

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN**

**BEAUMONT AND
FLETCHER'S
WORKS.
VOLUME 9**

Francis Beaumont

**Beaumont and Fletcher's
Works. Volume 9**

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Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, Vol. 9

THE SEA-VOYAGE

A Comedy

The Persons represented in the Play

Albert, *a French Pirat, in love with Aminta.*
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry Gentleman, friend to Albert.*
Master of the Ship, *an honest merry man.*
Lamure, *an usuring Merchant.*
Franville, *a vain-glorious gallant.*
Morillat, *a shallow-brain'd Gentleman.*
Bo[a]tswain, *an honest man.*
Sebastian, *a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to Rosellia.*
Nicusa, *Nephew to Sebastian, both cast upon a desert Island.*
Raimond, *brother to Aminta.*
Surgeon.
Sailors.

WOMEN

Aminta, *Mistriss to Albert, a noble French Virgin.*
Rosellia, *Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*
Clarinda, *Daughter to Rosellia, in love with Albert.*
Hippolita, } *three Ladies, Members*
Crocale, } *of the Female*
Juletta. } *Common-wealth.*

The Scene, First at Sea, then in the desert Islands

The Principal Actors were

Joseph Taylor,
William Eglestone,
Nich. Toolie,
Joh Lowin,
John Underwood.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima

A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning

Enter Master and two Sailors

Master.

Lay her aloof, the Sea grows dangerous,
How it spits against the clouds, how it capers,
And how the fiery Element frights it back
There be Devils dancing in the air I think
I saw a *Dolphin* hang i'th horns o'th' moon
Shot from a wave, hey day, hey day,
How she kicks and yerks!
Down with the Main Mast, lay her at hull,
Farle up all her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

1 *Sailor.* She'll never brook it Master.
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.

Master. Hang her.

Can she not buffet with a storm a little?
How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.

2 *Sail.* We have discover'd the Land, Sir,
Pray let's make in, she's so drunk else,
She may chance to cast up all her Lading.

1 *Sail.* Sland in, sland in, we are all lost else, lost and perish'd.

Mast. Steer her a Star-board there.

2 *Sail.* Bear in with all the sail we can, see Master
See, what a clap of Thunder there is,
What a face of heaven, how dreadfully it looks!

Mast. Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying;
I see't in thy face, thou hast been mumbling,
When we are split you slave; is this a time,
To discourage our friends with your cold orizons?
Call up the Boatswain; how it storms; holla.

Boats. What shall we do Master?
Cast over all her lading? she will not swim

An hour else;

Enter Albert, Franvile, Lamure, Tibalt de pont. Morillat

Mast. The storm is loud,
We cannot hear one another,
What's the coast?

Boats. We know not ye[t]; shall we make in?

Albert. What comfort Sailors?
I never saw, since I have known the Sea,
(which has been this twenty years) so rude a tempest:
In what State are we?

Mast. Dangerous enough Captain,
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;
Still rage; besides, her ribs are open;
Her rudder almost spent; prepare your selves;
And have good courages, death comes but once,
And let him come in all his frights.

Albert. Is't not possible,
To make in to th' Land? 'tis here before us.

Morill. Here hard by Sir.

Mast. Death is nearer, Gentlemen.
Yet do not cry, let's dye like men.

Tib. Shall's hoise the Boat out,
And goe all at one cast? the more the merrier.

Enter Amint

Mast. You are too hasty Mounsiour,
Do ye long to be i'th' Fish-market before your time?
Hold her up there.

Amint. Oh miserable fortune,
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears,
No minute to promise to my frightened soul.

Tib. Peace woman,
We ha storms enough already; no more howling.

Amint. Gentle Master.

Mast. Clap this woman under hatches.

Alb. Prethe speak mildly to her.

Amint. Can no help?

Mast. None that I know.

Amint. No promise from your goodness.

Mast. Am I a God? for heavens sake stow this [woman].

Tib. Go: take your gilt [Prayer-Book];
And to your business; wink and die,
There's an old Haddock staies for ye.

Amint. Must I die here in all the frights[, the] terrors,
The thousand several shapes death triumphs in?
No friend to counsel me?

Alb. Have peace sweet Mistriss.

Amint. No kindreds tears upon me? oh! my country?
No gentle hand to close mine eyes?

Alb. Be comforted, heaven has the same
Power still, and the same mercy.

Amint. Oh, that wave will devour me.

Mast. Carry her down Captain;
Or by these hands I'll give no more direction,
Let the Ship sink or swim, we ha ne'er better luck,
When we ha such stowage as these trinkets with us;
These sweet sin-breeders: how can heaven smile on us,
When such a burthen of iniquity
Lies tumbling like a potion in our ship's belly?

[Exit.

Tib. Away with her, and if she have a Prayer,
That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quickly,
And seriously.

Exit.

Alb. Come, I see it clear Lady, come in,

And take some comfort. I'll stay with ye.

Amint. Where should I stay? to what end should I hope,
Am not I circled round with misery?
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me:
Oh Mounsieur *Albert*, How am I bound to curse ye,
If curses could redeem me! how to hate ye!
You forc'd me from my quiet, from my friends;
Even from their Arms, that were as dear to me,
As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forc'd my friends from their peaceful rest,
Some your relentless sword gave their last groans;
Would I had there been numbred;
And to fortunes never satisfied afflictions,
Ye turn'd my Brother; and those few friends I'd left,
Like desperate creatures, to their own fears
And the world's stubborn pitties: Oh merciless!

Alb. Sweet Mistriss.

Amint. And wh[e]ther they are wandred to avoid ye,
Or wh[e]ther dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em;
Was this a Lovers part? but heaven has found ye,
And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,
He tells ye now, ye weep too late:

Alb. Let these tears tell how I honor ye;
Ye know dear Lady, since ye are mine,
How truly I have lov'd ye, how sanctimoniously
Observ'd your honor; not one lascivious word,
Not one touch Lady; no, not a hope that might not render me
The unpolluted servant of your chastity;
For you I put to sea, to seek your Brother;
Your Captain, yet your slave, that his redemption,
If he be living, where the Sun has circuit,
May expiate your rigor, and my rashness.

Amint. The storm grows greater, what shall we do?

Alb. Let's in:
And ask heavens mercy; my strong mind yet presages,
Through all these dangers, we shall see a day yet
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes.

[Exit.

Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain

Mast. It must all over-board.

Boats. It clears to Sea-ward Mast.
Fling o'er the Lading there, and let's lighten her;
All the meat, and the Cakes, we are all gone else;
That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up;
Yet save some little Bisket for the Lady,
Till we come to the Land.

Lam. Must my Goods over too?
Why honest Master? here lies all my money;
The Money I ha wrackt by usury,
To buy new Lands and Lordships in new Countreys,
'Cause I was banish'd from mine own
I ha been this twenty years a raising it.

Tib. Out with it:
The devils are got together by the ears, who shall have it;
And here they quarrel in the clouds.

Lam. I am undone Sir:

Tib. And be undone, 'tis better than we [perish].

Lam. Oh save one Chest of Plate.

Tib. Away with it lustily, Sailors;
It was some pawn that he has got unjustly;
Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't.

Mast. Over with the Trunks too.

Enter Albert

Alb. Take mine and spare not.

Mast. We must over with all.

Fran. Will ye throw away my Lordship
That I sold, put it into cloaths and necessaries,
To goe to sea with?

Tib. Over with it; I love to see a Lordship sink;

Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' sav'd it else.

Fran. I am undone for ever.

Alb. Why we are all undone; would you be only happy?

Lam. Sir, you may loose too.

Tib. Thou liest; I ha' nothing but my skin,
And my cloaths; my sword here, and my self;
Two Crowns in my pocket; two pair of Cards;
And three false Dice: I can swim like a fish
Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

Boatsw. In with her of all hands.

Mast. Come Gentlemen, come Captain, ye must help all;
My life now for the Land,
'Tis high, and rocky, and full of perils.

Alb. However let's attempt it.

Mast. Then cheer lustily my hearts.

[Exit.]

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa

Sebast. Yes, 'tis a Ship, I see it now, a tall Ship;
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance;
Heavens mercy, what a wretched day has here been!

Nicu. To still and quiet minds that knew no misery,
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary;
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,
That can seem new to us.

Sebast. 'Tis true *Nicusa*, if fortune were determin'd
To be wanton, and would wipe out the stories
Of mens miseries: yet we two living,
We could cross her purpose; for 'tis impossible
She should cure us, we are so excellent in our afflictions;
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And stile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicu. Do they live still?

Sebast. Yes, and make to harbor:

Nicu. Most miserable men; I grieve their fortunes.

Sebast. How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd em!
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.
What shouts of joy they make!

Nicu. Alas poor wretches, had they but once experience
Of this Island, they'd turn their tunes to wailings.

Sebast. Nay, to curses.
That ever they set foot on such calamities;
Here's nothing but Rocks and barrenness,
Hunger, and cold to eat; here's no Vineyards
To cheer the heart of man, no Christal Rivers,
After his labour, to refresh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,
But heavenly hopes, nature that made those remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

Nicu. Oh Uncle, yet a little memory of what we were,
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities;
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes!

Sebast. Curse on those *French* Pirats, that displanted us;
That flung us from that happiness we found there;
Constrain'd us to Sea, to save our lives, honors, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen, and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers,
Where a mighty storm sever'd our Barks,
That, where my Wife, my Daughter
And my noble Ladies that went with her,
Virgins and loving souls, to scape those Pirats.

Nicus. They are yet living; such goodness cannot perish.

Sebast. But never to me Cosin;
Never to me again; what bears their Flag-staves?

Nicu. The Arms of *France* sure;
Nay, doe not start, we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a cordial, now, come when it will.

Sebast. They get to shore apace, they'll flie as fast

When once they find the place; what's that which swims there?

Ni. A strong young man, Sir, with a handsom woman.
Hanging about his neck.

Sebast. That shews some honor;
May thy brave charity, what e'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not dye here.

Nicus. The Boat it seems turn'd over,
So forced to their shifts; yet all are landed:
They're Pirates on my life.

Sebast. They will not rob us;
For none will take out misery for riches:
Come Cosin, let's descend, and try their pities;
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter.

[*Ex.*

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure, Master, Franvile, Surgeon, Sailors

Tib. Wet come ashore my mates, we are safe arrived yet.

Mast. Thanks to heavens goodness, no man lost;
The Ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.

Alb. The weathers turn'd more courteous;
How does my Dear?
Alas, how weak she is, and wet!

Amint. I am glad yet, I scap'd with life;
Which certain, noble Captain, next to heavens goodness,
I must thank you for, and which is more,
Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love
To your unworthy Mistriss, and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel unkind thoughts, I heapt upon ye;
Farther than that, I must forget your injuries.
So far I am ti'd, and fet' red to your service,
Believe me, I will learn to love.

Alb. I thank ye Madam,
And it shall be my practise to serve.
What cheer companions?

Tib. No great cheer Sir, a piece of souc'd Bisket
And halfe a hard egg; for the Sea has taken order;
Being young and strong, we shall not surfet Captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I'm dry;
Come Surgeon, out with your Clister-pipe,
And strike a Galliard.

Alb. What a brave day again!
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm!

La mure. I, an't pleas'd the Master he might ha seen
This weather, and ha' say'd our goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em, we have our lives and healths.

Lam. I must think on 'em, and think
'Twas most maliciously done to undoe me.

Fran. And me too, I lost all;
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me, nor cloaths
But these poor rags; I had fifteen fair suits,
The worst was cut upon Taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost, give me thy hand,
Is thy skin whole? art thou not purl'd with scabs?
No antient monuments of Madam *Venus*?
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st Tailor,
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy executors the Worms, uncase thee,
They take off glorious sutes *Franvile*: thou art happy,
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no Brokers;
No Alchymists to turn 'em into Mettal;
Nor leather'd Captains, with Ladies to adore 'em;
Wilt thou see a Dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry,
Or an old Haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword
Thou paid'st a hundred Crowns for?
A Mermaid in a Mantle of your Worships,
Or a Dolphin in your double Ruffe?

Fran. Ye are merry, but if I take it thus,
If I be foisted and jeer'd out of my goods.

Lam. Nor I, I vow thee.
Nor Master, nor Mate, I see your cunning.

Alb. Oh be not angry Gentlemen.

Moril. Yes Sir, we have reason.
And some friends I can make.

Mast. What I did Gentlemen, was for the general safety.
If ye aim at me, I am not so tame.

Tib. Pray take my counsel Gallants.
Fight not till the Surgeon be well,
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all;
Besides he has lost his Fiddlestick, and the best
Box of Bores-grease; why do you make such faces,
And hand your swords?

Alb. Who would ye fight with Gentlemen?
Who has done ye wrong? for shame be better temper'd.
No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us?
What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,
These strong temptations of their holy pitties,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful,
That the singing storms are slumbers to it?

Tib. Be men, and rule your minds;
If you will needs fight, Gentlemen,
And think to raise new riches by your valours,
Have at ye, I have little else to do now
I have said my prayers; you say you have lost,
And make your loss your quarrel.
And grumble at my Captain here, and the Master
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,
Thou *Galloon* gallant, and *Mammon* you
That build on golden Mountains, thou Money-Maggot;
Come all, draw your swords, ye say ye are miserable.

Alb. Nay, hold good *Tibalt*.

Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em;
I'll make ye ten times worse, I will not leave 'em;
For look ye, fighting is as nourishing to me as eating,
I was born quarrelling.

Mast. Pray Sir.

Tib. I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em;
Do ye grumble, when ye are well, ye rogues?

Mast. Noble *Du-pont*.

Tib. Ye have cloaths now: and ye prate.

Amin. Pray Gentlemen, for my sake be at peace.
Let it become me to make all friends.

Fran. You have stopt our angers Lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well: 'tis very well: there's half a Bisket,
Break't amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.
This is Cloaths and Plate too; come no more quarrelling.

Amin. But ha! what things are these,
Are they humane creatures?

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa

Tib. I have heard of Sea-Calves.

Alb. They are no shadows sure, they have Legs and Arms.

Tib. They hang but lightly on though.

Amint. How they look, are they mens faces?

Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em.
Goodly long manes.

Amint. Alas what sunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!
Sure they are wretched men.

Tib. Where are their Wardrobes?
Look ye *Franvile*, here are a couple of Courtiers.

Amint. They kneel, alas poor souls.

Alb. What are ye? speak; are ye alive,
Or wandring shadows, that find no peace on earth,
Till ye reveal some hidden secret?

Sebast. We are men as you are;
Only our miseries make us seem monsters,
If ever pitty dwelt in noble hearts.

Alb. We understand 'em too: pray mark ['em] Gentlemen.

Sebast. Or that heaven is pleas'd with humane charity;
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,
Or suffered in your selves, the least afflictions,
Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And Mothers that have wept for your misfortunes,
Have mercy on our miseries.

Alb. Stand up wretches;
Speak boldly, and have release.

Nicus. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed name, bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this Island.

Alb. Speak; what are ye?

Seb. As you are, Gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings;
These many years in this most wretched Island
We two have liv'd: the scorn and game of fortune;
Bless your selves from it Noble Gentlemen;
The greatest plagues that humane nature suffers,
Are seated here, wildness, and wants innumerable.

Alb. How came ye hither?

Nicus. In a ship as you do, and [as] you might have been.
Had not Heaven preserv'd ye for some more noble use;
Wrackt desperately; our men, and all consum'd,
But we two; that still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged threds of our misfortunes.

Alb. Is there no meat above?

Sebast. Nor meat nor quiet;
No summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor Autumn, to make full the reapers hands;
The earth obdurate to the tears of heaven,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds.
No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves, no Beasts;
All that were made for man's use, flie this desart;
No airy Fowl dares make his flight over it,
It is so ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of nature,
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters;
Sometimes we find a fulsome Sea-root,
And that's a delicate: a Rat sometimes,

And that we hunt like Princes in their pleasure;
And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

Amint. For heavens sake let's aboard.

Alb. D'ye know no farther?

Nicu. Yes, we have sometimes seen the shadow of a place inhabited;
And heard the noise of hunters;
And have attempted [t]o find it, [s]o far as a River,
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high Rocks,
We have gone; but not able to atchieve that hazard,
Return to our old miseries.
If this sad story may deserve your pities.

Alb. Ye shall aboard with us, we will relieve your miseries:

Sebast. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit,
No Gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance;
Look ye that plough the Seas for wealth and pleasures,
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,
Look on those heaps, they seem hard ragged quarries;
Remove 'em, and view 'em fully.

Mast. Oh heaven, they are Gold and Jewels.

Sebast. Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

Moril. And here another,
All perfect Gold.

Alb. Stand farther off, you must not be your own carvers.

Lam. We have shares, and deep ones.

Fran. Yes Sir, we'll maintain't: ho fellow Sailors.

Lam. Stand all to your freedoms;
I'll have all this.

Fran. And I this.

Tib. You shall be hang'd first.

Lam. My losses shall be made good.

Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do't;
All that will share with us, assist us.

Tib. Captain, let's set in.

Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all:

Sebast. This Gold was the overthrow of my happiness;
I had command too, when I landed here,
And lead young, high, and noble spirits under me,
This cursed Gold enticing 'em, they set upon their Captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor Gentleman,
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own;
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,
And who Lords over all, turn'd against their own lives,
First in their rage, consum'd the Ship,
That poor part of the Ship that scap'd the first wrack,
Next their lives by heaps; Oh be you wise and careful:

Lam. We'll ha' more: sirrah, come shew it.

Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of.

Alb. Nay, and ye will be dogs.

[Beats 'em out.

Tib. Let me come, Captain:
This Golden age must have an Iron ending.
Have at the bunch.

[He beats 'em off. Exit.

Amint. Oh *Albert*; Oh Gentlemen, Oh Friends.

[Exit.

Sebast. Come noble Nephew, if we stay here, we dye,
Here rides their Ship, yet all are gone to th' spoil,
Let's make a quick use.

Nicus. Away dear Uncle.

Sebast. This Gold was our overthrow.

[Exit.

Nicus. It may now be our happiness.

Enter Tibalt and the rest

Tib. You shall have Gold: yes, I'll cram it int'ye;
You shall be your own carvers; yes, I'll carve ye.

Morill. I am sore, I pray hear reason:

Tib. I'll hear none.
Covetous base minds have no reason;
I am hurt my self; but whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls; how d'ye Captain?
Ye bleed apace, curse on the causers on't;
Ye do not faint?

Alb. No, no; I am not so happy.

Tib. D'ye howl, nay, ye deserve it:
Base greedy rogues; come, shall we make an end of 'em?

Alb. They are our Countrey-men, for heavens sake spare 'em.
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.

[Aminta above.]

Aminta. Oh Captain, Captain.

Alb. Whose voice is that?

Tib. The Ladies.

Amint. Look Captain, look; ye are undone: poor Captain,
We are all undone, all, all: we are all miserable,
Mad wilful men; ye are undone, your Ship, your Ship.

Alb. What of her?

Amint. She's under sail, and floating;
See where she flies: see to your shames, you wretches:
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you Gold.

[Lam. and Franvile goes up to see the Ship.]

1 Sail. They have cut the Cables,
And got her out; the Tide too has befriended 'em.

Mast. Where are the Sailors that kept her?

Boats. Here, here [in] the mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature, left the Boat ashore too;
This Gold, this damn'd enticing Gold.

2 Sail. How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!

Lam. Come back good old men:

Fran. Good honest men, come back.

Tib. The wind's against ye, speak louder.

Lam. Ye shall have all your Gold again: they see us.

Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel,
And howl ye block-heads; they'll have compassion on ye;
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely, ye have deserv'd it,
D'ye look like dogs now?
Are your mighty courages abated?

Alb. I bleed apace *Tibalt*:

Tib. Retire Sir: and make the best use of our miseries.
They but begin now.

Enter Aminta

Amint. Are ye alive still?

Alb. Yes sweet.

Tib. Help him off Lady;
And wrap him warm in your arms,
Here's something that's comfortable; off with him handsomely,
I'll come to ye straight; but vex these rascals a little.

[Exit Albert, Aminta.]

Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

Tib. Here's a Pestle of a *Portigue*, Sir;
'Tis excellent meat, with sour sauce;
And here's two Chains, suppose 'em Sausages;
Then there wants Mustard;
But the fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently:

Lam. Oh for that Surgeon, I shall die else.

Tib. Faith there he lies in the same pickle too.

Surg. My Salves, and all my Instruments are lost;
And I am hurt and starv'd;
Good Sir, seek for some herbs.

Tib. Here's Herb-graceless, will that serve?
Gentlemen will ye go to supper?

All. Where's the meat?

Tib. Where's the meat? what a Veal voice is there?

Fran. Would we had it Sir, or any thing else.

Tib. I would now cut your throat you dog,
But that I wo'not doe you such a courtesie;
To take you from the benefit of starving,
Oh! what a comfort will your worship have some three days hence!
Ye things beneath pittie, Famine shall be your harbinger;
You must not look for Down-beds here,
Nor Hangings; though I could wish ye strong ones;
Yet there be many lightsome cool Star-chambers,
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye;
Your first course is serv'd, expect the second.

[Exit.

Fran. A vengeance on these Jewels.

Lam. Oh! this cursed Gold.

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima

Enter Albert, Aminta

Alb.

Alas dear soul ye faint.

Amint. You speak the language
Which I should use to you, heaven knows, my weakness
Is not for what I suffer in my self,
But to imagine what you endure, and to what fate
Your cruel Stars reserve ye.

Alb. Do not add to my afflictions
By your tender pitties; sure we have chang'd Sexes;
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man; I like a weak girl, suffer.

Amint. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape! and every one
To me is a Sepulchre: if I lov'd truly,
(Wise men affirm, that true love can [doe] wonders,)
These bath'd in my warm tears, would soon be cur'd,
And leave no orifice behind; pray give me leave
To play the Surgeon, and bind 'em up;
The raw air rankles 'em.

Alb. Sweet, we want means.

Amint. Love can supply all wants.

Alb. What have ye done Sweet?
Oh sacriledge to beauty: there's no hair
Of these pure locks, by which the greatest King
Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.

Amint. Oh *Albert*, I offer this sacrifice of service
To the Altar of your staid temperance, and still adore it,
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the doer: but now I consider,
How long I was in your power: and with what honor;
You entertain'd me, it being seldom seen,
That youth, and heat of bloud, could e'r prescribe
Laws to it self; your goodness is the *Lethe*,
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye: how do you Sir?

Receive you the least ease from my service?
If you do, I am largely recompenc'd.

Alb. You good Angels,
That are engag'd, when mans ability fails,
To reward goodness: look upon this Lady
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet when I kiss these Rubies, methinks
I'm at a Banquet, a refreshing Banquet;
Speak my bless'd one, art not hungry?

Amint. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.

Alb. Blush unkind nature,
If thou hast power: or being to hear
Thy self, and by such innocence accus'd;
Must print a thousand kinds of shame, upon
Thy various face: canst thou supply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of Wines,
Till he cast up thy blessings? or a glutton,
That robs the Elements, to sooth his palat,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied? and suffer here
A Virgin which the Saints would make their guest,
To pine for hunger? ha, if my sence [*Horns within.*
Deceive me not, these Notes take Being
From the breath of men; confirm me my *Aminta*;
Again, this way the gentle wind conveys it to us,
Hear you nothing?

Amint. Yes, it seems free hunters Musick.

Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the *Portugals*
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
But ne'r could touch the shore from whence it came;
Follow me, my *Aminta*: my good genius,
Shew me the way still; still we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
We shall know further.

[*Exit. And Enter above.*

Alb. Courteous *Zephyrus*,
On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us;
The air clears too;
And now, we may discern another Island,
And questionless, the seat of fortunate men:
Oh that we could arrive there.

Amint. No *Albert*, 'tis not to be hop'd;
This envious Torrent's cruelly interpos'd;
We have no vessel that may transport us;
Nor hath nature given us wings to flie.

Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless; I feel
New vigor in me, and a spirit that dares
More than a man, to serve my fair *Aminta*;
These Arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim;
And my zeal to save thy innocent self,
Like wings, shall bear me up above the brackish waves.

Amint. Will ye then leave me?

Alb. Till now I ne'er was wretched.
My best *Aminta*, I swear by goodness
'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of my self that invites me
To this extream; 'tis to supply thy wants; and believe me
Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,
And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.

Amin. Oh but your absence.

Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and as you may,
Endeavour to take rest; and when that sleep
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,
Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be Queen of.
And now ye Powers, that e'er heard Lovers Prayers,
Or cherisht pure affection; look on him
That is your Votary; and make it known
Against all stops, you can defend your own.

[Exit.]

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta

Hip. How did we lose *Clarinda*?

Cro. When we believ'd the Stag was spent, and would take soil,
The sight of the black lake which we suppos'd
He chose for his last refuge, frighted him more
Than we that did pursue him.

Jul. That's usual; for, death it self is not so terrible
To any beast of chase.

Hip. Since we liv'd here, we ne'er could force one to it.

Cro. 'Tis so dreadful,
Birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not flie over it: when the Stag turn'd head,
And we, even tir'd with labor, *Clarinda*, as if
She were made of Air and Fire,
And had no part of earth in her, eagerly pursu'd him;
Nor need we fear her safety, this place yields not
Fawns nor Satyrs, or more lustful men;
Here we live secure,
And have among our selves a Common-wealth,
Which in our selves begun, with us must end.

Jul. I, there's the misery.

Cro. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts;
The strictness of our Governess, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny: for her self, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: and her daughter
The fair *Clarinda*, though in few years
Improv'd in height and large proportion,
Came here so young,
That scarce remembring that she had a father,
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a would appear a strange beast to her.

Jul. 'Tis not so with us.

Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made
For this single life; nor do I love hunting so,
But that I had rather be the chace my self.

Cro. By *Venus* (out upon me) I should have sworn
By *Diana*, I am of thy mind too wench;
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Every hour something tels me I am forsworn;
For I confess, imagination helps me sometimes,
And that's all is left for us to feed on,
We might starve else, for if I have any pleasure
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan;
Then from the Courtier to the Countrey-clown,

I have strange visions.

Jul. Visions *Crocale*?

Cro. Yes, and fine visions too;
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by our Canons; the last night
(Troth 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my Cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking.

Hip. Upon your back?

Cro. How should a young Maid lie, fool,
When she would be intranc'd?

Hip. We are instructed; forward I prethee.

Cro. Methought a sweet young man
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,
Stole slylie to my Cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times,
Yet still I slept.

Jul. Fie; thy lips run over *Crocale*.
But to the rest.

Cro. Lord, What a man is this thought I,
To do this to a Maid!
Yet then for my life I could not wake.
The youth, a little danted, with a trembling hand
Heav'd up the clothes.

Hip. Yet still you slept?

Cro. Y'faith I did; and when, methoughts, he was warm
by my side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretcht out both mine armes;
And when I felt him not, I shreekt out,
And wak'd for anger.

Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream.

Cro. I, if it had been a true one.

Enter Albert

Jul. But stay, What's here cast o'th' shore?

Hip. 'Tis a man;
Shall I shoot him?

Cro. No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;
Would we had more o'th' breed; stand close wenches,
And let's hear if he can speak.

Alb. Do I yet live?
Sure it is ayr I breathe; What place is this?
Sure something more than humane keeps residence here,
For I have past the *Stygian* gulph,
And touch upon the blessed shore? 'tis so;
This is the *Elizian* shade; these happy spirits,
That here enjoy all pleasures.

Hip. He makes towards us.

Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Cro. Hold, he makes no resistance.

Alb. Be not offended Goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your feet: or if not such,
But Nymphs of *Dian's* train, that range these groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know
I am a man, a wicked sinful man; and yet not sold
So far to impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies, or provoke
Your Heavenly angers; 'tis not for my self
I beg thus poorly, for I am already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath
Is for a Virgin, comes as near your selves
In all perfection, as what's mortal may
Resemble things divine. O pity her,
And let your charity free her from that desart,
If Heavenly charity can reach to Hell,
For sure that place comes near it: and where ere
My ghost shall find abode,
Eternally I shall powre blessings on ye.

Hip. By my life I cannot hurt him.

Cro. Though I lose my head for it, nor I.
I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda

Jul. But stay, *Clarinda*?

Cla. What new game have ye found here, ha!
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?

Cro. Keep off.

Cla. Wherefore, I pray? I ne'er turn'd
From a fell Lioness rob'd of her whelps,
And, Shall I fear dead carrion?

Jul. O but.

Cla. But, What is't?

Hip. It is infectious.

Cla. Has it not a name?

Cro. Yes, but such a name from which
As from the Devil your Mother commands us flie.

Cla. Is't a man?

Clo. It is.

Cla. What a brave shape it has in death;
How excellent would it appear had it life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My Mother say, I had a Father,
And was not he a Man?

Cro. Questionless Madam.

Cla. Your fathers too were Men?

Jul. Without doubt Lady.

Cla. And without such it is impossible
We could have been.

Hip. A sin against nature to deny it.

Cla. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a Mother,
Without the help of Men.

Cro. Impossible.

Cla. Which of you then most barbarous, that knew
You from a man had Being, and owe to it
The name of parent, durst presume to kill
The likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose Arrowes made these wounds? speak, or by *Dian*
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all.

Jul. Not mine.

Hip. Nor mine.

Cro. 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.
Restrain your fury Madam; had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your Mothers command.

Cla. But if she command unjust and cruel things,
We are not to obey it.

Cro. We are innocent; some storm did cast
Him shipwrackt on the shore, as you see wounded:
Nor durst we be Surgeons to such
Your Mother doth appoint for death.

Cla. Weak excuse; Where's pity?
Where's soft compassion? cruel, and ungrateful
Did providence offer to your charity
But one poor Subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it?

Hip. For ought I know, he's living yet;
And may tempt your Mother, by giving him succor.

Cla. Ha, come near I charge ye.
So, bend his body softly; rub his temples;
Nay, that shall be my office: how the red
Steales into his pale lips! run and fetch the simples
With which my Mother heal'd my arme
When last I was wounded by the Bore.

Cro. Doe: but remember her to come after ye,
That she may behold her daughters charity.

Cla. Now he breathes; [*Exit Hippolita.*
The ayr passing through the *Arabian* groves
Yields not so sweet an odour: prethee taste it;

Taste it good *Crocale*; yet I envy thee so great a blessing;
'Tis not sin to touch these Rubies, is it?

Jul. Not, I think.

Cla. Or thus to live *Camelion* like?
I could resign my essence to live ever thus.
O welcome; raise him up Gently. Some soft hand
Bound up these wounds; a womans hair. What fury
For which my ignorance does not know a name,
Is crept into my bosome? But I forget.

Enter Hippolita

My pious work. Now if this juyce hath power,
Let it appear; his eyelids ope: Prodigious!
Two Suns break from these Orbes.

Alb. Ha, Where am I? What new vision's this?
To what Goddess do I owe this second life?
Sure thou art more than mortal:
And any Sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal bounty: but to shew
I am not unthankful, th[u]s in humility
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,
By bearing of your weight.

Cla. No Goddess, friend: but made
Of that same brittle mould as you are;
One too acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no Trumpet
In the receiver. O forbear this duty;
I have a hand to meet with yours,
And lips to bid yours welcome.

Cro. I see, that by instinct,
Though a young Maid hath never seen a Man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter Rosella

But here's our Governess;
Now I expect a storme.

Ros. Child of my flesh,
And not of my fair unspotted mind,
Un-hand this Monster.

Cl. Monster, Mother?

Ros. Yes; and every word he speaks, a *Syrens* note,
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falshood and the perjuries of Men?
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
Is to be cruel to her self; the Sovereignty
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,
We conferr on our selves, and love those fetters
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,
Since thy fathers wrack, sought liberty,
To lose it un-compel'd? Did fortune guide,
Or rather destiny, our Barke, to which
We could appoint no Port, to this blest place,
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
That kept men in subjection? Did we then,
By their example, after we had lost
All we could love in man, here plant our selves,
With execrable oaths never to look
On man, but as a Monster? and, Wilt thou
Be the first president to infringe those vows
We made to Heaven?

Cl. Hear me; and hear me with justice.
And as ye are delighted in the name
Of Mother, hear a daughter that would be like you.
Should all Women use this obstinate abstinence,
You would force upon us; in a few years
The whole World would be peopled
Onely with Beasts.

Hip. We must, and will have Men.

Cro. I, or wee'll shake off all obedience.

Ros. Are ye mad?
Can no perswasion alter ye? suppose
You had my suffrage to your sute;
Can this Shipwrackt wretch supply them all?

Alb. Hear me great Lady!
I have fellowes in my misery, not far hence,
Divided only by this hellish River,
There live a company of wretched Men,

Such as your charity may make your slaves;
Imagine all the miseries mankind
May suffer under: and they groan beneath 'em.

Cla. But are they like to you?

Jul. Speak they your Language?

Cro. Are they able, lusty men?

Alb. They were good, Ladies;
And in their May of youth of gentle blood,
And such as may deserve ye; now cold and hunger
Hath lessen'd their perfection: but restor'd
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your favors.

Jul. This is a blessing
We durst not hope for.

Cla. Dear Mother, be not obdurate.

Ros. Hear then my resolution: and labor not
To add to what I'll grant, for 'twill be fruitless,
You shall appear as good Angels to these wretched Men;
In a small Boat wee'll pass o'er to 'em;
And bring 'em comfort: if you like their persons,
And they approve of yours: for wee'll force nothing;
And since we want ceremonies,
Each one shall choose a husband, and injoy
His company a Month, but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em; if you prove fruitful,
The Males ye shall return to them, the Females
We will reserve our selves: this is the utmost,
Ye shall e'er obtain: as ye think fit;
Ye may dismiss this stranger,
And prepare to morrow for the journey.

[Exit.]

Cla. Come, Sir, Will ye walk?
We will shew ye our pleasant Bowers,
And something ye shall find to cheer your heart.

Alb. Excellent Lady;
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desart
A Virgin almost pin'd.

Cla. Shee's not your Wife?

Alb. No Lady, but my Sister ('tis now dangerous
To speak truth) To her I deeply vow'd
Not to tast food, or rest, if fortune brought it me,
Till I bless'd her with my return: now if you please
To afford me an easie passage to her,
And some meat for her recovery,
I shall live your slave: and thankfully
She shall ever acknowledge her life at your service.

Cla. You plead so well, I can deny ye nothing;
I my self will see you furnisht;
And with the next Sun visit and relieve thee.

Alb. Ye are all goodness —

[Exit.]

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima

Enter severally, Lamure, Franvile, Morillat

Lam.

Oh! What a tempest have I in my stomach!
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds ake,
Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my thirst.

Fran. O *Lamure*, the happiness my dogs had
When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,
A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts,
Happy crusts: Oh! how sharp hunger pinches me!

[Exit Franvile.

Mor. O my importunate belly, I have nothing
To satisfie thee; I have sought,
As far as my weak legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing: neither meat nor water;
Nor any thing that's nourishing,
My bellies grown together like an empty sachel.

Enter Franvile

Lam. How now, What news?

Mor. Hast any meat yet?

Fran. Not a bit that I can see;
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard
To gnaw: I ha got some mud, we'll eat it with spoons,
Very good thick mud: but it stinks damnably;
There's old rotten trunks of Trees too,
But not a leafe nor blossome in all the Island.

Lam. How it looks!

Mor. It stinks too.

Lam. It may be poyson.

Fran. Let it be any thing;
So I can get it down: Why Man,
Poyson's a Princely dish.

Mor. Hast thou no Bisket?
No crumbs left in thy pocket: here's my dublet,
Give me but three small crumbes.

Fran. Not for three Kingdoms,
If I were master of 'em: Oh *Lamure*,
But one poor joynt of Mutton: we ha scorn'd (Man).

Lam. Thou speak'st of Paradis.

[*Fran.*] Or but the snuffes of those healths,
We have lewdly at midnight flang away.

Mor. Ah! but to lick the Glasses.

Enter Surgeon

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon: What
Hast thou discover'd? smile, smile, and comfort us.

Sur. I am expiring;
Smile they that can: I can find nothing Gentlemen,
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh that I had my boxes, and my lints now,
My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em.

Mor. Hast ne'er an old suppository?

Sur. Oh would I had Sir.

Lam. Or, but the paper where such a Cordial
Potion, or Pills hath been entomb'd.

Fran. Or the best bladder where a cooling-glisters.

Mor. Hast thou no searchcloths left?
Nor any old pultesses?

Fran. We care not to what it hath been ministred.

Sur. Sure I have none of these dainties Gentlemen.

Fran. Where's the great Wen
Thou cut'st from *Hugh* the saylers shoulder?
That would serve now for a most Princely banquet.

Sur. I, if we had it Gentlemen.
I flung it over-board, slave that I was.

Lam. A most unprovident villain.

Sur. If I had any thing that were but supple now!
I could make Sallads of your shoos Gentlemen,
And rare ones: any thing unctious.

Mor. I, and then we might fry the soals i'th' Sun.
The soals would make a second dish.

Lam. Or, souce 'em in the salt-water,
An inner soal well souc'd.

En. Aminta

Fran. Here comes the Woman;
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us,
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready,
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

Amin. How weary, and how hungry am I,
How feeble, and how faint is all my body!
Mine eyes like spent Lamps glowing out, grow heavy,
My sight forsaking me, and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny,
Oh! for a little water: a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me ere I perish:
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourisht me,
But they are all consum'd for thee dear *Albert*;
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless fate has swallow'd thee.
Oh – I grow heavy: sleep is a salve for misery;
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy.

Lam. Shee's fast asleep already,
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our wants?

Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,

And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her means.

Fran. True, we were bound ye all know,
For happy places, and most fertile Islands,
Where we had constant promises of all things,
She turn'd the Captains mind,
And must have him go in search, I know not of who,
Nor to what end: of such a fool her brother,
And such a coxcomb her kinsman, and we must put in every where,
She has put us in now yfaith.

Lam. Why should we consume thus, and starve,
Have nothing to relieve us;
And she live there that bred all our miseries,
Unrosted, or unsod?

Mor. I have read in stories.

Lam. Of such restoring meates,
We have examples;
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have eate their Children,
Men their slaves, nay their brothers: but these are nothing;
Husbands devoured their Wives: (th[ey] are their Chattels,)
And of a Schoolmaster, that in a time of famine,
Powdered up all his Scholars.

Mor. Shee's young and tydie,
In my conscience she'll eat delicately;
Just like young Pork a little lean,
Your opinion *Surgeon*.

Sur. I think she may be made good meat,
But look we shall want Salt.

Fran. Tush, she needs no powdering.

Sur. I grant ye;
But to suck out the humorous parts: by all means,
Lets kill her in a chafe, she'll eat the sweeter.

Lam. Let's kill her any way: and kill her quickly,
That we might be at our meat.

Sur. How if the Captain?

Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.
Wake her *Surgeon*, and cut her throat,

And then divide her, every Man his share.

Fran. She wakes her self.

Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?
O they are my friends; for heavens sake Gentlemen
Give me some food to save my life: if ye have ought to spare;
A little to relieve me: I may bless ye;
For weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Even now I die.

Mor. You'll save a labor then,
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't;
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull our selves from these afflictions,
We are starv'd too, famisht, all our hopes deluded;
Yet ere we die thus, wee'll have one dainty meal.

Amin. Shall I be with ye Gentlemen?

Lam. Yes mary shall ye: in our bellies Lady.
We love you well —

Amin. What said you Sir?

Lam. Mary wee'll eat your Ladiship.

Fran. You that have buried us in this base Island,
Wee'll bury ye in a more noble Monument.

Sur. Will ye say your prayers, that I may perform Lady?
We are wondrous sharp set; come Gentlemen,
Who are for the hinder parts?

Mor. I.

Fran. I.

Lam. And I.

Sur. Be patient;
They will not fall to every Man's share.

Amin. O hear me;
Hear me ye barbarous men.

Mor. Be short and pithy,
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.

Sur. And be not fearful,
For I'll kill ye daintily.

Amin. Are ye not *Christians*?

Lam. Why, do not *Christians* eat Women?

Enter Tibalt, Master, Saylor

Amin. Eat one another? 'tis most impious.

Sur. Come, come.

Amin. Oh, help, help, help.

Tib. The Ladies voice! stand off slaves,
What do you intend villains?
I have strength enough left me, if you abuse this soul,
To —

Ma. They would have ravisht her upon my life,
Speak, how was it Lady?

Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their hungers.

Tib. Ha, their hungers!

Ma. They would have eaten her.

Tib. O dam'd villains; speak, Is it true?

Sur. I confess an appetite.

Tib. An appetite, I'll fit ye for an appetite.
Are ye so sharp set, that her flesh must serve you?
Murther's a main good service with your Worships;
Since ye would be such Devils,
Why did you not begin with one another handsomly,
And spare the Woman to beget more food on?

Amin. Good Sir.

Tib. You shall grow mummy rascals;
I'll make you fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandogs.

Amin. Good Sir be merciful.

Tib. You shall know what 'tis to be damn'd, Canibals.

Amin. O my best friend!

Enter Albert

Al. Alas poor heart! here,
Here's some meat and sovereign drink to ease you,
Sit down gentle Sweet.

Amin. I am blest to see you.

Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food,
If you do dogs!

All. Oh, Captain, Captain, Captain.

Alb. Ye shall have meat all of you.

Tib. Captain, hear me first: hark,
'Tis so inhumane! I would not ha the air corrupted with it.

Alb. O barbarous men! sit down *Du-pont*,
Good Master, and honest Saylor.

Tib. But stand you off,
And waite upon our charity; I'll wait on you else;
And touch nothing but what's flung ye; as if you were dogs;
If you do, I'll cut your fingers; friends,
I'll spoil your carving.

Amin. There wretches, there.

Tib. Eat your meat handsomely now,
And give Heaven thanks.

Alb. There's more bread.

Tib. See, they snarle like dogs;
Eat quietly you Rascals, eat quietly.

Alb. There is drink too.

Tib. Come, come, I'll fill you each your cups,
Ye shall not surfet.

Amin. And what have you discover'd?

Alb. Sweet, a paradise,
A paradise inhabited with Angels,
Such as you are: their pitties make 'm Angels,
They gave me these viands, and supply'd me
With these pretious drinks.

Amin. Shall not we see 'em?

Alb. Yes, they will see you
Out of their charities, having heard our story,
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.

Amin. Are they all women?

Alb. All, and all in love with us.

Amin. How!

Alb. Do not mistake: in love with our misfortunes,
They will cherish and relieve our men.

Tib. Do you shrug now,
And pull up your noses? you smell comfort,
See they stretch out their Legs like Dottrels,
Each like a new Saint *Dennis*.

Alb. Dear Mistris,
When you would name me, and the women hear,
Call me your brother, you I'll call my sister,
And pray observe this all —
Why do you change color sweet.

Amin. Eating too much meat.

Alb. Sawc't with jealousy;
Fie, fie, dear saint, yfaith ye are too blame,
Are ye not here? here fixt in my heart?

All. Hark, hark;

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hipollitta, Juletta

Alb. They are come, stand ready, and look nobly,

And with all humble reverence receive 'em,
Our lives depend upon their gentle pitties,
And death waits on their anger.

Mor. Sure they are *Fairies*.

Tib. Be they Devils: Devils of flesh and blood;
After so long a *Lent*, and tedious voyage,
To me they are Angels.

Fran. O for some *Eringoes*!

Lam. *Potatoes*, or *Cantharides*.

Tib. Peace you Rogues, that buy abilities of your 'pothecaries,
Had I but took the diet of green Cheese,
And Onions for a month, I could do wonders.

Ros. Are these the Jewels you run mad for?
What can you see in one of these,
To whom you would vouchsafe a gentle touch?
Can nothing perswade you
To love your selves, and place your happiness
In cold and chaste embraces of each other.

Ju. This is from the purpose.

Hip. We had your grant to have them as they were.

Cla. 'Tis a beauteous Creature,
And to my self, I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her, and yet she is
The strangers sister; Why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.

Ros. When you repent,
That you refus'd my counsel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forward;
Yet leap'd into the Gulfe of your misfortunes,
But have your wishes.

Mast. Now she makes to us.

Amin. I am instructed, but take heed *Albert*,
You prove not false.

Alb. Ye are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not.

Ros. That you are poor and miserable men,
My eyes inform me: that without our succors,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety;
The present plight you are in, can resolve you
That to be merciful, is to draw near
The Heavenly essence: whether you will be
Thankful, I do not question; nor demand
What country bred you, what names, what maners;
To us it is sufficient we relieve
Such as have shapes of men: and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Farther of you, that on pain of death
You presume not to enquire what we are,
Or whence deriv'd.

Alb. In all things we obey you,
And thankfully we ever shall confess
Our selves your creatures.

Ros. You speak as becomes you;
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those weapons we could force from you.

Alb. We lay 'em down
Most gladly at your feet.

Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall wench;
But never was disarm'd before.

Ros. And now hear comfort,
Your wants shall be supply'd, and though it be
A debt women may challenge to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command;
We give up to you that power, and therefore
Freely each make his choice.

Fran. Then here I fix.

Mor. Nay, she is mine: I eyed her first.

Lam. This mine.

Tib. Stay good rascals;
You are too forward, sir Gallant,
You are not giving order to a Taylor
For the fashion of a new suit;
Nor are you in your warehouse, master Merchant,
Stand back, and give your betters leave: your betters;

And grumble not: if ye do, as I love meat
I will so swinge the salt itch out on you.
Captain, Master, and the rest of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows: we have been
Too late by the ears: and yet smart for our follies;
To end therefore all future emulation: if you please,
To trust to my election, you shall say,
I am not partial to my self; I doubt not
Give content to all.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Tib. Then but observe, how learned and discreetly,
I will proceed, and as a skilful Doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game;
Read over your complexions: for you Captain
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,
I give my judgment thus, for your aspect,
Y'are much inclin'd to melancholy: and that tells me,
The sullen *Saturne* had predominance
At your nativity, a malignant Planet,
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,
It may prove fatal: therefore to your armes,
I give this rose-cheekt Virgin.

Cla. To my wish;
Till now I never was happy.

Amin. Nor I accurs'd.

Tib. Master, you are old;
Yet love the game, that I perceive too,
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty;
Therefore to help ye here's a *Bradamanta*,
Or I am cosen'd in my calculation.

Cro. A poor old man alloted to my share.

Ti. Thou wouldst have two;
Nay, I think twenty: but fear not wench,
Though he be old he's tough: look on's making,
Hee'll not fail I warrant thee.

Ros. A merry fellow,
And were not man a creature I detest,
I could indure his company.

Ti. Here's a fair heard of Does before me,

And now for a barren one:
For, though I like the sport: I do not love
To Father children: like the *Grand Signior*,
Thus I walk in my *Seraglio*,
And view 'em as I pass: then draw I forth
My handkercher, and having made my choice,
I thus bestow it.

Ros. On me.

Ti. On you: now my choice is made;
To it you hungry Rascals.

Alb. Excellent.

Amin. As I love goodness,
It makes me smile i'th' height of all my fears.

Cla. What a strong contention you may behold
Between my Mothers mirth and anger.

Tib. Nay, no coyness: be Mistriss of your word,
I must, and will enjoy you.

Ros. Be advis'd fool: alas I am old;
How canst thou hope content from one that's fifty.

Ti. Never talk on't;
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;
Besides the weathers hot: and men
That have experience, fear Fevers:
A temperate diet is the onely Physick,
Your *Julips*, nor *Guajacum prunello's*,
Camphire pills, nor *Goord-water*,
Come not near your old Woman;
Youthful stomachs are still craving,
Though there be nothing left to stop their mouths with;
And believe me I am no frequent giver of those bounties:
Laugh on: laugh on: good Gentlemen do,
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you
Dig in the mines till your hearts ake.

Ros. A mad fellow;
[Well,] Sir, I'll give you hearing: and as I like
Your wooing, and discourse: but I must tell ye Sir,
That rich Widows look for great sums in present,
Or assurances of ample Joynters.

Ti. That to me is easie,

For instantly I'll do it, hear me comrades.

Alb. What say'st thou *Tibalt*?

Tib. Why, that to woo a Wench with empty hands
Is no good Heraldry, therefore let's to the gold,
And share it equally: 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand complements or cringes,
Ditties stolen from *Petrarch*, or Discourse from *Ovid*,
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,
And if ever fortune friend us with a Barque,
Largely supply us with all provision.

Alb. Well advis'd, defer it not.

Ti. Are ye all contented.

All. We are!

Ti. Lets away then,
Strait wee'll return,

[Exit.

And you shall see our riches.

Ros. Since I knew what wonder and amazement was,
I nee'r was so transported.

Cla. Why weep ye gentle Maid?
There is no danger here to such as you;
Banish fear: for with us I dare promise,
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.

Cro. We esteem our selves most happy in you.

Hip. And bless fortune that brought you hither.

Cla. Hark in your ear;
I love you as a friend already,
Ere long you shall call me by a nearer name,
I wish your brother well: I know you apprehend me.

Amin. I, to my grief I do;
Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me,
But thanks, to pay ye with.

Clar. That's more,
Than yet you stand engag'd for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with treasure

Ros. So soon return'd!

Alb. Here: see the Idol of the Lapidary.

Ti. These Pearls, for which the slavish *Negro*
Dives to the bottom of the Sea.

Lam. To get which the industrious Merchant
Touches at either pole.

Fran. The never-fayling purchase
Of Lordships, and of honors.

Mor. The Worlds Mistriss,
That can give every thing to the possessors.

Ma. For which the Saylor's scorn tempestuous Winds.
And spit defiance in the Sea.

Ti. Speak Lady: Look we not lovely now?

Ros. Yes, yes, O my Stars,
Be now for ever blest, that have brought
To my revenge these Robbers; take your arrowes,
And nayl these Monsters to the earth.

Alb. What mean ye Lady?
In what have we offended?

Ros. O my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on these Caskets, and these Jewels,
These were our own, when first we put to Sea
With good *Sebastian*: and these the Pyrats
That not alone depriv'd him of this treasure,
But also took his life.

Cro. Part of my present
I will remember was mine own.

Hip. And these were mine.

Ju. Sure, I have worn this Jewel.

Ros. Wherefore do ye stay then,
And not perform my command?

Al. O Heaven!
What cruel fate pursues us.

Ti. I am well enough serv'd,
That must be off'ring Joyntures, Jewels,
And precious stones, more than I brought with me.

Ros. Why shoot ye not?

Cla. Hear me dear Mother;
And when the greatest cruelty, is Justice,
Do not shew mercy: death to these starv'd wretches
Is a reward, not punishment: let 'em live
To undergoe the full weight of your displeasure.
And that they may have sence to feel the torments
They have deserv'd: allow 'em some small pittance,
To linger out their tortures.

Ros. 'Tis well counsell'd.

All. And wee'll follow it.

Alb. Hear us speak.

Ros. Peace dogs.
Bind 'em fast: when fury hath given way to reason,
I will determine of their sufferings,
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow pac'd,
At length o'rtakes the guilty; and the wrath
Of the incensed powers, will fall most sure
On wicked men, when they are most secure.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima

Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, Saylor

1 *Sayl.*

Here's nothing, Sir, but poverty and hunger;
No promise of inhabitation; neither track
of Beast,
Nor foot of Man: we have searcht
All this Rocky desert, yet cannot discover any assurance
Here is, or hath been such men.

2 *Sayl.* Not a relique of any thing they wore;
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune.
Believe it, these fellows are both false,
And, to get a little succor in their misery,
Have fram'd this cunning Tale.

Ray. The Ship, I know, is *French*, and own'd by Pirats,
If not by *Albert* my arch enemy.
You told me too there was a woman with 'em.
A young and handsome Woman.

Sebast. There was so Sir.

Raym. And such, and such young gallants.

Nic. We told you true, Sir,
That they had no means to quit this Island.

Raym. And that amidst their mutiny to save your lives,
You got their Ship.

Sebast. All is most certain, Sir.

Raym. Where are they then? Where are these Men
Or Woman? we are landed where your faiths
Did assure us, we could not miss their sights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea, and Famine
Strove, which should first devour ye;
Cloath'd, and cherisht ye; us'd ye as those ye say ye are.
Fair Gentlemen, now keep your words,
And shew us this company, your own free pitties spoke of;
These men ye left in misery; the Woman.

Men of those noble breedings you pretend to
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falshood;
Come, direct us.

Sebast. Alass, Sir, they are gone,
But by what means, or providence, we know not.

2 Sayl. Was not the Captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?

Nic. He was, Sir.

Raym. 'Twas *Albert*,
And my poor wretched sister.

1 Sayl. 'Twas he certain,
I ha been at Sea with him; many times at Sea.

Raym. Come, shew us these Men;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us.

Seb. We left 'em here; What should we say, Sir?
Here, in this place.

2 Sayl. The earth cannot swallow 'em;
They have no wings, they cannot fly sure.

Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,
That set their heart[s] a fire; we see no such thing,
No such sign; What can ye say to purge ye?
What have ye done with these men?

Nic. We, Sir?

Raym. You Sir;
For certain I believe ye saw such people.

Sebast. By all that's good,
By all that's pure and honest,
By all that's holy.

Raym. I dare not credit ye,
Ye have so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

1 Sayl. Let's put 'em in their ragged clothes again Captain,
For certain they are knaves, lets e'en deliver 'em
To their old fruitful Farm; here let 'em walk the Island.

Sebast. If ye do so, we shall curse your mercies.

Nic. Rather put us to Sea again.

Raym. Not so.

Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are *Christians*,
Though I hardly credit it: bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but these two wretches;
Yet leave 'em four dayes meat. If in that time,
(For I will search all nookes of this strange Island)
I can discover any tract of these men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honor ye;
If not, ye have found your Graves; so farewell.

[*Exit.*

Nic. That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent,
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us.

Sebast. Come Cousin, come; old time will end our story:
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory.

[*Exit.*

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, Juletta

Ros. Use 'em with all the austerity that may be,
They are our slaves; turn all those pitties,
Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,
To stern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,
Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their Rapines.
Some five dayes hence that blessed hour comes
Most happy to me, that knit this hand to my dear husbands,
And both our hearts in mutual bands.
That hour Ladies.

Cla. What of that hour?

Ros. Why, on that hour daughter,
And in the height of all our celebrations,
Our dear remembrances of that dear Man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,
Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to vengeance,
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice.
I will look glorious in their bloods;
And the most Noble spirit of *Sebastian*,

That perisht by the pride of these *French* Pirates,
Shall smile in Heaven, and bless the hand that kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your prisoners;
For he that makes a scape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair usage;
Take heed, I say, she that deceives my trust,
Again take heed: her life, and that's but light neither;
Her life in all the tortures my spirit can put on.

All. We shall be careful.

Ros. Do so.

[*Ex. Rossella.*

Cla. You are angry Mother, and ye are old too,
Forgetting what men are: but we shall temper ye.
How fare your prisoners, Ladies? in what formes
Do they appear in their afflictions?

Jul. Mine fare but poorly;
For so I am commanded: 'tis none of their fault.

Cla. Of what sort are they?

Jul. They say they are Gentlemen.
But they shew Mungrels.

Cla. How do they suffer?

Jul. Faith like boyes;
They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile
They kneel, and beg to have that face continued;
And like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on.
When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads,
Like fearful sheephounds; shew 'em a crust of bread
They'll Saint me presently, and skip like Apes
For a sup of Wine. I'll whip 'em like hackneys,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Cla. Tush, these are poor things.
Have they names like *Christians*?

Jul. Very fair names: *Franvile*, *Lamure*, and *Morillat*;
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handsomely,
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.
They are sound too o'my conscience,
Or very near upon't.

Cla. Fy, away fool.

Jul. They tell me,
If they might be brought before you,
They would reveale things of strange consequence.

Cla. Their base poor fears.

Jul. I, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.

Cla. An hour hence I'll take a view of e'm,
And hear their business. Are your Men thus too?

Cro. Mine? No, gentle Madam, mine were not cast
In such base molds; afflictions, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight, to my men;
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.
I have but two; the one they call *Du-pont*,
Tibalt Du-pont; the other the Ship-master.

Cla. Have they not lives, and fears?

Cro. Lives they have Madam;
But those lives never linkt to such companions
As fears or doubts.

Cla. Use 'em Nobly;
And where you find fit subjects for your pitties
Let it become ye to be courteous;
My Mother will not always be thus rigorous.

Hip. Mine are Saylor's Madam,
But they sleep soundly, and seldom trouble me, unless it be when
They dream sometimes of fights and tempests;
Then they rore and whistle for Cans of Wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play such reaks.
If they have meat, they thank me;
If none, they heartily desire to be hang'd quickly.
And this is all they care.

Cla. Look to 'em diligently; and where your pitties tells ye
They may deserve, give comfort.

All. We will.

[Exit.]

Cla. Come hither, be not frighted;

Enter Aminta

Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it,
Your tender innocence assures me, Virgin,
Ye had no share in those wrongs these men did us;
I find ye are not hardned in such mischiefs.
Your brother was mis-led sure,
Fouly mis-led.

Amin. How much I fear these pities!

Cla. Certain he was, so much I pity him;
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him;
Nay, for his own sake.

Amin. Ha!

Cla. For I see about him
Women have subtill eyes, and look narrowly;
Or I am much abus'd: many fair promises;
Nay beyond those, [too] many shadowed virtues.

Amin. I think he is good.

Cla. I assure my self he will be;
And out of that assurance take this comfort,
For I perceive your fear hath much dejected ye.
I love your brother.

Amin. Madam.

Cla. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt of favor,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes;
Indeed I love him.

Amin. Do ye indeed?

Cla. You doubt still, because ye fear his safety;
Indeed he is the sweetest man I ere saw;
I think the best. Ye may hear without blushes,
And give me thanks, if ye please, for my curtesie.

Amin. Madam, I ever must;
Yet witness Heaven, they are hard pull'd from me.

Believe me, Madam, so many imperfections I could find,
(Forgive me Grace for lying) and such wants,
('Tis to an honest use) such poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too;
There are a hundred handsomer; (I lie leudly)
Your noble usage, Madam, hath so bound me to ye,
That I must tell ye.

Cl. Come, tell your worst.

Amin. He is no husband for ye.
I think ye mean in that fair way.

Cl. Ye have hit it.

Amin. I am sure ye have hit my heart.
You will find him dangerous, Madam;
As fickle as the flying ayr, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful;
I could say more, and tell ye I have a brother,
Another brother, that so far excells this,
Both in the ornaments of Man, and making.

Cl. If you were not his sister, I should doubt ye mainly;
Doubt ye for his love, ye deal so cunningly.
Do not abuse me, I have trusted ye with more than life,
With my first love; be careful of me.

Amin. In what use, Madam?

Cl. In this Lady,
Speak to him for me, you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him:
It will become your tongue.

Amin. Become my grave.
O fortune, O cursed fortune!

Cl. Tell him his liberty,
And all those with him; all our wealth and Jewels.
Good sister, for I'll call ye so.

Amin. I shall Lady,
Even die, I hope.

Cl. Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,
And there he lies; give him what liberty you please;
But still conceal'd. What pleasure you shall please, Sister.
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'l take it;

Why do you study thus?

Amin. To avoid mischiefs, if they should happen.

Cla. Goe, and be happy for me.

Amin. O blind fortune;
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him,
In what strange desolation lives he here now?
Sure this Curtain will reveale.

Enter Albert

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort.
Or if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadowed.

Amin. Have ye forgot me, Sir?

Alb. My *Aminta*?

Amin. She Sir,
That walks here up and down an empty shadow,
One, that for some few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad Coffin,
Seeking some Desart place to lodge her griefs in.

Alb. Sweet sorrow welcome, welcome noble grief;
How got you this fair liberty to see me?
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.

Amin. I come to counsel ye.

Alb. Ye are still more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good Councils.
Pray then proceed.

Amin. Pray eat first, ye shew faint;
Here's Wine to refresh ye too.

Alb. I thank ye dear.

Amin. Drink again.

Alb. Here's to our loves.
How, turn and weep!
Pray pledge it: this happiness we have yet left,

Our hearts are free. Not pledge it? Why?
And though beneath the Axe this health were holy,
Why do ye weep thus?

Amin. I come to woo ye.

Alb. To woo me Sweet? I am woo'd and won already,
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes ye.
But you would deceive my sorrows; that's your intent.

Amin. I would I could, I should not weep, but smile.
Do ye like your Meat and Wine?

Alb. Like it?

Amin. Do you like your liberty?

Alb. All these I well may like.

Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em.
Do ye like wealth, and most unequal'd beauty?

Alb. Peace, indeed you'l make me angry.

Amin. Would I were dead that ask it,
Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.

Alb. What like, and who? add not more misery
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions.
Who is't you would have me like?
Who sent these comforts?

Amin. I must tell.

Alb. Be bold.

Amin. But be you temperate.
If you be bold I die. The young fair Virgin;
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,
And wisely hark, the Governess daughter:
That Star that strikes this Island full of wonder,
That blooming sweetness.

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She sent it: and with it,
It must be out, she dotes on ye,
And must enjoy ye: else no joy must find ye.

Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?

Amin. A sister may say much, and modestly.

Alb. A sister?

Amin. Yes, that name undid ye;
Undid us both: had ye nam'd Wife, she had fear'd ye;
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; She had shun'd, yea
Her Virgin modesty had not touch'd at ye.
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguisht.

Alb. Indeed I played the fool.

Amin. O my best Sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies. Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous:
Yet it preserves it self, comes off pure, innocent,
And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in glory. O Sir, lie no more.

Alb. Ye have read me a fair Lecture,
And put a spell upon my tongue for fayning.
But how will you counsel now?

Amin. Ye must study to forget me.

Alb. How?

Amin. Be patient.
Be wise and patient, it conce[r]ns ye highly.
Can ye lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?
Ye are a man, and man may shift affections,
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point,
Ye must lose me; many and mighty reasons.

Alb. Hear me *Aminta*,
Have you a man that loves you too, that feeds ye,
That sends ye liberty? Has this great Governess
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch ye?
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,
My fortune like my waining self, for this despis'd?
Am I for this forsaken? a new love chosen,
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous.
Take heed, your self, you swore you lov'd me dearly;

No few, nor little oathes you swore *Aminta*,
Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assur'd my self.
O seek no new wayes to cozen truth.

Amin. I do not.
By love it self I love thee,
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it.

Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?

Amin. For your safety,
To preserve your life.

Alb. My life, I do confess, is hers,
She gives it,
And let her take it back, I yield it.
My loves intirely thine, none shall touch at it;
None, my *Aminta*, none.

Amin. Ye have made me happy,
And now I know ye are mine. Fortune, I scorn thee.
Goe to your rest, and I'll sit by ye;
Whilst I have time I'll be your mate, and comfort ye,
For only I am trusted: you shall want nothing,
Not a liberty that I can steal ye.

Alb. May we not celebrate our loves *Aminta*?
And where our wishes cannot meet.

Amin. You are wanton,
But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever;
Look for no more, and that in private too.
Believe me, I shall blush else.
But, let's consider, we are both lost else.

Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, Master

Tib. You do well to ayre us, Ladies, we shall be musty else.
What are your wise wills now?

Cro. You are very crank still.

Tib. As crank as a holy Fryer, fed with hail-stones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like Bulls?

Mast. Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again, let's jog Ladies;
We are gross, and course, unfit for your sweet pleasures.

Tib. Knock off our shooes, and turn's to grass.

Cro. You are determined
Still to be stubborn then: it well becomes ye.

Tib. An humour Lady that contents a prisoner.
A sullen fit sometimes serves for a second course.

Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink,
And lodging to rest your bones.

Tib. My bones have bore me thus long,
And had their share of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.

Cro. Are ye thus harsh to all our Sex?

Mast. We cannot be merry without a Fidler,
Pray strike up your Tabors, Ladies.

Cro. The fools despise us.

Jul. We know ye are very hungry now.

Tib. Yes 'tis very wholsom, Ladies;
For we that have gross bodies, must be careful
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.

Jul. Why slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Mast. Very likely.
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.

Cro. Come, be more courteous.

Jul. Do, and then ye shall be pleas'd, and have all necessaries.

Tib. Give me some Ratsbane then.

Cro. And why Ratsbane, Mounsieur?

Tib. We live like vermine here, and eat up your cheese,
Your mouldy cheese, that none but Rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis just that Ratsbane should reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of Harvest this year, Ladies.

Jul. Ye shall have all content.

Mast. I, and we'll serve your uses.
I had rather serve hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;
Just like hungry Camels, sleeping or waking
You chew the cud still.

Cro. By this hand we'll starve ye.

Mast. 'Tis a noble courtesie.
I had as lief ye should famish me, as founder me:
To be jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain Tarts of Tarr about me,
And parcels of potargo in my Jerkin,
As long as these last.

Jul. Which will not last ever.

Tib. Then we'll eat one another like good fellows.
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine.

Jul. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'Twill be as we'll dress it Ladies.

Cro. Why sure ye are not men?

Mast. Ye had best come search us,
A Seaman is seldom without a salt Eele.

Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious wench;
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.
Tell me good Master, didst ever see such things?

Mast. I could like 'em, though they were lewdly given,
If they could say no; [but fie on 'em,
They gape like Oysters.]

Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us;
But your commanding impudence shall never fear us.
Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunings, crept into us,

And shew'd us your necessities: we had met your purposes,
Supply'd your wants. We are no Saints Ladies;
I love a good wench, as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love:
But such a sordid impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our dens again. Come noble Master.
You know our minds, Ladies:
This is the faith in which we'll die.

[Exit Tib. and Mast.]

Cro. I do admire 'em.

Jul. They are noble fellows,
And they shall not want, for this.

Cro. But see, *Clarinda* comes.
Farewel, I'll to my charge.

Enter Clarinda

Cla. Bring out those prisoners now,
And let me see 'em, and hear their business.

Jul. I will, Madam.

[Exit.]

Cla. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother.
She has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness
My love is ready to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, [and certain] wonder,
And bless the hour that brought him to this Island.
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franvile, Lamure

Mor. Bless thy Divine Beauty.

Fran. Mirror of sweetness.

Lam. Ever-springing brightness.

Cla. Nay, Stand up Gentlemen, and leave your flatteries.

Mor. She calls us Gentlemen, sure we shall have some meat now.

Cla. I am a mortal creature,
Worship Heaven, and give these attributes
To their Divinities. Methinks ye look but thin.

Mor. Oh we are starv'd, immortal beauty.

Lam. We are all poor starv'd knaves.

Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, Lady.

Mor. We were handsome men, and Gentlemen, and sweet men,
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties,
But now we look like Rogues;
Like poor starv'd rogues.

Cla. What would ye do if ye were to die now?

Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,
To put's in heart.

Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let's be drunk first, that we may die merrily,
And bless the founders.

Cla. Ye shall not die so hastily.
What dare ye do to deserve my favour?

Lam. Put us to any service.

Fran. Any bondage,
Let's but live.

Mar. We'll get a world of children,
For we know ye are hainously unprovided that way;
And ye shall beat us when we offend ye;
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.

Cla. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.
What's the great service ye so oft have threatned,
If ye might see me, and win my favour?

Jul. That business of discovery.

Mor. Oh, I'll tell ye Lady.

Lam. And so will I.

Fran. And I,
Pray let me speak first.

Mor. Good, no confusion.
We are before a Lady that knows manners;
And by the next meat I shall eat, 'tis certain,
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us.

Cla. Your Captains Sister, she you mean.

Mor. I, I, she's the business that we would open to ye.
You are cousened in her.

Lam. { How, what is't you would open?
Fran. { She is no Sister.

Mor. Good Sirs how quick you are.
She is no Sister, Madam.

Fran. She is his.

Mor. Peace I say.

Cla. What is she?

Mor. Faith, sweet Lady,
She is, as a man would say, his.

Cla. What?

Lam. His Mistriss.

Mor. Or, as some new Translators read, his.

Cla. Oh me!

Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
Unless he meant some villany? these ten weeks
He has had her at Sea, for his own proper appetite.

Lam. His Cabin-mate I'll assure ye.

Cla. No Sister, say ye?

Mor. No more than I am brother to your beauty.
I know not why he should juggle thus.

Cla. Do not lie to me.

Mor. If ye find me lie, Lady, hang me empty.

Cla. How am I fool'd!
Away with 'em *Juletta*, and feed 'em
But hark ye, with such food as they have given me.
New misery!

Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this.

[Exit.

Cla. Make 'em more wretched.
Oh I could burst! curse and kill now,
Kill any thing I meet, *Juletta*, follow me,
And call the rest along.

Jul. We follow, Madam.

[Exeunt.

Enter Albert and Aminta

Amint. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me;
How shall I answer her?

Alb. Tell her directly.

Amint. That were too suddain, too improvident;
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly,
They'll waste all come near 'em else.
Farewel once more.

Alb. Farewel,
And keep my love entire.
Nay, kiss me once again, me thinks we should not part.

Amint. Oh be wise, Sir.

Alb. Nay, one kiss more.

Amin. Indeed you're wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale, Hippolita

Cla. Out thou base woman.
[By Heaven] I'll shoot 'em both.

Cro. Nay stay, brave Lady, hold;
A suddain death cuts off a Nobler vengeance.

Cla. Am I made Bawd to your lascivious meetings?
Are ye grown so wise in sin?
Shut up that villa[ine]: and sirrah,
Now expect my utmost anger.
Let him there starve.

Alb. I mock at your mischiefs.

[Exit.]

Cla. Tie that false witch unto that Tree,
There let that savage beasts
Gnaw off her sweetness, and Snakes
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch
That none relieve her.

Hip. We could wish ye better fortune, Lady,
But dare not help ye.

Amin. Be your own friends, I thank ye.
Now only my last audit, and my greatest,
Oh Heaven, be kind unto me,
And if it be thy Will, preserve.

Enter Raymond

Ray. Who is this?
Sure 'tis a woman, I have trode this place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopl'd.
Ha, let me see! 'tis her face.
Oh Heaven! turn this way Maid.

Amin. Oh *Raymond*, oh Brother.

Raym. Her tongue too: 'tis my Sister; what rude hand!
Nay kiss me first, Oh joy!

Amin. Fly, fly dear brother,
You are lost else.

Jul. A man, a man, a new man.

Raym. What are these?

Enter Juletta, Crocale, Clarinda

Cro. An enemy, an enemy.

Cla. Dispatch him,
Take him off, shoot him straight.

Raym. I dare not use my sword, Ladies,
Against such comely foes.

Amin. Oh brother, brother!

Cla. Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em.
One word reply'd, ye die both.
Now brave mother, follow thy noble anger,
And I'll help thee.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima

Enter Rossella, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita

Ros.

I am deaf to all your intreaties: she that moves me
For pity or compassion to these Pirats,
Digs up her Fathers, or her Brothers Tomb,
And spurns about their ashes.
Couldst thou remember what a Father thou hadst once,
'Twould steel thy heart against all foolish pity.
By his memory, and the remembrance of his dear embraces,
I am taught, that in a Noble cause revenge is Noble;
And they shall fall the sacrifices to appease
His wandring Ghost, and my incensed fury.

Cla. The new come prisoner too!

Ros. He too[. Y]et that we may learn
Whether they are the same, or near ally'd
To those that forc'd me to this cruel course,
Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together and confer,
Within the distance of your ear; perhaps
They may discover something that may kill
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
From certain ruine.

C[r]o. That shall be my charge.

Ros. Yet to prevent
All hope of rescue: for this new-come Captain
Hath both a Ship and Men not far [off] from us,
Though ignorant to find the only Port,
That can yield entrance to our happy Island,
Guard the place strongly, and e'r the next Sun
Ends his diurnal progress, I will be
Happy in my revenge, or set 'em free.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita. [A Table furnish'd

Cro. So serve it plentifully,

And lose not time to enquire the cause;
There is a main design that hangs upon this bounty.
See the Table furnisht with Wine too,
That discovers secrets which tortures cannot open:
Open the doors too of the several prisons,
And give all free entrance into this room.
Undiscover'd I can here mark all.

Enter Tib. Mast

Here's Captain careless, and the tough Ship-master,
The slaves are nos'd like Vultures
How wild they look.

Tib. Ha, the mistery of this,
Some good Hobgoblin rise and reveal.

Mast. I'm amazed at it: nor can I sound the intent.

Tib. Is not this bread,
Substantial bread, not painted?

Mast. But take heed,
You may be poisoned.

Tib. I am sure I am famish'd;
And famine, as the wise man says,
Gripes the guts as much as any Mineral.
This may be *Treacle* sent to preserve me
After a long Fast: or be it *Vipers* spittle,
I'll run the hazard.

Mast. We are past all fear, I'll take part with ye.

Tib. Do: and now i'faith, how d'ye feel your self?
I find great ease in't. What's here;
Wine, and it be thy Will;
Strong lusty Wine. Well, fools may talk
Of *Mythridate*, Cordials, and *Elixirs*.
But from my youth this was my only Physick.
Here's a colour, what Ladies cheek,
Though cerus'd over, comes near it?
It sparkles too: hangs out Diamonds.
Oh my sweet-heart, how I will hug thee,
Again, and again! They are poor drunkards,
And not worth thy favors,
That number thy moist kisses in these Crystals.

Mast. But Mounsieur,
Here are Suckets, and sweet dishes.

Tib. Tush, boys meat,
I am past it; here's strong food fit for men:
Nectar, old lad. Mistriss of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.

Mast. Take heed (man)
Too much will breed distemper.

Tib. Hast thou liv'd at Sea
The most part of thy life, where to be sober
While we have Wine aboard, is capital Treason;
And dost thou preach sobriety?

Mast. Prethee forbear,
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.

Tib. I am sure for me: therefore *footra*,
When I am full, let 'em hang me, I care not.

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Morrillat, Franvile, severally

Mast. This has been his temper ever.
See, provoking dishes; candid *Eringoes*,
And *Potatoes*.

Tib. I'll not touch 'em, I will drink;
But not a bit on a march, I'll be an Eunuch rather.

Mast. Who are these?

Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my Text here.

Alb. *Raymond!*

Ray. *Albert!*

Tib. Away, I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off Rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;
Not a drop here.

Amint. Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger;

Those looks poison'd with fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh brother, look milder, or
The Crystal of his temperance
Will turn 'em on your self.

Alb. Sir, I have sought ye long
To find your pardon: you have plough'd the Ocean
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair Virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather
A mutual pitty of our present state,
Than to expostulate of breaches past,
Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from you[r] power, to force me to confess,
That I have done ye wrong, or such submission
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger;
You being your self slav'd, as I to others:
Yet for you[r] Sisters sake, her blessed sake,
In part of recompence of what she has suffer'd
For my rash folly; the contagion
Of my black actions, catching hold upon
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;
And wish however several motives kept us
From being friends, while we had hope to live,
Let death which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all contention.

Tib. Drink upon't, 'tis a good motion;
Ratifie it in Wine, and 'tis authentical.

Ray. When I consider
The ground of our long difference, and look on
Our not to be avoided miseries,
It doth beget in me I know not how
A soft Religious tenderness; which tells me,
Though we have many faults to answer for
Upon our own account, our Fathers crimes
Are in us punish'd. Oh *Albert*, the course
They took to leave us rich, was not honest,
Nor can that friendship last, which virtue joyns not.
When first they forc'd the industrious *Portugals*,
From their Plantations in the *Happy Islands*.

Cro. This is that I watch for.

Ray. And did omit no tyranny, which men,
Inured to spoil, and mischief could inflict,
On the grie[v]'d sufferers; when by lawless rapine
They reap'd the harvest, which their Labou[rs] sow'd;

And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
But laid for 'em at Sea to ravish from 'em
The last remainder of their wealth: then, then,
After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the *Portugals* escape,
They did begin to quarrel, like [ill] men;
(Forgive me piety, that I call 'em so)
No longer love, or correspondence holds,
Than it is cimented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn these swords they oft had bloodi'd
With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
Shewn to *Sebastian*, and his Colonie,
By being fatal enemies to each other.
Thence grew *Amintas* rape, and my desire
To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue:
As they for spoil ever forgot compassion
To women, (who should be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful War)
We now, young able men, are fall'n into
The hands of Women; that, against the soft
Tenderness familiar to their Sex,
Will shew no mercy.

Enter Crocale

Cro. None, unless you shew us
Our long lost Husbands.
We are those *Portugals* you talk'd of.

Ray. Stay,
I met upon the Sea in a tall Ship
Two *Portugals*, famish'd almost to death.

Tib. Our Ship by this Wine.
And those the rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the barren Islands.

Ray. Some such tale they told me,
And something of a Woman, which I find,
To be my Sister.

Cro. Where are these men?

Ray. I left 'em,
Supposing they had deluded me with forg'd tales,
In the Island, where they said

They had liv'd many years the wretched owners
Of a huge mass of treasure.

Alb. The same men: and that the fatal muck
We quarrell'd for.

Cro. They were *Portugals* you say.

Ray. So they profess'd.

Cro. They may prove such men as may save your lives,
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard life to be resolv'd on't:
How came you hither?

Ray. My ship lies by the Rivers mouth,
That can convey ye to these wretched men,
Which you desire to see.

Cro. Back to your prisons,
And pray for the success: if they be those
Which I desire to find, you are safe;
If not, prepare to die to morrow:
For the world cannot redeem ye.

Alb. However, we are arm'd
For either fortune.

[Exit.]

Tib. What must become of me now
That I am not dismiss'd?

Cro. Oh Sir, I purpose
To have your company.

Ti. Take heed wicked woman,
I am apt to mischief now.

Cro. You cannot be so unkind,
To her that gives you liberty.

Ti. No, I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't;
I have had store of good wine: and when I am drunk,
Joan is a Lady to me, and I shall
Lay about me like a Lord: I feel strange motions:
Avoid me temptation.

Cro. Come Sir, I'll help ye in.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa

Nicu. What may that be
That moves upon the Lake?

Sebast. Still it draws nearer,
And now I plainly can discern it.
'Tis the *French Ship*.

Nicu. In it a woman,
Who seems to invite us to her.

Sebast. Still she calls with signs of Love to hasten to her;
So lovely hope doth still appear:
I feel nor age, nor weakness.

Nicu. Though it bring death,
To us 'tis comfort: and deserves a meeting.
Or else fortune tyr'd with what we have suffer'd,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a period to our misery.

[Exeunt. [Horid Musick.]

Enter severally, Raymond, Albert, Aminta

Ray. What dreadful sounds are these?

Amint. Infernal Musick,
Fit for a bloody Feast.

Alb. It seems prepar'd
To kill our courages e'r they divorce
Our souls and bodies.

Ray. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

[An Altar prepar'd.]

Enter Rossillia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c

Amin. See the furies,
In their full trym of cruelty.

Ros. 'Tis the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord,
Set out the Altar, I my self will be
The Priest, and boldly do those horrid Rites
You shake to think on, lead these Captains nearer,
For they shall have the honor to fall first
To my *Sebastian's* ashes: and now wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,
And lately by your free confession,
French Pirats, and the sons of those I hate,
Even equal with the devil; hear with horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,
And what you are to suffer, no *Amazons* we,
But women of *Portugal* that must have from you
Sebastian and *Nicusa*; we are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers wrongs:
We are those wretched women,
Their injuries pursu'd, and overtook;
And from the sad remembrance of our losses
We are taught to be cruel; when we were forc'd
From that sweet air we breathed in, by their rapine,
And sought a place of being; as the Seas
And Winds conspir'd with their ill purposes,
To load us with afflictions in a storm
That fell upon us; the two ships that brought us,
To seek new fortunes in an unknown world
Were severed: the one bore all the able men,
Our Treasure and our Jewels: in the other,
We Women were embarqu'd: and fell upon,
After long tossing in the troubled main,
This pleasant Island: but in few months,
The men that did conduct us hither, died,
We long before had given our Husbands lost:
Remembring what we had suff'red by the *French*
We took a solemn Oath, never to admit
The curs'd society of men: necessity
Taught us those Arts, not usual to our Sex,
And the fertile Earth yielding abundance to us,
We did resolve, thus shap'd like *Amazons*
To end our lives; but when you arriv'd here,
And brought as presents to us, our own Jewels;
Those which were boorn in the other Ship,
How can ye hope to scape our vengeance?

Amint. It boots not then to swear our innocence?

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the owners?

Ray. Or that there are a remnant of that wrack,
And not far off?

Ros. All you affirm, I know,
Is but to win time; therefore prepare your throats,
The world shall not redeem ye: and that your cries
May find no entrance to our ears,
To move pity in any: bid loud Musick sound
Their fatal knells; if ye have prayers use 'em quickly,
To any power will own ye; but ha!

Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa, Tibalt

Who are these? what spectacles of misfortune?
Why are their looks
So full of Joy and Wonder?

Cro. Oh! lay by
These instruments of death, and welcome
To your arms, what you durst never hope to imbrace:
This is *Sebastian*, this *Nicusa*, Madam:
Preserv'd by miracle: look up dear *Sir*,
And know your own *Rossella*: be not lost
In wonder and amazement; or if nature
Can by instinct, instruct you what it is,
To be blessed with the name of Father,
Freely enjoy it in this fair Virgin.

Seb. Though my miseries,
And many years of wants I have endur'd,
May well deprive me of the memory
Of all joys past; yet looking on this building,
This ruin'd building of a heavenly form
In my *Rosilla*; I must remember, I am *Sebastian*.

Ros. Oh my joyes!

Seb. And here,
I see a perfect model of thy self,
As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine:
These cheeks and fronts, though wrinkled now with time
Which Art cannot restore: had equal pureness,
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
Which by fair order and succession,
I see descend on her: and may thy virtues

Wind into her form, and make her a perfect dower:
No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her.
I will not now *Rosilla*, ask thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours
In their relation: All past wrongs forgot;
I'm glad to see you Gentlemen; but most,
That [it] is in my power to save your lives;
You say'd ours, when we were near starv'd at Sea,
And I despair not, for if she be mine,
Rosilla can deny *Sebastian* nothing.

Ros. She does give up her self,
Her power and joys, and all, to you,
To be discharged of 'em as too burthensom;
Welcome in any shape.

Seb. Sir, in your looks,
I read your sute of my *Clarinda*: she is yours:
And Lady, if it be in me to confirm
Your hopes in this brave Gentleman,
Presume I am your servant.

Alb. We thank you Sir.

Amin. Oh happy hour!

Alb. O my dear *Aminta*;
Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix: she's mettle,
Steel to the back: and will cut my leaden dagger,
If not us'd with discretion.

Cro. You are still no changling.

Sebast. Nay,
All look chearfully, for none shall be
Deny'd their lawful wishes; when a while
We have here refresh'd our selves; we'll return
To our several homes; and well that voyage ends,
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Wit at several weapons

A COMEDY

The Persons represented in the Play

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old Knight, a great admirer of Wit.*

Witty-pate Oldcraft, *his Fathers own Son.*

Sir Gregory Fopp, *a witless Lord of Land.*

Cunningham, *a discreet Gen. Sir Gregories comrade and supplanter.*

Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decayed Knight,} Two sharking*

Priscian, *a poor Scholar,} companions.*

Pompey Doodle, *a clown, Sir Gregories man, a piece of puff-paste, like his Master.*

Mr. Credulous, *Nephew to Sir Perfidio[u]s, a shallow-brain'd Scholar.*

WOMEN

Neece to Sir Perfidious, *a rich and witty Heir.*

Lady Ruinous, *Wife to Sir Ruinous.*

Guardianess, *to Sir Perfidious his Neece, an old doting Crone.*

Mirabell, *the Guardianesses Neece.*

The Scene, London

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima

Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft an old Knight, and Witty-pate his Son

Witty.

Sir, I'm no boy, I'm deep in one and twenty,
The second years approaching.

Old K. A fine time

For a youth to live by his wits then I should think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

Witty. Wits, Sir?

Old K. I Wits Sir, if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,
I might have imploy'd my pains a great deal better;
Thou knowst all that I have, I ha' got by my wits,
And yet to see how urgent thou art too;
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means, I never offer'd it
My Parents from a School-boy, past nineteen once,
See what these times are grown to, before twenty
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed
Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous,
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a padler i'th' world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,
Born up by th' chin, as I bore up my self,
With my strong industry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies born up with Patrimonies,
Looks like a long great Ass that swims with bladders,
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him
He sinks, because he never try'd to swim
When Wit plaies with the billows that choak'd him.

Witty. Why is it not a fashion for a Father, Sir,
Out of his yearly thousands to allow
His only Son, a competent brace of hundreds;
Or such a toy?

Old K. Yes, if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his wits he may, but never I,

This is my humor, Sir, which you'll find constant;
I love Wit so well, because I liv'd by't,
That I'll give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
Which great ones oft forget; I admire much
This Ages dulness, when I scarce writ man,
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate
Of all the Maiden-heads extant, how many lay
'Mongst Chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange [Wenches,]
Though never many there I must confess
They have a trick to utter Ware so fast;
I knew which Lady had a mind to fall,
Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman breaking,
The price of every sinner to a hair,
And where to raise each price; which were the Tearmers,
That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,
Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and Half Crowns;
I knew how to match, and make my market.
Could give intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,
And then to see the Letchers shift a point,
'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
Their ador'd Mistriss chambers, and run fearfully,
Like Rats from burning houses, so brought I
My Clyents[a] the game still safe together,
And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.
Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
And's never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursie, I grew then
In mens opinions too, and confidences,
They put things call'd Executorships upon me,
The charge of Orphans, little senseless creatures,
Whom in their Childhoods I bound forth to Felt-makers,
To make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry,
Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
So wrought 'em out in time, there I rise ungently,
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,
I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,
I hold my humor firm, if I can see thee thrive by
Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage
To trust thee with my Lands when I dye; if not,
The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich children
Of the City, conclude in beggery, I'de rather
Make a wise stranger my Executor, then a foolish
Son my Heir, and to have my Lands call'd after my
Wit, than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one, must I still shift then?
I come brave Cheats, once to my trade agen.
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't,
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Old K. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I should ask you blessing e'r I goe, Sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Old K. Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once
Thou shalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine else,
Then why should I take care for thee?

Witty. 'Thank your bounty.

[Exit.

Old K. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature; I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my last cheat I fear me,
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
And discharge all my Legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
And never trouble any Interest money:
I've yet a Neece to wed, over whose steps
I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianess,
For fear some poor Earl steal her, 't has been threat'ned,
To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he shall miss on't;
To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall, he writes himself, I take it,
The antient'st *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion.

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cuningham

And she seems pleas'd, so two parts rest with me,
He's come; Sir *Gregory*, welcome, what's he Sir?

Sir Greg. Young *Cuningam*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance; he's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him, nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to Law for him;
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are,
But I will give him over when I list,

I ha' us'd wits so before.

Old K. I hope when y'are married Sir, you'll shake him off.

Sir Greg. Why what do you take me to be, old Fatheri'Law that shall be, do you think I'll have any of the *Wits* hang upon me, after I am married once? none of my kindred ever had before me; but where's this Neece? is't a fashion in *London*, to marry a woman and never see her?

Old K. Excuse the niceness, Sir, that care's your frien[d], Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her; There's many a *spent thing* call'd, *and't like your honor*, That lies in wait for her, at first snap she's a Countess, Drawn with six Mares through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coachman, Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* buttocks, This whets him on.

Sir Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, Sir, I long to see her, are you sure you have her, Is she not there already[?] Hark, oh hark.

Old K. How now, what's that Sir?

Sir Greg. Every Caroach goes by, Goes ev'n to th' heart of me.

Old K. I'll have that doubt eas'd, Sir, Instantly eas'd, Sir *Gregory*, and now I think on't A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there, We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't, And put a trick upon her, I love Wit pretiously, You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your friend first, If't please but him to stand for the Anti-mask.

Sir Gr. Puh, he shall stand for any thing, why his supper Lies i'my breeches here, I'll make him fast else.

Old K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly The Mask it self, a thousand a year joynture, The cloud, your frien[d] will be then drawn away, And only you the beauty of the Play.

Sir Gr. For Red and Black, I'll put down all your Fullers, Let but your Neece bring White, and we have three colours.

[Exit *Sir Greg.*]

Old K. I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

Cuning. I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, Sir.

Old K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir;
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a Wit.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know so much.

Old K. A pestilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey* spark
Had rather lose his dinner than his jest,
I say I love a Wit the best of all things.

Cun. Always except your self.

Old K. Has giv'n't me twice now.

Enter Neece and Guardianess

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a Wit
I should be heartily angry; cuds, my Neece,
You know the business with her.

Cun. With a Woman?
'Tis ev'n the very same it was I'm sure
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

Old K. This is the Gentleman I promis'd Neece,
To present to your affection.

Cun. ['W]are that Arrow.

Old K. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cun. I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game
Should be found out as I am.

Old K. Go set to her Sir – ha, ha, ha.

Cun. How noble is this virtue in you, Lady,
Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters
On your dull servants which truly tasted
Conclude all in comforts.

Old K. Puh.

Neece. It rather shews what a true worth can make,
Such as yours is.

Old K. And that's not worth a groat,
How like you him Neece?

Neece. It shall appear how well, Sir,
I humbly thank you for him.

Old K. Hah? ha, good gullery, he does it well i'faith,
Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-land* there:
Hold, hold, bear off I say, slid your part hangs too long.

Cun. My joys are mockeries.

Neece. Y'have both exprest a worthy care and love, Sir,
Had mine own eye been set at liberty,
To make a publick choice (believe my truth, Sir)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.

Old K. You will say so then,
Alas sweet Neece, all this is but the scabbard,
Now I draw forth the weapon.

Neece. How?

Old K. Sir *Gregory*,
Approach thou lad of thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory

Sir Gr. Who calls me?

Neece. What motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

Old K. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.

Sir Gr. I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.

Neece. You were ill advis'd, back, and take better counsel;
You may have good for an Angel, the least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, Sir
Trebles ten Counsellors Fees in Lady-ware,
Y'are over head and ears, e'r you be aware,
Faith keep a batchelor still, and go to Bowls, Sir,
Follow your Mistriss there, and prick and save, Sir;
For other Mistresses will make you a slave, Sir.

Sir Gr. So, so, I have my lerrepoop already.

Old K. Why how now *Neece*, this is the man I tell you.

Neece. He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock,
This is the man you would say.

Old K. The Devil rides I think.

Cun. I must use cunning here.

Old K. Make me not mad, use him with all respect,
This is the man I swear.

Neece. Would you could perswade me to that;
Alass, you cannot go beyond me Uncle,
You carry a Jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years, but —

Old K. I'm wrought beside my self.

Cun. I never beheld comliness till this minute.

Guar. Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these words
To an old Gentlewoman.

Neece. Sir.

Cun. Away fifteen,
Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

Neece. What's the business?

Cun. Give me these motherly creatures, come, ne'er smother it,
I know you are a teeming woman yet.

Guard. Troth a young Gent. might do much I think, Sir.

Cun. Go too then.

Guard. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

Neece. Can you so soon neglect me!

Cun. Hence I'm busie.

Old K. This cross point came in luckily, impudent baggage.
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not asham'd
To be a Widows hind'rance?

Cun. Are you angry, Sir?

Old K. You're welcome, pray court on, I shall desire
Your honest wise acquaintance; vex me not
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,
Like a consuming Light in her own socket,
And not allow'd a male creature about thee;
A very Monky, thy necessity
Shall prize at a thousand pound, a Chimney sweeper
At Fifteen hundred.

Neece. But are you serious, Uncle?

Old K. Serious.

Neece. Pray let me look upon the Gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over
In haste, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery sheets;
Beshrew my blood, a tollerable man,
Now I distinctly read him.

Sir Gr. Hum, hum, hum.

Neece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch,
Well ankled, two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness i'th face, why that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it, sign of greatness marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with *May*-butter,
I'll send to my Lady *Spend-tail* for her Medicine.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

Neece. He's qualified too, believe me.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

Neece. Where was my judgement?

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

Neece. Perfections cover'd mess.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

Neece. It smoaks apparantly, pardon sweet Sir,
The error of my Sex.

Old K. Why, well [s]aid Neece,
Upon submission you must pardon her now, Sir.

Sir Gr. I'll do't by course, do you think I'm an ass, Knight?
Here's first my hand, now't goes to the Seal-Office.

Old K. Formally finisht, how goes this Suit forward?

Cun. I'm taking measure of the Widows mind, Sir,
I hope to fit her heart.

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? things come in minutes.

Sir Gr. Trust him not Widow, he's a younger brother,
He'll swear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.

Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,
Than he that brings his thousands without any thing,
We have presidents for that amongst great Ladies.

Old K. Come, come, no language now shall be in fashion,
But your Love-phrase, the bell to procreation.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but this fourth,
This last illiterate share, there's no conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd, and must be.
Still where I am, nor has it been undeserv'd at the years
End, and shuffle the Almanack together, vacations and
Term-times, one with another, though I say't, my wife is a
Woman of a good spirit, then it is no lay-share.

Pris. Faith for this five year, *Ego possum probare*, I have had
A hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much
As I always.

Witty. Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens aut non residens, per fidem.*

Witty. And what president's this for me? because your *Hic & hac*,
Turpis and *Qui mihi discipulus* brains (that never got any thing but by

accidence and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my Father to get by —

Ruin. Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will 'bate no token of my wives share, make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good resolution, *profecto*, let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains *Pol*, *ædipol*, here's toward, a *Castor ecastor* for you, I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by these just five ends. —

Pris. Take heed, five's odd, put both hands together, or severally, they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. *Medius fi[d]ius*, hold your tongue, I depose you from half a share presently else, I will make you a participle, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your *Latine* ends shall go shift, *Solus cum solo* together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory

Ruin. Enough, enough, here comes company, we lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father, put on *Priscian*, he has *Latine* fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my face with a little more hair and relieve.

Old K. Tush Nephew (I'll call you so) for if there be
No other obstacles than those you speak of
They are but Powder-charges without pellets,
You may safely front 'em; and warrant your own danger.

Sir Gr. No other that I can perceive i'faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that (if need were) should defend her reputation.

Old K. And surely, Sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal Ladies, they require
Valour, either in a friend or a Husband.

Sir Gr. And I allow their requests i'faith, as well as any womans heart can desire, if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

Old K. Breaths, breaths Sir, that's the sweeter phrase.

Sir Gr. Blows for a Soldier, i'faith Sir, and I'm in Practise that way.

Old K. For a Soldier, I grant it.

Sir Gr. 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd.

Sir Gr. And some Scholar she would have me besides, Tush, that shall be no bar, 'tis a quality in a Gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

Old K. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere,*
Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other metall in us too.
Sir, you shall see me talk with this fellow now.

Sir Gr. I could find in my heart to talk with him too,
If I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia.*
Charitatis vestrae estote propitii in me jejunum
Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem.

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my faith, Sir, but I'll to him agen.

Sir Gr. Does he beg or steal in this Language, can you tell Sir?
He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er
The wiser.

Old K. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen, in ore*
Fames sitisq; ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,
In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.

Old K. *Audi tu bonus socius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo,*
Ego faciam argumentum, mark now Sir, now I fetch
Him up.

Sir Gr. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this,
Yet I could never learn half so much.

Old K. Audi, & responde, hoc est Argumentum, nomen est Nomen, ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc, Responde argumentum meum. Have I not put him to't, Sir?

Sir Gr. Yes Sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in, the rascal is put out of his pen'd Speech,
And he can go no farther.

Old K. Cur non respondes?

Pris. Oh Domine, tanta mea est miseria.

Witty. So, he's almost in agen.

Pris. Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitat.

Old K. Sed quod est tibi nomen: & quis dedit? Responde Argumentum.

Pris. Hem, hem.

Witty. He's dry he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. Courteous Gentlemen, if the brow of a Military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Ruin. Such is the Post-progress of cold charity now a-days, who (for heat to her frigid Limbs) passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Sir G. Sir, lets reward um I pray you, and be gone. If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them, his Iron and Steel tongue is as hard as the t'others *Latine* one.

Old K. Stay, stay Sir I will talk a little with him first,
Let me alone with both, I will try whether they
Live by their wits or no; for such a man I love,
And what? you both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.*

Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution, there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.

Sir Gr. What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows, if a man had um that could maintain um? what a double man were that, if these two fellows might be bought and sodden, and boil'd to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

Old K. Come Sir, joyn your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence bewixt us.

Sir Gr. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemen, how now? what are you encount'ed here? what fellows are these?

Old K. Faith Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle um a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay Sir, you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice; so many deceivers walk in these shadows now a days; that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own profession, Sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it, this pair of half score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, Sir?

Ruin. The first that flesht me a Soldier, Sir, was that great battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English Stukely* fell, and where that royal *Portugal Sebastian* ended his untimely days.

Witty. Are you sure *Sebastian* died there?

Ruin. Faith Sir, there was some other rumour hop't amongst us, that he, wounded, escap'd, and toucht on his Native shore agen, where finding his Countrey at home more distrest by the invasion of the *Spaniard*, than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith Sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since Sir, I serv'd in *France*, the *Low Countreys*, Lastly, at that memorable skirmish at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell, came home from his resolution, a double honor to his Countrey.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, Sir.

Old K. I do not think he is, Sir.

Witty. But Sir, me thinks you do not shew the marks of a Soldier, could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scarrs to be your chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many, but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good Soldier cannot want those badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that, for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best, alwaies at a Cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar too,
To ask you why you should be poor (yet richly learn'd)
Were no question, at least, you can easily
Answer it; but whether you have learning enough,
To deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is
Commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be tryed;
You have the Languages, I mean the chief,
As the *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Greek*, *Latine*, &c.

Pris. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.*

Old K. The *Latine* I have sufficiently tried him in,
And I promise you Sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.
Toi[s] miois fatherois iste Cock-scomboy?

Pris. *Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi Asinisoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous pollous strikerous, Angelo to peeso.*

Witty. Certainly Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the *Greek*.

Old K. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out ten years siege (as 'tis reported) against the *Greeks*, if *Achilles* spoke but this tongue? I do not think but he might have shaken down the Walls in a seven-night, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the *Syriack*. *Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

Pris. *Hashagath rabgabosh shobos onoriadka.*

Witty. *Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.*

[*Pris.*] *Napshamothem Ribs[h]e bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any man that can, go farther, I confess my self at a *Nonplus*.

Sir Greg. Faith not I, Sir, I was at my farthest in my natural language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a little my friends) I say, 'tis pity such fellows so endow'd, so qualified with the gifts of Nature and Arts, yet should have such a scarcity of fortune's benefits, we must blame our Ironhearted age for it.

Old K. 'Tis pity indeed, and our pity shall speak a little, for 'em; Come Sir, here's my groat.

Witty. A Groat Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, 'twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit your self, I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my wits to live on.

Old K. Troth and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so, here fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were here heavier for your sakes, there's a pair of Angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.*

Old K. This is an ill example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to day.

Sir Gr. Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be Soldier or Scholar while I live; here friends, there's a piece, that if he were divided, would make a pair of Angels for me too, in the love I bear to the Sword and the Tongues.

Old K. My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you, this bounty is a little abatement of my wit, though I feel that.

Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their increase.

Old K. Fare you well, Sir, these fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your wits, if you use this bounty, you'll begger your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it, this seed never wants his harvest, fare you well, Sir.

[Exit.]

Sir Gr. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable Thief, as an unreasonable Begger sometimes, I could find in my heart to beg half mine back agen, can you change my piece my friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

Sir Gr. My Gold is turn'd into *Latine*.

Enter Witty-pate

Look you good fellows, here's one round
Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

Old K. Sir, away, we shall be drawn farther into damage else.

Sir Gr. A pox of the Fool, he live by his wits? if his wits leave him any money, but what he begs or steals very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him.

[Exeunt the two Knights.]

Ruin. This breakfast parcel was well fetcht off i'faith.

Witty. Tush, a by-blow for mirth, we must have better purchase, we want a fourth for another project that I have ripen'd.

Ruin. My wife she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine.

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'st conditions, she fears not the crack of a Pistol, she dares say Stand to a Grazier.

Pris. Probatum fuit, profecto Domine.

Witty. Good, then you Sir *Bacchus*, *Apollo* shall be dispatcht with her share, and some contents to meet us to morrow (at a certain place and time appointed) in the Masculine Gender, my Father has a Nephew, and I an own Cosin coming up from the University, whom he loves most indulgently, easie Master *Credulous Oldcraft*, (for you know what your meer Academique is) your Carrier never misses his hour, he must not be rob'd (because he has but little to lose) but he must joyn with us in a devise that I have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't, for there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his profest wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my wits.

Pris. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hunder'd weight, though it be Counters (for my *Alchemy* shall turn 'em into Gold of my Fathers) the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down, and Father, you shall know, that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by;

And to confirm your self in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wits legitimate.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima

Enter Lady and Servants

Serv.

Nay Lady.

Lady. Put me not in mind on't, prethee,
You cannot do a greater wrong to Women,
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remembred; 'tis a Title
That misery mocks us by, and the worlds malice,
Scorn and contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble Callings; they are safe, and lye
Level with pittie still, and pale distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
And our worst enemy than that most abuses us,
Is that we are call'd by, Lady, Oh my spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world agen,
Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,
To see how many muckhils plac'd above me;
Peasants and Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghils,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistring by night like Glow-worms through the High streets
Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans hands
That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
Nay sometimes danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,
And earn my supper manfully e'r I get it,
Many a meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priscian

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.
Hah, what are you?

Pris. Now you may tell your self, Lady.

[Pulls off's beard.]

Lady. Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's the project,
For you n'er come without one.

Pris. First, your Husband,
Sir *Ruinous Gentry* greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five Cheats and two Robberies.

Lady. And what comes it too?

Prisc. Near upon thirteen pound.

Lady. A goodly share,
'Twill put a Lady scarce in Philip and Cheyney,
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chambermaid,
Here's precious lifting.

Pris. 'Las you must consider, Lady,
'Tis but young Term, Attornies ha small doings yet,
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs ha little,
We've had no great good luck to speak troth, Beauty,
Since your stout Ladyship parted from's at *Highgate*,
But there's a fair hope now for a present hunder'd,
Here's mans Apparel, your Horse stands at door.

Lady. And what's the virtuous plot now?

Prisc. Marry Lady,
You, like a brave young Gallant must be robb'd.

Lady. I robb'd?

Pris. Nay then —

Lady. Well, well, go on, let's hear Sir.

Pris. Here's a seal'd bag of a Hunder'd, which indeed
Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats
Of white money i'th' mouth on't.

Lady. So, what Saddle have I?

Pris. Monsieur *Laroon's* the *Frenchmans*.

Lady. That agen,
You know so well it is not for my stride,
How oft have I complain'd on't?

Pris. You may have [*Jockey's*] then, the little *Scotch* one,
You must dispatch.

[Exit Pris.

Lady. I'll soon be ready, Sir,
Before you ha shifted Saddles, many Women
Have their wealth flow to 'em, I was made I see
To help my fortune, not my fortune me.

[Exit.

Enter Cuningam

Cun. My ways are Goblin-led, and the night-Elf
Still draws me from my home, yet I follow,
Sure, 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such Hags do get dominion of our tongues
So soon as we speak, the Inchantment binds;
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear agen;
Piping through this old reed, the Guardianess,
With purpose that my harmony shall reach
And please the Ladies ear, she stops below,
And ecchoes back my Love unto my Lips,
Perswaded by most violent arguments
Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,
To doat upon her hunder'd wrinkl'd face;
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; 'twere charity,
But for pities sake I will be a niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her;
I'm haunted agen, if it take not now
I'll break the Spell.

Enter Guardianess

Guard. Sweet *Cuningam*, welcome;
What? a whole day absent? Birds that build Nests
Have care to keep 'em.

Cun. That's granted,
But not continually to sit upon 'em;
Less in the youngling season, else they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours,
Then they return with fresher appetite

To work agen.

Guard. Well, well, you have built a Nest
That will stand all storms, you need not mistrust
A weather-wrack, and one day it may be
The youngling season too, then I hope
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

Cun. There will be pains,
I see to shake this Burr off, and sweetest,
Prethee how fares thy charge? has my good friend
Sir *Gregory*, the countenance of a Lover?

Guard. No by my troth, not in my mind, methinks
(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a fool.

Cun. Nay i'faith, ne'r divide his Worship from him for that
Small matter; Fool and Worship are no such
Strangers now adaies, but my meaning is,
Has he thy Ladies countenance of Love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As *Cupid* bless us, we have?

Guard. Troth I know not,
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge,
But I protest I wish the Knight better
For your sake, Bird.

Cun. Why thanks sweet Bird, and with my heart I wish,
That he had as strong and likely hope of her
As thou hast of me.

Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish, and I'll tell you
Bird (for secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me? for what?

Guard. For my sake, I mean so, I have heard her
A hundred times, since her Uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd doe somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together,
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things and things,
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find
Some advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

Cun. Faith be not sparing, tell me.

Guard. By my Lady
You shall pardon me for that, 'twere a shame
If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.

Cun. You must give me leave yet,
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. Nor that neither,
She must not take [a] notice of my blabbing,
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful,
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

Cun. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty.

Guard. I, but you must not know it, if you tell
All that I open to you; you'll shame us both;
A far off you may kiss your hand, blush or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.

Cun. Whoop! you'll be jealous I perceive now.

Guard. Jealous? why there's no true love without it, Bird,
I must be jealous of thee, but for her,
(Were it within my duty to my Master)
I durst trust her with the strongest temp[t]er,
And I dare swear her now as pure a Virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage bed;
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

Cun. And where's the cause of your fear then?

Guard. Well, well;
When things are past, and the wedding Torches
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cun. Come, come, I see farther,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

Guard. I protest I should a little, but not of her
It is the married woman (if you mark it)
And not the Maid that longs, the appetite
Follows the first taste, when we have relisht
We wish cloying, the taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more,

But I reveal too much to you, i'faith Bird.

Cun. Not a whit i'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledg.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd
But make not things common.

Cun. Ud' so, your Lady?

Guard. I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Neece and Clown

Nee. This present from Sir *Greg[o]ry*?

Clow. From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir *Greg[o]ry Fop*.

Nee. A Ruffe? and what might be his high conceit
In sending of a Ruff?

Clow. I think he had two conceits in it forsooth, too high too Low, Ruff
high, because as the Ruff does embrace your neck all day, so does he
desire to throw his Knightly Arms.

Nee. But then I leave him off a-nights.

Clow. Why then he is ruffe low, a ruffian, a bold adventurous errand
to do any rough service for his Lady.

Nee. A witty and unhappy conceit, does he mean
As he seems to say unto that reverence?

[Toward Cuning.

He does woee her sure.

Clow. To tell [you] truth, Lady, his conceit was far better than I have
blaz'd it yet.

Nee. Do you think so, Sir?

Clow. Nay, I know it forsooth, for it was two days, e'r he compass'd
it, to find a fitting present for your Ladyship, he was sending once a
very fine Puppy to you.

Nee. And that he would have brought himself.

Clow. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his device, and sent this Ruffe; requesting withall, that whensoever it is foul, you (with your own hands) would bestow the starching of it.

Nee. Else she woos him, now his eyes shoots this way;
And what was the reason for that, Sir?

[Toward Cun.

Clow. There lies his main conceit, Lady, for says he, In so doing she cannot chuse but in the starching, to clap it often between her hands, and so she gives a great liking and applause to my Present, whereas, if I should send a Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hist, hiss, hiss, which is a fearful disgrace, he drew the device from a Play, at the *Bull* tother day.

Nee. I marry Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.

Clow. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

Guard. How now? which way look you, Bird?

Cun. At the Fool Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

Guard. At the Fool and I here? what need that? pray look this way.

Nee. I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any,) or force him
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)
Without any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I shall aske you now, Was this device
Your Masters own? I doubt his wit in it;
He's not so ingen[i]us.

Clow. His own I assure you, Madam.

Nee. Nay, you must not lye.

Clow. Not with a Lady, I'd rather lye with you, than lie with my Master,
by your leave in such a case as this.

Guard. Yet agen your eye?

Cun. The fool makes mirth i'faith,
I would hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Nee. Come hither, friend, nay, come nearer me; did
Thy Master send thee to me? he may be wise,
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't;
Was *Vulcan* ever so unwise to send *Mars*
To be his spokesman, when he went a wooing?
Send thee? hey-ho, a pretty rowling eye.

Clow. I can turn up the white and the black too, and need be forsooth.

Nee. Why, here's an amor[o]us nose.

[*Clow.*] You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.

Nee. A cheek, how I could put it now in dalliance,
A pair of Lips, oh that we were uney'd,
I could suck Sugar from 'em, what a beard's here!
When will the Knight thy Master have such a
Stamp of manhood on his face? nay, do not blush.

Clow. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.

Cun. 'Death, she courts the fool.

Guard. Away, away, 'tis sport, do not mind it.

Nee. Give me thy hand, come, be familiar;
[I, h]ere's a promising palm; what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here, here's Down compar'd
With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knights fingers
Are lean matrice rubbers to these Feathers,
I prethee let me lean my cheek upon't.
What a soft pillow's here!

Clow. Hum, umh, hu, hum.

Neece. Why there's a courage in that lively passion,
Measure thee all o'r, there's not a limb
But has his full proportion, it is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,
The goodlier man [by] half, at once now
I see thee all over.

Clow. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back, you would have
sed you had seen, there was two Chambermaids that saw me, and my
legs by chance were tangled in the flags, and when they saw how I was
hang'd, they cryed out, Oh help the man for fear he be drown'd.

Nec. They could do no less in pity, come thine arm, we'll walk together.

Cun. Blindness of Love and Women, why she dotes upon the fool.

Guard. What's that to you, mind her not.

Cun. Away you Burr.

Guard. How's that?

Cun. Hang of Fleshhook, fasten thine itchy claspe
On some dry Toad-stool that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh abominable,
Why do you not love me?

Cun. No, never did;
I took thee down a little way to
Enforce a Vomit from my offended stomach,
Now thou'rt up agen, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh villain.

Cun. Why dost thou not see a sight.
Would make a man abjure the sight of Women.

Neece. Ha, ha, ha, he's vext; ha, ha, ha.

Clow. Ha, ha, ha.

Neece. Why dost thou laugh?

Clow. Because thou laugh'st, nothing else i'faith.

Cun. She has but mockt my folly, else she finds not
The bosome of my purpose, some other way,
Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit.

[Exit.]

Nec. Yes introth, I laught to think of thy Master,
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clow. By my troth I laugh at him too, faith sirrah, he's but a fool to say
the truth, though I say't, that should not say't.

Neece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee;
Well, for this time we'll part, you perceive something,
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness,
But pray be silent.

Clow. As Mouse in Cheese, or Goose in Hay i'faith.

Neece. Look, we are cut off, there's my hand where my
Lips would be.

Clow. I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewell.

[Exit.]

Neece. Now Guardianess, I need not ask where you have been.

Guard. Oh Lady, never was woman so abus'd.

Enter Clown

Clow. Dost thou hear Lady, sweet-heart, I had forgot to tell thee, if you
will, I will come back in the evening.

Neece. By no means, come not till I send for you.

Clow. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone,
I may be convey'd into your chamber, I'll lye under the bed while
midnight, or so, or you shall put me up in one of your little boxes, I
can creep in at a small hole.

Neece. These are things I dare not venture, I charge you on my love,
never come till I send for you.

Clow. *Verbum insipienti*, 'tis enough to the wise, nor I think it is not fit
the Knight should know any thing yet.

Neece. By no means, pray you go now, we are suspected.

Clow. For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.

Neece. Now I'll make a firm trial of your love,
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a syllable, 'tis the seal of love, take heed.

Clow. Hum, hum, hum, hum – .
He humhs loath to depart.

[Exit Clown.]

Neece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone, now Guardianess,
What? your eyes easing your heart, the cause woman?

Guard. The cause is false man, Madam, oh Lady,
I have been gull'd in a shining Carbuncle,
A very Glo-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neece. And justly serv'd,
Wouldst thou once think that such an [erring] spring
Would dote upon thine Autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard him but protest.

Neece. I would not have believ'd him,
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly.
In wanton imitation with the Fool,
Go weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss, for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it; wert thou so dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and incapable,
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey, the stale to catch another Bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Neece. Yet thou perceiv'st not,
It is your Neece he loves, wouldst thou be made
A stalking Jade? 'tis she examine it,
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path
Over unbeaten grounds, go level to the mark,
Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleasing,
And rare's but seldom in the simple sence,
But has her *Emphasis* with eminence.

[Exit.]

Guard. My Neece? she the rival of my abuse?
My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't;

Enter Mirabel

Oh opportunity, thou blessest me
Now Gentlewoman are you parted so soon?

Where's your friend I pray? your *Cuningam*?

Mir. What say you Aunt?

Guard. Come, come, your *Cuningame*?
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not, what ail you Aunt?
Are you not well?

Guard. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor sleeping, nor waking,
nor nothing, nor any thing; I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us, what do you mean, Aunt?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Guard. On thee Baggage.

Mir. Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reacht so far as thought in me
Towards you Aunt.

Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your *Cuningame*; can either blind me,
The gentle Beggar loves you.

Mir. Beseech you,
Let me stay your error, I begin to hear,
And shake off my amazement; if you think
That ever any passage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenc'd, any
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
So much as Brother and Sister might meet with,
The Lip-salute, so much as strangers might
Take a farewell with, the commixed hands,
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these;
In troth you wrong your bosom, by that truth
(Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me,
If it were offer'd ye) I am as free
As all this protestation.

Guard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe truth: why, I thought he had
spoke love to you, and if his heart prompted his tongue, sure
I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh falsest man, *Ixion's* plague fell on me,
Never by woman (such a *masculine* cloud)
So airy and so subtle was embrac'd.

Mir. By no cause in me, by my life dear Aunt.

Guard. I believe you, then help in my revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever,
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon,
Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires
With all the Engines of a womans wit,
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
And when thou hast him by th' amorous gills,
Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,
Then let his banquetings be *Tantalisme*,
Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out;
Oh I should climb my Stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love.

Mir. This will be a strange taste, Aunt, and an
Unwilling labour, yet in your injunction
I am a servant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertak't?

Mir. Yes, let the success commend it self hereafter.

Guard. Effect it Girl, my substance is thy store,
Nothing but want of Will makes woman poor.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*, thou art not stark mad, art thou? Wilt thou not
tell me how my Lady does?

Clow. Your Lady?

Sir Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no:

Clow. The thing that you sent her, Knight, by the thing that you sent,
was for the things sake that was sent to carry the thing that you sent,
very kindly receiv'd; first, there is your Indenture, now go seek you a
servant: secondly, you are a Knight: thirdly and lastly, I am mine own
man: and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*? prethee let me speak with thee, I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.

Clow. Knight, if you be a Knight, so keep you; as for the Lady, who shall say that she is not a fair Lady, a sweet Lady, an honest and a virtuous Lady, I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these fingers ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's no body says so *Pompey*.

Clow. Whatsoever things have past between the Lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain my self with bread and water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no body thinks otherwise.

Clow. Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom; shall we say that kindnesses from Ladies are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the Lady and the party, which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.

Sir Greg. Why I say she is honest.

Clow. Is she honest? in what sense do you say she is honest, Knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no Gentleman.

Clow. Throw your Dagger at me! do not Knight, I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other words of me, the Lady is an honest Lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name; this I give you to understand, That another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stamp'd beard, and be as proper a man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a *Pompey* as a *Gregory*, a *Doodle* as a *Fop*; so Servingman *Pompey Doodle*, may be respected as well with Ladies (though I name no parties) as *Sir Gregory Fop*; so farewell:

[Exit.]

Sir Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live; either the sight of the Lady has gaster'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his sleep, or else [he]'s a fool, or

a knave, or both, one of the three, I'm sure 'tis; yet now I think on't, she has not us'd me so kindly as her Uncle promis'd me she should, but that's all one, he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best [h]orse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a Lady, I'm sure on't.

[Exit.

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man) Witty-Pate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous (binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs) Credulous finds the bag

Lady Ruin. Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your pleasure
How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough,
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit;
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred)
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue.

L. Ruin. As I am a Gentleman; I never will,
Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for Bail, and on th' other
Side of the hedge leave you; but keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We shall be out of danger, if we come back,
We come with a mischief.

Lady. You need not fear me.

Prisc. Come, we'll bestow you then.

[Exit *Ruin. Prisc. and Lady.*

Wit. Why law you Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue
than, *Sic probas, ergo's & igitur's* can bring in? why is not this
one of your Syllogismes in *Barbara? Omne utile est honestum.*

Cred. Well Sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully, I protest.
You have (at first sight) made me conscious
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted, yet
I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad rob'd me
Of my Cloak, (for my Purse 'tis a Scholars)
Than to have made me a robber.

I had rather have answered three difficult questions,
Than this one, as easie, as yet it seems.

Witty. Tush, you shall never come to farther answer for't;
Can you confess your penurious Uncle,
In his full face of love, to be so strict
A Nigard to your Commons, that you are fain
To size your belly out with Shoulder Fees?
With Rumps and Kidneys, and Cues of single Beer,
And yet make *Daymy* to feed more daintily,
At this easier rate? fie Master *Credulous*,
I blush for you.

Cred. This is a truth undeniable.

Wit. Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle,
How does he use his Son, nearer than you?

Cred. Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons,
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it;
He would have been glad to have shar'd in such
A purchase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priscian

But mum no more – is all safe, Bullies?

Ruin. Secure, the Gentleman thinks him most happy in his loss,
With his safe life and limbs, and redoubles
His first vow, as he is a Gentleman,
Never to pursue us.

Wit. Well away then,
Disperse you with Master *Credulous*, who still
Shall bear the purchase, *Priscian* and I,
Will take some other course: You know our meeting
At the *Three Cups* in *St Gile's*, with this proviso,
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd
Till all be present, the looser saies a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.

Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your guide.

Cred. My honesty, which till now was never forfeited,
All shall be close till our meeting.

[Exit Cred. and Ruin.]

Witty. Tush, I believ't.
And then all shall out; where's the thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous

L. Rui. Here Master *Oldcraft*, all follows now.

Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench, now to turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current pieces, & *actum est*.

L. Rui. You are the *Chymist*, we'll blow the fire still,
If you can mingle the ingredients.

Witty. I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram,
You know the place.

Pris. I have told her that, Sir.

Witty. Good, turn *Ruinous* to be a Constable, I'm sure
We want not beards of all sorts, from the
Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman;
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat, attach *Credulous*,
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in his own Cosins shape
By mere accident, where finding him distrest,
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his Uncle shall shut up all
With double restitution: Master Constable, *Ruinous*
His mouth shall be stopt; you, Mistriss rob-thief,
Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of;
Is't plain enough?

L. Rui. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again when this is
Past too, Father, one will beget another;
I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren,
You were best [to] come to composition Father,
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will [be] cheaper (Father) than my wit,
For I will cheat none but you, dear Father.

[Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory

Old K.

Why now you take the course Sir *Gregory Fop*:
I could enforce her, and I list, but love
That's gently won, is a man's own for ever,
Have you prepar'd good Musick?

Sir Gr. As fine a noise, Uncle, as heart can wish.

Old K. Why that's done like a Suitor,
They must be woo'd a hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman,
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings.
The Serpent has not more; for sh'as all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother.

Sir Gr. A fearful portion for a man to venture on.

Old K. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame agen.

Sir Gr. I promise you, not a house-Rabbit, Sir.

Old K. No sucker on 'em all.

Sir Gr. What a thing's that?
They're pretty fools I warrant, when they'r tame
As a man can lay his lips [to].

Old K. How were you bred, Sir?
Did you never make a fool of a Tenants daughter?

Sir Gr. Never i'faith, they ha' made some fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

Old [K] They could not shew you the way plainlier, I think,
To make a fool again.

Sir Gr. There's fools enough, Sir,
'Less they were wiser.

Old K. This is wondrous rare,
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, Knight?

A Gentleman of your rank ride with a Cloak-bag?
Never an Hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor Tapsters Sister? nor head-Ostlers Wife?
What no body?

Sir Gr. Well mock'd old Wit-monger,
I keep it for your Neece.

Old K. Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee,
A wife ne'er looks for't, 'tis a batchelors penny,
He may giv't to a begger-wench, i'th' progress time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't.

[*Ex.*

Sir Gr. Would I had known so much,
I could ha' stopt a beggers mouth by th' way.

Enter Page and Fidlers boy

That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing —
What, are they come?

Pag. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her window.

Sir Gr. What may I call you, Gentleman?

Boy. A poor servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.

Sir Gr. In good time Master *Voice*?

Boy. Indeed good time does get the mastery.

Sir Gr. What Countreyman, Master *Voice*.

Boy. Sir, born at *Ely*, we all set up in *El[y]*,
But our house commonly breaks in *Rutland-shire*.

Sir Gr. A shrewd place by my faith, it may well break your voice,
It breaks many a mans back; come, set to your business.

SONG

Fain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear

*I should invite you to worse chear;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick; no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a Child;
Your day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think, turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part softly from your dreams;
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.*

Sir Gr. I hear her up, here Master Voice,
Pay you the Instruments, save what you can,

Enter Neece above

To keep you when you're crackt.

[Exit Boy.

Neece. Who should this be?
That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?
Pray Heaven it happens right.

Sir Gr. Good morrow, Mistriss.

Neece. An ill day and a thousand come upon thee.

Sir Gr. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any
Almanack has.

Neece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick
That ever woman heard.

Sir Gr. Nay, say not so, Lady,
There's not an itch about 'em.

Neece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't;
There is no boldness like the impudence
That's lockt in a fools blood, how durst you do this?
In conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; insatiate Coxcomb,

The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee,
Would o' my life ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends.
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied?
I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy body's worth, and still a hungred!
A mischief of that maw, prethee seek elsewhere,
Introth I am weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh Mistriss, thou'st make work enough;
I do not think there's scorn enough in Town
To serve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

Sir Gr. Is this in earnest, Lady?

Neece. Oh unsatiable!
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me;
Thou'lt begger my derision utterly
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou shouldst then:
But thou'st no conscience now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again?
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

Sir Gr. Say you so? I'll know that presently.

[Exit.]

Neece. Now he runs
To fetch my Uncle to this musty bargain,
But I have better ware always at hand.
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cuningam

Cun. I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

Nee. There's some body set already, I must to't, I see,
Well, well, *Sir Gregory?*

Cun. Hah, *Sir Gregory?*

Nee. Where e'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.

Cun. She's lost y'faith, enough, has fortune then
Remembred her great boy? she seldom fails 'em.

Nee. H' was the unlikeliest man at first, methought,
To have my love, we never met but wrangled.

Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,
I never knew it fail yet, where e'er't came;
It never comes but like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't,
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it,
It fights i' th' tongue, but sure to agree i' th' haunches.

Nee. That man that should ha' told me when time was.
I should ha' had him, had been laught at piteously,
But see how things will change!

Cun. Here's a heart feels it – Oh the deceitful promises of love!
What trust should a man put i' th' lip of woman?
She kist me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.

Nee. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha been a match once.

Cun. I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear so much,
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,
Or some old Soap-boilers Widow, without Teeth,
There waits my fortune for me, seek no farther.

[*Ex. Cun.*]

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory

Old K. You tell me things, *Sir Gregory*, that cannot be.
She will not, nor she dares not.

Sir Gr. Would I were whipt then.

Nee. I'll make as little shew of love, *Sir Gregory*,
As ever Woman did, you shall not know
You have my heart a good while.

Old K. Heard you that?

Nee. Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,

I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,
They are but frail things till they end in man.

Old K. What say you to this, Sir?

Sir Gr. This is somewhat handsome.

Nee. And by that little wrangling that I fain'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Although't went sore against my heart to chide him.

Sir Gr. Alas poor Gentlewoman.

Old K. Now y'are sure of truth,
You hear her own thoughts speak.

Sir Gr. They speak indeed.

Old K. Go, you're a brainless Coax; a Toy, a Fop,
I'll go no farther than your name, *Sir Gr[egory]*
I'll right my self there; were you from this place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you,
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neece and I?
Good morrow Neece, good morrow.

Nee. Many fair ones to you, Sir.

Old K. Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neece this morning?
An idle shallow fool: sleep'st thou well, Girl?
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,
For honesty has left thee little manners.

Sir Gr. How am I bang'd o'both sides!

Old K. Abuse kindnesse? Will't take the air to day Neece?

Nee. When you please, Sir,
There stands the Heir behind you I must take,
(Which I'd as lieve take, as take him I swear.)

Old K. La' you; do you hear't continued to your teeth now?
A pox of all such *Gregories*; what a hand

[Neece lets fall her Scarfe.

Have I with you!

Sir Gr. No more y'feck, I ha' done, Sir:

Lady, your Scarf's fal'n down.

Nee. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And does presage the Mistriss must fall shortly,
You may wear it, and you please.

Old K. There's a trick for you,
You're parlously below'd, you should complain.

Sir Gr. Yes, when I complain, Sir,
Then do your worst, there I'll deceive you, Sir.

Old K. You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir.

[Exit.]

Sir Gr. Ah sirrah, Mistriss were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; I must not know
I have your heart, take heed o' that, I pray,
I knew some Scarf would come.

Nee. He's quite gone, sure:
Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?
And so abus'd as thou wast?

Sir Gr. How?

Nee. 'Twould ha' kill'd
A sensible man, he would ha' gone to his chamber,
And broke his heart by this time.

Sir Gr. Thank you heartily.

Nee. Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall,
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood, e'r he had it,
And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' hilts.

Sir Gr. Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up to't,
I never profest running i' my life.

Nee. What art thou made on? thou tough villanous vermin.
Will nothing destroy thee?

Sir Gr. Yes, yes, assure your self
Unkind words may do much.

Nee. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee?

I'll see what I can do yet.

Sir Gr. I'm much beholding to you,
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

Nee. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

Sir Gr. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your Uncle was here.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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