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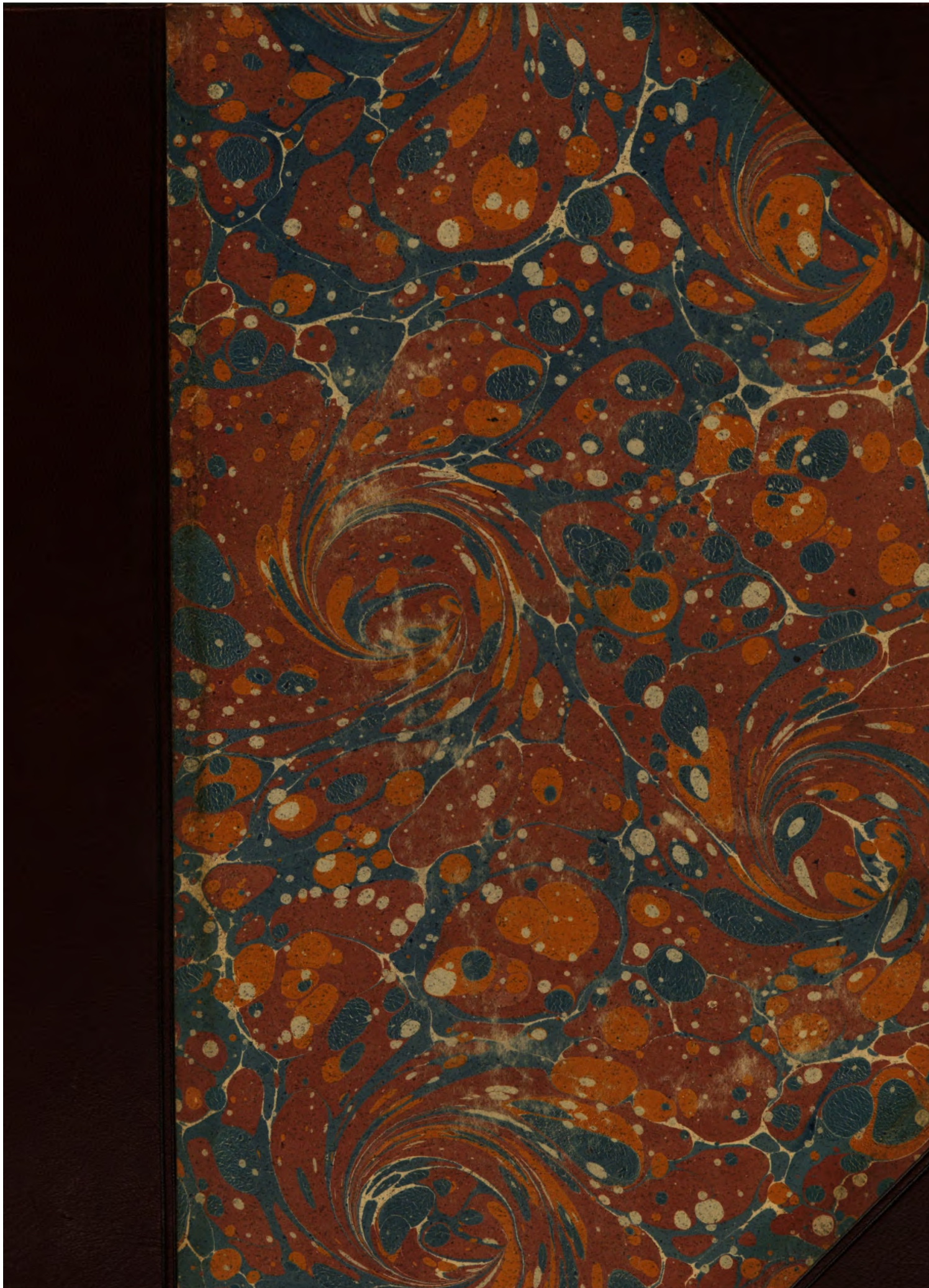
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# LOVE'S CURE:

OR, THE

*MARTIAL MAID.*

A

COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT,*

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black  
Swan without Temple-Bar. 1718.





# PROLOGUE.

**S**Tatues and Pictures challenge Price and Fame;  
If they can justly boast, and prove they came  
From Phidias or Apelles. None deny,  
Poets and Painters hold a Sympathy:  
Yet their Works may decay, and lose their Grace,  
Receiving blemish in their Limbs or Face;  
When the Mind's Art has this Preheminence,  
She still retaineth her first Excellence.  
Then why should not this dear Piece be esteem'd  
Child to the richest Fancies that e'er teem'd?  
When not their meanest Off-spring, that came forth  
But bore the Image of their Father's worth.  
Beaumont's and Fletcher's, whose Desert out-weighs  
The best Applause, and their least Sprig of Bays  
Is worthy Phæbus; and who comes to gather  
Their fruits of Wit, he shall not rob the Treasure.  
Nor can you ever surfeit of the Plenty,  
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.  
The more you take, the more you do them right,  
And we will thank you for your own Delight.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

- A** Ssistant, or Governor.  
Vitelli, a young Gentleman, Enemy to Alvarez.  
Lamoral, a fighting Gallant, Friend to Vitelli.  
Anastro, an honest Gentleman, Friend to Vitelli.  
Don Alvarez, a noble Gentleman, Father to Lucio, and  
Clara.  
Siavedra, a Friend to Alvarez.  
Lucio, Son to Alvarez, a brave young Gentleman in Wo-  
man's Habit.  
Alguazeir, a sharking panderly Constable.  
Pachieco, a Cobler,  
Mendoza, a Botcher, } of Worship.  
Metaldie, a Smith,  
Lazarillo, Pachieco his hungry Servant.  
Bobadilla, a witty Knave, Servant to Eugenia, and  
Steward to Alvarez.  
Herald.  
Officer.

## W O M E N.

- Eugenia, a virtuous Lady, Wife to Don Alvarez.  
Clara, Daughter to Eugenia, a martial Maid, Valiant  
and Chaste, enamour'd of Vitelli.  
Genevora, Sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.  
Malroda, a wanton Mistress of Vitelli.

## SCENE SEVIL.

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# LOVE'S CURE:

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anaſtro.*

*Vit.* **A** *Lvarez* pardon'd?

*Ana.* And return'd.

*Lam.* I ſaw him Land

At *St. Lucars*, and ſuch a general welcome,  
 Fame, as Harbinger to his brave Actions,  
 Had with the caſie People prepar'd for him,  
 As if by his Command alone, and Fortune,  
*Holland*, with thoſe low Provinces, that hold out  
 Againſt the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd  
 With their Obedience to give up their Lives  
 To be at his Devotion. *Vit.* You amaze me:  
 For though I have heard, that when he fled from *Sevil*  
 To ſave his Life (then forfeited to Law  
 For murth'ring *Don Pedro*, my dear Uncle)  
 His extream Wants enforc'd him to take pay  
 Fth' Army, ſate down then before *Oſtend*;  
 'Twas never yet reported, by whoſe Favour  
 He durſt preſume to entertain a Thought  
 Of coming home with Pardon. *Ana.* 'Tis our Nature  
 Or not to hear, or not to give belief  
 To what we wiſh far from our Enemies,

*Lam.*



*Lam.* Sir, 'tis most certain, the *Infanta's* Letters  
 Assisted by the Arch-Duke's, to King *Philip*,  
 Have not alone secur'd him from the Rigour  
 Of our *Castilian* Justice, but return'd him  
 A free Man, and in Grace. *Vir.* By what curs'd means  
 Could such a Fugitive arise unto  
 The knowledge of their Highnesses? Much more  
 (Though known) to stand but in the least Degree  
 Of favour with them? *Lam.* To give satisfaction  
 To your Demand, though to praise him I hate,  
 Can yield me small contentment, I will tell you,  
 And truly, since should I detract his Worth,  
 'T would argue want of Merit in my self.  
 Briefly to pass his tedious Pilgrimage  
 For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty Man,  
 And to forget the Storms, th' Affrights, the Horrors,  
 His Contancy, not Fortune overcame,  
 I bring him, with his little Son, grown Man  
 (Though 'twas said here, he took a Daughter with him)  
 To *Ostend's* bloody Siege, that stage of War,  
 Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,  
 And the whole Christian World Spectators were;  
 There by his Son, or were he by Adoption,  
 Or Nature his, a brave Scene was presented,  
 Which I make choice to speak of, since from that  
 The good of *Alvarez* had beginning.  
*Vir.* So I love Virtue in an Enemy  
 That I desire in the relation of  
 This young Man's glorious Deed, you'll keep your self  
 A Friend to Truth, and it. *Lam.* Such was my purpose.  
 The Town being oft assaulted, but in vain,  
 To dare the proud Defendants to a Sally,  
 Weary of ease, Don *Inigo Peralta*,  
 Son to the General of our *Castile* Forces,  
 All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their Walls,  
 From whence the Musquetiers plaid thick upon him;  
 Yet he, brave Youth, as careless of the Danger,  
 As careful of his Honour, drew his Sword,  
 And waving it about his Head, as if  
 He dar'd one spirited like himself, to trial  
 Of single Valour, he made his Retreat  
 With such a slow, and yet majestick pace,  
 As if he still call'd loud, Dare none come on?  
 When suddenly, from a Postern of the Town  
 Two gallant Horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,  
 The Army looking on, yet not a Man  
 That durst relieve the rash Adventurer;

Which

Which *Lucio*, Son to *Alvarez*, then seeing  
 As in the Vant-guard he late bravely mounted,  
 Or were it pity of the Youth's Misfortune,  
 Care to preserve the Honour of his Country,  
 Or bold Desire to get himself a Name,  
 He made his brave Horse like a Whirlwind bear him  
 Among the Combatants; and in a Moment  
 Discharg'd his Petronel, with such sure aim  
 That of the adverse party from his Horse  
 One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing  
 A Faulchion, swift as Lightning he came on  
 Upon the other, and with one strong Blow,  
 In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,  
 He struck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off  
 With double Honour to himself. *Vit.* 'Twas brave:  
 But the success of this? *Lam.* The Camp receiv'd him  
 With Acclamations of joy and welcome;  
 And for Addition to the fair reward,  
 Being a massy Chain of Gold given to him  
 By young *Peralta's* Father, he was brought  
 To the *Infanta's* Presence, kiss'd her Hand,  
 And from that Lady, (greater in her Goodness,  
 Than her high Birth) had this encouragement;  
 Go on young Man; yet not to feed thy Valour  
 With hope of Recompence to come, from me,  
 For present Satisfaction of what's past,  
 Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,  
 And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.

*Ana.* Excellent Princess. *Vit.* And stil'd worthily,  
 The Heart-blood, nay, the Soul of Soldiers.  
 But what was his Request? *Lam.* That the Repeal  
 Of *Alvarez* makes plain; he humbly begg'd  
 His Father's Pardon, and so movingly  
 Told the sad Story of your Uncle's Death  
 That the *Infanta* wept, and instantly  
 Granting his Suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,  
 Their Letters were directed to the King,  
 With whom they so prevail'd, that *Alvarez*  
 Was freely pardon'd. *Vit.* 'Tis not in the King  
 To make that good. *Ana.* Not in the King? What Subject  
 Dares contradict his Power? *Vit.* In this I dare,  
 And will; and not call his Prerogative  
 In Question, nor presume to limit it.  
 I know he is Master of his Laws,  
 And may forgive the Forfeits made to them,  
 But not the Injury done to my Honour;

Love's Cure: Or,

And since (forgetting my brave Uncle's Merits  
 And many Services, under Duke D'Alva)  
 He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice  
 The powerful Sword, that would revenge his Death,  
 I'll fill with this *Astrea's* empty Hand,  
 And in my just wreak, make this Arm the King's.  
 My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his House,  
 Which as I grew in Years, hath still encreas'd,  
 As if it call'd on Time to make me Man,  
 Slept while it had no Object for her Fury,  
 But a weak Woman, and her talk'd of Daughter;  
 But now, since there are Quarries, worth her sight,  
 Both in the Father, and his hopeful Son,  
 I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full  
 With both their Hearts; to further which, your Friendship;  
 And Oaths; will your Assistance, let your Deeds  
 Make answer to me: useles are all Words  
 Till you have writ Performance with your Swords. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.

*Luc.* Go fetch my Work; this Ruff was not well starch'd, so tell the Maid, 't has too much blue in it, and look you that the Partridge and the Pullen have clean Meat, and fresh Water, or my Mother is like to hear on't.

*Bob.* Oh good St. *Jaques* help me: Was there ever such an Hermaphrodite heard of? Would any Wench living, that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe, that the best of a Man lies under this Petticoat, and that a Cod-piece were far fitter here than a pinn'd Placket?

*Luc.* You had best talk filthily, do, I have a Tongue to tell my Mother, as well as Ears to hear your Ribaldry.

*Bob.* Nay, you have ten Womens Tongues that way, I am sure: Why my young Master or Mistress, Madam, Don, or what you will, what have you to do with Pullen, or Partridge? or to sit pricking on a Clout all Day? You have a better Needle, I know, and might make better Work, if you had grace to use it.

*Luc.* Why, how dare you speak this before me, Sirrah?

*Bob.* Nay rather why dare not you do what I speak?— Tho' my Lady your Mother, for fear of *Vicelli* and his Faction, hath brought you up like her Daughter, and hath kept you these 20 Years, which is ever since you were Born, a close Prisoner within Doors, yet since you are a Man, and are as well provided as other Men are, methinks you should have the same Motions of the Flesh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Indeed you have cause to love those wanton Motions,  
They having help you to an excellent Whipping,  
For doing something, I but put you in mind of it,  
With the *Indian Maid*, the Governor sent my Mother  
From *Mexico*.

*Bob.* Why, I but taught her a *Spanish* trick in Charity, and help  
the King to a Subject that may live to take *Grave Maurice* Prisoner,  
and that was more good to the State, than a thousand such as you  
are ever like to do: and I will tell you, (in a Fatherly care of the  
Infant I speak it) if he live (as blest the Babe, in Passion I remem-  
ber him) to your Years, shall he spend his time in pinning, pain-  
ting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to the Wars,  
use his *Spanish* Pike, tho' with the danger of the lash, as his Father  
has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo*  
desperately, at——

*Luc.* You will not kill me? oh.

*Bob.* I knew this would silence him: how he hides his Eyes?  
If he were a Wench now, as he seems, what an advantage  
Had I, drawing two *Toledo's*, when one can do this?  
But oh me, my Lady; I must put up: Young Master,  
I did but jest: Oh custom, what hast thou made of him?

*Enter Eugenia and Servants.*

*Eug.* For bringing this, be still my Friend; no more  
A Servant to me.

*Bob.* What's the matter?

*Eug.* Here,

Even here, where I am happy to receive  
Assurance of my *Alvarez* return,  
I will kneel down; and may those holy Thoughts  
That now possess me wholly, make this place  
A Temple to me, where I may give thanks  
For this unhop'd for Blessing, Heav'n's kind Hand  
Hath pour'd upon me. *Luc.* Let my Duty, Madam,  
Presume, if you have cause of Joy, to intreat  
I may share in it.

*Bob.* 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

*Eug.* Thou shalt; but first kneel with me *Lucio*,  
No more *Posthumia* now, thou hast a Father,  
A Father living to take off that Name,  
Which my too credulous Fears, that he was dead,  
Bestow'd upon thee; thou shalt see him *Lucio*,  
And make him young again, by seeing thee,  
Who only hadst a being in my Womb  
When he went from me, *Lucio*: Oh my joys  
So far transport me, that I must forget  
The Ornaments of Matrons, Modey

B

And

And grave Behaviour: but let all forgive me  
 If in th' Expression of my Soul's best Comfort,  
 Tho' old, I do a while forget mine Age,  
 And play the Wanton in the Entertainment  
 Of those delights I have so long despair'd of.

*Luc.* Shall I then see my Father? *Eug.* This hour, *Lucio*;  
 Which reckon the beginning of thy life,  
 I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear  
 To be such as I brought thee forth, a Man;  
 This womanish Disguise, in which I have  
 So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,  
 And change those Qualities thou didst learn from me,  
 For masculine Virtues, for which seek no Tutor,  
 But let thy Father's actions be thy Precepts;  
 And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward  
 For thy true Service.

*Bob.* Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know me more  
 respectfully; how dost thou think I shall become the Steward's  
 Chair, ha? will not these slender Hanches show well with a Chain,  
 and a gold Night-cap after Supper, when I take the Accompts?

*Eug.* Haste, and take down those Blacks with which my Cham-  
 hath like the Widow, her sad Mistress, mourn'd, (ber  
 And hang up for it the rich *Persian* Arras,  
 Us'd on my wedding Night, for this to me  
 Shall be a second Marriage: Send for *Muffick*,  
 And will the Cooks to use their best of cunning  
 To please the Palat.

*Bob.* Will your Ladship have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good stirring  
 dish for an old Lady, after a long *Lent*.

*Eug.* Begone I say: Why Sir, you can go faster?

*Bob.* I could, Madam: but I am now to practise the Steward's  
 Pace, that's the reward I look for; every Man must fashion his Gate,  
 according to his Calling; you fellow *Stephano* may walk faster, to  
 overtake Preferment; so, usher me.

*Luc.* Pray, Madam, let the Wastcoat I last wrought  
 Be made up for my Father: I will have  
 A Cap, and Boot-hose, suitable to it.

*Eust.* Of that

We'll think hereafter, *Lucio*; our Thoughts now  
 Must have no object but thy Father's welcome,  
 To which thy help

*Luc.* With humble gladness, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Alvarez, and Clara.

*Alv.* Where lost we *Syavedra*? *Clara.* He was met,  
Ent'ring the City, by some Gentlemen,  
Kinmen, as he said, of his own, with whom  
For compliment sake (for so I think he term'd it)  
He was compell'd to stay; tho' I much wonder  
A Man that knows to do, and has done well  
In the Head of his Troop, when the bold Foe charg'd home,  
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time  
In apish Entertainment; for my part  
(By all the glorious rewards of War)  
I had rather meet ten Enemies in the field,  
All sworn to fetch my Head, than be brought on  
To change an Hour's discourse with one of these  
Smooth City-fools, or Tissue-Cavaliers,  
The only Gallants, as they wisely think,  
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss  
From a Court-lip, though painted. *Alv.* My Love *Clara*,  
(For *Lucio* is a Name thou must forget  
With *Lucio's* bold Behaviour) though thy Breeding  
Ith' Camp, may plead something in the Excuse  
Of thy rough manners, Custom having chang'd,  
Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy Nature,  
And Fortune, then a cruel Stepdame to thee,  
Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness, burthens  
Of Hunger, Cold, Wounds, Want, such as would crack  
The sinews of a Man, not born a Soldier:  
Yet now she smiles, and like a natural Mother  
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain  
Her proffer'd Bounties with a willing Bosom;  
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy Sword;  
Thy Beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)  
Shall be a stronger Guard, to keep my *Clara*,  
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)  
And know thus much. *Clara.* Sir, I know only that  
It stands not with my Duty to gain-say you  
In any thing: I must and will put on  
What fashion you think best, though I could wish  
I were what I appear. *Alv.* Endeavour rather  
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here,  
As you were born, a Woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, and Servants.

*Eug.* Let choice Musick,

[Musick.]



In the best voice that e'er touch'd humane Ear,  
For joy hath ty'd my Tongue up, speak your welcome.

*Alv.* My Soul (for thou giv'it new life to my Spirit)  
Myriads of joys, though short in number of  
Thy Virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,  
Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes  
My twenty Years of sorrow but a Dream,  
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,  
I feel my Age restor'd, and like old *Aeson*  
Grow young again.

*Eug.* My Lord, long wish'd for welcome,  
'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word  
All Pleasures which I may call mine, begin,  
And may they long increase, before they find  
A second Period: Let mine Eyes now surfeit  
On this so wish'd-for Object, and my Lips  
Yet modestly pay back the parting Kifs  
You trusted with them, when you fled from *evil*,  
With little *Clara* my sweet Daughter; lives she?  
Yet I could chide my self, having you here,  
For being so covetous of all Joys at once,  
T'enquire for her, you being alone, to me  
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my self,  
Nay more than all the World. *Alv.* As you, to me are.

*Eug.* Sit down, and let me feed upon the Story  
Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety  
It will give relish, and fresh Appetite  
To my Delights, if such Delights can cloy me.  
Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yield you  
Account of my Life in your Absence, and  
Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd  
The Jewel left lock'd up in my Womb,  
When you, in being forc'd to leave your Country,  
Suffer'd a civil Death. [*Within clashing Swords.*]

*Alv.* Do, my *Eugenia*,  
'Tis that I most desire to hear.

*Eug.* Then know. [*Syavedra within.*]

*Alv.* What Noise is that?

*Sya.* If you are noble Enemies,  
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly.

*Vit.* Stand off, I am too many of my self.

*Enter Bobadilla.*

*Bob.* Murther, Murther, Murther! your Friend my Lord, *Don Syavedra*, is set upon in the Streets, by your Enemies *Vitelli*, and his Faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them.

*Alv.*

*Alv.* I'll free him, or fall with him; draw thy Sword  
And follow me.

*Clar.* Fortune, I give thee thanks  
For this Occasion once more to use it. [Exit.

*Bob.* Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt, hang me.

*Luc.* Oh I am dead with fear! Let's fly into  
Your Closet, Mother. *Eug.* No hour of my Life  
Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful,  
Or now at once dispatch me.

*Enter Vitelli, pursued by Alvarez and Syavedra, Clara beating off  
Anastro.*

*Clara.* Follow him,  
Leave me to keep these off. *Alv.* Assault my Friend,  
So near my House? *Vit.* Nor in it will spare thee,  
Though 'twere a Temple, and I'll make it one,  
I being the Priest, and thou the Sacrifice,  
I'll offer to my Uncle. *Alv.* Hasten thou to him,  
And say I sent thee. *Clara.* 'Twas put bravely by,  
And that; and yet comes on, and boldly rare,  
In the Wars, where Emulation and Example  
Join to increase the Courage, and make less  
The Danger; Valour, and true Resolution  
Never appear'd so lovely; brave again;  
Sure he is more than Man, and if he fall,  
The best of Virtue, Fortitude, would die with him:  
And can I suffer it? Forgive me Duty,  
So I love Valour, as I will protect it  
Against my Father, and redeem it, though  
'Tis forfeited by one I hate. *Vit.* Come on,  
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer  
Before you have me; keep off. *Clara.* Fear me not,  
Thy Worth has took me Prisoner, and my Sword  
For this time knows thee only for a Friend,  
And to all else I turn the Point of it.

*Say.* Defend your Father's Enemy? *Alv.* Art thou mad?

*Clara.* Are ye Men rather? Shall that Valour, which  
Begot you lawful Honour in the Wars,  
Prove now the Parent of an infamous Bastard  
So foul, yet so long liv'd, as Murder will  
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone  
With your own dangers only, purchas'd Glory  
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing  
Those nearest to you, to have part in it,  
And do you now join, and lend mutual help  
Against a single Opposite? Hath the Mercy  
Of the great King, but newly wash'd away

The Blood, that with the forfeit of your Life  
 Cleav'd to your Name and Family, like an Ulcer,  
 In this again to set a deeper Dye  
 Upon your Infamy? You'll say he is your Foe,  
 And by his rashness call'd on his own Ruin;  
 Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and Honour  
 Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place  
 Where now he is, your House, which by the Laws  
 Of hospitable Duty should protect him;  
 Have you been twenty years a Stranger to it,  
 To make your entrance now in Blood? Or think you  
 Your Country-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be  
 An Offering fit, to please the Genius of it?  
 No, in this I'll presume to teach my Father,  
 And this first Act of Disobedience shall  
 Confirm I am most dutiful. *Alv.* I am pleas'd  
 With what I dare not give allowance to.  
 Unnatural Wretch, what wilt thou do?

*Cl.* Set free

A noble Enemy: Come not on, by——  
 You pass to him, through me, the way is open;  
 Farewel, when next I meet you, do not look for  
 A Friend, but a vow'd Foe; I see you worthy,  
 And therefore now preserve you, for the Honour  
 Of my Sword only. *Alv.* Were this Man a Friend,  
 How would he win me, that being my vow'd Foe  
 Deserves so well? I thank you for my Life;  
 But how I shall deserve it, give me leave  
 Hereafter to consider.

*Alv.* Quit thy Fear,

All Danger is blown over, I have Letters  
 To the Governor, in the King's Name, to secure us  
 From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not,  
 That have such strong Guards of our own, dread others;  
 And to increase thy Comfort, know, this young Man,  
 Whom with such fervent Earnestness you eye,  
 Is not what he appears, but such a one  
 As thou with joy wilt bless, thy Daughter *Clara*.

*Eug.* A thousand Blessings in that word.

*Alv.* The reason

Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure  
 I will impart unto you; wonder not  
 At what you have seen her do, it being the least  
 Of many great and valiant Undertakings  
 She hath made good with Honour. *Eug.* I'll return  
 The joy I have in her, with one as great

[Exit.



*The Martial Maid.*

137

To you, my *Alvarez*: You, in a Man,  
Have given to me a Daughter, in a Woman,  
I give to you a Son; this was the Pledge  
You left here with me, whom I have brought up  
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara*,  
And with the like success; as she appears  
Alter'd by Custom, more than Woman, he  
Transform'd by his soft Life, is less than Man.

*Alv.* Fortune in this gives ample Satisfaction  
For all our sorrows past. *Luc.* My dearest Sister.

*Cl.* Kind Brother. *Alv.* Now our mutual care must be  
Imploy'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover  
Her right in either of them, lost by Custom:  
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive  
My *Lucio* to my charge; and we'll contend  
With loving Industry, who soonest can  
Turn this Man Woman, or this Woman Man.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Pachieco, and Lazarillo.*

*Pac.* **B**OY, and Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of  
my Rank, to walk the Streets in *Querpo*.

*Laz.* Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman, Signior, I am very  
hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with a Man's  
Head; and your Neighbour the Smith here hard by, would have  
borrowed me th' other Day to have fish'd with me, because he had  
lost his Angle-rod.

*Pac.* Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other Men's  
wits) as in thine own; live lean, and witty still: Oppress not thy  
Stomach too much; gross Feeders, great Sleepers, fat Bodies; fat  
Bodies, lean Brains: No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortal, change  
thy Humanity into Deity; for I will teach thee to live upon no-  
thing.

*Laz.* Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it,  
for I do live upon little or nothing; belike that's the reason the Po-  
ets are said to be immortal; for some of them live upon their Wits,  
which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Master, let  
me be mortal still, and let's go to Supper.

*Pac.* Be abstinent, shew not the corruption of thy Generation; he  
that feeds, shall die; therefore, he that feeds not shall live.

*Laz.* Ay, but how long shall he live? There's the Question.

*Pac.*

*Pac.* As long as he can without feeding: Didst thou read of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders*?

*Laz.* No, nor of any Maid else; for the Miracle of Virginitie now-a-days ceases, e'er the Virgin can read Virginitie?

*Pac.* She that liv'd three years without any other Sufstenance, than the smell of a Rose.

*Laz.* I heard of her Signior, but they say her Guts shrunk all into Lute-strings, and her Neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpent's Tail, so that though she continued a Woman still above the Girdle, beneath yet she was Monster.

*Pac.* So are most Women, believe it.

*Laz.* Nay all Women, Signior, that can live only upon the smell of a Rose.

*Pac.* No part of the History is fabulous.

*Laz.* I think rather no part of the Fable is Historical: but for all this, Sir, my rebellious Stomach will not let me be immortal; I will be as immortal, as mortal Hunger will suffer; put me to a certain stint Sir, allow me but a red Herring a Day.

*Pac.* O' de dios, would'st thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

*Laz.* He that eats nothing but a red Herring a Day, shall ne'er be broil'd for the Devil's Rasher; a Pilchard, Signior, a Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a Philosopher first, and immortal after.

*Pac.* Patience, *Lazarillo*, let Contemplation be thy Food awhile: I say unto thee, one Pease was a Soldiers Provant a whole Day, at the destruction of *Jerusalem*.

*Enter Metaldi, and Mendoza.*

*Laz.* Ay, and it were any where but at the destruction of a Place, I'll be hang'd.

*Met.* Signior *Pacchieco Alasto*, my most ingenious Cobler of *Sevil*, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

*Pac.* Signior *Metaldi de Forgio*, my most famous Smith, and Man of Mettle, I return your Courtesie ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-sole of your Congie; the like to you Signior *Mendoza Pediculo de Vermim*, my most exquisite Hose-heeler.

*Laz.* Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith and a Botcher, they all belong to the Foot, which makes them stand so much upon their Gentry:

*Mend.* Signior *Lazarillo*.

*Laz.* Ah Signior see: Nay, we are all Signiors here in *Spain*, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*; this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little Butter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake: his Father's Diet was new Cheese and Onions when he got him; what a Scallion-fac'd Rascal 'tis?

*Met.* But why, Signior *Pacchieco*, do you stand so much on the priority, and antiquity of your Quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

*Mend.*



*Mend.* Ay; your reason for that.

*Pac.* Why thou Iron-pated Smith, and thou Woollen-witted Hose-heeler, hear what I will speak indifferently, and according to antient Writers, of our three Professions, and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both Judge and Moderator.

*Laz.* Still am I the most immortally hungry, that may be.

*Pac.* Suppose thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like some of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Aeneas*, *Achilles*) lineally from the Gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

*Laz.* He'll make *Vulcan* your Godfather by and by.

*Pac.* Yet I say, *Saturn* was a crabbed Blockhead, and *Vulcan* a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his Wife was a Strumpet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however, thy Original must of necessity spring from Bastardy: Further, what can be a more deject Spirit in Man, than to lay his Hands under every ones Horses Feet, to do him service, as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief, thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of Enormities, viz. Scabs, Chilblains, and kib'd Heels; much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing State and Government; for how canst thou be a sound Member in the Common-wealth, that art so subject to stiches in the Ankles? blush, and be silent then, oh, ye Mechanicks, compare no more with the politick Cobler: For Coblers, in old time, have Prophefied, what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better and better? Have we not the length of every Man's Foot? Are we not daily Menders? Yea, and what Menders? Not Horse-menders.

*Laz.* Nor Manners-menders.

*Pac.* But Soul-menders: Oh divine Coblers; do we not, like the wise Man, spin out our own Threads, (or our Wives for us?) Do we not, by our sowing the Hide, reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilst both you are but Crafts-men; you will say, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the Fire; I must answer you again, tho', all this is but Forgery; you may likewise say, a Man's a Man, that has but a hose on his Head: I must likewise answer, that Man is a Botcher, that has a heel'd hose on his Head; to conclude, there can be no comparison with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politick Eye and Ends on every Man's Steps that waks, and whose Course shall be lasting to the Worlds end.

*Met.* I give Place; the Wit of Man is wonderful; thou hast hit the Nail on the Head, and I will give thee six Pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch Shoe again.

*Enter Vitelli, and Alguazier.*

*Pac.* Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*; as arrant a Knave as e'er wore one Head under two Offices; he is one side *Alguazier*.

*Met.* The other side Serjeant.

*Mend.* That's both sides Carrion, I am sure.

*Pac.* This is he apprehends Whores in the way of Justice, and lodges 'em in his own House, in the way of Profit; he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the Mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this present lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

*Vir.* Let her want nothing, Signior, she can ask:

What loss or injury you may sustain  
I will repair, and recompence your Love:

Only that Fellow's coming I dislike,  
And did fore-warn her of him; bear her this  
With my best love, at Night I'll visit her.

*Alg.* I rest your Lordship's Servant.

*Vir.* Good Ev'n, Signiors:

Oh *Alvarez*, thou hast brought a Son with thee  
Both brightens, and obscures our Nation,  
Whose pure strong Beams on us, shoot like the Sun's  
On baser Fires; I would to Heav'n my Blood  
Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate Hand,  
That with mine Honour I might emulate,  
Not persecute such Virtue; I will see him,  
Though with the hazard of my Life; no rest  
In my contentious Spirits, can I find  
Till I have gratify'd him in like kind.

*Alg.* I know you not; what are ye? hence ye base *Besegnios*. [Exit.

*Pac.* *Mary Catzo* Signior *Alguazier*, d'ye not know us? why we are your honest Neighbours, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have so often fate snoring Cheek by Joll with your Signior, in rug at Midnight.

*Laz.* Nay, good Signior, be not angry; you must understand, a Cat, and such an Officer see best in the Dark.

*Met.* By this Hand, I could find in my Heart to shooe his Head.

*Pac.* Why then know you, Signior; thou Mungril, begot at Midnight, at the Goal-gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpole's Wife, are not you he that was whipt out of *Toledo* for Perjury?

*Men* Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for Pilfery, to the Bulls-pizel?

*Met.* And after call'd to the Inquisition, for Apostacy?

*Pac.* Are not you he that rather than you durst go an industrious Voyage being press'd to the Islands, skulk'd till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Ryal a-day by squiring Puncks and Puncklings up and down the City?

*Laz.* Are not you a *Portuguese* Born, descended o' the *Moors*, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Master, an errant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket, lousie, though now your Block-head be cover'd with the *Spanish* Block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Velvet-pee.

*Pac.*

*Pac.* Are not you he that have been of thirty Callings, yet ne'er one lawful? that being a Chandler first, profess'd Sincerity, and Hypocrisie all your Life time?

*Mer.* Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to the Stews, and undertook to cure what the Church it self could not, Strumpets, that rise to your Office by being a great Don's Bawd?

*Laz.* That commit Men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a Groat a Prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three Pence?

*Mend.* Are not you he that is a Kisser of Men, in Drunkenness, and a Betrayer in Sobriety?

*Alg. Diabolo:* They'll rail me into the Gallies again.

*Pac.* Yes Signior, thou art even he we speak of all this while; thou may'st by thy Place now, lay us by the Heels, 'tis true; But take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own Head; for never was there such an Anatomy, as we shall make thee then; be wise therefore, thou Child of the Night! Be Friends, and shake Hands, thou art a proper Man, if thy Beard were redder: Remember thy worshipful Function, a Constable; tho' thou turn'st Day into Night, and Night into Day, what of that? Watch less, and pray more: Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy Authority, but gripe Theft and Whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em; bear 'em away like a Tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own House.

*Laz.* Would you have Whores and Thieves lodg'd in such a House?

*Pac.* They ever do so; I have found a Thief, or a Whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furnish me.

*Laz.* But why do they lodge there?

*Pac.* That they may be safe and forth-coming; for in the Morning usually, the Thief is sent to the Goal, and the Whore prostrates her self to the Justice.

*Men.* Admirable *Pacbieco.*

*Mer.* Thou Cobler of Christendom.

*Alg.* There is no railing with these Rogues, I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance. Why Signiors, and my honest Neighbours, will you impute that as a neglect of my Friends, which is an Imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my Infancy; to make you amends you shall Sup with me.

*Laz.* Shall we Sup with ye, Sir? O' my Conscience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly.

*Alg.* And after Supper, I have a Project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this Month: I am a little Knavish; why, and do not I know all you to be Knaves?

*Pac.* I grant you, we are all Knaves, and will be your Knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud Knave.



*Alg.* On then, pass; I will bear out my Staff, and my Staff shall bear out me.

*Laz.* Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to Supper.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.*

*Luc.* Pray be not angry.

*Bob.* I am angry, and I will be angry, *Diabolo*; what should you do in the Kitchin? Cannot the Cooks lick their Fingers without your Overseeing? Nor the Maids make Pottage, except your Dog's-head be in the Pot? Don *Lucio*, Don *Quot-Quean*, Don *Spinster*, wear a Petticoat still, and put on your Smock a *Monday*; I will have a Baby o' Clouts made for it, like a great Girl; nay, if you will needs be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of Black-work, I will of a mild and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant; your Father has committed you to my Charge, and I will make a Man or a Mouse on you.

*Luc.* What would you have me do? This scurvy Sword So galls my Thigh, I would 'twere burnt; pish, look, This Cloak will ne'er keep on; these Boots too hide-bound, Make me walk stiff, as if my Legs were frozen, And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer: Lord, how my Head akes with this roguish Hat; This masculine Attire is most uneasy, I am bound up in it; I had rather walk In *folio*, again, loose like a Woman.

*Bob.* In *Folio*, had you not? Thou Mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy Parents, Thou tender Leg of Lamb; oh, how he walks As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers! Is this a Gate for the young Cavalier, Don *Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez*? Has it a Corn? Or do's it walk on Conscience, It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways, Suppose me now your Father's foe, *Vitelli*, And spying you i'th' Street, thus I advance, I twist my Beard, and then I draw my Sword.

*Luc.* Alas.

*Bob.* And thus accost thee; Traiterous Brat, How durst thou thus confront me? impious Twig Of that old Stock, dew'd with my Kinsman's gore, Draw, for I'll quarter thee in Pieces four.

*Luc.* Nay, prethee *Bobadilla*, leaving thy fooling, Put up thy Sword, I will not meddle with ye. Ay, juggle me, I care not, I'll not draw,

Pray



Pray be a quiet Man.

*Bob.* D'ye hear; answer me, as you would do Don *Vitelli*, or I'll be so bold as to lay the Pomel of my Sword over the hilts of your Head; my Name's *Virelli*, and I'll have the Wall.

*Luc.* Why then I'll have the Kennel; what a coil you keep? Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your Kinsman, was long before I saw the World, No fault of mine, nor will I justify My Father's Crimes: Forget, Sir, and forgive, 'Tis Christianity: I pray put up your Sword, I'll give you any Satisfaction, That may become a Gentleman; however I hope you are bred to more Humanity,

han to revenge my Father's wrong on me, That crave your Love and Peace. Law-you-now *Zancho*, Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies*?

*Bob.* Oh Craven-chicken of a Cock o'th' game; well what remedy? Did thy Father see this, O' my Conscience, he would cut off thy Masculine gender, crop thine Ears, beat out thine Eyes, and fet thee in one of the Pear-trees for a Scare-crow: As I am *Vitelli*, I am satisfied; but as I am *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, Steward of the House, and thy Father's Servant, I could find in my Heart to lop off the hinder part of thy Face, or to beat all thy Teeth into thy Mouth; Oh thou whay-blooded Milk-sop, I'll wait upon thee no longer, thou shalt ev'n wait upon me: Come your ways, Sir, I shall take a little Pains with ye else.

Enter Clara.

*Cl.* Where art thou, Brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ta, ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I shall no more see those golden Days, these Clothes will never fadge with me: A——o' this filthy Vardingale, this hip-hape: Brothers, why are Women's Haunches only limited, confin'd, hoop'd in, as it were, with these same scurvy Vardingales?

*Bob.* Because Women's Hanches only are most subject to display and flie out.

*Cl.* *Bobadilla*, Rogue, ten Duckets I hit the prepuce of thy Cod-piece.

*Luc.* Hold, if you love my Life, Sister; I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your Brother *Lucio*; what a fright you have put me in?

*Cl.* Brother? and wherefore thus?

*Luc.* Why, Master Steward here, *Signior Zancho*, made me change; he does nothing but mis-use me, and call me Coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

*Bob.* Well; I do no more than I have Authority for; would I were away tho'; for she's as much too Manish, as he too Womanish; I dare not meddle with her, yet I must set a good Face on't, if

if I had it: I have like charge of Madam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to qualifie him; what have you to do with Armors, and Pistols, and Javelins, and Swords, and such Tools? Remember M<sup>istress</sup>, Nature hath given you a Sheath only, to signifie Women are to put up Men's Weapons, not to draw them; look you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You shall see the Court Ladies move like Goddeses, as if they trode Air; they will swim you their Measures, like Whiting-mops, as if their Feet were fins, and the hinges of their Knees oyl'd; do they love to ride great Horses, as you do? no; they love to ride great Asses sooner; faith, I know not what to say't ye both: Custom hath turn'd Nature topsie-turvy in you.

*Cl.* Nay, but Master Steward.

*Bob.* You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

*Cl.* Signior *Spindle*, will you hear me?

*Bob.* He that shall come to bestride your Virginitie, had better be a-foot o'er the Dragon.

*Cl.* Very well.

*Bob.* Did ever *Spanish* Lady pace so?

*Cl.* Hold these a little.

*Luc.* I'll not touch 'em, I.

*Cl.* First do I break your Office o'er your Pate,  
You Dog-skin-fac'd Rogue, Pilcher, you poor *John*,  
Which I will beat to Stock-fish.

*Luc.* Sister.

*Bob.* Madam.

*Cl.* You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha?  
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.

*Bob.* By this Hand, I'll bang your Brother for this, when I get him alone.

*Cl.* How? kick him, *Lucio*, he shall kick you, *Bob*,  
Spight o'the Nose, that's flat; kick him, I say,  
Or I will cut thy Head off.

*Bob.* Softly, y' had best.

*Cl.* Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous visag'd Knave,  
Thou false peremptory Steward, pray,  
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chain.

*Luc.* Good Sister, do not choak him.

*Bob.* Murder, Murder.

*Cl.* Well; I shall meet with ye: *Lucio*, who bought this? [Exit.]  
'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one,  
*Spain's* Champion ne'er us'd truer; with this Staff  
Old *Alvarez* has led up Men so close,  
They cou'd almost spit in the Cannons Mouths,  
Whilst I with that, and this well mounted, scour'd  
A Horse-troop through and through, like swift desire,

And

*The Martial Maid.*

23

And seen poor Rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd  
Like bleeding Shads. *Luc.* Bless us, Sister *Clara*,  
How desperately you talk; what d'y'e call  
This Gun a dag?

*Cl.* I'll give't thee; a *French* Petronel:  
You never saw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta*  
Bestow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*?

Walk down, and see it. *Luc.* What, into the Stable?  
Not I, the Jades will kick; the poor Groom there  
Was almost spoil'd the other Day. *Cl.* Fie on thee,  
Thou wilt scarce be a Man before thy Mother.

*Luc.* When will you be a Woman?

*Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.*

*Cl.* Would I were none,  
But Nature's privy Seal assures me one.

*Alv.* Thou anger'st me: Can strong habitual Custom  
Work with such Magick on the Mind and Manners,  
In spite of Sex and Nature? Find out, Sirrah,  
Some skilful Fighter. *Bob.* Yes, Sir.

*Alv.* I will rectifie,  
And redeem either's proper Inclination,  
Or bray 'em in a Mortar, and new mold 'em.

*Bob.* Believe your Eyes, Sir, I tell you, we wash an *Ethiop*.

*Cl.* I strike it for ten Duckets. *Alv.* How now, *Clara*,  
Your Breeches on still? And your Petticoat  
Not yet off, *Lucio*? Art thou not gelt?  
Or did the cold *Muscovite* beget thee,  
That lay here Lieger in the last great Frost?  
Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a Maid indeed  
Beneath the Girdle? and a Woman thou?  
I'll have you search'd by——I strongly doubt;  
We must have these things mended; come go in.

*Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.*

*Bob.* With *Lucio*, say you? There is for you.

*Vit.* And there is for thee.

*Bob.* I thank you: you have now bought a little advice  
Of me; if you chance to have Conference with that  
Lady there, be very civil, or look to your Head; she has  
Ten Nails, and you have but two Eyes: If any foolish  
Hot Motions should chance to rise in the Horizon,  
Under your Equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as  
You can, for I fear the Elevation of your Pole will  
Not agree with the *Horoscope* of her Constitution;  
She is *Bell and the Dragon* I assure you.

*Vit.* Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that say'd *Vitelli*?

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;  
There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphos'd.

[Exit.

*Vit.* Do ye mock me?

*Cl.* No, he does not: I am that  
Supposed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*  
That is, and Daughter unto *Alvarez*.

*Vit.* Amazement daunts me; would my Life were Riddles,  
So you were still my fair Expositor:  
Protected by a Lady from my Death!  
Oh, you the fairest Soldier I e'er saw;  
Each of whose Eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,  
Conquers without blows, the contentious.

*Cl.* Sir, guard your self, you are in your Enemies House,  
And may be injur'd. *Vit.* 'Tis impossible:

Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,  
If *Clara* side him, and will call him Friend;  
I would the difference of our Bloods were such  
As might with any shift be wip'd away:

Or would to Heav'n your self were all your Name;  
That having lost Blood by you, I might hope  
To raise Blood from you. But my black-wing'd Fate  
Hovers averfely over that fond hope:

And, he whose Tongue thus gratifies the Daughter,  
And Sister of his Enemy, wears a Sword  
To rip the Father and the Brother up.

Thus you that sav'd this wretched Life of mine,  
Have sav'd it to the ruin of your Friends.

That my Affections should promiscuously  
Dart Love and Hate at once, both worthily!

Pray let me kiss your Hand. *Cl.* You are treacherous;  
And come to do me Mischiefe! *Vit.* Speak on still,

Your words are falser (Fair) than my intents,  
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for

Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,  
I do desire to hear you. *Cl.* Pray be gone:

Or kill me if you please. *Vit.* Oh, neither can I,  
For to be gone, were to destroy my Life;

And to kill you, were to destroy my Soul:  
I am in Love, yet must not be in Love;

I'll get away apace; yet valiant Lady,  
Such Gratitude to Honour I do owe,

And such Obedience to your Memory,  
That if you will bestow something, that I

May wear about me, it shall bind all Wrath,  
My most inveterate Wrath, from all Attempts,

Till you and I meet next. *Cl.* A Favour, Sir?

Why



Why, I will give ye good Counsel. *Vit.* That already  
You have bestowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove.

*Cl.* Nay, those are Tokens for a Waiting-maid  
To trim the Butler with. *Vit.* Your Feather.

*Cl.* Fie, the Wenches give them to their Serving-men.

*Vit.* That little Ring.

*Cl.* 'Twill hold you but by th' Finger;  
And I would have you faster. *Vit.* Any thing  
That I may wear, and but remember you.

*Cl.* This Smile; my good Opinion, or my self.  
But that it seems you like not. *Vit.* Yes, so well;  
When any smiles, I will remember yours;  
Your good Opinion shall in weight poize me  
Against a thousand Ill: Lastly, your self,  
My curious Eye now figures in my Heart,  
Where I will wear you, 'till the Table break.

So, whitest Angels guard you. *Cl.* Stay Sir, I  
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly  
May not disdain to wear. *Vit.* What's that?

*Cl.* This Sword.

I never heard a Man speak till this hour.  
His Words are golden Chains, and now I fear  
The Lions hath met a Tamer here:  
Fie, how his Tongue chimes; what was I saying?  
Oh, this Favour I bequeath you, which I tie  
In a Love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my Friends;  
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your Foes  
(For I have neither Friend, nor Foe, but yours)  
As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,  
And value it, next my Virginity:

But good, return it, for I now remember  
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, should have me too.

*Vit.* Would that were possible, but alas it is not;  
Yet this assure your self, most honour'd *Clara*,  
I'll not infringe a particle of Breath  
My Vow hath offer'd to ye, nor from this part  
Whilst it hath Edge, or Point, or I a Heart.

[Exit.

*Cl.* Oh, leave me living; what new Exercise  
Is crept into my Breast, that blancheth clean  
My former Nature? I begin to find  
I am a Woman, and must learn to Fight  
A softer sweeter Battel, than with Swords.  
I am sick methinks, but the Disease I feel  
Pleaseth, and punisheth; I warrant, Love  
Is very like this, that Folks talk of so;  
I skill not what it is, yet sure even here;

Even in my Heart, I sensibly perceive  
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering Flame,  
But know not yet the Essence on't, nor Name.

[Exit

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

*Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.*

*Mal.* **H**E must not? Nor he shall not? Who shall let him?  
**Y**ou Politick *Diego*, with your Face of Wisdom;  
*Don-blirt*, the——on your Aphorismes,  
Your Grave and Sage-Ale Physiognomy:  
Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,  
Whose Dunghil all the Parish Scavengers  
Could never rid? Thou Comedy to Men,  
Whose serious Folly is a Butt for all  
To shoot their Wits at; whilst thou hast not Wit,  
Nor Heart, to answer, or be angry.

*Alg.* Lady.

*Mal.* Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, supported by  
A staff of rottener Office; dare you check  
Any Accesses, that I will allow?  
*Piorato* is my Friend, and visits me  
In lawful sort, to espouse me as his Wife;  
And who will cross, or shall, our Interviews?  
You know me Sirrah, for no Chambermaid,  
That cast her Belly and her Wastecoat lately;  
Thou think'st thy Constableship is much, not so;  
I am ten Offices to thee: Ay, thy House,  
Thy House and Office is maintain'd by me.

*Alg.* My House-of-office is maintain'd i'th' Garden:  
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd,  
You're a Delinquent, but I have contriv'd  
A Poison, though not in the third Degree:  
I can say, black's your Eye, though it be grey;  
I have conniv'd at this your Friend, and you;  
But what is got by this Connivency?  
I like his Feather well, a proper Man,  
Of good Discourse, fine Conversation,  
Valiant, and a great Carrier of the business,  
Sweet Breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:  
Yet I must tell you, you forget your self,  
My Lord *Vitelli's* Love, and Maintenance,  
Deserves no other Jack i'th' Box, but he;

What

What though he gather'd first the golden Fruit,  
 And blew your Pigs-coat up into a Blister,  
 When you did wait at Court upon his Mother;  
 Has he not well provided for the Barn?  
 Beside, what Profit reap I by the other?  
 If you will have me serve your Pleasure, Lady,  
 Your Pleasure must accommodate my Service;  
 As good be Virtuous and poor, as not  
 Thrive by my Knavery; all the World would be  
 Good, prosper'd Goodness like to Villany.  
 I am the King's Vice-gerent by my Place;  
 His right Lieutenant in mine own Precinct.

*Mal.* Thou art a right Rascal in all Mens Precincts;  
 Yet now my pair of Twins, of Fool, and Knave,  
 Look we are Friends, there's Gold for thee, admit  
 Whom I will have, and keep it from my Don;  
 And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wife:  
 Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer;  
 Thy Children shall eat still, my good Night Owl,  
 And thy old Wife sell Andirons to the Court,  
 Be countenanced by the Dons, and wear a Hood,  
 Nay, keep my Garden-house; I'll call her Mother,  
 Thee Father, my good poisonous Red-hair'd Dill,  
 And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,  
 Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,  
 Which I will offer, like an *Indian Queen*.

*Alg.* And I will be thy Devil, thou my Flesh,  
 With which I'll catch the World. *Mal.* Fill some Tobacco;  
 And bring it in: If *Piorato* come  
 Before my Don, admit him; if my Don  
 Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil.

*Alg.* I will, my dear Flesh: First come, first serv'd. *Well said.* [Exit.]  
 Oh equal Heav'n, how wisely thou dispos'est  
 Thy several Gifts? One's born a great rich Fool,  
 For the subordinate Knave to work upon;  
 Another's poor, with Wit's Addition,  
 Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up;  
 And that too from the Sire oft descends,  
 Only fair Virtue, by Traduction  
 Never succeeds, and seldom meets Success,  
 What have I then to do with't? My free will  
 Left me by Heav'n, makes me or good, or ill:  
 Now since Vice gets more in this vicious World  
 Than Piety, and my Stars confluence  
 Enforce my Disposition to affect  
 Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise



War, and grow that way great; Religious,  
 And that way good; my chief Felicity  
 Is Wealth, the nurse of Sensuality:  
 And he that mainly labours to be rich,  
 Must scratch great Scabs, and claw a Strumpet's Itch.

[Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Piorato, and Bobadilla, with Letters.*

*Pio.* To say, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,  
 Were not to understand my self.

*Bob.* To say, Sir,  
 You will do any thing but wait upon him,  
 Were not to understand my Lord.

*Pio.* I'll meet him  
 Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render  
 His Son a Man again; the Cure is easie,  
 I have done divers. *Bob.* Women do ye mean, Sir?

*Pio.* Cures I do mean, Sir: Be there but one spark  
 Of Fire remaining in him unextinct,  
 With my discourse I'll blow it to a Flame;  
 And with my Practice into Action:  
 I have had one so full of childish Fear,  
 And womanish-hearted, sent to my Advice,  
 He durst not draw a Knife to cut his Meat.

*Bob.* And how, Sir, did you help him?

*Pio.* Sir, I kept him  
 Seven days in a dark Room by a Candle-light,  
 A plenteous Table spread with all good Meats,  
 Before his Eyes, a Case of keen broad Knives  
 Upon the Board, and he so watch'd he might not  
 Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:  
 And thus I brought him first to draw a Knife.

*Bob.* Good.

*Pio.* Then for ten Days did I diet him  
 Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and Gammons of Bacon:  
 A Pill of Caveary now and then,  
 Which breeds Choler adust, you know.

*Bob.* 'Tis true.

*Pio.* And to purge Phlegmatick Humour, and cold Crudities;  
 In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,  
 And nothing else but——

*Bob.* *Aqua-vitæ*, Signior,

*Pio.* *Aqua-fortis* poisons.

*Pio.* *Aqua-fortis*  
 I say again: What's one Man's Poison, Signior,  
 Is another's Meat or Drink.

*Bob.* Your Patience, Sir;



By your good Patience, he'ad a huge cold Stomach.

*Pio.* I fir'd it, and gave him then three sweats  
n the Artillery-yard three drilling Days:  
And now he'll shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,  
And fight with any Man in Christendom.

*Bob.* A Receipt for a Coward: I'll be bold, Sir,  
To write your good Prescription.

*Pio.* Sir, hereafter  
You shall, and underneath it put *probatum*:  
Is your Chain right?

*Bob.* 'Tis both right and just, Sir;  
For though I am a Steward, I did get it  
With no Man's wrong.

*Pio.* You are witty. *Bob.* So, so.  
Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too rash  
And over-daring? There now's my Disease:  
Fool-hardy as they say, for that in sooth  
I am.

*Pio.* Most easily. *Bob.* How?

*Pio.* To make you drunk, Sir,  
With small Beer once a Day, and beat you twice,  
Till you be bruise'd all over, if that help not,  
Knock out your Brains.

*Bob.* This is strong Physick, Signior,  
And never will agree with my weak Body:  
I find the Medicine worse than the Malady,  
And therefore will remain Fool-hardy still;  
You'll come, Sir? *Pio.* As I am a Gentleman.

*Bob.* A Man o'th' Sword should never break his Word.

*Pio.* I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir,  
A complimental Visitation  
To offer to a Mistress lodg'd hereby.

*Bob.* A Gentlewoman? *Pio.* Yes, Sir.

*Bob.* Fair, and comely?

*Pio.* Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-paril  
Of *Sevil*, the most wealthy Mine of *Spain*,  
For Beauty and Perfection.

*Bob.* Say you so?

Might not a Man entreat a Courtesie,  
To walk along with you Signior, to peruse  
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't, Signior?  
Hauh——I hope you'll not deny me, being a Stranger;  
Though I am a Steward, I am Flesh and Blood,  
And frail as other Men,

*Pio.* Sir, blow your Nose:  
I dare not for the World; no, she is kept

By a great Don, *Vitelli*.

*Bob.* How? *Pio.* 'Tis true,

*Bob.* See, things will veer about, this Don *Vitelli*  
Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters  
From my young Mistress *Clara*; and I tell you,  
Under the Rose, because you are a Stranger,  
And my special Friend, I doubt there is  
A little foolish Love betwixt the Parties,  
Unknown unto my Lord. *Pio.* Happy Discovery:  
My Fruit begins to ripen. Hark you, Sir,  
I would not wish you now to give those Letters:  
But home, and ope this to *Madona Clara*,  
Which when I come I'll justifie, and relate  
More amply, and particularly. *Bob.* I approve  
Your Council, and will practise it; *bazilos manos*:  
Here's two chewres chewr'd; when Wisdom is imploy'd  
'Tis ever thus: Your more acquaintance, Signior;  
I say not better, least you think, I thought not  
Yours good enough.

[Exit.

Enter Alguazier.

*Pio.* Your Servant, excellent Steward.  
Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more Brains.  
Here comes the *Alguazier*: *dieu vous guard Monsieur*.  
Is my Cuz stirring yet?

*Alg.* Your Cuz, good Cousin?  
A Whore is like a Fool, a-kin to all  
The Gallants in the Town: Your Cuz, good Signior,  
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other Cousin,  
My Lord *Vitelli*; since when there hath been  
Some dozen Cousins here to enquire for her.

*Pio.* She's greatly ally'd, Sir.

*Alg.* Marry is she, Sir,  
Come of a lusty Kindred; the truth is,  
I must connive no more; no more Admittance  
Must I consent to; my good Lord has threatned me,  
And you must pardon.

*Pio.* Out upon thee Man,  
Turn honest in thine Age? one foot i'th' Grave?  
Thou shalt not wrong thy self so, for a Million;  
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for Wit  
I mean) here is one Sop, and two, and three,  
For every Chop a Bit.

*Alg.* I marry, Sir:  
Well, the poor Heart loves you but too well.  
We have been talking on you 'faith this Hour;  
Where, what I said, go too; she loves your Valour;

Oh,

*The Martial Maid.*

31

Oh, and your Musick most abominably;  
She is within, Sir, and alone; what mean you?

*Pio.* That is your Sergeani's side, I take it, Sir;  
Now I endure your Constable's much better;  
There is less danger in't; for one, you know,  
Is a tame harmless Monster in the Light,  
The Sergeant salvage both by Day and Night.

*Alg.* I'll call her to you for that.

*Pio.* No, I will charm her.

*Enter Malroda.*

*Alg.* She's come.

*Pio.* My Spirit.

*Mal.* Oh my Sweet.

Leap Hearts to Lips, and in our Kisses meet.

S O N G.

*Pio.* Turn, turn thy beauteous Face away,  
How pale and sickly looks the Day,  
In emulation of thy brighter Beams!  
Oh envious Light, flie, flie, begone,  
Come Night, and piece two Breasts as one;  
When what Love does, we will repeat in Dreams.  
Yet, thy Eyes open, who can Day bence fright,  
Let but their Lids fall, and it will be Night.

*Alg.* Well, I will leave you to your Fortitude,  
And you to Temperance; ah, ye pretty Pair,  
'Twere Sin to sunder you. Lovers being alone  
Make one of two, and Day and Night all one.  
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the Peace;  
You know my Place else.

[*Exit.*

*Mal.* No, you will not marry;  
You are a Courtier, and can Sing, my Love,  
And want no Mistresses; but ye. I care not,  
I'll love you still, and when I am dead for you,  
Then you'll believe my Truth.

*Pio.* You kill me, Fair,  
It is my Lesson that you speak; have I  
In any Circumstance deserv'd this doubt?  
I am not like your false and perjur'd Don  
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his Faith,  
And yet attempts in way of Marriage  
A Lady not far off.

*Mal.* How's that?

*Pio.* 'Tis so:

And



And therefore Mistress, now the time is come  
You may demand his Promise; and I swear  
To marry you with speed.

*Mal.* And with that Gold  
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll walk some Voyage;  
And leave me to my Trade; and laugh, and brag,  
How you o'er-reach'd a Whore, and gull'd a Lord.

*Pio.* You anger me extreamly; fare you well,  
What should I say to be believ'd? expose me  
To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*,  
Th' incens'd Step-mother of *Hercules*,  
Design me Labours most impossible,  
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; so at last  
You will believe me.

*Mal.* Come, we are Friends; I do,  
I am thine, walk in; my Lord has sent me outsidés,  
But thou shalt have 'em, the Colours are too fad.

*Pio.* 'Faith Mistress, I want Clothes indeed.

*Mal.* I have  
Some Gold too, for my Servant.

*Pio.* And I have  
A better Mettal for my Mistress.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several Doors.*

*Alg.* Undone---Wit, now or never help me; my Master  
He will cut my Throat, I am a dead Constable;  
And he'll not be hang'd neither, there's the Grief:  
The Party, Sir, is here.

*Vit.* What?

*Alg.* He was here;  
I cry your Lordship mercy; but I ratled him;  
I told him here was no Companions  
For such debauch'd, and poor condition'd Fellows;  
I bid him venture not so desperately  
The cropping of his Ears, slitting his Nose,  
Or being gelt.

*Vit.* 'Twas well done.

*Alg.* Please your Honour,  
I told him there wete Stews, and then at last  
Swore three or four great Oaths she was remov'd,  
Which I did think I might, in Conscience,  
Being for your Lordship.

*Vit.* What became of him?

*Alg.* Faith, Sir, he went away with a Flea in's Ear;

Like

Like a poor Cur, clapping his trundle Tail  
Betwixt his Legs--*A chi ba, a chi ba, a chi ba*--now luck.

*Enter Malroda and Piorato.*

*Mal.* 'Tis he, do as I told thee; bless thee Signior.  
Oh, my dear Lord.

*Vit.* *Malroda*, what alone?

*Mal.* She never is alone, that is accompanied  
With noble Thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,  
Being only of your Lordship.

*Vit.* Pretty Lass.

*Mal.* Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done; but 'faith,  
It is not like; nay, this way, Sir, the Light  
Strikes best upon it here.

*Pio.* Excellent Wench.

*Alg.* I am glad the danger's over.

*Vit.* 'Tis wondrous like,

But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature  
Could make but once.

*Mal.* All's clear; another Tune  
You must hear from me now. *Vitelli*, thou'rt  
A most perfidious and a perjurd Man,  
As ever did usurp Nobility.

*Vit.* What meanst thou, *Mal*?

*Mal.* Leave your betraying Smiles,  
'And change the Tunes of your inticing Tongues  
To penitential Prayers; for I am great  
In labour, even with Anger, big with Child  
Of Womans rage, bigger than when my Womb  
Was pregnant by thee; go Seducer, flie  
Out of the World, let me the last Wretch be  
Dishonour'd by thee; touch me not, I loath  
My very Heart, because thou lay'ft there long;  
'A Woman's well help'd up, that's confident  
In e'er a glittering Outside on you all:  
Would I had honestly been match'd to some  
Poor Country Swain, e'er known the Vanity  
Of Court: Peace then had been my Portion,  
Nor had been cozen'd by an Hours Pomp,  
To be a Whore unto my dying Day.

*Vit.* Oh the uncomfortable ways such Women have,  
Their different speech and meaning, no Assurance  
In what they say or do: Dissemblers  
Even in their Prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*  
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their *Adam*;  
Lyers, as if their Mother had been made  
Only of all the falshood of the Man,

E

Dispos'd

[Exit.  
[Exit.

Dispos'd into that Rib; do I know this,  
 And more; nay, all that can concern this Sex,  
 With the true end of my Creation?  
 Can I with rational Discourse sometimes  
 Advance my Spirit into Heaven, before  
 'T has shook Hands with my Body, and yet blindly  
 Suffer my filthy Flesh to master it,  
 With sight of such fair frail beguiling Objects?  
 When I am absent, easily I resolve  
 Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires  
 That triumph o'er me, even to actual Sin;  
 Yet when I meet again those Sorcerers Eyes,  
 Their Beams my hardest Resolutions thaw,  
 As if that Cakes of Ice and *July* met,  
 And her Sighs powerful as the violent North,  
 Like a light Feather twirl me round about,  
 And leave me in mine own low State again.  
 What ayl'st thou? Prethee weep not: Oh, those Tears,  
 If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise  
 A flow'ry spring i'th' midst of *January*;  
 Celestial Ministers with Chrystal Cups  
 Would stoop to save 'em for Immortal Drink;  
 But from this Passion; why all this?

*Mal.* Do ye ask?

You are marrying; having made me unfit  
 For any Man, you leave me fit for all;  
 Porters must be my Burthens now, to live,  
 And fitting me your self for Carts, and Beadles,  
 You leave me to 'em: And who of all the World  
 But the *Virago*, your great Arch-foe's Daughter?  
 But on; I care not, this poor ruff; 'twill breed  
 An excellent Comedy: ha, ha: 't makes me laugh:  
 I cannot chuse: the best is, some report  
 It is a Match for Fear, not Love o' your side.

*Vit.* Why how the Devil knows she, that I saw  
 This Lady? are all Whores piec'd with some Witch?  
 I will be merry. 'Faith 'tis true, Sweet-heart,  
 I am to marry?

*Mal.* Are you? you base Lord,  
 By—— I'll Pistol thee.

*Vit.* A roaring Whore?

Take heed, there's a Correction-house hard by;  
 You ha' learn'd this o' your Swordman, that I warn'd you of,  
 Your Fencers, and your Drunkards; but whereas  
 You upbraid me with Oaths, why I must tell you  
 I ne'er promis'd you Marriage, nor have vow'd,

But



But said I lov'd you, long as you remain'd  
The Woman I expected, or you swore,  
And how you have fail'd of that, Sweet-heart, you know.  
You fain would shew your Power, but fare you well,  
I'll keep no more Faith with an Infidel.

*Mal.* Nor I my Bosom for a Turk; d'ye hear?  
Go, and the Devil take me, if ever  
I see you more; I was too true.

*Vit.* Come, pish:  
That Devil take the falsest of us two.

*Mal.* Amen.

*Vit.* You are an ill Clark, and curse your self;  
Madness transports you: I confess, I drew you  
Unto my Will; but you must know that must not  
Make me doat on the Habit of my Sin.  
I will, to settle you to your content,  
Be Master of my word; and yet he ly'd,  
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:  
But will you slave me to your Tyranny  
So cruelly, I shall not dare to look  
Or speak to other Women? make me not  
Your Smock's Monopolic; come let's be Friends:  
Look, here's a Jewel for thee; I will come  
At Night, and——

*Mal.* What y'faith: you shall not, Sir.

*Vit.* 'Faith and Troth, and verily, but I will.

*Mal.* Half drunk, to make a Noise, and rail?

*Vit.* No, no.

Sober, and dieted for the nonce; I am thine,  
I have won the Day.

*Mal.* The Night, though, shall be mine.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Clara, and Bobadilla with Letters.*

*Cl.* What said he, Sirrah?

*Bob.* Little, or nothing; faith I saw him not,  
Nor will not; he doth love a Strumpet, Mistress,  
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constable's Nose,  
It shall be justified by the Gentleman,  
Your Brother's Master, that is now within  
A practising: There are your Letters, come  
You shall not cast your self away, while I live,  
Nor will I venture my Right-worshipful Place  
In such a business——here's your Mother, down;

And he that loves you; another 'gates Fellow, I wish;  
If you had any Grace.

*Enter Eugenia and Syavedra.*

*Cla.* Well Rogue.

*Bob.* I'll in, to see Don *Lucio* manage, he'll make  
A pretty piece of Flesh, I promise you,  
He does already handle his Weapon finely.

[*Exit.*

*Eug.* She knows your Love, Sir, and the full allowance  
Her Father and my self approve it with,  
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath  
Wrought some Impression by her Alteration;  
She sighs, and says, Forsooth, and cries Heigh-ho,  
She'll take ill Words o'th' Steward, and the Servants,  
Yet answer affably, and modestly:  
Things, Sir, not usual with her; there she is,  
Change some few words.

*Sya.* Madam, I am bound t'ye;  
How now, fair Mistress, working?

*Cla.* Yes forsooth,  
Learning to live another Day.

*Sya.* That needs not.

*Cla.* No forsooth; by my truly but it does,  
We know not what we may come to.

*Eug.* 'Tis strange,

*Sya.* Come, I ha' begg'd leave for you to play.

*Cla.* Forsooth;

'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

*Sya.* She had better be well-buffed, I know that.  
Turtle, methinks you mourn, shall I sit by you?

*Cla.* If you be weary, Sir, you had best be gone,  
I work not a true Stitch, now you're my Mate.

*Sya.* If I be so, I must do more than side you.

*Cla.* Ev'n what you will, but tread me.

*Sya.* Shall we Bill?

*Cla.* Oh no, forsooth,

*Sya.* Being so fair, my *Clara*,  
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?

*Cla.* Oh white Sir,  
The fairest Ladies like the blackest Men:  
I ever lov'd the Colour; all Black things  
Are least subject to Change.

*Sya.* Why, I do love  
A Black thing too; and the most beauteous Faces  
Have oftneft of them; as the blackest Eyes,  
Jet-arched Brows, such Hair; I'll kiss your Hand.

*Cla.* 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my Mother



Will chide me, if I do not do my task.

*Sya.* Your Mother, nor your Father shall chide; you  
Might have a prettier Task, would you be rul'd,  
And look with open Eyes.

*Cl.* I stare upon you;  
And broadly see you, a wondrous proper Man,  
Yet 'twere a greater Task for me to love you  
Than I shall ever work, Sir, in seven Year,  
———O' this stitching, I had rather feel  
Two, than sow one: —— This Rogue has given me a stitch  
Clean cross my Heart;  
Now you grow troublesome; pish, the Man is foolish.

*Sya.* Pray wear these Trifles.

*Cl.* Neither you, nor Trifles,  
You are a Trifle, wear your self, Sir, out,  
And here no more trifle the time away.

*Sya.* Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wake,  
Nor fast, nor die for you.

*Cl.* Goose, be not you deceiv'd,  
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,  
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.

*Eug.* Her old fit.

*Sya.* Sure this is not the way, nay, I will break  
Your Melancholy. *Cl.* I shall break your Pate then;  
Away, you sanguine Scabbard. *Eug.* Out upon thee,  
Thoul't break my Heart, I am sure.

*Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bodabilla.*

*Sya.* She's not yet tame.

*Alv.* On Sir; put home, or I shall goad you here  
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:  
Oh, the brave Age is gone; in my young Days  
A Chevalier would stock a needless point  
Three times together; strait i'th' Hams?  
Or shall I give ye new Garters? *Bob.* Faith, old Master,  
There's little hope; the Linnen sure was danck  
He was begot in, he's so faint and cold:  
Ev'n send him to *Toledo*, there to study,  
For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;  
Bear ye up your Point there, pick his Teeth: Oh base.

*Pio.* Fie, you are the most untoward Scholar; bear  
Your Body gracefully, what a Posture's there?  
You lie too open-breasted. *Luc.* Oh! *Pio.* You'd never  
Make a good Statesman. *Luc.* Pray no more.  
I hope to breathe in Peace, and therefore need not  
The practice of these dangerous Qualities,  
I do not mean to live by't, for I trust

You'll



You'll leave me better able. *Alv.* Not a Button:  
Let's go get us a new Heir.

*Eug.* I by my troth, your Daughter's as untoward.

*Alv.* I'll break thee Bone by Bone, and bake thee,  
E'er I'll ha' such a wooden Son to inherit.

Take him a good knock, see how that will work.

*Pio.* Now for your life, Signior. *Luc.* Oh, alas, I am kill'd;  
My Eye is out; look F'ather, *Zancho*;

I'll play the Fool no more thus, that I will not.

*Cl.* 'Heart, ne'er a Rogue in *Spain* shall wrong my Brother,  
Whilst I can hold a Sword. *Pio.* Hold Madam, Madam.

*Alv.* *Clara.* *Eug.* Daughter. *Bob.* Mistress.

*Pio.* *Bradamante.* Hold, hold I pray.

*Alv.* The Devil's in her, o'the other side sure,  
There's Gold for you; they have chang'd what ye call's;  
Will no cure help? Well, I have one Experiment,  
And if that fail, I'll hang him, then here's an end on't.  
Come you along with me, and you, Sir.

*Bob.* Now are you going to drowning.

[*Exeunt Alv. Eug. Luc. and Bob.*]

*Sya.* I'll e'en along with ye; she's too great a Lady  
For me, and would prove more than my Match. [Exit]

*Cl.* You're he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward.

*Pio.* Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.

*Cl.* But are you sure you do not wrong him?

*Pio.* Sure?

So sure, that if you please to venture you self,  
I'll shew you him and his Cokatrice together,  
And you shall hear 'em talk.

*Cl.* Will you? By———Sir,

You shall endear me ever, and I ask

Your Mercy. *Pio.* You were somewhat boyftrous.

*Cl.* There's Gold to make you amends; and for this Pains,  
I'll gratify you farther; I'll but masque me,

And walk along with ye; faith let's make a Night on't. [*Exeunt*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, and Lazarillo.*

*Alg.* Come on my brave Water-Spaniels, you that hunt Ducks  
in the Night, and hide more Knavery under your Gowns than your  
Bettors; observe my Precepts, and edify by my Doctrine: At yond  
Corner will I set you; if Drunkards molest the Street, and fall to  
brabbling, knock you down the Malefactors, and take you up their  
Cloaks and Hats, and bring them to me, they are lawful Prisoners,  
and must be Ransom'd e'er they receive Liberty; what else you are  
to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know, and therefore I ab-  
breviate my Lecture. *Mer.*



*Met.* We are wise enough, and warm enough!

*Men.* Vice this Night shall be apprehended.

*Pac.* The terrour of Rug-gowns shall be known, and our Bliss  
Discharge us of after Reckonings.

*Laz.* I will do any thing, so I may eat.

*Pac.* *Lazarillo*, we will spend no more; now we are grown worse,  
we will live better, let us follow our calling faithfully.

*Alg.* Away, then the Common-wealah is our Mistrefs; and who  
Would serve a common Mistrefs, but to gain by her? [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anaftro, and two Pages with  
Lights.*

*Lam.* I Pray you see the Masque, my Lord.

*Ana.* 'Tis early Night yet.

*Gen.* O if it be so late, take me along;  
I would not give advantage to ill Tongues  
To tax my being here, without your Presence  
To be my warrant. *Vit.* You might spare this, Sister,  
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is  
By your Allowance, and his Choice, your Servant,  
And may my Counsel and Perswasion work it,  
Your Husband speedily: For your Entertainment  
My Thanks; I will not rob you of the means  
To do your Mistrefs some acceptable Service,  
In waiting on her to my House. *Gen.* My Lord.

*Vit.* As you respect me, without farther trouble  
Retire, and taste those Pleasures prepar'd for you,  
And leave me to my own ways.

*Lam.* When you please, Sir.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Malroda and Alguazier.*

*Mal.* You'll leave my Chamber? *Alg.* Let us but bill once,  
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my Office,  
Will be thy Slaves for ever. *Mal.* Are you so hot?

*Alg.* But taste the difference of a Man in place,  
You'll find that when Authority pricks him forward  
Your *Don*, nor yet your *Diego* comes not near him  
To do a Lady right; no Men pay dearer  
For their stoln Sweets, than we; three Minutes trading

Affords

Affords to any Sinner a Protection,  
 For three Years after; think on that, I burn;  
 But one drop of your Bounty. *Mal.* Hence you Rogue,  
 Am I fit for you? is't not Grace sufficient  
 To have your staff, a bolt to bar the Door  
 Where a *Don* enters, but that you'll presume  
 To be his Taster?

*Alg.* Is no more Respect due to his Rod of Justice?

*Mal.* Do you dispute?

Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,  
 ——— If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.

*Alg.* Why I am big enough to answer him,  
 Or any Man. *Mal.* 'Tis well.

[*Vitelli within.*]

*Vit. Malroda. Alg.* How?

*Mal.* You know the Voice, and now crouch like a Cur,  
 Ta'en worrying Sheep; I now could have you gelded  
 For a Bawd rampant; but on this Submission  
 For once I spare you. *Alg.* I will be reveng'd——  
 My honourable Lord.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Vit.* There's for thy care.

*Alg.* I am mad, stark mad; proud Pagan, scorn her Host?  
 I would I were but valiant enough to kick her.

*Enter Piorato, and Clara, above.*

I'll wish no Manhood else. *Mal.* What's that?

*Alg.* I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

*Pio.* You see I have kept my Word.

*Cl.* But in this Object hardly deserv'd my Thanks.

*Pio.* Is there ought else you will command me?

*Cl.* Only your Sword,

Which I must have; nay willingly, I yet know  
 To force it, and to use it. *Pio.* 'Tis yours, Lady.

*Cl.* I ask no other Guard. *Pio.* If so, I leave you;  
 And now, if that the Constable keep his Word,  
 A poorer Man may chance to gull a Lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Mal.* By this good——— you shall not.

*Vit.* By this———

I must, and will, *Malroda*; what, do you make  
 A Stranger of me?

*Mal.* I'll be so to you, and you shall find it.

*Vit.* These are your old Arts

T' endear the Game you know I come to hunt for,  
 Which I have born too coldly.

*Mal.* Do so still, for if I heat you, hang me.

*Vit.* If you do not,

I know who'll starve for't; why thou shame of Women,

Whose



Whose Folly, or whose Impudence is greater,  
 Is doubtful to determine; this to me,  
 That know thee for a Whore? *Mal.* And made me one;  
 Remember that. *Vit.* Why should I but grow wise,  
 And tye that Bounty up, which nor Discretion  
 Nor Honour can give way to? Thou would'st be  
 A Bawd e'er twenty, and within a Month  
 A barefoot, lowzie, and diseased Whore,  
 And shift thy Lodgings oftner than a Rogue  
 That's whipt from Post to Post. *Mal.* Pish, all our College  
 Know you can rail well in this kind. *Cl.* For me  
 He never spake so well. *Vit.* I have maintain'd thee  
 The envy of great Fortunes, made thee shine  
 As if thy Name were glorious; stuck thee full  
 Of Jewels, as the Firmament of Stars,  
 And in it made thee so remarkable  
 That it grew questionable, whether Virtue poor,  
 Or Vice so set forth as it is in thee,  
 Were even by Modesty's self to be preferr'd:  
 And am I thus repaid? *Mal.* You are still my Debtor;  
 Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my lost Honour,  
 Much less my Faith? I have liv'd private to you,  
 And but for you, had ne'er known what Lust was,  
 Nor what the Sorrow for't.



*Vit.* 'Tis false. *Mal.* 'Tis true:  
 But how return'd by you, thy whole life being  
 But one continued act of Lust, and Shipwrack  
 Of Womens Chastities. *Vit.* But that I know  
 That she that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,  
 I should admire thy tempting me; but presume not  
 On the power you think you hold o'er my Affections,  
 It will deceive you; yield, and presently,  
 Or by the inflamed Blood, which thou must quench,  
 I'll make a forcible entry. *Mal.* Touch me not:  
 You know I have a Throat,——if you do  
 I will cry out a Rape, or sheath this here,  
 E'er I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water  
 T'allay the heat which luscious Meats and Wine,  
 And not Desire, hath rais'd. *Vit.* A desperate Devil,  
 My Blood commands my Reason, I must take  
 Some milder way. *Mal.* I hope, dear Don, I fit you.  
 The Night is mine, although the Day was yours,  
 You are not fasting now; this speeding trick,  
 (Which I would as a Principle leave to all,  
 That make their Maintenance out of their own *Indies*,  
 As I do now;) my good old Mother taught me.



Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your Lover  
 His Stomach being empty, let Wine heat him,  
 And then you may command him; 'tis a sure one;  
 His Looks shew he is coming. *Vit.* Come, this needs not,  
 Especially to me, you know how dear  
 I ever have esteemed you. *Cl.* Lost again.

*Vit.* That any fight of yours hath power to change  
 My strongest Resolution, and one Tear  
 Sufficient to command a Pardon from me,  
 For any wrong from you, which all Mankind  
 Should kneel in vain for. *Mal.* Pray you pardon those  
 That need your Favour, or desire it. *Vit.* Prethee  
 Be better temper'd: I'll pay as a forfeit  
 For my rash Anger, this Purse fill'd with Gold,  
 Thou shalt have Servants, Gowns, Attires, what not?  
 Only continue mine. *Mal.* 'Twas this I fish'd for.

*Vit.* Look on me, and receive it. *Mal.* Well, you know  
 My gentle Nature, and take Pride t'abuse it:  
 You see a Trifle pleases me, we are Friends;  
 This Kiss, and this confirms it. *Cl.* With my Ruin.

*Mal.* I'll have this Diamond, and this Pearl.

*Vit.* They are yours.

*Mal.* But will you not, when you have what you came for,  
 Take them from me to Morrow? 'Tis a fashion  
 Your Lords of late have us'd. *Vit.* But I'll not follow.

*Cl.* That any Man at such a rate as this  
 Should pay for his Repentance. *Vit.* Shall we to Bed now?

*Mal.* Instantly, Sweet; yet now I think on't better,  
 There's something first that in a word or two  
 I must acquaint you with. *Cl.* Can I cry ah me,  
 To this against my self? I'll break this Match,  
 Or make it stronger with my Blood,

[Descends.]

*Enter* Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza,  
 Lazarillo, &c.

*Alg.* I am yours.

A Don's not privileg'd here more than your self,  
 Win her, and wear her. *Pio.* Have you a Priest ready?

*Alg.* I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have  
 Married this scornful Whore to this poor Gallant,  
 She will make suit to me; there is a trick  
 To bring a high-priz'd Wench upon her Knees:  
 For you my fine neat *Harpyes*, stretch your Tallons,  
 And prove your selves true Night-Birds. *Pac.* Take my word  
 For me and all the rest. *Laz.* If there be Meat  
 Or any Banquet stirring, you shall see  
 How I'll bestow my self. *Alg.* When they are drawn,

*The Martial Maid.*

43

Rush in upon 'em, all's fair Prize you light on;  
I must away: your Officer may give way  
To the Knavery of his Watch, but must not see it.  
You all know where to find me.

[Exit.]

*Met.* There look for us. *Vit.* Who's that?

*Mal.* My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:

Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord  
Had done I know not what to me. *Vit.* I am gull'd,  
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laugh'd at;  
Sirrah, what makes you here? *Pio.* A business brings me,  
More lawful than your own. *Vit.* How's that, you Slave?

*Mal.* He's such, that would continue her a Whore,  
Whom he would make a Wife of. *Vit.* I'll tread upon  
The Face you doat on, Strumpet.

*Enter Clara.*

*Pac.* Keep the Peace there.

*Vit.* A Plot upon my Life too? *Met.* Down with him!

*Cl.* Show your old Valour, and learn from a Woman;  
One Eagle has a World of odds against  
A flight of Daws, as these are. *Pio.* Get you off,  
I'll follow instantly. *Pac.* Run for more help there.

[Exeunt all but *Vit.* and *Cl.*]

*Vit.* Loss of my Gold, and Jewels, and the Wench too,  
Afflicts me not so much, as th' having *Clara*  
The Witness of my Weakness. *Cl.* He turns from me,  
And yet I may urge Merit, since his Life  
Is made my second Gift. *Vit.* May I ne'er prosper  
If I know how to thank her. *Cl.* Sir, your Pardon  
For pressing thus, beyond a Virgin's bounds,  
Upon your Privacies; and let my being  
Like to a Man, as you are, be th' excuse  
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not  
Be granted on my part, although desir'd  
By any other; Sir, you understand me,  
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent  
From me a farther Boldness, which I must  
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,  
Though with my loss of Blushes, and good Name.

*Vit.* Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful,  
If it were possible I could affect  
The Daughter of an Enemy. *Cl.* That fair false one,  
Whom with fond Dotage you have long pursu'd,  
Had such a Father; she to whom you pay  
Dearer for your Dishonour, than all Titles  
Ambitious Men hunt for, are worth. *Vit.* 'Tis truth.

*Cl.* Yet, with her, as a Friend, you still exchange



Health for Diseases, and, to your Disgrace,  
Nourish the Rivals to your present Pleasures,  
At your own charge, us'd as a Property  
To give a safe Protection to her Lust,  
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

*Vit.* Grant all this so, to take you for a Wife  
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you  
(As 'tis not so easy still to please a Woman)  
You are of so great a Spirit, that I must learn  
To wear your Petticoat, for you will have  
My Breeches from me. *Cl.* Rather from this Hour  
I here abjure all Actions of a Man,  
And will esteem it happiness from you  
To suffer like a Woman; Love, true Love  
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd  
All but my natural Softness, and made perfect  
That which my Parents care could not begin.  
I will show strength in nothing, but my Duty,  
And glad desire to please you, and in that  
Grow every Day more able. *Vit.* Could this be,  
What a brave Race might I beget? I find  
A kind of yielding; and no reason why  
I should hold longer out; she's young, and fair,  
And chaste; for sure, but with her leave, the Devil  
Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have  
A Soldier's Arm, your Lips appear as if  
They were a Lady's. *Cl.* They dare, Sir, from you  
Endure the Tryal. *Vit.* Ha! once more I pray you;  
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said  
I have prov'd many; 'tis not safe, I fear,  
To ask the rest now; well, I will leave Whoring,  
And luck herein send me with her: Worthiest Lady,  
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way  
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)  
Tell you, you are my Wife. *Cl.* Which if you do,  
From me all Mankind, Women, learn to woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter* Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, and Lazarillo.

*Alg.* A Cloak? Good purchase; and rich Hangers? well,  
We'll share ten Pistolets a Man. *Laz.* Yet still  
I am monstrous hungry; could you not deduct  
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase  
Eight Loyns of Veal, and some two dozen of Capons?

*Pac.*

*Pac.* O strange Proportion for five. *Laz.* For five? I have  
 A Legion in my Stomach, that have kept  
 Perpetual Fast these ten Years; for the Capons,  
 They are to me but as so many Black-birds;  
 May I but eat once, and be satisfied,  
 Let the Fates call me, when my Ship is fraught,  
 And I shall hang in Peace. *Alg.* Steal well to Night,  
 And thou shalt feed to Morrow; so, now you are  
 Your selves again, I'll raise another Watch  
 To free you from Suspicion; set on any  
 You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,  
 T' assist you, and protect you.

[Exit.

*Met.* O brave Officer.

*Enter Alvarez, Lucio and Bobadilla.*

*Pac.* Would every Ward had one but so well given,  
 And we would watch, for Rug, in gowns of Velvet.

*Mend.* Stand close, a Prize.

*Met.* Satten, and gold Lace, Lad.

*Alv.* Why do'st thou hang upon me? *Luc.* 'Tis so dark  
 I dare not see my way; for Heav'n sake, Father,  
 Let us go home. *Bob.* No, ev'n here we'll leave you;  
 Let's run away from him, my Lord. *Luc.* Oh 'las.

*Alv.* Thou hast made me mad; and I will beat thee dead,  
 Then bray thee in a Mortar, and new mold thee,  
 But I will alter thee. *Bob.* 'Twill never be;  
 He has been three Days practising to drink,  
 Yet still he sips like to a Waiting-woman,  
 And looks as he were murdering of a Fart  
 Among wild *Irish* Swaggerers. *Luc.* I have still  
 Your good word, *Zancho.* Father. *Alv.* Milk-sop, Coward;  
 No House of mine receives thee; I disclaim thee,  
 Thy Mother on her Knees, shall not entreat me  
 Hereafter to acknowledge thee. *Luc.* Pray you speak for me.

*Bob.* I would, but now I cannot with mine Honour.

*Alv.* There's only one Course left, that may redeem thee,  
 Which is, to strike the next Man that you meet,  
 And if we chance to light upon a Woman,  
 Take her away, and use her like a Man,  
 Or I will cut thy Hamstrings. *Pac.* This makes for us.

*Alv.* What dost thou do now?

*Luc.* Sir, I am saying my Prayers;  
 For being to undertake what you would have me,  
 I know I cannot live.

*Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, and Pages with Lights.*

*Lam.* Madam, I fear  
 You'll wish you had us'd your Coach; your Brother's House



Is yet far off. *Gen.* The better, Sir; this Walk  
Will help Digestion after your great Supper,  
Of which I have fed largely. *Alv.* To your Task,  
Or else you know what follows. *Luc.* I am dying:  
Now Lord have mercy on me; By your favour,  
Sir, I must strike you. *Lam.* For what cause?

*Luc.* I know not;  
And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,  
An Hour in private. *Lam.* What you must, is doubtful,  
But I am certain, Sir, I must beat you.

*Luc.* Help, help. *Alv.* Not strike again?

*Lam.* How, *Alvarez*?

*Ana.* This for my Lord *Vitelli's* love. *Pac.* Break out,  
And like true Thieves, make prey on either side,  
But seem to help the Stranger. *Bob.* Oh my Lord,  
They have beat him on his knees. *Luc.* Though I want Courage,  
I have yet a Son's Duty in me, and  
Compassion of a Father's Danger; that,  
That wholly now possesses me. *Alv. Lucio,*  
This is beyond my hope. *Met.* So *Lazarillo,*  
Take up all Boy; well done. *Pac.* And now steal off  
Closely and cunningly. *Ana.* How? have I found you?  
Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your selves  
A prey to Rogues? *Lam.* Would we were off.

*Bob.* Thieves, Thieves.

*Lam.* Defer our own Contention; and down with them.

*Luc.* I'll make you sure. *Bob.* Now he plays the Devil.

*Gen.* This place is not for me. [Exit.]

*Luc.* I'll follow her;

Half of my Penance is past o'er. [Exit.]

*Enter Alguazier, Assistant, and other Watches.*

*Alg.* What Noise?

What Tumult's there? keep the King's Peace, I charge you.

*Pac.* I am glad he's come yet. *Alv.* O, you keep good Guard  
Upon the City, when Men of our Rank

Are set upon in the Streets. *Lam.* The Assistant

Shall hear on't, be assur'd. *Ana.* And if he be

That careful Governor he is reported,

You will smart for it. *Alg.* Patience, good Signiors;

Let me survey the Rascals; O, I know them,

And thank you for them; they are pilfering Rogues

Of *Andaluzia*, that have peru'd

All Prisons in *Castile*; I dare not trust

The Dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home

To my own House. *Pac.* We had rather go to Prison.

*Alg.* Had you so, Dogbolts? yes, I know you had;

You



The Martial Maid.

47

You there would use your cunning Fingers on  
The simple Locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.

*Lam.* My Mistress lost, good Night.

*Bob.* Your Son's gone,

[Exit.

What should become of him?

*Alv.* Come of him, what will;

Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to Bed:

Look to your Prisoners, *Alguazier.*

[Exit with Bob.

*Alg.* All's clear'd;

Droop not for one Disaster; let us hug,  
And triumph in our Knaveries. *Assist.* This confirms

What was reported of him. *Met.* 'Twas done bravely.

*Alg.* I must a little glory in the means

We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:

How we break through the Toils, pitch'd by the Law,

Yet hang up them that are far less Delinquents;

A simple Shopkeeper's carted for a Bawd,

For lodging, though unwittingly, a Smock-gamester;

Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept

*Malroda* in my House, as in a Cloyster,

Without Taint, or Suspicion. *Pac.* But suppose

The Governor should know't? *Alg.* He? good Gentleman,

Let him perplex himself with prying into

The Measures in the Market, and th' Abuses

The Day stands guilty of; the Pillage of the Night

Is only mine, mine own Fee-simple;

Which you shall hold from me, Tenants at will,

And pay no Rent for't. *Pac.* Admirable Landlord.

*Alg.* Now we'll go search the Taverns, commit such

As we find drinking; and be drunk our selves

With what we take from them; these silly Wretches,

Whom I for form sake only have brought hither,

Shall watch without, and guard us. *Assist.* And we will

See you safely lodg'd, most worthy *Alguazier,*

With all of you, his Comrades. *Met.* 'Tis the Governor.

*Alg.* We are betray'd. *Assist.* My Guard there; bind them fast:

How Men in high Place and Authority

Are in their Lives and Estimations wrong'd

By their subordinate Ministers? yet such

They cannot but employ; wrong'd Justice finding

Scarce one true Servant in ten Officers.

T'expostulate with you, were but to delay

Your Crimes due Punishment, which shall fall upon you

So speedily, and severely, that it shall

Fright others by th' example; and confirm,

However corrupt Officers may disgrace

Themselves,

elves,

Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their Place.  
 Bring them away. *Alg.* We'll suffer nobly yet,  
 And like to *Spanish Gallants.* *Pac.* And we'll hang so.  
*Laz.* I have no Stomach to it: but I'll endeavour. [Exeunt]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lucio, and Genevora.*

*Gen.* Nay, you are rude; pray you forbear, you offer now  
 More than the breeding of a Gentleman  
 Can give you warrant for. *Luc.* 'Tis but to kiss you,  
 And think not I'll receive that for a Favour  
 Which was enjoyn'd me for a Penance. *Lady.*

*Gen.* You have met a gentle Confessor, and for once,  
 So then you will rest satisfied, I vouchsafe it.

*Luc.* Rest satisfied with a Kiss? Why, can a Man  
 Desire more from a Woman? Is there any  
 Pleasure beyond it? may I never live  
 If I know what it is. *Gen.* Sweet Innocence.

*Luc.* What strange new Motions do I feel? my Veins  
 Burn with an unknown Fire; in every part  
 I suffer Alteration; I am poison'd,  
 Yet languish with desire again to taste it,  
 So sweetly it works on me. *Gen.* I ne'er saw  
 A lovely Man, till now. *Luc.* How can this be?

She is a Woman, as my Mother is,  
 And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off  
 My Lips unscorch'd; yours are more lovely, *Lady,*  
 And so should be less hurtful; pray you vouchsafe  
 Your Hand to quench the Heat ta'en from your Lip,  
 Perhaps that may restore me. *Gen.* Willingly.

*Luc.* The flame encreases; if to touch you, burn thus,  
 What would more strict Embraces do? I know not,  
 And yet methinks to die so, were to ascend  
 To Heav'n, through Paradise. *Gen.* I am wounded too,  
 Though Modesty forbids that I should speak  
 What Ignorance makes him bold in; why do you fix  
 Your Eyes so strongly on me? *Luc.* Pray you stand still,  
 There is nothing else, that is worth the looking on:  
 I could adore you, *Lady.* *Gen.* Can you love me?

*Luc.* To wait on you in your Chamber, and but touch  
 What you, by wearing it, have made Divine,  
 Were such a happiness. I am resolved,  
 I'll sell my liberty to you for this Glove,  
 And write my self your Slave.

*Enter Lamoral.*

*Gen.* On easier Terms,  
 Receive it as a Friend.

*Lam.*

*Lam.* How! Giving Favour!

I'll have it with his Heart. *Gen.* What will you do?

*Luc.* As you are merciful, take my Life rather.

*Gen.* Will you depart with't so? *Lam.* Do's that grieve you?

*Gen.* I know not, but even now you appear'd valiant.

*Luc.* 'Twas to preserve my Father, in his Cause  
I could be so again.

*Gen.* Not in your own? Kneel to thy Rival, and thine Enemy?  
Away unworthy Creature, I begin

To hate my self, for giving entrance to  
A good Opinion of thee; for thy Torment,  
If my poor Beauty be of any Power,  
May'st thou doat on it desperately; but never  
Presume to hope for Grace, till thou recover  
And wear the Favour that was ravish'd from thee.

*Lam.* He wears my Head too then.

*Gen.* Poor Fool, farewell. [Exit.

*Luc.* My womanish Soul, which hitherto hath govern'd  
This coward Flesh, I feel departing from me;  
And in me by her Beauty is inspir'd  
A new and Masculine one, instructing me  
What's fit to do or suffer; powerful Love,  
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing Thunder  
Rous'd sleeping Manhood in me, thy new Creature;  
Perfect thy work, so that I may make known  
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own. [Exeunt.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Lamoral and Lucio.*

*Lam.* CAN it be possible, that in six short hours,  
The Subject still the same, so many Habits  
Should be remov'd? Or this new *Lucio*, he  
That yesternight was baffled and disgrac'd,  
And thank'd the Man that did it; that then kneel'd  
And blubber'd like a Woman, should now dare  
On terms of Honour seek Reparation,  
For what he then appear'd not capable of?

*Luc.* Such Miracles, Men that dare do Injuries  
Live to their Shames to see, and for punishment  
And scourge to their proud Follies. *Lam.* Prethee leave me:  
Had I my Page or Foot-man here to flesh thee,  
I durst the better hear thee. *Luc.* This Scorn needs not:  
And offer such no more. *Lam.* Why, say I should,  
You'll not be angry? *Luc.* Indeed I think I shall,

G

Would



Would you vouchsafe to shew your self a Captain,  
 And lead a little farther, to some Place  
 That's less frequented. *Lam.* He looks pale. *Luc.* If not,  
 Make use of this. *Lam.* There's Anger in his Eyes too:  
 His Gesture, Voice, Behaviour, all new fashion'd;  
 Well, if it does endure in Act the trial  
 Of what in show it promises to make good,  
*Ulysses Cyclops, Io's Transformation,*  
*Eurydice* fetch'd from Hell, with all the rest  
 Of *Ovid's Fables*, I'll put in your Creed;  
 And for proof, all incredible things may be,  
 Write down that *Lucio*, the Coward *Lucio*,  
 The womanish *Lucio* fought. *Luc.* And *Lamoral*,  
 The still imploy'd great Duelist *Lamoral*,  
 Took his Life from him. *Lam.* 'Twill not come to that sure:  
 Methinks the only drawing of my Sword  
 Should fright that Confidence. *Luc.* It confirms it rather.  
 To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd  
 By one that is your Rival, one that wishes  
 Your Name and Title greater, to raise his;  
 The wrong you did, less pardonable than it is,  
 But your Strength to defend it, more than ever  
 It was when Justice friended it. The Lady  
 For whom we now contend, *Genevora*,  
 Of more desert, (if such incomparable Beauty  
 Could suffer an Addition) your Love  
 To Don *Vitelli* multiply'd, and your Hate  
 Against my Father and his House increas'd;  
 And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear  
 To my Dishonour, (which I must force from you)  
 Were dearer to you than your Life. *Lam.* You'll find  
 It is, and so I'll guard it. *Luc.* All these must meet then  
 With the black Infamy, to be foil'd by one  
 That's not allow'd a Man; to help your Valour,  
 That falling by your Hand, I may or die,  
 Or win in this one single Opposition  
 My Mistress, and such Honour as I may  
 Enrich my Father's Arms with. *Lam.* 'Tis said nobly;  
 My Life with them are at the stake.

*Luc.* At all then.

[*Fight.*

*Lam.* She's yours, this and my Life to follow your Fortune,  
 And give not only back that part, the Loser  
 Scorns to accept of——

*Luc.* What's that? *Lam.* My poor Life,  
 Which do not leave me as a farther Torment,  
 Having despoil'd me of my Sword, mine Honour,  
 Hope of my Lady's Grace, Fame, and all else

That

*The Martial Maid.*

51

That made it worth the keeping. *Luc.* I take back  
No more from you, than what you forc'd from me;  
And with a worser Title; yet think not  
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent  
By my Success, but as one equal with you,  
If so you will accept me; that new Courage,  
Or call it Fortune if you please, that is  
Conferr'd upon me by the only fight  
Of fair *Genevora*, was not bestow'd on me  
To bloody purposes: Nor did her Command  
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,  
But till I did redeem her Favour from you;  
Which only I rejoyce in, and share with you  
In all you suffer else. *Lam.* This Courtesie  
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;  
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.

*Luc.* The barbarous *Turk* is satisfied with Spoil;  
And shall I, being possesst of what I came for,  
Prove the more Infidel? *Lam.* You were better be so,  
Than publish my Disgrace, as 'tis the Custom,  
And which I must expect. *Luc.* Judge better on me:  
I have no Tongue to trumpet mine own Praise  
To your Dishonour; 'tis a Bastard Courage  
That seeks a Name out that way, no true born one;  
Pray you be comforted, for by all Goodness,  
But to her virtuous self, the best part of it,  
I never will discover on what terms  
I came by these; which yet I take not from you,  
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,  
With the desire of being a Friend; which if  
You will not grant me, but on farther trial  
Of Manhood in me, seek me when you please,  
(And though I might refuse it with mine Honour)  
Win them again, and wear them, so good Morrow.

[Exit.

*Lam.* I ne'er knew what true Valour was till now;  
And have gain'd more by this Disgrace, than all  
The Honours I have won; they made me proud,  
Presumptuous of my Fortune; a mere Beast,  
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do:  
Yielding no Reasons for my wilful Actions  
But what I stuck on my Sword's point, presuming  
It was the best Revenue. How unequal  
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which  
Ending with shame, teach us to know our selves.  
I will think more on't.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Vit. Lamoral. Lam.* My Lord?

G 2

*Viti*

*Vit.* I came to seek you. *Lam.* And unwillingly,  
You ne'er found me till now; your pleasure, Sir?

*Vit.* That which will please thee Friend, thy vow'd Love to me  
Shall now be put in Action; means is offer'd  
To use thy good Sword for me, that which still  
Thou wear'st, as if it were a part of that.  
Where is it?? *Lam.* 'Tis chang'd for one more Fortunate:  
Pray you enquire not how. *Vit.* Why, I ne'er thought  
That there was Musick in't, but ascribe  
The Fortune of it to the Arm.

*Lam.* Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)  
Worthy your Friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,  
Yet shame to tell by whom. *Vit.* But I'll tell thee  
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem  
Thy Honour lost, if there be any such:  
The King, by my long Suit, at length is pleas'd  
That *Alvarez* and my self, with either's Second,  
Shall end the difference between our Houses,  
Which he accepts of; I make choice of thee;  
And where you speak of a Disgrace, the Means  
To blot it out, by such a publick Trial  
Of thy approved Valour, will revive  
Thy antient Courage. If you embrace it, do;  
If not, I'll seek some other. *Lam.* As I am,  
You may command me. *Vit.* Spoke like that true Friend  
That loves not only for his private end. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Genevora with a Letter, and Bobadilla.*

*Gen.* This from *Madona Clara*? *Bob.* Yes, an't please you.

*Gen.* *Alvarez* Daughter? *Bob.* The same Lady. *Gen.* She,  
That sav'd my Brother's Life? *Bob.* You are still in the right,  
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and knowing  
How necessary a discreet wife Man  
Was in a business of such weight, she pleas'd  
To think on me; it may be in my Face  
Your Ladyship, not acquainted with my Wisdom,  
Finds no such matter; what I am, I am;  
Thought's free, and think you what you please.

*Gen.* 'Tis strange. *Bob.* That I should be wife, Madam?

*Gen.* No, thou art so;  
There's for thy Pains, and prethee tell thy Lady  
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive  
Thy Thanks and Duty in thy present Absence:  
Farewel, farewel, I say, now thou art wife.

[Exit Bob.  
She



She writes here, she hath something to impart  
That may concern my Brother's Life; I know not,  
But general Fame does give her out so worthy,  
That I dare not suspect her; yet wish *Lucio*

*Enter Lucio.*

Were Master of her Mind; but fie upon't;  
Why do I think on him: See, I am punish'd for it,  
In his unlook'd-for Presence: Now I must  
Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,  
Would make one forswear courtesie. *Luc.* Gracious Madam,  
The Sorrow paid for your just Anger towards me,  
Arising from my weakness, I presume  
To press into your Presence, and despair not  
An easie Pardon. *Gen.* He speaks Sense: Oh strange.

*Luc.* And yet believe, that no desire of mine,  
Though all are too strong in me, had the Power  
For their Delight, to force me to infringe  
What you commanded, it being in your part  
To lessen your great Rigour when you please,  
And mine to suffer with an humble Patience  
What you'll impose upon it. *Gen.* Courtly too.

*Luc.* Yet hath the poor and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,  
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)  
Recover'd that with Violence, not Justice,  
Was taken from him; and here at your Feet  
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd Head  
Of *Lamoral* ('tis all I say of him)

For rudely touching that, which as a Relick  
I ever would have worship'd, since 'twas yours.

*Gen.* Valiant, and every thing a Lady could  
Wish in her Servant. *Luc.* All that's good in me,  
That heav'nly Love, the Opposite to base Lust,  
Which would have all Men worthy, hath created;  
Which being by your Beams of Beauty form'd,  
Cherish as your own Creature. *Gen.* I am gone  
Too far now to dissemble: Rise, or sure  
I must kneel with you too; let this one Kiss  
Speake the rest for me; 'tis too much I do,  
And yet, if Chastity would, I could wish more.

*Luc.* In overjoying me, you are grown sad;  
What is it, Madam? by——  
There's nothing that's within my Nerves (and yet  
Favour'd by you, I should as much as Man)  
But when you please, now or on all Occasions  
You can think of hereafter, but you may  
Dispose of at your Pleasure. *Gen.* If you break

That

That Oath again, you lose me. Yet so well  
I love you, I shall never put you to't;  
And yet forget it not: Rest satisfied  
With that you have receiv'd now; there are Eyes  
May be upon us, till the difference  
Between our Friends are ended, I would not  
Be seen so private with you. *Luc.* I obey you.

*Gen.* But let me hear oft from you, and remember  
I am *Vitelli's* Sister. *Luc.* What's that, Madam?

*Gen.* Nay nothing, fare you well; who feels Love's fire,  
Would ever ask to have means to desire. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anaistro, Herald, and Attendants.*

*Assist.* Are ye come in? *Her.* Yes.

*Assist.* Read the Proclamation,  
That all the People here assembled may  
Have satisfaction, what the King's dear love,  
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;  
Attend with Silence: Read aloud.

Herald Reads.

**F**Orasmuch as our high and mighty Master, Philip, the Potent and most Catholick King of Spain, hath not only in his own Royal Person, been long and often solicited, and grieved, with the deadly and honourable Hatred, sprung up betwixt the two antient and most incurable descended Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved Subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and Don Pedro de Vitelli; all which in vain his Majesty hath often endeavour'd to reconcile and qualifie: But that also through the Debates, Quarrels, and Outrages daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great Heads, his publick civil Government is seditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry, (no less tender to his Royal Majesty, than the very Branches of his own sacred Blood) spoil'd, lost, and submerged, in the impious Inundation and Torrent of their still growing Malice: It hath therefore pleased his Sacred Majesty, out of his infinite Affection to preserve his Common-wealth, and general Peace, from farther Violation, as sweet and heartily loving Father of his People, and on the earnest Petitions of these Arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well chosen and beloved Friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present Monday Morning betwixt eight and nine of the Clock, where (before the Combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duel) This to be read aloud for the publick Satisfaction of his Majesty's well beloved Subjects.

'Save the King.

[Drums within.  
*Sya.*



*Sya.* Hark, their Drums speak their insatiate thirst  
Of Blood, and stop their Ears 'gainst pious Peace,  
Who gently whispering, implores their Friendship.

*Assist.* Kings nor Authority can master Fate;  
Admit 'em then, and Blood extinguish Hate.

*Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio, Vitelli and Lamoral.*

*Sya.* Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring,  
Wherein Men now-a-days exceed even Beasts,  
And think themselves not Men else, so transport you  
Beyond the bounds of Christianity;  
Lord *Alvarez, Vitelli, Gentlemen,*  
No Town in *Spain*, from our *Metropolis*  
Unto the rudest Hovel, but is great  
With your assured Valours daily Proofs;  
Oh will you then, for a superfluous Fame,  
A sound of Honour, which in these times, all  
Like Hereticks profess, with obstinacy,  
But most erroneously venture your Souls,  
'Tis a hard Task, through a Sea of Blood  
To sail, and land at Heav'n? *Vit.* I hope not,  
If Justice be my Pilot; but my Lord,  
You know, if Argument, or Time, or Love,  
Could reconcile, long since we had shook Hands;  
I dare protest, your Breath cools not a Vein  
In any one of us, but blows the Fire  
Which nought but Blood reciprocal can quench.

*Alv. Vitelli,* thou say'st bravely, and say'st right,  
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.

*Vit.* Ha, ha, old Man; upon thy Death I'll build  
A story, with this Arm, for thy old Wife  
To tell thy Daughter *Clara* seven Years hence,  
As she sits weeping by a Winter's Fire,  
How such a time *Vitelli* flew her Husband  
With the same Sword his Daughter favour'd him,  
And lives, and wears it yet; come *Lamoral,*  
Redeem thy self. *Lam. Lucio, Genevora*

Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding Heart,  
For my presented Hat, laid at her Feet.

*Luc.* Thou talk'st well *Lamoral,* but 'tis thy Head  
That I will carry to her to thy Hat:  
Fie Father, I do cool too much. *Alv.* Oh Boy;  
Thy Father's true Son:

Beat Drums---and so good Morrow to your Lordship.

*Enter above Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.*

*Sya.* Brave Resolutions. *An.* Brave, and Spanish, right.

*Gen. Lucio. Cla. Vitelli. Eug. Alvarez.*



*Alv.* How the Devil  
Got these Cats intoth' gutter? my Puffs too?

*Eug.* Hear us.

*Gen.* We must be heard. *Cl.* We will be heard.

*Vitelli*, look, see *Clara* on her Knees,  
Imploring thy Compassion; Heav'n, how sternly  
They dart their emulous Eyes, as if each scorn'd  
To be behind the other in a Look!  
Mother, Death needs no Sword here; oh my Sister,  
Fate fain would have it so, perswade, entreat,  
A Lady's Tears are silent Orators,  
Or should be so at least, to move beyond  
The honest-tongu'd Rhetorician;  
Why will you fight? Why do's an Uncle's Death,  
Twenty Year old, exceed your Love to me  
But twenty Days? Whose forc'd cause, and fair manner  
You could not understand, only have heard.  
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature  
In me, that I forgot my Sex, and knew not  
Whether my Body Female were, or Male,  
You did unweave, and had the Power to charm  
A new Creation in me, made me fear  
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,  
How little Power though you allow to me,  
That cannot with my Sighs, my Tears, my Prayers  
Move you from your own loïs, if you should gain.

*Vit.* I must forget you *Clara*, 'till I have  
Redeem'd my Uncle's Blood, that brands my Face  
Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blind  
To what you do; deaf to your Cries; and Marble  
To all impulsive Exorations.

When in this Point I have perch'd thy Father's Soul,  
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking Hand,  
Drawn forth the Bowels of that Murtherer;  
If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,  
And for thy Father lost, get thee a Son;  
On no Condition else. *Assist.* Most Barbarous

*Sya.* Savage. *An.* Irreligious. *Gen.* Oh *Lucio!*

Be thou merciful; thou bear'st fewer Years,  
Art lately wean'd from soft Effeminacy,  
A Maiden's Manners, and a Maiden's Heart  
Are Neighbours still to thee; be then more mild,  
Proceed not to this Combat; be'st thou desperate  
Of thine own Life? yet, Dearest, pity mine:  
Thy Valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,  
These Eyes begot it, this Tongue bred it up,

This Breast would lodge it; do not use my Gifts  
To mine own ruin; I have made thee rich,  
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't.

*Luc.* Mistress, you know I do not wear a Vein  
I would not rip for you, to do you Service;  
Life's but a Word, a Shadow, a melting Dream,  
Compar'd to essential and eternal Honour.

Why, would you have me value it beyond  
Your Brother; if I first cast down my Sword,  
May all my Body here be made one Wound,  
And yet my Soul not find Heav'n thorough it.

*Alv.* You would be Catter-walling too, but Peace,  
Go, get you home, and provide Dinner for  
Your Son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry;  
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee Cock of all  
The proud *Vitellies* that do live in *Spain*;  
Fie, we shall take cold: Hunch: ——— I am hoarse  
Already. *Lam.* How your Sister whets my Spleen!  
I could eat *Lucio* now. *Gen. Vitelli*, Brother,  
Ev'n for your Father's Soul, your Uncle's Blood,  
As you do love my Life; but last, and most,  
As you respect your own Honour, and Fame,  
Throw down your Sword; he is most valiant  
That herein yields first. *Vit.* Peace, you Fool.

*Cla.* Why *Lucio*,  
Do thou begin; 'tis no Disparagement;  
He's elder, and thy better, and thy Valour  
Is in his Infancy. *Gen.* Or pay it me,  
To whom thou ow'st it; Oh, that constant Time  
Would but go back a Week, then *Lucio*  
Thou would'st not dare to fight.

*Eug. Lucio*, thy Mother,  
Thy Mother begs it: throw thy Sword down six ft.

*Alv.* I'll throw his Head down after then. *Gen. Lamoral*,  
You have often swore you'd be commanded by me.

*Lam.* Never to this; your Spight and Scorn, *Genevora*,  
Has lost all Power in me. *Gen.* Your hearing for six Words.

*Assist. Sya. Ant.* Strange Obstinacy!

*Alv. Vit. Luc. Lam.* We'll stay no longer.

*Cla.* Then by thy Oath *Vitelli*,  
Thy dreadful Oath, thou would'st return that Sword  
When I should ask it, give it to me now,  
This instant I require it. *Gen.* By thy Vow,  
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will  
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,  
I charge thee not to strike a stroak; now he

Of our two Brothers that loves Perjury  
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his Vow.

*Sya.* Excellent Ladies. *Vit.* Pish, you tyrannize.

*Luc.* We did equivocate. *Alv.* On. *Cl.* Then *Lucio*,

So well I love my Husband, for he is so,  
Wanting but Ceremony, that I pray  
His vengeful Sword may fall upon thy Head  
Successtully for False-hood to his Sister.

*Gen.* I likewise pray, *Vitelli*, *Lucio's* Sword,  
Who equally is my Husband as thou hers,  
May find thy false Heart, that durst gage thy Faith,  
And durst not keep it. *Assist.* Are you Men, or Stone?

*Alv.* Men, and we'll prove it with our Swords.

*Eug.* Your hearing for six Words, and we have done.  
*Zancho*, come forth—We'll fight our Challenge too;  
Now speak your Resolutions.

*Enter Bobadilla, with two Swords and a Pistol.*

*Gen.* These they are,  
The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these Swords  
In one another's Bosoms. *Eug.* And Rogue, look  
You at that instant do discharge that Pistol  
Into my Breast; if you start back, or quake,  
I'll stick you like a Pig. *Alv.* ———Hold, you are mad.

*Gen.* This we said; and by our hope of Bliss  
This we will do; speak your intents.

*Cl.* *Gen.* Strike. *Eug.* Shoot.

*Alv.* *Vit.* *Lam.* *Luc.* Hold, hold; all Friends.

*Assist.* Come down. *Alv.* These devilish Women  
Can make Men Friends and Enemies when they list.

*Sya.* A gallant Undertaking, and a happy;  
Why this is noble in you; and will be  
A welcomer Present to our Master *Philip*,  
Than the return from his *Indies*.

*Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.*

*Cl.* Father, your Blessing. *Alv.* Take her; if ye bring not  
Betwixt you, Boys that will find out new Worlds,  
And win 'em too, I'm a false Prophet. *Vit.* Brother,  
There is a Sister; long divided Streams  
Mix now at length, by Fate.

*Bob.* I am not regarded; I was the careful Steward that provided  
these Instruments of Peace, I put the longest Weapon in your Sift-  
er's Hand, my Lord, because she was the shortest Lady: For like-  
ly the shortest Ladies love the longest——Men: And for mine  
own part, I could have discharged it: my Pistol is no ordinary Pistol,  
it has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why should I shoot my  
two Bullets into my old Lady? If they had gone I would not have  
staid



staid long after; I would ev'n have died too, bravely i'faith, like a Roman Steward; hung my self in mine own Chain, and there had been a story of *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, for after Ages to lament. Hum; I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.

*Alv.* Prethee Peace; 'shalt have a new Chain, next *St. Jaques* Day, or this new gilt.

*Bob.* I am satisfied; let Virtue have her due: And yet I am me-upon this Atonement; pray Heav'n the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitelli's* Steward, and I could meet; they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us Friends. Well, I will forswear Wine and Women for a Year; and then I will be drunk to Morrow, and run a whoring like a Dog with a broken Bottle at's Tail; then will I repent next Day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently; be forsworn next Day again, and repent my Repentance; for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

*Assst.* Nay, you shall dine with me; and afterward I'll with ye to the King: But first I will Dispatch the Castle's Business, that this Day May be compleat. Bring forth the Malefactors.

*Enter* Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.

You *Alguazier*, the Ring-leader of these Poor Fellows, are degraded from your Office, You must return all stolen Goods you receiv'd, And watch a twelve Month without any Pay: This, if you fail of, all your Goods confiscate, You are to be Whipt, and sent into the Gallies:

*Alg.* I like all, but restoring; that Catholick Doctrine I do dislike: learn all ye Officers By this to live uprightly, if you can.

*Assst.* You Cobler, to translate your Manners new, Are doom'd to th' Cloisters of the Mendicants, With this your Brother, Botcher, there for nothing To cobble, and heel Hose for the poor Friers, Till they allow your Penance for sufficient, And your Amendment; then you shall be freed, And may set up again, *Pac. Mendoza*, come, Our Souls have trode awry in all Men's fight, We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright. [*Ex. Pach. and Mend.*]

*Assst.* Smith, in those Shackles you for your hard Heart Must lie by th' Heels a Year.

*Met.* I have shod your Horse, my Lord.

*Assst.* Away: For you, my hungry white-loaf'd Face, You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure To have no more Bits, than you shall have Blows.

*Laz.* Well, tho' Herrings want, I shall have Rows.

*Assst.*

*Alfist.* Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd  
Your self severelie than we would have done.

You have married a Whore; may she prove honest.

*Pio.* 'Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honest Woman,  
That may prove a Whore.

*Vit.* 'Tis a handsome Wench; and thou canst keep her tame  
I'll send you what I promis'd. *Pio.* Joy to your Lordships.

*Alv.* Here may all Ladies learn, to make of Foes  
The perfect'st Friends; and not the perfect'st Foes  
Of dearest Friends, as some do now-a-days.

*Vit.* Behold the Power of Love, to Nature lost  
By Custom irrecoverably, past the hope  
Of Friends restoring; Love hath here retriev'd  
To her own Habit, made her Blush to see  
Her so long monstrous Metamorphoses;  
May strange Affairs never have worse Success.

[*Exeunt.*]

## E P I L O G U E.

**O**UR Author fears there are some Rebel Hearts,  
Whose Dullness doth oppose Love's piercing Darts;  
Such will be apt to say there wanted Wit,  
The Language low, very few Scenes are writ  
With Spirit and Life; such odd things as these  
He cares not for, nor ever means to please;  
For if your selves, a Mistress or Love's Friends,  
Are lik'd with this smooth Play, be bath his Ends.



## F I N I S.









