

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN**

**THE SPANISH
CURATE: A
COMEDY**

Francis Beaumont

The Spanish Curate: A Comedy

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Beaumont F.

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Francis Beaumont

The Spanish Curate: A Comedy

Persons Represented in the Play

Don Henrique, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*
Don Jamie, *younger Brother to Don Henrique.*
Bartolus, *a covetous Lawyer Husband to Amaranta.*
Leandro, *a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyers Wife.*

Angelo, } *Three Gentlemen Friend[s]*
Milanes, } *to Leandro.*
Arsenio, }

Ascanio, *Son to Don Henrique.*
Octavio, *supposed Husband to Jacintha.*
Lopez, *the Spanish Curate.*
Diego, *his Sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a Judge.*
Algazeirs, *whom we call Serjeants.*
4 Parishioners.
Apparitor.
Singers.
Servants.
WOMEN.
Violante, *supposed Wife to Don Henrique.*
Jacintha, *formerly contracted to Don Henrique.*
Amaranta, *Wife to Bartolus.*
A Woman Moor, *Servant to Amaranta. The Scene Spain.*

The principal Actors were,
Joseph Taylor. } {William Eglestone.
John Lowin. } {Thomas Polard.
Nicholas Toolie. } {Robert Benfeild.

Actus primus. Scena prima

Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.

Arsenio.

Leandro paid all.

Mil.

'Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should: he has now put off
The Funeral black, (your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead Father)
Your gathering Sires, so long heap muck together,
That their kind Sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in Heaven; or if they take a taste
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence; what is befall
To his Father, in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard: would I could use one
For mine, in the same method.

Ars.

Fie upon thee.
This is prophane.

Mil.

Good Doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from: On my life
Were all Heirs in *Corduba*, put to their Oaths,
They would confess with me, 'tis a sound Tenet:
I am sure *Leandro* do's.

Ars.

He is th'owner
Of a fair Estate.

Mil.

And fairly he deserves it,
He's a Royal Fellow: yet observes a mean

In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties: he that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of Judgment: This invites
The prime men of the City to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet Converse.

Ars.

Don Jamie the Brother
To the Grandee *Don Henrique*, appears much taken
With his behaviour.

Mil.

There is something more in't:
He needs his Purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your *Don*, that's poor,
To vow all Leagues of friendship with a Merchant
That can supply his wants, and howsoe're
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder Brother
Don Henrique rich, and his Revenues long since
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir
Call'd, Madam *Vi[o]lante*, he yet holds
A hard hand o're *Jamie*, allowing him
A bare annuity only.

Ars.

Yet 'tis said
He hath no child, and by the Laws of *Spain*
If he die without issue, *Don Jamie*
Inherits his Estate.

Mil.

Why that's the reason
Of their so many jarrs: though the young Lord
Be sick of the elder Brother, and in reason
Should flatter, and observe him, he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce, to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.

Ars.

What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make so much of?

Mil.

'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd youth, I ever saw yet,
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and so modest,
That (in despite of poverty) he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesie: He's the Son
Of a poor cast-Captain, one *Octavio*;
And She, that once was call'd th'fair *Jacinta*,
Is happy in being his Mother: for his sake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.

(Though in their Fortunes faln) they are esteem'd of,
And cherish'd by the best. O here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'l justifie my report.

Jam.

My good *Ascanio*,
Repair more often to me: above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

Asc.

My Lord your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutour'd Youth
To be both rude and sawcy.

Lean.

You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desir'd:
And give me leave (dear friend) to be your Rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Jam.

Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,

I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron
That would not say but do: yet as I am,
Be mine, I'll not receive thee as a servant,
But as my Son, (and though I want my self)
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder master.

Asc.

I beseech you
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction, 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for: nor the fashion
Which the Country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base abject mind, I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a Gentleman (give me leave
To think my self one) My Father serv'd the King
As a Captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In Reputation, and wounds fairly taken.
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd,
I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
To follow his profession, and if Heaven
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
In the service of my Country, should I be,
To trail a Pike under your brave command!
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the War made up
To stop my passage.

Jam.

Thou art a hopeful Boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.

Mil.

Pity such seeds
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper.

Ang.

What ever his reputed Parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.

Lean.

You make him blush; it needs not sweet *Ascanio*,
We may hear praises when they are deserv'd,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind, and if till you are fit
To bear Arms in the Field, you'l spend some years
In *Salamanca*, I'll supply your studies
With all conveniences.

Asc.

Your goodness (Signiors)
And charitable favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: what then can I pay
(A poor Boy and a stranger) but a heart
Bound to your service? with what willingness
I would receive (good Sir) your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness for me: but alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor Parents
(To who[m] I ow my being) they in me
Place all their comforts, and (as if I were
The light of their dim eyes) are so indulgent
They cannot brook one short dayes absence from me;
And (what will hardly win belief) though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurse: the bounties
Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em,
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Aug.

This is a kind of begging
Would make a Broker charitable.

Mil.

Here, (sweet heart)
I wish it were more.

Lean.

When this is spent,
Seek for supply from me.

Jam.

Thy piety
For ever be remembred: nay take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a Royal
For one whole year.

Asc.

High Heavens reward your goodness.

Hen.

So Sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,
You are so prodigal?

Jam.

A slip Sir?

Hen.

Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your Bastard.

Jam.

You are foul-mouth'd; do not provoke me,
I shall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And use you, (as your manners do deserve) uncivilly.

Hen.

So brave! pray you give me hearing,
Who am I Sir?

Jam.

My elder Brother: One
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.

Lean.

Be more temperate.

Jam.

I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his example: let him use his harsh
Unsavory reprehensions upon those
That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our Father left to him alone rewards him,
For being twelve months elder, let that be
Forgotten, and let his Parasites remember
One quality of worth or vertue in him
That may authorize him, to be a censurer
Of me, or my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a Tutor, till then, never.

Hen.

From whom have you your means Sir?

Jam.

From the will
Of my dead Father; I am sure I spend not
Nor give't upon your purse.

Hen.

But will it hold out
Without my help?

Jam.

I am sure it shall, I'll sink else,

For sooner I will seek aid from a Whore,
Than a courtesie from you.

Hen.

'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the List of your acquaintance.

Lean

Pray you hold
And give me leave (my Lord) to say thus much
(And in mine own defence) I am no Gull
To be wrought on by perswasion: nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants; you may be
As sparing as you please, I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.

Jam.

'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy anger.
All that he do's (*Leandro*) is for my good,
I think there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*,
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.

Hen.

Your Steward Sir?

Jam.

Yes, and a provident one:
Why, he knows I am given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: could you believe else
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue
(His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitful)
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,
As almost to deny himself, the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir,
That all must come to me, if I out-live him,

Which sure I must do, by the course of Nature,
And the assistance of good Mirth, and Sack,
How ever you prove Melancholy.

Hen.

If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.

Jam.

When thou art dead,
I am sure I shall not.

Mil.

Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd Meteors.

Ars.

Give them line, and way,
My life for *Don Jamie*.

Jam.

Continue still
The excellent Husband, and joyn Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye
To be anothers; forget you are a Grandee;
Take use upon use, and cut the throats of Heirs
With cozening Mortgages: rack your poor Tenants,
Till they look like so many Skeletons
For want of Food; and when that Widows curses,
The ruines of ancient Families, tears of Orphans
Have hurried you to the Devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me (your thankful Brother)
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Pistolet
To some poor needy Frier, to say a Mass
To keep your Ghost from walking.

Hen.

That the Law
Should force me to endure this!

Jam.

Verily,
When this shall come to pass (as sure it will)
If you can find a loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests, and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter shall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Masques, and Revels
As she was us'd before she was your Captive.
Me thinks the meer conceipt of it, should make you
Go home sick, and distemper'd; if it do's,
I'll send you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your Funeral.

Hen.

You have said, Sir,
I will not fight with words, but deeds to tame you,
Rest confident I will, and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb.—

[*Exit.*

Mil.

You have given him a heat,
But with your own distemper.

Jam.

Not a whit,
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: all plagues go with him,
Let's talk of something else: what news is stirring?
Nothing to pass the time?

Mil.

'Faith it is said
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.

Lean.

What have we to do with them? Let us discourse
Of what concerns our selves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your Gallants set down in a Tavern,
What the Arch-Dukes purpose is the next spring, and what
Defence my Lords (the States) prepare: what course
The Emperour takes against the encroaching Turk,
And whether his Moony-standards are design'd
For *Persia* or *Polonia*: and all this
The wiser sort of State-Worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs: this is discourse
Fit for the Council it concerns; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome Women.

Mil.

And that's one,
Almost as general.

Ars.

Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.

Lean.

Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dressings: some the plump
Italian Bona-Robas, some the State
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,
(A merry friend of mine) that once in *London*,
He did enjoy the company of a Gamester,
(A common Gamester too) that in one night
Met him th' *Italian, French, and Spanish* wayes,
And ended in the *Dutch*; for to cool her self,
She kiss'd him drunk in the morning.

Fam.

We may spare
The travel of our tongues in forraign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have seen her, Gallants)
There lives a Woman (of a mean birth too,

And meanly match'd) whose all-excelling Form
Disdains comparison with any She
That puts in for a fair one, and though you borrow
From every Country of the Earth the best
Of those perfections, which the Climat yields
To help to make her up, if put in Ballance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean.

You talk of wonders.

Jam.

She is indeed a wonder, and so kept,
And, as the world deserv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose Copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequestred from the world.

Lean.

Who is the owner
Of such a Jem? I am fire'd.

Jam.

One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate.

Ars.

A knave on Record.

Mil.

I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my Estate.

Jam.

Some Business calls me hence,
(And of importance) which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words

(Though rich) he's covetous beyond expression,
And to encrease his heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the plagues of darkness: and to these
So jealous, as if you would parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you must multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: of these none sleep.
He that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better *Mercurie*, than *Jove* made use of:
Bless your selves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost: So farewell Signiors.—

[*Exit.*

Ars.

Leandro? in a dream? wake man for shame.

Mil.

Trained into a fools paradise with a tale
Of an imagin'd Form.

Lea.

Jamie is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as *Envie*,
That such a churl as *Bartolus* should reap
So sweet a harvest, half my State to any
To help me to a share.

Ars.

Tush do not hope for
Impossibilities.

Lea.

I must enjoy her,
And my prophetique love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your assistance.

Ars.

Give it o're.

Mil.

I would not have thee fool'd.
Lea. I have strange Engines
Fashioning here: and *Bartolus* on the Anvil,
Disswade me not, but help me.

Mil.

Take your fortune,
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our Laughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II

Enter Octavio, and Jacinta.

Jac.

You met *Don Henrique*?

Oct.

Yes.

Jac.

What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: how did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force Compunction.

Oct.

You are cozen'd;
Can you with one hand prop a falling Tower?
Or with the other stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore?
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left,
To move him to compassion.

Jac.

Is there a Justice
Or thunder (my *Octavio*) and he
Not sunk unto the center?

Oct.

Good *Jacinta*,
With your long practised patience bear afflictions,
And by provoking call not on Heavens anger,
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But (most inhumane as he is) he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.

Jac.

The bad mans charity.
Oh that I could forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the relief I seek,
(If given) were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear accompt!

Oct.

Touch not that string,
'Twill but encrease your sorrow: and tame silence,
(The Balm of the oppressed) which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd soul, and preserv'd your fame,
Must be your Surgeon still.

Jac.

If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread it self
Upon my Son *Ascanio*, though my wants
Were centupli'd upon my self, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a Son,
Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painfull to be born.

Oct.

I suffer with you,
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,
High Heaven ordains (whose purposes cannot alter)

Enter Ascanio.

Children that pay obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.

Jac.

Here comes our joy,
Where has my dearest been?

Asc.

I have made, Mother,
A fortunate voyage and brought home rich prize,
In a few hours: the owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See here's Gold, good store too,
Nay, pray you take it.

Jac.

Mens Charities are so cold,
That if I knew not, thou wert made of Goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousy in me by what means,
Thou cam'st by such a sum.

Asc.

Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employed so well,
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
(Rais'd by heavens mercy to me, not my merits)
Bestow'd it on me.

Oct.

It were a sacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.

Jac. Buy thee brave Cloathes with it
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities; why do'st thou weep?

Asc.

Out of my fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am sure you are too kind,
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer; I have heard
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl
The Stork's the Embleme of true pietie,
Because when age hath seiz'd upon her dam,
And made unfit for flight, the gratefull young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him,
E're he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then that have reason and discourse

That tell me all I can doe is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or cloath my self superfluously,
And know, nay see you want? holy Saints keep me.

Jac.

Can I be wretched,
And know my self the Mother to such Goodness?

Oct.

Come let us drie our eyes, we'll have a feast,
Thanks to our little Steward.

Jac.

And in him,
Believe that we are rich.

Asc.

I am sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA III

Enter Henrique, and Violante.

Viol.

Is it my fault, *Don Henrique*, or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitfull Mother, and you met me
With equall ardour in your *May* of blood;
And why then am I barren?

Hen.

'Tis not in Man
To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.

Viol.

To what use serve
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our wishes,
The period of humane happiness,
One only Child that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deni'd us?

Hen.

'Tis the curse
Of great Estates to want those Pledges, which
The poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With joy, behold the Models of their youth,
And as their Root decaies, those budding Branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age;
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of misery to me, that 'gainst my will
(Since Heaven denies us Issue of our own)
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankfull Brother that insults
On my Calamity.

Viol.

I will rather choose
A Bastard from the Hospital and adopt him,

And nourish him as mine own.

Hen.

Such an evasion
(My *Violante*) is forbid to us;
Happy the Romane State, where it was lawfull,
(If our own Sons were vicious) to choose one
Out of a vertuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of *Spain*,
(Intending to preserve all ancient Houses)
Prevent such free elections; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold to
Reign o're me, as a Master.

Viol.

I will fire
The Portion I brought with me, e're he spend
A Royal of it: no Quirck left? no Quiddit
That may defeat him?

Hen.

Were I but confirmed,
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.
Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a Son
That shall inherit for us.

Hen.

Do not repent
When 'tis too late.

Viol.

I fear not what may fall
He dispossess'd that does usurp on all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena prima

Enter Leandro, (with a letter writ out) Milanes, and Arsenio.

Mil.

Can any thing but wonder?

Lea.

Wonder on,
I am as ye see, and, what will follow, Gentlemen?

Ars.

Why dost thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou lookest most sillily.

Mil.

Like a young Clerk,
A half pin'd-puppy that would write for a Royal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?

Lean.

Peace, ye are fools,
More silly than my out-side seems, ye are ignorant;
They that pretend to wonders must weave cunningly.

Ars.

What manner of access can this get? or if gotten
What credit in her eyes?

Lean.

Will ye but leave me?

Mil.

Me thinks a young man and a handsom Gentleman

(But sure thou art lunatick) me thinks a brave man
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest form.

Lean.

Ye are cozen'd (Gentlemen)
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it,
Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.
When you love, lanch it out in silks and velvets,
I'll love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins.
To get upon my great horse and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights (my friends)
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handsomness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle where I may have fair play.

Ars.

But how get in?

Lean.

Leave that to me, your patience,
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez*.
You are ne're the nearer now.

Mil.

We do confess it.

Lea.

Weak simple men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the most inward *Damon*.

Ars.

What can this do?

Mil.

We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean.

So.

Ars.

A poor, thin thief: he help? he? hang the Vicar,
Can reading of an – prefer thee?
Thou art dead-sick in love, and hee'l pray for thee.

Lean.

Have patience (Gentlemen) I say this Vicar,
This thing I say is all one with the Close *Bartolus*
(For so they call the Lawyer) or his nature
Which I have studied by relation:
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomly,
Will I work cunningly, and home: understand me.

Enter Lopez, and Diego.

Next I pray leave me, leave me to my fortune
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto (Gentlemen)
I'll win this Diamond from the rock and wear her,
Or—

Mil.

Peace, the Vicar: send ye a full sail, Sir.

Ars.

There's your Confessor, but what shall be your penance?

Lean.

A fools head if I fail, and so forsake me.
You shall hear from me daily.

Mil.

We will be ready.

[*Exeunt* Mil. Ars.

Lop.

Thin world indeed!

Lean.

I'll let him breath and mark him:
No man would think a stranger as I am
Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.

Lop.

Poor stirring for poor Vicars.

Diego.

And poor Sextons.

Lop.

We pray and pray, but to no purpose,
Those that enjoy our lands, choak our Devotions.
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

Diego.

If you live miserably, how shall we do (Master)
That are fed only with the sound of prayers?
We rise and ring the Bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

Lop.

When was there a Christning, *Diego*?

Diego.

Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children (Master)
The Wars, the Seas, and usurie undoe us,

Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-shares.
They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce:
There are some poor Labourers, that perhaps
Once in seven year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd-Butter-prints, that scarce hold
The christning neither.

Lop.

Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A strange fantastical Birth, to defraud the Vicar,
And the Camp Christens their Issues, or the Curtizans,
'Tis a lewd time.

Die.

They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not dye, there's nothing got by Burials.

Lop.

Diego, the Air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,
Lord what a torment 'tis!

Die.

Good sensible Master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
(Both foul, and fair, as you shall find occasion)
Why not against all airs?

Lop.

That's not i'th' Canons.
I would it had, 'tis out of our way forty pence.

Die.

'Tis strange, they are starv'd too yet they will not die here,
They will not earth: a good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical Fevers
That would turn up their heels by whole-sale (Master)
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counsels,
That there might be no natural help for mony:

How merrily would my Bells goe then?

Lop. Peace *Diego*,

The Doctors are our friends, let's please them well.
For though they kill but slow, they are certain, *Diego*,
We must remove into a muddy Air,
A most contagious Climate.

Die.

We must certain,
An air that is the nursery of agues,
Such agues (Master) that will shake mens souls out,
Ne're stay for Possets, nor good old wives plasters.

Lop.

Gowts and dead Palsies.

Die.

The dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gowts will hang an arse a long time (Master)
The Pox, or English Surfeits if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a Church-yard fat,
And make the Sexton sing, they never miss, Sir.

Lop.

Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in season,
And Feasts that make us frolick.

Die.

Would I could see 'em.

Lop.

And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet (*Diego*) here I laugh.

Die.

The cause requires it.

Lop.

Since people left to die I am dunce, *Diego*.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.

Lea.

A pretious pair of youths! I must make toward'em.

Lop.

Who's that? look it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a Marriage, or some Will to make, *Diego*.

Die.

My friend your business?

Lea.

'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bless your good learning, Sir.

Lop.

And bless you also,
He bears a promising face, there's some hope toward.

Lea.

I have a Letter to your worship.

Lop.

Well Sir,
From whence I pray you?

Lea.

From *Nova Hispania*, Sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.

Lop.

'Tis well, Sir,
'Tis very well: the devil a-one I know there.

Die.

Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening countenance
do not like his way.

Lop.

Let him goe forward.
Cantabit vacuus, They that have nothing fear nothing,
All I have to lose, *Diego*, is my learning,
And when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut shell.

LETTER READ.

Signior Lopez, Since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers Letters unto you, but as yet received no Answer of any (Good and very good) And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me (Better and better: the devil a man know I yet) and therefore with the present occasion offered I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours, which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my Son Leandro the Bearer to you with request that he may be admitted in that Universitie till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withall; This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so heaven keep you.

Yours

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it,
For till this hour I never heard his name yet.

Lea.

You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father.

Lop.

No, no, I look, as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir,
Alonzo Tiveria?

Lea.

The same, Sir.

Lop.

And now i'th' *Indies*?

Lea.

Yes.

Lop.

He may be any where,
For ought that I consider.

Lea.

Think again, Sir,
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows.

Lop.

Ha?

Lea.

Nay, sure you must remember.

Lop.

Would I could.

Lea.

I have heard him say, you were Gossips too.

Lop.

Very likely,
You did not hear him say, to whom? for we Students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.

Do'st thou remember, *Diego*, this same Signiour?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

Die.

Remember?
Why this Fellow would make ye mad: *Nova Hispania*?
And Signiour *Tiveria*? what are these?
He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.
Take heed I beseech your worship: do you hear, (my friend?)
You have no Letters for me?

Lea.

Not any letter,
But I was charged to doe my Fathers love
To the old honest Sexton *Diego*: are you he, Sir?

Di[e].

Ha? have I friends, and know 'em not? my name is *Diego*,
But if either I remember you or your Father,
Or *Nova Hispania* (I was never there Sir)
Or any kindred that you have—for heaven-sake, Master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider,
We may dream out our time.

Lea.

It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir,
Yet, that you are *Don Lopez* all men tell me,
The Curate here, and have been some time, Sir,
And you the Sexton *Diego*, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much: may be they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed: I thank ye Gentlemen,
Ye have done honestly, in telling truth,
I might have been forward else. For to that *Lopez*,
That was my Fathers friend, I had a charge,
(A charge of mony) to deliver (Gentlemen)
Five hundred Duckets, a poor small gratuity,
But since you are not he—

Lop.

Good Sir, let me think,
I pray ye be patient,

Pray ye stay a little,
Nay, let me remember, I beseech ye stay, Sir.

Die.

An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember sure, Sir.

Lop.

Thou sayst true *Diego*.

Die.

'Pray ye consider quickly,
Doe, doe, by any means, me thinks already
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

Lea.

He's old indeed, sir.

Die.

With a goodly white Beard,
(For now he must be so: I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, Master.

Lop.

I begin to have him.

Die.

H'as been from hence, about some twenty years, sir.

Lea.

Some five and twenty, sir.

Die.

You say most true, Sir,

Just to an hour; 'tis now just five and twenty,
A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier,
He married: let me see,—

Lea.

De Castro's Daughter.

Die.

The very same.

Lea.

Thou art a very Rascal.
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing:
The Mony rubbs 'em into strange remembrances,
For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam*.

Lop.

Give me your hand, you are welcome to your country,
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly, as if yesterdy I had seen him,
Most heartily welcome: sinfull that I am,
Most sinfull man! why should I lose this Gentleman?
This loving old Companion? we had all one soul, sir,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome—

Lea.

Farm sir,
You say most true.

Lop.

Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in *Spain*, sir,
I knew your Mother too, a handsome Gentlewoman,
She was married very young: I married 'em:
I do remember now the Maskes and Sports then,
The Fire-works, and the fine delights; good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face, whose eyes are those, *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not just *Alonzo's* picture—

Lea.

Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!

Die.

Well Gentleman, I think your name's *Leandro*.

Lea.

It is indeed, sir,
Gra'-mercy letter, thou hadst never known else.

Die.

I have dandled ye, and kist ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred times, and danc'd ye,
And swong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd swinging.

Lop.

A sweet Boy.

Lea.

Sweet lying knaves.
What would these doe for thousands?

Lop.

A wondrous sweet Boy then it was, see now
Time that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his Country?

Lea.

O, very shortly, Sir, till his return
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop.

And welcome,
Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

Lea.

And to my Study, Sir, which must be the Law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge: for his pains
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custodie,
I have the mony ready, and I am weary.

Lop.

Sit down, sit down, and once more ye are most welcome,
The Law you have hit upon most happily,
Here is a Master in that art, *Bartolus*,
A neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye,
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour,
I'll doe ye faithful service, Sir.

Die.

He's an Ass,
And so wee'll use him; he shall be a Lawyer.

Lop.

But if ever he recover this mony again—before, *Diego*,
And get some pretty pittance: my Pupill's hungry.

Lea.

Pray ye Sir, unlade me.

Lop.

I'll refresh ye Sir;
When ye want, you know your Exchequer.

Lea.

If all this get me but access, I am happy.

Lop.

Come, I am tender of ye.

Lea.

I'll go with ye.

To have this fort betray'd these fools must fleece me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Bar.

My *Amaranta*, a retir'd sweet life,
Private and close, and still, and houswifely,
Becomes a Wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believ'd both young, and handsome,
As Lilies that are cas'd in crystall Glasses,
Makes up the wonder: shew it abroad 'tis stale,
And still the more eyes cheapen it 'tis more slubber'd,
And what need windowes open to inviting?
Or evening Tarrasses, to take opinions?
When the most wholesome air (my wife) blows inward,
When good thoughts are the noblest Companions,
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses;
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

Ama.

You know your own disease: distrust, and jealousy,
And those two, give these Lessons, not good meaning,
What trial is there of my honestie,
When I am mew'd at home? to what end Husband,
Serves all the vertuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent
When by their contraries they are set off, and burnish'd.
If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and vertuous,
Let me goe fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

Bar.

Peace, ye are too loud.

Ama.

You are too covetous.
If that be rank'd a vertue, you have a rich one.
Set me (like other Lawyers wives) off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.

Bar.

Peace *Amaranta*.

Ama.

They have content, rich clothes, and that secures 'em,
Binds, to their carefull husbands, their observance,
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar.

Thou shalt too.

Ama.

And freely may converse with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Woman-Mo[o]re.

Bar.

You are now too far again: thou shalt have any thing,
Let me but lay up for a handsome Office,
And then my *Amaranta*—

Ama.

Here's a thing now,
Ye place as pleasure to me: all my retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my friend,
And what she fails in, I must doe my self.
A foyle to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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