

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN, MASSINGER PHILIP**

**THE ELDER
BROTHER**

Philip Massinger
Francis Beaumont
John Fletcher
The Elder Brother

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The Elder Brother / The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher
(Volume 2 of 10):*

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**Francis Beaumont
The Elder Brother /
The Works of Francis
Beaumont and John
Fletcher (Volume 2 of 10)**

NOTE:

The text of the present volume was passed for press by Arnold Glover and some progress had been made in his lifetime in the collection of the material given in the Appendix. Mrs. Glover's help has again been most valuable in the completion of the work.

The Elder Brother is printed entirely in prose in the Second Folio, and I have therefore printed in the Appendix the play in verse, as it appeared in the First Quarto. The case is an interesting one, and readers will be glad, I think, to have both forms in the same volume.

I have not concerned myself with passages in the Second Folio in prose which have since been printed as verse. On the whole I agree with a recent critic who characterises as 'vexatious' the 'later practice of printing much manifest prose as verse, each

post-seventeenth century editor apparently making it a point of honour to discover metre where no one had found it before, and where no one with an ear can find it now.'

I am glad to have had the opportunity of seeing the 1625 manuscript of *Demetrius and Enanthe*, the play first printed in a somewhat mutilated form in the First Folio of 1647, where it is called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. It is stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Vol. XIX, p. 306) that this MS. is preserved in the Dyce Library but the statement is incorrect. The MS. has never been a part of the Dyce collection. It was printed by Dyce in 1830 and after that date it rested for many years in obscurity. To Mrs. Glover is due the credit for having traced it to its present home. For help in this search our thanks are due to Lord Stanley of Alderley, to W.R.M. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, Towyn, Merioneth (whose father owned the MS. and left a note in his copy of Dyce's reprint that he had given the MS. to his "old friend the late W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P. for North Shropshire") and to Lord Harlech, the grandson of Mr. Ormsby Gore. Lord Harlech re-discovered the MS. in his library at Brogyntyn, Oswestry, and he has very kindly permitted a thorough examination of it. Dyce's 1830 publication is described as a reprint "verbatim et literatim," but it has little claim to be so called. The punctuation is altered throughout, the spelling is altered in scores of words and though the actual verbal differences between the original MS. and Dyce's reprint of it are not very many, yet these occur here and there throughout the

play. Later editors, therefore, relying upon Dyce, have been led into recording as 'MS.' readings variations which do not occur in the MS. A brief description of the MS. will be found in the Appendix, pp. 509-18, together with the passages omitted from the Folios and a complete record of the verbal variations. The present collation omits readings incorrectly given by Dyce.

The third volume of this text will be ready immediately and good progress is being made with the remaining volumes. When the publication of the entire text is completed it is intended to print, by way of a commentary thereon, a companion volume containing a series of explanatory notes upon the text, a glossary and whatsoever supplementary material may be deemed to be of use to the student or to the general reader.

A.R. WALLER. CAMBRIDGE, 30 January, 1906.

THE ELDER BROTHER, A COMEDY

Persons Represented in the Play.

Lewis, *a Lord.*

Miramont, *a Gentleman.*

Brisac, *a Justice, Brother to Miramont.*

Charles, *a Scholar, \ Sons to*

Eustace, *a Courtier, / Brisac.*

Egremont, *\ two Courtiers, friends to*

Cowsy, */ Eustace.*

Andrew, *Servant to Charles.*

Cook, *\ Servants to*

Butler, */ Brisac.*

Priest.

Notary.

Servants.

Officers.

Angellina, *Daughter to Lewis.*

Sylvia, *her Woman.*

Lilly, *Wife to Andrew.*

Ladies.

LECTORI

Wouldst thou all Wit, all Comick Art survey? Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the Play.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.

Lewis. Nay, I must walk you farther.

Ang. I am tir'd, Sir, and ne'er shall foot it home.

Lew. 'Tis for your health; the want of exercise takes from your Beauties, and sloth dries up your sweetness: That you are my only Daughter and my Heir, is granted; and you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge, you ever find me an indulgent Father, and open handed.

Ang. Nor can you tax me, Sir, I hope, for want of duty to deserve these favours from you.

Lew. No, my *Angellina*, I love and cherish thy obedience to me, which my care to advance thee shall confirm: all that I aim at, is, to win thee from the practice of an idle foolish state, us'd by great Women, who think any labour (though in the service of themselves) a blemish to their fair fortunes.

Ang. Make me understand, Sir, what 'tis you point at.

Lew. At the custom, how Virgins of wealthy Families waste their youth; after a long sleep, when you wake, your Woman presents your Breakfast, then you sleep again, then rise, and being trimm'd up by other hands, y'are led to Dinner, and that ended, either to Cards or to your Couch, (as if you were born without motion) after this to Supper, and then to Bed: and so

your life runs round without variety or action, Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture!

Lew. Fro[m] this idleness, Diseases, both in body and in mind, grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature, with wholesome exercise, guards both from danger: I'd have thee rise with the Sun, walk, dance, or hunt, visit the Groves and Springs, and learn the vertue of Plants and Simples: Do this moderately, and thou shalt not, with eating Chalk, or Coles, Leather and Oatmeal, and such other trash, fall into the Green-sickness.

Syl. With your pardon (were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could prescribe a Remedy for my Lady's health, and her delight too, far transcending those your Lordship but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia*?

Syl. What is't! a noble Husband; in that word, a noble Husband, all content of Woman is wholly comprehended; He will rouse her, as you say, with the Sun; and so pipe to her, as she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her, upon occasion, until both be weary; and then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples, as I take it, were superfluous. A loving, and, but add to it, a gamesome Bedfellow, being the sure Physician.

Lew. Well said, Wench.

Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver your Verdict, Minion?

Syl. I deserve a Fee, and not a frown, dear Madam: I but speak her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy to a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off

with't: let her lose no time, Sir; Fathers that deny their Daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them, in some kinds edge their appetites to taste of the fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urg'd, and I approve it: No more blushing, Girl, thy Woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented what I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us a Gentleman of blood, Monsieur *Brisac*, of a fair Estate, six thousand Crowns *per annum*, the happy Father of two hopeful Sons, of different breeding; the Elder, a meer Scholar; the younger, a quaint Courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them by publick fame, though yet I never saw them; and that oppos'd antipathy between their various dispositions, renders them the general discourse and argument; one part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*, the other side preferring *Eustace*, as a man compleat in Courtship.

Lew. And which way (if of these two you were to chuse a Husband) doth your affection sway you?

Ang. To be plain Sir, (since you will teach me boldness) as they are simply themselves, to neither: let a Courtier be never so exact, let him be bless'd with all parts that yield him to a Virgin gracious; if he depend on others, and stand not on his own bottoms, though he have the means to bring his Mistris to a Masque, or by conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste such favour from the King: or grant he purchase precedency in the Court, to be sworn a servant Extraordinary to the Queen; nay, though he live in expectation of some huge preferment in

reversion; if he want a present fortune, at the best those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him a happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*; nor can they fetch him Silks from the Mercer, nor discharge a Tailors Bill, nor in full plenty (which still preserves a quiet Bed at home) maintain a Family.

Lew. Aptly consider'd, and to my wish: But what's thy censure of the Scholar?

Ang. Troth (if he be nothing else) as of the Courtier, all his Songs and Sonnets, his Anagrams, Acrosticks, Epigrams, his deep and Philosophical Discourse of Nature's hidden Secrets, makes not up a perfect Husband; he can hardly borrow the Stars of the Celestial Crown to make me a Tire for my Head, nor *Charles's Wain* for a Coach, nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown from *Juno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lie in (for I despair not once to be a Mother) under Heaven's spangled Canopy, or Banquet my Guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar; pure *Orleans* would do better: No, no, Father, though I could be well pleas'd to have my Husband a Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant; these are but gawdy nothings, if there be not something to make a substance.

Lew. And what is that?

Ang. A full Estate, and that said, I've said all; and get me such a one with these Additions, farwel Virginity, and welcome Wedlock.

Lew. But where is such a one to be met with, Daughter? A black Swan is more common; you may wear grey Tresses e're

we find him.

Ang. I am not so punctual in all Ceremonies, I will 'bate two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell too long upon the choice.

Syl. Only, my Lord, remember, that he be rich and active, for without these, the others yield no relish, but these perfect. You must bear with small faults, Madam.

Lew. Merry Wench, and it becomes you well; I'll to *Brisac*, and try what may be done; i'th' mean time home, and feast thy thoughts with th'pleasures of a Bride.

Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, Sir, let her taste them.

ACTUS I. SCENA II

Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.

And. Unload part of the Library, and make room for th'other dozen of Carts; I'll straight be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more Books?

And. More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names?

And. Their names! he has 'em as perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's nothing, h'as read them over leaf by leaf three thousand times; but here's the wonder, though their weight would sink a Spanish Carrock, without other Ballast, he carrieth them all in his head, and yet he walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of Wine were fill'd with Books, made of the Barks of Trees, or Mysteries writ in old moth-eaten Vellam, he would sip thy Cellar quite dry, and still be thirsty: Then for's Diet, he eats and digests more Volumes at a meal, than there would be Larks (though the Sky should fall) devoured in a month in *Paris*. Yet fear not Sons o'the Buttery and Kitchin, though his learn'd stomach cannot be appeas'd; he'll seldom trouble you, his knowing stomach contemns your Black-jacks, *Butler*, and your Flagons; and *Cook*, thy Boil'd, thy Rost, thy Bak'd.

Cook. How liveth he?

And. Not as other men do, few Princes fare like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes his watering with the *Muses*, sups with *Livy*, then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*, and (after six hours conference with the Stars) sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

But. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old Master, and another old ignorant Elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter Brisac, Lewis.

Bri. What, *Andrew*? welcome; where's my *Charles*? speak, *Andrew*, where did'st thou leave thy Master?

And. Contemplating the number of the Sands in the Highway, and from that, purposes to make a Judgment of the remainder in the Sea: he is, Sir, in serious study, and will lose no minute, nor out of's pace to knowledge.

Lew. This is strange.

And. Yet he hath sent his duty, Sir, before him in this fair Manuscript.

Bri. What have we here? Pot-hooks and Andirons!

And. I much pity you, it is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick. Would you have it said, so great and deep a Scholar as Mr *Charles* is, should ask blessing in any Christian Language? Were it Greek I could interpret for you, but indeed I'm gone no farther.

Bri. And in Greek you can lie with your smug Wife *Lilly*.

And. If I keep her from your French Dialect, as I hope I shall,

Sir; however she is your Landress, she shall put you to the charge of no more Soap than usual for th'washing of your Sheets.

Bri. Take in the Knave, and let him eat.

And. And drink too, Sir.

Bri. And drink too Sir, and see your Masters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come, Dr *Andrew*, without Disputation thou shalt Commence i'the Cellar.

And. I had rather Commence on a cold Bak'd meat.

Cook. Thou shalt ha't, Boy.

Bri. Good Monsieur *Lewis*, I esteem my self much honour'd in your clear intent, to joyn our ancient Families, and make them one; and 'twill take from my age and cares, to live and see what you have purpos'd but in act, of which your visit at this present is a hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting the arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd their Birth for want of Means and Education, to shape them to that course each was addicted; and therefore that we may proceed discreetly, since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers, you first shall take a strict perusal of them, and then from your allowance, your fair Daughter m[a]y fashion her affection.

Lew. Monsieur *Brisac*, you offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you in the same line of Honour; and I hope, being blest but with one Daughter, I shall not appear impertinently curious, though with my utmost vigilance and study, I labour to bestow her to her worth: Let others speak her form, and future Fortune from me

descending to her; I in that sit down with silence.

Bri. You may, my Lord, securely, since Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections, commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises; should I say more, you well might censure me (what yet I never was) a Flatterer. What trampling's that without of Horses?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young Masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my Supsiser carry my Hackney to the Butt'ry, and give him his Bever; it is a civil and sober Beast, and will drink moderately; and that done, turn him into the Quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. Lackey, take care our Coursers be well rubb'd, and cloath'd; they have out-stripp'd the Wind in speed.

Lew. I marry, Sir, there's metal in this young Fellow! What a Sheep's look his elder Brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir.

Bri. Rise, *Charles*, thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the Court, (since 'tis the Courtiers garb) I bend my knee, and do expert what follows.

Bri. Courtly begg'd. My blessing, take it.

Eust. (to Lew.) Your Lordship's vow'd adorer. What a thing

this Brother is! yet I'll vouchsafe him the new Italian shrug—
How clownishly the Book-worm does return it!

Char. I'm glad ye are well. [*Reads.*]

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of this pair of
accomplish'd Monsieurs; they are Gallants that have seen both
Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their love.

Egr. Which we'll repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first. *Eustace*, give
entertainment to your Friends; what's in my house is theirs.

Eust. Which we'll make use of; let's warm our brains with half
a dozen Healths, and then hang cold discourse, for we'll speak
Fire-works. [*Ex.*]

Lew. What, at his Book already?

Bri. Fie, fie, *Charles*, no hour of interruption?

Char. Plato differs from Socrates in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by; let them agree at leisure.

Char. Man's life, Sir, being so short, and then the way that
leads unto the knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious, each
minute should be precious.

Bri. In our care to manage worldly business, you must part
with this Bookish contemplation, and prepare your self for
action; to thrive in this Age is held the blame of Learning: You
must study to know what part of my Land's good for the Plough,
and what for Pasture; how to buy and sell to the best advantage;

how to cure my Oxen when they're o'er-grown with labour.

Char. I may do this from what I've read, Sir; for, what concerns Tillage, who better can deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*? and to cure your Herds, his *Bucolicks* is a Masterpiece; but when he does describe the Commonwealth of Bees, their industry, and knowledge of the herbs from which they gather Honey, with their care to place it with *decorum* in the Hive; their Government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming loaden home; their obedience to their King, and his rewards to such as labour, with his punishments only inflicted on the slothful Drone; I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my Harvest, and there receive the gain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Bri. And grow rich in your imagination; heyday, heyday! *Georgicks, Bucolicks, and Bees!* art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your bundle of Books (and put in all your Dictionaries that speak all Tongues) what pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace a well-shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read of all kind of virtuous and vicious women; the antient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies, their Beauties and Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*, crown'd with still flourishing leaves of truth and goodness; with such a feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted their ravishing sweetness;

at the present loving the whole Sex for their goodness and example. But on the contrary, when I look on a *Clytemnestra*, or a *Tullia*; the first bath'd in her Husband[s] blood; the latter, without a touch of piety, driving on her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Trunk, horror invades my faculties; and comparing the multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few that did die Innocents, I detest and loath 'em as Ignorance or Atheism.

Bri. You resolve then ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me.

Char. What debt, good Sir?

Bri. A debt I paid my Father when I begat thee, and made him a Grandsire, which I expect. from you.

Char. The Children, Sir, which I will leave to all posterity, begot and brought up by my painful Studies, shall be my living Issue.

Bri. Very well; and I shall have a general Collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time, to be my Grandchild.

Char. And such a one, I hope, Sir, as shall not shame the Family.

Bri. Nor will you take care of my Estate?

Char. But in my wishes; for know, Sir, that the wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long since born her too high, to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross Element fix all their happiness; but purer Spirits, purged and refin'd, shake off that clog of humane frailty; give me leave t'enjoy my self; that

place that does contain my Books (the best Compa[n]ions) is to me a glorious Court, where hourly I converse with the old Sages and Philosophers, and sometimes for variety, I confer with Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counsels, calling their Victories (if unjustly got) unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy, deface their ill-plac'd Statues; can I then part with such constant pleasures, to embrace uncertain vanities? No, be it your care t'augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine t'increase in knowledge—Lights there for my Study— [*Exit*].

Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported from all sense and feeling of his proper good? It vexes me, and if I found not comfort in my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude my name were at a period!

Lew. He is indeed, Sir, the surer base to build on.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, and Andrew.

Bri. Eustace.

Eust. Sir.

Bri. Your ear in private.

And. I suspect my Master has found harsh welcome, he's gone supperless into his Study; could I find out the cause, it may be borrowing of his Books, or so, I shall be satisfied.

Eust. My duty shall, Sir, take any form you please; and in your motion to have me married, you cut off all dangers the violent heats of youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well answer'd.

Eust. Nor shall you, my Lord, for your fair Daughter ever find

just cause to mourn your choice of me; the name of Husband, nor the authority it carries in it, shall ever teach me to forget to be, as I am now, her Servant, and your Lordship's; and but that modesty forbids, that I should sound the Trumpet of my own deserts, I could say, my choice manners have been such, as render me lov'd and remarkable to the Princes of the Blood,

Cow. Nay, to the King.

Egre. Nay to the King and Council.

And. These are Court-admirers, and ever echo him that bears the Bag. Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this jugling.

Eust. Then for my hopes.

Cow. Nay certainties.

Eust. They stand as fair as any mans. What can there fall in compass of her wishes, which she shall not be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she Titles? by the grace and favour of my Princely Friends, I am what she would have me.

Bri. He speaks well, and I believe him.

Lew. I could wish I did so. Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper Gentleman, and promises nothing, but what is possible. So far I will go with you; nay, I add, he hath won much upon me; and were he but one thing that his Brother is, the bargain were soon struck up.

Bri. What's that, my Lord?

Lew. The Heir.

And. Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.

Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see *Charles* has

given o'er the world; I'll undertake, and with much ease, to buy his Birth-right of him for a Dry-fat of new Books; nor shall my state alone make way for him, but my elder Brothers, who being issueless, to advance our name, I doubt not will add his. Your resolution?

Lew. I'll first acquaint my Daughter with the proceedings; on these terms I am yours, as she shall be, make you no scruple. Get the Writings ready, she shall be tractable; to morrow we will hold a second conference. Farewell noble *Eustace*; and you brave Gallants.

Eust. Full increase of honour wait ever on your Lordship.

And. The Gout rather, and a perpetual Meagrim.

Bri. You see, *Eustace*, how I travel to possess you of a Fortune you were not born to; be you worthy of it: I'll furnish you for a Suitor: visit her, and prosper in't.

Eust. She's mine, Sir, fear it not: in all my travels, I ne'er met a Virgin that could resist my Courtship. If it take now, we're made for ever, and will revel it. [*Ex.*

And. In tough Welsh Parsly, which, in our vulgar Tongue, is strong Hempen Halters; my poor Master cozen'd, and I a looker on! If we have studi'd our Majors and our Minors, Antecedents and Consequents, to be concluded Coxcombs, w'hav'e made a fair hand on't. I am glad I have found out all their plots, and their Conspiracies; this shall t'old Monsieur *Miramont*, one, that though he cannot read a Proclamation, yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Master *Charles* for being a Scholar; I hear he's coming

hither, I shall meet him; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade
he always us'd to be, I'll ring him such a peal, as shall go near
to shake their Belroom, peradventure beat'm, for he is fire and
flax; and so have at him. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS SE[C]UNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA

Enter Miramount, Brisac.

Mir. Nay, Brother, Brother.

Bri. Pray, Sir, be not moved, I meddle with no business but mine own, and in mine own 'tis reason I should govern.

Mir. But how to govern then, and understand, Sir, and be as wise as y'are hasty, though you be my Brother, and from one blood sprung, I must tell ye heartily and home too.

Bri. What, Sir?

Mir. What I grieve to find, you are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to 'em. Seek to deprive an honest noble Spirit, your eldest Son, Sir, and your very Image, (but he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't) because he loves his Book, and dotes on that, and only studies how to know things excellent, above the reach of such course Brains as yours, such muddy Fancies, that never will know farther than when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants, and choak your hidebound Tenants with musty Harvests.

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I'am not come to my pace yet. Because h'has made

his study all his pleasure, and is retir'd into his Contemplation, not medling with the dirt and chaff of Nature, that makes the spirit of the mind mud too; therefore must he be flung from his inheritance? must he be dispossess'd, and Monsieur Gingle-boy his younger Brother—

Bri. You forget your self.

Mir. Because h'has been at Court, and learn'd new Tongues, and how to speak a tedious piece of nothing; to vary his face as Sea-men do their compass, to worship Images of gold and silver, and fall before the She- calves of the season; therefore must he jump into his Brother's Land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spoke enough in praise of Learning, Sir?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a Justice of Peace as you are, and palter out your time i'th' penal Statutes. To hear the curious Tenets controverted between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuite Cobler; to pick Natural Philosophy out of Bawdry, when your Worship's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady; nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Justice, (which is deep Learning) when your Worships Tenants bring a light cause, and heavy Hens before ye, both fat and feeble, a Goose or Pig; and then you'll sit like equity with both hands weighing indifferently the state o'th' question. These are your Quodlibets, but no Learning, Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with Learning, that I'd be

glad to know what you understand, Brother; I'm sure you have read all *Aristotle*.

Mir. Faith no; but I believe I have a learned faith, Sir, and that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort; though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound of 't, it goes so thund'ring as it conjur'd Devils: *Charles* speaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man, or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*, *Hesiod*, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldst run mad, and hang thy self for joy th' hadst such a Gentleman to be thy Son: O he has read such things to me!

Bri. And you do understand 'em, Brother?

Mir. I tell thee, No, that's not material; the sound's sufficient to confirm an honest man: Good Brother *Brisac*, does your young Courtier, that wears the fine Cloaths, and is the excellent Gentleman, (the Traveller, the Soldier, as you think too) understand any other power than his Tailor? or knows what motion is more than an Horse-race? What the Moon means, but to light him home from taverns? or the comfort of the Sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes in? And must this piece of ignorance be pop't up, because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, sweet Lady? Say it had been at *Rome*, and seen the Reliques, drunk your *Verdea* Wine, and rid at *Naples*, brought home a Box of *Venice* Treacle with it, to cure young Wenches that have eaten Ashes: Must this thing therefore?—

Bri. Yes Sir, this thing must; I will not trust my Land to one so sotted, so grown like a Disease unto his Study; he that will fling off all occasions and cares, to make him understand what state

is, and how to govern it, must, by that reason, be flung himself aside from managing. My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an Ass, a piece of Ginger-bread, gilt over to please foolish Girls puppets.

Bri. You are my elder Brother.

Mir. So I had need, and have an elder Wit, thou'dst shame us all else. Go to, I say, *Charles* shall inherit.

Bri. I say, no, unless *Charles* had a Soul to understand it; can he manage six thousand Crowns a year out of the Metaphysics? or can all his learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards? Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines? (I know they can drink 'em) or your excellent Humanists sell 'em the Merchants for my best advantage? Can History cut my Hay, or get my Corn in? And can Geometry vend it in the Market? Shall I have my sheep kept with a *Jacobs-staff* now? I wonder you will magnifie this madman, you that are old, and should understand.

Mir. Should, say'st thou? thou monstrous piece of ignorance in Office! thou that hast no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuses, thy dapper Clerk, larded with ends of Latin, and he no more than custom of offences. Thou unreprieveable Dunce! that thy formal Bandstrings, thy Ring, nor pomander cannot expiate for, dost thou tell me I should? I'll pose thy Worship in thine own Library and Almanack, which thou art daily poring on, to pick out days of iniquity to cozen fools in, and Full Moons to cut Cattle: dost thou taint me, that have run over Story, Poetry, Humanity?

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow does o'er ears of Corn, and

leave 'em blasted, put up your anger, what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an Ass then, a dull old tedious Ass; th' art ten times worse, and of less credit than Duncce *Hollingshead* the Englishman, that writes of Shows and Sheriffs.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure, here's one I must talk with.

Lew. Good-day, Sir.

Bri. Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I speak w'ye?

Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

Mir. O sweet Sir, keep your good morrow to cool your Worships pottage; a couple of the worlds fools met together to raise up dirt and dunghils.

Lew. Are they drawn?

Bri. They shall be ready, Sir, within these two hours; and *Charles* set his hand.

Lew. 'Tis necessary; for he being a joint purchaser, though your Estate was got by your own industry, unless he seal to the Conveyance, it can be of no validity.

Bri. He shall be ready and do it willingly.

Mir. He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope your Daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, Sir; young *Eustace* is a bait to catch

a Woman, a budding spritely Fellow; y'are resolv'd then, that all shall pass from *Charles*?

Bri. All, all, he's nothing; a bunch of Books shall be his Patrimony, and more than he can manage too.

Lew. Will your Brother pass over his Land to your son *Eustace*? you know he has no Heir.

Mir. He will be flead first, and Horse-collars made of's skin.

Bri. Let him alone, a wilful man; my Estate shall serve the turn, Sir. And how does your Daughter?

Lew. Ready for the hour, and like a blushing Rose that stays the pulling.

Bri. To morrow then's the day.

Lew. Why then to morrow I'll bring the Girl; get you the Writings ready.

Mir. But hark you, Monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience to help to rob an Heir, an Elder Brother, of that which Nature and the Law flings on him? You were your Father's eldest Son, I take it, and had his Land; would you had had his wit too, or his discretion, to consider nobly, what 'tis to deal unworthily in these things; you'll say he's none of yours, he's his Son; and he will say, he is no Son to inherit above a shelf of Books: Why did he get him? why was he brought up to write and read, and know these things? why was he not like his Father, a dumb Justice? a flat dull piece of phlegm, shap'd like a man, a reverend Idol in a piece of Arras? Can you lay disobedience, want of manners, or any capital crime to his charge?

Lew. I do not, nor do weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir; this man must answer.

Bri. I have don't already, and given sufficient reason to secure me: and so good morrow, Brother, to your patience.

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

Mir. Good Night-caps keep brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'em. Well, *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee Books yet, the fairest in thy Study are my gift, and the University of *Lovain*, for thy sake, hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex the old doting Fool thy Father, and thy Brother, they shall not share a *Solz* of mine between them; nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand Crowns a year, in some high strain to write my Epitaph.

ACTUS II. SCENA II

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. How do I look now, my Elder Brother? Nay, 'tis a handsome Suit.

Cow. All Courtly, Courtly.

Eust. I'll assure ye, Gentlemen, my Tailor has travel'd, and speaks as lofty Language in his Bills too; the cover of an old Book would not shew thus. Fie, fie; what things these Academicks are! these Book-worms, how they look!

Egre. They're meer Images, no gentle motion or behaviour in 'em; they'll prattle ye of *Primum Mobile*, and tell a story of the state of Heaven, what Lords and Ladies govern in such Houses, and what wonders they do when they meet together, and how they spit Snow, Fire, and Hail, like a Jugler, and make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest; such Small-beer brains, but ask 'em any thing out of the Element of their understanding, and they stand gaping like a roasted Pig: do they know what a Court is, or a Council, or how the affairs of Christendom are manag'd? Do they know any thing but a tired Hackney? and they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em. They have made a fair Youth of your Elder Brother, a pretty piece of flesh!

Eust. I thank 'em for't, long may he study to give me his Estate.
Saw you my Mistris?

Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young Woman; but be sure you keep her from Learning.

Eust. Songs she may have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry, such as the Dablers of our time contrive, that has no weight nor wheel to move the mind, nor indeed nothing but an empty sound; she shall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry; Horses and Coach, but of no immortal Race: I will not have a Scholar in my house above a gentle Reader; they corrupt the foolish Women with their subtle Problems; I'll have my house call'd ignorance, to fright prating Philosophers from Entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love those that love good fashions, good cloaths, and rich; they invite men to admire 'em, that speak the lisp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning! to Ride well, Dance well, Sing well, or Whistle Courtly, they're rare endowments; that they have seen far Countreys, and can speak strange things, though they speak no truths, for then they make things common. When are you marri'd?

Eust. To morrow, I think; we must have a Masque, Boys, and of our own making.

Egre. 'Tis not half an hours work, a *Cupid*, and a Fiddle, and the thing's done: but let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Eust. What, Nymphs with Beards?

Cow. That's true, we'll be Knights then; some wandring

Knights, that light here on a sudden.

Eust. Let's go, let's go, I must go visit, Gentlemen, and mark what sweet lips I must kiss to morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA III

Enter Cook, Andrew, Butler,

Cook. And how do's my Master?

And. He's at's Book; peace, Coxcomb, that such an unlearned tongue as thine should ask for him!

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too?

And. Have you lost any Plate, *Butler*?

But. No, but I know I shall to morrow at dinner.

And. Then to morrow you shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle with no spirit o'th' Buttery, they taste too small for us; keep me a Pie in *Folio*, I beseech thee, and thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him. Shall's have good cheer to morrow?

Co. Excellent good cheer, *Andrew*.

And. The spight on't is, that much about that time, I shall be arguing, or deciding rather, which are the Males or Females of Red Herrings, and whether they be taken in the Red-Sea only; a question found out by *Copernicus*, the learned Motion-maker.

Co. I marry, *Butler*, here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him, would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*.

And. I've so much on't, and am so loaden with strong understanding, I fear, they'll run me mad. Here's a new

Instrument, a Mathematical Glister to purge the Moon with when she is laden with cold phlegmatick humours; and here's another to remove the Stars, when they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Co. O Heavens! why do I labour out my life in a Beef-pot? and only search the secrets of a Sallad, and know no farther?

And. They are not reveal'd to all heads; these are far above your Element of Fire, *Cook.* I could tell you of *Archimedes* Glass, to fire your Coals with; and of the Philosophers Turf, that ne'er goes out: and, *Gilbert Butler,* I could ravish thee with two rare inventions.

But. What are they, *Andrew.*

And. The one to blanch your Bread from chippings base, and in a moment, as thou wouldst an Almond; the Sect of the Epicureans invented that: The other for thy Trenchers, that's a strong one, to cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute, and no noise heard, which is the wonder, *Gilbert;* and this was out of *Plato's* new *Ideas.*

But. Why, what a learned Master do'st thou serve, *Andrew?*

And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert;* with gods and goddesses, and such strange people he deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion, as thou do'st with thy Boy that draws thy drink, or *Ralph* there, with his Kitchin-Boys and Scalders.

Co. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes, as other Christians do, of hearty matters, and come into the Kitchin, and there cut his Breakfast?

But. And then retire to the Buttery, and there eat it, and drink a lusty Bowl to my young Master, that must be now the Heir, he'll do all these, I and be drunk too; these are mortal things.

And. My Master studies immortality.

Co. Now thou talk'st of immortality, how do's thy Wife, *Andrew?* my old Master did you no small Pleasure when he procur'd her, and stock'd you in a Farm. If he should love her now, as he hath a Colts tooth yet, what says your learning and your strange Instruments to that, my *Andrew?* Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it? can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?

And. Yes, or I'll break it: thou awaken'st me, and I'll peep i'th' Moon this month but I'll watch for him. My Master rings, I must go make him a fire, and conjure o'er his Books.

Co. Adieu, good *Andrew*, and send thee manly patience with thy learning. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA IV

Enter Charles.

Cha. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading, and all my faculties turn into study; 'tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments, when I can cloath my self with understanding? The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors, yet ever new they are, and shine like Courtiers. The Seasons of the year find no fond Parents, yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glisters, and some in gawdy Green come in like Masquers. The Silk-worm spins her own suit and lodging, and has no aid nor partner in her labours. Why should we care for any thing but knowledge, or look upon the World but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?

Char. *Andrew*, I find there is a flie grown o'er the Eye o'th' *Bull*, which will go near to blind the Constellation.

And. Put a Gold-ring in's nose, and that will cure him.

Char. *Ariadne's* Crown's away too; two main Stars that held it fast are slip[t] out.

And. Send it presently to *Galateo*, the Italian Star-wright, he'll set it right again with little labour.

Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar.

And. I hope I shall be; have I swept Books so often to know

nothing?

Char. I hear thou art married.

And. It hath pleas'd your Father to match me to a Maid of his own chusing; I doubt her Constellation's loose too, and wants nailing; and a sweet Farm he has given us a mile off, Sir.

Char. Marry thy self to understanding, *Andrew*; these Women are *Errata* in all Authors, they're fair to see to, and bound up in Vellam, smooth, white and clear, but their contents are monstrous; they treat of nothing but dull age and diseases. Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is on those shelves, *Andrew*.

And. I think I have not, Sir.

Char. No, if thou had'st, thou'd'st ne'er married a Woman in thy bosom, they're Cataplasms made o'th' deadly sins: I ne'er saw any yet but mine own Mother; or if I did, I did regard them but as shadows that pass by of under creatures.

And. Shall I bring you one? He trust you with my own Wife; I would not have your Brother go beyond ye; they're the prettiest Natural Philosophers to play with.

Char. No, no, they're Opticks to delude mens eyes with. Does my younger Brother speak any Greek yet, *Andrew*?

And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes daintily.

Char. Reach me the Books down I read yesterday, and make a little fire, and get a manchet; make clean those Instruments of Brass I shew'd you, and set the great Sphere by; then take the Fox tail, and purge the Books from dust; last, take your *Lilly*, and

get your part ready.

And. Shall I go home, Sir? my Wife's name is *Lilly*, there my best part lies, Sir.

Charles. I mean your Grammar, O thou Dunderhead would'st thou be ever in thy Wife's *Syntaxis*? Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me; I am to find a secret.

And. So am I too; which if I find, I shall make some smart for't— [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, Notary.

Lewis. This is the day, my Daughter Angellina, the happy, that must make you a Fortune, a large and full one, my care has wrought it, and yours must be as great to entertain it. Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points, and his behaviour affable and courtly, his person excellent; I know you find that, I read it in your eyes, you like his youth; young handsome people should be match'd together, then follows handsome Children, handsome fortunes; the most part of his Father's Estate, my Wench, is ti'd in a Jointure, that makes up the harmony; and when ye are married, he's of that soft temper, and so far will be chain'd to your observance, that you may rule and turn him as you please. What, are the Writings drawn on your side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him, that if the Elder Brother set his hand to, not all the power of Law shall e'er release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves, and able to do more mischief than an Army. Are all your Clauses sure?

Not. Sure as proportion; they may turn Rivers sooner than these Writings.

Lew. Why did you not put all the Lands in, Sir?

Not. 'Twas not condition'd; if it had been found, it had been

but a fault made in the Writing; if not found, all the Land.

Lew. These are small Devils, that care not who has mischief, so they make it; they live upon the meer scent of dissention. 'Tis well, 'tis well; are you contented, Girl? for your will must be known.

Ang. A Husband's welcome, and as an humble Wife I'll entertain him; no Sovereignty I aim at, 'tis the man's, Sir; for she that seeks it, kills her husbands honour: The Gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him, yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise; a pretty Gentleman, and he may please too, and some few flashes I have heard come from him, but not to admiration as to others: He's young, and may be good, yet he must make it, and I may help, and help to thank him also. It is your pleasure I should make him mine, and 't has been still my duty to observe you.

Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty. To Horse, and bring the Coach out, *Angellina*; to morrow you will look more womanly.

Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA II

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, Lilly.

Bris. Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits him.

And. No Inheritance, Sir?

Bri. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb; he shall have annual means to buy him Books, and find him cloathes and meat, what would he more? Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat against his nature. I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all?

Bri. All, all; he knows how to use it, he's a man bred in the world, th'other i'th' Heavens. My Masters, pray be wary, and serviceable; and *Cook*, see all your Sawces be sharp and poynant in the palate, that they may commend you; look to your Roast and Bak'd meats handsomely, and what new Kick-shaws and delicate made things—Is th' Musick come?

But. Yes, Sir, they're here at Breakfast.

Bri. There will be a Masque too; you must see this Room clean, and, *Butler*, your door open to all good-fellows; but have an eye to your Plate, for there be Furies; my *Lilly*, welcome you are for the Linen, sort it, and see it ready for the Table, and see the Bride-bed made, and look the cords be not cut asunder by the Gallants too, there be such knacks abroad. Hark hither, *Lilly*, to morrow night at twelve a clo[c]k I'll sup w'ye: your husband

shall be safe, I'll send ye meat too; before I cannot well slip from my company.

And. Will you so, will you so, Sir? I'll make one to eat it, I may chance make you stagger too.

Bri. No answer, *Lilly*?

Lil. One word about the Linen; I'll be ready, and rest your Worships still.

And. And I'll rest w'ye, you shall see what rest 'twill be. Are ye so nimble? a man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your Master, for I know he wants ye, and keep him in his Study, that the noise do not molest him. I will not fail my *Lilly*—Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties.
[*Exeunt.*]

And. Are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my Farm, and kiss her till thy heart ake. These Smock-vermine, how eagerly they leap at old mens kisses, they lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure; and if 't were not for the scurvy name of Cuckold, he should lie with her. I know she'll labour at length with a good Lordship. If he had a Wife now, but that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up unto my Master, he'll be mad with Study— [Exit.]

ACTUS III. SCENA III

Enter Charles.

Char. What a noise is in this house? my head is broken, within a Parenthesis, in every corner, as if the Earth were shaken with some strange Collect, there are stirs and motions. What Planet rules this house?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?

And. 'Tis I, Sir, faithful *Andrew*.

Char. Come near, and lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?

And. The Cooks are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make Pies, and breaking Marrow-bones—

Char. Can they set them again?

And. Yes, yes, in Broths and Puddings, and they grow stronger for the use of any man.

Char. What speaking's that? sure there's a Massacre.

And. Of Pigs and Geese, Sir, and Turkeys, for the spit. The Cooks are angry Sirs, and that makes up the medley.

Char. Do they thus at every Dinner? I ne're mark'd them yet, nor know who is a Cook.

And. They're sometimes sober, and then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Char. What loads are these?

And. Meat, meat, Sir, for the Kitchen, and stinking Fowls the Tenants have sent in; they'll ne'r be found out at a general eating; and there's fat Venison, Sir.

Char. What's that?

And. Why Deer, those that men fatten for their private pleasures, and let their Tenants starve upon the Commons.

Char. I've read of Deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.

And. There's a Fishmongers Boy with Caviar, Sir, Anchoves, and Potargo, to make ye drink.

Char. Sure these are modern, very modern meats, for I understand 'em not.

And. No more does any man from Caca merda, or a substance worse, till they be greas'd with Oyl, and rubb'd with Onions, and then flung out of doors, they are rare Sallads.

Char. And why is all this, prethee tell me, *Andrew*? are there any Princes to dine here to day? by this abundance sure there should be Princes; I've read of entertainment for the gods at half this charge; will not six Dishes serve 'em? I never had but one, and that a small one.

And. Your Brother's marri'd this day; he's marri'd your younger Brother *Eustace*.

Char. What of that?

And. And all the Friends about are bidden hither; there's not a Dog that knows the house, but comes too.

Char. Marri'd! to whom?

And. Why to a dainty Gentlewoman, young, sweet, and

modest.

Char. Are there modest women? how do they look?

And. O you'll bless yourself to see them. He parts with's Books, he ne'er did so before yet.

Char. What does my Father for 'em?

And. Gives all his Land, and makes your Brother heir.

Char. Must I have nothing?

And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his eldest Brother.

And. True, you were so; but he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, Sir.

Char. 'Tis well; he'll not inherit my understanding too?

And. I think not; he'll scarce find Tenants to let it out to.

Char. Hark! hark!

And. The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, &c.

And. Now you may see her.

Char. Sure this should be modest, but I do not truly know what women make of it, *Andrew*; she has a face looks like a story, the story of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then.

Char. She has a Cherubin's, cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes. *Eustace*, be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient. Get me my Books again, and come in with me— [*Exeunt*].

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome, sweet Daughter; welcome, noble Brother; and you are welcome, Sir, with all your Writings; Ladys, most welcome: What, my angry Brother! you must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.

Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none; I bring no joys to bless the bed withall; nor Songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials; I bring an angry mind to see your folly, a sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll stay and dine though.

Mir. All your meat smells musty, your Table will shew nothing to content me.

Bri. I'll answer you here's good meat.

Mir. But your sauce is scurvie, it is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th'art a Boy, a lump o'thy Father's lightness, made of nothing but antick cloathes and cringes; look in thy head, and 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes and rotten smoke. Lady, I pity you; you are a handsome and a sweet young Lady, and ought to have a handsom man yok'd t'ye, an understanding too; this is a Gimcrack, that can get nothing but new fashions on you; for say he have a thing shap'd like a child, 'twill either prove a Tumbler or a Tailor.

Eust. These are but harsh words, Uncle.

Mir. So I mean 'em. Sir, you play harsher play w'your elder Brother.

Eust. I would be loth to give you.

Mir. Do not venture, I'll make your wedding cloaths sit closer t'ye then; I but disturb you, I'll go see my Nephew.

Lew. Pray take a piece of Rosemary.

Mir. I'll wear it, but for the Ladys sake, and none of yours, may be I'll see your Table too.

Bri. Pray do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman.

Bri. Yes faith, sweet Daughter, he has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge; he has made *Charles* his Heir, I know that certainly; then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing?

Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as, they say, this *Charles* is, that makes his Book his Mistris; Sure there's something hid in this old man's anger, that declares him not a meer sot.

Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, Brother? all things are ready, and the Priest is here. When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings, as he shall instantly, then to the Wedding, and so to dinner.

Lew. Come, let's seal the Book first for my Daughters Jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA IV

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone.

Char. Hum.

Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling?

And. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell on your head, and now the house is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

Char. Will he have my Books too.

Mir. No, he has a Book, a fair one too, to read on, and read wonders; I would thou hadst her in thy Study, Nephew, and 'twere but to new string her.

Char. Yes, I saw her, and me thought 'twas a curious piece of Learning, handsomely bound, and of a dainty Letter.

And. He flung away his Book.

Mir. I like that in him; would he had flung away his dulness too, and spoke to her.

Char. And must my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair woman too?

Mir. That woman also.

Char. He has enough then. May I not see her sometimes, and call her sister? I will do him no wrong.

Mir. This makes me mad, I could now cry for anger: these old Fools are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs; Farewell, and fall to your Book, forget your Brother: you are my Heir, and I'll provide y'a Wife: I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*]

Enter Brisac.

Bri. Where is my Son?

And. There, Sir, casting a Figure what chopping children his Brother shall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'st, *Charles*? still at thy Book?

And. He's studying now, Sir, who shall be his Father.

Bri. Peace, you rude Knave—Come hither, *Charles*, be merry.

Char. I thank you, I am busie at my Book, Sir.

Bri. You must put your hand, my *Charles*, as I would have you, unto a little piece of Parchment here: only your name; you write a reasonable hand.

Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it. What is it, Sir?

Bri. To pass the Land I have, Sir, unto your younger Brother.

Char. Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: you shall be provided for, and new Books you shall have still, and new Studies, and have your means brought in without thy care, Boy, and one still to attend you.

Char. This shews your love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a stone, I take it.

Char. Why Father, I'll go down, an't please you let me,

because I'd see the thing they call the Gentlewoman; I see no Woman but through contemplation, and there I'll do't before the company, and wish my Brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I prethee.

Char. I must not stay, for I have things above require my study.

Bri. No, thou shalt not stay; thou shalt have a brave dinner too.

And. Now has he o'erthrown himself for ever; I will down into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS III. SCENA V

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, Priest, Ladies, Cowsy, Notary, and Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his Sons hand, and all's done. Is your's ready?

Pri. Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently, immediately, for in truth I am a hungry.

Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly: do not we stay long, Mistress?

Ang. I find no fault, better things well done, than want time to do them. Uncle, why are you sad?

Mir. Sweet smelling blossom, would I were thine Uncle to thine own content, I'd make thy Husband's state a thousand better, a yearly thousand. Thou hast mist a man, (but that he is addicted to his study, and knows no other Mistress than his mind) would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, Sir?

Mir. Faith yes, but not to Women; his language is to Heaven, and heavenly wonder; to Nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there?

Mir. O admirably! but he's too bashful to behold a Woman, there's none that sees him, and he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. Faith yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation me thinks—

Mir. So think I; but it is his rugged Fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

Eust. See my mad Uncle is courting my fair Mistress.

Lew. Let him alone; there's nothing that allays an angry mind so soon as a sweet Beauty: he'll come to us.

Enter Brisac, and Charles.

Eust. My Father's here, my Brother too! that's a wonder, broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Bri. Come hither, come nearer, *Charles*; 'twas your desire to see my noble Daughter, and the company, and give your Brother joy, and then to Seal, Boy; you do, like a good Brother.

Lew. Marry does he, and he shall have my love for ever for't. Put to your hand now.

Not. Here's the Deed, Sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye, I am in contemplation, do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy Study, *Charles*.

Char. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man, I've found it. Before what Man was, was but my Argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire, his dull mist flies away.

Eust. Will you write, Brother?

Char. No, Brother, no; I have no time for poor things, I'm taking the height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, Son.

Char. I will not seal, Sir; I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my Birth-right, for Heaven forbid I should become example: Had y'only shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it, and been a proud man to have parted with it; 'tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, Uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my Boy, and bless thy tongue.

Char. I'll forward: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune.

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable piece of Beauty, that I have studied long, and now found only, that I'll part sooner with my soul of Reason, and be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Flie, and only make the number of things up, than yield to one foot of Land, if she be ti'd to't.

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And methinks bravely. This the meer Scholar?

Eust. You but vex your self, Brother, and vex your study too.

Char. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young *Eustace*; you want both man and manners; I've study'd both, although I made no shew on't. Go turn the Volumes over I have read, eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee; wear out the tedious night with thy dim Lamp, and sooner lose the day, than leave a doubt. Distil the sweetness from the Poets Spring, and learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is: Traverse the stories of the great Heroes, the wise and civil lives of good men walk through; thou hast seen nothing but the face of Countrys, and brought home nothing but

their empty words: why shouldst thou wear a Jewel of this worth,
that hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

_Beauty clear and fair,
Where the Air
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Rose
The blew Veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
I am your servant and your thrall._

Mir. Speak such another Ode, and take all yet. What say ye
to the Scholar now?

Ang. I wonder; is he your Brother, Sir?

Eust. Yes, would he were buried; I fear he'll make an Ass of

me a younger.

Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir, 'tis very likely.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, *Charles.*

Char. Dispatch, what?

Bri. Why the Land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir. Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman, and what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop here. A wilful poverty ne'er made a Beauty, nor want of means maintain'd it vertuously: though land and moneys be no happiness, yet they are counted good additions. That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing, though he want a present knowledge how to use it, neglects himself. May be I have done you wrong, Lady, whose love and hope went hand in hand together; may be my Brother, that has long expected the happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance; pray give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts; why did they shew me you? pray tell me that?

(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.)

Char. You, happy you, why did you break unto me? The Rosie sugred morn ne'er broke so sweetly: I am a man, and have desires within me, affections too, though they were drown'd a while, and lay dead, till the Spring of beauty rais'd them; till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump, a chaos of confusedness dwelt in me; then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd, and into form he drew my faculties; and now I know my Land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the Maid.

Char. It is too late, Sir. I have her figure here. Nay frown not,

Eustace

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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