not for my Patrimony,
But he shou'd crown his Lawyer, a learn'd Monfter ;
Come, let's away, I am stark mad 'till I see him. [*Exe.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Ama. Why will ye bring Men in, and yet be jealous ?
Why will ye lodge a young Man, a Man able,
And yet repine ?

Bar. He shall not trouble thee, Sweet,
A modest poor slight Thing ; did I not tell thee
He was only giv'n to his Book, and for that
How royally he pays ? finds his own Meat too ?

Ama. I will not have him here : I know your Courses,
And what Fits you will fall into of Madnes.

Bar. Faith, I will not, Wife.

Ama. I will not try ye.

Bar. He comes not near thee : Shall not dare to tread
Within thy Lodgings : In an old Out-Room,
Where Logs and Coals were laid ———

Ama. Now ye lay Fire ;
Fire to consume your Quiet.

Bar. Didst thou know him
Thou wou'dst think as I do : He disquiet thee ? [*him.*
Thou may'st wear him next thy Heart, and yet not warm
His Mind, poor Man, 's o'th' Law, how to live after,
And not on Lewdness : On my Conscience,
He knows not how to look upon a Woman,
More than by reading of what Sex she is.

Ama. I do not like it, Sir.

Bar. Dost thou not see, Fool,
What Presents he sends hourly in his Gratefulness ?
What delicate Meats ?

Ama. You had best trust him at your Table,
Do, and repent it, do.

Bar.

Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come, he's so modest;
He never speaks: There's part of that he gave me,
He'll eat but half a dozen Bits, and rise immediately,
Ev'n as he eats, he studies: He'll not disquiet thee,
Do as thou pleasest, Wife.

Ama. What means this Wood-cock? [*Knock within.*]

Bar. Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks: Come in, your
Business.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, Don *Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him;
He has Business of some Moment.

Bar. I'll attend him,
I must be gone: I prithee, think the best, Wife;
At my Return, I'll tell thee more, good morrow.
Sir, keep ye close, and study hard: An Hour hence
I'll read a new Case to ye. *Exit.* [*Lean. within.*]

Lean. I'll be ready.

Ama. So many hundred Duckets, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting Law? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly: I would see this Fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what End, and what Study: There's the Place:
I'll go o'th' other Side, and take my Fortune.
I think, there is a Window. [*Exit.*]

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out
Now, if I cou'd but see her: She is' not this Way:
How nastily he keeps his House? My Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is so damp: I shall be mortified
For any Woman, if I stay a Month here:
I'll in, and strike my Lute; that Sound may call her. [*Ex.*]

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. He keeps very close: Lord, how I long to see him!
A Lute strook handsomely, a Voice too; I'll hear that:.

LUTE

L U T E and S O N G.

I.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;
Wind and Tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis Wind that must be blown
From that Breath, whose native Smell
Indian Odours doth excell.

II.

O then speak, thou fairest Fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring Air,
Else dull Silence, sure, will starve me:
'Tis a Word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd, a Heart is broken.

These Verses are no Law, they sound too sweetly,
Now I am more desirous. [Leandro peeping.

Lean. 'Tis she, certain.

Ama. What's that, that peeps?

Lean. O admirable Face!

Ama. Sure, 'tis the Man.

Lean. I will go out a little.

Ama. He looks not like a Fool, his Face is noble:
How still he stands!

Lean. I am stricken dumb with Wonder;
Sure, all the Excellence of Earth dwells here. [Torches,

Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his Eyes, like
Fling their Beams round! How manly his Face shews!

He comes on: Surely, he will speak: he is made most hand-
This is no Clerk Behaviour; now I have seen ye, [singly:
I'll take my Time: Husband, ye have brought home
Tinder. [Exit. She drops her Glove.

Lean. Sure, sh'as transform'd me,
I had forgot my Tongue clean,
I never saw a Face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,

And speak my Mind; my Lips were lock'd up here.
 This is Divine, and only serv'd with Reverence.
 O most fair Cover of a Hand far fairer,
 Thou blessed Innocence, that guards that Whiteness,
 Live next my Heart! I am glad, I have got a Relick;
 A Relick, when I pray to it, may work Wonders.

[*A Noise within.*

Hark, there's some Noise: I must retire again.

This blessed Apparition makes me happy;

I'll suffer, I'll sacrifice my Substance,

But I'll enjoy. Now softly to my Kennel:

[*Exit.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Henrique, and Bartolus.

Hen. **Y**OU know my Cause sufficiently?

Bar. I do, Sir.

Hen. And though it will impair my Honesty,
 And strike deep at my Credit, yet, my *Bartolus*,
 There being no other Evasion left to free me
 From the Vexation of my spiteful Brother,
 That most insultingly reigns over me,
 I must and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my Lord,

And look not after Credit, we shall cure that;
 Your bended Honesty we shall set right, Sir;
 We Surgeons of the Law do desperate Cures, Sir,
 And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:
 Mark, how I'll knock it home: Be of good Cheer, Sir,
 You give good Fees, and those beget good Causes,
 The Prerogative of your Crowns will carry the Matter,
 Carry it sheer; the Assistant sits to Morrow,
 And he's your Friend; your monied Men love naturally,
 And as your Loves are clear, so are your Causes.

Hen. He shall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he must not;

Line your Cause warmly, Sir, (the Times are aguish,)

That

That holds a Plea in Heart; hang the Penurious,
Their Causes, like their Purses, have poor Issues.

Hen. That Way, I was ever bountiful.

Bar. 'Tis true, Sir,

[to ye.]

(16) That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneel
Live full of Money, and supply the Lawyer,
And take your Choice of what Man's Lands you please, Sir,
What Pleasures, or what Profits, what Revenges,
They are all your own. I must have Witnesses
Enough, and ready.

Hen. You shall not want, my *Bartolus*.

Bar. Substantial fearless Souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear any thing.

Hen. They shall swear Truth too,

Bar. That's no great Matter: For Variety,
They may swear Truth; else 'tis not much look'd after:
I will serve Process, presently, and strongly,
Upon your Brother, and *Octavio*,
Jacintha, and the Boy; provide your Proofs, Sir,
And set 'em fairly off, be sure of Witnesses;
Though they cost Money, want no Store of Witnesses;
I have seen a handsome Cause so foully lost, Sir,
So beastly cast away for Want of Witnesses——

Hen. There shall want nothing.

Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge a secret Way: You have me, —
And let him understand the Heart.

Hen. I shall, Sir.

Bar. And feel the Pulses strongly beat; I'll study,

(16) —— forces the Snakes to kneel to you.] *Snakes* seems evidently a corrupted Reading. For if by *Snakes* we might understand the Pettyfoggers of the Law, or Don *Henrique's* Enemies, or any other Set of Men, yet our Authors would hardly use so ill-jointed a Metaphor as that of *Snakes kneeling*. The Words, that seem most like it, are *Rakes*, *Jacks*, and *Knaves*; the latter bids fairest to have been the Original. Mr. Seward.

I have not disturb'd the Text, because our Authors, perhaps, by a bold Metaphor may mean poor servile Wretches that creep like *Snakes*: And when the Snake erects its Crest a little, and trails its hinder Parts on the Ground, it in some Sort resembles the Posture of *Kneeling*.

And at my Hour, but mark me, go, be happy,
Go and believe i'th' Law.

Hen. I hope, 'twill help me.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, four Parishioners, and Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye,
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy Knaves I found ye,
And Fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty Years,
Preach'd Spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might swallow,
Yet ye are Blockheads still: What shou'd I say to ye?
Ye have neither Faith, nor Money, left to save ye;
Am I a fit Companion for such Beggars? (Sir—

1 Par. If the Shepherd will suffer the Sheep to be scab'd,

Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.

Die. 'Wou'd, they were, for my sake!

Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy;
I will avoid ye.

2 Par. Pray ye, Sir, be not angry,
In the Pride of your new Cassock; do not part with us,
We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with Sermons;
A short Slice of a Reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher;
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll sleep with 'em,
And that's a loving Thing.

3 Par. We grant ye, Sir,
The only Benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the first Provoker;
And, at our Feasts, we know there is no Reason,
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay for all this, ye shall know me
A Man born to a more befeeming Fortune
Than ringing all-in to a Rout of Dunces. [Eggs too,

4 Par. We will increase your Tithes, you shall have
Though they may prove most dangerous to our Issues.

1 Par. I am a Smith; yet thus far out of my Love,
You

You shall have the tenth Horse I prick, to pray for ;
I am sure, I prick five hundred in a Year, Sir.

2 Par. I am a Cook, a Man of a dry'd Conscience,
Yet thus far I relent : You shall have tithe Pottage. [*Diego.*

3 Par. Your Stipend shall be rais'd too, good Neighbour
Die. Wou'd ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified :

No, there be other Places for poor Sextons,
Places of Profit, Friends, fine stirring Places,
And People that know how to use our Offices,
Know what they were made for : I speak for such Capons?
Ye shall find the Key o'th' Church under the Door, Neigh-
You may go in, and drive away the Daws. [bours,

Lop. My Surplis, with one Sleeve, you shall find there,
For to that Dearth of Linnen you have driven me ;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry :
'Pray ye, turn 'em carefully, they are very tender ;
The remnant of the Books lie where they did, Neighbours,
Half pust away with the Church-warden's Pipings,
Such smoaky Zeals they have against hard Places.
The Poor-man's Box is there too : If ye find any thing
Beside the Posie, and that half rub'd out too,
For fear it should awake your too much Charity,
Give it to pious Uses, that is, spend it.

Die. The Bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your Destiny.

1 Par. 'Pray ye, be not so hasty.

Die. I'll speak a proud Word to ye,
Would ye have us stay ?

2 Par. We do most heartily pray ye.

3 Par. I'll draw as mighty Drink, Sir.

Lop. A strong Motive,
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

3 Par. And I'll fend for my Daughter.

Lop. This may stir too :
The Maiden is of Age, and must be edified.

4 Par. You shall have any thing. Lose our learned Vicar ?
And our most constant Friend ; honest, dear, *Diego* ?

Die. Yet all this will not do : I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
And tell ye true : If ye will have us stay,

If you will have the Comforts of our Companies,
 You shall be bound to do us Right in these Points ;
 You shall be bound, and this is the Obligation,
 (17) Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit Dues,
 And do not seek to draw out our Undoings.
 Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful ;
 Get Children in abundance, for your Christnings,
 Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal Justice.

Lop. Let Weddings, Christnings, Churchings, Funerals,
 And merry Gossipings, go round, go round still ;
 Round as a Pig, that we may find the Profit.

Die. And let your old Men fall sick handsomely,
 And die immediately, their Sons may shoot up :
 Let Women die o'th' Sullens too ; 'tis natural :
 But, be sure, their Daughters be of Age first,
 That they may stock us still : your queazy young Wives,
 That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
 And vex'd abundantly ; it much concerns me ;
 There's a Child's Burial lost ; look, that be mended.

Lop. Let 'em be brought to Bed, then die when they please.
 These Things consider'd, Country-men, and sworn to—

2 Par. All these, and all our Sports again, and Gambols.

3 Par. We must die, and we must live, and we'll be
 Every Man shall be rich by one another. [merry ;

2 Par. We are here to Morrow, and gone to Day ; for my
 If getting Children can befriend my Neighbours, [part
 I'll labour hard but I will fill your Font, Sir.

1 Par. I have a Mother now, and an old Father,
 They are as sure your own, within these two Months—

4 Par. My Sister must be pray'd for too, she is desperate,
 Desperate in Love.

Die. Keep desperate Men far from her,
 Then 'twill go hard : Do you see how melancholy,
 Do you mark the Man ? Do you profess, ye love him ?
 And would do any thing to stay his Fury ?
 And are ye unprovided to refresh him,

(17) *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit Duties,*] *Duties* here
 is not absolute Nonsense ; but *Dues* is the proper and customary
 Word on the Occasion, and, therefore, I very believe, the Original
 one.

To make him know your Loves? fy, Neighbours.

2 Par. We'll do any thing.

We have brought Musick to appease his Spirit,
And the best Song we'll give him.

Die. 'Pray ye, sit down, Sir,
They know their Duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best Mirth.

Lop. 'Tis well, proceed, Neighbours;
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good Manners,
Ye had Puritan Hearts a-while, spurn'd at all Pastimes,
But I see some Hope now.

Die. We are set; proceed, Neighbours.

S O N G,

I.

*Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys sing,
The young Lasses skip and play;
Let the Cups go round, 'till round goes the Ground,
Our Learned old Vicar will stay.*

II.

*Let the Pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat Goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our Vicar this Day shall be trim.*

III.

*The stew'd Cock shall crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud Cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The Duck and the Drake shall swim in a Lake
Of Onions and Claret below.*

IV.

*Our Wives shall be neat, to bring in our Meat;
To thee our most noble Adviser;
Our Pains shall be great, and Bottles shall sweat,
And we our selves will be wiser.*

V.

*We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough,
And thou shalt be Learned old Vicar.*

Enter Arsenio and Milanes.

Arf. What ails this Priest? how highly the Thing takes it?

Mil. Lord, how it looks? has he not bought some Pre-
Leandro's Money makes the Rascal merry, [bend?
Merry at Heart; he spies us.

Lop. Be gone, Neighbours,
Here are some Gentlemen: be gone, good Neighbours,
Be gone, and labour to redeem my Favour;
No more Words, but be gone: These two are Gentlemen,
No Company for crusty-handed Fellows.

Die. We will stay for a Year or two, and try ye.

Lop. Fill all your Hearts will Joy, we will stay with ye.
Be gone, no more; I take your Pastimes graciously.

[Exeunt Parishioners.]

Would ye with me, my Friends?

Arf. We would look upon ye,
For, methinks, ye look lovely.

Lop. Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances?

Mil. Remembrances?

Lop. From *Nova Hispania*, or some Part remote, Sir,
You look like travel'd Men: May be, some old Friends,
That happily I have forgot; some Signiors
In *China* or *Cataya*; some Companions ———

Die. In the *Mogul's* Court, or elsewhere.

Arf. They are mad, sure.

Lop. Ye came not from *Peru*? Do they look, *Diego*,
As if they had some Mystery about 'em?

Another *Don Alonzo* now?

Die. Ay, marry,
And so much Money, Sir, from one you know not;
Let it be who it will.

Lop. They have gracious Favours.

Would

Would ye be private?

Mil. There's no Need on't, Sir.

We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.

Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like, I know him.

Arf. No, Sir,

I do not think, ye do.

Lop. A new Mistake, *Diego*,

Let's carry it decently.

Arf. We come to tell ye,

You have receiv'd great Sums from a young Factor

They call *Leandro*, that has rob'd his Master,

Rob'd him, and run away.

Die. Let's keep close, Master;

This News comes from a cold Country.

Lop. By my Faith, it freezes.

[Curate?

Mil. Is not this true? do you shrink now, good-man
Do I not touch ye?

Lop. We have a hundred Duckets

Yet left, we do beseech ye, Sir —

Mil. You'll hang Both,

Lop. One may suffice.

Die. I will not hang alone, Master,

I had the least Part, you shall hang the highest.

A Plague o' this *Tiveria*, and the Letter!

The Devil sent it post, to pepper us,

From *Nova Hispania*; we shall hang at home now.

Arf. I see, ye are Penitent, and I have Compassion:

Ye are secure Both; do but what we charge ye,

Ye shall have more Gold too, and he shall give it,

Yet ne'er indanger ye.

Lop. Command us, Master,

Command us presently, and see how nimbly —

Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour —

Arf. Go home, and 'till ye hear more, keep you private,

'Till we appear again, no Words, good Vicar,

There's something added.

Mil. For You too.

Lop. We are ready.

Mil. Go and expect us hourly: I fye falter,

Though ye had twenty Lives —

Die.

Die. We are fit to lose 'em.

Lop. 'Tis most expedient, that we should hang Both.

Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our Fortune.

Mil. Farewel, and be your own Friends.

Lop. We expect ye ———

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *A Bar: A Table-Book, two
Chairs, Paper, and a Standish set out.*

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Oct. We cited to the Court!

Jac. It is my Wonder.

Oct. But not our Fear, *Jacintha*: wealthy Men,
That have Estates to lose, whose conscious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may shake with Horror
To have their Actions sifted, or appear
Before the Judge. But we, that know our selves
As innocent, as poor; that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take sure hold; may smile with Scorn on all
That can be urg'd against us.

Jac. I am confident,
There is no Man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our Wants from us; and less Hope
There can be so much Justice left on Earth,
Though sued, and call'd upon, to ease us of
The Burthen of our Wrongs.

Oct. What thinks *Ascanio*?
Shou'd we be call'd in Question, or accus'd
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous Oppression?

Asc. I cou'd pray
To him that ever has an open Ear
To hear the Innocent, and right their Wrongs;
Nay, by my Troth, I think, I cou'd out-plead
An Advocate, and sweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, e'er you should suffer
In an honest Cause.

Enter

Enter Jamie and Bartolus.

Off. Happy Simplicity !

Jac. My dearest and my best one ; Don *Jamie* !

Off. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be summon'd.

Asc. My Lord is mov'd. I see it in his Looks,
And that Man, in the Gown, in my Opinion
(18) Looks like a proggings Knave.

Jac. Peace, give them Leave.

Jam. Serve me with Procces ?

Bar. My Lord, you are not lawless.

Jam. Nor thou honest ;

One, that not long since was the buckram Scribe,
(19) That would run on Mens Errands for an *Asper* ;
And from such Baseness, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar.
So poor in Practice too, that you wou'd plead
A needy Client's Cause, for a starv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, though fly-blown ;
And these, the greatest Fees you could arrive at
For just Proceedings ; but since you turn'd Rascal —

Bar. Good Words, my Lord.

Jam. And grew my Brother's Bawd,
In all his vicious Courses, soothing him
In his dishonest Practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent Knave ; in the Devil's Name,
What am I cited for ?

Bar. You shall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter Language,
Or I'll miss of my Ends.

Jam. Were't not in Court,
I would beat that Fat of thine, rais'd by the Food
Snatch'd from poor Clients' Mouths, into a Jelly :
I would, my Man of Law, but I am patient,

(18) *Looks like a proggings Knave.*] I never knew, nor am acquainted with this Word : It must certainly be, *proggings* ; i. e. an hungry, scraping, hoarding-up Rascal. *Prog* is a cant Word for *Provisions*.

(19) — on Mens Errands for an *Asper*.] An *Asper* is a Turkish Coin, in Value about three Farthings.

And

And would obey the Judge.

Bar. 'Tis your best Course :

'Would, every Enemy I have wou'd beat me,
I would wish no better Action.

Off. 'Save your Lordship.

Asc. My humble Service.

Jam. My good Boy, how dost thou ?
Why art thou call'd into the Court ?

Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.

Asc. I know not,

But 'tis my Lord the Assistant's Pleasure
I shou'd attend here.

Jam. He will soon resolve us.

Off. Make way there for the Judge.

Jam. How ? my kind Brother ?

Nay, then, 'tis rank : There is some Villany towards.

Assist. This Sessions purchas'd at your Suit, Don Hen-
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine [*rique,*
Of what you can prefer.

Hen. I do beseech

The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate.

Assist. 'Tis granted.

Bar. Humh, humh ! ———

Jam. That Preface,

If left out in a Lawyer, spoils the Cause,
Though ne'er so good, and honest.

Bar. If I stood here,

To plead in the Defence of an ill Man,
Most equal Judge, or to accuse the Innocent,
(To both which I profess my self a Stranger,)
It wou'd be requisite I shou'd deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all Flourishes
That grace a Rhetorician ; 'tis confess'd,
Adulterate Metals need the Gold-smith's Art,
To set 'em off ; what in it self is perfect
Contemns a borrowed Gloss : This Lord, my Client,
Whose honest Cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge Justice, finding in his Conscience

A tender Scruple of a Fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolv'd of't by his Confessor,
If that in open Court he publish not
What was so long conceal'd.

Jam. To what tends this?

Bar. In his young years (it is no Miracle, [ther])
(20) That Youth, and Heat of Blood, should mix toge-
He look'd upon this Woman, on whose Face
The Ruins yet remain of excellent Form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.

Jac. You good Angels,
What an Impudence is this?

Bar. And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtship, Presents, that might win her
To be at his Devotion! But in vain;
Her maiden Fort, impregnable, held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
These Witnesses a solemn Contract pass'd
To take her as his Wife.

Assist. Give them their Oath.

Jam. They are incompetent Witnesses, his own Crea-
And will swear any thing for half a Ryal. [tures,

Off. Silence.

Assist. Proceed.

Bar. Upon this strong Assurance
He did enjoy his Wishes to the full;
Which satisfied, and then with Eyes of Judgment,
Hood-wink'd with Lust before, considering duly
The Inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly descended, and allied, but she
Without a Name, or Family, secretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to disanull
His former Contract, marrying openly

(20) ————— (*it is no Miracle,
That Youth, and Head of Blood, should mix together*)] *Head*
of Blood is certainly far from being an intelligible Expression. A
Man is often head-strong in his youthful Passions, and then his Blood
is hot and violent. I have restor'd *Heat* from the Authority of the
two oldest *Folio's* in 1647 and 1679: And so Mr. *Seward* sagaciously
conjectured that the Reading should be.

The Lady *Violante*.

Jac. As you sit here
 The Deputy of the great King, who is
 The Substitute of that impartial Judge,
 With whom, or Wealth, or Titles prevail Nothing,
 Grant to a much-wrong'd Widow, or a Wife,
 Your Patience, with Liberty to speak
 In her own Cause; and let me, Face to Face
 To this bad Man, deliver what he is:
 And if my Wrongs, with his Ingratitude balanc'd,
 Move not Compassion, let me die unpitied.
 His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I pass o'er;
 To think of them, is a Disease; but Death,
 Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
 (For Innocence cannot justify what's false,)
 But all the Advocate hath alledg'd concerning
 His Falshood, and my Shame, in my Consent,
 To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
 To thee, Don *Henrique*, and if impious Acts
 Have left thee Blood enough to make a Blush,
 I'll paint it on thy Cheeks. Was not the Wrong
 Sufficient to defeat me of mine Honour,
 To leave me full of Sorrow, as of Want,
 (21) The Witness of thy Lust left in my Womb,
 To testify thy Falshood, and my Shame?
 But now so many Years I had conceal'd
 Thy most inhuman Wickedness, and won
 This Gentleman to hide it from the World,
 To father what was thine (for yet by Heav'n,
 Though in the City he pass'd for my Husband,
 He never knew me as his Wife.)

Assist. 'Tis strange:
 Give him an Oath.

Os. I gladly swear, and truly.

(21) *The Witness of my Lust left in my Womb,*] We must read, *thy*. As *Jacintha* was a modest Woman, and had been contracted in Marriage to *Henrique*, who afterwards forsook her; and as she is here complaining of his Wickedness, the present Reading is evidently corrupt. She speaks of *his* Lust, and not her own. *Mr. Seward.*

Thy is confirm'd by the Authority of the two oldest *Folio's*.

Jac. After all this, I say, when I had borne
These Wrongs with Saint-like Patience, saw another
Freely enjoy, what was in Justice mine,
Yet still so tender of thy Rest and Quiet,
I never wou'd divulge it, to disturb
Thy Peace at home; yet thou most barbarous,
To be so careless of me, and my Fame,
(For all Respect of thine in the first Step
To thy base Lust, was lost,) in open Court
To publish my Disgrace; and on Record,
To write me up an easy-yielding Wanton;
I think, can find no Precedent: in my Extrems,
One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy Bed, and made free Way
To the unjust Embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my Son,
(Look up, *Ascanio*, since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate Heir.

Jam. Confederacy!

A Trick, my Lord, to cheat me; e'er you give
Your Sentence, grant me Hearing.

Assist. New Chimera's?

Jam. I am, my Lord, since he is without Issue,
Or Hope of any, his undoubted Heir;
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the Laws of *Spain* confer upon me;
A meer Imposture, and Conspiracy
Against my future Fortunes.

Assist. You are too bold.

Speak to the Cause, Don *Henrique*.

Hen. I confefs,

Though the Acknowledgment must wound my Honour,
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cause,
Or with me, or against me, is most true;
The latter part my Brother urg'd, excepted.
For what I now do, is not out of Spleen,
As he pretends, but from Remorse of Conscience,
And to repair the Wrong that I have done
To this poor Woman: And I beseech your Lordship
To think, I have not so far lost my Reason,

To

To bring into my Family, to succeed me,
 (22) The stranger Issue of another's Bed ;
 By Proof, this is my Son, I challenge him,
 Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
 By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
 He may be so recorded ; and full Pow'r
 To me, to take him Home.

Jac. A second Rape

To the poor Remnant of Content that's left me,
 If this be granted : And all my former Wrongs
 Were but Beginnings to my Miseries,
 But this the Height of all : Rather than part
 With my *Ascanio*, I'll deny my Oath,
 Profess my self a Strumpet, and endure
 What Punishment foe'er the Court decrees
 Against a Wretch that hath forsworn herself,
 Or plaid the impudent Whore.

Assist. This tastes of Passion,
 And that must not divert the Course of Justice ;
 Don *Henrique*, take your Son, with this Condition,
 You give him Maintenance, as becomes his Birth ;
 And 'twill stand with your Honour to do something
 For this wrong'd Woman : I will compel nothing,
 But leave it to your Will. Break up the Court :
 It is in vain to move me ; my Doom's pass'd,
 And cannot be revok'd. —

[*Exit.*

Hen. There's your Reward.

Bar. More Causes, and such Fees. Now to my Wife,
 I have too long been absent. Health to your Lordship.

[*Exit.*

Asc. You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe
 This unexpected Fortune makes me proud ;
 Indeed, it do's not : I shall ever pay you
 The Duty of a Son, and honour you
 Next to my Father : Good my Lord, for yet

(22) *The stranger* — *Issue of another's Bed* ;] It is very frequent both with SHAKESPEARE and our Poets to use the Substantive *Stranger* adjectively, prefix'd to another Substantive : In the Acceptation of, *foreign*. In Confirmation of which it would be needless to amass Instances.

I dare not call you Uncle, be not fad ;
I never shall forget those noble Favours
You did me being a Stranger, and if ever
I live to be the Master of a Fortune,
You shall command it.

Jam. Since it was determin'd
I shou'd be cozen'd, I am glad the Profit
Shall fall on thee ; I am too tough to melt,
But something I will do.

Hen. 'Pray you, take Leave
O'your Steward, gentle Brother, the good Husband
That takes up all for you.

Jam. Very well, mock on,
It is your Turn : I may have mine —

[*Exit.*

Off. But do not
Forget us, dear *Ascanio*.

Asc. Do not fear it,
I ev'ry day will see you : Ev'ry hour
Remember you in my Pray'rs.

Off. My Grief's too great
To be exprefs'd in Words —

[*Exit.*

Hen. Take that and leave us, [*Gives Money to* *Jacintha*.
Leave us without Reply ; nay, come back, Sirrah ;
And study to forget such things as these
As are not worth the Knowledge. [*Asc. offers to follow.*

Asc. O good Sir,
These are bad Principles —

Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine, for Wealth and Poverty
Can hold no Friendship : And what is my Will
You must observe and do, though good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bartolus.

[*Wonders,*

Bar. Where is my Wife? 'Fore Heav'n, I have done
Done mighty things to day ; My *Amaranta*,—
My Heart rejoices at my wealthy Gleanings,
A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,

A Lord that builds his Happiness on Brawlings,
O 'tis a blessed Thing to have rich Clients.

Why, Wife, I say,—how fares my studious Pupil?
Hard at it still? Ye are too violent,

All things must have their Rests, they will not last else;
Come out and breathe.

[Leandro *within*.

Lean. I do beseech you, pardon me;
I am deeply in a sweet Point, Sir.

Bar. I'll instruct ye :

Enter Amaranta.

I say, take Breath; seek Health first, then your Study.
O my sweet Soul, I have brought thee golden Birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done strange Wonders:
There's more a hatching too.

(23) *Ama.* Have ye done Good, Husband?
Then 'tis a good Day spent.

Bar. Good enough, Chicken.

I have spread the Nets o'th' Law, to catch rich Booties,
And they come fluttering in. How do's my Pupil?
My modest Thing, hast thou yet spoken to him?

Ama. As I pass'd by his Chamber, I might see him;
But he's so bookish.

Bar. And so bashful, too;
I'faith, he is, before he'll speak, he'll starve there.

Ama. I pity him a little.

Bar. So do I too.

Ama. And if he please to take the Air o'th' Gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward Rooms, so he molest not— [thee.

Bar. He shall not trouble thee, he dare not speak to

Enter Moor, with a Chess-board.

Bring out the Chess-board,—come, let's have a game, Wife;

(23) ———— *Have you done good Husband?*

Then 'tis a good Day spent.] The corrupt Pointing of this Passage, thro' all the Editions, has quite debased it to stark Nonsense. When *Bartolus* has bragg'd of the mighty Wonders he has done, *Amaranta*, who was sufficiently acquainted with the Iniquity of his Heart, smartly replies, *Ay, but have you done Good, Husband?* Without this Regulation, it is void of all Sense and Meaning.

I'll try your Mastery, you say you're cunning.

Ama. As learned as ye are, Sir, I shall beat ye.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he steals out, put him not out of Countenance, Prethee, look another way, he will be gone else. Walk and refresh your self, I'll be with you presently.

Lean. I'll take the Air a little. [*Play at Chess.*

Bar. 'Twill be healthful. [*Man.*

Ama. Will ye be there? Then, here, I'll spare ye that

Lean. Wou'd I were so near too, and a Mate fitting.

Ama. What think ye, Sir, to this? Have at your Knight now. [*vice.*

Bar. 'Twas subtly play'd: Your Queen lies at my Ser-Prethee, look off, he is ready to pop in again; Look off, I say, dost not see how he blushes?

Ama. I do not blast him.

Lean. But ye do, and burn too; What killing Looks she steals?

Bar. I have you now close, Now for a Mate.

Lean. You are a blessed Man that may so have her. Oh, that I might play with her ——— [*Knock within.*

Bar. Who's there? I come; you cannot scapeme now, Wife. I come, I come. [*Knocks.*

Lean. Most blessed Hand, that calls him.

Bar. Play quickly, Wife.

Ama. 'Pray ye, give Leave to think, Sir.

Enter Moor.

Moor. An honest Neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir, Would fain speak with your Worship about Business.

Lean. The Devil blow him off.

Bar. Play.

Ama. I will study: For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me--- [*Knock.*

Bar. He knocks again, I cannot stay. *Leandro,* 'Pray thee come near.

Lean. I am well, Sir, here.

Bar. Come hither:

Be not afraid, but come.

Ama. Here's none will bite, Sir.

Lean. God forbid, Lady!

Ama. 'Pray, come nearer.

Lean. Yes, forsooth.

Bar. 'Prethee, observe these Men: just as they stand
And see this Lady do not alter 'em,
And be not partial, Pupil.

Lean. No indeed, Sir.

Bar. Let her not move a Pawn, I'll come back pre-
Nay, you shall know, I am a Conqueror.

Have an eye, Pupil —

Ama. Can ye play at Chesse, Sir?

Lean. A little, Lady.

Ama. But you cannot tell me

How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;
(H'as noble Eyes :) Ye dare not friend me so far?

Lean. I dare do any thing that's in Man's Pow'r, Lady,
To be a Friend to such a noble Beauty.

Ama. This is no Lawyers Language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, ye see I am set round,
T'avoid my Husband?

Lean. I shall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be instructed.

Ama. Yes and I'll thank ye too, shall I move this Man?

Lean. Those are unseemly: Move one that can serve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.

Ama. 'Pray ye tell quickly,
He will return, and then —

Lean. I'll tell ye instantly,
Move me, and I'll move any way to serve ye,
Move your Heart this way, Lady.

Ama. How?

Lean. 'Pray ye, hear me.
Behold the Sport of Love, when he's imperious,
Behold the slave of Love.

Ama. Move my Queen this way?
(Sure, he's some worthy Man :) Then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him —

Lean. Do but behold me,

If there be Pity in you, do but view me;
But view the Misery I have undertaken
For you, the Poverty.

Ama. He will come presently.

Now play your best, Sir, though I lose this Rook here,
Yet I get Liberty.

Lean. I'll seize your fair Hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred Kisses.
The God of Love warm your Desires but equal,
That shall play my Game now.

Ama. What do you mean, Sir?
Why do you stop me?

Lean. That ye may intend me.
The Time has blest us Both: Love bids us use it.
I am a Gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your Love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole Heart to ye, thus I give it,
And to those burning Altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine Lips, where perpetual Spring grows—

Ama. Take that, ye are too saucy.

Lean. How, proud Lady?
Strike my Deserts?

Ama. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What, Wife, there?
Heav'n keep my House from Thieves.

Lean. I am wretched:
Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my Wishes.
I shall be hooted at.

Bar. What Noise was this, Wife?
Why dost thou smile?

Lean. This proud Thing will betray me.

Bar. Why these lie here? What angry, Dear?

Ama. No, Sir,
Only a Chance, your Pupil said he plaid well,
And so, indeed, he do's: He undertook for ye,
Because I would not sit so long time idle;
I made my Liberty, avoided your Mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me,

Q 3

Indeed,

Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When presently
Hearing you come, and having broke his Ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my Queen fair,
I rose o'th' sudden smilingly to shew ye ;
My Apron caught the Chefs-board, and the Men,
And there the Noife was.

Bar. Thou art grown a Master,
For all this I shall beat ye.

Lean. Or I you, Lawyer ;
For now I love her more ; 'twas a neat Answer,
And by it hangs a mighty Hope, I thank her ;
She gave my Pate a found Knock, that it rings yet,
But you shall have a founder if I live, Lawyer ;
My Heart akes yet, I would not be in that fear—

Bar. I am glad ye are a Gamester, Sir, sometimes
For Recreation we two shall fight hard at it.

Ama. He will prove too hard for me.

Lean. I hope, he shall do, [good Lady.
But your Chefs-board is too hard for my Head ; line that,

Bar. I have been attoning two most wrangling Neigh-
They had no Mony, therefore I made even. [bours,
Come, let's go in and eat ; truly, I'm hungry.

Lean. I have eat'n already, I must intreat your Pardon.

Bar. Do as ye please, we shall expect y'at Supper.
He has got a little Heart ; now it seems handsomely.

Ama. You'll get no little Head, if I don't look to ye.

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou Vanity —

Ama. I was to blame to be so rash, I'm sorry —

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, and Ascanio.

Hen. H E A R but my Reasons.

Vio. O my Patience, hear 'em !
Can cunning Falshood colour an Excuse
With any seeming Shape of borrow'd Truth

T'extenuate

(24) T' extenuate this wilfull Wrong, not Error?

Hen. You gave consent, that, to defeat my Brother,
I should take any Course.

Vio. But not to make

The Cure more loathsom than the foul Disease :
Was't not enough you took me to your Bed,
Tir'd with loose Dalliance, and with empty Veins,
All those Abilities spent before and wasted,
That cou'd confer the Name of Mother on me ;
But that (to perfect my Account of Sorrow
For my long Barrenness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my Face, that you were Fruitful
Hug'd in the base Embraces of another?
If Solitude, that dwelt beneath my Roof,
And Want of Children was a Torment to me,
What End of my Vexation to behold
A Bastard to upbraid me with my Wants?
And hear the Name of Father paid to ye,

(25) Yet know my self no Mother, What can you say?

Hen. Shall I confess my Fault, and ask your Pardon?
Will that content ye?

Vio. If it cou'd make void,

What is confirm'd in Court : No, no, Don *Henrique*,
You shall know, that I find my self abus'd ;
And add to that, I have a Woman's Anger,
And while I look upon this Basilisk,

(24) *Extenuate this wofull Wrong, not Error?*] The Poets are robb'd, I dare say, of the *Antithesis* here required to support the Vivacity of their Meaning. *Henrique* has most plainly been excusing his Conduct, and calling the Steps he has taken erroneous : Upon which *Violante* would say, *Do you think to colour out an Excuse with cunning Falshood, and extenuate the Guilt of your Proceedings by calling That Error, which is a willfull Wrong?* And to this Tenour I have ventured to amend the Text.

☞ This is the last Note of the last Sheet in this Volume which poor Mr. *Theobald* had prepared for the Press. From hence we have only his Marginal Corrections of the Text, without any Reasons assign'd ; as far as I propose to proceed in this Work, I shall endeavour to do his Memory all the Justice I am able. *T. Seward.*

(25) *What can I say?*] The Answer plainly shews that it should be *you*. *Seward.*

(26) Whose venomous Eyes have blasted all my Comforts,
Rest confident, I'll study my dark Ends,
And not your Pleasures.

Asc. Noble Lady, hear me,
Not as my Father's Son, but as your Servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me, for such in my Duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor Ambition, ever to look on you,
But with that Reverence, which a Slave stands bound
To pay a worthy Mistress. I have heard
That Dames of highest place, nay Queens themselves,
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest Birth: And I shall be most happy,
To be employ'd when you please to command me,
Even in the courtest Office? As your Page
I can wait on your Trencher, fill you Wine,
Carry your Pantofles, and be sometimes bless'd
In all Humility to touch your Feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much Grace,
I can run by your Coach, observe your Looks,
And hope to gain a Fortune by my Service,
With your good favour; which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge.

Vio. As a Son?

Asc. Forgive me,
I will forget the Name, let it be Death
For me to call you Mother. *Vio.* Still upbraided?

Hen. Is no way left t' appease you?

Vio. None: Now hear me:

Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,
And if I break it, all plagues in this Life,
And those that after Death are fear'd, fall on me.
While that this Bastard stays under my Roof,
Look for no Peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a Wife.

Hen. What am I fain to?

(26) *Whose envious Eyes*] *Envious* seems neither proper to the
Basilisk nor to *Ascanio*; *Venomous* is so near the trace of the Letters,
that I hope the Reader will assent to its Insertion in the Text.

Seward.

Vio.

Vio. I will not eat, nor sleep with you, and those hours,
Which I shou'd spend in Prayers for your Health,
Shall be employ'd in Curses.

Hen. Terrible.

Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As lingring Feavers, and I'll watch the Nights,
To ring aloud your Shame, and break your Sleeps.
Or if you do but slumber, I'll appear
I'the shape of all my Wrongs, and like a Fury
Fright you to Madnes; and if all this fail
To work out my Revenge, I've Friends and Kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the Disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble Family
In what I suffer.

Hen. How am I divided
Between the Duties I owe as a Husband,
And Piety of a Parent?

Asc. I am taught, Sir,
By the instinct of Nature, that Obedience
Which bids me to prefer your Peace of Mind
Before those Pleasures that are dearest to me;
Be wholly hers my Lord, I quit all parts,
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no distaste e'er find you, and before
The Characters of Age are printed on you,
May you see many Images of your selves,
Though I, like some false Glas, that's never look'd in,
Am cast aside, and broken. From this hour,
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will set my forbidden Feet
Over your Threshold; only give me leave,
Though cast off to the World, to mention you
In my Devotions, it is all I sue for,
And so I take my last leave.

Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a Wife, nay almost sold
A Slave to serve her Pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all Humanity, but I must
Shew something of a Father; thou shalt not go
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: take that

To guard thee from Necessities ; may thy Goodness
 (27) Meet many Favours, for thine Innocence
 Deserves to be the Heir of greater Fortunes,
 Than thou wert Born to. Scorn me not, *Violante*,
 This Banishment is a kind of civil Death,
 And now, as it were at his Funeral,
 To shed a Tear or two, is not unmanly,
 And so farewell for ever. One word more,
 Though I must never see thee, my *Ascanio*,
 When this is spent, for so the Judge decreed,

[*Exit Ascanio.*

Send to me for supply. Are you pleas'd now ?

Vio. Yes ; I have cause, to see you Howl and Blubber
 At th' parting of my Torment, and your Shame.
 'Tis well : proceed : supply his wants : do do :
 Let the great Dower I brought, serve to maintain
 Your Bastard's Riots : Send my Clothes and Jewels
 T' your old acquaintance, your dear Dame his Mother.
 Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do misconstru'd ?

Vio. I will take

A Course to right my self, a speeding one :
 By the bless'd Saints, I will ; if I prove cruel,
 The shame to see thy foolish Pity, taught me
 To lose my natural Softness ; keep off from me,
 Thy Flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
 As I would do a Leaper.

Hen. Let not Fury

Transport you so : You know I am your Creature,
 All Love, but to your self, with him, hath left me.
 I'll join with you in any thing.

Vio. In vain,

I'll take mine own Ways, and will have no Partners.

Hen. I will not cross you.

(27) ——— and thine Innocence

*Deserve to be the Heir.] Ascanio has shew'd so many Instances of Innocence, that the Occasion here seems only to require a Prayer that his Innocence may be rewarded. It should seem therefore that either the word *deserve* should be chang'd to *arrive*, or the whole be turn'd into an Affirmation, as I have ventured to make it.*

Seward.

Vio.

Vio. Do not, they shall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspick's, mild.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lopez, Milanese, and Arsenio.

Lop. (28) Sits the Game there: I have you; by
mine Order

I love *Leandro* for't.

Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity,

Lop. He shall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his Pray'rs, if he use any,
I am honyed with the Project: I wou'd have him horn'd
For a most precious Beast.

Ars. But you lose time.

Lop. I'm gone, instruct *Diego*, you will find him
A sharp and subtle Knave, give him but Hints
And he will amplify. See all things ready,
I'll fetch him with a Vengeance —

[*Exit.*]

Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.

Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.

Ars. All things are ready.

Mil. Then we shall have a merry Scene, ne'er fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Amaranta, with a Note, and Moor.

Ama. Is thy Master gone out?

Moor. Ev'n now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business as it seem'd,

(28) — *I have you by mine Order;*

I love Leandro for't.] Mr. *Sympson* has very justly regulated the Stops here.

For

For he snatch'd up his Cloak, and brush'd his Hat straight,
Set his Band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, *Egla*,
As luckily, as one would say, go Husband;
He was call'd by Providence! Fling this short Paper
Into *Leandro's* Cell, and waken him,
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my Chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it:
Take your own Recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.

Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Octavio, and Jacintha.

Oct. If that you lov'd *Ascanio* for himself,
And not your private Ends, you rather shou'd
Bless the fair Opportunity, that restores him
T' his Birth-right, and the Honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good Fortune.

Jac. Grieve, *Octavio*?
I would resign my Essence, that he were
As happy as my Love cou'd fashion him,
Though every Blessing that shou'd fall on him,
Might prove a Curse to me: My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with *Don Henrique's* Nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery Temper
Of Madam *Violante*: Can you think
That she, that almost is at War with Heav'n
For being barren, will with equal Eyes
Behold a Son of mine?

Oct. His Father's Care,
That for the want of Issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own Fame,
Will look unto his Safety.

Jac. Step-mothers
Have many Eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to Goodness.

Enter

Enter Jamie and Ascanio.

Off. Here comes *Don Jamie*,
And with him our *Ascanio*.

Jam. Good Youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my Company,
And only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy Father's anger.

Asc. Sir, if that to serve you
Cou'd lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I still wou'd follow you. Alas I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help my self,
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.

Jam. Is't possible?

Asc. The Lady, whom my Father calls his Wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of Doors.

Jac. By my best hopes
I thank her Cruelty, for it comes near
A saving Charity.

Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you, 'pray you share :
My Father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I shou'd be supplied : But sure the Lady
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a Stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.

Ser. From my Lady,
Your private Ear, and this——

Jam. New Miracles?

Ser. She says, if you dare make your self a Fortune,
She will propose the Means ; my Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and she alone expects you ;
If you dare trust her, so ; if not, despair of
A second Offer.

[*Exit.*

Jam. Though there were an Ambush

Laid

Laid for my Life, I'll on and sound this Secret.
 Retire thee, my *Ascanio*, with thy Mother:
 But stir not forth, some great Design's on Foot,
 Fall what can fall, if e'er the Sun be set
 I see you not, give me for dead.

Asc. We will expect you,
 And those blest'd Angels, that love Goodness, guard you.
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he shou'd be rich?

Lop. Most possible,
 He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings,
 Drawing together, Sir.

Bar. Accounted a poor Sexton,
 Honest poor *Diego*.

Lop. I assure ye, a close Fellow,
 Both close, and scraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.

Bar. A notable good Fellow too?

Lop. Sometimes, Sir.
 When he hop'd to drink a Man into a Surfeit,
 That he might gain by his Grave.

Bar. So many thousands?

Lop. Heav'n knows what.

Bar. 'Tis strange,
 'Tis very strange; but we see by endeavour,
 And honest labour —

Lop. *Milo*, by continuance
 Grew from a silly Calf, with your Worships Reverence,
 To carry a Bull; from a penny, to a pound, Sir,
 And from a pound to many: 'Tis the Progress.

Bar. Ye say true, but he lov'd to feed well also,
 And that methinks —

Lop. From another Man's Trencher, Sir,
 (29) And there he found it season'd with small charge:

(29) Mr. *Theobald* has in the Margin alter'd the first *there to where*, joining the second Line to the third and not to the first. But as the present reading and pointing seem to give a just Sense, I have not chang'd them.

There

There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, suckt the Air of Misery,

[*Table set out, Standish, Paper, and Stools.*

And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-shell.
Wou'd smell a Cooks-shop, and go home and Surfeit,
And be a Month in fasting out that Feaver. [say ye?

Bar. These are good Symptoms. Do's he lye so sick,

Lop. Oh, very sick.

Bar. And chosen me Executor?

Lop. Only your Worship.

Bar. No hope of his Amendment?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. Hath he no Kinsmen neither?

Lop. 'Truth, very few.

Bar. His Mind will be the quieter.

What Doctors has he?

Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needless things, in such Extremities.
Who draws the good Man's Will?

Lop. Marry that do I, Sir,
And to my Grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir,
Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counsel ye.
An honest Man, but such Men live not always:
Who are about him?

Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That wou'd pretend t'his love, yes, and some Gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his Kindred
Rich Men can want no Heirs, Sir.

Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we shall take care.

*Enter, with Diego in a Bed, Milanes, Arsenio,
and Parisbioners.*

Lop. Will ye come near, Sir?
'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may see in what State:
Give him fresh Air.

Bar. I am sorry, Neighbour *Diego*,

To

To find ye in so weak a state.

Die. Y'are welcome,

But I am fleeting, Sir.

Bar. Methinks he looks well,

His Colour fresh, and strong, his Eyes are chearful.

Lop. A glimmering before Death, 'tis nothing else, Sir,
Do you see how he fumbles with the Sheet? do ye
note that? [for ye,

Die. My Learned Sir, 'pray ye fit: I am bold to send
To take a care of what I leave.

Lop. Do ye hear that?

Arf. Play the Knave finely.

Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.

Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him,
You see he's weak, and has a wandring Fancy.

Die. My honest Neighbours, weep not, I must leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye Company.

We must drop still, there is no remedy.

'Pray ye Master Curate, will ye write my Testament,
And write it largely it may be remembred,

And be Witness to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;

Your Worship I do make my full Executor,

You are a Man of Wit and Understanding.

Give me a Cup of Wine to raise my Spirits,

For I speak low: I wou'd, before these Neighbours,

Have ye to swear, Sir, that you'll see it executed,

And what I give let equally be rendred

For my Soul's health.

Bar. I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye, before all these,
Once more I give my Oath.

Die. Then set me higher,

And pray come near me all.

Lop. We're ready for ye.

Mil. Now spur the Ases, and get our Friend time.

Die. First then,

After I have given my Body to the Worms,

For they must be serv'd first, they're seldom cozen'd.

Lop. Remember your Parish, Neighbour.

Die.

Die. You speak truly,
I do remember it, a lewd vile Parish,
And pray it may be mended: To the Poor of it,
Which is to all the Parish, I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing is most natural,
Yet leave as much space, as will build an Hospital,
Their Children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it?

Die. Set down two thousand Duckets.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembered.

Die. To your Worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more, it may be three, Sir,
A poor Gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. These are large Sums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.

Die. To my old Master Vicar, I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir,
But there be more to serve.

Bar. This fellow coins sure. [Books,

Die. Give me more drink. Pray ye buy Books, buy
You have a learned Head, stuff it with Libraries,
And understand 'em, when ye have done, 'tis Justice.
Run not the Parish mad with Controversies,
Nor preach up Abstinence to longing Women,
'Twill purge the bottoms of their Consciences:
I'd give the Church new Organs, but I prophesie [rish,
The Church-wardens wou'd quickly pipe 'em out o'th' Pa-
Two hundred Duckets more to mend the Cancel,
And to paint true Orthography, as many,
They write *Sunt* with a *C*, which is abominable,
'Pray you set that down. To poor Maidens Marriages.

Lop. Ay that's well thought of, what's your will in that
A meritorious thing. [point?

Bar. No end of this will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram,
That there be no strait dealings in their Linnens,
But the Sails cut according to their Burthens.
To all Bell-ringers I bequeath new Ropes,

And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

Arf. You may remember us.

Die. I do, good Gentlemen,
And I bequeath you both good careful Surgeons,
A Legacy you have need of, more than Money,
I know you want good Diets, and good Lotions,
And in your pleasures, good take-heed.

Lop. He raves now,
But 'twill be quickly off.

Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of Pins, Brown-papers, Pack-threads,
Roast Pork, and Puddings, Ginger-bread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please and be cozen'd with 'em,
I should bequeath ye Executions also,
But those I'll leave to th' Law.

Lop. Now he grows Temperate.

Bar. You'll give no more?

Die. I am loth to give more from ye,
Because I know you'll have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.

Die. I give to fatal Dames, that spin Mens Threads out,
And poor distressed Damsels, that are Militant
As Members of our own Afflictions,
A hundred Crowns to buy warm Tubs to work in ;
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A spacious Church-yard, to lay Thieves and Knaves in,
Rich Men and honest Men take all the room up.

Lop. Are ye not weary?

Die. Never of well doing.

Bar. These are mad Legacies.

Die. They were got as madly ;
My Sheep, and Oxen, and my Moveables,
My Plate, and Jewels, and five hundred Acres ;
I have no Heirs.

Bar. This cannot be, 'tis monstrous.

Die. Three Ships at Sea too.

Bar. You have made me full Executor?

Die. Full, full, and total, wou'd I had more to give ye,
But

But these may serve an honest Mind.

Bar. Ye say true,
A very honest Mind, and make it rich too ;
Rich, wondrous rich ; but where shall I raise these Monies,
(30) About your House ? I see no such great Promises ;
Where shall I find these Sums ?

Die. Ev'n where you please, Sir,
You're wise and provident, and know business,
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good, I'm reasonable.

Bar. Think good ? will that raise thousands ?
What do you make me ? [fort.

Die. You have sworn to see it done, that's all my com-

Bar. Where I please ? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me.

Die. Ye're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it,
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd, I'm laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baff'd, and boar'd, it seems.

Arf. No, no, ye are fool'd.

Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Masters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,
And have their Worships Noses wip'd, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit : You fool us of our Monies
In every Cause, in every Quiddit wipe us. [Gentlemen.

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my Heart,
This merry Lawyer — ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar —
I think this fit will cure me : This Executor —
I shall laugh out my Lungs.

Bar. This is Derision above Suff'rance, Villany
Plotted and set against me.

Die. Faith 'tis Knavery,
In troth I must confess, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this Man been rich —

Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.

Mil. He wou'd have chosen such a Wolf, a Canker,
(31) A Maggot, Rat, to be his whole Executor ?

Lop.

(30) — *Such great Promises ;*] Mr. *Sympson* conjectures that the Lawyer would naturally use the word *Premises* but seems unwilling to disturb the Text.

(31) *A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor ?*] Whimsical idle flatter-brain'd People are frequently call'd *Maggot-pated* : but this

Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all Mens Honesties,
Lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that pass his Pit-falls?
Puts Powder to all States, to make 'em caper?
Wou'd he trust you? Do you deserve?

Die. I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplasim of a well cozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my Stomach, lenifies my Feaver,
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am asham'd to feel how flat I'm cheated,
How grosly, and maliciously made a May-game,
A damn'd trick; my Wife, my Wife, some Rascal:
My Credit and my Wife; some lustful Villain,
Some Bawd, some Rogue:

Arf. (32) Some Craftsman, Fool, has found ye:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach ye to be too busie,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring Oare in all Mens Actions.

Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine Officioufness.

Bar. Good yield ye, and good thank ye: I am fool'd.
The Lawyer is an Afs, I do confes it, [Gentlemen;
A weak, dull, shallow Afs: Good Even to your Worships,
Vicar, remember, Vicar; — Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich Rascal.

Die. I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye stay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies,
To make your Mouth up, Sir.

Bar. Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I've brine for all your Buttocks.

[Exit.

Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!

Die. His Gall contains fine stuff now to make Poysons,

is by no means the Lawyer's Character, nor does it suit with the two former Titles, which both imply villany and eating into other Mens Estates. My Conjecture is near the trace of the Letters, and will, I hope, be allow'd. *Seward.*

(32) *Some crafty Fool has found ye:]* It cannot be supposed that *Arsenio* would call *Leandro* a Fool, and the Reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the same Objection; and tho' I do not remember the Word *Craftsman* in our Authors, yet it is used in the same Sense by *Fairfax* in his excellent Translation of *Tasso*. *Seward.*

Rare

Rare damned Stuff.

Arf. Let's after, and still vex him,
And take my Friend off: By this time he's prosper'd,
He cannot lose this dear time: 'Tis impossible.

Mil. *Diego*, thou'ft done well.

Lop. Haft done it daintily.

Mil. And shalt be as well paid, Boy—

Arf. Go, let's crucifie him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Lean. I've told ye all my Story, and how desperately.

Ama. I do believe: Let's walk on, time is precious,
Not to be spent in Words, here no more wooing,
The open Air's an Enemy to Lovers,
Do as I tell ye.

Lean. I'll do any thing.

I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve ye.

Ama. Take your Joy moderately, as 'tis ministred,
And as the Cause invites: The Man's a Fool
That at the sight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
Then is the true Joy, when the Mony comes.

Lean. You cannot now deny me.

Ama. Nay, you know not,
Women have Crotchets, and strange Fits.

Lean. You shall not.

Ama. Hold ye to that and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye:
'Pray ye let's step in, and see a Friend of mine,
The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,
We may be mis'd else: A private fine House 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.

Lean. Do Lady,
Do happy Lady.

Ama. All your Mind's of doing,
You must be modester.

Lean. I will be any thing.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the Doors, and give me room to chafe in,
 Mine own Room, and my Liberty : Why Maid there,
 Open I say, and do not anger me,
 I'm subject to much fury : When, ye Dish-clout ?
 When do you come ? asleep, ye lazy Hell-hound ?
 Nothing intended, but your ease, and eating ?
 No Body here ? why Wife, why Wife ? why Jewel ?
 No Tongue to answer me ! pre'thee, good Pupil,
 Dispenſe a little with thy careful Study,
 And ſtep to th' door, and let me in ; nor he neither ?
 Ha ! not at's Study ? nor asleep ? nor no Body ?
 I'll make ye hear : The Houſe of Ignorance,
 No Sound inhabits here : I have a Key yet
 That commands all : I fear I'm Metamorphiz'd. [*Exit.*

*Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanes, and Diego.**Lop.* He keeps his fury ſtill, and may do miſchief.*Mil.* He ſhall be hang'd firſt, we'll be ſticklers there, Boys.

Die. The hundred thouſand Dreams now, that poſſeſs
 Of Jealouſie, and Frailty ; of Revenge, [him
 Of drawing Bills againſt us, and Petitions.

Lop. And caſting what his Credit ſhall recover.

Mil. Let him caſt 'till his Maw come up, we care not.
 You ſhall be ſtill ſecur'd. [*A great noiſe within.*

Die. We'll pay him home then ;
 Hark what a noiſe he keeps within !

Lop. Certain
 H'as ſet his Chimneys o'fire, or the Devil roars there.

Die. The Codices o'th' Law are broke looſe, Gentlemen.*Arſ.* He's fighting ſure.*Die.* I'll tell ye that immediately — [Exit.*Mil.* Or doing ſome ſtrange Outrage on himſelf.*Arſ.* Hang him, he dares not be ſo valiant.*Enter Diego.*

Die. There's no Body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
 And

And stinks withal.

[*Noise still.*

Lop. No Body?

Die. Not a Creature,

Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempest,
The Ladles, Dishes, Kettles, how they flie all!
And how the Glasses through the Rooms!

Enter Bartolus.

Arf. My Friend sure

Has got her out, and now he's made an end on't.

Lop. (33) See where the Sea comes? how it foams,
and bustles?

The great Leviathan o'th' Law, how it tumbles?

Bar. Made ev'ry way an Afs? abus'd on all sides?
And from all Quarters People come to laugh at me?
Rife like a Comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid Comet, for Boys Tongues, and Ballads?
I will run from my Wits.

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Arf. Do, do, good Lawyer,

And from thy Mony too, then thou wilt be quiet.

Mil. Here she comes home: Now mark the Salutations;
How like an Afs my Friend goes?

Arf. She has pull'd his Ears down.

Bar. Now, what sweet Voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Cousin's House?

Ama. Is this my welcome?

I cannot go to Church, but thus I am scandal'd,
Use no Devotion for my Soul, but Gentlemen —

Bar. To Church?

Ama. Yes, and ye keep Sweet Youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up Youths, to be a credit to me,
There's your delight again, pray take him to ye,
He never comes near me more to debase me.

Bar. How's this? how's this? good Wife, how, has
he wrong'd ye?

(33) — *bustles?*] Not knowing this Word I have ventured to strike
out the r, *Bristles* would make an inconsistent Metaphor with the
Sea.

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a Sheep before me,
I blush to think how People fleer'd, and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome Men, that know Behaviour,
Place, and Observance: This silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten; let every Rascal juggle me,
(34) And still I push'd him on as he'd been the Woman.

Bar. Ha! did ye push him on! is he so stupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the Priest,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, found asleep: Then first began the Bag-pipes,
The several stops on's Nose made a rare Musick,
A rare and loud, and those plaid many an Anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

Arf. As cunning, as she's sweet? I like this Carriage.

Bar. What did he then?

Ama. Why then he talk'd in's Sleep too,
Nay, I'll divulge your moral Virtues, Sheeps-face,
And talk'd aloud, that every Ear was fixt to him:
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this Time?
Talk of your bawling Law, of Appellations,
Of Declarations, and Excommunications;
Warrants, and Executions; and such Devils
That drove all th' Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hurries,
With execrable Oaths, they'd ne'er come there again.
'Thus am I serv'd and Man'd.

Lean. I pray forgive me,
I must confess I am not fit to wait on ye:
Alas, I was brought up —

(34) — *As he had been coming.*] As neither Mr. *Sympson* nor I can affix any Idea to this Reading, I have been forc'd to take an unusual Liberty, rather than leave Nonsense in the Text. I have however known several corrupt Readings that have departed more from what was demonstrably the Original, than my Correction supposes this to have done; and as the Sense I give seems perfectly natural, it is probable it might have been the Author's. It must be observed that in most Countries abroad, it is the Custom for Servants to walk before not after their Mistresses; it is, I know, in *Italy*, and I suppose our Authors knew it to be so in *Spain*. She says therefore, instead of clearing the Way for me, I was forc'd to push him forwards, or he would have lag'd behind me, as if he had been the Woman. Since I wrote this Note, a Friend to whom I shew'd it, hit off another Reading which I think full as probable as my own. He woul read — *And still I push'd him on. Was that becoming?*

Ama.

Ama. To be an Afs,

A Lawyers Afs, to carry Books, and Buckrams.

Bar. But what did you at Church?

Lop. At Church, did you ask her?

Do you hear, Gentlemen, do y' mark that question?

Because you're half an Heretick your self, Sir,

Wou'd ye breed her too? this shall to th' Inquisition?

A pious Gentlewoman reprov'd for praying?

I'll see this fil'd, and you shall hear further, Sir.

Arf. Ye have an ill Heart.

Lop. It shall be found out, Gentlemen,
There be those Youths will search it.

Die. You are warm, Signior,

But a Faggot will warm ye better: We are Witnesses.

Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.

Mil. Nay certain,

I do believe h'as rather no Religion.

Lop. That must be known too, because she goes to
Church, Sir?

O monstrum informe ingens!

Die. Let him go on, Sir,

His Wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,

And this good Lady, when he's hang'd and rotten,

May there be Abbess.

Bar. You are cozen'd, honest Gentlemen,
I do not forbid the Use but the Form, mark me.

Lop. Form? what do you make of Form?

Bar. They will undo me,

Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me;

(35) I must make fair way, and hereafter——. Wife,

You're welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure,

Go when ye shall think fit, I will not hinder ye,

My Eyes are open now, and I see my Error,

My Shame, as great as that, but I must hide it.

The whole conveyance now I smell, but *Basta*,

Another time must serve; you see us Friends, now

(35) ——— and hereafter, *Wife*,

You're welcome home,] The false Pointings made this a little
obscure, he means that he would carry things fairly at present and
revenge himself hereafter.

Seward.

Heartily

Heartily Friends, and no more chiding, Gentlemen,
I have been too foolish, I confess, no more Words,
No more, sweet Wife.

Ama. You know my easie Nature.

Bar. Go get ye in : You see she has been angry :
Forbear her Sight a while, and Time will pacify ;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could,
I will do all I am able.

[*Exit.*

Bar. Do *Leandro*,
We will not part, but Friends of all hands.

Lop. Well said,
Now ye are reasonable, we can look on ye.

Bar. Ye have jerkt me : But for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To morrow to a Breakfast, I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.

Arf. Now ye are friendly,
Your Doggedness and Niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye.

Bar. Give me your Hands, all :
You shall be welcome heartily.

Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.

Bar. The harder, the more welcome,
And till the Morning farewell ; I have business. [*Exit.*

Mil. Farewel good bountiful *Bartolus*, 'tis a brave Wench,
A sudden witty Thief, and worth all service.
Go, we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.

Die. I'll clap four tire of Teeth into my Mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.

Arf. Well *Leandro*,
Thou hast had a strange Voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe Harbour.

Mil. Let's go drink, Friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry May-games.

Lop. A match, a match, 'twill whet our Stomachs
better.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Violante, and Servant.

Ser. **M**Adam, he's come. [*Chair and Stools out.*

Viol. 'Tis well, how did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent! was he not
Or confident? or fearful? [*startled?*

Ser. As appear'd
Like one that knew his Fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what cou'd follow.

Viol. 'Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: So bring him in, be careful
That none disturb us: I will try his Temper,
And if I find him apt for my Employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not I shall
Find other Engines.

Enter Jamie, and Servant.

Ser. There's my Lady.

Viol. Leave us.

Jam. You sent for me?

Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your present State consider'd and my Power,
Deserve no greater Ceremony?

Jam. Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I owe a Duty,
Not to my Brother's Wife: I cannot fawn,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And so farewell.

Viol. He bears up still; I like it.
Pray you a word.

Jam. Yes, I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a Friend,
But not stand as a Suitor: Now your pleasure

Viol. You are very bold.

Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud;
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,
With flattery and observance.

Viol.

Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little Form join'd with Respect to her,
That can add to your Wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay raise you to a Fate, beyond your hopes,
Might well become your Wisdom.

Jam. It would rather
Write me a Fool, shou'd I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many Years I've found and prov'd
My greatest Enemy: I am still the same,
My Wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerus'd Face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your Back, what I think of you;
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so that I ever read of.
In Stature you're a Giantess; and your Tailor
Takes measure of you with a *Jacob's* Staff,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
(36) To treat of your Complexion with decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your Mother
Was too familiar with the *Moor* that serv'd her,
Your Limbs and Features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this, proceed.

Jam. This Soul I speak of,
Or rather Salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large Inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious Practices: But there's no Corner
An honest thought can take up: And as it were not
Sufficient in your self to comprehend
All wicked Plots, you've taught the Fool, my Brother,
By your Contagion almost to put off

(36) *To treat of your Complexion were decorum:*] What decorum was there in treating of her Complexion? the words *were decorum* are a meer redundancy without adding any thing to the Sense or Satyr, but the slight alteration which I have made greatly heightens both, for it prefaces the severe things that follow with an assertion that he speaks without exaggeration.

Mr. Symphon.

The

The Nature of the Man, and turn'd him Devil,
Because he should be like you, and I hope
You'll march to Hell together. I have spoken,
And if the Limning you in your true Colours
Can make the Painter gracious, I stand ready
For my Reward, or if my Words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready
To cut my Throat for't, be assur'd I cannot
Use other Language.

Viol. You think you have said now,
Like a brave Fellow : In this Woman's War
You ever have been train'd : Spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame Ass ; and when most spur'd and gall'd
Were never Master of the Spleen or Spirit,
That could raise up the anger of a Man,
And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile Creature,
Wer't thou a Subject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy Death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wer't dead ; dead, Woman ;
But being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee, and contemn thee.

Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it : I am taken with it,
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base
And low dejected Mind, I had despis'd you.
This Bravery, in your adverse Fortune, conquers
And does command me, and upon the sudden
I feel a kind of Pity, growing in me,
For your Misfortunes ; Pity some say's the Parent
Of future Love, and I repent my part
So far in what you've suffer'd, that I cou'd,
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base Brother (such, *Jamie*, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.

Jam. Ha ?

Viol. Be not amaz'd,
Our Injuries are equal in his Bastard ;
You are familiar with what I groan for,
And though the Name of Husband holds a tye

Beyond

Beyond a Brother, I, a poor weak Woman,
Am sensible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it wou'd break through all lets,
That durst oppose me.

Jam. Is it possible?

Viol. By this kiss : start not : thus much, as a Stranger
You may take from me ; but, if you were pleas'd,
I should select you as a bosom Friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus.

Jam. Keep off.

Viol. Come near,

(37) Nearer, into the Cabinet of my Counsels :
Simplicity and Patience dwell with Fools,
And let them bear those burthens, which wise Men
Boldly shake off ; be mine and join with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a Fortune,
Do not deny your self the happy means,
You'll look on me with more judicious Eyes,
And swear I am most fair.

Jam. What wou'd this Woman ?
The purpose of these words ? speak not in riddles,
And when I understand what you wou'd counsel,
My answer shall be sudden.

Viol. Thus then *Jamie*,
The objects of our fury are the same,
For young *Ascanio*, whom you Snake-like hug'd,
Frozen with wants to Death, in your warm Bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.

Jam. Now 'tis plain,
I apprehend you : And were he remov'd ———

Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted Heir.

Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd ; I was Ice before,
But now ye've fir'd me. ———

Viol. I'll add Fuel to it ;
And by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct, we'll bring our Bark into

(37) *Near into*] This is one of Mr. *Theobald's* marginal Corrections which both restores the Verse and heightens the Sentiment.

The Port of Happiness.

Jam. How?

Viol. By *Henrique's* Death :

But you'll say he's your Brother ; in great Fortunes,
Which are Epitomes of States and Kingdoms,
The Politick brook no Rivals.

Jam. Excellent!

For sure I think out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my Conscience,
Come into full Possession, would not argue
One that desir'd to thrive.

Viol. Now you speak like

A Man that knows the World.

Jam. I needs must learn

That have so good a Tutrefs. And what think you,
Don Henrique and *Ascanio* cut off
That none may live, that shall desire to trace us
In our black Paths, if that *Octavio*
His foster Father, and the sad *Jacinta*,
(Faith pity her, and free her from her Sorrows,)
Should fall Companions with 'em? When we're red
With Murder, let us often bath in Blood,
The colour will be Scarlet.

Viol. And that's glorious,

And will protect the fact.

Jam. Suppose this done:

If undiscovered, we may get for Mony,
As that you know buys any thing in *Rome*,
A Dispensation.

Viol. And be married?

Jam. True.

Or if it be known, trufs up our Gold and Jewels,
And fly to some free State, and there with scorn —

Viol. Laugh at the Laws of *Spain*.

'Twere admirable.

Jam. We shall beget rare Children. I am rapt with
The meer Imagination —

Viol. Shall it be done?

Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious: Furnish me with means
To

To hire the Instruments, and to your self
 Say it is done already: I will shew you,
 E'er the Sun set, how much you've wrought upon me,
 Your Province is only to use some means,
 To send my Brother to the Grove that's neighbour
 To the west Port of th' City; leave the rest
 To my own practice; I have talk'd too long,
 (38) But now will do: This Kiss, with my Confession,
 To work a fell Revenge a Man's a fool,
 Unless instructed in a Woman's School. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Bartolus, Algazeirs, and a Paratour.
 The Table set out and Stools.*

Bar. You are well enough disguis'd, furnish the Table,
 Make no shew what ye are, till I discover:
 Not a Soul knows ye here: Be quick and diligent:
 These Youths I have invited to a Breakfast,
 But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
 I shall take off the edges of their Appetites,
 And grease their Gums for eating heartily
 This Month or two; they have plaid their prizes with me,
 (39) And with their several flurts they've lighted dangers,
 But sure I shall be quit. I hear 'em coming.
 Go off and wait the bringing in your service,
 And do it handsomely: You know where to have it.

(38) — *This Kiss, with my Confession,
 To work a fell Revenge: A Man's a fool
 Unless instructed in a Woman's School.*]

The false Pointings render'd this Passage so obscure, that not only myself for some time, but every Friend I have shewed it to, misunderstood it. I at first thought that *his Confession* meant a Confession of his Fault in having abused her so much. One Friend propos'd to read *with my Conclusion*, or Resolution to work a fell Revenge: But how easy is the whole when the Pointings are rectify'd? His Confession is an acknowledgment of the truth of the common Observation, that abandon'd Women are more bloody than Men. *Seward.*

(39) *And with their several flurts they've lighted dangerously,*] I can scarce affix any Idea to the old Reading, nor am I satisfied with my own Conjecture; it only seems the best of four that occurred, *viz. they've slighted me, or they've slighted dangers, or lighted anger.* *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Milanés, Arsenio, Lopez, and Diego.

Welcome i'Faith.

Arf. That's well said, honest Lawyer.

Lop. Said like a Neighbour.

(40) *Bar.* Welcome all: All's over,
And let's be merry.

Mil. To that end we came, Sir,
An hour of Freedom's worth an Age of Juglings.

Die. I am come too, Sir, to specify my Stomach
A poor Retainer to your Worship's Bounty.

Bar. And thou shalt have it fill'd, my merry *Diego*,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous *Diego*,
Fill'd till it groan again.

Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder, then ———

Bar. I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.

Lop. No, no, by no means.

Bar. No, when I consider'd
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, Gentlemen.
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't,
The Mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.

Lop. Good Mirth does always work so: Honest Mirth,
Now, should we've meant in earnest ———

Bar. You say true, Neighbour.

Lop. It might have bred such a distast and fowness,
Such fond imaginations in your Brains, Sir,
For things thrust home in earnest. ———

Bar. Very certain,
But I know y' all for merry Wags, and ere long
You shall know me too in another fashion,
Though you are pamper'd, y' shall bear part o'th' burthen.

(40) *Welcome all: all over,*

And let's be merry.] The pointing of the first Line must be wrong, if he only reiterates their Welcome; but by the Insertion I have made, the Sense is quite different, and I think much better; *viz.* All Affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. *Mr. Sympsen.*

Enter Amaranta, and Leandro.

Come Wife ; come, bid 'em welcome ; come, my Jewel :
And Pupil, you shall come too ; ne'er hang backward,
Come, come, the Woman's pleas'd, her Anger's over,
Come, be not bashful.

Ama. What does he prepare here ?

Sure there's no Meat i'th' House, at least not drest,
Does he mean to mock 'em ? Or some new bred crotchet
Come o'er his Brains ; I do not like his Kindness ;
But Silence best becomes me : If he mean foul play,
Sure they're enough to right themselves, and let 'em,
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to Powder.

Bar. Bring in the Meat there, ha ? Sit down, dear
A little Meat needs little Compliment ; [Neighbour,
Sit down, I say.

Ama. What do you mean by this, Sir ?

Bar. Convey away their Weapons handsomly.

Ama. You know there's none i'th' House to answer ye,
But the poor Girl ; you know there's no Meat neither.

Bar. Peace and be quiet ; I shall make you smook else :
There's Men and Meat enough, set it down formally.

Enter Algazeirs, with Dishes.

Ama. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye, Gentlemen,
Nor loads of Meat, to make the Room smell of 'em.
Only a Dish to every Man I've dedicated,
And if I've pleas'd his Appetite.

Lop. O, a Capon,
A Bird of Grace, and be thy Will, I honour it.

Die. For me some forty Pound of lovely Beef,
Plac'd in a Mediterranean Sea of Brewis.

Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.
Wait diligently, Knaves.

Mil. What rare bit's this ?
An Execution ! blefs me !

Bar. Nay, take it to ye,
There's no avoiding it, 'tis somewhat tough, Sir,
But a good Stomach will endure it easily,

The

The sum is but a thousand Duckets, Sir,

Arf. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!

(41) *Bar.* Your careful Makers, but they've mar'd
your Diet.

Stir not, your Swords are gone: There's no avoiding me,
And these are Algazeirs, do you hear that passing Bell?

Lop. A strong Citation, bless me!

Bar. Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your Dish: Bell, Book, and Candle.

Lop. A Warrant to appear before the Judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' Wall.

Bar. Ye need not,
Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.

All. We are betray'd.

Bar. Invited, do not wrong me,
Fall to, good Guests, you have diligent Men about ye,
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye,
These will not see ye start; Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer,
And thought it Meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed Knave; you rid, you spur'd him,
And glorified your Wits, the more ye wronged him;
Within this hour ye shall have all your Creditors,
A second Dish of new Debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the Whip, *Don Diego*,
And Excommunications for the learned Curate,
A Masque of all your Furies shall dance to ye.

Arf. You dare not use us thus?

Bar. You shall be bob'd, Gentlemen:
Stir, and as I have a Life, ye go to Prison,

(41) *Bar.* *Your careful Makers,*] As Mr. *Sympson* thinks this obscure, it may probably need Explanation. The Debauchees, who, in the next Play, are said to be *daily mending like Dutch Watches,*

And plaistering like old Walls— may properly call their Surgeon their *Maker*; their Bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their present Being. I have myself heard one boast, that his last Salvation *new made him*. It is likewise very common both in *Shakespeare* and our Authors to call Taylors and Silk-men the *Makers* of Fops. Thus *Kent* in *King Lear* tells the foppish Steward, that a *Taylor made him*. 'Tis a nervous Expression that seems to annihilate both the Soul and Body and to allow no worth or ev'n existence to the Fop but in his Cloaths. *Seward.*

To Prison, without pity instantly.
 Before ye speak another word to Prison.
 I have a better Guard without, that waits ;
 Do you see this Man, *Don Curate*? 'tis a Paratour
 That comes to tell ye a delightful Story
 Of an old Whore ye have, and then to teach ye
 What is the Penalty ; Laugh at me now, Sir,
 What Legacy wou'd ye bequeath me now,
 (And pay it on the Nail ?) to fly my Fury ?

Lop. O gentle Sir.

Bar. Do'st thou hope I will be gentle,
 Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate ?

Lop. Let me go, Sir.

Bar. I'll see thee hang first.

Lop. And as I am a true Vicar,
 Hark in your Ear, hark softly —

Bar. No, no Bribery.

I'll have my swinge upon thee. Sirrah ? Rascal ?
 You Lenten Chaps, you that lay sick, and mockt me,
 Mockt me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,
 I'll make thee sick at Heart, before I leave thee,
 And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
 Not worth a blessing, nor a Bell to knell for thee,
 A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st, [with
 Steal'st from the Merchant, and the Ring he was buried
 Steal'st from his Grave ; do you smell me now ?

Die. Have mercy on me !

Bar. No Psalm of Mercy shall hold me from hanging
 thee. [men,

How do you like your Breakfast ? 'tis but short, Gentle-
 But sweet and healthful ; Your Punishment, and yours,
 For some near Reasons that concern my Credit, [Sir,
 I will take to my self.

Ama. Do Sir, and spare not :

I have been too good a Wife, and too obedient,
 But since ye dare provoke me to be foolish —

(42) *Lean.* She has, yes, and too worthy for your Usage ;
 Before the World I justify her Goodness,
 And turn that Man, that dares but taint her Virtues,

(42) — *Worthy of your Usage ;*] Former Editions.

To

To my Sword's point ; that lying Man, that base Man,
Turn him, but Face to Face, that I may know him.

Bar. What have I here?

Lean. A Gentleman, a free Man,
One that made trial of this Lady's Constancy,
And found it strong as Fate ; leave off your fooling,
For if you follow this Course, you'll be Chronicled
For a Devil, whilst a Saint she's mention'd.
You know my name indeed ; I'm now no Lawyer.

Enter Jamie and Assitant.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope, or else wou'd I were
hang'd up.

And yet the Judge, he makes me sweat.

Bar. What News now ?

Jam. I'll justifie, upon my Life and Credit,
What you have heard for Truth, and will make Proof of.

Assist. I will be ready at the appointed hour there,
And so I leave ye.

Bar. Stay I beseech your Worship,
And do but hear me.

Jam. Good Sir, intend this business,
And leave this bawling Fool ; no more words, Lawyer,
And no more angers, for I guess your Reasons :
This Gentleman I'll justifie in all Places,
And that fair Lady's worth ; let who dare cross it.
The Plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your Wife, she's fair and virtuous.

Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your Honour,
We shall be justified the way of all Flesh else.

Jam. No more Talk, nor no more Dissension, Lawyer,
I know your Anger, 'tis a vain and slight one,
For if you do, I'll lay your whole Life open,
A Life that all the World shall — I'll bring Witness,
And rip before a Judge the ulcerous Villanies,
You know I know ye, and I can bring witness.

Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.

Jam. Be at peace then presently,
Immediately take honest and fair Truce [tleman ;
With your good Wife, and shake hands with that Gen-
H'as

H's honour'd ye too much, and do it chearfully.

Lop. Take us along, for Heav'n sake too.

Bar. I am Friends,

(There is no Remedy, I must put up all,
And like my Neighbours rub it out by th' Shoulders,)
And perfect Friends; *Leandro*, now I thank ye,
And there's my Hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I'm too mean henceforward for your Company.

Lean. I shall not trouble ye.

Arf. We will be Friends too.

Mil. Nay Lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your Devils we will bolt.

Bar. I grant ye,

The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming;
Did not he know me too well, you shou'd smart for't;
Go all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfast.

Die. I'll be bak'd first.

Bar. And pray ye remember, when y'are bold and merry,
The Lawyer's Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye.

Jam. Come, go along; I have Employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd Brains too, to cool ye,
For all, for every one.

All. We're all your Servants.

Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward
I'll hate all Breakfasts, and depend on Dinners.

Jam. I'm glad you come off fair.

Lean. The Fair has blest me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

OE. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Jamie* to stay here, is a depth
I cannot found.

Asc. Believe't he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good,
Had I assurance of a thousand Lives,
And with them perpetuity of Pleasure,

And

And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.

Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are.
And Death concludes all Misery.

Off. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter Henrique, and Jamie.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him *Don Henrique*?

Jac. Now I fear; be silent.

Hen. Why dost thou follow me?

Jam. To save your Life,
A Plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brother's Love.

Hen. But thy false self,
I fear no Enemy.

Jam. You have no Friend,
But what breathes in me: If you move a step
Beyond this Ground you tread on, you are lost.

Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then: I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my Life and Safety
Before her own.

Jam. That you should be abus'd thus
With weak Credulity! She for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whose Love
You brake a Contract to which Heav'n was Witness,
To satisfy whose Pride and wilful Humour
You have expos'd a sweet and hopeful Son
To all the miseries that Want can bring him,
And such a Son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment Savages
Would quit their Caves themselves, and keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger! This dissembling Woman,
This Idol, whom you worship, all your Love
And Service trod under her Feet, designs you
To fill a Grave, or dead to lye a Prey
For Wolves and Vulturs.

Hen. 'Tis false ; I defie thee,
And stand upon my Guard.

Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arsenio, Bartolus, Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, Ascanio, and Servants.

Jam. Alas 'tis weak :
Come on, since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no Faith in me, take your Fortune :
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

Oct. My Lord.

Asc. In what have we offended ?

Jam. I am deaf,
'And following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to Reason : See her Ring,
The first pledge of your Love and Service to her,
Deliver'd as a Warrant for your Death :
These Bags of Gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny your self,
Bestow'd on me, and with a prodigal Hand,
Whom she pick'd forth to be the Architect
Of her most bloody Building ; and to see
These Instruments, to bring Materials
To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,
And as a surplufage, offer'd her self
To be at my Devotion.

Hen. O accurs'd !

Jam. But be incredulous still ; think this my Plot ;
Fashion Excuses to your self, and swear
That she is Innocent, that she doats on ye ;
Believe this, as a fearful Dream, and that
You lie not at my Mercy, which in this
I will shew only : She her self shall give
The dreadful Sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other World.

Enter Violante.

Appears my *Violante* ? Speak, my dearest,
Do's not the Object please you ?

Viol. More than if
All Treasure that's above the Earth, with that

That

That lies conceal'd in both the *Indian Mines*,
Were laid down at my Feet : O bold *Jamie*,
Thou only canst deserve me.

Jam. I am forward,
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your Commands.

Enter Assistant, and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.

Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their Misery, and have the power
To say they are not.

Viol. 'Twas well thought upon:
This Kiss, and all the pleasures of my Bed
This Night, shall thank thee.

Hen. Monster!

Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me Mother Bastards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine own,
That underneath my Roof kept your cast-Strumpet,
And out of my Revenues wou'd maintain
Her riotous Issue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a Woman: With as little feeling
As I turn off a Slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a Horse, or Dog,
That have out-liv'd their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy Peace with Heav'n.

Hen. I do deserve this,
And never truly felt before, what Sorrow
Attends on wilful Dotage.

Viol. For you, Mistress,
That had the pleasure of his Youth before me,
And triumph'd in the Fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the Bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient Torture,
I would cut off thy Nose, put out thine Eyes,
And set my Foot on those bewitching Lips,
That had the start of mine: But as thou art,

Go to the Grave unpitied.

Assist. Who would believe
Such rage could be in Woman?

Viol. For this Fellow,
He is not worth my Knowledge.

Jam. Let him live then,
Since you esteem him innocent.

Viol. No, *Jamie*,
He shall make up the Mess: Now strike together,
And let them fall.

Assist. Unheard of Cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her.

Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy Faith, *Jamie*?

Jam. Cou'd your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold your self to Hell,
I should make up the bargain? Live, dear Brother,
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair Inheritance; and howe'er harsh Language,
Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my Lips,
I'm' Heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
Were but to shew, how much your Love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it self in this false Glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young *Ascanio* his good Fortune,
That if your State were mine, I wou'd adopt him.
These are the Murtherers my noble Friends,
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won, to come disguis'd thus.

Hen. I am too full
Of Grief and Shame to speak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the World proclaim my Penitence,
And howsoever I have liv'd, I'll die
A much chang'd Man,

Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this Woman,
Our Joys were perfect.

Hen. That's my only Comfort,

That

That it is in my pow'r : I ne'er was Married
To this bad Woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When Grief would kill *Jacinta*.

Assist. All's come out,
And finds a fair success: Take her, *Don Henrique* ;
And once again embrace your Son.

Hen. Most gladly.

Assist. Your Brother hath deserv'd all.

Hen. And shall share
The Moiety of my State.

Assist. I have heard, Advocate,
What an ill Instrument you have been to him,
From this time strengthen him with honest Counsels,
As you'll deserve my Pardon.

Bar. I'll change my Copy :
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.

Assist. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten. For this Woman,
Though her Intent were bloody, yet our Law
Calls it not Death ; yet that her Punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The Dowry that she brought with her, shall be employ'd
To build a Nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her Life.

Viol. Since I have mis'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.

Assist. The strict Discipline [niors,
O' th' Church, will teach you better Thoughts. And Sig-
You that are Batchelors, if you ever marry,
In *Bartolus* you may behold the Issue
Of Covetousness and Jealousie. And of Dotage,
And Falshood in *Don Henrique*. Keep a Mean then ;
For be assur'd, that weak Man meets all Ill,
That gives himself up to a Woman's Will. [Exeunt.



T H E
E P I L O G U E.

THE Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our Friends,
Our noblest Friends; if ought have faln amiss,
O let it be sufficient, that it is,
(42) And you have pardon'd it. (In Buildings great
All the whole Body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,
And worthy Love, that may destroy, but spare.

(42) But something may be mended; Those are fair,] As the Text stood before, it had great obscurity; Buildings seeming the antecedent to Those; it means those Persons are fair or candid Judges, who spare what they might destroy. Seward.

P. S. There is an Emendation accidentally omitted in the Part of this Play which Mr. Theobald published.

P. 196. All I've to lose, Diego, is my Learning,
And when he's gotten that he may put it in a Nutshell.
It does not seem in Character to make Lopez in this place joke upon himself, but the second Line exactly suits Diego's Humour, and I believe a meer accidental Omission depriv'd him of it. I read,
Lop. All I've to lose, Diego, is my Learning.
Die. And when he's gotten that he may put it in a Nutshell.





W I T

WITHOUT

M O N Y.

A

C O M E D Y.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Valentine, *a Gallant that will not be perswaded to keep his Estate.*

Francisco, *his younger Brother.*

Master Lovegood, *their Uncle.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Master Lovegood.*

Fountain, }
Bellamore, } *Companions of Valentine, and Suitors to the*
Hairbrain, } *Widow.*

Lance, *a Falkner, and an ancient Servant to Valentine's Father.*

Shorthose, *the Clown, and Servant to the Widow.*

Roger, Ralph, and Humphry, *three Servants to the Widow.*

Three Servants.

Musicians.

W O M E N.

Lady Hartwel, *a Widow.*

Isabella, *her Sister.*

Luce, *a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow.*

W I T



WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

MERCHANT.



WHEN saw you *Valentine*?

Unc. Not since the Horse-race, [dow.
He's taken up with those that woo the Wi-
Mer. How can he live by snatches from such
People?

He bore a worthy Mind. *Unc.* Alas, he's funk,
His Means are gone, he wants, and which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so. *Mer.* That's strange.

(1) *Unc.* Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of States,
He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is Inheritance or Means.

But all a common Riches, all Men bound
To be his Bailiffs. *Mer.* This is something dangerous.

(2) *Unc.* No Gentleman that has Estate's to use it,

In

(1) — States] *State* and *Estate* are generally used in the same Sense throughout this Play.

(2) *No Gentleman that has Estate to use it,*] The Verb which consists here of a single Letter, seems a very material Omission; I could make no Sense of the Passage before I added it. This Play was almost all printed as Prose, tho' the Reader will, I doubt not, be convinc'd, that the Authors wrote it in as true Metre as almost any of their other Plays. They always must be allowed the Liberty of *Alexandrines*, *Hemisticks*, and a mixture of Prose in some Passages of

In keeping House, or Followers, for those ways
 He cries against, for Eating Sins, dull Surfeits,
 Cramming of Serving-men, mustering of Beggars,
 Maintaining Hospitals for Kites, and Curs,
 Grounding their fat Faiths on old Country Proverbs,
 (3) God bless the Founders; these he would have vented
 (4) Into more manly uses, Wit, and Carriage,
 And never thinks of State, or Means, the Ground-works:
 Holding it monstrous, Men should feed their Bodies,
 And starve their Understandings. *Mer.* That's most certain.

Unc. Yes, if he could stay there. *Mer.* Why let him marry,
 And that way rise again. *Unc.* It's most impossible,
 He will not look with any handsomeness

Upon a Woman. *Mer.* Is h' so strange to Women?

Unc. I know not what it is, a foolish glory
 He's got, I know not where, to balk those Benefits,
 And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
 Make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth,
 As his impression serves, for he affirms,
 They're only lumps, and undigested pieces,
 Lickt over to a Form by our Affections,
 And then they show. The Lovers let 'em pass.

of low Humour or familiar Dialogue. Mr. *Theobald* had made some Progress in restoring the Metre of this Play, but he stopt very short. By a more exact Observance of it, I sometimes find great helps in restoring the Sense.

(3) — *these he would have ventur'd*] Mr. *Sympson* has restored the true Reading from the old Quarto. By some accident the Quartos of this Play were sent to him instead of me, but both Mr. *Theobald* and he collated them with accuracy, and this is the only one of Consequence that the latter omitted.

(4) *Into more manly uses, Wit, and Carriage,*] Mr. *Sympson* would read *Wit and Courage*; taking, I believe, *manly* to signify *courageous*; but *manly* both here and in the next Scene is the same as *humane*, or what is proper to the Nature of Man. *Valentine* says that he teaches *The way of Nature, a manly Love, &c.* The ingenious Author of the Miscellaneous Observations on *Macbeth*, has made the like Mistake, Act 2. Sc. 5. *Their Daggers unmannerly breach'd with gore.* He reads, — *Unmanly drench'd*, interpreting *unmannerly* as *unpolitely*, and *unmanly* as *cowardly*. But who would talk of the Cowardice of the King's Murderers, more than their Unpoliteness? Were *Felton* or *Rawilliack* Cowards? *Unmannerly*, according to its strict and genuine Sense, signifies *immorally* and *unmanly* — *inhumanly* or *barbarously*. Either of them very proper Ideas in the Place.

Enter

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much Promise;
They are wondrous merry. *Unc.* O their hopes are high, Sir.

Fount. Is *Val'ntine* come to Town? *Bel.* Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions,
This Widow is as stately, and as crafty,
And stands I warrant you — *Hair.* Let her stand sure,
She falls before us else. Come let's go seek *Valentine*.

Mer. This Widow seems a Gallant — *Unc.* Goodly Woman,

(5) And to her Handsomness she bears her State
Reserv'd and great; Fortune has made her Mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

Mer. I would *Valentine* had her. *Unc.* There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that condition, he had his Mortgage in again.

Unc. I would he had. *Mer.* Seek means, and see what I'll do,

(5) *And to her Handsomness she bears her State reserv'd, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means.*] The want of Attention to the Metre here caused the former Editors to spoil the Sense by giving an unmeaning Epithet to Fortune. It may perhaps be asked, how the removal of a Stop from one Word to another can affect the Measure; let it be plac'd with its former Stop in its Station as a Verse, and every Reader that has an Ear will perceive its harshness.

————— *she bears her State*
Reserv'd, and great Fortune has made her Mistress
Of a full means —

Remove the Stop to its right place, and the Verse recovers its Harmony. They who would search the Reason of this, must first know that the principal Rule by which the *English* Heroick Verse is govern'd, is, that the even Syllables, viz. the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth must have the Accents upon them; and secondly, that there is one only Exception to this Rule, viz. That where a Pause precedes an odd Syllable, there the odd Syllable may have the Accent. Thus in the Case above, the first Syllable of *Fortune* is the fifth in the Verse, and unless the Pause immediately precedes, it spoils the Metre. All the Writers upon the *English* Measure that I have seen, have not only been very deficient for want of knowing this Exception to the general Rule above, but have fall'n into great Errors and condemned Verses that were remarkably harmonious.

However, let the Mony be paid in,
 I never fought a Gentleman's undoing,
 Nor eat the Bread of other Mens vexations.
 The Mortgage shall be render'd back ; take time for't.
 You told me of another Brother. *Unc.* Yes Sir,
 More miserable than he, for he has eat him,
 And drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman,
 And a fine Scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are these? *Unc.* The Tenants,
 They'll do what they can. *Mer.* It is well prepar'd,
 Be earnest, honest Friends, and loud upon him,
 He's deaf to his own good. *Lance.* We mean to tell him
 Part of our Minds, an't please you.

Mer. Do, and do't home,
 And what my care may help, or my Perfwasions,
 When we meet next. *Unc.* Do but perfwade him fairly;
 And for your Mony, mine, and these Mens Thanks too,
 And what we can be able. *Mer.* You're most honest,
 You shall find me no less, and so I leave you,
 Prosper your business, Friends. [*Ex. Mer.*

Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
 And tell him that I'll not spare him,
 His Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Fellows,
 Good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours
 welcome ;

Kept him too, and supplied his Prodigality,
 Yet kept his State still ;
 Must we turn Tenants now, after we've lived
 Under the Race of Gentry, and maintained
 Good Yeomanry, to some one of the City,
 To a great Shoulder of Mutton and a Custard,
 And have our State turn'd into Cabbage Gardens,
 Must it be so? *Unc.* You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his Game. *Unc.* Intreat
 him lovingly,
 And make him feel. *Lance.* I'll pinch him to the Bones else.
Val. within.] And tell the Gentleman, I'll be wi' him
 presently, Say

Say I want Mony too, I must not fail, Boy.

Lance. You will want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier
Repair to me anon, I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged,
Start him, but not affright him. *Val.* Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you, Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange
People?

Why, all the World shall never make me rich more,
Nor Master of these Troubles. *Ten.* We beseech you
For our poor Childrens sake. *Val.* Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but Children
Must be bang'd out o'th' Sheaf too? Other Men
With all their Delicates, and healthful Diets,
Can get but wind Eggs: You wi' a Clove of Garlick,
A piece of Cheese would break a Saw, and fowr Milk,
Can mount like Stallions; and must I maintain
These Tumblers? *Lance.* You ought to maintain us, we
Have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided for you;
Who bought the Silk you wear? I think our Labours;
(6) Reckon you'll find it so: Who found you Horses?
Perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns,
And who extol'd you in the Half-crown Boxes,
Where you might sit and muster all the Beauties?
We had no hand in these; no, we're all Puppies?
Your Tenants base vexations. *Val.* Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir,
And honest Men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt
You had a thousand Acres, fair and open: [next?

(6) — *Who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale,*] This is evidently corrupt. Mr. Symphon conjectures, *Who found your Horses perpetual Oats and Hay?* But as my Correction seems more easy, and is confirm'd by Mr. Theobald's concurrence, I have ventured to insert it in the Text.

The Kings-bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding,
The Counter's full of Thorns and Brakes, take heed, Sir,
(7) And Bogs, you'll quickly find what both they're made

Val. You're short and pithy. [of.

Lance. They say you're a fine Gentleman, and of
Excellent Judgment, they report you've Wit; [you,
Keep your self out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with
Which by interpretation is your State, Sir,
Or I shall think your Fame belied you: you [prating,
Have Mony, and may have Means: *Val.* Prithee leave
Does my good lye within thy Brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy Pity? Go,

Go, get you home, there whistle to your Horses,
And let them edifie; away, sow Hemp
To hang your selves withal: what am I to you,
Or you to me? am I your Landlord, Puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil. *Val.* More unmerciful you,
To vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings,
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.

3 Ten. Your Father's Worship would have us'd us better.

Val. My Father's Worship was a Fool. *Lance.* Hey,
Old *Valentine* i'faith, the old Boy still. [hey boys,

Unc. Fie, Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his State, he'd never
Left me the misery of so much Means else,
Which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me:
If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, for
They are as killing to my Nature, Uncle,
As Water to a Feaver. *Lance.* We will go,
But 'tis like Rams, to come again the stronger,
And you shall keep your State. *Val.* Thou lyeft, I will not.

(7) — *What Broth they're made of.*] I am no Sportsman and
don't know but *Broth* may be right, tho' I own to call the King's-
Bench and Compter so, sounds odd to me. I would read *both*.

Mr. Symphon.

In Confirmation of this, I shall add, that the Word *Brakes* in
the Line above (when both Lines were wrote as they should be in
Verse) would stand directly over the Word in dispute. And in such
Cases 'tis very common for the Printer to put Letters belonging to
one word into another.

Lance.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lyest, thou shalt, and so good morrow.

[*Exeunt Tenants.*]

Val. This was my Man, and of a noble breeding :
Now to your business, Uncle. *Unc.* To your State then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I'm glad on't, name it no more,
'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me :
I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it,
I mean of thinking of more Lands, or Livings,
Than sickly Men are travelling o' *Sundays*,
For being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't,
(8) *Caveat emptor*, let the Fool out-sweat it,
That thinks h'as got a catch on't. *Unc.* This is Madness
To be a wilful Beggar. *Val.* I am mad then,
And so I mean to be, will that content you ?
How bravely now I live, how jocundly,
How near the first Inheritance, without fears,
How free from title-troubles! *Unc.* And from Means too.

Val. Means? Why all good Men are my Means; my
Wit's my Plow,
The Town's my Stock, Tavern's my Standing-house,
And all the World knows there's no want; all Gentlemen
That love Society, love me; all Purfes
That Wit and Pleasure opens, are my Tenants;
Every Man's Cloaths fit me, the next fair Lodging
Is but my next Remove, and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the Air,
A Piece is levied, and a Coach prepared,
And I go I care not where, what need state here?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your Jerkin, and wear fairer,
Should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now,
Or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
And which is worst of all, I lost my way in't;
Your Mind's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly,
Your very Thoughts are Hinds that work for nothing

(8) — *Tool out-sweat it,*] I happily found my Conjecture here confirm'd by the first Quarto.

Mr. Sympsom.

Mr. Theobald did the same; I therefore admit it, tho' I am far from condemning the late Reading. *Valentine* who thinks Estates only pompous Troubles, may properly call those who possess them the Slaves and Tools of their Wealth.

But daily sweat and trouble : Were my way
 So full of Dirt as this, 'tis true I'd shift it ;
 Are my Acquaintance Grafiers ? But, Sir, know,
 No Man that I'm allied to, in my living,
 But makes it equal, whether his own use,
 Or my necessity pull first ; nor is this forc'd,
 But the meer qual'ty and poisure of Goodness,
 And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

Unc. You pose me, Cousin.

Val. What's my Knowledge, Uncle,
 Is't not worth Mony ? What's my Understanding,
 (9) My Travel, Reading, Wit, all these digested,
 My daily making Men, some to speak well,
 That too much flegm had frozen up ; some other
 That spoke too much, to hold their Peace, and put
 Their Tongues to Pensions ; some to wear their Cloaths,
 And some to keep 'em ; these are nothing Uncle ;
 Besides these ways, to teach the way of Nature,
 A manly love, Community to all
 That are deservers, not examining
 How much, or what's done for them, it is wicked,
 And such a one like you, chews his Thoughts double,
 Making 'em only Food for his Repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. This Cloak and Hat, Sir, and my Master's Love.

Val. Commend us to thy Master, and take that,
 And leave 'em at my Lodging. *1 Ser.* I shall do't, Sir.

Val. I do not think of these things. *2 Ser.* Please you Sir,
 I've Gold here for you. *Val.* Give't me, drink that and
 Commend me to thy Master ; look you, Uncle,
 Do I beg these ?

Unc. No sure, it is your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray now fatisfie me,

(9) *My Travel,*] *My* is inserted in Mr. Theobald's Margin from the first Quarto, as is the word *other* three Lines below ; which shews what little Omissions spoil the Metre ; I often take Liberties of supplying such Deficiencies by Conjecture, but will never willingly either add or drop any thing for the sake of the Metre that shall injure the Sense.

Are not these ways as honest's persecuting
The starv'd Inheritance, with musty Corn,
The very Rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten Wood by the Pound, like Spices,
Which Gentlemen do after burn by th' Ounces?
Do not I know your way of feeding Beasts
With Grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers?
Your racking Pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing Shepherds, and their Issues,
As *Andeluzia* breeds? These are authentick;
I tell you, Sir, I wou'd not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your State that hour,
And if 'twere possible to spend it then too,
(10) For all your Beasts in *Rumney*; now you know me.

Unc. I wou'd you knew your self, but since you're
Such a strange Enemy to all that fits you, [grown
Give me but leave to make your Brother's Fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your Mortgage, which you may recover,
I'll find the means. *Val.* Pray save your labour, Sir,
My Brother and my self will run one Fortune,
And I think what I hold a meer vexation,
Cannot be safe for him; I love him better,
He's Wit at will, the World has Means, he'll live,
Without this trick of State, we are Heirs both,
And all the World before us. *Unc.* My last Offer,
And then I'm gone. *Val.* What is't, and then I'll
answer.

Unc. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you,
And tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can find one, that can please my Fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn. *Unc.* Speak your Woman.

(10) For all your Beans in *Rumnillo* now you know me.] I would not conclude that there is no such Place in *England* as *Rumnillo* merely because I never heard of it; but it does not sound like an *English* name, and what weighs more with me, it gives a redundant Syllable to the Verse. The Uncle is before described as a great Grafer; his Beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned, as the chief of his Wealth than his Beans. *Rumney* Marsh, in *Kent*, is remarkably famous for fattening Cattle; I think therefore my Conjecture was probably the true reading.

Val. One without Eyes, that is, Self-commendations,
For when they find they're handsome, they're unwhol-
some ;

One without Ears, not giving time to Flatterers,
For she that hears her self commended, wavers,
And points Men out a way to make 'em wicked ;

(11) One without Substance of her self; that Woman
Without the pleasure of her Life, that's wanton ;
Though she be young, forgetting it, though fair,
Making her Glass the Eyes of honest Men,
Not her own Admiration, all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new Blessings, if
There may be such a Woman. *Unc.* Yes there may be.

Val. And without State too. *Unc.* You're dispos'd to
trifle ;

Well, fare you well, Sir, when you want me next,
You'll seek me out a better sense. *Val.* Farewel, Uncle,
And as you love your State, let me not hear on't. [*Exit.*

Unc. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still,
And when his Friends fall off, then bend his Will. [*Exit.*

(11) *One without Substance of her self.*] I have not disturb'd the
Text of this and the next Line, tho' I can't affix any Sense to them.
The only Conjecture I could hit upon is,

One without surfeiting on self, that's Woman ;

One without pleasure in her Life, that's wanton ;

One ingenious Friend would read as I do, only retaining the words,
[*Substance of her self*] and thinks he can fix a pretty clear Idea to
them, but 'tis more than I am able to do. Mr. *Sympson* would read.
[*One without Substance, Ore, or Pelf, that Woman that's without
the pleasure of high Life ; that's not wanton, tho' young ;*] But Sub-
stance taken in this Sense forestals what is designed as an arch
Conclusion of the whole, totally to disappoint the Uncle. [*And with-
out State too.*] The changes of the next Line spoil the Measure, which
I can by no means assent to, were there nothing more to be urged
against them. I would not deprive the Reader of any of these
Conjectures, tho' all very unsatisfactory, they perhaps may lead to
some more fortunate one. Since this Play was prepared for the
Press, Mr. *Sympson* has much improved his own Conjecture ; tho' I
believe it will not ev'n now satisfy.

One without Science of her self ; that Woman

Who with the pleasure of high Life's not wanton.

At the same time he informed me, that he had discovered the In-
jury done to our Poets, by turning their whole Play from Verse
into Prose.

Enter

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now,
Your Sister has ingroft all the brave Lovers. [thee

Ifab. She's wherewithal, much good may't do her, pri-
Speak softly, we are open to Mens Ears.

Luce. Fear not, we're safe, we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make our selves merry with their Language,
And yet stand undiscover'd ; be not melancholy,
You are as fair as she. *Ifab.* Who I? I thank you,
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd,
My Sister is a goodly portly Lady,
A Woman of a Presence, she spreads Sattins,
As the King's Ships do Canvas, every where,
She may spare me her Misen, and her Bonnets,
Strike her main Petticoat, and yet out-sail me,
I am a Carvel to her. *Luce.* But a tight one.

Ifab. She's excellent, well built too. *Luce.* Yet she's old.

Ifab. She never saw above one Voyage, *Luce,*
And credit me, after another
Her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant :
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourfes,
Comes very near Essays, a pretty Poet,
Begins to piddle with Philosophy,
A subtil Chymick Wench, and can extract
The Spirit of Mens Estates, she has the Light
Before her, and can't miss her choice ; for me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean Fortune. *Luce.* You're so
bashful.

Ifab. 'Tis not at first word up and ride, thou'rt cozen'd,
That wou'd shew mad i'faith? Besides, we lose
The main part of our politick Government,
If we become provokers ; then we're fair,
And fit for Mens Embraces, when like Towns,
They lie before us Ages, yet not carried,
Hold out their strongest Batteries, then compound too
Without the loss of Honour, and march off
With our fair Wedding-Colours flying. Who are these?

Enter

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not, *Isab.* Prithee peace
A well built Gentleman. *Isab.* But poorly thatcht. [then,

Lance. Has he devour'd you too? *Fran.* H'as gulp'd
me down, *Lance.* [thing:

Lance. Left you no means to study? *Fran.* Not a Far-
Dispatcht my poor Annuity, I thank him,
Here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten Shillings.

Lance. You're fit for great Mens services. *Fran.* I'm fit,
But who will take me thus? Mens miseries
Are now accounted

Stains in their Natures. I have travelled,
And I have studied long, observ'd all Kingdoms,
(12) Know all the Provinces of Art and Manners,
Yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies;
Art thou so rich as to get me a Lodging, *Lance?*

Lance. (13) I'll sell the Tiles o' my House, my Horse,
my Hawk else,

Nay s'death I'll pawn my Wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*,
That I should see your Father's House fall thus!

Isab. An honest Fellow.

Lance. Your Father's House, that fed me,
That bred up all my Name? *Isab.* A grateful Fellow.

Lance. And fall by —

Fran. Peace, I know you're angry, *Lance*,
But must not hear with whom, he is my Brother,
And though you hold him slight, my most dear Brother:

(12) — *All the Promises of Art*] Provinces in this Place is
Mr. *Theobald's* Reading, and as it seems a more proper Word I have
inserted it, tho' the old Reading is certainly Sense.

(13) *I'll sell the Tiles of my House else, my Horse, my Hawk*
Mr. *Theobald* has made a Query in his Margin whether this should
be *Title* or *Tiles*. I make no doubt of determining for the last, not
because it was my own and Mr. *Sympson's* Conjecture long since,
but that the very same Expression, [*I'll sell the Tiles of my House*]
occurs in another Play of our Authors. The Argument from the
Measure has not very great weight here, tho' it ought to have some,
the slight Transpositions of the Particle [*else*] being all that is ne-
cessary to make the Verse, and I seldom have occasion to take greater
Liberties in restoring the Metre thro' the whole Play.

A Gentleman, excepting some few rubs,
He were too excellent to live here esse,
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave Parts,
The issues of a noble and manly Spirit,
As any he alive. I must not hear you;
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
Yet still he is my Brother, still I love him,
And to that tye of Blood link my Affections.

Ifab. A noble Nature! dost thou know him, *Luce?*

Luce. No, Mistress.

Ifab. Thou shou'dst ever know such good Men;
What a fair Body and a Mind are married!

Did he not say he wanted? *Luce.* What's that t' you?

Ifab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity. *Luce.* How she changes!

Ten thousand more than he, as handsome Men too.

Ifab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman
Among ten thousand thousand! Is there no knowing him?
Why shou'd he want? Let Fellows of no merit,
(14) Slight and puffed Souls, that walk like Shadows by,
(15) Leaving no print of what they are, or poise,
Let them complain. *Luce.* Her Colour changes strangely.

Ifab. This Man was made, to mark his wants to wa-
ken us;

Alas poor Gentleman, but will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold? believe me he's well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble Lineage,

(14) — *Puffed Souls that walk like Shadows, by leaving no print of what they are,*] The neglect of Metre has here again caused a material Error in the Sense; had it been attended to, it would almost have forced the Comma into its proper place. Mr. *Sympson* too saw the Error in the Sense, and corrected it.

(15) — *Or poise,*] The Construction of this is a little difficult, leaving no print of what they are, or of what poise or weight they were. Mr. *Sympson* not admitting this, would put *voice* for *poise*, it being the property of Shadows neither to leave print or *voice* behind them. And *Voice*, he says, is used by our Authors for Fame. If this be not admitted he would read, — *for those, let them complain.* But I cannot see sufficient reason for any Change. Little Difficulties of Construction and Incorrectnesses of Language too frequently occur to suppose our Authors not sometimes really guilty of them.

Mark him, and mark him well. *Luce.* 'Is a handfom Man.

Ifab. The sweetnefs of his fufferance fets him off,

O *Luce*, but where go I? *Luce.* You can't hide it.

Ifab. I wou'd he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

[Tongue faft,

Lance. Come Sir, I'll fee you lodg'd, you've tied my
I'll steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Ifab. That's a good Fellow too, an honeft Fellow,
Why, this would move a Stone; I must needs know;
But that some other time. [*Exeunt Lance, and Francisco.*

Luce. Is the wind there?

That makes for me. *Ifab.* Come, I forgot a bufinefs.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Widow, and Luce.

Wid. **M**Y Sifter, and a Woman of fo bafe a pity!
What was the Fellow? *Luce.* Why, an or-
dinary Man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

[neither.

Luc. Poor enough, and no Man knows from whence

Wid. What cou'd she fee? *Luce.* Only his misery,
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much? *Luce.* Extreamply, when
he spoke,

And then her Pity, like an Orator,
(I fear her love) fram'd fuch a commendation,
And follow'd it fo far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she fo hot, or fuch a want of Lovers,
That she must doat upon Afflictions?

Why does she not go romage all the Prifons,
And there beftow her Youth, bewray her Wantonnefs,
And flie her Honour, common both to Beggary.

Did she fpeak to him? *Luce.* No, he faw us not,
But ever fince she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was h' young? *Luce.* Yes, young enough.

Wid. And look'd he like

A Gentleman? *Luce.* Like such a Gentleman,
(16) That wou'd pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.

Wid. My Sister, and sink basely! 't must not be;
Does she use means to know him? [*Shortbofe.*]

Luce. Yes Ma'm, and has employ'd a Squire call'd

Wid. O that's a precious Knave: Keep all this private,
But still be near her Lodging: what you can
Gather by any means, let m' understand:
I'll stop her heat,

And turn her Charity another way,
To bless her self first; be still close t' her Counsels;
A Beggar and a Stranger! There's a Blessedness!
I'll none of that; I have a Toy yet, Sister,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it;
And for your pains take the last Gown I wore;
This makes me mad, but I shall force a Remedy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain, and Valentine.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd
for thee;

This Widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
And stands so much upon her Excellencies.

Bel. She'th put us off, this Month now, for an Answer,

Hair. No Man must visit her, nor look upon her,
No, not to say, Good morrow, or good even,
'Till that is past.

Val. Sh'as found what Dough you are made of, and
so kneads you:

Are y' good at nothing, but these after-games?
I have told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, these Widows ———

Hair. If we had 'em.

(16) *That would pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.*] I have not
ventured to change this, tho' I think it very probable that the Ori-
ginal might have been

That would pawn twenty Oaths for twenty Pence.

The Players who were probably the Manglers as well as Editors of
these Plays, and who entirely divested this of its Measure, in order
to render the Dialogue more low and farcical, would perhaps think
that twelve Pence sounded droller than twenty Pence.

Val.

Val. Why

The Devil has not craft enough to woo 'em, [men,
There be three kinds of Fools, mark this Note, Gentle-
Mark it, and understand it. *Fount.* Well, go forward.

Val. An Innocent, a Knave Fool, a Fool Politick :
The last of which are Lovers, Widow Lovers.

Bel. Will you allow no Fortune. *Val.* No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you Reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you're those Fools, I did allow those Reasons,
But as my Scholars and Companions damn'd 'em :
Do you know what it is to woo a Widow ?
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

Hair. Why, to lie with her, and t'enjoy her Wealth.

Val. Why, there you're Fools still, crafty to catch
your selves,

Pure politick Fools, I lookt for such an Answer ;

Once more hear me ; It is,

To wed a Widow, to be doubted mainly,

Whether the state you have be yours or no,

(17) Or those old Boots you ride in. Mark me, Widows

Are long Extents in Law upon Men's Livings,

Their Bodies Winding-sheets, they that enjoy 'em,

Lie but with dead Mens Monuments, and beget

Only their own ill Epitaphs : Is not this plain now ?

Bel. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain Truth ; but if you'll needs

Do things of danger, do but lose your selves,

Not any part concerns your Understandings,

For then you are Meacocks, Fools, and Miserable,

(17) — *Widows are long Extents in Law upon News, Livings upon their Bodies Winding-sheet,*] *News* was an odd corruption : My first conjecture was, — *upon Men, living upon their Bodies Winding-sheets.* Mr. Theobald read — *upon Men's Livings, upon their Bodies Winding sheet.* This seem'd a better Reading than mine. But still it had some Obscurities. That Widows are long Extents in Law upon Mens Livings or Estates, is clear ; but how are they Extents in Law upon their Bodies Winding-sheets ? A proper Attention to the Metre gives good Reason to conclude the second *upon* to be an Interpolation ; for the Verse is perfect, and the Sense clear without it. Widows are the Winding-sheets and Monuments of their dead Husbands.

(18) March off amain, within an Inch of a Fircug,
Turn me on the toe like a Weather-cock,
Kill every day a Serjeant for a twelve Month,
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls,
And these will make a shew. *Hair.* And these are trifles.

Val. Consider'd to a Widow, empty nothings;
For here you venture but your Persons, there
The varnish of your Persons, your Discretions;
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made; methinks

(19) A Man, an understanding Man, 's more Wife
To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets;
What do we get by Women, but our Senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, fatisfied,
And when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n Cowards.
What benefit can Children be, but Charges
And Disobedience? What's the love they render
At one and twenty years? I pray die, Father:
When they are young, they are like Bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once,
There drops a Son by th' Sword in his Mistress's quarrel,
A great joy to his Parents: A Daughter ripe too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away wi' a supple ham'd Servingman:
His twenty Nobles spent, takes to a Trade,
And learns to spin Mens Hair off; there's another,
And most are of this Nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

(18) — *Within an Inch of a Fircug,*] I believe there is no such word as Fircug, Mr. Theobald alters it to *Firelock*, and was very fond of the Conjecture, for he sent it me among the few that he favoured me with by Letter, but I cannot see what danger there is in meerly marching near a Firelock, unless in the instant of Discharging, or what relation *turning o' the toe like a Weather-cock*, has to a Firelock. I dare say the Authors originally used a word that signified a Place to turn upon, where to slip was certain Death; the best Word I know is *Precipice*, but that's too far from the trace of the Letters. Whirlpool, Furnace, and Spire-top, would give the Sense required, but I shall not venture either of them in the Text.

19 — *More wise to me,*] Good Sense, which is the best Manuscript, lets us see at once that *wise* is a Corruption, and that our Poets undoubtedly wrote *Wife*.

Mr. Symphon.

Val.

Val. And this same Widow? *Fount.* If I may, and methinks,

However you are pleas'd t' dispute these Dangers,
Such a warm match, for you, Sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half so killing as for you; for me,
She can't with all the Art she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate; I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the Antidote against a Widow;
Nothing to lose, but that my Soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little Flesh, it were too much else;
And that unwholsom too, it were too rich else;
And to all this Contempt of what she does:
I can laugh at her Tears, neglect her Angers,
Hear her without a Faith, so pity her
As if she were a Traytor; moan her Person,
But deadly hate her Pride; if you cou'd do these,
And had but this Discretion, and like Fortune,
'Twere but an equal venture. *Fount.* This is Malice.

Val. When she lies with your Land, and not with you,
Grows great with Joyntures, and is brought to bed,
With all the state you have, you'll find this certain;
But is it come to pass that you must Marry,
Is there no buff will hold you? *Bel.* Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a Maid,
A Maid not worth a Penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours, a Maid worth nothing,
There is a virtuous Spell in that word Nothing;
A Maid makes Conscience of half a Crown
(20) A week for Pins and Puppet-shows, a Maid,
Will be content with one Coach and two Horses,
Not falling out because they are not matches;
With one Man satisfied, with one Rein guided,
(21) With one Faith, one Content, one Bed, one Good,
She

(20) — *Pins and Puppets,*] As there is a Syllable wanting in the Measure here, I have ventured to supply it. *Pins and Puppet-shows* seem to me rather more expressive of a Lady's Pocket Expences than Pins and Puppets.

(21) — *One Bed,* aged *she makes the wise,*] Mr. Theobald reads, *the*

She makes the Wife, preserves the Fame and Issue ;
A Widow is a Christmas-Box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us. *Val.* You're my
Friends,

And all my loving Friends, I spend your Mony,
Yet I deserve it too, you are my Friends still,
I ride your Horses, when I want I sell 'em ;
I eat your Meat, I help to wear your Linnen,
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal,
For which I'll do you this Commodity,
Be rul'd, and let me try her, I'll discover her,
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
'Till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hair. This was our meaning, *Valentine.*

Val. 'Tis done then.

I must want nothing. *Hair.* Nothing but the Woman.

Val. No Jealousie, my Friends; for when I marry,
The Devil must be wiser than I take him ;
And the Flesh foolisher. Come let's to Dinner,
And when I'm whetted well with Wine, have at her.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure? *Luce.* No surer than I heard.

Isab. That it was he, that flouting Fellow's Brother?

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Isab. Did he search out the truth? *Luce.* It seems he did.

Isab. I prithee *Luce* call him hither, if

He be no worse, I ne'er repent my pity.

Now Sirrah, what was he we sent you after,

The Gentleman i'th' black?

the wife from the old Quarto, and Mr. *Symson*, *thee wife*, both retaining the word *aged*, which, tho' not Nonsense, seems to add very little to the Sense, especially to Mr. *Theobald's* reading, which to me seems as far as he alters, to be the true one. But what convinces me that [*aged*] is a spurious Word, is, that it utterly spoils the Measure; my reading is near the trace of the Letters, restores the Verse, and gives, I think, a much better Sense, *viz.* that a Maid when married has one Good, or the same Interest with her Husband, in contradiction to a Widow, who generally has a separate One.

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I'th' torn black?

Ifab. Yes, the same Sir.

Short. What wou'd your Worship with him?

Ifab. Why, my Worship
Wou'd know his Name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing,
He is a Man, and yet he is no Man.

Ifab. You must needs play the Fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Ifab. How is he a Man, and no Man?

Short. He's a Beggar,
Only the sign of a Man, the Bush pull'd down,
Which shows the House stands empty.

Ifab. What's his Calling? *Short.* They call him Beggar.

Ifab. What's his Kindred? *Short.* Beggars.

Ifab. His Worth? *Short.* A learned Beggar, a poor

Ifab. How does he live? [Scholar.

Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.

Ifab. Is *Valentine* his Brother? *Short.* 's Begging Brother.

Ifab. What may his Name be? *Short.* *Orson.*

Ifab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Ifab. Once more
Tell me his Name directly. *Short.* I'll be hang'd first,
Unless I heard him Christened, but I can tell
What foolish People call him. *Ifab.* What?

Short. *Francisco.*

Ifab. Where lies this Learning, Sir?

Short. In *Paul's* Church-yard forsooth.

Ifab. I mean the Gentleman, O Fool.

Short. O that Fool,
He lies in loose Sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd, *Shorthose*, since you came
I' the Country, to *London*:

You were an arrant Fool, a dull cold Coxcomb;
Here every Tavern teaches you, the pint Pot
Has so belabour'd you with Wit, your brave Acquaintance
That gives you Ale, so fortified your Mazard,

That

That there's no talking to you. *Isab.* 'Is much improv'd,
A Fellow, a fine Discourser. *Short.* I hope so,
I have not waited at the tail of Wit
So long to be an Ass. *Luce.* But say now, *Shorthose,*
My Lady shou'd remove into the Country.

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heav'n,
And 's soon I'd undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves,
Nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,
And bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.

Isab. No bouncing Healths to this brave Lad, dear
Shorthose,

Nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No Fiddles, nor no lusty noise of Drawer,
Carry this pottle to my Father *Shorthose.*

Isab. No Plays, nor gally Foists, no strange Embassadors
To run and wonder at, till thou bee'st Oyl,
And then come home again, and lye by th' Legend.

Luce. Say she shou'd go. *Short.* If I say, I'll be hang'd,
Or if I thought she'd go. *Luce.* What?

Short. I'd go with her.

Luce. But *Shorthose,* where thy Heart is —

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this Hand Mistress 'tis a Noise, a loud one,
And from her own Mouth, presently to be gone too,
But why, or to what end? *Short.* Mayn't a Man die first?
She'll give him so much time. *Isab.* Gone o'th' sudden?
Thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luce. She's put them off a Month, they dare not see her,
Believe me, Mistress, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, Wench? Gone on so short a warning!
What trick is this? She never told me of it,
It must not be; Sirrah, attend me presently,
You know I've been a careful Friend unto you,
Attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful,
Cry not, we shall not go. *Short.* Her Coach may crack.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'st thou come to
To ask such an idle question? [Town,

Fran. Methinks 'tis necessary,
Unless you cou'd restore that Annuity
You have tipl'd up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been,
And how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talk'st
Thus out of *France*? Thou wert a pretty Fellow,
And of a handsom Knowledge; who has spoil'd thee?

Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport,
And by his Copy, will spoil all comes near him:
Buy but a Glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who? *Val.* Well said, old Copihold.

Lance. My Heart's good Freehold, Sir, and so you'll find
This Gentleman's your Brother, y'r hopeful Brother, [it;
For there's no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. E'en 's well as I use my self? what wou'dst thou
have, *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me 'a hundred pound?

Lance. Hark what he says to you,
O try your Wits, they say you're excellent at it,
Your Land has lain long Bed-rid, and unsensible.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs; you see my State,
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me;
But what it may be, by this Benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble Brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our Comforts.

Val. A hundred pound! dost thou know what thou'st
said, Boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound. *Val.* Thou hast said more
Than any Man can justifie, believe it.

Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee
There's no such Sum in Nature, forty shillings
There may be now i'th' Mint, and that's a Treasure;
I have seen five pound ere now, but let me tell it,
And 'tis as wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's
Five shillings, *Frank*, the harvest of five Weeks,
And a good Crop too, take't, and pay thy first Fruits,

I will come down and eat it out. *Fran.* 'Tis Patience
Must meet with you, Sir, and not Love.

Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle faddles. *Val.* Leave thy prating,
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise Fellow,
Thou and thy rotten Sparrow-Hawk; two o' the reverent.

Lance. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be,
With the next Moon; what wou'd you have him do?

Val. How? *Lance.* To get Mony first, that is to live,
You've shew'd him how to want. *Val.* 'Slife how do I live?
Why, what dull Fool wou'd ask that Question?

(22) Three hundred three pilds more, ay and live bravely:
The better half o'th' Town live gloriously,
And ask what States they have, or what Annuities,
Or when they pray for seasonable Harvests:

Thou hast a handlome Wit, stir int' the World, *Frank,*
Stir, stir for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar:
Ask how to live? write, write, write any thing,
The World's a fine believing World, write News.

Lance. Dragons in *Suffex*, Sir, or fiery Battels
Seen in the Air at *Aspurge*. *Val.* There's the way, *Frank,*
And in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdom
Wi'a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them,

(23) (Dearth upon Dearth) like *Levant* Taffaties,
Predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars and want
Of Herrings on our Coast, with bloody Noses.

Lance. Whirl-winds shall take off th' top o' *Grantbam*
And clap it on St. *Paul's*, and after these, [Steple,
A Lenvoy to the City for their Sins.

Val. *Probatum est*, thou canst not want a Pension,
Go switch me up a Covey of young Sholars,
There's twenty Nobles, and two loads of Coals,
Are not these ready ways? *Cosmography*

(22) *Three hundred three pilds more,*] *i. e.* Three hundred who
dress richly, or in three pil'd Velvets.

(23) *Like lewen Taffaties,*] *Levant* or *Turky* Taffaties is good
Sense which the former Reading seems not to be; the Conjecture
therefore, which is Mr. *Sympson's*, tho' advanc'd with doubt by him,
I think a very happy one.

(24) Thou'rt deeply read in, draw me a Map o' the Mermaid,

I mean a Mid-night Map to scape the Watches,
And such long senseless Examinations,
And Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen:
I cannot stay long. *Lance.* You've read learnedly,

(25) And wou'd you have him follow these Chimeras?
Did you begin with Ballads? *Fran.* Well, I'll leave you,
I see my Wants are grown ridiculous,
Yours may be so, I will not curse you neither;
You may think, when these wanton Fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me; look t' y'r self, Sir,
A Providence I wait on. *Val.* Thou art passionate,
Hast been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose with a Bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a View of you,
I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us? *Short.* No you're not he,
You are a thought too handsome. [peep so?

Lance. Who wou'dst thou speak withal, why dost thou

Short. I'm looking Birds nests, but I can find none

In your Bush-beard, I'd speak with you, black Gentle-

Fran. With me, my Friend? [man.

Short. Yes sure, and the best Friend, Sir,

It seems, you spake withal this Twelve-Month, Gentleman.

There's Mony for you. *Val.* How?

Short. There's none for you, Sir,

Be not so brief, law how it itches at it;

Stand off, you stir my Choler. *Lance.* Take't, 'tis Mony.

Short. You are too quick too, first be sure you have it,
You seem to be a Faulkoner, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take't, and say nothing.

(24) — *A Map from the Mermaid,*] Both Sense and Measure confirm the trifling Alteration which I've made, but I should have ventured it without a Note, had it not been necessary to mention that the Mermaid was probably a famous Tavern. *Valentine* in the next Scene bids *Francisco* meet him at the Mermaid.

(25) — *Megeas,*] Former Editions,

Short.

Short. You are cozen'd too,

'Tis take't, and spend it. *Fran.* From whom came it, Sir?

Short. Such 'nother word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, Sir,

Then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat drest,
And tell your Laundress to wash your Boots white.

Fran. Pray stay, Sir, may'nt you be mistaken?

Short. I think I am,

Give me the Mony again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I wou'd be loth render, till I'm sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your Ear, is not your Name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, 't may Thunder a hundred times,
Before such Stones fall: Don't you need it? *Fran.* Yes.

Short. And it is thought you have it.

Fran. Yes, I think

I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, it is not fly-blown:

You may pay for the Poundage, you forget your self,
I have not seen a Gentleman so backward,

A wanting Gentleman. *Fran.* Your Mercy, Sir.

Short. Friend, you have Mercy, a whole Bag full of
Mercy.

Be merry with it, and be wise. *Fran.* I would fain,
If it please you, Sir, but know —

Short. It does not please me,

Tell o'er your Mony, and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such Bags?

Short. More such there are, Sir,

But few I fear for you, I've cast your Water,
You've Wit, you need no Mony.

[*Exit.*

Lance. Ben't amaz'd, Sir,

'Tis good Gold, good old Gold, this is Restorative,

And in good time, it comes to do you good,

Keep it and use't, let honest Fingers feel it,

Yours be too quick, Sir.

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave't me, but from whom.

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it.

This can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a Stranger,
Of whom can I deserve this? *Lance.* Sir, of any Man
That has but Eyes, and manly Understanding
To find Mens wants, good Men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more ways than
certainties,
Now you believe: What Plow brought you this Harvest,
What sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities?
These feed no Hinds, nor wait the Expectation
Of Quarter-days, you see it show'rs in to you.
You are an Ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this Blazing Star, and that bopeep,
Whining, and fasting, t' find the natural Reason
Why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down,
What use of these, or what Joy in Annuities,
Where every Man's thy study, and thy Tenant,
I am asham'd on thee. *Lance.* Yes, I have seen
This Fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes, marry is there. *Lance.* I think he's her Servant,
Or I am cozen'd else, I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't. *Lance.* She's a good Woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lance. And young enough, believe.

Fran. I am gladdest of all, Sir.

Val. *Frank*, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. Thank my Mony.

Lance. His Mony shall lye with me, three in a Bed, Sir,
Will be too much this weather. *Val.* Meet m' at the Mer-
And thou shalt see what things ——— [maid,

Lance. Trust to your self, Sir. [*Exeunt Fran. and Lan.*

(26) *Enter Fountain, Hairbrain, and Bellamore.*

Fount. O *Valentine!* *Val.* How now, why do you look

Bel. The Widow's going, Man. [so?

Val. Why, let her go, Man.

Hair. She's going out o'th' Town.

(26) *Enter Fountain, and Bellamore.*] Mr. *Theobald* has justly added
Hairbain to the other two, and has put the initial Letters of his
Name to it, the usual Mark to those Emendations where he in-
tended a Note.

Val.

Val. The Town's the happier,
I wou'd they were all gone. *Fount.* We can't come
To speak with her. *Val.* Not speak to her? *Bel.* She will
Be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hair. Now, now, good *Valentine.* *Val.* I'd rather
March i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon; but adieu,
If she be 'bove ground, go, away to your Pray'rs,
Away I say, away, she shall be spoke withal. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shorthose with one Boot on, Roger, and Humphry.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose.*

Short. Who can help it, *Roger?*

Ralph. [*within.*] Help down with the Hangings.

Rog. By and by *Ralph,*

I am making up o'th' Trunks here. *Ralph. Shorthose.*

Short. Well.

Ralph. Who looks to my Lady's Wardrobe? *Humphry.* *Hum.* Here.

Ralph. Down with the Boxes in the Gallery, [*rain,*
And bring away th' Coach Cushions. *Short.* Will'tnot
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices

To stop this Journey? *Rog.* Why go now, why now,
Why o'th' sudden now? what Preparation,
What Horses have we ready, what Provision

Laid in i'th' Country? *Hum.* Not an Egg, I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink, Boys, there's
th' Devil.

Short. I heartily pray the Malt be musty, and then
We must come up again. *Hum.* What says the Steward?

Rog. He's at's wits end; for some four hours since,
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
The Miller's mangy Mare, for his own Nagg. [*ney.*]

Short. And she may break his Neck, and save the Jour-
Oh, *London,* how I love thee! *Hum.* I've no Boots,

Nor none I'll buy: Or if I had, refuse me

If I would venture my ability,

Before a Cloak-Bag, Men are Men. *Short.* For my part,

If I be brought, as I know't will be aim'd at,

To carry any dirty dairy Cream-pot,

Or any gentle Lady of the Laundry,

Chambring,



Chambring, or wantonness behind my Gelding,
With all her Streamers, Knap-sacks, Glasses, Gugawes,

(27) As if I were a running Frippery,
I'll give 'em leave to cut my Girts, and flay me.

(28) I'll not be troubled with their Distillations,
At every half mile's end, I understand my self,
And am resolv'd. *Hum.* To morrow night at *Olivers!*
Who shall be there Boys, who shall meet the Wenches?

Rog. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we should have
met at!

Short. These Grievs, like to another Tale of *Troy*,
Wou'd mollifie the Hearts of barbarous People,
And make *Tom Butcher* weep, *Æneas* enters,
And now the Town is lost.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Well whither run you?

My Lady's mad. *Short.* I wou'd she were in Bedlam.

Ralph. The Carts are come, no Hands to help to load
The Stuff lies in the Hall, the Plate. [em?]

[*Widow within.*] Why Knaves there,

Where be these idle Fellows. *Short.* Shall I ride with one

Wid. Why where I say? Boot?

Ralph. Away, away, 't must be so.

Short. O for a tickling Storm, to last but ten days.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. **BY** my Troth, Mistress, I did't for the best.

Isab. It may be so; but *Luce*, you've a Tongue,
A Dish of Meat in your Mouth, which if 'twere minc'd,

Luce,

(27) *Flippery.*]

(28) *Distibations*] Former Editions, both *Mr. Theobald*, *Mr. Symp-*
son, and I agreed in these two Corrections.

Wou'd

Wou'd do a great deal better. *Luce.* I protest, Mistrefs.

Ifab. 'Twill be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter. [*within.*] Anon forsooth.

Ifab. Lay my Hat ready, and my Fan and Cloak,

You are so full of Providence; and *Walter,*

Tuck up my little Box behind the Coach,

And bid my Maid make ready, my sweet service

To your good Lady Mistrefs; and my Dog;

Good let the Coachman carry him. *Luce.* But hear me.

Ifab. I am in Love, sweet *Luce,* and you're so skilful,

That I must needs undo my self; and hear me,

Let *Oliver* pack up my Glafs discreetly,

And see my Curls well carried. O sweet *Luce,*

You have a Tongue, and open Tongues have open—

You know what, *Luce.* *Luce.* Pray be satisfied.

Ifab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you.

(29) There is a *Roger,* which some call a Butler,

I speak of certainties, I don't fish, *Luce,*

Nay do not stare, I have a Tongue can talk too:

And a Green Chamber *Luce,* a Back-door

Opens t'a long Gallery; there was a Night, *Luce,*

Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?

O do you blush, *Luce?* a Friday night

I saw your Saint, for t'other Box of Marmalade,

All's thine, sweet *Roger;* this I heard and kept too.

Luce. As you're a Woman, Mistrefs. *Ifab.* This I allow

As good and Physical sometime, these Meetings,

And for the cheering of the Heart; but *Luce,*

To have your own turn serv'd, and to your Friend

To be a Dogbolt. *Luce.* I confess it, Mistrefs.

Ifab. As you have made my Sister jealous of me,

And foolishly, and childishly pursu'd it,

I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purposes;

For which mine Honour suffers; your best ways

Must be applied to bring her back again,

And seriously and suddenly, that so

I may have Means to clear my self, and she

(29) — [*Call a Butcher,*] There was a *Roger* in the Family, but he was the Butler and not a Butcher, and there can scarce be any doubt of his being the Person spoke of here. *Mr. Symphon.*

A fair Opinion of me, else you peevish——

Luce. My Pow'r and Pray'rs, Mistrefs.

Isab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose, and Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it,
Much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come, are you ready?

(30) You love to delay time, the Day goes on.

Isab. I've sent for a few Trifles, when those come;
And now I know your Reason. [snefs,

Wid. Know your own Honour then; (about your bu-
See the Coach ready presently,) I'll tell you more then.

[*Exe. Luce, and Shorthose.*

And understand it well, you must not think your Sister
So tender-eyed as not to see your Follies;

Alas I know your Heart, and must imagine,

And truly too, 'tis not your Charity

Can coin such Sums to give away as you've done,

In that you have no wisdom *Isabel,*

No nor Modesty,

Where nobler uses are at home; I tell you,

I am asham'd to find this in your Years,

Far more in your Discretion, none to chuse

But things for Pity, none to seal your Thoughts on,

But one of no abiding, of no name;

Nothing to bring you to but Cold and Hunger:

A jolly Joynture, Sister, you are happy,

No Mony, not ten Shillings. *Isab.* You search nearly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one
That knows not where he'll eat's next Meal, take's rest,
Unless it be i'th' Stocks; what Kindred has'e,

But a more wanting Brother, or what Virtues?

Isab. You have had rare Intelligence, I see, Sister.

Wid. Or say the Man had Virtue,
Is Virtue in this Age a full Inheritance?

(30) —— *The Day grows on,*] Tho' this is Sense, yet Mr. *Symphon* thinks it necessary to make the Poets consistent with themselves, and reads *goes*, because *Isabella* uses that Expression to her Sister when she retorts upon her the Sarcasms of this Scene.

What

What Jointure can he make you, *Plutarch's Morals*,
Or so much penny rent in the small Poets?

This is not well, 'tis weak, I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the Town for? *Wid.* Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my Affairs than I am,
That's all I have to answer; I'll go with you,
And willingly, and what you think most dangerous,
I'll sit and laugh at. Sister, 'tis not Folly
But good Discretion governs our mean Fortunes.

Wid. I'm glad to hear you say so. *Isab.* I am for you. [*Exe.*]

Enter Shorthose, and Humphry, with riding Rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her, she will on't,
Eat an Egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am already gaul'd, yet I will pray,
May *London* ways henceforth be full of holes,
And Coaches crack their Wheels, may zealous Smiths
(31) So housel all our Hackneys, that they may feel

VOL. II.

Com-

(31) So housel all our Hackneys,] I have had a literary Debate with a Gentleman of Learning on this Passage. *Housel* signifies the *Eucharist*, and there not seeming the least Connexion between the *Eucharist* and Smiths laming Horses, he would read *hoze-well*, to *hoze* in the *Forest Laws* signifying *expeditare*, to draw the Soles of the Feet. The Conjecture is very ingenious, but I observ'd, that it would not correspond with the Context, for *zealous* and *Compunction* being both *equivocal*, and evidently referring to some religious Rite, require the *intermediate Verb* to be equivocal also, and that *housel* was probably the true one, if it had any Sense applicable to Horses as well as to the Sacrament. I therefore conjectur'd that it might signify *to prepare for a Journey*, as the *Eucharist* given to dying Persons is call'd *Viaticum*. On consulting *Glossaries* I found this highly probable, if not certain. *Minshew* says, *Housel* is not the Sacrament in general, but only when administred to dying Persons. (Thus *Shakspear* uses it, *unhousel'd*, *unanointed*, *unanel'd*, spoken by the Ghost in *Hamlet*.) *Spelman* explaining the *Viaticum*, gives *Housel* as its Equivalent, and refers to *Fortescue De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, Cap. 22. *Cum ad Mortis articulum infirmaretur ultimum quoque Viaticum Christi videlicet Corpus sumpisset*: Which is thus translated by the great *Selden*. Being brought in Despair of his Life, and thereupon receiving *his Housel*. Had *Housel* been the Sacrament in general, it would have been *the Housel*. This seems *decisive*. But the Gentleman does not admit it to be quite so, for he produces many Authorities for *Husel*, *Howsel*, or *Housel* (for it's spelt three ways) signifying the *Eucharist* in general. He says the same *Spelman* renders *Husel-Gang*, *Aditio Eucharistiæ*, a going to the *Eucharist*; I can't find this in *Spelman*, but doubt not its being there, tho' I believe
the

Compunction in their Feet, and tire at *Highbate*,
 May't rain above all Almanacks until
 The Carriers fail, and the King's Fishmonger
 Ride like *Arion* on a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At *St. Albans*,

Let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober
 To bid her Worship welcome. *Short.* Not a Fiddle,
 But all preach'd down with Puritans ; no meat
 But Legs of Beef. *Hum.* No Beds but Wool-packs.]

Short. And all those so cramm'd
 With Warrens of starv'd Fleas that bite like Bandogs ;
 Let *Mims* be angry at their *St. Bel Swagger*,
 And we pass in the heat on't and be beaten,
 Beaten abominably, beaten Horse and Man,
 And all my Ladies Linnen sprinkled o'er
 With Suds and Dish-water.

Short. Not a Wheel but out of Joint.

Enter Roger laughing.

Hum. Why dost thou laugh ?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, the rarest Gentleman,
 And makes the rarest sport. *Short.* Where, where ?

Rog. Within here,

H'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman,
 So tew'd him up with Sack that he lies lashing
 A But of Malmie for his Mares. *Short.* 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest Songs,

the *English* is false printed, because the *Latin* is falsely translated ; for *Aditio Eucharistiæ* is a going of the Eucharist, and *Husel-Gang* is evidently the Gang of People attending it. So that *Spelman* still confirms the Interpretation. The next Authority is *Willis's Notitia Parliamentaria*, Vol. 2. p. 343. who quotes an old Register of *Honeton, Devonshire*, of a Chapelry, which in *Hen. VIIIth's* Reign contain'd 700 *houfeling* People. This may be understood in the restrain'd Sense of the Word, but if it is not, it only shews that the Word was sometimes understood of the Sacrament in general ; but it does not annul the Authority of *Selden* above, as it is join'd with *Shakespear* and our Authors, who cannot be understood without interpreting *Houfel* in the Sense of *Viaticum*. May zealous Smiths so *houfel*, i. e. prepare our Horses for the Journey that they may feel *Compunction* in their Feet. It is indeed a little profane, but that I'm sorry for ; our Authors are not so cautious of this as we might wish them, tho' they are much more so than most of the Comic Writers of their Age, or of any Age since.

And

And *Shorthose* he's so maul'd the Red Deer Pies,
Made such an Alms i'th' Buttery. *Short.* Better still.

Enter Valentine, and Widow.

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman ?

Short. May he anger her into a Fever. [*Exeunt.*]

Wid. I pray you tell me, Sir, who sent you hither ?
For I imagine 'tis not your condition,
You look so temperately, and like a Gentleman,
To ask me these wild questions. *Val.* Do you think
I use to walk of Errands, gentle Lady,
Or deal with Women out of Dreams from others ?

Wid. You have not known me sure ? *Val.* Not much.

Wid. What reason

Have y' then to be so tender of my Credit,
You are no Kinsman ? *Val.* If you take it so,
The honest Office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it :
Now I perceive you're proud, not worth my Visit.

(32) *Wid.* Pray stay a little, proud.

Val. Yes, monstrous proud,
I griev'd to hear a Woman of your value,
And your abundant parts stung by the People,
But now I see 'tis true ; you look upon me
As if I were a rude and sawcy Fellow
That borrow'd all my Breeding from a Dunghil,
Or such a one, as shou'd now fall and worship you
In hope of Pardon : You are cozen'd Lady,
I came to prove Opinion a loud Liar,
To see a Woman only great in Goodness,
And Mistress of a greater Fame than Fortune,
But ———

[now,

Wid. You're a strange Gentleman, if I were proud
I shou'd be monstrous angry, which I am not,
And shew the effects of Pride ; I shou'd despise you,
But you are welcome, Sir : To think well of

(32) *Pray stay, a little proud.*] Mr. *Sympson* reads, *Pray stay a little proud.* But this as well as the old Reading seems to acknowledge the Charge in part, which afterwards she absolutely denies. The Change of the Points seems to give a much more natural Sense.

Our

Our selves, if we deserve it, it is,
 Sir, a Lustre in's, and every good we have,
 (33) Strives to shew gracious, what use is't else old Age,
 Which, like Sear-trees, is seldom seen affected,
 Stirs sometimes at rehearſal of such Acts
 As 'is daring Youth endeavour'd. *Val.* This is well,
 And now you speak to the purpose, you please me,
 But to be Place-proud? *Wid.* If it be our own,
 Why are we set here with distinction else,
 Degrees, and Orders given us? In you Men,
 'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your Right,
 Affronts and loss of Honour: Streets, and Walls,
 And upper ends of Tables, had they Tongues,
 Could tell what Blood has follow'd, and what feud
 About your Ranks; are we so much below you,
 That 'till you have us, are the tops of Nature,
 To be accounted Drones without a difference?
 You'll make us Beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too,
 Proud of your Cloaths, they swear a Mercers Lucifer,
 A Tumour tackt together by a Taylor,
 Nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish
 That Butter-milk can better. *Wid.* Lord, how little
 (34) Will vex these poor blind People! If my Cloaths
 Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
 My Mind must be my Mercer's too? Or say my Beauty
 Please some weak Eyes, must it please them to think,
 That blows me up, that every hour blows off?
 This is an Infant's Anger. *Val.* Thus they say too,
 What though you have a Coach lin'd through with Velvet,
 And four fair *Flanders* Mares, why shou'd the Streets
 be troubled

Continually with you, till Car-men curse you?
 Can there be ought in this but pride of Shew, Lady,
 And Pride of Bum-beating, till the learned Lawyers
 With their fat Bags, are thrust against the bulks
 Till all their Causes crack? Why should this Lady,

(33) — *Old Age, like Sear-trees is seldom seen affected, stirs some-
 times,*] Here a Monosyllable dropt had hurt the Sense and Measure.

(34) — — *Poor blind People,*] *Mr. Sympsen* would read *pur-blind,*
 but the Text does not seem to want any Amendment.

And t'other Lady, and the third sweet Lady,
 And Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily visited, [lected,
 (35) And your poor Neighbours with course Naps neg-
 Fashions conferr'd about, Pouncings, and Paintings,
 And young Mens Bodies read on like Anatomies?

Wid. You're very credulous,
 And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, Sir,
 To her you know not, but you shall confess me,
 And find I will not start; in us all Meetings
 Lie open to these lewd Reports, and our Thoughts at
 Church,

Our very Meditations, some will swear,
 Which all shou'd fear to judge, at least uncharitably,
 Are mingled with your Memories; cannot sleep,
 But this sweet Gentleman swims in our Fancies,
 That scarlet Man of War, and that smooth Senior;
 Not dress our Heads without new Ambushes,
 How to surprize that Greatness, or that Glory;
 Our very Smiles are subject to Constructions;
 Nay Sir, it's come to this, we cannot pish,
 But 'tis a favour for some Fool or other;
 Should we examine you thus, were't not possible
 To take you without Perspectives? *Val.* It may be,
 But these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours, force no Truth, Sir,
 What deadly Tongues you have, and to those Tongues
 What Hearts, and what Inventions? O' my Conscience,
 And 'twere not for sharp Justice, you would venture
 To aim at your own Mothers, and 'count it glory
 To say you'd done so: All you think are Counsels,
 And cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double,
 Giddy, or gorg'd with Passion; we that build
 (36) Babels for Mens Confusions, we that scatter,
 As Day does his warm Light, our killing Curfes

(35) *Napses*] Former Edit.

(36) — [For *Mens Conclusions*,] There would I think need no
 Proof of this Emendation, had I only my own Conjecture to rely
 upon; I sent it Mr. *Theobald*, and he seems to have made it long
 before; for in very old Ink is wrote, *annōn Confusions*, and then in
 new Ink, *sic 1st Quarto*. Mr. *Sympson* too sends me Word that it
 was his Reading.

(37) Over God's Creatures, next to Devils in Malice :
Let us intreat your good words. *Val.* Well, this Woman

Has a brave Soul. *Wid.* Are not we gaily blest then,

(38) And much beholden to you for your sufferance?

You may do what you list, we what befeems us,

And narrowly do that too, and precisely,

Our Names are serv'd in else at Ordinaries,

And belcht abroad in Taverns. *Val.* O most brave Wench,

And able to redeem an Age of Women.

Wid. You are no Whoremasters? Alas, no, Gentlemen,

It were an impudence to think you vicious :

You are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you,

You are the cool things of the time, the Temperance,

Meer Emblems of the Law, and Veils of Virtue,

You are not daily mending like *Dutch* Watches,

And plastering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen,

That with their secret sins increase our Surgeons,

And lie in Foreign Countries, for new fores ;

Women are all these Vices ; you're not envious,

False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,

Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like Parrots,

Eaters of others Honours. *Val.* You are angry.

Wid. No by my Troth, and yet I cou'd say more too,

For when Men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure'tis a Man, she cou'd not bear't thus bravely else.

It may be I am tedious. *Wid.* Not at all, Sir.

I am content at this time you shou'd trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Where I find no Truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you're full of Passion.

Wid. Some I have,

I were too near the Nature of a God else.

(37) — *Next to the Devil's Malice,*] The slight Change here both improves the Sense and Measure.

(38) — *For your Substance?*] The Widow is declaiming at the Libertinism of Men ; and as a Contrast, shews the Restraint they on pain of Censure inflict on the Women. It is not the small share of Maintenance or Wealth that falls to the Female Sex which she complains of ; as the old Reading implies, and therefore it has no Connexion with the Context. My Reading seems to give the Idea required.

Val.

Val. You're monstrous Peevish.

Wid. 'Cause they are monstrous Foolish,
And know not how to use that should try me.

Val. I was ne'er answer'd thus ; were you ne'er Drunk,
Lady ?

Wid. No sure, not Drunk, Sir ; yet I love good Wine,
As I love Health and joy of Heart, but temperately ;
Why do you ask that question ? *Val.* For that Sin
That they most charge you with, is this Sin's Servant,
They say you are monstrous —

Wid. What, Sir, what ? *Val.* Most strangely.

Wid. It has a name sure ? *Val.* Infinitely lustful,
Without all bounds, they swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let's have it all, for Heav'n's sake, 'tis good Mirth,
Sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
Stuck in four quarters, like four Winds to cool you :
Will she not cry nor curse ? *Wid.* On with your Story.

Val. And that you're forcing out of dispensations
With sums of Mony to that purpose. *Wid.* Four
Husbands ! Should not I be blest, Sir, for example ?
Lord, what shou'd I do with them ? Turn a Malt-mill,
Or Tithe them out like Town-bulls to my Tenants,
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. I'll make you merry then, you're a brave Woman,
And in despite of Envy a right good one,
Go thy ways, troth thou art as good a Woman,
As any Lord of 'em all can lay his Leg over,
I do not oft commend your Sex. *Wid.* It seems so,
Your Commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you and sift you into Flour,
To know your pureness, and I've found you excellent,
I thank you ;

Continue so, and shew Men how to tread,
And Women how to follow : Get an Husband,
An honest Man, for you are a good Woman,
And live hedg'd in from Scandal, let him be too
An understanding Man, and to that stedfast ;

'Tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry,
And then you're fixt : Farewel. *Wid.* Pray stay a little,

I love your company now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

[*Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine Fellow,
This manly handsom Bluntness shews him honest ;
What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four Husbands!
How prettily he fooled me into Vices,
To stir my Jealousie, and find my Nature ;
A proper Gentleman : I am not well o'th' sudden,
Such a Companion I cou'd live and die with ;
His Angers are meer Mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. Come, come, I'm ready.

Wid. Are you so? *Ifab.* What ails she ?
The Coach stays, and the People, the day goes on,
I am as ready now as you desire, Sister :
Fie, who stays now, why do you sit and pout thus ?

Wid. Prithee be quiet, I'm not well.

Ifab. For Heav'n's sake
Let's not ride staggering in the Night, come pray take
Some Sweet-meats in your Pocket, if your Stomach —

Wid. I have a little business. *Ifab.* To abuse me,
(39) You shall not find new Dreams, and new Suspicions,
To horse there all.

Wid. Lord, who made you a Commander!
Hey ho, my Heart.

Ifab. What, is the Wind come thither,
And Coward like, do you lose your Colours to 'em ?
Are you sick o'th' *Valentine* ? Sweet-Sister ?

(39) — *Find new Dreams and new Suspicions, to horse withal,* What, was any body to be hors'd with Dreams, &c. The absolute Nonsense of this Passage a small difference in pointing, and the addition of one Letter will clear up entirely. *New Dreams and new Suspicions — To horse withal.* i. e. *Isabella* orders all the Servants to mount their Horses, to which the Widow answers.

Lord, who made you Commander ?

Mr. Sympson.

The old Reading does not seem to me to be Nonsense : It may mean, you shan't find new Suspicions to make you horse away from Town. But the Answer plainly shews that *Mr. Sympson's Conjecture* ought to be admitted, only I have changed a Particle to make the Sense plainer.

Come

Come let's away, the Country will so quicken you,
And we shall live so sweetly; *Luce*, y'r Lady's Cloak;
Nay, you have put me int' such a gog of going,
I wou'd not stay for all the World; if I live here,
You have so knock'd this love into my Head,
I shall love any Body, and I find my body,
I know not how, so apt— pray let's be gone, Sister,
I stand on Thorns. *Wid.* I prithee *Isabella*,
I'faith I have some business that concerns me,
I will suspect no more; here, wear that for me, and
I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, Ralph.

Isab. I had rather go, but—

Wid. Come walk in with me,

We'll go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses there.

Short. A Jubile! a Jubile! we stay, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Uncle and Lance: Fountain, Bellamore and
Hairbrain following.

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lance. Close, close, speak aloud, Sir.

Unc. I'm glad my Nephew has so much Discretion,
At length to find his wants. Did sh' entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a wel-

Unc. For his own sake, do you think? [*come!*

Lance. Most certain, Sir,

And in his own Cause he bestir'd himself too,
And wan such liking from her, she dotes on him,
H'as the command of all the House already.

Unc. He deals not well with's Friends.

Lance. Let him deal on,

And be his own Friend, he has most need of her.

Unc. I wonder they wou'd put him—

Lance. You're in the right on't.

A Man must raise himself, I knew he'd cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has: He watch'd occasion,
And found it i'th' nick. *Unc.* He has deceiv'd me.

Lance. I told you, howsoe'er he wheel'd about,
He wou'd charge home at length: How I cou'd laugh now,

To think of these tame Fools!

Unc. 'Twas not well done,
Because they trusted him, yet —

Bel. Hark you, Gentlemen.

Unc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us;
They have it home.

(40) *Lance.* Come, let it work good even Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Uncle and Lance,

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a Knave, I ever thought it.

Hair. And we are Fools, tame Fools.

Bel. Come let's go seek him,

He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. [Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Luce,

Ifab. Art sure she loves him? *Luce.* Am I sure I live?
And I have clapt on such a Commendation

On your Revenge. *Ifab.* Faith he's a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsom enough, and that her Eye has found out,

Ifab. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. H'as the right way. *Ifab.* How is she?

Luce. Bears it well,

As if she car'd not, but a Man may see

With half an Eye through all her forc'd Behaviour.

And find who is her *Valentine*. *Ifab.* Come let's go see her,

(41) I long to persecute. *Luce.* By no means, Mistress,

Let her take better hold first. *Ifab.* I cou'd burst now.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain,

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers,
(42) You shotten-soul'd, slight Fellows? Was't not I
That undertook you first from empty Barrels,

(40) — *Good on Gentlemen.*] Former Edit. Amended by Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon.

(41) — *To persecute.*] The small Change I have made seems warranted both by *Luce's* Answer, and *Isabella's* Project of vexing her Sister, which *Luce* afterwards expresses by the same Word; *Still they persecute her.*

(42) *You shotten, fold,*] The Reading I have substituted, is from Mr. Theobald's Margin, and I think it a very happy Conjecture.

And

And brought those barking Mouths that gap'd like
Bung-holes

To utter Sense? Where got you Understanding?

Who taught you Manners and apt Carriage

(43) To rank your selves? Who fill'd you in fit Taverns?

Were those born with your Worships when you came hi-

What brought you from the Universities [ther?

Of moment matter to allow you,

(44) Besides your Small-Beer Sentences?

Bel. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two hand Rapiers, boot-hoses

(45) With penny-poses,

And twenty Fools opinions, who look'd on you,

(46) But piping Kites that knew you wou'd be prizes,

And Prentices in *Paul's* Church-yard, that scented

(47) Your want of *Britain's* Books.

(43) — *Who fill'd you*] The Emendation here I sent Mr. *Theobald*, and I find that he had long since made it, for it stands in very old Ink, and then in new. *First Quarto.*

(44) *Small base Sentences?*] Old *Quarto*, *Small-bare*. True Reading restored by Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson*.

(45) *With penny-poses,*] I think it very probable that some Words are lost here, that would have had more relation to *penny-poses* than what now precedes them, and have completed the Verse.

(46) *But piping Rites that knew you would be prizing,*] *Kites* is a Term for Sharpers, as in the first Page of this Play,

Maintaining Hospitals for Kites and Curs.

That this therefore is the true Reading here I cannot doubt, for the Epithet *piping* expresses the Noise which the Kite makes in seeking his Prey, and cannot, I believe, be joined to any other Word with Propriety. Both Mr. *Sympson* and Mr. *Theobald* conjectur'd, *Wights*, but gave it up. The Change of the last Word is equally necessary to the Sense.

(47) — *Britain's Books.*] This was a voluminous Writer sneer'd by several Wits of our Author's Age. The initial Letters of his Name were mentioned in the *Scornful Lady*, P. 300. And Mr. *Theobald* there calls him *Broughton*, quoting *Ben Johnson's Alchymist*. But Mr. *Sympson* has found him mentioned by *Broome* in his *Merry Beggars*, where he is call'd *Britain*; and by Sir *John Suckling* in his *Goblins*, by the Name of *Briton*: And as they all agree in Character, there can be no doubt of their meaning the same Person. One may collect from them that his Works were full of formal high-flown Compliments, and are therefore very properly apply'd here.

Enter Widow and Luce.

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my Integrity, you Whelps?

Bel. You ma' talk

The stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hair. You tempt our Patience, we have found you out,
And what your trust comes to, you are well feather'd,
Thank us, and think now of an honest Course,
'Tis time; Men now begin to look, and narrowly
Into your tumbling tricks, they're stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he. *Wid.* Be still and mark him.

Val. How mis'erable will these poor Wretches be
When I forsake 'em!

But things have their necessities. I'm sorry, to what a
Vomit must they turn again;

Now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; ne'er hope,
After I cast you off, you Men of *Motley*,

You most undone things below pity, any

That has a Soul and six Pence dares relieve you,

My Name shall bar that Blessing; there's your Cloak,

Sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you

A fortnight longer from the Fool; your Hat,

Pray be cover'd,

And there's the Sattin that your Worship sent me,

Will serve you at a Sizes yet. *Fount.* Nay, faith Sir,

You may e'en rub these out now. *Val.* No such Relick,

Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness

Shall keep me warm; these Breeches are mine own,

Purchas'd, and paid for, without your Compassion,

A Christian Breeches founded in *Black-Friers*,

And so I will maintain 'em. *Hair.* So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the thirteen Shillings in these Breeches,

And the odd Groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir,

A mark to know a Knave by, pray preserve it,

Do not displease more, but take it presently.

Now help me off with my Boots.

Hair. We're no Grooms, Sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly,

Or

Or by this Hand I'll make you. *Bel.* To our own, Sir,
We may apply our Hands. *Val.* There's your Hangers,
You may deserve a strong pair, and a Girdle
Will hold you without Buckles; now I'm perfect,
And now the proudest of your Worships tell me,
I am beholding to you. *Fount.* No such matter!

Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous to prate of pity;

(48) Which are the poorer, you or I now Puppies?
I without you, or you without my Knowledge?
Be Rogues, and so be gone, be Rogues, reply not,
For if you do —

Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: Th' Air
Is sharper far than is our Anger, Sir,
And these you might reserve to rail in warmer.

Hair. Pray have a care, Sir, of your Health. [*Ex. Lovers.*]

Val. Yes Hog-hounds,
More than you have o' your wits; 'tis cold, and I
Am very sensible, extreamly cold too,
Yet I'll not off, 'till I have sham'd these Rascals;
I have indur'd as ill heats as another,
(49) And almost every way that one can perish;
My Body, you'll bear cold, but they the blame on't;
I'm colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle with a Bag.

Unc. 'Twas rarely ta'en, and now he's flead he will be ruled.

Lance. To him, and tew him, abuse him, nip him close.

Unc. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this
weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in 'a hot fit, thank my Friends.

(48) — *Poorer. You are now Puppies?*] Here the Sense and
Measure have equally suffered. How flat is it meerly to call them
Puppies? He had called them Whelps, and worse Names before. I
sent my Emendation to Mr. *Theobald*, and find it in his Margin.
Mr. *Symphon* too says that he hit upon the same.

(49) *And every way if one could perish my Body, you'll bear the blame
on't;*] Here both Sense and Measure seem entirely lost, nor can I re-
store either without taking Liberties, which I doubt will be thought
unwarrantable. I have given the only tolerable Sense which I could
pick out of the Wreck that is left; but am far from imposing my
Additions as the genuine Text.

Unc.

Unc. But Cousin,
Where are your Cloaths, Man? Those are no Inheritance,
Your scruple may compound with those I take it,
This is no fashion, Cousin. *Val.* Not much follow'd,
I must confess; yet Uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next Term.

(50) *Lance.* How came you thus, Sir, for you're
strangely mew'd.

Val. Rags, Toys and Trifles, fit only for those Fools
That first possessed 'em, and t' those Knaves they're
rendred.

All Freemen, Uncle, ought t' appear like Innocents,
(51) *Old Adam,*

A fair Fig-leaf sufficient. *Unc.* Take me with you,
Were these your Friends that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang Friends,
And even Reckonings that make Friends.

Unc. I thought till now,
There had been no such Living, no such Purchase,
(For all the rest is Labour) as a List
Of honourable Friends; do such Men as you, Sir,
In lieu of all your Understandings, Travels,
And those great gifts of Nature, aim 't no more
Than casting off your Coats? I'm strangely cozen'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the cold you
And all the Gentry suffer interdiction, [feel now,
No more sense spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandal*,
'Till you be summ'd again, Velvets and Scarlets,
Anointed with Gold Lace, and Cloth of Silver
Turn'd into *Spanish* Cottons for a Penance,
Wits blasted with your Bulls, and Taverns wither'd,
As though the Term lay at St. *Albans*?

Val. Gentlemen,
You've spoken long and level, I beseech you,

(50) — *Strangely mew'd.*] Mr. *Theobald* says in his Margin that *mew'd* is a term in Falconry for shedding of Feathers; it is deriv'd from *muër* to change, and is a very just Emendation. The word summ'd below, is another term in Falconry, and signifies full-plumed, both proper to *Lance* who is a Falconer as well as Tenant.

(51) *Old Adam.*] Here, I believe, something is lost that would probably have filled up both Sense and Measure.

Take

Take Breath a while and hear me ; you imagine now,
By th' twirling of your Strings, that I'm at th' last, as also
That m' Friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier,
To raise me up again above your Rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe. *Val.* You have no mind
To better me. *Unc.* Yes, Cousin, and t' that end

I come, and once more offer you all that

My Pow'r is Master of. *Val.* 'Tis a match then,

Lay me down fifty Pounds there. *Unc.* There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this,
As due unto my Merit, without caution
Of Land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hop'd for. *Unc.* How?

[*Luce lays a Suit and Letter at the Door.*]

Val. Without daring,

When you are Drunk, to relish of Revilings,
To which you're prone in Sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young Wanton
play awhile,

Away I say, Sir, let him go forward with
His naked Fashion, he'll seek you to morrow ;
Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry, how I sweat !

Unc. Farewel, Sir. [*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

Val. Wou'd I sweat too, I'm monstrous vext, and
cold too ;

And these are but thin Pumps to walk the Streets in ;
Cloaths I must get, this Fashion won't fadge with me ;
Besides, 'tis an ill Winter wear. — What art thou ?

Yes, they are Cloaths, and rich ones, some Fool's
left 'em :

And if I shou'd utter — What's this Paper here ?

Let this be only worn by the most noble

And most deserving Gentleman *Valentine*.

— Dropt out o'th' Clouds ! I think they're full of Gold
too ; well,

I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again,
In the next House I'll shift,

[*Exit.*
A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. **W**H Y do you deal thus with him? 'Tis un-
nobly.

Unc. Peace, Cousin, peace, you are too tender of him.
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus,
The violence of his Disease, *Francisco,*
Must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a Stinger,
Has eaten off his Cloaths, the next his Skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the Bones, 'tis better,
'Twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble Friends now?
Will his fantastical Opinions cloath him,
Or th' learn'd Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily,
For all his Friends have flung him off, he's naked,
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he shou'd get himself Lodging,
His Spirit must be bow'd, and now we have him,
Have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of Nuts, with half a Cloak about him,
For all means are cut off, or borrowing six Pence,
To shew his Bounty in the Pottage Ordinary?

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why shou'd you ask after him?
You have been trim'd already, let 'm take his Fortune,
He spun it out himself, Sir, there's no pity.

Unc. Besides, some good to you now, from this Misery.

Fran. I rise upon his Ruins! fie, fie, Uncle,
Fie honest *Lance.* Those Gentlemen were base People,
That cou'd so soon take fire to his Destruction.

Unc. You are a Fool, you are a Fool, a young Man.

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*,
And how d'ye think now, how shew Matters?
Morrow Bandog.

Unc. How?

Fran. 'S this Man nak'd, forsaken of his Friends?

Val. Thou'rt handsome, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman,
I'faith, thou look'st well, yet here may be those
That look as handsome. *Lance.* Surely he can Conjure,
And has the Devil for his Taylor. *Unc.* New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he,

Imagination cannot work this Miracle —

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, Uncle,
The very he, the he your Wisdom plaid with,
I thank you for't, neigh'd at his Nakedness,
And made his Cold and Poverty your Pastime;
You see I live, and th' best can do no more Uncle,
And though I have no State, I keep the Streets still,
And take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gen-
tleman,

Wear Cloaths to keep me warm, poor things they serve [me,
Can make a shew too if I list, yes Uncle,
And ring a peal i' my Pockets, ding, dong, Uncle,
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?

Unc. I am amaz'd. *Lance.* I'll sell my Copyhold,
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why shou'd I labour? Is there no Fairy haunts him,
No Rat, nor no old Woman? *Unc.* You are *Valentine*?

Val. I think so, I can't tell, I have been call'd so,
And some say Christen'd; why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a Serjeant fasting,
Did you e'er know Desert want? You are Fools,
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
He'd grow too rank else, a small Eclipse to shadow him,
But out he must break, glowingly again,
And with as great a lustre, look you Uncle,
Motion and Majesty. *Unc.* I am confounded.

Fran.

Fran. I'm of his Faith.

Val. Walk by his careless Kinsman,
And turn again and walk, and look thus, Uncle,
Taking some one by th' Hand whom he loves best,
Leave 'em to th' Mercy of th' Hog-market, come *Frank*,
Fortune is now my Friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow, Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I shall be thus again ;
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own Ignorance,
[*Exe. Val. and Fran.*

Unc. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily
Upon my Conscience, bury him stark naked,
He'd rise again, within two hours imbroider'd.
Sow Mustard-seeds, they can't come up so thick
As his new Sattins do, and Cloths of Silver,
There is no striving. *Unc.* Let him play awhile then,
And let's search out what hand ———

Lance. Ay, there the Game lies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Fount. Come, let's speak for our selves, we've lodg'd
him sure enough,
His Nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hair. Let's in boldly,
And use our best Arts, who she deigns to favour,
We're all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him,
No civil Wars. *Bel.* By no means. Now do I
Much wonder in what old tod Ivie he
Lies whistling; for Means, nor Cloaths he hath none,
Nor none will trust him, we've made that side sure,
We'll teach him a new wooing. *Hair.* Say it is
His Uncle's spite. *Fount.* 'Tis all one, Gentlemen,
'T has rid us fair of an incumberance,
And makes us look about to our own Fortunes.
Who are these ?

Enter

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Ifab. Not see this Man yet! well, I shall be wiser:
But *Luce*, didst e'er know a Woman melt so?
She's finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Ifab. I cou'd so titter now and laugh; I was lost, *Luce*,
And I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*,
What pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks!
And we must into th' Country in all haste, *Luce*.

Luce. For Heav'n's sake, Mistress.

Ifab. Nay, I've done,
I must laugh though; but Scholar, I shall teach you.

Fount. 'Tis 'r Sister. *Bel.* Save you, Ladies.

Ifab. Fair met Gentlemen,
You're visiting my Sister, I assure my self.

Hair. We wou'd fain bless our Eyes.

Ifab. Behold and welcome,
You'd see her? *Fount.* 'Tis our business.

Ifab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.

Ifab. I'll make her fret a thousand,
Nay now I've found the Scab, I will so scratch her.

Luce. She can't endure 'em.

Ifab. She loves 'em but too dearly;
Come follow me, I'll bring you to th' party,
Then make your own Conditions, Gentlemen.

Luce. She's sick, you know.

Ifab. I'll make her well, or kill her;
And take no idle answer, you are Fools then,
Nor stand off for her State, she'll scorn you all then,
But urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her;
A Widow must be won so. *Bel.* She speaks bravely.

Ifab. I'd fain ha' a Brother i' Law, I love Mens
company,
And if she call for Dinner to avoid you,
Be sure you stay; follow her into her Chamber,
If she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly,

Like

Like honest Lovers. *Luce.* This will kill her.

Fount. You've shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Isab. I know you stand o'thorns, come I'll dispatch

Luce. If you live after this.

Isab. I've lost my aim.

[you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?

Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em.

Fran. Nor won't you be seen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone, *Frank,*

I'll make 'em their own Justice, and a Jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shall dog 'em,

And double dog 'em, ere I've done.

Fran. Will you go with me,

For I wou'd fain find out this piece of bounty,

It was the Widow's Man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end wou'd you go?

Fran. To give her Thanks.

Val. Hang giving Thanks, hast not thou Parts deserve it?

'T includes a further will to be beholden;

Beggars can do no more at door; if you

Will go, there lies your way. *Fran.* I hope you'll go.

Val. No not in Ceremony, and t' a Woman,
With mine own Father, were he living, *Frank;*

I would to th' Court with Bears first, if it be

That Wench I think it is, for t'other's wiser,

I wou'd not be so lookt upon, and laught at,

So made a Ladder for her Wit to climb upon,

(For 'tis the tarest Tit in Christendom,

I know her well *Frank,* and have buckled with her,)

So lickt, and stroaked, flear'd upon, and flouted,

And shown to Chamber-maids, like a strange Beast,

She'd purchas'd with her penny.

Fran. You're a strange Man,

But do you think it was a Woman? *Val.* There's

No doubt on't, who can b' there to do it else?

Besides the manner of the Circumstances.

Fran.

Fran. Such Courtesies, who ever does 'em, Sir,
Saving your Wisdom, must be more lookt into,
And better answer'd, than wi' deserving flights,
Or what we ought to have conferr'd upon us.
Men may starve else, Means are not gotten now
With crying I'm a gallant Fellow, a good Soldier,
A Man of Learning, fit to be employ'd,
Immediate Blessings cease like Miracles,
And we must grow by second Means. I pray
Go wi' me, ev'n as you love me, Sir.

Val. I'll come to thee,
But *Frank*, I will not stay to hear your Fopp'ries,
Dispatch those ere I come. *Fran.* You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthose, and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these Puppies?
You several blind Rascals, drunken Knaves.

Short. Yes forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently,——
Gentlemen.

Wid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue!

Short. I bawl as loud 's I can, wou'd you have me fetch
Upon my back? ['em

Wid. Get 'em out, Rascal, out with 'em,
I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I shou'd sweat more
To carry 'em out. *Roger.* They're Gentlemen, Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' Buttery, and make
'em Drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

Enter Isabella, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Isab. Now to her, Sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside, Boy,
I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em, m' young Mistreis told me so.

Short. Away to Tables then. [*Exe.* Short. Rog.

Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.

Fount. You are too curious, Madam, and too full
Of preparation, we expect it not. [cent,

Bel. Methinks the House is handsom, ev'ry place de-
What need you be so vext? *Hair.* We are no Strangers.

Fount. What though we come ere you expected us,
Do not we know your Entertainments, Madam,
Are free, and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.

Bel. We come to b' merry, Madam, very merry,
Love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady
A little of our old Plea. *Wid.* I am busie,
And very busie too, will none deliver me?

Hair. There is a time for all, you may be busie,
But when your Friends come, you've as much pow'r,

Wid. This is a tedious Torment. [Madam.

Fount. How handsomly

This little piece of Anger shews upon her!

(52) Well, Madam, you know how to grace your self.

Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have
A business waits me; some Wine for th' Gentlemen.

Hair. Nay, we'll go with you, we ne'er saw your
Chambers yet.

Isab. Hold there, my Boys.

Wid. Say I go my Prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your Meditations.

Wid. This's boisterous; or say I go to sleep,
Will you go sleep with me? *Bel.* So suddenly

Before Meat will be dangerous, we know

Your Dinner's ready, Lady, you'll not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I'll take the Air.

Hair. We'll wait on you,

And then your Meat after a quickned Stomach.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into th' Orchard:

Unmannerly rude Puppies — [Exit Widow.

Fount. We'll walk after you,
And view the pleasure of the Place:

(52) *You know not how to grace your self.]* As the Negative seems
to hurt both Sense and Measure, I have expung'd it.

Isab.

Ifab. Let 'er not rest,
For if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you,
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her,
Be bold and prosper.

Bel. Nay if we do not tire her.— [*Exeunt Lovers.*]

Ifab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady Sister,
And peep into my Privacies to suspect me,
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,
And when I've done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes
outragiouſly,
And ſtill they Perſecute her. *Ifab.* Long may they do ſo,
I'll teach her to declaim againſt my Pities;
Why is ſhe not gone out o'th' Town, but gives
Occaſion for Men t' run mad after her?

Luce. I ſhall be hang'd.

Ifab. This in me 'd been high Treason,
Three at a time, and private in her Orchard!
I hope ſhe will caſt up her Reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I ſhall find who brought 'em.

Ifab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh, Siſter? I fear me 'tis
Your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well
Becomes your Pleaſure.

Ifab. What have you done with 'em? [*dance*]

Wid. Lockt 'em i'th' Orchard, there I'll make 'em
And caper too, before they get their liberty,
Unmannerly rude Puppies.

Ifab. They're ſomewhat faucy,
(53) But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em;
Why were they not beaten out? *Wid.* I was about it,
But 'cauſe they came as Suitors.

Ifab. Why did you not answer 'em?

(53) ——— *Sound 'em.*] I happily found my Conjecture here
confirm'd by the old Quarto. *Mr. Symphon.*

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none:
More yet! How came these in?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lance. At the Door, Madam.

Ifab. It is that Face. *Luce.* This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the Money to? *Luce.* The same.

Ifab. I'll leave you,

They have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister,

They're Strangers both to me; how her Face alters!

Ifab. I'm sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though.

Who wou'd you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lance. You Lady,

Or your fair Sister there, here is a Gentleman

That has receiv'd a benefit. *Wid.* From whom, Sir?

Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam,
Your Man deliver'd it. *Wid.* I pray go forward.

Lance. And of so great a Goodness that he dares not,
Without the tender of his Thanks and Service,
Pass by the House. *Wid.* Which is the Gentleman?

Lance. This, Madam. *Wid.* What's your Name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me

Call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud

To scorn so timely a Benefit, nor so wretched,

To hide a Gratitude. *Wid.* It is well bestow'd then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister, as it seems,

For what Desert I dare not know, unless

A handsome Subject for your Charities,

Or aptness in your noble Will to do it,

Have showr'd upon my Wants a timely Bounty,

Which makes me rich in Thanks, my best Inheritance.

Wid. I'm sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman;

Fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter,

The Man's a pretty Man.

Ifab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?

Ifab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may persuade you,
Your only aptness to do this is Recompence,

And

And more than I expected. *Fran.* But good Lady.

Ifab. And for me further to b' acquainted with it,
Besides the imputation of vain Glory,
Were greedy thankings of my self, I did it
Not to be more affected to ; I did it,
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted
I have my end ; more to enquire is curious
In either of us, more than that suspicious.

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Ifab. About the right way nothing,
Do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown Face of Complements, it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought your Thanks
'T had been too much, 'twas not to see your Person.

Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it ?

Ifab. Though I believe few handsomer ; or hear you,
Though I affect a good Tongue well ; or try you,
Though m' Years desire a Friend, that I reliev'd you.

Wid. A plaguy cunning Quean.

Ifab. For so I carried it,
(54) My end's too glorious in mine Eyes, and better'd
The goodness I propounded with Opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Ifab. You cannot catch me, Sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my Tongue up, Lady ?

Ifab. Let it suffice you have't, 'twas never mine,
Whilst good Men wanted it.

Lance. This is a Saint, sure.

Ifab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self,
Were more officious than you think my Thanks are,
To doubt I may be worth your Gift a Treason,
(55) Both to mine own good and to your understanding,

I

(54) — *And better'd the Goodness.*] This Sentence has something dark in it, which I cannot clear up : She would seem to say, that she intended to enhance the Goodness of her Action by Concealment.

(55) *To mine own good and understanding,*] Here again the Measure and Sense were equally hurt. It is by no means consonant to the

I know my Mind clear, and though Modesty
Tells me, that he who doth intreat intrudes ;
Yet I must think something, and of some Season,
Met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, Wench ?

Ifab. 'Las, it never touch'd me.

Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first Money
I ever took upon a forc'd ill Manners !

Ifab. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful Taker ? *Ifab.* Spend it, and say nothing,
Your Modesty may deserve more. *Wid.* O Sister,
Will you bar Thankfulness !

Ifab. Dogs dance for Meat,
Wou'd ye have Men do worse ? For they can speak,
Cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds,
I did it that my best Friend should not know it,
Wine and vain Glory does as much as I else ;
If you will force my Merit, against my Meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so ;
And not examining a Woman did it,
Or to what end, in not believing sometimes
Your self, when Drink and stirring Conversation
May ripen strange persuasions. *Fran.* Gentle Lady,
I were a base Receiver of a Courtesie
And you a worse Disposer, were my Nature
Unfurnish'd of these fore-sights. Ladies honours
(56) Were ever in my Thoughts unspotted Ermines,
Their

Modesty of *Francisco* to commend his own Understanding, when it was not called in Question ; but to say that he would not doubt his own Merit, since one of so good an Understanding had distinguish'd it, this is in Character. *Mr. Sympson* had made this Addition before I sent it him.

(56) ——— *Unspotted Crimes,*] My Conjecture in this place was *Shrines*, but *Mr. Theobald* has, I doubt not, hit upon the true Word ; for besides its Propriety to the Epithet, he has proved it by a Parallel Passage of our Poets. *Monfieur Thomas*, Act 4. Scene 1.

————— O that Honesty

That Ermine Honesty, unspotted ever.

³Till I saw this, I was fully satisfy'd with my own Emendation, which

Their good Deeds holy Temples, where the Incense
Burns not to common Eyes ; your fears are virtuous,
And so I shall preserve 'em. *Isab.* Keep but this way,
And from this place to tell me so, you've paid me ;
And so I wish you see all Fortune. [Exit.

Wid. Fear not,
The Woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely ?
(57) This is to awake my Fears, not to abuse me ;
I shall look narrowly ; despair not Gentleman,
There is an hour to catch a Woman in,
If you be wise, so, I must leave you too ;
Now I'll go laugh at m' Suitors. [Exit.

Lance. Sir, what courage ? [tutes

Fran. (58) This Woman is a Founder, and cites Sta-
To all her benefits. *Lance.* I ne'er knew yet,
So few Years and so cunning, yet believe me
She has an itch, but how t' make her confess it,
For't is a crafty Tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home, she would fain, but she dares not ;
Carry your self but so discreetly, Sir,
That want or wantonness seem not to search you,

I now condemn, and mention it only to shew, how little Dependence one ought to have upon the most plausible Conjecture ; and that to be positive and dogmatical, does not become a verbal Critick. Mr. *Sympton* read with me *Sbrates*, but entirely agreed in the Preference of *Ermines*.

(57) — Or to abuse me,] This Reading seems wrong, could *Isabella* carry it so precisely on purpose to make her Sister more watchful of her? The slight Change I have made gives this Sense ; your Behaviour which was intended to lull my Fears asleep, shall not so abuse me, but make me more vigilant. Mr. *Sympton* does not admit this, but would read,

Is this to wake my Fears, or to abuse me ?

But how could she ask so absurd a Question ?

(58) — *A Founder and cites Statutes,*] This is somewhat obscure, but I believe the meaning is, This Woman is a Founder or Builder up of my Fortunes, and like the Founder of a College has no other Motive than the Statutes or Commands of Heaven to be Charitable. Or perhaps, she is a Founder of my Fortunes, and mentions Statutes to me which she expects me to conform to. Founder is used in the same Sense in the *Captain*, Act 1. Scene 3.

— imagine Me
A Founder of old Fellows !

And you shall see her open. *Fran.* I do love her,
 And were I rich, wou'd give two thousand pound,
 (59) To wed her Wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Paragon,
 And such a spritely way of Pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lance. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you'd cry, ho,
 ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this
 Wench now,
 When all's done; some such Youth will carry her,
 And wear her, greasie out like stuff, some Duncce
 That knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing
 But a long charge at Sizes: O the Fortunes!

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Lance. Comfort your self.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too,
 Boldly upon't; nay, Mistrefs, I still told you,
 How you would find your trust, this 'tis to venture
 Your Charity upon a Boy.

Lance. Now, what's the matter?
 Stand fast, and like your self.

Isab. Prithee no more, Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you? *Isab.* 'Tis true.

Luce. Or Misery,
 Or say he had been i'th' Cage, was there no Mercy
 To look abroad but yours? *Isab.* I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Must every slight Companion that can purchase
 (60) A shew of Poverty and Beggary
 Fall under your Compassion? *Lance.* Here's new matter.

Luce.

(59) — '*Tis a Dragon.*] This is an odd Animal for a Lover to compare his Mistrefs to; had she been a Termagant or a Spit-fire it might have been proper. Paragon is very near the trace of the Letters, and is used both by *Shakespeare* and others of our Authors Age, for an unparagon'd Beauty.

(60) — *And beggarly Planet.*] A shew of a beggarly Planet, does not look like a genuine Expression; the word Planet, indeed, or Wanderer, seems proper in the Place, and if it be preserved, we should, I think, read,

A shew of Poverty, each beggarly Planet

Fall under your Compassion?

The Verse runs better, as I have put it in the Text, but the Reader
 will

Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well, here he stays yet,
Yet as I live. *Fran.* How her Face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.

Ifab. I'm glad on't.

Fran. How do you, gentle Lady?

Ifab. Much asham'd, Sir,

But first stand further off me, you're infectious,
To find such Vanity, nay almost Impudence,
Where I believ'd a Worth: Is this your Thanks,
The Gratitude you were so mad to make me,
This your trim Counsel, Gentlemen?

Lance. What, Lady?

Ifab. Take your device again, it will not serve, Sir,
The Woman will not bite, you're finely cozen'd,
Drop it no more for shame.

Luce. D' you think you're here, Sir,
Amongst your Waist-coateers, your base Wenches
That scratch at such occasions? You're deluded:
This is a Gentlewoman of a noble House,
Born to a better Fame than you can build her,
And Eyes above your pitch. *Fran.* I do acknowledge—

Ifab. Then I beseech you, Sir, what could you see,
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil,)
In my behaviour of such easiness
That you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me,
This Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir. *Ifab.* I took it up too,
Still looking when your Modesty should miss it,
Why, what a Childish part was this? *Fran.* I vow.

Ifab. Vow me no Vows, for he that dares do this,
Has bred himself to boldness, to forswear too;
There take your gewgaw, you are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part, as you grow older
Grow wiser if you can, and so farewell, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Isabella, and *Luce.*

will please to take his choice. Mr. *Sympson* does not admit either of
these Conjectures, but would read,

A shew of Poverty and beggarly Plaint.

But a shew of a beggarly Plaint, seems as harsh to me as the old
Reading.

Lance.

Lance. Grow wiser if you can? She's put it to you,
'Tis a rich Ring, did you drop it? *Fran.* Never,
Ne'er saw't afore, *Lance.*

Lance. Thereby hangs a Tail then:
What flight she makes to catch her self: Look up, Sir,
You cannot lose her if you would, how daintily
She flies upon the Lure, and cunningly
(61) She makes her stops! whistle and she'll come to you.

Fran. I wou'd I were so happy.

Lance. Maids are Clocks,
The greatest Wheel, they show, goes slowest to us,
And make us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser,
Which are conceal'd, being often oyl'd with Wishes,
Flee like desires, and never leave that Motion, [row,
'Till the Tongue strikes; she is Flesh, Blood, and Mar-
Young as her purpose, and as soft as pity;
No Monument to Worship, but a Mould
To make Men in, a neat one, and I know
How e'er sh' appears now, which is near enough,
You are stark blind if yo' hit not soon; at Night
He wou'd venture forty Pounds more but to feel
A Flea in your Shape bite her: Drop no more Rings
forsooth,

This was the prettiest thing to know her Heart by.

Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.

Lance. Put your self in
Good comfort, don't she point you out the way?
Drop no more Rings, she'll drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder m' Brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone,
And feed your self on your own Fortunes; come
Be frolick, and let me be monstrous wife,
And full of counsel; drop no more Rings quoth-a:

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must b' us'd so:
Who sent for you? Who entertain'd you, Gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,

(61) *Stops!*] Mr. *Sympson* thinks it should be *sloops.*

And

And impudently bold; prest on my Patience,
As if I kept a House for all Companions,
And of all sorts: Will have your Wills, will vex me
And force a liking from you I ne'er ow'd you?

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bel. And for all this

Will have a better Answer from you. *Wid.* You
Shall neither have an Answer nor a Dinner,
Unless you use me with a more staid Respect,
And stay my time too.

Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphry,
Ralph, *with Dishes of Meat.*

Isab. Forward with the Meat now.

Rog. Come, Gentlemen, march fairly.

Short. Roger, you

Are a weak Serving-man, your white Broath runs from
Fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef;

An Elephant can do more! Oh for such a Back now,

And in these times, what might a Man arrive at!

Goose, graze you up, and Woodcock march behind,
I'm almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the Meat yet?

Away you Knaves, I will not Dine these two hours:

How am I vexed and chaf'd! go carry it back,

And tell the Cook that he's an arrant Rascal,

To send before I call'd.

Short. Face about, Gentlemen,

Beat 'mournful March then, and give some Supporters,

Or else I perish ———

[*Exeunt* Servants.]

Isab. It does me much good

To see her chafe thus.

Hair. We can stay, Madam, and will stay and dwell here,
'Tis a good Air.

Fount. I know you've Beds enough,
And Meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little ———

Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churlish,
We'll give you Physick, you must purge this Anger,
It burns you and decays you.

Wid.

Wid. If I'd you out once,
I'd be at the charge of a Portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble Lady.

Wid. G'd morrow, Sir.

How sweetly now he looks; and how full manly!
What Slaves were these to use him so!

Val. I come

To look a young Man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one

Was here, as I remember your own Brother,
But gone almost an hour ago. *Val.* Good E'en then.

Wid. You must not go so soon, Sir; there are here
Some Gentlemen, it may be you're acquainted with.

Hair. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bel. It is the very he; does it rain Fortunes,
Or has he a Familiar? *Hair.* How doggedly
He looks too?

Fount. 'Tis beyond Faith, let's be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen? *Wid.* Here.

Val. Yes, I know 'em,

And will be more familiar. *Bel.* Morrow, Madam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You'll stay till I talk with you,

(62) And not dine nei'er, but fasting fly my Fury;
You think you have undone me, think so still,
And swallow that belief, 'till you be company
Only for Court-hand Clerks, and starv'd Attornies,
'Till you break in at Plays like Prentices
For three a Groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars
In penny Rooms again, and fight for Apples,
'Till you return to what I found you, People
Betray'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers,
Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations

(62) — *But fastingly my Fury.*] Mr. Symphon reads *but fasting on my Fury*: My first Conjecture was, *bide my Fury*, but *fly* is nearest the trace of the Letters, and seems to me good Sense, I think it most probably the Original. Mr. Theobald reads, *bide*.

In Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cut-purses.
 Stir not, but hear, and mark, I'll cut your Throats else,
 'Till Water-works, and rumours of New-Rivers
 Ride you again, and run you into Questions
 Who built the *Thames*, 'till you run mad for Lotteries,
 And stand there with your Tables to glean up
 The Golden Sentences, and cite 'em secretly
 To Serving-men for sound Essays, 'till Taverns
 Allow you but a Towel-room to Tipple
 Wine in, that th' Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses
 That look like broken Promises, tied up
 With wicker Protestations, *English* Tobacco
 With half Pipes, not in half a Year once burnt, and
 Bisket

That Bawds have rub'd their Gums upon like Corals
 To bring the mark again,
 (63) 'Till this hour, Rascals, shall,
 'Till this most fatal hour shall come again,
 Think I fit down the Loser.

Wid. Will you stay, Gentlemen?

A piece of Beef, and a cold Capon's all,
 You know you're welcome.

Humph. That was cast t' abuse us.

Bel. Steal off, the Devil's in his Anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure

You will not leave me so discourteously,
 Now I've provided for you. *Val.* What do you here?
 Why do ye vex a Woman of her Goodness,
 Her State and Worth? Can yo' bring a fair Certificate
 That you deserve to be her Footmen? Husbands,
 Puppies?

Husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you Wind-suckers;
 Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,
 And when you're gone, seem to laugh at my fury,
 And slight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this:
 And though I am not bound to fight for Women,

(63) *Tell this hour Rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again,*] Tho' I have departed a good deal from the old Reading, yet as I have restored what I think to be the Sense, and the Measure, I hope it will be allowed.

As

As far as they are good I dare preserve 'em :
 Be not too bold, for if you be I'll swinge you,
And swinge you monstrously without all pity,
 Your Honours now may go, avoid me mainly. [*Exeunt.*]

Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
 And with your Nobleness prevented Danger,
 Their Tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat, Sir.

Val. No, no, I dare not trust my self with Women ;
 Go to your Meat, eat little, take less ease,
 And tie your Body to a daily Labour,
 You may live honestly, and so I thank you. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Well, go thy ways, thou art a noble Fellow,
 And some means I must work to have thee know it.
 [*Exit.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Unc. **M**OST certain 'tis her Hands that hold him up,
 And 'er Sister relieves *Frank*.

Mer. I'm glad to hear it :
 But wherefore do they not pursue this Fortune
 To some fair end ? *Unc.* The Women are too crafty,
 And *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashful ;
 Had any wise Man hold of such a Blessing,
 They'd strike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure, why does she stir so early ?
Wid. 'Tis strange, I cannot force him t' understand me,
 And make a Benefit of what I'd bring him :
 Tell my Sister I'll
 Use my Devotions at home this Morning,
 She may if she please go to Church. *Short.* Hey ho.
Wid. And do you wait upon her with a Torch, Sir,
Short. Hey ho. *Wid.* You lazy Knave.
Short. Here's such a tinkle tanklings

That

That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our Prayers out.

Ralph, empty my right Shoe, pray, that you made
Your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rosemary in't,
I must wait upon my Lady. This Morning Prayer
Has brought me into a Consumption,
I've nothing left but Flesh and Bones about me.

Wid. You droufie Slave, nothing but Sleep and
Swilling? [been,

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog-fleas as I've
And haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You wou'd have little list to Morning Prayers,
Pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book,
I am an ingrum Man. *Wid.* Get ready quickly,
And when she's ready, wait upon her handsomely;
No more, be gone. *Short.* If I do snore my part out —

[*Exit Short.*

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good Joy and Fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I
thank you, Sir. [late

Mer. Much Joy I hope you'll find, we came to gratu-
Your new knit Marriage-band. *Wid.* How?

Unc. He's a Gentleman,
Although he be my Kinsman, my fair Neice.

Wid. Neice, Sir?

Unc. Yes, Lady, now I may say so,
'Tis no shame t' you, I say a Gentleman,
And winking but at some light Fantasies,
Which you most happily m' affect him for,
As bravely carried, 's nobly bred and manag'd.

Wid. What is all this? I understand you not,
What Neice, what Marriage-knot?

Unc. I'll tell you plainly,
You are my Neice, and *Valentine* the Gentleman,
Has made you so by Marriage.

Wid. Marriage? *Unc.* Yes, Lady,
And t'was a noble and a virtuous Part,

To take a falling Man to your Protection,
And buoy him up again to all his Glories.

Wid. The Men are surely mad.

Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things, that fly away like Shadows,
Was not his Mind a full one, and a brave one?
You've Wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he has Wit enough to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he wou'd do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew,
(64) Howe'er he wheel'd about like a loose Carbine,
He wou'd charge home at length, like a brave Gentle-
man;

Heav'n's Blessing o'your Heart, Lady, we're so bound
To honour you, in all your Service so
Devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange, Widow,
It must be known, better a general Joy;
No stirring here yet, come, come, you can't hide it.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are th' finest Toys,
Belike then I am married? *Mer.* You are in
A miserable Estate i'th' World's account else,
I wou'd not for your Wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with Child?

Unc. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you're with Child,
And there's great joy among the Gentlemen,
Your Husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of Entrance,
How long, and when he staid, cou'd name the Bed too,
Where he paid down his first Fruits.

Wid. I shall believe anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private Reasons,
You'd have it private, yet take your own Pleasure;

(64) *Cabine,*] — A Carbine is a Term for a Horse Soldier, and us'd by our Authors in another Play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine Reading, tho' Mr. *Theobald* did, for I sent it him, and find it in his Margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in use in our Author's Time. I have Mr. *Symson's* Concurrence, who says he had corrected it so at first Reading.

And so good morrow, my best Neice, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you wou'd be with him,
Love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'll find him noble.

This may beget——

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Merchant.*

Wid. These are fine bobs i'faith, married, and with
Child too!

How long's this been, I trow? They seem grave Fellows,
They should not come to flout; married, and bedded;
The World takes notice too! Where lies this May-
game?

I cou'd be vext extreemly now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end; though I itch a little,
Must I be scratcht I know not how? Who waits there?

Enter Humphry a Servant.

Humpb. Madam.

[only,

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you
And hark you, Sir, be secret and be speedy,
Inquire out where he lies. *Humpb.* I shall do't, Madam.

Wid. Married, and got with Child i' a dream! 'tis
fine i'faith;

Sure he that did this, would do better waking. [*Exit.*

*Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, and a Boy with
a Torch.*

[*Frank?*

Val. Hold thy Torch handsomely: How dost thou,
Peter Bassel, bear up. *Fran.* You've fried me foundly,
Sack do you call this Drink?

Val. A shrewd Dog, *Frank*,
Will bite abundantly. *Lance.* Now cou'd I fight,
And fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou Man of *Memphis*?

Lance. But that thou'rt m' own natural Master, yet
My Sack says thou'rt no Man, thou art a Pagan,
And pawn'ft thy Land, which is a noble Cause.

Val. (65) No arms, nor harms, good *Lancelot*, dear
Lance,

No fighting here, we will have Lands, Boy, Livings,
And Titles, thou shalt be a Vice-Roy, *Lance* ;
Hang fighting, hang't, 'tis out of fashion.

Lance. I wou'd

Fain labour you into your Lands again,
Go to, it is behoveful. *Fran.* Fie *Lance*, fie.

Lance. I must beat some Body, and why not my Master,
Before a Stranger? Charity and beating
Begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me. *Lance.* I
Won't be compelled, and you were two Masters,
I scorn the Motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep? *Lance.* I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance. I scorn Meat, I come for rompering,
I come to wait upon my Charge discreetly ;
For look you, if you will not take your Mortgage again,
Here do I lie St. *George*, and so forth.

Val. And here do I, St. *George*, bestride the Dragon,
Thus with my *Lance*.

Lance. I sting, I sting wi' my Tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I'll Tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Val. Take this, *Nelson* ;

Now rise, thou Maiden-Knight of *Malligo*,
Lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack,
And charge again.

Lance. I'll play no more, yo' abuse me, will you go?

Fran. I will

Bid you good morrow, Brother, for sleep I can't,
I have a thousand Fancies. *Val.* Now thou'rt arriv'd,
Go bravely to the matter, and do something
Of worth, *Frank*.

Lance. You shall hear from 's. [*Exe. Lance and Fran.*]

(65) — *Nor arms.*] Either it must be a repetition of both Words,
[*No arms, no arms,*] or else the Letter I have added is necessary,
which gives some little humour, and therefore was probably the Ori-
ginal. I find it confirm'd by Mr. *Theobald*.

Val.

Val. This Rogue,
If he'd been sober, sure had beaten me,
Is the most tettiſh Knave.

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and Boy with a Torch.

Unc. 'Tis he. *Mer.* Good morrow. [luſty.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow t' you too, and you're ſo

Unc. You've made your Brother a fine Man, we met
him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was
(66) A Fool before, brought up amongſt the Miſt
Of Small-Beer Brew-houſes; what would you have
with me?

Mer. I come to tell y', your lateſt hour is come.

Val. Are you my Sentence?

Mer. Th' Sentence of your State.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and be hang'd high enough,
I may not ſee it. *Unc.* A gracious Reſolution.

Val. What would you have elſe with me, will you
go drink,

And let the World ſlide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, Boys,
Drink Sack like Whey, Boys.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither, Merchant: Make m' a Supper, thou
Moſt reverend Land-catcher, 'a Supper o' forty pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Siſters,

(66) — *Amongſt the miſt of Small-Beer Brew-houſes,*] How
much the ſlight Change I have made improves the Senſe, the Rea-
der of Taſte will inſtantly ſee. He will probably wonder how any
one could miſs it, and think it ſcarce deſerves a Note. But for my
own part, I ſeveral times read o'er the Paſſage without ſeeing the
Corruption, and am at laſt the Discoverer, tho' Mr. *Theobald* and
Mr. *Symphon* (whoſe Abilities no one will I believe doubt) had very
accurately ſtudied the Play. The ſame thing has frequently happen'd
to me with regard to their Emendations; and I doubt not but every
ſenſible Reader will find out many more, which we have all three
miſſed, as obvious and certain as this. What therefore I would often
inculcate is, that the Reader ſhould not be too ſevere upon us for
ſuch Overſights; Becauſe the ſame thing has happened to all Editors
of Books which abound with ſuch numerous Corruptions as do our
Authors Plays.

Thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their Trinkets,
 Let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine,
 We'll laugh at all the Miseries of Mortgage,
 And then in state I'll render thee an Answer.

Mer. What say you t' this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither. [Sir.

Mer. Will you redeem your State? speak to the point,

Val. No, not if it were mine Heir in the *Turks Gallies*

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand,

I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it,
 Because thou cam'st i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it,
 Go take Possession, and be sure you hold it,
 Hold fast wi' both Hands, for there b' those Hounds
 uncoupled,

Will ring you such a Knell; go down in Glory,
 And march upon my Land, and cry, All's mine;
 Cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil,
 Mark what an Echo follows, build fine March-panes,
 To entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady,
 And pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber
 For Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her Belly in,
 Mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant,
 My Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing,
 And they are People too were never Christen'd,
 (67) They know no Law nor Conscience, they'll de-
 vour thee,

An thou art mortal Staple; they'll confound thee
 Within three Days; no Bit nor Memory
 Of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon

(67) ——— *They'll devour thee; and*

Thou Mortal, the Stopple, they'll confound thee,] Out of this
 Abyss of Darkness I hope that I have retrieved both Sense and Measure,
 and I have the less doubt of it, as they mutually confirm each other.
 My Reading gives this Sense, They'll devour thee, if thou art made
 of mortal Stuff, or according to mortal Standard; it might perhaps
 be wrote *An thou art mortal, Staple*; calling the Merchant by that
 Name. Mr. *Sympson* had hit off the word *Staple* before he received
 my Note, and read,

Thou Mortal of the Staple; i. e. Thou Man of Merchandise.
 When different Readings are equally Sense, Conjecture cannot decide,
 which was the Original.

Thy

Thy Nose there, shall be ever heard of more;
Go take Possession,
And bring thy Children down, to rost like Rabbets,
They love young Toasts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers;
As they love mischief, and hate Law, they're Cannibals;
Bring down thy Kindred too, that be not fruitful,
There be those Mandrakes that will mollifie 'em,
Go take Possession. I'll go to my Chamber;
Afore Boy. [Exit.

Mer. He's mad sure. *Unc.* He's half drunk, sure:
And yet I like th' unwillingness to lose it,
This looking back. *Mer.* Yes, if he did it handsomely,
But he's so harsh and strange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his Drink, Sir,
And I am glad his Drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cann'bals? if e'er I come to view his Regiment,
If fair Terms may be had. *Unc.* He tells you true, Sir,
They are a Bunch of the most boisterous Rascals
Disorder ever made, let 'em be mad once,
The Pow'r of the whole Country can't cool 'em;
Be patient but a while. *Mer.* As long as you will, Sir,
Before I buy a bargain of such Runts,
I'll buy a College for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, and Boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost th' now?

Lance. Better than I was, and straighter,
But m' Head's a Hoghead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou'rt cruelly paid.

Lance. I may live to requite it,
To put a Snaffle of Sack i'm' Mouth and then ride me
Very well. [now,

Fran. 'Twas all but Sport, I'll tell thee what I mean
I mean to see this Wench.

Lance. Where a Devil is she?
And there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear
The Bell ring? *Lance.* Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to Pray'rs,

Early each Morning thither : Now if I
Cou'd but meet her, now I'm another mettle.

Enter Isabel, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lance. What light's yon? [her.

Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the Hand and court

Lance. Take her below the Girdle, you'll ne'er speed else,
It comes on this way still, oh that I had
But such an Opportunity in a Saw-pit,
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she :

Fortune, I kiss thy Hand — Good morrow, Lady.

Ifab. What voice is that, Sirra, do you sleep
As you go? 'tis he, I'm glad on't. Why, *Shorthose*?

Short. Yes, forsooth, I was dreamt, I w's going to

Lance. She sees you 's plain as I do. [Church.

Ifab. Hold the Torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a Stall, and a Butchers
Dog asleep in't,

Where did you see the Voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lance. To her, and meet, Sir. *Ifab.* Here, here.

Fran. Yes, Lady,

Ne'er bless your self, I am but a Man,
And like an honest Man, now I will thank you —

Ifab. What do you mean, who sent for y', who de-
sir'd you?

Short. Shall I put out the Torch, Forsooth?

Ifab. Can I

Not go about my private Meditations
But such Companions as you must ruffle me?

You'd best go with me, Sir? *Fran.* It was my purpose.

Ifab. Why, what an Impudence is this! you'd best,
Being so near the Church, provide a Priest,
And perswade me to Marry you.

Fran. 'Twas my meaning,
And such a Husband, f' loving, and so careful,
My Youth, and all my Fortunes shall arrive at —
Hark you?

Ifab.

Isab. 'Tis strange you shou'd be thus unmannerly,
Turn home again, Sirra; you'd best now force
My Man to lead your way.

Lance. Yes, marry shall he, Lady,
Forward my Friend. *Isab.* This is a pretty Riot,
It may grow to a Rape. *Fran.* D' you like that better?
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I can see nothing, I am asleep still,
When you have done tell me, and then I'll wake, Mistrefs.

Isab. Are you in earnest, Sir, do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes, by my troth, Lady, in these fair Tresses.

Isab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No by no means,
That were a weak trick, Lady,
I'll kiss, and stop your Mouth.

Isab. You'll answer all these?

Fran. A thousand Kisses more.

Isab. I was ne'er abus'd thus,
You'd best give out too, that you found me willing,
And say I doted on you? *Fran.* That's known already,
And no Man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine i'faith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep your way,
I will to Church. *Fran.* And I'll wait upon you.

Isab. And 'tis most likely that there is a Priest.
If you dare venture as you now profess,
I'd wish you look about you tho', to do
These rude Tricks, for you know the Recompences,
And trust not to my Mercy. *Fran.* But I will, Lady.

Isab. For I'll so handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lance. Afore, thou Dream. *Short.* Have you done?

Isab. Go on;

Sir, follow if you dare. *Fran.* If I don't, hang me.

Lance. 'Tis all thine own, Boy, an it were a Mil-
lion,
God a Mercy Sack, when wou'd Small-Beer have done
this?

[*Exeunt.*

*Knocking within.**Enter Valentine.*

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil Ails you, is Hell broke loose, or do you keep An Iron Mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a Gentlewoman, Sir,
That must needs speak with you. *Val.* A Gentlewoman?
What Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Serv. She'll not be answer'd, Sir.

Val. Fling up the Bed

And let her in, I'll try how gentle she is— [*Exit Servant.*
(68) This Sack has fill'd my Head so full of Babels,
I'm almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be?
I hope sh'as brought no butter Print along with her
To lay to my Charge, if she have I'll forswear it.

Enter Widow and Servant.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, send off your Servant pray. [*Exit Servant.*

Val. She will not ravish me? by this light she looks
As sharp set's 'Sparrow-hawk; what wou'dst thou, Woman?

Wid. O you have us'd me kindly, and like a Gentleman,
This is to trust t' you. *Val.* Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in Jest once, that you were
A handsom Man, and one I could like well,
And fooling, made you to believe I lov'd you,
And might be brought to marry.

Val. Th' Widow's drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine Discretion,
Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,
And that you have put fairly for an Heir too,
These are fine Rumours to advance my Credit:
I'th' name of mischief what d' you mean?

Val. That you lov'd me,

(68) ——— *Babels*] Former Editions.

And

And that you might be brought to marry me?
Why, what do you mean, Widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too,
To tell the World that though you had enjoy'd
Your first Wish which you wish'd, the Wealth you
aim'd at,

That I was poor, which is most true, I am,
Have sold my Lands,
Because I love not those Vexations,
Yet for mine Honour's sake, if y' must be prating,
And for my Credit sake i'th' Town.

Val. I tell thee, Widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou'st no Lands,
For now thy hopes and cares lye on thy Husband,
If e'er thou marry'st more.

Wid. Have not you married me,
And for this main cause, now as you report it,
To be your Nurse?

Val. My Nurse? why, what am I grown,
Give me the Glas; my Nurse?

Wid. You ne'er said truer,
I must confess I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been perswaded,
But when I found I must be hourly troubled,
With making Broths, and dawbing your Decays
With Swadling, and with stitching up your Ruins,
For the World so reports. *Val.* Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an Eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me,
The World's a lying World, and thou shalt find it,
Have a good Heart, and take a strong Faith to thee,
And mark what follows, m' Nurse, yes, you shall rock me:
Widow, I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You're dispos'd, Sir.

Val. Yes marry am I, Widow, and you'll feel it,
Nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whither?

Val. Any whither,

[Sings.
The

*The Fit's upon me now, the Fit's upon me now,
Come quickly, gentle Lady, the Fit's upon me now,
The World shall know they're Fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his Tools,
The Fit's upon me now.*

Come take me quickly, while I'm in this vein,
Away with me, for if I have but two hours t' consider,
All th' Widows i'th' World cannot recover me.

Wid. If you'll go with me, Sir.

Val. Yes, marry, will I,
But 'tis in anger yet, and I will marry thee,
Don't cross me, yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle o' Babies, and I'll kiss thee;
Stand still and kiss me handsomely, but don't provoke me,
Stir neither Hand nor Foot, for I am dangerous,
I drunk Sack Yesternight, don't allure me:
Thou art no Widow of this World, come i' Pity,
And i' spite I'll marry thee, not a word more,
And then I may be brought to love thee, Widow.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant, and Uncle, at several Doors.

Mer. Well met again, and what good news yet?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No Fruits of what we sowed?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet?

Unc. 'Tis all flood,

And 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, Shorthose, a Torch.

Mer. Is not this 's younger Brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman

The Widow's Sister, as I live he smiles,
He's got good hold; why well said *Frank* i' faith,
Let's stay and mark.

Ifab. Well, you're the prettiest Youth,
And so you've handled me, think you have me sure.

Fran.

Fran. As sure as Wedlock.

Ifab. You'd best lye with me too.

Fran. Yes, indeed will I, and get such black-ey'd Boys.

Unc. God a Mercy, *Frank.*

Ifab. This is a merry World, poor simple Gentlewomen
That think no harm, can't walk about their Business,
But they must be caught up I know not how.

Fran. I'll tell you, and I will instruct ye too,
Ha' I caught you, Mistress?

Ifab. Well, and 'twere not for
Pure Pity, I would give you the slip yet,
But being as it is. *Fran.* It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a Torch.

Ifab. My Sister, as I live, your Brother with her!
I think you're the King's Takers. *Unc.* Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a Man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray, speak softly.

Val. I'll speak 't out, Widow, yes, and y' shall confess
too,

I am no Nurse-child, I went for a Man,
A good one, if y'can beat me out o'th' pit:

Wid. I did but Jest with you. *Val.* I'll handle you,
In earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when
My Credit calls. *Wid.* Are y' mad.

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your Preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank.*

Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an Arse, Widow.

Ifab. 'Tis to no purpose, Sister.

Val. Well said, Black-brows,
Advance your Torches, Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes, Sir.

Val. And keep your Ranks.

Mer. Lance, carry this before him.

Unc. And carry it in State.

Enter

Enter Musicians, Fountain, Hairbrain, Bellamore.

Val. What're you, Musicians?

(69) I know you, come you in, and what are those
Behind you? *Musi.* Gentlemen that sent us, Sir,
To give the Lady a good Morrow. *Val.* O
I know them, come, Boy, sing the Song I taught you,
And sing it lustily; come forward, Gentlemen,
You're welcome, now we're Friends, go get th' Priest ready,
And let him not be long, we have much business:
Come, *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou'st got the start, Boy,
But I'll so tumble after; come, my Friends, lead,
Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring, Boys,
My Follies and my Fancies have an end here,
Display the Mortagage, *Lance*, Merchant I'll pay you,
And every thing shall be in joynt again.

Unc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confes and know,
Wit without Mony, sometimes gives the Blow.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(69) *I know you coming,*] Beside the obscurity of this Expression, which I take to have been a meer typographical Error, [*coming* for *come in*] a Syllable is wanting to the Measure, which I have taken the Liberty to supply, believing either [*you*] or some other Monosyllable as indifferent to the Sense has been dropt. One may easily believe, that such Mistakes may have frequently happened in a Play, where there have been visibly such numerous Corruptions, and where the Measure was so shockingly disregarded, that not twenty Lines in the whole were designedly printed as such, in any former Edition. This I hope I have generally restored; and that by the assistance of Mr. *Sympson* and Mr. *Theobald's* Margin, I have retrieved many Passages which were corrupted. I am far from presuming that all our Conjectures are right; or that several Blunders are not still left untouched.





BEGGARS BUSH.

A

COMEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

WOLFORT, *an Usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*
Gerrard, *falsely called Clause, King of the Beggars, Father-in-Law to Florez.*

Hubert, *an honest Lord, a Friend to Gerrard.*

Florez, *falsely called Goswin, a rich Merchant of Bruges.*

Hempskirke, *a Captain under Wolfort.*

Herman, *a Courtier,* } *Inhabitants of Flanders.*
A Merchant,

Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to Gerrard, falsely called Father to Bertha.*

Vanlock, *and* } *of Bruges:*
4 Merchants,

Higgen, }
Prigg, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*
Snapp, }

Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised under those*
Ginkes, } *Names, of Gerrard's Party.*

Clown.

Boors.

Servants.

Guard.

A Sailor.

W O M E N.

Jaculin, *Daughter to Gerrard, below'd of Hubert.*

Bertha, *called Gertrude, Daughter to the Duke of Brabant, Mistress to Florez.*

Margaret, *Wife to Vandunke.*

Mrs. Frances, *a Frow, Daughter to Vanlock.*

S C E N E F L A N D E R S.

B E G G A R S



BEGGARS BUSH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant and Harman.

MERCHANT.



Is he then taken?

Her. And brought back ev'n now, Sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No Man more lov'd,

Nor more deserv'd it, being the only Man
That durst be honest in this Court.

Mer. Indeed

We've heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffer'd
A great change, since the Countess's Death.

Her. It hath, Sir.

Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a Stranger
So much to all th' Occurrents of my Country,
As you shall bind me for some short Relation
To make me understand the present Times.

Her. I must begin then with a War was made,
And sev'n Years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
The cause grew thus, during our Earl's Minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,
To treat about a Match between our Earl and
Th' Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: During which Treaty
The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was

Stoln

Stoln from his Court, by practice of our State,
 Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a fought Quarrel
 To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,
 It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
 Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaim'd,
 Our Earl, being then a Child, although his Father
 Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
 Chos'n by th' Countess's favour for her Husband,
 And but a Gentleman, and *Florenz* holding
 His Right unto this Country from his Mother,
 The State thought fit in this defensive War,
Wolfort being then the only Man of mark,
 To make him General.

Mer. Which place we've heard
 He did discharge with Honour.

Her. Ay, so long,
 And with so blest Successes, that the *Brabander*
 Was forc'd (his Treasures wasted, and the choice
 Of his best Men of Arms tyr'd, or cut off)
 To leave the Field, and found a base Retreat
 Back to his Country: But so broken both
 In Mind and Means, e'er to make head again,
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss.
 Nor daring, or for Honour, or Revenge,
 Again to tempt his Fortune. But this Victory
 More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
 In *Flanders*, than the greatest Overthrow
 She e'er receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
 Himself, and Actions, in the flattering Glass
 Of Self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
 The strong assurance of his Pow'r, for then
 All Captains of the Army were his Creatures,
 The common Soldier too at his Devotion,
 Made so by full indulgence to their Rapines,
 And secret Bounties; this Strength too well known,
 And what it cou'd effect, soon put in practice,
 As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl,
 And their improvidence, that might have pierc'd
 The heart of his Designs, gave him occasion
 To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going.
For there last Night I had a Ship put in,
And my Horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good Journey. [Exeunt.

Enter Wolfort, Hubert, &c.

Wol. What? *Hubert* stealing from me? Who dis-
arm'd him?

'Twas more than I commanded; take your Sword,
I am best guarded with it in your Hand,
I've seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own Bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Wou'd you leave me
Without a farewell, *Hubert*? E'ne a Friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any Grace,
Reward or Trust from me, but his Approaches
Were by your fair Reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more, I made my self your Servant,
In making you the Master of those Secrets
Which not the rack of Conscience cou'd draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt Mercy, trust my Prayers with;
Yet after these assurances of Love,
These ties and bonds of Friendship, to forsake me?
Forsake me as an En'my? Come, you must
Give me a Reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the Room: You have your Will, sit down
And use the liberty of our first Friendship.

Hub. Friendship? When you prov'd Traitor first,
that vanish'd.

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate,
I know my flight hath forfeited my Head;
And so I may make you, first understand
What a strange Monster you have made your self;
I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is strange Language.

Hub. To you? Why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Master,
The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper Title!
Rais'd to't by Cunning, Circumvention, Force,
Blood, and Proscriptions.

Wol. And in all this Wisdom,
Had I not Reason? When by *Gerrard's* Plots
I shou'd have first been call'd t' a strict Accompt
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
Of Mony, as they term it, in the War,
Who underhand had by his Ministers
Detraacted my great Actions, made my Faith
And Loyalty suspected, in which failing
He sought my Life by Practice.

Hub. With what Fore-head
Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
Must, and will say 'tis false.

Wol. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir,
You bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall; not a sound more,
For I that am Contemner of mine own,
Am Master of your Life; then here's a Sword
Between you, and all aids, Sir: though you blind
The credulous Beast, the Multitude, you pass not
These gross Untruths on me.

Wol. How? Gross Untruths?

Hub. Ay, and it is a favourable Language,
They had been in a mean Man Lies, and foul ones.

Wol. You take strange Licence.

Hub. Yes, were not those Rumours
Of being call'd unto your Answer, spread
By your own Followers? And weak *Gerrard* wrought,
But

But by your cunning practice, to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of Law,
But first to be made sure, and have your Crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint Train taking,
You fled unto the Camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent Life, and that,
Since you had escap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by Treason: And for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged Soldier
Seeing no further than the outward Man,
Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought Friends to *Gerrard*,
And vow'd the like to him. *Wol.* Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl,
Forfook the City; and by secret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their Fury: Though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest: Nor stand you there
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your Cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody Ills,
As if compar'd, they only wou'd appear
Essays of Mischief; do not stop your Ears,
More are behind yet.

Wol. O repeat them not,
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You should have thought,
That Hell would be your Punishment when you did them,
A Prince in nothing but your Princely Lusts,
And boundless Rapines.

Wol. No more, I beseech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of House or Land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous Eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus
The general Grief. Now to my private wrong ;
The loss of *Gerrard's* Daughter *Jaculin* :
The hop'd-for Partner of my lawful Bed,
Your Cruelty hath frighted from mine Arms ;
And her I now was wandring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here, with your Grace and Favour,
(1) Makes my Life irksome? Here, Sir, freely take it,
And do me but this Fruit of all your Friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your Hang-man.

Wol. Oh *Hubert*, these your Words and Reasons have
As well drawn drops of Blood from my griev'd Heart,
As these Tears from mine Eyes ; Despise them not.
By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*,
You now have made me sensible, what Furies,
Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors, a bad Man
Do's ever bear about him : Let the good
That you this Day have done be ever number'd
The first of your best Actions. Can you think,
Where *Goswin* is, or *Gerrard*, or your Love,
Or any else, or all that are proscrib'd?
I will resign, what I Usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd ; the Days I have to live
Are too too few to make them Satisfaction
With any Penitence : Yet I vow to practise
All of a Man.

Hub. O that your Heart and Tongue

(1) *Here surely take it,*] This Adverb does not look like a genuine one ; it may indeed be understood, but not without straining it from its usual meaning. But what weighs most with me is that a Syllable is lost in the Verse, which I suppose to be the first of the Adverb *freely*, and then it would stand in the Manuscript *Sirely* ; which the Printer would naturally make *surely*. Mr. *Sympson* has since sent me his Reading, *securely*. This had occur'd to me, but when compar'd with the former, it appeared not quite so natural to the Context.

Did not now differ !

Wol. By my Griefs they do not.

Take the good Pains to search them out : 'Tis worth it.
You have made clean a Leper : Trust me, you have,
And made me once more fit for the Society,
I hope, of good Men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.

Wol. Suspect not you
A Faith that's built upon so true a Sorrow :
Make your own Safeties ; ask thee all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hempskirke* too shall
Along with you to this so wish'd discov'ry,
And in my Name profess all that you promise ;
And I will give you this help to't : I have
Of late receiv'd certain Intelligence,
That some of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out : Which I did then interpret,
The cause of that Town's standing out against me ;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their Safety, and me Peace.

(2) *Hub.* Be constant to your Goodness, and you'll
have it. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.

2 *Mer.* But short of what I cou'd, yet have the Country

(3) Confirm it true, and by a general Oath,

(2) — You *have it.*] Former Edit.

(3) — Yet *have the Country*

Confirm'd it true, and by a general Oath,

And not a Man hazard his Credit in it.] This is not Grammar, nor, if it were, could it be supposed that the whole Country had really taken an Oath to the Truth of this Account. The Mistake arose from the Editors taking *have* for the Sign of the Perfect Tense ; whereas it is here not the auxiliary but an active Verb. *I could have the whole Country to confirm what I say.*

A a 3

And

And not a Man hazard his Credit in it :
 He bears himself with such a Confidence
 As if he were the Master of the Sea,
 And not a Wind, upon the Sailors Compass,
 But from one part or other was his Factor,
 To bring him in the best Commodities
 Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

2 *Mer.* And yet

This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
 Compar'd with other his peculiar Fashions,
 Which all admire: He's Young, and Rich, at least
 Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
 In *Bruges*, there was never brought to Harbour
 So rich a Bottom, but his Bill wou'd pass
 Unquestion'd for her Lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still

Continues a good Man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but

To doubt him, wou'd be held an Injury
 Or rather Malice, with the best that Traffick ;
 But this is nothing, a great Stock, and Fortune,
 Crowning his Judgment in his Undertakings
 May keep him upright that way : But that Wealth
 Shou'd want the Pow'r to make him dote on it,
 Or Youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
 His constant Temper ; for his outward Habit,
 'Tis suited to his present course of Life :
 His Table furnish'd well, but not with Dainties
 That please the Appetite only for their rareness,
 Or their dear Price : Not giv'n to Wine or Women,
 Beyond his Health, or warrant of a Man,
 I mean a good one ; And so loves his State
 He will not hazard it at Play ; nor lend
 Upon the assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
 Although a Challenge second the Denial,
 From such as make th' opinion of their Valour
 Their means of Feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,

And

(4) And yet the means not curs'd. What follows?

2 *Mer.* This
 Makes many Venturers with him, in their Wishes,
 For his Prosperity : For when Desert
 Or Reason leads him to be liberal,
 His noble Mind and ready Hand contend
 Which can add most to his free Courtesies,
 Or in their Worth, or speed to make them so.
 Is there a Virgin of good Fame wants Dower?
 He is a Father to her; or a Soldier
 That in his Country's Service, from the War
 Hath brought home only Scars, and Want? His House
 Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
 As if what he possess'd had been laid up
 For such good uses, and he Steward of it.
 But I should lose my self to speak him further
 And stale, in my Relation, the much good
 You may be witness of, if your remove
 From *Bruges* be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This Report,
 I do assure you, will not hasten it,
 Nor wou'd I wish a better Man to deal with
 For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
 He is your Man and ours, only I wish
 His too much forwardness t' embrace all Bargains
 Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
 For my part I am confident; here h' comes.

Enter Goswin, and the fourth Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your Wine of *Cyprus*;
 But for your *Candy Sugars*, they have met
 With such foul Weather, and are priz'd so high,
 I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling

(4) 2 *Mer.* *What follows, this*
Makes] Last Edition. — *What follows this,*] Old Folio. The at-
 tempt to amend the first Reading by the Addition of a Comma does
 not seem sufficient. I hope I have more effectually corrected it.

To seek another Chapman : Make me offer
Of something near the Price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Gof. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss ; your Bill of Lading
Speaks of two hundred Chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand Guilders, I will have them
At twenty eight ; so, in the payment of
Three thousand Sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 Mer. You know, they are so cheap —

Gof. Why look you, I'll deal fairly ; there's in **Prison,**
And at your suit, a Pirate, but unable
To make you Satisfaction, and past hope
To live a Week, if you shou'd prosecute
What you can prove against him : Set him free,
And you shall have your Mony to a Stiver,
And present Payment.

4 Mer. This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your Rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
These Water-Thieves, shou'd be a means to save 'em ;
It more importing you for your own safety,
To be at charge to scour the Sea of them
Than stay the Sword of Justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his Guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gof. You mistake me,
If you think I wou'd cherish in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any Man ;
I w's lately with him, (having first, from others
True Testimony, been assur'd a Man
Of more desert never put from the Shore)
I read his Letters o' Mart from this State granted
For the recov'ry of such Losses, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three Tuns of Wine, Bisket, or Beef,
Which his Necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your Ship,
Or thrown your Men o'er-board, then he deserv'd

The Laws extreameſt Rigour. But ſince want
Of what he cou'd not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls Death)
I pity his Misfortunes, and to work you
To ſome Compaſſion of them, I come up
To your own Price : Save him, the Goods are mine ;
If not, ſeek elſe-where, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, Sir, for your Love, I will once be led
To change my Purpoſe.

Gof. For your Profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll preſently make means for his Diſcharge,
Till when, I leave you.

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble Pity, guided
By a ſtrong Judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, Maſter *Gofwin*.

Gof. Good Day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more Commodities.

Gof. Are you the Owners
O' the Ship that laſt Night put into the Harbour ?

1 *Mer.* Both of the Ship, and Lading.

Gof. What's the Freight ?

1 *Mer.* *Indico, Cochineel, choice Chyna* Stuffs.

3 *Mer.* And Cloth of Gold, brought from *Cambal*.

Gof. Rich Lading.

For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of Caſh.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you Day
For the moiety of all:

Gof. How long ?

3 *Mer.* Six Months.

Gof. 'Tis a fair Offer ; which, if we agree
About the Prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make preſent Payment of the reſt ;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The Gunner
Shall ſpeak you welcome.

Gof. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good Morrow.

[*Exeunt Merchants.*

Gof.

Gof. Heav'n grant my Ships a safe Return, before
The Day of this great Payment : As they are
Expected three Months sooner ; and my Credit
Stands good with all the World.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master,
The Prayers of your poor Beads-man ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gof. God o'mercy *Clause,*
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you,
Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.

Gof. I thrive the better for thy Pray'rs.

Ger. I hope so.

These three Years have I fed upon your Bounties,
And by the Fire of your blest Charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your Alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.

Gof. What is't, *Clause* ?

Ger. Yet do not think me Impudent I beseech you,
Since hitherto your Charity hath prevented
My Begging your relief, 'tis not for Mony
Nor Cloaths, good Master, but your good Word for me.

Gof. That thou shalt have, *Clause,* for I think thee
honest.

Ger. To Morrow then, dear Master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush* ;
And as you see me, among others, Brethren
In my Affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gof. But what will that advantage thee ?

Ger. O much, Sir.

'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my Age ; Sir, at your better leisure

I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Gof. 'Troth thou mak'st me wonder ;

Have you a King and Common-wealth among you ?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Gof. Ambition among Beggars ?

Ger. Many great ones

Wou'd part with half their States, to have the Place,

And Credit, to beg in the first File, Master :

But shall I be so much bound to your Furtherance

In my Petition ?

Gof. That thou shalt not mis of,

Nor any worldly Care make me forget it,

I will be early there.

Ger. Heav'n blefs my Master.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Jaculin, Snap,
Ginks, and other Beggars.*

Hig. COME Princes of the Ragged Regiment,
You o' the Blood, *Prigg*, my most upright Lord,
And these, what Name or Title, e'er they bear,
1 *Jarkman*, or 2 *Patrico*, 3 *Cranke*, or 4 *Clapperdudgeon*,
5 *Frater*, or 6 *Abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the Title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the Command adjoining,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your 7 *Dommerer*, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in Rank,
That the first Comer, may at his first View

Mr. *Theobald* has given us in his Margin an Explanation of all the Cant Terms. 1. One who makes Counterfeit Licences, or Passes. 2. Strolling Priests that marry under a Hedge. 3. A genteel Impostor, appearing in divers Shapes. 4 A Beggar born and bred. 5. Such as beg with Sham Patents. 6. Beggars pretending to be Mad. 7. Pretending to have his Tongue cut out.

Make

(5) Make a free choice, to save us further Question.

Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord *Higgen*.

Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prigg*, Prince *Ferret*.

Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen,
Y'are like to have a merciful mild Prince of me.

Prigg. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant,
If e'er I come to Reign; therefore look to't.
Except you do provide me 8 Hum enough
And 9 Lour to 10 Bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings i'th' Season: Fine fat Chickens,
Or if you chance where an Eye of tame Pheasants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or straight I seize on all your Privilege,
Places, Revenues, Offices, as forfeit,
Call in your Crutches, wooden Legs, false Bellies,
(6) Forc'd Eyes and Tongues, with your dead Arms;
not leave you

A dirty Clout to Beg with on your Heads,
Or an old Rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimston and Rozen, Birdlime, Blood, and Cream,
To make you an old Sore; not so much Soap
As you may some with i'th' Falling-sickness;
The very Bag you bear, and the brown Dish
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest 11 Dells too
I will deflower, and take your dearest 12 Doxyes

8. Strong Liquor. 9. Mony. 10. Drink. 11. Young Wenches
undebauch'd. 12. Strumpets.

(5) — *To say up the Question.*] Unless this be a cant Expression it does not seem to be Sense; and what more confirms me in believing it a Corruption, is the want of a Syllable to the Verse. I hope that I've retrieved the Original, for my Reading is very near the trace of the Letters, tho' I alter three Words, and the Context plainly shews it to be the Sense intended. Mr. *Sympton* has sent me a Conjecture much to the same Effect, *viz.* What say you? put the Question.

(6) *Forc'd Eyes and Teeth,*] By forc'd Eyes I suppose are meant, Eyes so distorted as to shew only the White, so that the Person appears blind; but what *forc'd Teeth* can mean, I cannot conceive; it is said to be common with Beggars to force their Tongues into their Throats, so that they shall appear to be cut off. I think therefore my Conjecture highly probable.

From

From your warm Sides ; and then some one cold Night
I'll watch you what old Barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty Hay.

Hig. This's Tyrant-like indeed : But what would
Ginks,

Or *Clause* be here, if either of them should Reign ?

Cl. Best ask an *Ass*, if he were made a Camel,
What he wou'd be ; or a Dog, and he were a Lyon.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
(7) A Beggar still I'm sure, I find my self there.

Enter Gofwin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Gof. What ail you, Sirs ? what means this Outcry ?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor Souls met : God's Fools, good Master,
Have had some little Variance 'mongst our selves
Who shou'd be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his Calling : Now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree on't o'r selves, because indeed
(8) 'Tis hard to say ; we all resolv'd to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your Mastership,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your Mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it : Which ?

(7) — *I find my self there.*] This is somewhat 'obscure, Mr. *Sym-son* would place it to *Gofwin*, who coming in should say that he finds himself at the appointed Place, but the Expression in that Sense seems too stiff to be admitted as an Emendation, because a better Sense with as little Stiffness may, I think, be affixt to the old Text. *Ginks* was a Nobleman in Disguise, he seems therefore to regret his long continuance in Beggary, and to fear it will be for Life. *I find my self there*, or in that State.

(8) — *We all dissolv'd,*] I rather think this a Mistake of the Press, than a designed Blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant Clown ; but not to so arch a Beggar as *Higgen*, whose Congratulatory Speech, in the two next Pages, has as much Burlesque Humour in it as almost any thing ev'n in *Hudibras* ; who evidently imitated it in his Description of his Heroe's Beard. In the latter part of it, there's a Banter on *Shakespear's* Prophecy of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* at the end of *Harry* the Eighth, but so elegant and pretty that it could give no Offence.

Which

Which does your Worship think is he? sweet Master
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we're sev'n of us,
Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Gof. I should judge this the Man with the grave Beard,
And if he be not ———

Cl. Bless you, good Master, bless you. [you

Gof. I would he were; there's something too amongst
To keep you all honest. [Exit.

Snap. King of Heav'n go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him,
May he ne'er want it, t' comfort still the Poor,
In a good hour.

Fer. What is't? see: *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good Crown, marry.

Prig. A Crown of Gold.

Fer. For our new King: good luck.

Ginks. To th' common Treasury with it; if't be Gold,
Thither it must.

(9) *Prigg.* Spoke like a Patriot, *Ginks.*
King *Clause*, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause*,
After this Golden Token of a Crown.
Where's Orator *Higgen* with his gratulating Speech now
In all our Names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all: Expect now ———

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause*,
Our King and Sovereign; Monarch o'th' 13 Maunders,
Thus we throw up our 14 Nab-cheats, first for joy,
And then our 15 Filches; last, we clap our 16 Fambles,
Three subject signs, we do it without Envy;
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em: All will say so,
Nay swear't: 'Tis for the King, but let that pass.

(9) *Spoke like a Patriot, Ferret*—] As this Speech has neither
Passion nor Accident to interrupt it, I can see no reason to suppose
it a broken one. I believe it a meer accidental Mistake in the Name
Ferret for *Ginks*. The first Editors not suspecting this intended to
solve the Difficulty by putting a Break or Dash to it.

13. Beggars. 14. Hats. 15. Staves. 16. Hands. When

When last in Conference at the 17 bouzing ken
 This other Day we sat about our dead Prince
 Of famous Memory ; rest go with his Rags,
 And that I saw thee at the Tables end,
 Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
 Lift t'other like a Scepter at my Head,
 I then presag'd thou shortly wou'dst be King,
 And now thou art so: But what need presage
 To us, that might have read it in thy Beard
 As well, as he that chose thee? By that Beard
 Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty.
 O happy Beard! But happier Prince, whose Beard
 Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
 Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
 And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
 May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush*,
 Of which this is the thing, that but the Type.

Omn. Excellent, excellent Orator, forward good *Higgen*,
 Give him leave to spit: The fine well-spoken *Higgen*.

Hig. This is the Beard, the Bush, or Bushy-beard,
 Under whose Gold and Silver Reign 'twas said
 So many Ages since, we all should smile
 No Impositions, Taxes, Grievances,
 Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
 Lye lurking in this Beard, but all kemb'd out:
 If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
 (10) That owes the Beard? A Father; no, a Grand-
 father ;

17. Ale-house.

(10) *That ow's the Beard,*] *Owe* in the Sense of *own*, or possess
 is very common in all the old Writers: Thus in the first old Folio
 of *Shakespeare* it occurs in almost every Play: e. g. *The Tempest*. Act 1.
 Sc. 3d.

*This is no mortal Business, nor no Sound
 That the Earth owes —*

Again in the same Page,

*————— thou dost here usurp
 The Name thou ow'st not.*

I mention this because the former Octavo adds an unnecessary Apo-
 strophe, which neither of the Folios have, supposing the Word to be
 a Contraction of *owns*? and the late ingenious Editor of *Macbeth*
 seems twice to have been led into Error by not observing this.

Nay

Nay the great Grand-father of you his People.
 He will not force away your Hens, your Bacon,
 When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
 The fattest of your Puddings: Under him
 Each Man shall eat his own stol'n Eggs, and Butter,
 In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
 His own dear Dell, Doxy, or 18 Mort, at Night
 In his own Straw, with his own Shirt, or Sheet,
 That he hath 19 filch'd that day, ay, and possess
 What he can purchase, 20 Back, or Belly-cheats
 To his own 21 prop: He will have no Purveyers
 For Pigs, and Poultry.

Cl. That we must have, my learned Orator,
 It is our Will, and every Man to keep
 In his own path and circuit. *Hig.* Do you hear?
 You must hereafter 22 maund on your own 23 pads,
 he says.

Cl. And what they get there, is their own, besides
 To give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? 24 To cut been whids,
 That is the second Law. *Cl.* And keep a-foot
 The humble and the common phrase of Begging,
 Left Men discover us.

Hig. Yes; and cry sometimes
 To move Compassion: Sir, there is a Table,
 That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em,
 Be perfect in their Crutches, their feign'd Plaisters,
 And their torn Pass-ports, with the ways to Stammer,
 And to be Dumb, and Deaf, and Blind, and Lame,
 There, all the halting Paces are set down,
 I'th' learned Language.

Cl. Thither I refer 'em,
 Those, you at leisure shall interpret to 'em.
 We love no heaps of Laws, where few will serve.

Omn. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the good King
Clause.

18. Women or Wenches. 19. Stole. 20. Raiment, or Food
 stolen. 21. Either to his own Support, or else by abbreviation to
 his own Property. 22. Beg. 23. Road or Way. 24. To give
 good Words.

Hig. A Song to Crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A 25 Cove comes, and 26 fumbumbis to it.—

[*Strike.*

The S O N G.

Cast our Caps and Cares away : This is Beggars Holy-day !
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever Dance and Sing.
In the World look out and see : Where's so happy a Prince
as he ?

Where the Nations live so free, and so merry as do we ?
Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest ; To the Field we are not Prest ;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by ;
When the Subsidie's encreast, we are not a penny Sest.
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a Straw.
All which Happinesf he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hempskirke.

Snap. A Cove comes : Fumbumbis.

Prigg. To your Postures ; Arm.

Hub. Yonder's the Town : I see it.

Hemp. There's our danger

Indeed afore us, if our Shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships.

Per. One small piece of Mony,

Prigg. Among us all poor Wretches.

Cl. Blind, and Lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pitiful Worships.

Snap. One little Doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you ?

Fer. To buy a little Bread.

25. A Man, one not of the Gang. 26. To your Guard and Postures.

Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prigg. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good Master, O remember seven,
Seven Blessings —

Fer. O Remember, gentle Worship.

Hig. Against seven deadly Sins.

Prigg. And seven Sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of Heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a Charity these three days.

Hub. There's amongst you all.

Fer. Heav'n reward you.

Prigg. Lord reward you.

Hig. The Prince of Pity blefs thee.

Hub. Do I see? Or is't my Fancy that wou'd have it so?
Ha? 'Tis her Face: Come hither, Maid.

Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my Squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun Meat,
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a Butterfly,
And I'll love you again, when? Can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing. [*Exit.*

Hub. Her Voice too says the same; but for my Head
I wou'd not that her Manners were so chang'd.
Hear me, thou honest Fellow; what's this Maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? Nothing but signs?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. This is strange,
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude—
dumb, Sir.

Hub. 'Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now methought.
Do'st thou know this same Maid?

Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu,
gu, Gods fool

She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the Barn yonder,
By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush,
Her Name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: So was her
Mo-mo-mo-Mothers too-too.

Hub.

Hub. I understand no word he says; how long
Has she been here?

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be 27 ni-ni-nigled, and
she ha' go-go-go-good luck.

Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another Face too, that I mark'd
Of the old Man's: But they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again.
O, that I were so happy as to find it,
What I yet hope: It is put on.

Hemp. What mean you, Sir,
To stay there with that Stammerer?

Hub. Farewel, Friend, ———
It will be worth return, to search: Come,
Protect us our Disguise now, prithee *Hempskirke*
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This Town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against *Wolfort*?

Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their Walls a sunning, to make Crows Meat,
If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,
And had a pretty excuse to see a Neice there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the Ports: Good luck, and enter. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Goswin.

Gof. Still blow'st thou there? And from all other parts,
Do all my Agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a Conspiracy of Winds, and Servants,
If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What should I think, unless the Seas and Sands
Had swallow'd up my Ships? Or Fire had spoil'd
My Warehouses? Or Death devour'd my Factors?
I must ha' had some Returns.

£7 Layn with, debauch'd.

Enter Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.

Gof. 'Save you.

1 *Mer.* No News yet o' your Ships?

Gof. Not any yet, Sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

[*Exit.*

Gof. 'Tis true, Sir: What a Voice was here now;
This was one Passing-bell, a thousand Ravens
Sung in that Man now, to presage my Ruins.

2 *Mer.* *Gofwin*, good day, these Winds are very constant.

Gof. They are so, Sir; to hurt——

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no Letters
Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Gof. Neither.

[*Land,*

2 *Mer.* This Wind brings them; nor no News over
Through *Spain*, from the *Straits*?

Gof. Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am sorry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Gof. They talk me down: And as 'tis said of Vulturs
They scent a Field fought, and do smell the Carcasses
By many hundred Miles: So do these, my Wracks
At greater distances. Why, thy will Heav'n
Come on, and be: Yet if thou please, preserve me;
But in my own Adventure, here at home,
Of my chaste Love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill Fortunes:
I am not broken yet: Nor shou'd I fall,
Methinks with less than that, that ruins all.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Vandunke, Hubert, Hempkirke,
Margaret, and Boors.*

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; so is this your Friend
Most safely welcome; though our Town stand out
Against your Master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him: *Margaret*, some Wine,
Let's talk a little Treason, if we can

Talk

Talk Treason, 'gainst the Traitors; by your leave, Gentlemen,

We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's usurp,
And therefore I'm bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldness,
Happ'ly becomes your Mouth, but not our Ears,
While we're his Servants, and as we come here,
Not to ask Questions, walk forth on your Walls,
Visit your Courts of Guard, view your Munition,
Ask of your Corn-provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as Spies upon your Strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in Passage or Discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties hear,
And that shall seal our welcome.

Vand. Good: Let's drink then,
Fill out, I keep mine old Pearl still, Captain.

Marg. I
Hang fast, Man.

Hemp. Old Jewels commend their Keeper, Sir.

Vand. Here's to you with a Heart, my Captain's Friend,
With a good Heart, and if this make us speak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Rose
Forgotten: Drown all Memory, when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble *Burgomaster*,
I'll do you right.

Hemp. Nay Sir, Min heer *Vandunke*
Is a true Statesman,

[*Wolfert*

Vand. Fill m' Captain's Cup there, O that your Master
Had been an honest Man.

Hub. Sir?

Vand. Under the Rose.

Hemp. Here's to you, *Margaret*.

Marg. Welcome, welcome, Captain.

Vand. Well said my Pearl still.

Hemp. And how does my Neice?
Almost a Woman? I think? This Friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: She was my Errand here.

Vand. Ay, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his Glass)

That in sev'n Years, could not find leifure —

Hemp. No,
It's not fo much.

Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't,
It was before the *Brabander* 'gan his War,
For Moon-shine i' the Water there, his Daughter
(11) That ne'er was loft: Yet you could not find time
To see a Kinswoman: But she is worth the feeing, Sir,
Now you are come. You ask if she were a Woman?
She is a Woman, Sir; fetch her forth, *Margaret*.

[*Ex. Marg.*

And a fine Woman, and has Suitors.

Hemp. How?
What Suitors are they?

Vand. Bachelors; young Burgers:
And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants
We call him here in *Bruges*.

Hemp. How? A Merchant?
I thought, *Vandunke*, you'd understood me better,
And my Neice too, so trusted to you by me,
Than t' admit of such in name of Suitors.

Vand. Such? He is such a such, as were she mine
I'd give him thirty thousand Crowns with her.

Hemp. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [*Ex.*

Vand. Why, give's some Wine, then; this will fit us all:
Here's to you still, my Captain's Friend: All out:
And still, wou'd *Wolfort* were an honest Man,
Under the Rose I speak it: But this Merchant
Is a brave Boy: He lives so, i' the Town here,
We know not what to think on him: At some times
We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's stretch-
Tenter his Credit so; embraces all,

(11) *That never was lost.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *near*, and quotes
as a Proof the last Scene of the Play where *Wolfort* says,

Hempskirke had hid her till she was near lost.

But he hapned not to observe that *Vandunke* did not know this, but
believed with the rest of the People, as mention'd in the first Scene,

—— *That the Duke of Brabant*

Had no such Loss.——

Without this there would be no Propriety in his calling her *Moon-
shine in the Water*, viz. a meer Shadow without a Reality.

And

And to't, the Winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his Returns,
We think he would be a King, and are half sure on't.
Your Master is a Traitor, for all this,
Under the Rose: Here's to you; and usurps
The Earldom from a better Man.

Hub. Ay marry, Sir,
Where is that Man?

Vand. Nay, soft: And I cou'd tell you
'Tis ten to one I wou'd not: Here's my Hand,
I love not *Wolfort*: Sit you still, with that:
Here comes m' Captain again, and his fine Neice,
And there's my Merchant; view him well: Fill Wine here.

Enter Hempkirke, Gertrude, and Goswin.

Hemp. You must not only know me for your Uncle
Now, but obey me: You, go cast your self
Away, upon a Dunghil here? A Merchant?
A pretty Fellow? One that makes his Trade
With Oaths and Perjuries?

Gof. What's that you say, Sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your Eye
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, Sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no Merchandize;
Will that suffice you?

Gof. Merchandize, good Sir?
Though you be Kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with Contempt: I ever thought
Your Neice above all Price.

Hemp. And do so still, Sir,
I'sure yo', her rates are more than you are worth.

Gof. You don't know what a Gentleman's worth, Sir,
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, Merchant.

Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your Matter.

Hemp. A Gentleman?
What, of the Wool-pack? Or the Sugar-chest?
Or lifts of Velvet? Which is't, Pound, or Yard,
You vent your Gentry by?

Hub. O *Hempskirke*, fye.

(12) *Vand.* Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no
Wolfort.

Gof. Captain, I 'dwise you ———

Hemp. 'Las, my pretty Man,

I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the Blood
Of *Charlemaine*, as't may, for ought I know,
Be some good Botcher's Issue, here in *Bruges*.

Gof. How?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain o' that; of this I am,
If it once buy, and sell, its Gentry's gone.

Gof. Ha, ha.

Hemp. You're angry, though ye laugh.

Gof. No, now 'tis pity

Of your poor Argument. Do not you, the Lords
Of Land, if you be any, sell the Grass,
The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheese?

Vand. And Butter:

Remember Butter; do not leave out Butter.

Gof. The Beefs and Muttons that your Grounds are
stor'd with?

Swine, with the very Mast, beside the Woods?

Hemp. No, for those fordid uses we have Tenants,
Or else our Bailiffs.

Gof. Have not we, Sir, Chap-men,

And Factors, then to answer these? Your Honour
Fetch'd from the Heralds *A B C*, and said over
With your Court Faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake my self. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their Practice, as your Priests their Pray'rs?
What is not bought, and sold? The Company
That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hemp. You now grow sawcy.

(12) ———— *He is no Wolfort;*

Captain, I advise you.] Vandunke blames *Hubert* for interfering, and immediately does it himself, but I take it to be an accidental Omission of the Speaker. It is not probable that *Goswin* should make no Return to the Scoffs above, and a broken Speech seems quite proper to him.

Gof.

(13) *Gof.* Sir, I have been bred
Still, with my honest Liberty, and must use it.

Hemp. Upon your Equals then.

Gof. Sir, he that will

Provoke me first, doth make himself my Equal.

Hemp. Do ye hear? No more.

Gof. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside, then after, as you please.
Y' appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine Eyes; and I have heard your Scorns
With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this Patience with my Milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young,
Or cast despights on my Profession,
For the civility and tameness of it.

A good Man bears a Contumely worse
Than he would do an Injury. Proceed not
To my Offence: Wrong is not still successful,
Indeed it is not: I'd approach your Kinswoman
With all respect, due to your self and her.

Hemp. Away Companion: Handling her? Take that.
[*Strikes him.*

Gof. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir, there's exchange.
[*He gets Hempkirke's Sword, and cuts him on the Head.*

Hub. Hold, Sir,

Mar. O murther.

Gert. Help my *Gofwin.*

Mar. Man.

Vand. Let 'em alone; my Life for one.

Gof. Nay come,
If you have Will.

Hub. None to offend you, I, Sir.

Gof. He that had, thank himself: Not hand her? yes Sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her through all her Race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,

(13) *Sure I have been bred*] This Reading, if admitted, would
make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honest Liberty or
no. But I believe it a mere Typographical Error.

And

And all their Nephews, though they stood a Wood
Of Pikes, and Wall of Cannon. Kifs me, *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kifs me.

Vand. Kifs him, Girl, I bid you;
My Merchant Royal; fear no Uncles: Hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are not we in *Bruges*?
Under the Rose here?

Gof. In this Circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a Tower of Brass;
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Vand. Ay, that's good,
Let *Wolfort* look to that.

Gof. Sir, here she stands,
Your Neice, and my belov'd. One of these Titles
She must apply too; if unto the last,
Not all the Anger can be sent unto her,
(14) In Frown, or Voice, or other Act, shall force her,
Had *Hercules* a Hand in't. Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profess it.

Vand. Do; and I drink to it.

Gof. Prithee say so, Love.

Gert. 'T would take away the Honour from my Blushes:
Do not you play the Tyrant, Sweet: They speak it.

Hemp. I thank you, Neice.

Gof. Sir, thank her for your Life,
And fetch your Sword within.

Hemp. Yo' insult too much
With your good Fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt Gof. and Gert.*]

Hub. A brave clear Spirit;
Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil Habit
Oft covers a good Man; and you may meet
In Person of a Merchant, with a Soul
As resolute, and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of Mankind: Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hemp. 'Tis done now,
Ask no more of it; I must suffer.

[*Exit.*]

(14) — *Other Art*] Mr. *Theobald* corrected this, I have known
several Instances of this Mistake between Art and Act, and tho'
the former might be Sense here, the latter is much better.

Hub.

Hub. This
Is still the Punishment of Rashness, Sorrow.
Well; I must to the Woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help m' Enquiries further.

Vand. Ha,
A Looking-glass.

Hub. How now, brave *Burgomaster*?

Vand. I love no *Wolforts*, and my Name's *Vandunke*.

Hub. *Van-drunk* it's rather: Come, go sleep within.

Vand. Earl *Florez* is right Heir; and this same *Wolfort*,
Under the Rose I speak it —

Hub. Very hardly.

Vand. Usurps: And's a rank Traitor, as e'er breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go,
(15) No Man shall hold me up, that upholds him;
Do you uphold him?

Hub. No.

Vand. Then hold me up.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Goswin, and Hempkirke.

Hemp. Sir, I presume, you have a Sword o' your own,
That can so handle another's.

Gof. Faith you may, Sir.

Hemp. And ye've made me have f' much better
thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.

Gof. For what, Sir?

Hemp. To the repairing of mine Honour, and Hurt here.

Gof. Express your way.

Hemp. By fight, and speedily.

Gof. You have your Will: Require you any more?

Hemp. That you be secret: And come single.

Gof. I will.

Hemp. As you're the Gentleman you would be thought.

(15) *No Man shall hold be,*] That *be* should be *me* is certain, but the want of a Syllable in the Verse, makes it probable that one was lost, which I hope I have retrieved, for the Particle added greatly improves honest *Vandunk's* drunken Humour. Mr. *Sympson* has since sent me the same Correction.

Gof.

Gof. Without the Conjurat[i]on: And I'll bring
Only my Sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take its length within.

Hemp. Your Place now, Sir?

Gof. By the Sand-hills.

Hemp. Sir, nearer to the Woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.

Gof. There, then.

Hemp. Good.

Your time.

Gof. 'Twixt seven and eight.

Hemp. You'll give me, Sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my Neice,
If you come, like your Promise.

Gof. If I do not,
Let no Man think to call m' unworthy first,
I'll do't my self, and justly wish to want her. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter three or four Boors.

(16) 1 *Boor.* **C**OME, *English Beer*, Hostels, *English Beer*
by th' Barrel.

2 *Boor.* Stark Beer, Boy, stout and strong Beer: So,
sit down, Lads,
And drink me Upsy-Dutch:
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen like a Sow-gelder, Singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, boe,
My Horn goes too high too low, too high too low,
Have ye any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your Holts

(16) As I can make no Sense of this, I suppose it a Mistake and
read *Barrel*. — But what is Upsy-Dutch? *Mr. Symphon.*

I wish I could answer *Mr. Symphon's* Question; but I can find
no such Word in any Dictionary, or Glossary of mine.

*To cut for the Stone,
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any Braches to spade,
Or e'er a fair Maid
That would be a Nun;
Come kifs me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.*

1 Boor. O excellent! two Pence a piece, Boys, two Pence a piece.

Give the Boy some drink there. Piper, whet your Whistle,
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my Wife's Con-
Hig. I'll sing ye a Song for't. [cupiscence?

The S O N G.

*Take her, and bug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again Boy, again,
Then if she mumble,
Or if her Tail tumble,
Kifs her amain, Boy, amain;
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her Feaver,
Then her Disease no longer will reign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, Boy, amain.
Give her cold Jelly
To take up her Belly,
And once a day swinge her again.
If she stand all these Pains,
Then knock out her Brains,
Her Disease no longer will reign.*

1 Boor. More excellent, more excellent, sweet Sow-gelder.

2 Boor. Three Pence a piece, three Pence a piece.

Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was gelded?

3 Boor. Ay, ay, let's hear the Devil roar, Sow-gelder.

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

*He ran at me first in the shape of a Ram,
And over and over the Sow-gelder came;
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the Horn,
I pluck'd out his Stones as you'd pick out a Corn.
Baa, quoth the Devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a Carcase of Mutton that stunk.*

II.

*The next time I rode a good Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf,
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best, but a young sucking Devil.
Maa, yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after, for excellent Veal.*

III.

*Some half a Year after, in form of a Pig
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
Ere a Man could fart twice, I had made him a Hog.
Owgb, quoth the Devil, and forth gave a Ferk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the Pork.*

*1 Boor. Groats apiece, Groats apiece, Groats apiece.
There sweet Sow-gelder.*

Enter Prigg and Ferret.

*Prigg. Will ye see any feats of Activity,
Some slight of Hand, Legerdemain? Hey pass,
Presto, be gone there?*

2 Boor. Sit down, Jugler.

*Prigg. Sirrah, play you your Art well; draw near Piper:
Look you, my honest Friends, you see my Hands;
Plain dealing is no Devil: Lend me some Mony,
Twelve Pence apiece will serve.*

1, 2 Boor. There, there.

Prigg.

Prigg. I thank you,

Thank ye heartily : When shall I pay ye ?

All Boor. Ha, ha, ha, by th' Mafs this was a fine trick.

Prigg. A merry flight toy : But now I'll show your
A Trick indeed. [Worships

Hig. Mark him well now, my Masters.

Prigg. Here are three Balls,
These Balls shall be three Bullets,

One, two, and three : *Ascentibus, malentibus.*

Presto, be gone : They are vanish'd : Fair play, Gentlemen.

Now these three, like three Bullets, from your three Noses

Will I pluck presently : Fear not, no harm, Boys,

Titere, tu patule.

1 *Boor.* Oh, oh, oh.

Prigg. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 *Boor.* Ye pull too hard ; ye pull too hard.

Prigg. Stand fair then :

Silvertram trim-tram.

3 *Boor.* Hold, hold, hold.

Prigg. Come aloft, Bullets three, with a whim-wham.

Have ye their Monies ?

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 *Boor.* O rare Jugler !

2 *Boor.* O admirable Jugler !

Prigg. One trick more yet ;

Hey, come aloft ; *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis ?*

East, West, North, South, now fly like *Jack* with a *bumbis*.

Now all your Mony's gone ; pray search your Pockets.

1 *Boor.* Humh.

2 *Boor.* He.

3 *Boor.* The Devil a penny's here !

Prigg. This was a rare Trick.

1 *Boor.* But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prigg. I'll do ye that too ; look upon me earnestly,

And move not any ways your Eyes from this Place,

This Button here ? pow, whir, whifs, shake your Pockets.

1 *Boor.* By th' Mafs 'tis here again, Boys.

Prigg. Rest ye merry ;

My first Trick has paid me.

All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,

And

And take some Drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you ;
Away, we are discover'd else.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gerrard like a blind Aqua-vitæ Man, and a Boy, singing the Song.

*Bring out your Cony-skins, fair Maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see ;
Grey, Black, and Blue : For your smaller Skins,
I'll give ye Looking-Glasses, Pins :
And for your whole Cony, here's ready, ready Mony.
Come, gentle Jone, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black Cony-skin.
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,
With their Silver-hair'd Skins, and their yellow.
The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the Eye ;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my Mony,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Cony.
Come away, fair Maids, your Skins will decay :
Come, and take Mony, Maids, put your Ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins ?
I have fine Bracelets, and fine Silver Pins.*

Ger. Buy any Brand Wine, buy any Brand Wine ?

Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins ?

2 Boor. My fine Canary Bird, there's a Cake for thy
Worship.

1 Boor. Come fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly : Let's see, Sir,
What's this ?

Ger. A penny, Sir.

1 Boor. Fill till't be six Pence,
And there's my 28 Pig.

Boy. This is a Counter, Sir.

1 Boor. A Counter ! stay ye, what are these then ?
O execrable Jugler ! O damn'd Jugler !
Look in your Hose, hoa, this comes of looking forward.

3 Boor. Devil a Dunkirk ! what a Rogue's this Jugler !
This hey pass, repass, h'as repast us sweetly.

2 Boor. Do ye call these Tricks.

28. Six pence.

Enter

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold or Silver?

2 Boor. This Fellow comes to mock us? Gold or Silver? cry Copper.

1 Boor. Yes, my good Friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, Sir,
You have the less to care for: Gold and Silver. [*Exit.*

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Have ye any old Cloaks to sell, have ye any old Cloaks to sell? [*Exit.*

1 Boor. Cloaks! Look about ye Boys: Mine's gone!

2 Boor. A — juggle 'em?

— O they're Prestoes: Mine's gone too!

3 Boor. Here's mine yet.

1 Boor. Come, come let's drink then more Brand Wine.

Boy. Here, Sir.

1 Boor. If e'er I catch your Sow-gelder, by this Hand I'll strip him.

Were ever Fools so ferk't? We have two Cloaks yet;
And all our Caps; the Devil take the Flincher.

All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hempkirke.

Hemp. Good Ev'n, my honest Fellows,
You're merry here I see.

3 Boor. 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hemp. What hast thou? *Aqua-vita*?

Boy. Yes.

Hemp. Fill out then;
And give these honest Fellows round.

All Boor. We thank ye.

Hemp. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

Hemp. I have a business for you, honest Friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you Crowns.

Ger. Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, Boy.

1 *Boor.* What is't, Sir?
If it be any thing to purchase Mony,
Which is our want, command us.

Boors. All, all, all, Sir.

Hemp. You know the young spruce Merchant here in
Bruges?

2 *Boor.* Who? Master *Gofwin?*

Hemp. That He owes me Mony,
And here in Town there is no stirring of him.

Ger. Say y' so?

Hemp. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a Mile hence, by the Chase-side,
Under the row of Oaks; d' you know it?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

Hemp. Give 'em more Drink: There if you dare but
venture
When I shall give the word to seize upon him,
Here's twenty Pound.

3 *Boor.* Beware the Jugler, Lads.

Hemp. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.

Hemp. To discharge you,
I have a Warrant here about me.

3 *Boor.* Here's our Warrant,
This carries fire i'th' Tail.

Hemp. Away with me then,
The Time draws on,
I must remove so insolent a Suitor,
And if he be so rich, make him pay Ransome
Ere he see *Bruges* Tow'rs again. Thus wise Men
Repair the hurts they take by a Disgrace,
And piece the Lion's Skin with th' Fox's Case.

Ger. I'm glad I've heard this sport.

Hemp. There's for thy Drink,
Come pay the House within, Boys,
And lose no time.

Ger. Away with all our haste too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Gofwin.

Gof. No Wind blow fair yet? No return of Monies?
 Letters? Nor any thing to hold my Hopes up?
 Why then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably!
 My Credit I was built on, sinking with me.
 Thou boystrous North-wind, blowing my Misfortunes,
 And frosting all my hopes to cakes of Coldness;
 Yet stay thy Fury; give the gentle South
 Yet leave to court those Sails that bring me safety,
 And you auspicious Fires, bright Twins in Heav'n,
 Dance on the Shrowds; he blows still stubbornly
 And on his boystrous Rack rides my sad Ruin;
 There is no help, there can be now no Comfort,
 To Morrow with the Sun-set, sets my Credit.
 O Misery! Thou curse of Man, thou Plague,
 I'th' midst of all our Strength thou strikest us;
 My virtuous Love is lost too: All, what I have been,
 No more hereafter to be seen than Shadow:
 To Prison now? Well, yet there's this Hope left me;
 I may sink fairly under this Day's Venture,
 And so to Morrow's cross'd, and all those Curses:
 Yet manly I'll invite my Fate, base Fortune
 Shall never say, she's cut my Throat in fear.
 This is the Place his Challenge call'd me to,
 And was a happy one at this time for me,
 For let me fall before my Foe i'th' Field,
 And not at Bar, before my Creditors;
 H'as kept his word: Now Sir, your Sword's Tongue
 Loud as you dare; all other Language —

[only,

Tongue

Enter Hempkirke.

Hemp. Well Sir,
 You shall not be long troubled: Draw.

Gof. 'Tis done, Sir,
 And now have at ye.

Hemp. Now.

Enter Boors.

Gof. Betray'd to Villains!
 Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely,
 And thou base Coward.

Enter Gerrard and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
 Conjure 'em soundly, Boys.

Boors. Hold, hold.

Ger. Lay on, still,
 Down with th' Gentleman Rogue, swinge him to Sirrup.
 Retire Sir, and take Breath : Follow, and take him,
 Take all, 'tis lawful Prize.

Boors. We yield.

Ger. Down with 'em
 Into the Wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em,
 Knock me their Brains into their Breeches. [*Exeunt.*]

Boors. Hold, hold.

Gof. What these Men are I know not, nor for what cause
 They shou'd thus thrust themselves into my danger,
 Can I imagine. But sure Heav'n's Hand was in't!
 Nor why this coward Knave should deal so basely
 To eat me up with Slaves : But Heav'n I thank thee,
 I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
 Fit for thy Creature, worthy of thine Honour :
 Wou'd all my other Dangers here had suffer'd,
 With what a joyful Heart shou'd I go home then ?
 Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his
 Sentence ;
 Or hears his passing Bell ; but there's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you, Master.

Gof. Thank ye ; leave me,
 For by my Troth I've nothing now to give thee.

Ger. Indeed I don't ask, Sir, only it grieves me
 To see you look so sad ; now Goodness keep ye
 From Troubles in your Mind.

Gof. If I were troubled,

What

What cou'd thy Comfort do? Prithee *Clause*, leave me.

Ger. Good Master be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true Love to ye.

Gof. I know thou lov'st me. [sawcy

Ger. Good Master blame that Love then, if I prove so
To ask ye why ye're sad.

Gof. Most true, I am so,
And such a Sadness I have got will sink me.

Ger. Heav'n shield it, Sir.

Gof. Faith, thou must lose thy Master.

Ger. I had rather lose my Neck, Sir: Wou'd I knew—

Gof. What wou'd the knowledge do thee good, so
miserable,

Thou canst not help thy self? When all my ways
Nor all the Friends I have —

Ger. You do not know, Sir,

What I can do: Cures sometimes, for Mens Cares,
Flow, where they least expect 'em.

Gof. I know thou wou'dst do,

But farewell *Clause*, and pray for thy poor Master.

Ger. I will not leave ye.

Gof. How?

Ger. I dare not leave ye, Sir, I must not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye,
By what ye hold most precious, by Heav'n's Goodness,
As your fair Youth may prosper, good Sir, tell me:
My Mind believes yet something's in my Pow'r
May ease you of this Trouble.

Gof. I will tell thee:

For a hundred thousand Crowns upon my Credit,
Ta'en up of Merchants to supply my Trafficks,
The Winds and Weather envying of my Fortune,
And no Return to help me off, yet shewing:
To morrow, *Clause*, to morrow, which must come,
In Prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your Grief, Sir.

Gof. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger. I say you shou'd not shrink, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his Pow'r can bring you off, Sir,
When Friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.

Gof. There's all my hope.

Ger. Hope still, Sir ; are you ty'd
Within the compas of a Day, good Master,
To pay this Mass of Mony ?

Gof. Ev'n to Morrow :

But why do I stand mocking of my Misery ?
Is't not enough the Floods and Friends forget me ?

Ger. Will no less serve ?

Gof. What if it would ?

Ger. Your Patience,

I do not ask to mock ye: 'Tis a great Sum,
A Sum for mighty Men to start and stick at ;
But not for honest. Have ye no Friends left ye,
None that have felt your Bounty ? Worth this Duty ?

Gof. Duty ? Thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a Duty,

And as a Duty, from those Men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again : I have gain'd by ye,
A daily Alms these sev'n Years you have showr'd on me,
Will half supply your want ?

Gof. Why do'st thou fool me ?

Canst thou work Miracles ?

Ger. To save my Master,

I can work this.

Gof. Thou'lt make me angry wi' thee.

Ger. For doing good ?

Gof. What pow'r hast thou ?

Ger. Enquire not :

So I can do it, to preserve my Master ;
Nay if it be three parts.

Gof. O that I had it,

But good *Clause*, talk no more, I feel thy Charity,
As thou hast felt mine : But alas !

Ger. Distrust not,

'Tis that that quenches ye : pull up your Spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble Spirit ;
For if the Fortunes of ten thousand People
Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, Sir,
The good ye did, which was the Pow'r you gave me ;
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars Treasure :

And

And let the Winds blow as they list, the Seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow you shall find your Harbour.
Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.

Gof. How fain I wou'd believe thee!

Ger. If I lye, Master,
Believe no Man hereafter.

Gof. I will try thee,
But he knows, that knows all.

Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So pass in Peace, my best, my worthiest Master. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Hubert, like a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguis'd from *Hempskirke*
To try these People, for my Heart yet tells me
Some of these Beggars are the Men I look for:
Appearing like my self, they have no Reason,
Though my Intent is fair, my main End honest,
But to avoid me narrowly; that Face too,
That Womans Face, how near it is! O may it
But prove the same, and Fortune how I'll bless thee!
Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my Habit I but change my Nature;
As I must do; this is the Wood they live in,
A Place fit for concealment: Where, till Fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks and the rest
with the Boors.*

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice:
Give to each one a Cudgel, a good Cudgel:
And now attend our Sentence. That you are Rogues,
And mischievous base Rascals, there's the point now,
I take it, is confes'd.

Prigg. Deny it if you dare, Knaves.

Boors. We are Rogues, Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter. Rogues ye are,

And ²⁹ lamb'd ye shall be ere we leave ye.

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our Justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper Person
Of our good Master? Were you drunk when you did it?

Boors. Yes indeed were we.

Prigg. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for Want you undertook it?

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prigg. And yet for all that,
You shall be poor Rogues still.

Hig. Has not the Gentleman, [man
Pray mark this point, Brother *Prigg*, that noble Gentle-
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By imploying some at Sea, some here, some there;
According to your Callings?

Boors. 'Tis most true, Sir.

Hig. Is not the Man an honest Man?

Boors. Yes truly.

Hig. A liberal Gentleman? And as ye are true Rascals
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his Charge?

Boors. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point then,
They've cast themselves, Brother *Prigg*.

Prigg. A shrewd point, Brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the Cause is open,
I'm somewhat weary.

Prigg. Can you do these things?
You most abominable stinking Rascals,
You Turnip-eating Rogues.

Boors. We are truly sorry.

Prigg. Knock at your hard Hearts, Rogues, and
presently
Give us a sign you feel Compunction,
Every Man up with's Cudgel; and on his Neighbour
Bestow such Alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,

²⁹ Soundly beaten.

For

(17) (For there your Sentence lies) without Partiality
Either of Head, or Hide, Rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else:
You shall know your Doom.

Hig. One, two, and three, about it.

Prigg. That Fellow in the blue has true Compunction,
[*Boors beat one another.*]

He beats his Fellow bravely, oh, well struck Boys.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue Breech, now plays he the Devil.
So get ye home, Drink small Beer, and be honest;
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do, bring him presently,
His Cause I'll hear my self.

Enter Hempkirke.

Hig. Prigg. With all due Reverence,
We do resign, Sir.

Ger. Now, huffing Sir, what's your Name?

Hemp. What's that to you, Sir?

Ger. It shall be, ere we part.

Hemp. My Name is *Hempkirke*.

I follow the Earl, which you shall feel.

Ger. No threatenng,

For we shall cool you, Sir; why didst thou basely
Attempt the Murder of the Merchant *Goswin*?

Hemp. What pow'r hast thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy Pain discover it.

Hemp. He did me wrong, base wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye.
Who sent you hither? And what further Villanies
Have you in Hand?

Hemp. Why wou'dst thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, cou'd rise
Out of my Knowledge, to do thee Commodity?
Be sorry for what thou'ft done, and make amends, Fool,

(17) *For there our Sentence lies without Partiality ;
Either of Head or Hide,]* So pointed in former Editions.

I'll talk no further to thee, nor these Rascals.

Ger. Tye him to that Tree.

Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The Dev'l you shou'd do, by your Villanies,
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the Sun, Boys;
Give me a fine sharp Rush; will ye confes yet?

Hemp. You have robb'd me already, now you'll murder me. [Sir?

Hig. Murder your Nose a little: Does your Head purge,
To it again, 'twill do ye good.

Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.

Ger. Proceed then. [Sir.

Hig. There's Maggots in your Nose, I'll fetch 'em out,

Hemp. O my Head breaks.

Hig. The best thing for the Rheum, Sir,
That falls into your Worship's Eyes.

Hemp. Hold, hold.

Ger. Speak then.

Hemp. I know not what.

Hig. It lies in's Brain yet,
In lumps it lies, I'll fetch it out the finest;
What pretty Faces the Fool makes? Heigh!

Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all; look in my Doublet,
And there, within the lining in a Paper,
You shall find all.

Ger. Go fetch that Paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good Ev'n, my honest Friends.

Ger. Good Ev'n, good Fellow.

Hub. May a poor Huntsman, with a merry Heart,
A Voice shall make the Forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as Steel, Boys?
That knows all Chases, and can watch all Hours,
And with my Quarter-staff, though the Devil bid stand,
Deal such an Alms, shall make him roar again?

Prick

Prick ye the fearful Hare through cros ways, sheep-walks,

And force the crafty Reynard climb the Quicksets;
Rouse ye the lofty Stag, and with my Bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the Woods shall mourn him,
'Till in his Funeral Tears, he fall before me ?

The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*
I know to chase, the Roe the Wind out-stripping;
Igrin himself, in all his bloody Anger

(18) I can beat from the Bay, and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my Boar-staff arm'd, thus turn,
Spight of his foamy Tushes, and thus strike him;
'Till he fall down my Feast.

Ger. A goodly Fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thee here, ha? [Aside.

Ger. We accept thy Fellowship

Hub. *Hempskirke*, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee. [Aside.

Enter Ferret, with a Letter.

Fer. Here is the Paper : And as he said we found it.

Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your Knavery : You are sent here, *Sirrah*,
To discover certain Gentlemen, a Spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by Persuasion
To bring 'em back, by Poison to dispatch 'em.

Hub. By Poison, ha ?

Ger. Here is another, *Hubert* ;
What is that *Hubert*, Sir ?

Hemp. You may perceive there.

(18) ———— *And the wild Sounder*

Single, and with my arm'd Staff, turn the Boar,] The only Dictionary in which I can find *Sounder* makes it the same with the *wild Boar*, and so Mr. *Sympson* thought it, and agreed with me that the mention of both in the same Sentence was a Tautology, which our Authors would scarcely be guilty of. I therefore endeavoured by the Change of a Monosyllable and a Transposition of the Words to amend it. I have ventur'd my Conjecture into the Text, but must own that I have not his Assent, who since thinks that *Sounder* may signify a Herd of wild Boars. But to *single a Herd of Boars* seems to me an Expression more exceptionable than the Tautology we want to get rid of.

Ger.

Ger. I may perceive a Villany, and a rank one ;
Was he join'd Partner of thy Knavery !

Hemp. No.

He had an honest end, (wou'd I had had so,)
Which makes him scape such Cut-throats.

Ger. So it seems.

For here thou art commanded, when that *Hubert*
Has done his best and worthiest Service, this way
To cut his Throat, for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. I am glad we've found ye,
Is not this true ?

Hemp. Yes ; what are you the better ?

Ger. You shall perceive, Sir, ere you get your Freedom :
Take him aside, and, Friend, we take thee to us,
Into our Company ; thou dar'st be true to us ?

Hig. Ay, and Obedient too ?

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our Hand : Thou'rt now a Servant to us,
Welcome him all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off : I'll do it,
We bid ye welcome three ways ; first for your Person,
Which is a promising Person ; next for your Quality,
Which is a decent, and a gentle Quality ;
Last for the frequent means you have to feed us,
You can steal 'tis to be presum'd.

Hub. Yes, Venison,
And if you want —

Hig. 'Tis well you understand right, and
Shall practise daily : You can drink too ? *Hub.* Soundly.

Hig. And ye dare know a Woman from a Weather-
cock ?

Hub. If I handle her.

Ger. Now swear him.

Hig. I crown thy ³⁰ *nab*, with a ³¹ *gag of Benbouse*,
And ³² *stall* thee by the ³³ *Salmon* into the ³⁴ *Clows*,
To *mand* on the *Pad*, and ³⁵ *strike* all the *Cbeats* ;

30. Head. 31. Pot of good Ale. 32. Instal. 33. Oath. 34.
Rogues. 35. Rob all you meet.

To ³⁶ Mill from the ³⁷ Ruffmans, and ³⁸ Commision
and ³⁹ Slates,

⁴⁰ Twang dell's, i' the ⁴¹ stiromel, and let the ⁴² Quire Cuffin:
And ⁴³ Herman-Becktrine, and ⁴⁴ trine to the ⁴⁵ Ruffin.

Ger. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy Pate a pot of good Ale,
(19) And by the Rogues Oath a Rogue thee Instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the Hedge, both the Shirt and the Sheets:
And lie with thy Wench in the Straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Devil go hang.

Hig. You're welcome, Brother.

All. Welcome, welcome, welcome;
But who shall have the keeping
Of this Fellow?

Hub. Sir, if you dare but trust me;
(20) For I have kept wild Dogs and Beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too: Give into my Custody
This roaring Rascal, I shall hamper him,
With all his Knacks and Knaveries, and I fear me
Discover yet a further Villany in him;
O he smells rank o'th' Rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape —

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Come, Sir, I'll tye ye to the leash.

Hemp. Away, Rascal.

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.

Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an eye, Sir, to your Prisoner. [me.

Hub. He must blind both mine Eyes, if he get from

Ger. Go get some Victuals, and some Drink, some
good Drink;

³⁶ Rob. ³⁷ Hedges. ³⁸ Shirts. ³⁹ Sheets. ⁴⁰ Lie with Maids.
⁴¹ Hay. ⁴² Justice of Peace. ⁴³ Beadle. ⁴⁴ Hang. ⁴⁵ Devil.

(19) — O'th' Former Editions. Mr. Theobald and I concurred
in the Emendation.

(20) For I have kept] The [if] hurts the Sense here, and seems
evidently to have crept into this Line from that above.



For this day we'll keep holy to good Fortune,
Come, and be frolick with us.

Hig. You are a Stranger, Brother, I pray lead,
You must, you must, Brother. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gofwin and Gertrude.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome : I have heard your scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves you, give her Joy leave
To bid you welcome : What is't makes you sad, Man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my Heart, not willingly.

Gof. No, *Gertrude.*

Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,
A happy Marriage? Now I come to urge it.
Now when you please to finish it?

Gof. No News yet?

Gert. D'you hear, Sir?

Gof. Yes.

Gert. D'you love me?

Gof. Have I liv'd

In all the happiness Fortune could seat me,
In all Mens fair Opinions?

Gert. I have provided
A Priest, that's ready for us.

Gof. And can the Devil,
In one ten Days, that Devil Chance devour me?

Gert. We'll fly t' what Place you please.

Gof. No Star prosperous!
All at a swoop?

Gert. You do not love me, *Gofwin*?
You will not look upon me?

Gof. Can Mens Prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with such a Zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy Mists, and never prosper?
Gives I must wear, and cold must be my Comfort;
Darkness, and want of Meat; alas she weeps too,

Which

Which is the top of all my Sorrows, *Gertrude.*

Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor Beauty,
Which has been worth your Eyes.

Gof. The Time grows on still;
And like a tumbling Wave, I see my Ruin
Come rowling over me.

Gert. Yet will ye know me?

Gof. For a hundred thousand Crowns.

Gert. Yet will ye love me?

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?

Gof. For a hundred thousand Crowns?

Gert. Farewel Diffempler.

Gof. Of which I have scarce ten: O how it starts me!

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my Ruin—

Gof. I had forgot my self, O my best *Gertrude*,
Crown of my Joys and Comforts.

Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?

I thought you had been vext with me.

Gof. My Mind, Wench,

My Mind o'erflow'd with Sorrow, sunk my Memory.

Gert. Am I not worthy of the Knowledge of it?

And cannot I as well affect your Sorrows,
As your Delights? You love no other Woman?

Gof. No, I protest.

Gert. You have no Ships lost lately?

Gof. None, that I know of.

Gert. I hope you have spilt no Blood, whose Innocence
May lay this on your Conscience.

Gof. Clear, by Heav'n.

Gert. Why should you be thus then?

Gof. Good *Gertrude* ask not,
Ev'n by the Love you bear me.

Gert. I am obedient.

Gof. Go in, my fair, I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my Return
Dispose me as you please.

Gert. The good Gods guide ye. [Exit.

Gof. Now for my self, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for Mans worst Fortune, Pity. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Goswin, and four Merchants.

Gof. **W**H.Y Gentlemen, 'tis but a Week more, I in-
treat you

But seven short Days, I am not running from ye ;
Nor, if you give me Patience, is it possible
All my Adventures fail ; you have Ships abroad
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather :
I'm sure 'twould vex your Hearts, to be protested ;
Ye're all fair Merchants.

1 Mer. Yes, and must have fair play,
There is no living here else ; one hour's failing
Fails us of all our Friends, of all our Credits :
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.

Gof. No mercy in ye !

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others Mercy :
Keep your self right, and e'en cut your Cloth, Sir,
According to your calling ; you have liv'd here
In Lord-like Prodigality, high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis : The lib'ral spending
The Summer of your Youth, which you shou'd glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, stormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry.

3 Mer. Alas, before your Poverty,
We were no Men, of no Mark, no Endeavour ;
You stood alone, took up all Trade, all Business
Running through your Hands, scarce a Sail at Sea,
But loaden with your Goods : We poor weak Pedlars ;
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
We cou'd have stowage for a little Cloth,
Or a few Wines, put off, and thank't your Worship.
Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye ? Now I hope,
We shall have Sea-room. [Sir,

Gof. Is my Misery
Become my Scorn too ! Have ye no Humanity ?

No

No part of Men left? Are all th' Bounties in me
To you, and to the Town, turn'd my Reproaches?

4 *Mer.* Well, get your Monies ready: 'Tis but two
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly. [hours;

Gof. But two Days.

1 *Mer.* Not an Hour, ye know the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

Gof. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted *Bruges!*
Within thy Walls may never honest Merchant
Venture his Fortunes more: O my poor Wench too.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good Fortune, Master.

Gof. Thou mistak'st me, *Clause,*
I am not worth thy Blessing.

Ger. Still a sad Man!

Enter Higgen and Prigg, like Porters.

No belief, gentle Master? Come bring it in then,
And now believe your Beadsman.

Gof. Is this certain?

Or dost thou work upon my troubled Sense?

Ger. 'Tis Gold, Sir,
Take it and try it.

Gof. Certainly 'tis Treasure;
Can there be yet this Blessing?

Ger. Cease your wonder,
You shall not sink for ne'er a sowst Flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickl'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir.
'Tis there, your full Sum, a hundred thousand Crowns:
And good sweet Master, now be merry; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no Goodness:
And chear your Heart up handsomely.

Gof. Good *Clause,*
How cam'st thou by this mighty Sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Fear not, you have it by as honest means
As though your Father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a Mass, the little we get daily,
Mounts in sev'n Years; we beg it for Heav'n's Charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.

Gof. What great Security?

Ger. Away with that, Sir,

Were not ye more than all the Men in *Bruges* ;
And all the Mony in my Thoughts——

Gof. But good *Clause*,

I may die presently.

Ger. Then this dies with ye:

Pay when you can, good Master, I'll no Parchments,
Only this Charity I shall intreat you,
Leave me this Ring.

Gof. Alas, it is too poor, *Clause*:

Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor Petition.

Gof. There, I confirm it, [*Gives the Ring.*]
And may my Faith forsake me when I shun it.

Ger. Away, your Time draws on. Take up the Mony,
And follow this young Gentleman.

Gof. Farewel *Clause*,

And may thy honest Memory live for ever.

Ger. Heav'n bless you, and still keep you; farewell,
Master. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my Youth up close enough for gad-
In an old Tree, and set watch over him. [*ding,*]

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my Love, for sure this Wench must be she,
She follows me; Come hither, pretty *Minche*.

Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'deed law?

How will ye kiss me, pray you?

Hub. Thus, ----- soft as my Love's Lips.

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your Father's Name?

Jac.

Jac. He's gone to Heav'n.

Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, Sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer;

My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles. O Love!
O how my Heart melts in me: How thou fir'st me!

Hub. 'Tis certain she; pray let me see your Hand,

Jac. No, no, you'll bite it. [Sweet?

Hub. Sure I should know that *Gymmal*!

Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my Ring too.

O *Hubert*! *Hubert*!

Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me—

Do you know me, Chick?

Jac. No indeed, I never saw ye;

But methinks you kiss finely.

Hub. Kiss again then.

By Heav'n 'tis she.

Jac. O what a Joy he brings me!

Hub. You are not *Minche*?

Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman,

And I must be marry'd to morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Must ye, my Sweet, and does the Capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me Pie, and look in mine Eyes
'Tis he: 'Tis my dear Love: O blest Fortune. [thus.

Hub. How fain she would conceal her self, yet shews it
Will you love me, and leave that Man? I'll serve you.

Jac. O I shall lose my self!

Hub. I'll wait upon you,

And make you dainty Nofegays.

Jac. And where will you stick 'em? [Lillies

Hub. Here in thy Bosom, Sweet, and make a Crown of
For your fair Head.

Jac. And will you love me deed-law?

Hub. With all my Heart.

Jac. Call me to morrow then,

And we'll have brave cheer, and go to Church together:
Give you good Ev'n, Sir.

Hub. But one word, fair *Minche*.

Jac. I must be gone a Milking.

Hub. Ye shall presently.

Did you ne'er hear of a young Maid call'd *Jaculin*?

Jac. I am discover'd; hark in your Ear, I'll tell ye:
You must not know me, kiss and be constant ever.

Hub. Heav'n curse me else. 'Tis she, and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other Project. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Goswin, four Merchants, Higgen, and Prigg.

1 Mer. Nay, if 'twould do you courtesie.

Gof. None at all, Sir:

Take it, 'tis yours, there's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills. Your sixteen.

3 Mer. Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further use.

Gof. No.

3 Mer. What I have, Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.

Gof. Put your Hats on: I care not for your courtesies,
They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 Mer. I have a fraught of Pepper.

Gof. Rot your Pepper,
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.

4 Mer. Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but sending.

Gof. No, I can send to *Barbary*, those People
That never yet knew Faith, have nobler freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* these: Bring back my Jewels.

(21) Why are these Pieces? [*Guns fir'd.*]

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Susan* is return'd.

Gof. Well?

Sail. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in.

(21) *Why are these Pieces?*] The Sense which is now so clear,
was obscure to me, till Mr. *Sympson* added the Marginal Note.

Gof.

Gof. Heav'n, thou hast heard my Pray'rs.

Sail. The brave *Rebeccah* too, bound from the *Straits*,
With the next Tide is ready to put after.

Gof. What News o'th' Fly-boat?

Sail. If this Wind hold 'till Midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, she scap'd fairly.

Gof. How, prithee, Sailor?

Sail. Thus, Sir; she had fight,
Seven hours together, with six *Turkish* Gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded
And overlaid with Strength: When presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain *Vannoke*,
That valiant Gentleman you redeem'd from Prison;
He knew the Boat, set in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a Service to ye sent her home, Sir.

Gof. An honest noble Captain, and a thankful; [*Sailor.*
There's for thy News: Go drink the Merchant's Health,

Sail. I thank your Bounty, and I'll do't t' a Doit, Sir.

[*Exit Sailor.*

1 *Mer.* What Miracles are pour'd upon this Fellow!

(22) *Gof.* This Year, I hope, my Friends, I shall scape
For all your cares to catch me. [*Prison,*

2 *Mer.* You may please, Sir,

To think of your poor Servants in Displeasure,
Whose all they have, Goods, Monies, are at your Service.

Gof. I thank you,

When I have need of you I shall forget you:
You're paid, I hope.

All. We joy in your good Fortunes.

Enter Vandunk.

Vand. Come, Sir, come take your ease, you must go
Yonder's one weeps and howls. [*home wi' me,*

(22) *This here, I hope,*] Any one that attends to the Sense would at
once see the Corruption, and discover the true Word. Mr. *Theobald*,
Mr. *Sympson* and I agreed in the Correction, and 'tis confirmed by
the old Folio, which reads *Ye are*. 'Tis strange, that the following
Editors should see that this was wrong, and not see what was
right.

Gof. Alas how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Gof. Why soon, Sir?

[Night,

Vand. Why when you have her in your Arms; this My Boy, she is thy Wife.

Gof. With all my Heart I take her.

Vand. We have prepar'd, all thy Friends will be there, And all my Rooms shall smoak to see the Revel; Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my Service Wait on the Knave her Uncle. I have heard all, All his Baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her; Hast thou dispatch'd thy Business?

Gof. Most——

Vand. By the Mafs, Boy, Thou tumblest now in Wealth, and I joy in it, Thou'rt the best Boy that *Bruges* ever nourish'd. Thou hast been sad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack, And when thou 'rt lusty fling thee to thy Mistress. She'll hug thee, Sirrah.

Gof. I long to see it.

I had forgot you: There's for you, my Friends: You had but heavy burthens; commend my Love, (23) Commend my best Love, all the Love I have To honest *Clause*, shortly I'll thank him better. [Exit.

Hig. By th' Mafs a Royal Merchant, Gold by the handful, here will be sport soon, *Prigg*.

Prigg. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I Boy, Away apace, we are look'd for.

Prigg. Oh these bak'd Meats, Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy Mouth waters.

[Exeunt.

(23) —— Commend my Love

To my best Love,] However great a Friend *Clause* had been, *Gofwin* would (scarcely call him his Love, a Term appropriated to Lovers of different Sexes. Besides this, the Measure is spoil'd; which, with the former Proof, almost demonstrates the Passage to be corrupt. A Repetition of the Verb *Commend* effectually cures it; and I have often found, that where the Sense and Measure both require a Repetition of a Word, the Printer omits it; taking it for granted, that all Repetitions of the same Words must be Mistakes, because they generally are so.

S C E N E

S C E N E I V.

Enter Hubert and Hempskirk.

Hub. I must not.

Hemp. Why? 'tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy Wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

Hemp. Gentle Huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard: Though in thy Duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th'ast us'd me stubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely.

Hub. You the Earl's Servant?

Hemp. I swear I'm near as his own Thoughts to him;
Able to do thee——

Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.

Hemp. If thou dar'ft but try.

Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The first Man that will hang me, a sweet Recompence;
I could do't, but I do not say I will,
To any honest Fellow that wou'd think on't,
And be a Benefactor.

Hemp. It be not recompenc'd, and t' thy own desires,
Within these ten Days if I do not make thee——

Hub. What,
A false Knavel!

Hemp. Prithee, conceive me rightly, any thing
Of Profit or of Place that may advance thee.

Hub. Why what a Gooscap wou'dst thou make me,
Don't I know
That Men in Misery will promise any thing,
More than their Lives can reach at? *Hemp.* B'lieve me,
There shall not one short Syllable that now [Huntsman,
Comes from me, pass without its full Performance.

Hub. Say you so, Sir?
Have ye e'er a good Place for my Quality?

Hemp. A thousand Chases, Forests, Parks: I'll make thee
Chief Ranger over all the Games.

Hub. When?

Dd 4

Hemp.

Hemp. Presently.

[too.

Hub. This may provoke me : And yet to prove a Knave

Hemp. 'Tis to prove honest : 'Tis to do good Service,
Service for him thou'rt sworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy self that good ; what Fool would live here,
Poor, and in Mis'ry, subject to all Dangers,
Law, and lewd People, can inflict, when bravely
And to himself he may be Law and Credit ?

Hub. Shall I believe thee ?

Hemp. As that thou holdst most holy.

Hub. Ye may play Tricks.

Hemp. Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a Service
That shall deserve indeed.

Hemp. 'Tis well said, Huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.

Hub. I will do it :

'Tis not your setting free, for that's meer nothing,
But such a Service, if the Earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.

Hemp. What is't, Huntsman ?

Hub. Do you know any of these People live here ?

Hemp. No.

Hub. You're a Fool then : Here be those, to have 'em,
I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.

Hemp. Any of the old Lords that rebel'd ?

Hub. Peace, all,

I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

Hemp. But wilt thou do this Service ?

Hub. If you'll keep
Your Faith, and free word to me.

Hemp. Wilt thou swear me ?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye : More than that too,
Here's the right Heir.

Hemp. O honest, honest Huntsman !

[matter,

Hub. Now, how to get these Gallants, there's the
You will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.

Hemp. Will the Sun shine again ;

Hub. The way to get 'em.

Hemp. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub.

Hub. No Slight ;
(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em :)
Nor Reconcilement, (for they dare not trust neither,)
Must do this trick.

Hemp. By Force?

Hub. Ay, that must do it.
And with the Person of the Earl himself,
Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em :
Or else in vain : And thus I'd have ye do it. ['em,
To Morrow Night be here : A hundred Men will bear
(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,
And with his Terror will strike dead their Forces)
The hour be Twelve a Clock, now for a Guide
To draw ye without danger on these Persons,
The Woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the Wood, upon the Plain, will wait ye
By the great Oak.

Hemp. I know it : Keep thy Faith, Huntsman,
And such a show'r of Wealth—

Hub. I warrant ye :
Miss nothing that I tell ye.

Hemp. No.

Hub. Farewel ;
You have your Liberty, now use it wisely ;
And keep your hour, go closer 'bout the Wood there,
For fear they spy you.

Hemp. Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with ye.

Hemp. All shall be done to th' purpose: Farewel Hunts-
man. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the News in Town ?

Ginks. No News, but joy, Sir ;

Every Man wooing of the the noble Merchant,
(24) Who sends his hearty Commendations to ye.

(24) *Who* has *his hearty*—] As an imperfect Sentence, seems unnecessary here, I suppose *has* to be wrong, and that either *does* or *sends* was the Original.

Fer.

Fer. Yes this is News, this Night he's to be married.

Ginks. By th' Mafs that's true, he marries *Vandunk's*
(25) The dainty black-ey'd Dell. [Daughter,

Hig. I would my Clapper
Hung in his Baldrick, ah what a Peal could I ring ?

Ger. Marry'd ?

Ginks. 'Tis very true, Sir. O the Pies,
The piping-hot Mince-pies !

Prigg. O the Plum-pottage ! [Limb, Boys,

Hig. For one Leg of a Goose now would I venture a
I love a fat Goose, as I love Allegiance,
And—upon the Boors, too well they know it,
And therefore starve their Poultry.

Ger. To be married
To *Vandunk's* Daughter ?

Hig. O this precious Merchant :
What sport he'll have ? But hark you, Brother *Prigg*,
Shall we do nothing in the foresaid Wedding ?
There's Mony to be got, and Meat, I take it,
What think ye of a Morise ?

Prigg. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the Street, there leaves us,
Now we must think of something that may draw us
Into the Bowels of it, into th' Buttery,
Into the Kitchin, into the Cellar, something
That that old drunken Burgo-master loves,
What think ye of a Wassel ?

Hig. I think worthily.

Prigg. And very fit it should be, thou, and *Ferret*,
And *Ginks* to sing the Song : I for the Structure,
Which is the Bowl.

Hig. Which must be up-sey *English*,
Strong, lusty *London* Beer ; let's think more of it.

Ger. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,

(25) — *Black-ey'd Bell.*] This is Sense, but as *Dell* is the Cant Term made use of before in the Play for a young Lads, Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* both think the same Word was here used.

(26) One word, Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*: Do not start, Man,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:

Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be *Gerrard*.

The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no show then,
I am glad to see ye, Sir; and I am *Gerrard*.
How stand Affairs?

Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes,
I'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honest to my Friends,
Look upon these Directions, you have seen his.

Hig. Then will I speak a Speech, and a brave Speech
In praise of Merchants; where's the Ape?

Prigg.——Take him,
A gouty Bear-ward stole him th' other Day.

Hig. May his Bears worry him! that Ape had paid it,
What dainty tricks? ---- (O that bursen Bear-ward:)
In his *French* Doublet, with his blister'd Bullions,
In a long stock ty'd up; O how daintily
Wou'd I have made him wait, and shift a Trencher,
Carry a Cup of Wine? ten thousand Stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lowzy Bear-ward.

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready: Keep you here the mean while,
And keep you in, I must a while forsake ye.

Upon mine Anger no Man stir, this two hours.

Hig. Not to the Wedding, Sir?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The Wedding must be seen, Sir; we want Meat too.
We're horrible out of Meat.

Prigg. Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak'd their Tails at's in Defiance?
(27) And Turkey Tombs such honourable Monuments,
Shall Pigs, Sir, that the Parson's self would envy,
And dainty Ducks——

(26) —— *Do not start me,*] Former Editions. Amended by Mr.
Theobald.

(27) —— *Turkey Tombs*] i. e. Turkey Pies.

Ger. Not a word more, obey me. [*Exit Ger.*]
Hig. Why then come doleful Death, this is flat Tyranny,
 And by this Hand—
Hub. What?
Hig. I'll go sleep upon't. [*Exit Hig.*]
Prigg. Nay, and there be a Wedding, and we wanting,
 Farewel our happy Days: We do obey, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 Mer. Well met, Sir, you are for this lusty Wedding.
2 Mer. I am so, so are you, I take it.
1 Mer. Yes,
 And it much glads me, that to do him service
 Who is the honour of our Trade, and Lustre,
 We meet thus happily.
2 Mer. He's a noble Fellow,
 And well becomes a Bride of such a Beauty.
1 Mer. She's passing fair indeed; long may their Loves
 Continue like their Youths, in spring of Sweetness,
 All the young Merchants will be here no doubt on't,
 For he that comes not to attend this Wedding,
 The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
 A loud Wife, and a lazy. Here's *Vanlock*.

Enter Vanlock and Frances.

Vanl. Well overtaken Gentlemen: Save ye.
1 Mer. The same to you, Sir; save ye fair Mistress
Frances,
 I would this happy Night might make you blush too.
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That's but a drowsie Fortune.
2 Mer. Nay take us with ye too; we come to that end,
 I'm sure ye are for the Wedding.
Vanl. Hand and Heart, Man:
 And what their Feet can do, I cou'd have tript it
 Before this whorson Gout.

Enter

Enter Clause.

Cl. Bless ye Masters.

Vanl. Clause, how now, Clause? thou art come to see thy Master,

(And a good Master he is to all poor People,)
In all his Joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.

Cl. Long may he live, Sir, but my business now is
If you wou'd please to do it, and to him too.

Enter Goswin.

Vanl. He's here himself.

Gof. Stand at the Door, my Friends?
I pray walk in: Welcome fair Mistress Frances,
See what the House affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcome.

Vanl. We joy your Happiness. [Exeunt.

Gof. I hope it will be so: Clause, nobly welcome,
My honest, my best Friend, I have been careful
To see thy Monies——

Cl. Sir, that brought not me,
D'you know this Ring again?

Gof. Thou hadst it of me. [gave me

Cl. And do you well remember yet, the boon you
On the return of this?

Gof. Yes, and I grant it,
Be't what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it;
Within my pow'r.

Cl. Ye are not married yet.

Gof. No.

Cl. Faith I shall ask you that that will disturb ye,
But I must put ye to your Promise.

Gof. Do.

And if faint and flinch in't ——

Cl. Well said Master,

And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.

Gof. Prithee distrust me not.

Cl. You must not marry,
That's part of the pow'r you gave me; which to make up,
Yo' must presently depart, and follow me.

Gof.

Gof. Not marry, *Clause* ?

Cl. Not if you keep your Promise,
And give me pow'r to ask.

Gof. Prithee think better,
I will obey, by Heav'n.

Cl. I've thought the best, Sir.

Gof. Give me thy Reason, do'st thou fear her Honesty?

Cl. Chaste as the Ice, for any thing I know, Sir.

Gof. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what

Cl. I must not now discover. [purpose?

Gof. Must not marry?

Shall I break now when my poor Heart is pawn'd?
When all the Preparation?

Cl. Now or never.

Gof. Come, 'tis not that thou would'st: Thou dost
but fright me.

Cl. Upon my Soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.

Gof. *Clause*, can'st thou be so cruel?

Cl. You may break, Sir,

But never more in my Thoughts appear honest.

Gof. Didst ever see her?

Cl. No.

Gof. She's such a thing,

O *Clause*, she's such a Wonder, such a Mirror,
For Beauty, and fair Virtue, *Europe* has not.

Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?

But look on her; then if thy Heart relent not,

I'll quit her presently: Who waits there?

Ser. [within] Sir.

Gof. Bid my fair Love come hither and the Company.
Prithee be good unto me; take a Man's Heart
And look upon her truly: Take a Friend's Heart:
And feel what Misery must follow this.

Cl. Take you a noble Heart and keep your Promise;
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunk, and the Merchants.

Can that thing, call'd a Woman, stop your Goodness?

Gof. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now,
Did'st ever see a fairer?

Cl.

Cl. She's most goodly.

Gof. Pray ye stand still.

Gert. What ails my Love?

Gof. Didst ever,

By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a sweeter?
O that thou knew'st but Love, or ever felt him,
Look well, look narrowly upon her Beauties.

1 Mer. Sure h'as some strange design in hand, he starts so.

2 Mer. This Beggar has a strong Pow'r o'er his Pleasure.

Gof. View all her Body.

Cl. 'Tis exact and excellent.

Gof. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?
Her Mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to hear her speak, a Paradise;
And such a Love she bears to me, a chaste Love,
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful Love: 'Tis now too
I'm ready to enjoy it; the Priest ready, *Clause,*
To say the Holy Words shall make us happy;
This is a Cruelty beyond Man's Study,
All these are ready, all our Joys are ready,
And all the Expectation of our Friends,
'Twill be her Death to do it.

Cl. Let her die then.

Gof. Thou canst not: 'Tis impossible.

Cl. It must be.

Gof. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me; by Heav'n;
I'll give thee half I have; come thou shalt save me.

Cl. Then you must go with me; I can stay no longer,
If ye be true and noble.

Gof. Hard Heart, I'll follow:
Pray y' all go in again, and pray be merry,
I have a weighty business, give my Cloak there,

Enter Servant, with a Cloak.

Concerns my Life and State, (make no Enquiry,)
This present hour befall me: With the soonest
I shall be here again: Nay pray go in, Sir,
And take them with you, 'tis but a Night lost, Gentlemen.

Vand. Come, come in, we'll not lose our Meat yet,
Nor our good Mirth, he cannot stay long from her,
I'm

I'm sure of that.

[*Exit.*

Gof. I will not stay ; believe, Sir.

Gertrude, a word with you.

Gert. Why is this stop, Sir ?

Gof. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine : Farewel Wench. [*Exit.*

Gert. And is that all your Ceremony ? Is this a
Wedding ?

Are all my Hopes and Prayers turn'd to nothing ?

Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow ;

'Till to thy Face I prove thee false. Ah me! [*Exit.*

A C T V. S C E N E . I.

Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.

Gert. **L**EAD, if thou think'st we're right: why dost
thou make

These often stands? thou saidst thou knew'st the way.

Boor. Fear nothing, I do know it: Would 'twere
homeward.

Gert. Wrought from me by a Beggar ? at the time
That most shou'd tye him ? 'tis some other Love
That hath a more command on his Affections,
And he that fetcht him, a disguised Agent,
Not what he personated ; for his Fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful
Than one that ask'd an Alms: I must find out
One, if not both: Kind Darknes be my shrowd,
And cover Love's too curious search in me,
For yet, Suspicion, I wou'd not name thee.

Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

Gert. What then ?

Boor. Nay, nothing ; do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.

Gert. I am not: Forward.

Boor. Sure but you are ? give me your Hand, fear nothing.
There's one Leg in the Wood, don't pull me backward :
What

What a sweat one on's are in, you or I?
Pray God it do not prove the Plague; yet sure
It has infected me; for I sweat too,
It runs out at my Knees, feel, feel, I pray you.

Gert. What ails the Fellow?

Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you,
Do you hear nothing?

Gert. No.

Boor. List: A wild Hog,
He grunts: now 'tis a Bear: this Wood is full of 'em,
And now, a Wolf, Mistress, a Wolf, a Wolf,
It is the howling of a Wolf.

Gert. The braying of an Ass, is it not?

Boor. Oh, now one has me;
Oh my left Haunch, farewell.

Gert. Look to your Shanks,
Your Breech is safe enough, the Wolf's a Fern-brake.

Boor. But see, see, see, there is a Serpent in it;
'T has Eyes as broad as Platters; it spits Fire;
Now it creeps tow'rds us, help me to say my Prayers:
'T hath swallow'd me almost, my Breath is stopt;
I cannot speak: Do I speak, Mistress? tell me.

Gert. Why, thou strange timorous Sot, canst thou
perceive
Any thing i'th' Bush but a poor Glo-worm?

Boor. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake presently.

Gert. Come thou from it:
I have a precious Guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.

Boor. It thunders, you hear that now?

Gert. I hear one hollow.

Boor. 'Tis Thunder, Thunder:
See, a Flash of Lightning:
Are you not blasted, Mistress? pull your Mask off,
'T has plaid the Barber with me here: I have lost
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not shaven,
'Twill spoil your Marriage, Mistress.

Gert. What strange Wonders
Fear fancies in a Coward!

Boor. Now the Earth opens.

Gert. Prithee hold thy peace.

Boor. Will you on then?

Gert. Both Love and Jealousie have made me bold,
Where my Fate leads me, I must go. [Exit.

Boor. God be with you then.

Enter Wolfort, Hempkirke, and Attendants.

Hemp. It was the Fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The Huntsman that did hollow us.

Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next: Ha!

Hemp. Who goes there!

Boor. Mistrefs, I am taken.

Hemp. Mistrefs? Look forth, Soldiers.

Wol. What are you, Sirrah?

Boor. Truly all is left

Of a poor Boor, by Day-light, by Night no Body;
You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and
Pikes too,

For I am none that will stand out Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking Stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a Packthread.

Hemp. What Woman was't you call'd to?

Boor. Woman! None, Sir.

Wol. None! Did you not name Mistrefs?

Boor. Yes, but she's

No Woman yet: She should have been this Night,
But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make Hue and Cry after;
I tell you true, Sir, she shou'd ha'been married to Day;
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goswin*
Under his Arm; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox would swoop away a Gosling.

Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she: Neice?

Gert. Ha!

Hemp. She, Sir,

This was a noble entrance to your Fortune,
That being on the Point thus to be married,

Upon

Upon her Venture here, you should surprize her.

Wol. I begin, *Hempskirke*, to believè my Fate Works to my Ends.

Hemp. Yes, Sir, and this adds Trust
Unto the Fellow our Guide, who assur'd me *Flores*
Liv'd in some Merchants shape, as *Gerrard* did
In the old Beggars, and that he would use
Him for the Train, to call the other forth;
All which we find is done—That's he again— [*Holla again.*]

Wol. Good, we sent out to meet him.

Hemp. Here's the Oak.

Gert. I'm miserably lost, thus faln
Into my Uncle's Hands from all my Hopes,
Can I not think away my self and die?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap, and Ginks,
like Boors.

Hub. I like your Habits well : They're safe, stand close.

Hig. But what's the Action we are for now ? Ha !
Robbing a Ripper of his Fish.

Prigg. Or taking
A Poulterer Prisoner, without Ransom, Bullies ?

Hig. Or cutting off a Convoy of Butter ?

Fer. Or surprizing a Boor's ken, for ⁴⁶ grunting Cheats !

Prigg. Or ⁴⁷ Cackling Cheats ?

Hig. Or ⁴⁸ Margery-praters, ⁴⁹ Rogers,
And ⁵⁰ Tibs o'th' Buttery ?

Prigg. O I cou'd drive a Regiment
Of Geese afore me, such a Night as this,
Ten Leagues with my Hat and Staff, and not a Hiss
Heard, nor a wing of all my Troops disordered.

Hig. Tell us,
If it be ⁵¹ milling of a lag of Duds,
The fetching off a buck of Cloaths or so ;
We are horribly out of Linnen.

Hub. No such matter.

46. Pigs, former Editions, *granting Cheats*, corrected by Mr. Theobald. 47. Chickens. 48. Hens. 49. Geese. 50. Gollings. 51. Stealing a Buck of Cloaths.

Hig. Let me alone with the Farmer's Dog,
If you have a mind to the Cheese-loft; 'tis but thus,
And he is a silenc'd Mastiff, during Pleasure.

Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.

Hig. Mum. *Wol.* Who's there?

Hub. A Friend, the Huntsman.

Hemp. O 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept touch, Sir; which is the Earl of these?
Will he know a Man now?

Hemp. This my Lord's the Friend,
Hath undertook the Service.

Hub. If't be worth
His Lordship's Thanks anon, when 'tis done,
Lording, I'll look for't, a rude Wood-man,
I know how to pitch my Toils, drive in my Game:
And I have done't, both *Florenz* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuisen*,
Cozen, and *Jaculin*, young *Florenz's* Sister:
I have 'em all.

Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry Faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.

Wol. We will double
What ever *Hempskirke* then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble? What Horse ha' you?

Wol. A hundred. That's well: Ready to take
Upon surprize of 'em.

Hemp. Yes. *Hub.* Divide then
Your force into five Squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the Wood
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways, of all which Passages
We must possess, our selves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting Hole they'll all escape else:
I and four Boors here to me will be Guides,
The Squadron where you are, my self will lead:
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted Whoops, and Hollows, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest

Careless

Careless of any Noise, and be a Direction
To th' other Guides, how we approach 'em still.

Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the Soldier ;
Make the Division, *Hempskirke* ; you are my Charge,
Fair One, I'll look to you.

Boor. Shall no body need
To look to me ? I'll look unto my self.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done, Boy.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no Reasons
Why I broke off your Marriage ; for though I
Shou'd as a Subject study you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you, t' acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my necessary Counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my Father ? Sir I do,
And may Impiety, conspiring with
My other Sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a Son's Duty
(28) In my Obedience, and that too held forth
With all the cheerfulness.

Ger. I pray you rise,
And may those Pow'rs that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it : Taught by your Example,
Having receiv'd the Rights due to a Father,
I tender you th' Allegiance of a Subject :
Which as my Prince accept of.

Flo. Kneel to me ?
May Mountains first fall down beneath their Valleys,
And Fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in Nature so preposterous ;

(28) — *And that help'd forth,*] To help forth Obedience with
Cheerfulness, seems a stiff Expression ; I have substituted the natural
Word, and added a Monosyllable that is necessary to the Measure,
and believe that in both I've restored the Original.

I must o'ercome in this, in all things else
 The Victory be yours: Cou'd you here read me,
 You shou'd perceive how all my Faculties
 Triumph in my blest Fate, to be found yours;
 I am your Son, your Son, Sir, and am prouder
 To be so, to the Father to such Goodness,
 Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you,
 Than I shall ever of those specious Titles
 That plead for my Succession in the Earldom
 (Did I possess it now) left by my Mother.

Ger. I do believe it: But ———

Flo. O my lov'd Father,
 Before I knew you were so, by Instinct,
 Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
 Not as a Stranger's: And I know not how,
 What you call'd Charity, I thought the Payment
 Of some Religious Debt, Nature stood bound for;
 And last of all, when your magnificent Bounty
 In my low ebb of Fortune, had brought in
 A flood of Blessings, though my threatning Wants
 And fear of their Effects, still kept me stupid,
 I soon found out, it was no common Pity
 That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
 When we with joy may call it to Remembrance;
 There will be a time, more opportune than now,
 To end our Story, with all Circumstances,
 I add this only: When we fled from *Wolfort*
 I sent you into *England*, and there plac'd you
 With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*,
 A Man supplied by me unto that purpose,
 As bound by Oath ne'er to discover you,
 Who dying, left his Name and Wealth unto you
 As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd so;
 But now, as *Florenz*, and a Prince, remember
 The Countries, and the Subjects general Good
 Must challenge the first part in your Affection:
 The fair Maid, whom you chose to be your Wife,
 Being so far beneath you, that your Love
 Must grant she's not your Equal.

Flo.

Flo. In Descent

Or borrow'd Glories from dead Ancestors,
But for her Beauty, Chastity, and all Virtues
Ever remembered in the best of Women,
A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his Crown's purchase; in this only
Be an indulgent Father: In all else
Use your Authority.

Enter Hubert, Hempkirke, Wolfort, Bertha,
and Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The Father and the Son; the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouze them.

Ger. Who's this? *Wolfort?* [you,

Wol. Ay Cripple, your feigned Crutches will not help
Nor patch'd Disguise that hath so long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting: I must here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchant's Habit one call'd *Florenz*,
Who would be an Earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a Subject.

Flo. Is this that Traitor *Wolfort?*

Wol. Yes, but you

Are they that are betray'd: *Hempkirke.*

Ber. My *Goswin*

Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this Greatness,
Than all my former Jealousies or Misfortunes.

Flo. *Gertrude?*

Wol. Stay, Sir, you were to day too near her,
You must no more aim at those easie Accesses,
(29) Lest you can do't in Air, without a Head,
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

Ber. O take my Heart, first,
And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad Ransom.

Wol. You know not your own value, that entreat.

Ger. So proud a Fiend as *Wolfort.*

Wol. For so lost

(29) *Lest you*] Late Editions, old Folio, *Lesse.*

A thing as *Flores*.

Flo. And that wou'd be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no Death, but's sweeter than all Life,
When *Wolfort* is to give it. O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Princedom that I go from,
It is from thee, that loss includeth all.

Wol. Ay, if my young Prince knew his loss, he'd say so,
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him,
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hempskirke's* Neice,
Nor *Vandunk's* Daughter: This is *Bertba*, *Bertba*,
The Heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the War,
Whom I did steal, during my Treaty there,
In your Minority, to raise my self;
I then fore-seeing 'twou'd beget a Quarrel,
That, a necessity of my Employment,
The same Employment, make me Master of Strength,
That Strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, Sir,
She come of Years, but that the Expectation
First of her Father's Death, retarded it,
And since the standing out of *Bruges*, where
Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near lost:
But, Sir, we have recover'd her: Your Merchantship
May break, for this was one of your best Bottoms,
I think.

Ger. Insolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jaculin, Ginks, and Costin.

Wol. Who are these, *Hempskirke*?

Hemp. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their Treachery!

Hemp. Lord *Arnold* of *Bentbusin*, this Lord *Costin*,
This *Jaculin* the Sister unto *Flores*.

Wol. All found? Why here's brave Game, this was
Sport Royal,
And puts me in thought of a new kind of Death for 'em.
Huntsman, your Horn: First wind me *Flores* Fall,
Next *Gerrard's*, then his Daughter *Jaculin's*,

Those

(30) Those Rascals, they shall die without their Rites :
Hang 'em up, *Hempskirke*, on these Trees ; I'll take
Th' Affay of these my self.

Hub. Not here, my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up upon a Scaffold,
'Twill shew the better when their Arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray us,
But mock us too ?

Ginks. False *Hubert*, this is monstrous.

Wol. Hubert ? Hemp. Who, this ?

Ger. Yes, this is *Hubert*, *Wolfort*,
I hope he's helpt himself to a Tree.

Wol. The first,
The first of any, and most glad I have you, Sir :
I let you go before, but for a Train ;
Is't you have done this service ?

Hub. As your Huntsman ?
But now as *Hubert* ; save your selves, I will,
The *Wolf's* afoot, let slip ; kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter with a Drum Vandunk, Merchants, Higgen,
Prigg, Ferret, and Snap.*

Wol. Betray'd ?

Hub. No, but well catch'd : And I the Huntsman.

Vand. How do you *Wolfort* ? Rascal, good Knave
Wolfort,

I speak it now without the *Rose* ; and *Hempskirke*,
Rogue *Hempskirke*, you that have no Neice, this Lady
Was stoln by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resign'd by me to the right Owner here :
Take her, my Prince.

Flo. Can this be possible,
Welcome my Love, my sweet, my worthy Love.

Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice : now keep her better,
and thank

(30) — *Their Rights,*] The false Spelling of this Word would not have deserved a Note, had not it given a Sense totally different from the true one ; *viz.* That the two Lords were to die without being first put in Possession of their Rights or Lordships. It only means here, that they should be hanged without the Honour of any Rite or Ceremony.

Lord

Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrard's* name,
 And got me out, with my brave Boys, to march
 Like *Cæsar*, when he bred his Commentaries,
 So I, to breed my Chronicle, came forth
Cæsar Vandunk, & veni, vidi, vici.

Give me my Bottle, and set down the Drum ;
 You had your tricks, Sir, had you ? we ha' tricks too,
 You stole the Lady ?

Hig. And we led your Squadrons, [bles,
 Where they ha' scratch'd their Leggs a little, with Bram-
 If not their Faces.

Prigg. Yes, and run their Heads
 Against Trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prigg*, Sir.

Prigg. And Colonel *Higgen*. [Leggs,

Hig. We have fill'd a Pit with your People, some with
 Some with Arms broken, and a Neck or two
 I think be loose.

Prigg. The rest too, that escap'd,
 Are not yet out o'the Briars.

Hig. And your Horses, Sir,
 Are well set up in *Bruges* all by this time :
 You look as you were not well, Sir, and wou'd be
 Shortly let Blood ; do you want a Scarf ?

Vand. A Halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest, and noble *Hubert*.
 Canst thou behold these Mirrors all together,
 Of thy long, false, and bloody Usurpation ;
 Thy tyrannous Proscription, and fresh Treason ;
 And not so see thy self, as to fall down
 And sinking, force a Grave, with thine own Guilt,
 As deep as Hell, to cover thee and it ? [me ;

Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the *Toyles* that took
 And laughing in them die ; they were brave Snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer Valour, if thou durst repent
 The Wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Wol. Who, I repent ?
 And say I'm sorry ? yes, 'tis the Fool's Language,
 And not for *Wolfort*.

Vand. *Wolfort*, thou art a Devil,

And

And speakst his Language ; oh that I had my longing,
Under this row of Trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No, let him live, until he can repent,
But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom. [*kirke*

Vand. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this *Hemps-*
For profit of th' Example.

Flo. No let him
Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious Life ;
To shew how much our Innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest, to molest us.

Vand. A noble Prince.

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of Hands, as they have done of Hearts here,
(31) And to their Loves wish joy.

Flo. As to mine own,
My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother.

Vand. I'll go afore, and have the Bon-fire made,
My Fire-works, and Flap-dragons, and good Backrack,
With a peck of little Fishes, to drink down
In healths to this Day.

Hig. 'Slight, here be changes,
The Bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, *Prigg.*

Prigg. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it.
What think you, *Ferret* ?

Fer. Marry I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we'd stand for't.

Hig. No, not if they should offer it : I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush unto another Climate.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy Burgomaster.
Here be more Friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd, who though their Trade and course of Life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with Courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A Place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom : But this I will entreat
Your Grace, command them follow you to *Bruges* ;
Where I will take the care on me, to find

(31) — *With Joy*] Former Editions.

Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republick,

Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good Grace.

Prigg. To your good Lordship.

Fer. May you both live long. [all but *Beggars.*

Ger. Attend me at *Vandunk's*, the Burgomaster's. [*Ex.*

Hig. Yes, to beat Hemp, and be whipt twice a Week,
Or turn the Wheel, for Crab the Rope-maker:
Or learn to go along with him, his course;
That's a fine course now, i'the Common-wealth, *Prigg*,
What say you to it?

Prigg. It is the backward't course,
I know i'the World.

Hig. Then *Higgen* will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?

Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth I am partly of your Mind, Prince *Prigg*.
And therefore farewell *Flanders*, *Higgen* will seek
Some safer Shelter, in some other Climate,
With this his tatter'd Colony: Let me see
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prigg*, and *Higgen*; all are left
O' the true Blood: What? shall we into *England*?

Prigg. Agreed.

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your *Brute*, my Lads,
Higgen hath ⁵² prig'd the Prancers in his Days,
And sold good Penny-worths; we have a course,
The Spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.

Prigg. I'll mand no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your Sixpenny-worth
In private, Brother; Sixpence is a Sum
I'll steal you any Man's Dog for.

Prigg. For Sixpence more
You'll tell the Owner where he is.

Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so must *Prigg* to eat;
And write the Letter: And gi' the Word. But now
No more, as either of these.

Prigg. But as true Beggars,
As e'er we were.

Hig. We stand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your Bounties first; the rest will follow;
For Womens Favours are a leading Alms,
If you be pleas'd look cheerly, throw your Eyes
Out at your Masks.

Prigg. And let your Beauties sparkle.

Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, Jewels, Gowns
Still i' the fashion.

Prigg. Nor the Men you love,
Wealth nor Discourse to please you.

Hig. May you, Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh Suits nor Liberty.

Prigg. May every Merchant here see safe his Ventures.

Hig. And every honest Citizen his Debts in.

Prigg. (32) The Lawyers gain good Clients.

Hig. And the Clients good Counsel.

Prigg. All the Gamesters here good Fortune.

Hig. The Drunkards too good Wine.

Prigg. The Eaters Meat
Fit for their Tastes and Palates.

Hig. The good Wives kind Husbands.

Prigg. The young Maids choice of Sutors.

Hig. The Midwives merry Hearts.

Prigg. And all good Cheer.

Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush,
We are the Beggars and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your Mony, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace; give that, and then
We'll boldly say our Word is, *Come again.*

(32) *Again good Clients,*] Corrected from the old Folio.





A D D E N D A

To the SECOND VOLUME.

By Mr. SYMPSON.

PAGE 27, Line 20. Mr. *Theobald's* Correction of this Place, I prefer to my own, tho' his too great Modesty would not suffer him to do it, *i. e.*

— Them of all Conditions and all Sexes.

So *Servius* upon *Æneid* I. 286.

— *gentemque togatam*, says

Bene Gentem, quia & Sexus omnis, & Conditio togâ utebatur.

Page 30, Line 23. *That fend me from the Fury of the Ocean*] Mr. *Theobald* has omitted a Conjecture of mine upon this Place, which to me (so prevalent is partiality) seems nearer the Traces of the old Reading than that he has advanc'd;

— almost those Powers

That serv'd me from, &c. i. e. fav'd.

Ibid. Line 24. — you shou'd not be

Without a neat Historical Skirt.] Mr. *Theobald's* Explanation of this Passage is very right; and I praise his Judgment for retaining the old Reading, tho' it be at the Expence of my own Correction. *Jasper Maine*, in his *City Match*, Act 2, Scene 2, is full to this purpose. *Aurelia*, speaking of her Waiting-woman, says,

*She works religious Petticoats; for Flowers
She'll make Church-Histories; her Needle doth
So sanctify my Cushionets, besides,*

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My

*My Smock-Sleeves have such holy imbroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my Apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor.*

'Tis true, the Person here mention'd is an high-flown Puritan, but that is no Objection; what the Passage is brought to prove (and it proves it sufficiently) is, that Historical Shirts were then in very high Fashion; the only difference was, that the *Saints* adorn'd theirs only with religious Stories, while the *Wicked* flourished theirs with either sacred or profane ones.

Page 109, Line 16. — *and to cure your Herd,
His Bucolics is a Masterpiece;*] This Mistake of our Authors, tho' so obvious to be noted, had almost escaped the Observation of us all. A plain Proof that the Attention, tho' ever so close, is not always successful, either in the Discovery of Blemishes or Beauties.

Page 148, Line 31.

Turn to Armelets, for great Queens t'adore] Mr. Theobald's Alteration of this Passage, with due Submission to his great Judgment, I cannot admit. The old Reading is not only right, but elegant, and must suffer extremely by any tampering with it. *Adore* here is us'd in the Sense of *adorn*, from French *Dorer*, to gild, &c. and seems to be borrow'd from *Spenser*, Lib. 4, Cant. 11, 46.

————— *like to the Hore*

Congealed little Drops, which do the Morn adore.

I am aware, that the same Objection lies against several Places which we have endeavoured to correct in the following Sheets; but the Reader need not be told, that Criticism is no infallible Profession; for he cannot but observe, that the viewing of a Passage in *one* Light, which the Poet design'd should be considered in *another*, too oft draws the Judgment awry, and sets the Invention upon a wrong Search, by endeavouring to plaister a Place that ever was sound, and applying Crutches to a Passage that never yet halted, but in the Critic's Imagination.

Page

Page 251, Line 33. *See where the Sea comes*] Mr. *Seward* will pardon me for dissenting from him in the Correction of this Passage; I suppose the Line once to have run in this manner,

See where the Seal comes.

The Seal, i. e. *Sea-calf*, an Appellation severe enough in all Conscience and Reason; and how clearly does the remaining Part of the Line establish this Reading,

See where the Seal comes, how he fomes and bristles.
i. e. bristles.

Page 292, Note 20. — *for Pins and Puppets,*] Allowing the want of Measure, for there is none in the Sense of this Passage, I would have it filled up in a different manner from that proposed by Mr. *Seward*, thus,

— *for Pins and Pin-puppets.*

The fashionable Pin-cases in our Authors Days, were made in the shape of little Puppets, or Poppets; and tho' that Custom is discontinued, we still retain the Word *Pin-poppets* to this very Day, in the North of *England*.





P O S T S C R I P T

To the SECOND VOLUME.

By T. SEWARD.

I SHALL only detain the Reader here with very few Remarks on the Part of this Volume which was publish'd by Mr. *Theobald*, which beginning with *The Custom of the Country*, a Play which offends more against modest Decency than any other Part of our Authors Works, I must refer the Reader to the first Prologue, where he will find that the Authors had not the least Suspicion of being ever taxed with Indecency; from whence it is plain, that what now appears gross and indecent, did not appear so to our Ancestors. See this more fully prov'd at Page 54 and 55 of the Preface.

The Custom of the Country.

Page 30, Line 15. — *Those Powers*

That send me from the Fury of the Ocean] Mr. *Theobald* justly rejects *send*, but reads *fenc'd me*, which does not seem to me a very natural Metaphor; I believe the more common and obvious Expression *sav'd me*, was the Original.

Page 44, Note 44. I don't assent to the Necessity of the Change made here, the old Reading preserving a clear Antithesis.

Page 45, Line 1, Note 33.

*The worthy Mistress of those many Blessings
Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler
Because they're trusted to a weaker Keeper.*

I objected against the Epithet *weaker*, but not having express'd

press'd my Objections fully, Mr. *Theobald* defends it. — They are these. *Arnoldo* is persuading the rich and beautiful *Hippolyta* not to deface her Beauty with foul Affections, for outward Excellence should be attended with all other Excellence; and the present Reading makes him add, that as she is frail and weak by Nature, she would make the Beauties of her Person appear more noble. — This would be an Apology for her Faults, not a Reason for her quitting them. — I read therefore,

— make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a wealthy Keeper.

He first persuades her to Chastity, and every Virtue, that she might not disgrace her Beauty; next, that she might not abuse her Wealth, which was the Gift of Heaven to her, only to make her Virtues more noble and conspicuous. This seem'd at first the true Reading; but upon this last Review a Confirmation of it has occur'd from the Context. Her *Beauty* and her *Wealth* are the two Objects which he dwells on in the next Speech, when he considers them in another Light, and this is a strong Presumption that each of them had been before us'd as Persuasives to Chastity. He goes on —

Wou'd ye' have me love you? — Hip. Yes. — Arn. Not for your Beauty;

Time, as he passes by, puts out that Sparkle.

Not for your Wealth; although the World kneel to it, &c.

The whole Dialogue, particularly *Arnoldo's* first Speech, is extremely beautiful.

The Elder Brother.

Page 106, Line 22, Note 3.

— and in Greek you can

Lie with your smug Wife Lilly.] Mr. *Theobald* complains that the Country Justice is here out of Character, as he supposes him to refer to *Juvenal's Concumbunt Græcè* — But supposing the Author took his Hint from hence, he does not make the Country Justice refer to it. But Mr. *Theobald* does not seem to have observed the Equivocation

cation of the Word *Lilly*, which refers to the old Grammarian, as *Andrew* says after, *To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book!* This is an Allusion surely within the compass of a Country Squire, and therefore quite in Character.

Page 120, Note 15.

Do they know any thing but a tir'd Hackney?

And then they cry absurd as th' Horse understood them.]

This is spoke of the College-Students, whom the Fop makes such Pedants, as to talk even to their Horses in *Scholastic Terms*, calling it *absurd* in a tired Hackney to hobble and stumble. I have given this Explication, because the Passage is treated by Mr. *Theobald* as *stark Nonsense*.

Page 140, Note 27.

Nor your black Patches you wear variously,

Some cut like Stars, some in Half-moons, some Lozenges.

(All which but shew you still a younger Brother)] The

Custom of wearing black Patches on the Face began amongst the Men, being made of black Velvet, and cut in various Shapes. It was a foppish Imitation of the Officers of the Army, who, in one Place of our Authors are said, after a Campaign, to be oblig'd from their Wounds, *To wear their Faces in Velvet Scabbards*. Mr. *Theobald* thinks that the Figures mention'd here refer to the *Bearings* or *Differences* of younger Branches of Families in Coats of Arms, but then seems to charge the Authors with inaccuracy in mentioning *Lozenges*, which are appropriated, he says, to unmarried Women and Widows. If they have such an Allusion, it is only a remote one; the Foppishness of wearing such Patches being the principal thing to shew him an insignificant young Fellow, deserving only a younger Brother's Fortune, and not for these to be prefer'd to one who was much more his Elder in Understanding than in Years. If therefore the remote Allusion to Heraldry be admitted, it by no means requires the Accuracy of every Word being applicable to it.

Page

Page 145, Line 25.

Or bought an Elegy of his Condolement] This is spoke of *Eustace* whom *Angelina* before attacks for *biring Verses*; but Mr. *Theobald* unaccountably mistook it to be spoke of the *Scholar Charles*, and therefore adopted the Mistake of some of the old Editions, and reads, *brought an Elegy*.

Page 148. *Should turn to Armlets for great Queens t'adore]* Mr. *Theobald* thinks it absurd to suppose Queens to adore their own Bracelets, and therefore reads — *for great Queens to wear*, a Word very far from the Trace of the Letters: Mr. *Sympton* told me, that *adore* and *adorn* were us'd formerly as only different Dialects of the same Word, as *owe* and *own* certainly were, and he would give it the Sense of *adorn* in this Place. I cannot assent to either, for the Position of the Words will scarce bear the latter; and had the Authors design'd it, they would have wrote, *Will turn to Armlets to adore great Queens*. After all, where is the Absurdity of the old Reading? Are not the *sanctify'd Beads* often wore on the Arm, and in some measure *adored* by Popish Queens? Nay, when Armlets were usually wore, they had often, over the Lock of them, Crosses or Images of Saints in Entaglios, or Cameios, which they *adored*: But I take the Allusion in this place to be chiefly to the *sanctify'd Beads*, as the Affinity in Figure between *Tears* and *Beads* often gives rise to Allusions of this sort in Poetry.

Page 149, Line 4.

*That only serves his Will and Wantonness ;
And lets the serious Part of Life run by
As thin neglected Sand. Whiteness of Name*

You must be mine.] Mr. *Theobald* calls this Passage so pointed, Nonsense: For, says he, what Lover ever call'd his Mistress *Whiteness of Name*? He therefore makes a Comma after *Sand*, and a full Stop after *Name*. So that the *serious Part of Life* is *Whiteness of Name*. And then he very unfortunately adds, “ that, if he is mistaken in this, “ he'll never venture again at understanding any Writer's “ Meaning.”

“ Meaning.” This is a strong Proof of what all Critics should be conscious of, that *Positiveness* and *Affurance* do not belong to *Verbal Criticism*. For poor Mr. *Theobald* was most notoriously mistaken in this very Passage, which was perfect good Sense in the old Pointing. The Relative *You* misled him; he thought it related to *Angelina*, whereas, with infinite poetic Beauty, it relates to *Whiteness of Name*: The Meaning of the Passage being evidently this ———

“ If you should yield, I should hate you; for I am no
 “ Courtier that gives the Rein to all his wanton Appe-
 “ tites. No; *Whiteness of Name*, i. e. the Character and
 “ Consciousness of Chastity and Innocence, you must be
 “ always mine; which I should forfeit eternally, should I
 “ debauch my Mistress before Marriage, for

Why should I seek to cuckold my Delights?

And widow all those Sweets I aim at in you?

The whole Speech is extremely fine.

These are all the material Objections which have occurred against Mr. *Theobald*'s Notes, and these, supposing them all true, are far from taking from him the Character of a *Critic* of the highest Rank; since his Mistakes, compar'd to the Number of his just Emendations, appear as few as those of the most eminent *Critics* which this Nation has produc'd, would, I believe, appear upon a like Scrutiny. By this the Reader will see that I do not exempt the late great Editors of *Shakespear* from numerous mistakes; but it is quite shocking to see the Adversaries of the Survivor of them attacking him with such rancour, that they seem to wish to see the *Author of Julian* and the *Divine Legation* depriv'd of his Pen; and, like the *Spartans* exasperated against *Athens*, would put out one of the Eyes of the Learned World.



F I N I S.

