This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ **Make non-commercial use of the files** We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ **Refrain from automated querying** Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ **Maintain attribution** The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ **Keep it legal** Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

NEW SERIES.

Works of Thomas Nabbes.
OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. II.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS NABbes.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN.

PRIVATEly PRINTED BY
WyMAN & SONS, GREAT QUEEN STREET
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, LONDON.
1887.
THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS NABBES
NOW FIRST COLLECTED,
IN TWO VOLUMES,
BY A. H. BULLEN.

VOL. II.

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY
WYMAN & SONS, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, LONDON.
1887.
The number of Copies has been strictly limited to One Hundred and Fifty. All are printed in Fcap. 4to. and on Dutch Hand-made Paper.
## Contents of Vol. II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Bride</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Unfortunate Mother</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Microcosmus</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spring's Glory, &amp;c.</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous Verses</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE
BRIDE,
A
COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeere 1638, at the private house in Drury-lane by their Majesties Servants.

The Author, THOMAS NABBES.

Ovid. epist Herm. ad Orest.
—— Nec turpe marito est
Aspera pro charo bella tulisse thoro.

LONDON.
Printed by R. H. for Laurence Blaikelocke and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Sugar-loafe next Temple barre in Fleet-street. 1640.
TO THE

GENERALTY

OF

His Noble friends, Gentlemen of
the severall Honorable Houses
the Inns of Court.

GENTLEMEN,

I have presum'd thus upon you to coun-
tenance my shame fact Bride; who
now she is prest blusheth to appeare in publick,
through feare shee hath of a new danger from
publicke censure. She is here drest according
to mine own desire and intention; without
ought taken from her that my selfe thought
ornament; nor supplyed with any thing which
I valued but as rags. Your favorable opinion,
and your acceptence of her into your protec-
tion, will take off her feares, and make her
present her selfe fronte laeto [sic]: and the
honour that you doe me thereby will adde
to those many engagements that binde me
alwayes to declare my selfe

Your most thankfull servant,

THOMAS NABBES.
The Speaking Persons.

GOODLOVE. An old wealthy Merchant.
Theophilus. His sonne, supposed onely his Foster sonne.

RAVEN. His Nephew: a villain.
KICKSHAW. A French Cooke.
MALIGO. Two Merchants.

Rhenish. 

Mrs. Ferret. His wife, imperious over her husband.

Father. 
Mother. To the Bride.

Bride.

Squirrel. A nimble Vintner.

Drawer.

Three or foure Blades. Wilde roaring fellowes.
Horten. An owner of rarities and antiquities.

Servant to Horten.

Servants to Goodlove.

Plaster. A humorous Surgeon.

Mutes.

Maydes attending the Bride.

Three or foure Wenchtes.

Servants.

The Scene LONDON.
Vacation still: so little custom comes
To buy our Merchandise, and fill our rooms,
It would persuade us, but for after hope
Of better takings, quite to shut up shop.
But what's the reason? have we no good ware?
Or doe the sights and motions in the fayre
Please better with their cheape rates? 'tis not fit
That we should set so low a prise on wit.
For what we shall present you with to day,
The Bride, we wish you not to expect a play
Wherein a neslecock or youth ofh' towne
(Borne to more state then wit)'s a gallant growne:
When one amongst you, laughing at the elfe
And at his gallery, thinks upon himselfe.
Perhaps there will be some concluding that
A person or a place is pointed at.
Such make that satire which the pure intent
Of th' author meant but harmelesse merriment;
Who only labours here in what he can
T' expresse a Citizen a Gentleman.
    Marke well the weaving and the dressing; then,
    Liking the stuffe, we hope you'll come agen.
THE BRIDE.

The first Act.  The first Scene.

Enter Old Goodlove, and Theophilus very sad.

Goodlove.

I say, no more of this:
I'll have no brow contracted into wrinkles
Upon my wedding day: A day of mirth,
And thou stand'st like a melancholy figure
Of weeping penitence, when joy should dress
Thy cheeks in dimples.  It is prodigious
That thou should'st only
Weare mourning at my nuptials, that have foster'd
Thee from an Infant; bred thee to a man,
Ranckt thee with Gentlemen, and made thee thought
To be what thou appear'st; and thou to grieve
For what I count my happinesse!

The. Pray, sir, conster it
Th' expression of my duty.  To your love,
Were I possest of many selves, I ow them.
That love hath caus'd this passion out of feare
Your reputation in the act will suffer.
Rumor is apt to prey upon occasion;
And if the rude mouthes of the multitude
Catch hold on a report, they'll multiply it
And make it grow to scandale.  You an old man
Will marry a young woman.
Good. Who calls me old? dost thou? now by my beard
(Is't not turn'd black agen? I should be loath
To sweare by a false colour) I am young,
Like a new spring grown out of a barren winter.
I 'ave likewise strength and activeness; looke here else. (seemes to caper and hurt his foot.)
Beshrew 't, the floor's uneven: would 'twere mended:
I'lle have my cornes cut too. Child, we must dance
Always at weddings: am I agen a Bridegroom,
And shal I not be lusty?

The. Pray, Sir, do not
Flatter your weakeesse and decay of strength:
Your age begins to grow to a disease:
And can you then expresse such youthfull appetite
Without being censur'd?

Good. Pray, no more diswason:
Besides my will there is a reason for it,
And thou hast cause to joy. Shee brings a portion
Will be a large addition to thy state,
Which I but live t' increase. I have no heire
Save thee, nor will get any: shalt have all.

The. Your welfare, sir, to me
Is an inheritance 'bove any state
Fortune can blesse me with. Which to preserve,
My knees should grow fast to some hallowed pave-ment
Till mine own dissolution, and no thoughts
Busie my minde but prayers. Sir, consider
The difference 'twixt your disabilitie
And her so hopefull fruitfulness. T' increase
And propagate was the best end of marriage:
Then, if the meanes be wanting, the end cannot
Be perfected, and some in scruple stick not
To call it sinne.
Good. More urging! when I am dead
Thou shalt have her, too. Ha! do'st startle at it?
The. Why, that would make even your ashes
infamous
And tempt the idle gazers on't to scratch
Libells upon your Marble! 'Twould be construed
That shee, in youthfull heat longing for what
Your cold defects deni'd her, had enjoyed me
To lustfull satisfaction, when she should
Have warm'd your bed, and after married me
To prevent farther rumor. Nay, sir, more:
Hath she not settled her desire already
Upon some one of more proportion'd yeares?
'Twere rare if such a beauty of that growth
Should have her mayden thoughts untoucht with th'
appetite
Of what instinct doth teach, though she were barr'd
Even all converse, so much as not to know
The difference of a sex.
Good. A causles jelousy:
Shee's noted to have more perfections
Lodg'd in her rich minde then the outward structure,
Though beautifull, doth promise: she inherits
Her Parents vertues, and her education
Hath been their only care. I know shee's free
From the lest thought may stayne her purity:
Therefore no more.

The second Scene.

To them RAVEN, and a little after him Mounsieur
KICKSHAW.

Is my bride yet come, Cosen?
Rav. Not yet, sir. Mounsieur Kickshaw the French
Cook's come to prepare dinner.
Good. Hee's welcome: let me see him.
I'll have the feast season'd with all variety
Of choice delights.

The.  To me they will not relish
But like those pills which an unwilling patient,
Doubting their vertue, takes, and turnes the medicine
Into a worse disease.

Good.  Mounsieur, you are welcome.
Kick.  Me tank you, Mounsieur.
Good.  I presume you'll shew your best cunning.
Kick.  Me make you de French dish, de pulpatone,\(^1\)
de frigasie, de gran Kickeshaw and de kickeshaw
royall, de macarrone, and two tree dozen ting more
for your wedding.

Good.  Pray, Cosin, take him first into the cellar.

Kick.  Remerce, Mounsieur: me drinke two tree
cup a your Claret a your vite vine·sall make a me
lusty.

Good.  I shall thankfully consider your paines.

Kick.  Mounsieur, ven a me vark is done, you give
a me leave to dance two tree foure dance, and kisse
a de vench two tree foure time.  Oh de French man
love a de fine vench vary well.  You be de old man,
Mounsieur, and you love a de young vench: me
make you de dish sall get sis Childe.

Good.  Too many on conscience.

Kick.  If de Madam love me, me get twenty.

Good.  To your businesse, good Mounsieur.

Kick.  Dat be good businesse; better den go to my
vark.

The.  Observe you, sir, this fellow, one that ought
To be kickt into manners, howe he taunts you?
'Twill be the streets discourse, the conduits lecture;

\(^1\) We have this word again in Microcosmus.  It may be the
same as pulpamenta, i.e. a dish composed of delicate morsels
of meat; or it may be some sort of confection.
And not an idle tongue but will abuse
Your reverend name, which hitherto hath awwd
Th' unbridled rabble.
   Good. Once more I command thee
Leave off this counsaile, growing but from feare,
That will admit no reason.  Cosin Raven,
Hasten my Bride: shee makes my patience tyre
With so much expection.  And harke you, cosin.

[Whisper.

The. My sun of joy's ecclips, and all the hopes
My fancy painted by this accident
Are blotted out.  How have I merited
Of heaven thus to be punisht!  But I must not
Tax providence with an injustice to me
That have deserv'd wore curses for neglect
Of my religious duties.  Only he,
My foster Father, to possesse those sweets
Love promis'd my inheritance!  Wer't another,
I'd from his rude hands snatch her in the Church,
Before the powerfull words should knit that knot
Nothing but death dissolves.

The Third Scene.

To them Maligo and Rhenish.

   Good. Senior Maligo, a most welcome guest!
   Mal. Your Servant, Senior.
   Good. And Mr. Rhenish!
   Rav. The Spanish and Dutch Merchants! send
there be no wars at the wedding.
   Rhen. Wee come to witnesse your solemnitye.
   Good. Welcome, Mr. Rhenish: and since you are
come so early lets spend the time in conference about
the wines we lately spake of.

[Exeunt.  Theo. and Raven remayning
The Bride.

Rav. Cousin y'are sad. Would I might know the reason,
I'le helpe to put it from you.

The. Cousin Raven,
Since love, not blood, hath made you weare that title,
Though 'tis a secret I would gladly hide,
To you I will impart it. Sent with gifts
To the faire maid that this day must be Bride
To the old man, my treacherous eyes conveigh'd
Flames to my heart from hers: which being fixt
Upon me, shot their magick influence
Of love with such a violence, that I tooke
Th' impression e're my bosome was prepar'd
And temper'd for it.

Rav.—This may be a ground
For me to work on.

The. Duty now and honesty
Fought with my passions, and inforc't them back
To their unwilling prison: though her eye,
Look, gesture; and at parting when I tooke
Her hand to kisse it, then she held mine hard:
For all these invitations to their liberty
I durst not free them; but conceal'd even that
Perhaps she wisht to know.

Rav. How can you doubt it?
They were all signalls that you should assault,
And shee would yeeld. 'Tis but a modest custom
For men to wooe. 'Tis womens only pride
To have men court them, not to be deny'd;
Indeed it was your fault.

The. My vertue rather.
Should I like the ingratefull serpent sting
The bosome that hath warmed me into life?
Desire shall burst me first. Yet I must tell you,
I am resolv'd to give my passions
This satisfaction. When the bridal ceremonies
Have had their consummation, I will travaile
And leave the cause behind. You may reveale it
When I am gone. I shall be prais'd or pittied
For none can blame me.

**Rav.** None! Yes all that heare it.
Who will not tax your indiscretion,
And want of knowing what belongs to man,
That will deny yourselfe that right, perhaps
None but yourselfe can challenge? we are war-
ranted
To be indulgent to our selves so farre
As worke our own contents by any meanes
Conscience or law calls just. Then if the time
Prevent it not, try your successse: be suddain;
Steale her away and marry her.

**The.** Tempt me not
Out of my passion into one more dangerous.
'Twere but a just correction if I kild thee;
That would instruct me to an act of error
Repentance could scarce win a pardon for.

**Rav.** My counsell's worth a better fee. Perhaps
You feare some trechery in me. Clere your under-
standing,
I'lle prove you ought to do it, and I to ayde you.
You are his foster sonne, and I his kinsman;
You he intends his heire, and yet he must not
Neglect me altogether. When they are married
She'l find one to get children.

**The.** Thou art base
In thy suspect of her; and but for peace
(To which this day ought to be consecrate)
It should be punish't.
Rav. Y'are too violent;
Be calme, and understand demonstrative reason;
Children being borne, then are you disinherited;
When marrying her ther's an estate will follow
Worth thousands; For she is the only child
Her parents ever had.

The. And why should you
Advise to this, and ayde it?

Rav. What more police [sic]
Could I be guilty of? When his displeasure
Hath cast you of (for that way sure he'll punish
The injury) stand not I faire to be
Possesst of what you loose, the old mans favor?
Were you the only object of my hate,
The good I do my self would make the act
Shew of sufficient malice: but my love
Guiding me to 't——

The fourth Scene.

To them Goodlove, Maligo, and Rhenish: and a
little after them Justice Ferret and his wife.

The. Tis well I am prevented;
My rashnesse else had executed justice
Upon thy guilt. Forbeare to tempt me farther.
Thy friendship's but the shaddow of a true one:
Dar'st urge such counsail, goodnesse cannot choose
But blush at it

Rav. Howsoever you receive it
I will attempt it.—I'le prepare the Bride
With this discovery: if she hath desires
She'll some way give them liberty. The old man
I then will prepossesse with jelousy;
And so indeere me to him, that my ends
Stand alwayes faire in their opinions.
A cunning villaine must pretend to save
When most of all he doth intend a grave. [Exit.
   Good. I like the rates; may the wines please as
   well,
I'lle not repent my bargaine.
   Mal. Trust me, sir, you have the best sack of
   Spaine.
   Rhen. And Rhenish, the Swan hath none better;
yet ther's that will make the crookedst horner in
the lane speake Latin with the Bedle of Vintiners
hall.
   Good. Mr. Justice Ferret,
This was a large expression of your love
To come over the water.
   Fer. 'Twas my wifes desire.
   Good. Kinde Mistresse Ferret!
   M. Fe. Sir, the respects I beare you, and the
obedience I owe my husband that commanded it,
brought me over willingly to offer my service to so
noble a friend.
   Good. Your courtesies overcome me.
   M. Fe.—A rot on the best linings of your three
pil'd durable, your everlastung almanack of high
dayes, feastes and sessions; was it my desire? Thou
lyest thou wrong side of a lawyer turn'd outwards:
I had better businesse at home. I could have seen
if mother Whirl had spun the last pound of flax I
sent her, or called at Knocks the weavers for my new
Napkins. I have no maides to cudgell their tasks
out of! Indeed I can hardly keepe any for such a
goat as thou art.
   Good. Are you offended with your husband, Mrs.
Ferret?
   M. Fer. Obedience forbid it; my head: or if I
may use the honorable phrase here without offence, my cap of maintenance.¹

Fer. No, no, sir; shee was but excusing a few faults.

M. Fer.—How, sir lubber, must the world take notice by you that I have faults or modesty to excuse them? I'le make thee complain a moneth of the fairies for this, the fairies of my nayles I meane, and pretend pinching for pissing in thy shooes, or such night uncleanesse.

Fer.—Sweet wife, forbear a little. Thou wilt vex away thy eating stomach, and here will be excellent cheer.

M. Fer.—So, so: I thought a Citty feast with a Ram-mutton pasty, and a twelve nookt custard, made with carryers eggs² and the out scrapings of isinglas, must tempt you to the charge of six pence over and six pence back agen. Which with an addition of Clerks fees shar'd, and some garrison'd westphalian neat's tongue or red deer pye out of my Chamber cupboard, might have been an entertainments for the Masters of the Parish in your own dyning roome; and all have been payd for too with the return of half emptyd bottles.

Good. Your wife, Mr. Ferret, had call'd something to mind deserves a chiding.

Fer. Fye no, sir. She is somewhat shrewish at home, but the best wife abroad——

M. Fer. Fy, sweet heart, now you flatter. 'Tis vertue enough in us to be obedient and dutyfull; we should lay our selves under our husband's feet if they

¹ "Cap of maintenance"—a cap of state borne before the mayors of certain cities on occasions of solemnity.
² Cf. vol. i. p. 166.
command it.—But i'le exalt my self or somewhat else above your head, you malkin of suburb authority set up only to fright crows from the carrion of the common wealth, that it may ly still and corrupt government. Your worship had best bind my tongue to the peace, my Nayles should soone bayle it.

[Soft Musick.]

The Fifth Scene.

To them Father, Mother, Raven, Bride, and maides attending her.

Good. My Bride come? The welcom'st guest that ever blest this roof.
Fay. Joy crown yee both.
Good. May your wish be propethick.
But why is she so sad?
Moth. 'Tis onely custome. Maides have their feares which by degrees must leave them.
M. Fe. May shee make him a happy wife, And prove obedient from my example.
Good. Salute my Bride, sonne; she should be thy joy As well as mine.
The. I better shall express Her entertainment in my pious wishes Then any complement: I will be ready To pay you my best duty.

[Goodlove and Raven whisper.]

Bride. Love, you meane, sir; Give it no other name. Might I own that And call it my possession, soone this melancholy Should leave it's mansion, and a Bride's full joy
Inhabit here. You surely do repine;
And it may be this act begets your feare.
Of being dispossest a fathers love,
Which he must now in some proportion
Confere on me.

_The._ Let me with reverence sweare

[Offers to kisse her hand.]

By this white hand——

_Bride._ Let me prevent your oath;
Or sweare by another book. Perhaps 'twill be
The last warme kisse my lips shall ever feel. [kisse.
I do believe you love me. [weep.

_The._—How shall I
Interpret this? how hard she claspt my hand,
And prest my lips? as wishing their conjuction
Might be eternall. Teares with her last words
fell:
And in their silent oratory taught me
To know myselfe more wretched by the knowledge
Of what should make me happy.

_Good._ Can this be?

_Rav._ It hath both possibility and circumstance
To make it probable. Good sir, observe
Their discontents: how they do sympathize,
And meet each other. Pray, sir, let them have
An opportunity; Ile be the spy:
And cal you to their billing.

_Good._ Tis well counsail'd.—
If 't please you Gentlemen I have within
Some rarities, whose sight shall be your businesse
'Till we are ready. Sweet, you shall forbeare them
'Till you are made my Mistersse. [Exeunt.

_Rav._ Whether will you go? [Theo. offers to follow.
Wast not my plot to get this liberty
That you might put your purpose into act,
If you have any? Why do you delay it?
You see she's willing; I prepar'd her to it.
  The. Willing to what, good Cousin?
  Rav. To be your Bride.
  Bride. My blusses speak consent: then if you please
Prevent prevention. My desires were never
Setled on any other, though I durst not
Reveale my passions, aw'd by feminine custome
And my strickt parents eyes. If you'll receive me,
The desperate state of my crosse fortune armes me
To any enterprise you'll be my guide in.
  The. I shall be tempted to neglect that duty
I would not rashly violate, to possesse
All that my wish can covet.
  Rav. You may hereafter
Discourse your loves. Play not away th' occasion.
Her's the key of the back gate: take water presently,
and away to the—[whispers]—I'le follow; get ye a
Licence and see all dispacht. 'Feare not persuit:
that I'le hinder. [Exeunt.
So, the foundations laid on which I'le build
My selfe a fortune, and with better safety
Then making him away. Yet he must not marry her,
That were t' enable him, if my villany
Should be discovered, to revenge and punish it.

The Sixth Scene.

To him Goodlove, Father, Mother, Ferret,
Mrs. Ferret, Maligo, and Rhenish.

The old man! aide me now hypocrisie,
Or all miscarries.—Oh sir I have search't for you
All the house over.
Good. Hast observ'd any thing?

Rav. I left them here so close condoling. They are questionles stolen to some private place: I'll ent them out, and bring you word.

I must absent myself for feare my joy For this faire entrance doth discover me. [Exit.

Good. Father in expectation, I have sudainly

Bethought me of a business.

Fat. Pray what is't?

Good. You see I am old; unfit for such a Bride. Suppose I make a resignation,

And give my right up to another man,

One that your daughter and yourself should like of? What if my Son were Bridegroom? 'twere a match

Would carry more proportion.

Fat. None more gladly,

So you'll confer upon him an estate

Answering her portion.

Good. It shall be considered of.

Wee'l know their likings.

Fer. Will you not marry her yourself then after all these preparations? Why, sir, the world takes notice of it, and it may concern your credit.

Good. Your husband counsailles well, Mrs. Ferret.

M. Fe. I cannot in obedience but allow of his wisdom.—Thou changling nurst with the milke of an asse whence thou derivest thy great empty noodle: must you hinder a good motion? Are there not cuckoldes enough already?

Good. Where's the Bride, Cousin? [Raven returns.

Rav. Vanish't, sir, not to be found. They are questionlesse run away together: the water gate is fast lockt, and the key without. You were doubtful, sir, and would hardly give credit to my relation.
Scene VI.]

The Bride.

Fat. How! stolne away together! what plots are these?

Good. Yours, sir, to undoe the reputation
Of an old man.

Fat. Rather your own, to ruine
My only comfort.

Fer. Proceed you sir in your late motion and this
difference will soone find a reconciliation. Is not the
Gentleman his only son?

Good. No sonne of mine, but the most monstrous
birth
Of base ingratitude that ever made
Charity frozen. I found him in the fields,
An Infant almost starv'd, and bred him up,
It seems for this.

Moth. Alasse our child's undone.

Fat. Pursue the villaine. If the extremity
Of Law can do it, I will hang him for't.

Rav.—I should be glad of that.

Fat. If I can prove, sir, your least knowledge
makes you
A party in't, your state or mine shall crack for't.

Good. Do you, sir, threaten me in mine own house?
My credit's more at stake then that I should
Be calme; but once I give you the priviledge.

Fat. Come, let's to water: we perhaps may take
them.

Rav. Yes at the Tower questionlesse.

[Exeunt Father and Mother.

Fer. Sir, if I find them in my precinct—

M. Fer. What will you do? If thou dost the least
wrong to the loving couple, though I burn for it, I
will roast thee alive and sell thy greasie kidnies for
kitchinstuffe.

[Kickshaw enters with plate under his cloake.
Rav. A good proceeding hitherto.

Kick. No vench, no veding? Me bid you adieu, Mounsieur; you no need a me varke.

Good. Farewell, Mounsieur. Reward him, Cosin.

Kick. Here be reward; two, tree silver dish, and tree, four spoone make Mounsieur a gentleman an buy de fine vench beyond de water. Me no stay for de reward. [Exit.

Good. Ha hah hah he!

Mal. Why laugh you, sir? Make you no more account of so great an injurie?

Good. They'r gone: and now I'le tell ye, gentlemen, I knew the boy did love her, and I meant He only should enjoy her; but pretended My selfe would marry her, thereby to worke A greater portion out of her covetous Father; And to insinuate my selfe into A perfect knowledge of his true estate. Now since h' hath play'd the wagge, preventing me Of my own plot, you all shall in and witnesse My act of love to him: I'le instantly Confirm him my full heire, reserving something For you my kinsman; whom I desire Use your best diligence to finde them out, And bring them home, but coupled. And you gentle-

men,

Dispense with this dayes accident, your cheer Tomorrow shall be doubled. [Exeunt.

Rav. How is this?

My plot's prevented too; curse on the charme That witcheth you to love him! Bring them home, But coupled! fine employment. Yet 'tis well You tell me your intent. My brain must work Some more successfull mischief that may hit; No villain[i]e can prosper without wit. [Exit.
The second Act, the first Scene.

Squirrell, and after him a Drawer.

Squir. Your deligence, knaves, or I shall canvase your pole davyes.¹ Deafen not a gallant with your anon anon, sir, to make him stop his eares at an overreckoning. Can a mansion purchased and pay’d for be converted into a house of entertainment, and subsist without commings in and goings out? Now, sir, what say you?

Dra. The reconing, sir, for Mr. Serge the Mercer, and the Scriveners wife, that have been these two hours in the yellow bed-Chamber.

Squi. And what had they?

Draw. A dish of collops and egges and wine.

Squi. Sixteen shillings! ’tis well.

Dra. But her husband had half a quire of paper and bastard² by himself in the Bulls-head, which would hardly keep him emploïd below stayres; he was going up to peep through the key-hole.

¹ “Canvase your pole davyes,” i.e. I shall sack you, dismiss you from my service.
² Cf. Brome’s Sparagus Garden (1640), iii. 1:—
   “Gardener. What did the rich old Merchant spend upon the poore young gentlemans wife in the yellow bed-chamber?
   Martha. But eight and twenty shillings, and kept the roome almost two hours. I had no more of him.
   Gar. And what the Knight with the broken Citizens wife (that goes so Lady like) in the blew bed-chamber?
   Mat. Almost foure pound.
   Gar. That was pretty well for two.
   Mat. But her husband, and a couple of servingmen had a dish of sparagus, and three bottles of wine, besides the broken meate into one o’ the Arbors.”
³ A sweet Spanish wine.
Squi. Sawcy Scrivener! peep through a key-hole! shouldst have had him by the eares.
Dra. His peeping through a hole cost them long since.
Squi. And this came freely?
Dra. He woundred, sir, it was no more.
Squi. Go carry the blades in the Lion a pottle of sack from me: [exit Dra.] their roaring must be maintained out of my profit. They are good procurers; and help now and then to stave1 of an overheated Citizen that persues his game too egerly. Though my holy-day squires of the City bring me in most gain, my free Knights of the suburbs, the erants of Lincoln-Inn fields, where their randevous makes the gunpowder house terrible, and the smock tribute due to their order is daily and nightly exacted, these I say are the best maintainers of my profits occasion; and Squirrel must venter cracking to maintaine them whilst his sign and bush lasts.

The Second Scene.

To him Theophilus and Bride.

Y'are welcome, sir.
The. The Master of the house?
Squi. The poore owner of some goods and chattels; moveables and immoveables, with a small stock to drive a trade.
The. We would desire the use of a roome.
Squi. You shall be accommodated.
The. We expect a friend; 'till he comes this may serve.
Squi. What you please, sir. A towll, sirrah, quickly! [Exit.

1 Old ed. "stane."
**Bri.** Thou seem'st, sweetbath, as if th' hadst fears within thee.

We may securely now discourse our loves,
And weary time with words, 'till we are fit
To act our wishes.

*The.* The fulnesse of my joyes,
Happ'ning so suddain, ere I was prepar'd
To taste them with an appetite, hath bred
A surfeit in me.

**Bri.** Now you smell of flattery.
I would not have you court what you possesse
With any attribute above its merit.
If my being yours you count your happinesse
Let us be suddain to confirm our selves
Mutually happy, e're our parents rage
Can reach us to prevent it.

*The.* That word parents
Makes me reflect on my ingratitude:
Being greater far then infamous recordes
Did ever punish;¹ and like pleasant dreames
My joyes are changed to nothing.

**Bri.** Suddaine dumb's:
Whence are they? to my selfe I am not guilty
Of a behaviour that should merrit this.
I prethee let me blush, and kisse away:
The clowdes hang on thy brow. No discontent
Should interpose where equall love hath mixt
Equall desires; and for the noble end
No base dependance. For, could I but think
Thy soule did harbor any bastard thought
Which goodnesse might not father, I would back
To my disgrace; and confindently meet
My parents anger, all th' affronts of rumor,

¹ Qu. "publish"?
And what the rabble pleas'd, rather then stay
To nurse it to a growth.

_The._ Then pray' return;
But not to your disgrace; all shall be thrown
Upon my guilt. And though my love (unstain'd
With the least blemish of impure affection)
Gave th'act allowance, I'le belye my self,
And say I did enforce you; which the law
May punish with my life. I'le give it up,
To end th'affliction of my soule, divided
'Twixt love to you, and duty to that man
I have so wrong'd.

_Bri._ Can love admit such scruples?
Or is't thy coldnesse? I was too too credulous,
But the necessity deny'd more tryall.
Here's a pretence indeed!

_The._ Can there be greater?
Ingratitude's a monster. Shall I then
Repay that man with injurie, that gave
My almost starv'd life warmth, and made me breathe,
Though to be miserable?

_Bri._ Thou dost surely
Want the best part of man, and art not capable
Of resolution. Such a coward spirit
Lodgeth not here. I now suspect thy worth,
And blame my rashnesse.

_The._ Why should I be taxt
With such defect? Know then I deserve you
By any enterprise that may be credible.
Invention cannot fancy an employment
I would not manage to confirm my love
Worthy your best opinion, only this
My conscience frights me from.

_Bri._ Well then, farewell.
Passion will guide me somewhere; goodnesse guard me
From a despaire; and whatsoever end
I am dispos'd for, I'lle remember thee:
Deny'st thy self good in denying me.

[Offers to go away.

The third Scene.

To them the Drawer with a towell.

Dra. What's your wine, sir?
The. Presently.—Stay! [Pulls back Bride.
Dra. Your pleasure, sir. [Bride weeps.
The. I meane not you.
Dra. I know your meaning, sir. [Exit Drawer.
The. Why should those pearles be wasted,
Till they enrich my funerall? Distraction
Hurries my thoughts, and hindreth them from
ord'ring
Any resolve. Have I proceeded hitherto?
And shall I now give back? The infamy
Sticks on my name already; and the stain
Thrown on it by the black mouth'd multitude
For being ingratefull, by bare satisfaction
Cannot be washt away. Her virtue likewise
Will be suspected. I must therefore on
Since reason prompts me to it. Love shall excuse
The act, and my neglect of other dues.
—Sweet, I am now resolv'd.

Bri. Resolv'd! to what?
The. To consummate our wishes.

Bri. Now I think on't
'Tis better not. I find my flame abated:
My lov's not half so violent, I can stay,
And try you first.

The. How's this? why will you now
Change your intent that seem'd so resolute?
'Twill make us be the subject of discourse,  
And libelling ballads; every goships feast  
Will make mirth from our shame.  

_Bri._ No matter for't,  
I now begin t' examine what's in you  
So taking. An indifferent handsome frame;  
The superfinies neatly varnished over.  
In it should dwell a soul rich as the building  
Doth promise to the eye; but I suspect it.  
Thy actions suit not with a noble spirit.  
Thy love's but wanton passion, not the vertue  
Should give it warrant. He that would be mine,  
Must in his mind as well as outward shine.  
_Agen._ farewell.  

_[Offers again to go._  

_The._ Stay: I have fool'd my selfe  
Into a maze of errors, and do want  
M'instructive part to guide me. All my faculties  
Of soule are puzzled, and at every turning  
Do mate themselves with doubts. Why should you  
feigne  
This cruelty to kill me, when my joyes  
Were almost strengthen'd in the life you gave them,  
So far as not to fear a new relaps?  
Having corrected all the accidents  
Of my diseas'd love, will you now desist  
To make a perfect cure?  

_Bri._ Medicines apply'd  
To an unwilling or distrustfull patient,  
Their working's hindred. You have ill receiv'd  
The meanes; and what succeeds, your selfe is  
guilty of;  
No cruelty of mine.  

_The._ You are resolv'd then  
To send me back to my first misery,  
And anew make me wretched?
Bri. 'Till confirm'd
Ther's merit in you.

The. Is my want of that
Onely suspected by you? Hear me first,
And then farewell. May I be curst beyond
Recovery by my penitence; let heaven
Ne're make me master of a wish that may
Include my least good, if I marry you——

Bri. How's this?

The. Untill your parents free consent,
And the good liking of that injur'd man
Allow it publike ceremony.

Bri. Thou canst not
Figure a more impossibility.
It must be never then. Call in thy vow;
The rashnesse will dispense with't.

The. That might give
A new occasion for your cruel wit
To tax me with new weaknesse. Know I can
Be man as well as lover; and am fixt,
In my resolve, beyond the power of change
By any passion.

Bri. I have play'd too long
With the false shaddow of my happinesse,
And mockt away the substance. By my love,
Zealous as ever kindled a chast flame
In any maidens brest, I but dissembled
To try thy patience, and beget discourse.
I am so well confirm'd in my opinion
Of thy desert, that should a thousand tongues
Swoln with detraction, break their tum'rous bags,
Venting from thence the most corrupted malice
That ever made man infamous, to me
It should be flatt'ring praise.

The. Did you dissemble?
Could she, who through her eyes conveigh’d her heart,
And the assurance of her best desires,
When other meanes were silenst;—shee that taught
My equall passion to interpret lookes,
Teares, smiles, and read in those dumb characters
Her soule,—dissemble? or with any counterfet
Disturb his joy that only from her truth
Derives its true possession? Jealousie
May then be warranted, since ’tis a vertue
Noble and masculine when justly grounded.
Was not your love disbanded? meant you not
To make a property of these proceedings
For some ends of your own? Dispose yourself
As your will guides you; ’twill but make my life
Somewhat more tedious wanting your society:
Besides whom I renounce all woman kind.

_Bri._ I man besides thee. Do not tempt thy fate
Too far beyond a reconciliation
With opportunity. As yet it serves:
If this day give thee not possession of me,
Never expect it. I shall find a place
To keep out shame. In some chast fellowship
I'le learn to pay religious vows to heaven,
And pray, since here we cannot, we may be
Happy hereafter in eternity. [Weeps.

_The._ Dissolve not with those teares my passive heart
That weeps within me. They will almost tempt me
To worse then sacrilege. Anon we will
Consult and practice something.

The Fourth Scene.

_To them SQUIRELL; After him RAVEN._

_Squi._ By the description he makes of you a gentleman below enquires for you. I was not curious to ask your name, but I know his.
The. My Cosin Raven!
Squi. The same, sir.
The. Pray direct him to us.
Squi. What's your wine, sir?
The. When he comes.
Squi.—This is sure some hide-bound student, that proportions his expense by his pension; and wencheth at Tottenham court for stewed prunes and cheesecakes. Hee's not acquainted with the generous way, and I shall have the lesse scruple to cosin him. [Exit.

The. Be not so clowdy, sweet; our sun of joy
May shine at full, and cleere those dusky mists
Obscure it for a season. Welcome, Cosin,
Unto our expectation.

Rav. The wine, boy!
Within. Anon anon sir: by and by.
The. Cosin, the news? how go matters?
Rav. The tempest's lay'd, but they are scattered by it,
Some to the Tower; to Pancrace others run,
Noise fils the rooms within, and in the street
The rabble is convented; where a jury
Of wide mouth'd oyster wives, to whom the foreman
A one legg'd ballad singer opens tunably
The merry case, not onley do acquit you,
But prayse the act; and sweare a ballad of it
Would out sell all the libells ever yet
M.P.¹ subscrib'd to.
The. 'Tis an act indeed
Deserves reproach.

[Drawer enters with wine and exit.

¹ "M.P."—Martin Parker, the famous ballad-writer. It was his custom to place his initials at the end of a ballad.
Rav. Deserves a Chronicle,
A legend of delight. Which when 'tis read
By the learn'd youth of Hogsden\(^1\) after supper,
Shall cause such laughter 'mongst th' attentive family,
That Cheap-side wives shall curse the noise, for
sowring
The market womens creame and buttermilke.

The. Y'are are very pleasant, Cousin. Some mans
jelousy,
Would soone interpret it to be but scorn.
What you intend it——

Rav. Cosin, it is my zeale
Makes me thus light and ayery; yet rather
Then my behaviour should give way unto
The least suspition, I'le put on a shape
Of like dejectednesse, as seems to cloath
Your melancholick Bride; but how 'twould show
Th' occasion makes it doubtfull. If shee'l weep
Upon her wedding day, let it not be
But that shee apprehends th' ensuing night
Brings on her joyfull feares. Cosin, lets drink
A health to the effect: a jolly boy
Will follow, feare not. [Drinke.

Bri. Yet the cause is hindred.
Pray' let your counsailles in our danger be
Movers unto more serious thoughts and actions.
Our peace is not yet settled; and we doubt
What the sucesse may be which our proceedings
Are destin'd to.

Rav. Sucesse! the best that time,
And the application of endeavours can
Crown your desires with. Yet I must confesse

---

\(^1\) Here the 'prentices used to treat their sweet-hearts to cream and custards.
Your parents storme, and threaten death if law
By any trick can urge it. But the old man
Seems to forgive you; onely his intent
Is to dispose his state some other way
Then leave the least part yours: which to comply for
With any least submission, I should rather
Banish my self his sight, and, cancelling
All th' obligations of indebted duty,
Scorn to be flatter'd into payment of it.
Cosin, be rul'd by me; confirme your self
In this possession. You may find delights,
Enjoying one another, though restrain'd
A generall liberty. Get into the Country,
Remote enough, but where you may receive
Weekly intelligence and meanes from me;
Which I'll supply you with in a proportion
For moderate expence. As things grow ripe,
I can informe you. As it hath been ever,
It shall be still my care to do you offices
(For mine own ends).

The. You have, my dearest cosin,
Given large testimony of your love;
Requittal must be studied. But for this
You have advis'd to, a quite different course
Is here resolv'd on, and my vow hath seal'd it.
I must returne to labor a consent
From those I have so wrong'd; which if deny'd me,
I never must enjoy what I desire
Above my self.

Rav. Consent! 'twould soone be had
(If I prevent it not)! [A noise within.] What noise
is that?
Perhaps some that pursue you; hide your selves;
Her's an inner roome.

[puts them into another roome.]
The fifth Scene.

To him Squirell peeping.

Squi. So, so, this is right, gentlemen; one for another. Yet shee lookes not like carrion of Mr. Raven leaving; I have seldom known him turn over any flesh to another that hath not been sufficiently tainted.

Rav. This accident, what ere it was, hath gain'd me an opportunity.—Squirell, thou must be intelligent and trusty. Hast observ'd?

Squi. Why, is she a wench?

Rav. Ther's a question now to bring thy wit in question, and condemn thee for a puny politick in the smock state.—What blades are in the house?

Squi. Rashbe, Spilman, Poinard, and others.

Rav. And they made the noise?

Squi. Right, sir.

Rav. Will they attempt?

Squi. Any thing for you, sir. Shall it be an affront?

Rav. More, more; send them up; and applye thy self with cunning as thou expectest ever to thrive by the ghostly sins of wenching.

Squi. I have known you, Mr. Raven, a bird of the flesh these many yeares; and if I should not respect an old standard! [Exit.

Rav. Away then to the execution.—

Cosin, our feares are causelesse.

The. Had they been
Such as it spake them, we might well have staid
And yeelded to them. We had only seem'd
Compell'd to what we freely must performe.
The Sixth Scene.

To them the Blades.

Rav. Have you businesse with any here, sir?
1 Bla. I do not use to answer, sir. Sweet Lady!
The. What fellow's this?
1 Bla. Fellow? one that will admit no fellow, sir.
Fellow! fellow your selfe.
The. More! I suspect some rudenesse. Pray, Cosin, call the master of the house.
2 Bla. The Master of the house is the master of the house; but we will master both him and you unlesse you deliver.
The. My purse?
3 Bla. Your she familiar, sir; we would be familiar with her.
The. You are foule mouth'd.
1 Bla. How, sir Cittizen! do you think e're you are quite fledge in the nest, with the shell of your cuckows eggs upon your head, to confront us? We are blades; and blades must be scoured.
Bri. What meane you, sir?
2 Bla. Your servant, sweet Lady.
The. She is none of your pleasure Ladies, 'tis a wrong direction of your base thoughts.
3 Bla. Base! Cit, thou deserv'st the cane: but this Ladies goodnesse commands thy pardon.
Bri. You are mistaken, sir; I have no skill
In th' art of prostitution.
1 Bla. You shall be instructed, Lady; 'tis the Blades profession.
The. Forbear your rudenesse; if you must be wicked,
Let your temptations be directed where
The sin is grown to custome. Her chaste ears
Never receiv'd such sounds.
2 Bla. Come, come, you must, sweet Lady.
Bri. What, sir?
1 Bla. Along with us: we are company indeed.
Who would let a Cit. (whose teeth are rotten out
with sweet meates his mother brings him from
goshippings) breathe upon her vernish, for the promise
of a dry neats tongue and a pottle of Rhenish at the
stillyard,\(^1\) when she may command a Blade to toss
and tumble her? and (if she should pawn a petticoat)
beat such a fellow as this is till he hath redeem'd it.
The. Advantage may do much; but I would wish ye
Desist, and be more civill: 'tis not th' odds else
Shall fright me from attempting to correct you.
2 Bla. Correct us! nay then along, lady.

[One draws and stands at the door, whilst
the other carry her away.

Bri. Help me, sweet heart! will ye use violence?
The. Ye cowards, 'gainst an unarm'd man!
Kav. May not I passe?
3 Bla. Not through me, sir, unlesse you were a
Blade; the fraternity may claime some privilidge [sic].
The. Then arm me, Justice!

[Theo. throwes his cloake on the others point;
gets within him and takes away his sword.

---

\(^1\) "Stillyard is a place in London [in Upper Thames Street
in the ward of Dowgate], where the fraternity of the Easterling
Merchants, otherwise the merchants of Hawnse and Almaine
are wont to have their abode. It is so called of a broad place,
or Court, wherein Steele was much sold, upon the which that
house is now founded." Cowell's Interpreter. Cf. Dekker and
Webster's Westward Ho, ii. i.—"From him come I entreat
you . . . to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish wine-house
i' the Stilliard"; see Dyce's note on that passage.
3 Bla. Hold, for heavens sake hold!
The. Thy life I scorn it; 'tis too base to pay
A satisfaction; she must be redeem'd
At a far higher rate. [Exit.
Rav. My wishes issue
In all things yet. Are you much hurt, sir?
3 Bla. A scratch or so. If the rest scap no better,
I shall beleive there is more valour in some, then
what's onely shown at a Finsbury muster. [Exit.

Ent. Squi. hastily.

Squi. Your ayd, master Raven, or we shall have
murder done.
The young Gentleman sir, the young gentleman— [Exit.

Rav. I hope so, if my plot succeeds.
This was an unlookt businesse thrust upon me,
But I must practise my hipocrisie
With best art; else suspicion may discover
The guilt that's in me. Sure he's dead by this time,
Unless his skin be proof against their points.
If one of them should fall, and he escape,
The rest I will suborne to make his life
The lawes. Thus villany, like a pregnant mother,
From the successe of one begets another. [Exit.

---

**The third Act, the first Scene.**

Theophilus beating in the Blades before him;
Brade, Raven and Squirrel.

1 Bla. Hold, hold; I am hurt.
2 Bla. I bleed too.
1 Bla. If my sword had had a point, I had pay'd him home.

Squi. I beseech you, sir, be pacified.

The. Sir, if your house be a place priviledg'd
For such abuses, it must be inform'd of
That law may punish it. But for these shadows,
Mockshapes [sic] of valour; were it not for stayning
My innocent hands, I would compell your soules,
Black as they are, to give me satisfaction
As ye expire them.

Bri. Prethee, sweet, no more;
Tis well th'art safe.

1 Bla. We do acknowledge an error, sir; and for satisfaction; sir, and to preserve peace, our weapons shall be delivered up to the Master of the house.

Rav.—Mischiefe upon their basenesse; how are they
Declin'd from men! I hop't one desperate thrust
Or stroake e're this had sent him to his quiet,
And cut off farther labor to contrive it;
It racks my invention. Yet I cannot rise
To what I ayme at but by his ruine.

1 Bla. We hope you'll do the like, sir.

The. If I were confident of safety;
But you must give me leave, being one that can Command myselfe and passion. This with me Serves as an instrument of peace, and may Fright an intended mischiefe from me. Good sir, Retaine their weapons as you'll answer it At your own peril.

Squi. Surely, Mr. Raven, you were mistaken; this is no wench.

2 Bla. Baffled and hurt! we may revenge it, sir.

The. Ye properties of men, made up of rags And outside onely, shoot your threats at those
That feare the bubbles. Think not here to triumph
As o’re your easie guils, that must redeem
Their safties from the danger of your furies
By battering downe with th’ engine of their purse
Some sconce¹ your drunken valour in a taverne
Hath built with sack.

3 Bla. So, sir.

The. Be gone, for feare you urge me
To more impatience. Yet my charity
Affords ye this good counsayle. The world’s full
Of brave imploiments for men capable.
Y’have persons, but want mindes for actions
That might ennable ye. Honor attends
On warre; ye only call your selves by names
Of Captaines and Lieffenants here where peace
Is most secure, but when your drunken quarrells
Disturb her. Go to th’ warres, and save the Citty
The chargeable reparing of their prisons.

1 Bla. Wee’l think upon your satire.

3 Bla. Take the scabbard too. My belt I’le pawn
for a scarf to hang my arm in, that the not wearing
of a sword may have pretence; till whose recovery I
am degraded from a Blade to a Battoone.

[Exeunt the Blades.

Bri. How lovely showes this valour! That in men
There should be so much difference!

The. Why so sad, Coz? What think you on?

Rav. I was contriving mischiefe.

The. Mischiefe! ’gainst whom?

Rav. I shall betray my selfe.—

A merry harmlesse mischiefe; whose relation
Shall make the Ice of melancholick spleenes

¹ Old ed. “sconch.”—To “build a sconce” was a cant term
for “run upon the score.” See Index to Old Plays, s. Sconce.
Dissolve with laughter. 'Tis a pretty plot
Upon those roarers.

_The._ Pray impart it then.

_Rav._ There is a passage in 't unperfect yet.—
How apt is guilt to be its own discoverer!
I almost had spoil'd all.

_The._ I do begin,
Weighing the circumstance, to be possesst
With a suspect of his sincerity.
Hee's surely trecherous; and perhaps occasion'd
The late attempt upon me, so to have
Remov'd the bar he feares might shut him out
From an inheritance I never coveted.
I must not be too credulous.—What's the reason
You are so cloudy, Cosin? In your eyes
Methinks I read sad thoughts; your merry mischiefe
Promis'd more lightsomnesse.

_Rav._ I cannot yet
Fancy a good conclusion; it hath passages
That would beget a neate one. Are you, Cosin,
Resolv'd on your returne? or will you practise
As I advis'd?

_The._ Doth that concerne your plot?

_Rav._ I mind no plots; my mind is onely busie
To make you safe.

_The._ Safe! which way meane you, Cosin?

_Rav._ Pray' wrest it not. Suppose those baffled
roarers
Should in revenge way-lay you: they are mis-
chievous;
And if you should miscarry—

_The._ No great matter:
There were an end to misery. You need not
Be much sollicitous to prevent my danger,
Since on my death depends the assurance
Of an estate to you. When you enjoy it,
If my cold ashes might be capable
Of such expressions, they should dance for joy
Fortune had so rewarded you, that merit
Above her flattery; which she but practis’d
When I was interpos’d by greater accident
Then ever yet made learned error give her
The prohane attributes of a deity.

Rau. He surely doth suspect me.

The. Had I fain
(As ten to one I might, had not the cause
Given me the greater odds), had you contriv’d it——

Rau. How’s that? your Jelousy is an unkindnesse
My love deserves not.

The. I hope you are not guilty,
That catch th’ uncertain meaning of my words
E’re they are perfected; and preinterpret
Thoughts that had never being! I may then
Justly have doubts. For innocence, unmov’d,
At a false accusation, doth the more
Confirm it selfe; and guilt is best discover’d
By its own feares.

Rau. Pray fancy what you please
To strengthen your suspition: ’tis indeed
So weakly grounded, that unlesse you prop it
With better circumstances, your own shame
Shall ruine it, and justifie my truth.—
I must out fac ’t.

The. Your own impatience
May serve for one. This house you sent us to,
For ought I know, a Brothell. You are noted
For one that surftes in the pleasant sin:
And he that without scruple dares persue it,
Dares without scruple do or be consenting
To any mischief from whose execution

G
The means may be derived that will maintaine
His lust and riot.

*Rav.* 'Tis not well that you
Digresse from your first plea to this foule satire.
You should not tax my life, since it hath done you
Those offices deserve (besides your thanks)
Your most indulgence to my greatest faults;
Nor doth it show of noble nature in you
To credit infamy from a report,
Untill confirm'd by knowledge. Howsoever
You have declar'd yourself in your suspition;
And hence forth I desist: my practises
Have been so fruitlesse. One I had contriv'd
To Crown th' expression of my zealous care
In your affaires. You might have us'd my love
To better ends.

*Bri.* Pray' sir, continue it,
And reconcile your passions; he shall be
No more in such an error, to mistake
The ayme of your intentions. From my warrant
He shall agen be settled in's opinion
Of your fidelity, not to be alter'd
By after accidents.

*Rav.* When once suspected,
Can I presume that any undertaking
Will be received well?

*Bri.* Prethee, sweet, remove
Th' ill grounded jealousy and heare him. Hee'l
Propose what may be usefull.

*Rav.* I shall never
But feare hereafter all my actions
Will not be fairly constred.

*The.* It must be
By that feare onely. Cosin, I nere brought
My doubts to such a positive conclusion,
But that they might be chang'd to better truth
By your least satisfaction. If you have
Design'd ought for our good, and that my judgement
Gives it allowance, no suspicion shall
Hinder the execution.

Rav. Might I be
Confirm'd no misinterpretation should
Wrest the intent——

The. I am not capable
Of a new doubt, unless your doubts beget it.
Then pray' impart your counsaille.

Rav. Thus it is:
I have a little country house neer Epping;
Thither I would convey you. You may there
Conceale your selfe some time; In which I'le practise
A reconcilial with their loves
By all the meanes that my invention
Can worke. Nor thinke I have sinister ends;
But faire, as ever perfect friendship made
Glorious in the success.

Bri. Prethee, consent
To this faire motion.

The. Cosin, to expresse
How far I am from feare of any trechery
You might be guilty of; what you advise to
Shall be put into instant act. This key
Will leade you where my husbandry hath stor'd
Something from honest gain, without least wronging
The old mans trust; I pray' convey it hither
Where wee'l expect you.

Rav. Please you to command
My store; what I am master of is yours.—
I shall gaine time to plot; my suddaine pollicies
Wanted a right foundation.

Within. They are here an't please your worship.
The Bride.

[Bri.] We are anew betray'd!
[Rav.] Mischief forbid it!
[Within.] You shall have justice feare it not.
[Within.] You may take my warrant, gentlemen.

The second Scene.

To them the Blades, Justice Ferret, Mrs. Ferret and Raven.

[Rav.] The Justice! then all's marr'd.
[Fer.] What, Mr. Bridegroom?
[M. Fe.] And Mistress Bride! send you joy.
[Fer.] Are you the—
[Mrs. Fer.] Let me speak, sir parrot; must you be repeating your sessions lecture and I in place?
[Swim.] The Justice knows them. Best shift for yourselves least you be found the most delinquents, and forced from your bower of pleasure here to peep through a grate or taste the charity of Bridewell.

[Exeunt Blades.]

[M. Fe.] You are complain'd of by these—
[Fer.] Ha! whether are they gone that accused you?

[The.] Without their accusation I submit
My selfe to th' law. And if you have direction
To use your power, let it acquit this gentlewoman
From the ensuing scandal: I 'll be patient
With any punishment the just revenge
Of those I have so wrong'd can lay upon me.

[M. Fe.] Is she not your wife?
[The.] Heaven hath forbid it, and my penitence
Restores her back.

[Bri.] It shall not, by my hopes
Of comfort in thy love. If your commission
Be for our apprehension——
M. Fe. Truly, Mistress Bride, I should be glad to apprehend you in bed together; t'was expected all had been cock sure by this. 'Twas but a plot of your old foster father to pretend marrying her himself when he meant her onely for you.

Rav.—They will discover all; curse on the accident That brought them hither.

M. Fe. To expresse it more fully, and how deere you are to him, he hath conferred his whole estate upon you. My Worshipfull husbands hand is to the writing.

Fer. It is indeed, sir.

M. Fe. Is it so, sir? as if my word were not sufficient!

Rav. Heare them attentively, and then your eare.

The. I do heare words that must be scan'd and constred.

Fer. He appointed that gentleman to find you out.

The. Amazement hath possesst me wholly.

Rav. Although my person came before you, sir, You were the first deliverer of this joy Which I conceal'd for reasons; but desire I now may finish all in private.

M. Fe. Take your fill, sir, whilst I drink mine.

[Drinks.

Rav. Cosin, I know you wonder at the strangeness Of all; for which take this briefe satisfaction:
You are betray'd to receive punishment,
For what you rather do deserve a Crown.
This Justice and myself had the instructions:
All's nothing but a plot to get you back.

The. Why then would you, pretending love, conceal it?
And mock my feares with such diversity
Of dangerous accidents you brought upon
them?

Rav. Alasse! had I reveal'd the circumstance,
Of his profest love, feign'd intentions,
And the smooth traps were layed to catch you in,
I know your nature of such easie temper,
You rather would have flattered yourself
Into belief of them, then your own danger:
'Twas my prevention.

The. How I shall determine
And reconcile these differences to truth
Is hard. Be firm, my resolution:
I will be satisfied, and yet prevent
The danger that is her[e]. My Cosin Raven
Is certainly a villaine.—You have been, sir,
The comfortablest messenger of pardon,
That ere engag'd a man; and if you please
To be the instrument of farther good,
You'll find us gratefull.

M. Fe. Command both me and mine husband.

The. Pray' take this gentlewoman to your care,
Whilst I go back to make acknowledgement
Of the great benefits are done me.

Bri. I will along with thee likewise.

Rav. By no meanes.

Let him be satisfied of all that's past,
Which I'll instruct him how without his danger,
Whilst you are absent.

The. Shall she be your charge?

Fre. She shall go to our house.

M. Fe. And welcome with my husbands good
liking.—To your house? as if the entertainement of
constables on a sharing day were not chargeable
enough, but you must complemet away wine and
sweet meats. 'Tis enough that we wish them well; let others do them good.

**Fer.** Sweet wife, be patient; I have found out another way.

**Rav.** Observe me, sir, I will discover more: D'you think 'tis fit my cosin go alone, sir? Suppose those baffled roarers (whom he did Justly correct) waylay him, may there not Be danger in't?

**Fer.** You say well, sir. **Standish** and **Dash**, my Clerkes, shall along with him. Or what think you of my neighbour **Catch** the Marshalls man? the sight of him would fright them.

**Rav.**—Do you mark that, sir? he would have you guarded:

Would you were off! I'll tell you more by th' way. I'll along with you, Cosin, so I may Borrow a weapon.

**Squi.** You may have one of these.

**The.** Let's on; I will returne to our full joyes; I go but to prepare them—And find out The meaning of these riddles. [Exit.

**Bri.** My prayers go with thee.

**Rav.** By this what I intend shall be conferr'd Upon those roarers, that will carry circumstance To make it creditted, and quit me wholly Of all suspect. In mischeife ther's content, When we on others lay the punishment. [Exit.

**Fer.** Come, Mistresse **Bride**, we will walke and see some rarities and antiquities, till they return. There is one in the neighbourhood is stor'd with them; as if he had translated the Capitall hither.

**M. Fe.** The motion's good; it should have been mine, sir. You shall see the feathers of a Phenix, the beake of a Pelican, and the skins of birds, beasts and
fishes, stufft with hay, enough to bring down the
market. For coynes and meddalls he hath those
with inscriptions that speak their date 500 yeeres
before the use of letters. He hath the fingers and
toes of a Colossus, and three hairs of a giants upper
lip, each of them as big as a bullrush. Then he hath
the members of a pignie, that cannot be discerned
but through a multiplying\(^1\) glas. Yet it is thought
that he would gladly part with all he hath for the
Phylosophers stone; I, or the Unicorne's horne\(^3\) at
Windsor.

_Fer._ Come, come, he hath those things a prince
might glory to be owner of, and 'tis bravely done of
him to affect them.

_Bri._ Such sights will be delightful.—I must strive
in what I may my sad thoughts to withstand,
which do presage some mischief's neere at hand.

[Exeunt.

_Squi._ Y'are welcome with a mischiefe to the occa-
sion that brought you hither. Here hath been
attendance for a quart of wine and that not paid for.
Some better customers, or I shall crack without credit.
My Blades baffled too! their loss must be repair'd
upon the next advantage.

---

\(^1\) Evidently "multiplyng glas" is here used in the sense of
magnifying-glass.

\(^3\) This horne was brought home by Frobisher in his second
voyage.—"Upon another small Iland here was also found a
great dead fish which (as it should seeme) had bene embayed
with yce, and was in proportion round like to a porpuse, being
about twelve foote long, and in bignesse answerable, having a
horne of two yardes long growing out of the snoute or nostrels.
This horne is wreathed and straite, like in fashion to a Taper
made of waxe, and may truely be thought to be the sea
Unicorn. This horne is to be seene and reserved as a Jewell
by the Queenes Majesties Commandement in her Wardrobe of
Robes." Hakluyt's _Voyages_, iii. 65 (ed. 1600).
The Third Scene.

To him KICKSHAW, like a Gentleman.

You are welcome, sir.

Kick. Pray' take a me cloak; me back be so hot, will burn a hole in it.

Squi. Would you have a cooler, sir?

Kick. You understand for bien: de vench, de vench.

Squi. Excuse moy por c'la.

Kick. Parle Francois, Monsieur?

Squi. Non intendo.

Kick. You sall intand dat me be de French jentleman; dat me have two tree crown in me pocket, and me vuld have a de vine and de vench, and be merry in de shamber.

Squi. Ill send one to you, sir. [Exit.

Kick. Remercie, Monsieur. Voe call a me Cooke now! de greasy Larone! True, me make de Franch dish for de Lor; he give me two tree pence, me steal two tree pence of plate more, dat buy de sor, de hat an de feder; and Monsieur be so good a jentleman as——

The fourth Scene.

To him the BLADES, first one, then the rest, and afterwards the WENCHES.

1st Bla. Who, sir?

[Drawer brings in wine and exit.

Kick. Me have nothing to say to you.
The Bride.

1st Bla. I had thought you had sent for me.

Kick. You be no vench, Monsieur.

1st Bla. Would you have me to procure you one?

Kick. Me give you de vine, and you fetch a de vench.

1st Bla. Do you take a Blade for a Pandare?

Kick. You no quarrell vid me?

1st Bla. Yes, and pisse upon your back canopie that shadows your halfe roasted kidneis if you dishonor a Blade with the least suspition. Yet in a fair way I care not to exchange a glasse or two.

Kick. Vid all mine art. But pray, Monsieur, be you no so hot in de mout.

1st Bla. Do you disparage my Tobacco? I assure you, sir, it is right Spanish.

Kick. Me no endure de Spanish.

1st Blad. Not your Blade? why your French temper will not bear an edge to chop rotten lytter for morter.

Kick. You speak not like a jentelman dat love not to be a almode.

1st Bla. Poxe on your mode.

Kick. Dat be no good vard, Monsieur.

1st Bla. Doth it touch you, sir? why 'tis your credit to be markt by that French Herald for a gentelman of fashion.

Kick. Me can be no more patiant. Me cut in two tree, twosand peeece for dishonor the French jentelman.

2nd Bla. Will you so, sir? we are for you.

[As he offers to draw the Blades come in and binde him.

Kick. Oh de base coward.

3rd Bla. We shall be valiant enough to overcome your mettal.
Kick. Help, help! de teeves rob me!

1st Bla. No, no, monsieur, you shall have a vench for your mony, when you have enter'd into bonds for your good behaviour.

Kick. De gran English pock on you all. Vat you do vid me?

1st Bla. Work a cure (if we can) on the itch in your blood that hath infected many of our wenches, and made them dangerous to us.

Kick. Oh diable! que faite vous?

2nd Bla. He speaks ends out of a puppet play.

Kick. Help, help! de teeves kill me! beate me!

1st Bla. Peace, Monsieur, you shall have a wench presently.

Wine, Music! and whilst you in dalliance meet,
Wee'l tread a measure with our nimble feet
Shall tempt you to be sportive, if desire
Want whetting and renew the active fire.

Come, wenches. Monsieur, theres a she for you,
Your meat is paid for; if you lik 't fall to.

[Having taken away his money, sword and belt,
they sing and dance about him whilst an ill favoured greasy wench offers sometimes to kiss him.

Kick. Oh, fye, fee. De teef, rogue! poison me vid de stinking Maquarell!

1st Bla. Lett's leave him now t'his patience and go share,

And when you want a wench to cool you, Monsieur,
You know wher's those, can take your courage down,
sir. [Exeunt.

Kick. Oh de villain, de Laroone! my sor and my

---

1 Bawd.
money; and de slut leave a varse stinck behind her
den de Fransh Cook kishinstuffe.

The Fifth Scene.

To him Squirell.

Oh, Monsieur, help me! Me go to de Constable,
and de bedle sall vip for dis.
Squi. What's here? how came you bound? Not for
any good behaviour.
Kick. De teefes kill me and rob me. Fetch a me
cloak, me go to de Justice and his clerk. Fetch a
me cloak, I say!
Squi. Presently, sir. But now I have releast you
who shall pay the reckoning? 'tis five shillings you
and your company have had in wine.
Kick. Oh Diable! me no drink vine: De teefe
leave me no vine penny.
Squi. Your cloak then shall be your surety; it
shall be forth comming when you please to release it.
Kick. I say vill have a me cloak.
Squi. Not till you have payd the reckoning. I am
not to take notice of all mens behaviour; if you admit
of company and they abuse you, you must suffer for
it. I meane not, sir, to be overreached with any of
your French cheats.
Kick. Is English cheat to send me no vench—but
my cloak.
Squi. Not without the reckoning.
Kick. Me must then walk in quirpo.1

1 "In quirpo"—without a cloak, in undress (Span. cuerpo).
SCENE 1.

The Bride.

Squi. A fashion of your own, and apt to be followed upon the like occasion.

Kick. Me sall fetch de Magistrate. [Exit.

Squi. Even whom you please, My correspondence with these Blades, and wenches helps me and themselves to many such purchases, yet still my house is honest, though many will say—

No matter how, so they have coming in;
And sin thrives best, that is maintained by sin.

[Exit.

The fourth Act. The First Scene.

MALIGO and RHENISH meeting HORTEN.

Mal. It should be he by the description was made of him.

Rhe. Let us salute him then.—If your name be

Horten, sir?

Hor. I own no other.

Mal. We are recommended to you by some friends of yours that request for us your leave to see rarities and antiquities you have, and for which you are so much spoken of abroad in the world.

Hort. The world I do believe speaks grosly of me, And calls my curiosity in reposing
Such things, a prodigall vainesse, being one
That lives by my endeavors; have no state
But what my labor purchaseth.

    Mal. May we have leave to walke to your house?

    Hor. And command
The sight of all. I must confess my care
Of knowing and possessing rarities
Makes me so skillful I dare undertake
To pick a sallet out of Dioscorides,
Shall feast the Doctors colledge with rare practises
Stranger than Æsos restitution
To youth by Magick. From my garden, sir,
I can produce those simples, shall out-worke
All the compounds of drugs, and shew like miracles
Compar'd with them. What needs the weapon salve
Condemn'd by some for witchcraft? when each
dunghill
Affords the Persicaria\(^1\) that on wounds,
Works the like Magick. Panax Coloni
Is known to every rustic, and Hipericon;
And yet we must from Memphis and Iudea
Fetch Balsame, though sophisticate! there is not
An ounce in Europe, will endure the trial
Of milk or water. Yet my Ladyes gentlewoman
Bit by her monkey, sweares by her lost mayden-head
The world hath not a Balsame like to that
Her closet yeelds; when 'tis perhaps but oyle
A little aromatiz'd for lamps.

---

\(^1\) "Persicaria . . . Panax Coloni . . . Hipericon." — Concerning the virtues of these herbs, see Gerard's *Herbal* (1597), pp. 361-2, 433, 852. Gerard is loud in his praise of *Panax Coloni*. He became acquainted with its healing powers by seeing a poor Kentish rustic use it, "since which time my selfe have cured many greevous wounds and some mortall with the same herbe."
Rhe. You are learned likewise in antiquities?

Hor. A little, sir.

I should affect them more, were not tradition
One of the best assurances to show
They are the things we think them. What more
proofes
(Unless perhaps a little circumstance)
Have we for this or that to be a peece
Of Delphos ruines? or the marble statues
Made Athens glorious, when she was supposed
To have more images of men then men?
A weatherbeaten stone with an inscription
That is not legible but through an optick
Tells us its age; that in some Sibills cave
Three thousand years ago it was an altar.
Tis satisfaction to our curiosity;
But ought not to necessitate belief.

Mal. Antiquities, sir, are grown of late good mer-
chandize.

Hor. Th' affection of some Princes hath begot
An imitation, and 'tis nobly done,
For by such things mans knowledge is informed
In principles of art, and many times
They light upon instruction by them, that
Direct invention to recover what
Neglect or ignorance hath lost.

Rhe. Pray sir,

What are the rarities and antiquities you have?

Hor. Nor Pliny, sir, nor Gesner ever made
Discription of a creature, but I have
Some particle thereof; and for antiquity
I do not store up any under Grecian:
Your Roman antiques are but modern toyes

---

1 Magnifying-glass.
Compar'd to them. Besides, they are so counterfet
With mouldings, 'tis scarce possible to find
Any but copies.

Mal. Yet you are confident of yours that are of
more doubt.

Hor. Others from their easiness
May credit what they please. My triall's such
Of anything I own, all the impostors
That ever made antiquity ridiculous
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Ought that's above my skill, I have recourse
To those whose judgements at the second view
(If not the first) will tell me what Philosophers
That eyelesse, noselesse, mouthlesse statue is,
And who the workman was, though since his death
Thousands of yeeres have been revolv'd——

The Second Scene.

To them Justice Ferrett, Mrs. Ferrett,
and Bride.

Fer. A good evening to you, neighbour Horten.
Hor. And to your Worship.

M. Fe. My husband will still be before me, to
prevent the amen of a shrew. [Fer. and Hort. whisper.

Mal. You are happily met, Mistresse Bride.

Rhe. But 'tis my suddain wonder what accident
should guide her this way.

M. Fe. These gentlemen are witnesses to the old
mans deeds, as well as my worshipful husband.

Bri. The fortune of this day hath led me through
Events both strange and dangerous. I hope,
As you are Gentlemen, that you will make
A faire construction of me, though the vulgar
Borrow discourse and pastime from my act.

_Mal._ You are a brave woman.—Yet had I oppor-
tunity——

_Rhe._ She is sure a light heeld wench, and if——

_Hor._ With all my heart and welcome.

_M. Fe._ Are you making motions now before I can
recover breath to begin my exordium, as my sonne
at the University taught me to say. Neighbour
_Horten,_ 'tis thus.—My selfe and my husband have
this day been eyewitnesses of strange accidents,
chance upon chance, and fortune upon fortune; one
disaster hath been the cause and cure of another. Now
we desire the favour that we may see your trinkets,
knacks, and knaveries (pardon me, neighbour, I meane
no hurt) to delight this melancholick gentlewoman
that hath found and lost, and lost and found a hus-
band, yet no husband——

_Hort._ You shall command me: but shee chiefly.

_M. Fe._ And shall we see all?

_Hort._ All I assure you.

_M. Fe._ The great Sea horse¹ what you call that
cures women of the crampe.

_Mal._—What a wanton tempting eye she hath!

---

¹ "The Sea-horse . . . is a most ugly and filthy beast, so
called because in his voyce and mane he resembleth a horse,
but in his head an Ox or a Calf, in the residue of his body a
swine . . . . It liveth for the most part in Nilus; yet it is of a
doubtfull life, for it brings forth and breedeth on the land, and
by the proportion of the legs it seemeth rather to be made for
going than for swimming; for in the night time it eateth both
hay and fruits, foraging into corn fields and devouring whatsoever
ever cometh in the way." Topsel's _History of Four-footed
Beasts_, Ed. 1658, pp. 256-7 (where there is a spirited representa-
tion of a sea-horse with a crocodile between his teeth).
Rhe.—I will attempt her.
Hor.—A handsome lasse I must have her home and give her a philter.

The Third Scene.

To them Kickshaw.

Kick. Vich be de Justice?
M. Fe. What justice, sir?
Kick. Justice vat you call run up and downe de cony hole.
M. Fe. My husbands name is Ferret: whats your businesse, sir?
Kick. De he teefe and de she teefe rob me at—vat you call de little nutcrack house?—and he take a me cloak an me have no vare for my money.
Fer. I know the house he meanes; a place much suspected. But a few hours since there happened a dangerous uproar about this gentlewoman, and the delinquents came to complain first; but had they not conveyd themselves away, they should have been punished.
M. Fe. With what, tro? a reproose or a jeer out of your table book notes, enlargd with a piece of a charge: then with a half bribe and single fees, they are released to boast how cheap they have scaped. Come, come you shall back to this house and be severe, and wise, and say little, let mine be the speaking part, yours the doing: I'le make them come off and on roundly. Do you think I can keep house with bare warrants and mittimusses.
Fer. Will you with us, neighbour?
Hor. I desire to be excused.
M. Fe. By all means, neighbour; you are an officer.
SCENE III.]

The Bride.

Hor. What shall become of this gentlewoman then?

M. Fe. Please these gentlemen to walk a turn or two with her? The evenings pleasant if the mist rise not.

Hor. I had rather I had her at home.

Both. We are her servants.

Kick. Is de fine vench.

M. Fe. We will along with you, sir, to this righteous——

Fer. Riotous you would say.

M. Fe. No, sir, 'tis routous place; and my husband shall ferret the hee theeves and the shee theeves holes, never feare it.

Hor.—To have seen this wench, and not to enjoy her is such a Tantalizing to me. [Exeunt.

Kick. Me sall turn back agen from you to dis fine vench. Me give her my dublet cost two tree pounds for lye vid her two tree time. Oh fine vench!

[Exit.

Mal. Tis most opportune.

Rhe. Could I but remove him.

Mal. Please you to walk and let my hand support you.

Rhe. Please her to be my charge.

Mal. I'le be your servant, Lady.

[They strive which should lead Bride.

Bri. What mean ye, gentlemen?

Mal. To do you manly service.

Rhe. If you could, sir.

Mal. How, sir?

Bri. I am betrai'd unto a new misfortune; There is a malice in the stars that guide me, Which yet seem wanton as their influence Were but a sportive mockery to show
The various fates that do depend upon it.
I have had strange deliverance but th' event
Of this is full of horror. I pray, gentlemen,
Do not make me the object for a quarrell.
Your gravity should be judicious
And not mind trifles: such as youthful blood
Heated with wine can no way be excused for.

Mal. He shall not touch you, his belly is nothing
but a tun full of red herring and boyld water.

Rhe. And thou art a shotten herring, Jack-a-Lent
Spanyard.

Mal. A word in privat.

Rhe. What you dare, sir.

[They go aside, and seem to threaten and
challenge one another.

Bri. A challenge sure. Some happy chance
direct
Ayd to prevent a mischiefe. [Kickshaw returns.

Kick. Me be your servant, madame.

Bri. Would you guide me to some house.

Kick. To de house of good fellowship or de nax
dish. Here be de fine morall:

Viles Dutch and Spanish make a fray
De Frenchman beare de prize away.

[Exit with Bride.

Mal. You'll meet me then?

Rhe. I will not fayle you.

Mal. But wher's the gentlewoman? where hath
the mist conceal'd you?

Rhe. We have differ'd finely about a woman in a
cloud.

Mal. We must not so loose her.
The fourth Scene.

To them THEOPHILUS and RAVEN.

Rhe. Saw you a gentlewoman, sir?
Mal. Her sweet hart: let us avoid him least we be discovered.
Rhe. I'll home and be drunk, and then perhaps grow friends with you. [Exeunt.
The. The Merchants? were they not.
Rav. Doubtless the same.
The. What Gentlewoman should that be they askt for?
Rav. Some Bonaroba they have been sporting with. Your outlandish merchants are notable barterers for such English ware. Many of them keep their recreations at pension, and sometimes two copartners will share as even nightly.
The. Thats strange: if love will brook no rivals, lust should,
Being the more raging passion.
Rav. Tis common.
The. How common?
Rav. Wenching is like friendship, hath all things common.
The. The mist is great: have we not lost our way?
We might e're this have got to th' waters side
Though we had trod a labyrinth.
Rav. Over this stile and then
[ Raven draws and runs at Theophilus, and he turning back wounds Rav.
The. Ha! what devill mov'd thee to attempt it.
Rav. Pox on these French blades; no point!
I have payd a debt to all my vaine attempts
With mine own ruine. Hell hath left me yet
One meanes t' expresse my malice. In my death
Dye to all knowledge of thy self: the world
Besides me ownes it not.

[Fals and lyes as if he were dead.]

The. I cannot give
Utterance unto my thoughts; the narrow passage
Is choakt up with a multitude, that strive
Which should first issue forth. How fruitless
envy
Brings on its own destruction! Innocence
Is proofe 'gainst all the battery of malice:
And he that's arm'd with't needs not feare t' encounter
The most severe tribunall. Though I am
Guiltless to heaven, yet I shall appeare
Foule to opinion, wanting testimony;
And th' act makes me the lawes! I am no more
The subject of my conscience, which by judg-
ment
Must be determined. Can I not prevent it?
Flight may procure my safety. 'Twill bring on
A greater danger and cause supposition
That I am guilty by the circumstance
Of mine owne feares.

Within. Help, help, a rape! Villaine, keep back!

The. Horrors on both sides round me!
Hath my crosse fortune found new instruments,
To draw more mischiefs on me! By the voyce
(A womans weakly uttered, as if fainting
Under some violence) 'tis neer this hedge.
I'le ayd her, though my ruin lay in ambush
With twenty murderers.
The Fifth Scene.

To them BRIDE persued by KICKSHAW.

Bri. Out Villaine!
Would I could spet a leprosie upon thee!
Help, help!

[Kickshaw falls on his knees, and Bride holds
 back Theophilus.

The. My dearest!
Kick. Oh pardone moy, Monsieur.
The. Villaine, thy end's upon thee.
Bri. I being safe,
Prethee forbeare him.
Kick. Is no fayr play for give me de prick,
Monsieur.
The. How cam'st thou hither, sweet?
Bri. Soon as my fears
Have finisht their effects of trembling
And that my breath's recover'd, shalt know all.
The. Monsieur, stir not: I have imploiment for
you
May win your pardon.
Kick. Vid all mine art: but myne art vill be in
mine eele anon: is fain already into me breeches.
Bri. What object's this? Alasse, your Cosin Raven!
Wounded or dead! what hand hath done it?
The. This;
Justice made this her instrument. He was
A villaine to me, and betrayed my life
To all those dangers which I overcame
By th' causes strength. And lastly his intents
To murder me have brought upon himself
This punishment as due.
Bri. Why dost not fly then?  
I'll bear thee company in all adversities.  
Thy person being safe, time may effect  
A pardon by some composition.  
If thou be tane, thou meet'st thy certain end  
Mingled with shame; and mine hath the same date:  
I'll not out live thee.  

The. Did you bid me fly  
To shun the end's before me? sure there's difference  
Twixt meritorious acts and acts of shame.  
I was but justice executioner:  
His crime deserve'd death, and he had fair trial  
By evidence: see here this pointless weapon;  
If providence had not ordain'd it so,  
As he, so I had fain; but innocent,  
Should I then fly? and by my fears beget  
A worse suspicion? No; I'll meet th' event,  
And though I now were circled with the terrors  
Of racks and tortures, gibets, executioners,  
And all the palsyng apprehensions  
That ever made a malefactor tremble,  
Arm'd as I am, I would encounter all  
With a fixt confidence. Just causes never  
Did yet miscarry; or if any have  
'Twas to the greater glory of the cause.  
And, Monsieur, 'tis your imposition  
To watch this corps, and give to passengers  
What answers you have wit or language for.  

Bri. Wilt thou not fly then? prethee do not rashly  
Play away safety.  

The. If I fly, and so  
Provide for't, will you with me?  

Bri. Even to death:  
In that 'shalt find me resolute. I'll vy  
Against thy courage with my constancy.
SCENE V.]

The. Let's go then. [Exeunt.

Kick. Me be glad you be gone, for me will no stay long vid de dead man. If de live jentelman ly so—but me sall see vat you have in your pocket.

[KICKSHAW searching RAVENS pockets, he stirrs.

Rav. Oh! a surgeon!

Kick. De man be no dead; but me sall make you dead rader den go vidout your money.

[KICK offers to take the sword from RAVEN and he riseth.

Rav. What wilt thou, villain?
'Tis time then to leave off counterfeting.

Kick.—Dis be de jentelman hire me to vark at de vedding, but he no know me; and day be sure de jentelman and de jenteluman dat run avay togeder.

Rav. I am wounded, but I hope not mortally; I have no feeling of those accidents
Are deaths forerunners. Would I had a surgeon!
If I survive, I will convert this mischiefe
Into a benefit; and by his flight
Possesse myself as well of what I covet
As by his death. Sir, you can witnesse for me
How and by whom I did receive this wound.
Although you know him not, make a description.

Kick. Pardon me, Monsieur; me no see him do it.

Rav. You must dispense with scruple.
If you will serve my purposes a little,
I can and will be thankfull; otherwise
What e're you are I can betray your life
For your intent of rape.

Kick. Me be your servant, Monsieur. Me do any ting; swear any ting; go to de divell along vid you rader den be hang.

Rav. Go with me to a surgeon.
The Sixth Scene.

To them GOODLOVE with three or foure servants.

Good. We need make greater haste; 'tis almost night,
The mist is risen much.
Rav. My Uncles voyce.—Help! a surgeon! assist me now!
Good. Looke about, knaves. I have heard that voyce.
1st Ser. Here, sir, a man wounded.
2nd Ser. 'Tis Master Raven.
Good. My cosin Raven? what misfortune brought This ill upon him? hold that gentleman.
Kick. Me no do it, Monsieur: he be de yong jentelman in black, an de jenteluman.
Good. What gentleman in black? Theophilus?
Rav. My cosin, sir? alasse; ther's so much goodness
In him, I must not think he could be tempted
To weare such guilt about him. Good sir, have me Unto a surgeon; and that gentleman Shall give you satisfaction, ere you give Him a release.
Kick. Now me sall be discover, and hang for teefe.
1st Ser. We'l carry him to one Hortens house, and fetch a surgeon thither; 'tis close by.
Good. One call my friend, justice Ferret; and post you over to Mistris Brides father; his presence at the examination of these circumstances will be needfull. 'Till truth satisfies my desires I am in torment.
Rav.—I have a new designe.
Good. And till I see Theophilus.
Rav.—Which I hope ye're will be. [Exeunt.
The fifth Act. The first Scene.

GOODLOVE, FERRET, MRS. FERRET, AND HORTEN.

Good. Sir, we are troublesome, the accident
Hath made a subject for your charity
As well as for your art; and neither shall
Be unrewarded. But may I presume
Hee'l need no other surgeon?

Hor. Doubt it not, sir.
The wound's but slight; were it more dangerous
The simples that I have apply'd would cure it
According to the first intention,
As surgeons call it.

M. Fe. Truly, sir, my neighbour is very skilfull, he
cured my little shock of the mange so perfectly that
it hath fam'd him through the neighbourhood for an
excellent dog-leech.

Hor. I ow much to your commendation, Mrs.

Ferrett.

Mrs. Fe. Truly, neighbour, 'tis not so much worth.

Good. I dare be sworn it is not.
I dare not with much confidence rely
Upon this mans endeavours. Would I had
A surgeon here, whose judgement and experience
Might give me further satisfaction.—
Is the French gentleman dispos'd of safely?

Hor. I have confin'd him to a chamber, sir,
A too delightfull prison. He may feast
His eyes with rarities.
Good. I think you are
Owner of more then all the towne besides.
Hor. 'Tis my affected riches.
Good. I have some
You shall command, sir.
Hor. I'le have gratitude,
And something to exchange.—This accident
May bring me in a purchase.
M. Fe. Pray' neighbour, let's see the late giants
boot and the dwarfs shoe.
Good. Prettie extremes no doubt.
M. Fe. Extremes, sir! methinks their differences
should make a very good meane. Suppose the one
was a great drinker, or wench &; the other must
needs be a little one. What the one wasted in
boots the other sav's in shoes. But I'le in to the
wounded gentleman, and help to talke away his
paine.
Hor. By no means! sleepe would give him more
ease, and prevent a distraction which he seems to
occasion some feare of by his often digressions and
interruptions of discourse.
Good. Indeed, sir, I am troubled when I weigh
The accident and circumstances of it;
Nor can we urge him to give satisfaction
With any positive truth, but all his answers
Are careless and imperfect; many times
The second contradicts the first, and then
Hee'l name Theophilus, as if he were
The mischiefes worker. But of all, kind friends,
Your strange relations have begot most wonder,
The roarsers, and Theophilus brave act;
My cosins not revealing my intents;
The maide left with the Merchants, and the
Monsieurs
Stealing away, then found with my hurt kinsman:
What to conclude from these——

The Second Scene.

To them a Servant hastily.

_Hor._ The news? what means your haste?
_Ser._ Alasse, sir, you are rob'd.
_Hor._ How's that?
_Ser._ The French gallant, sir, which you lockt in
   the chamber, is run away with your Remoras
   and Torpedos skins; and we know not what besides.
_Hor._ Persue him! I'd not loose those rarities
   For halfe my state. Alasse, sir, they are valuable
   'Bove any thing I own besides.
_M. Fe._ Hath Monsieur given you the slip as he
gave us? He may chance be catcht in a halter for it.
_Good._ Be patient, sir, and with your best endeavor
   Restore my cosin to his former safety;
   I'll recompense your loss with things more valuable.
   I have large trees of corall, and Zibetas
   Both of strange form and colour. I expect
   Some living Ermines.
_Hor._ Would I had them, they
   Should pacifie me quickly.
_Good._ Sure that french man
   Is guilty of the fact; why should he fly else?—
   If by your servants industry that Monsieur
   May be brought back again, 'twill be of consequence:
   Something perhaps may be concluded from
   A strict examination of him.
_Hor._ I'le employ all the servants I have about it.
The Bride.  [Act v.

M. Fe. They shall have my husbands authority with them; we'll make you a warrant.

[Exeunt. Good rema.

Good. How various are th' events that may depend
Upon one action, yet the end propos'd
Not follow the intention! Accidents
Will interpose themselves: like those rash men
That thrust into a throng occasioned
By some tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their busie curiosity begets
New quarrels with new issues. I go on
From one consideration to another,
Yet can determine nothing.

The Third Scene.

To him Father, Mother, and Servant.

Your arrivall
Will be of use, sir.

Fat. Else my paines were fruitlesse:
Chance brought us hither, for whatev't I know not;
But understanding you were here, I come
To ask a daughter from you.

Good. I from you
Must have a wounded reputation cur'd;
It bleeds worse then my kinsman, whom your sonne
And daughter are by circumstance suspected
To have attempted.

Fat. My sonne, sayd you, sir?
I heare that sonne of mine must be your heire;
And I have heard what plots and circumventions
You us'd to catch me: so you have, sir, finely.
My states mine owne still, though my daughter's lost.
Good. And pray' sir, keep it; doubt not but 'twill find
Some grateful heir, that will preserve the memory
Of such a benefit with witty libells
Upon your glorious life.
Fat. Your scorn is well, sir,
And well becomes that supercilious gravity
Hath aw'd the city long, and frightened Rats
Into the Counter.
Good. You are very free, sir;
Yet these are not the Cityes liberties:
Stand not too much upon your priviledge.
If you can give faire satisfaction
For what concerns you, doe, and let not passion
Kindle a new flame. I am calm: have quencht
My spleen that late was fired.
Fat. I acknowledge
I hear your kinsman's wounded and there is
A supposition by my daughters sweetheart:
But how farre this concerns me be your selfe
The judge.
Sir, I have suffer'd in my fame already
Too much, to have more added by suspition
Of being accessary to an act
Of such vile nature: and your self may sooner
Prove guilty, if the circumstance be weigh'd.
You have made him your heir.
Good. My intention
Had done it: neither did it want the forme
Of law for confirmation: but 'twas when
I was too partial in affection: now
I am resolv'd to satisfie that error
With severe justice.

1 "The judge . . . already"—printed as one line in old ed.
Fat. You'll revoke your act!

Good. Hands stain'd with bloud shall never have the power
To make a distribution of that wealth
Heaven has blest my faire endeavours with.
Should he be prov'd a murderer (for though
My cosin dye not, his intent was such)
Revenge would waite on all his actions;
And even his charity, when he gave almes,
Would to his conscience so present the fact
In bloody characters, that his best deeds
Would loose their merit.

Fat. I am hard put to it:
But, sir, suppose your kinsman did attempt
Some practice upon him; ther's circumstance
To make it probable. Suppose your cosin,
Repining at it that you should preferre
Adoption before naturall succession,
Assaulted him first, to remove him, who
Defending so himselfe made the act lawfull?

Good. From your suppose I raise a supposi-
tion
That he, to cleere himselfe of after troubles,
Which might arise by any kinsmans claime,
Attempted this prevention by some others,
If not himselfe: which yet we cannot urge
My kinsman to discover.

Fat. There are plots
In these proceedings. Might I, sir, be witnesse
To an examination of your kinsman?
The knowledge of the truth is of some conse-
quence
And doth concerne us.

Good. If he may endure
Discourse without his danger.
SCENE IV.]

The Bride. 73

The Fourth Scene.

To them Servant, Plaster, and then Ferret, Mrs. Ferret and Horten.

Serv. Her's Mr. Plaster, the learned Surgeon that speakes nothing but Latine, because either he would not be understood, or not contradicted.

Good. He is welcome.

Hor. There is no need, sir, of his trouble; the gentleman is past danger.

Plast. Are you a surgeon, sir?

Hor. ¹ A simple one, sir: one I meane that useth no compounds.

Plas. If you are rationall as well as empericall, and that you practice secundum artem, 'tis well.

Hor. I dare secure his safety.

[Plas.] You may erre, sir. He hath a wound; and where there is continuatatis divortium, you must consider whether it came per contusionem, punctionem, or how; and whether a nerve, tendon, ligament, or artery be in danger. The parts likewise, whether it be in principalibus vel minus principalibus. Then the adjuncts, whether there be fractura or dislocatio: for these make it vulnus compositum. Then the accidents whether there be inflammatio, echimosis, or——

Good. Pray, sir, what is that?

Plas. It is, sir, copiosa sanguinis inter cutem diffusio, which many times causeth a dangerous apostema.

Good. You have satisfied very well, sir.

Plas. Perhaps you have applied some Montebankes medicine which you believe will cure secundum primam intentionem?

¹ Old ed. "M. Fe."
The Bride.

Good. Pray' sır, how is that?

Plas. That is sine suppuratione vel cicatrice. We that work according to art begin with alteratione substantiae in pus: for ex corruptione unius fit generation alterius. And then—

Good. You have said enough, sir, more then we understand. Pray' sır, give him leave to see my cosin and his wound: his judgement, being a professor, may confirme us.

The Fifth Scene.

To them RAVEN.

Hor. He is here, sir.

Rav. The Brides Father and a surgeon! what new devise is towards? [Fat. and Serv. whisper.

Hor. I'le apply but one Emplastrum consolidans more: I think that's a terme of art. [Exit. serv.

Plas. I come not to be jeer'd.

Good. To be rewarded; accept this, sir.

[Give him money.

Plas. My thankfullnesse.—This is more then my practice would have deserv'd: for to say truth, though I can outface it with talking, though I am neither parson nor vicar, yet my cures serve to maytaine sextons.—I take my leave, sir. [Exit.

Hor. The wound was very slight, sir.

M. Fe. Indeed, Mr. Raven, you escapt a scouring in your belly: if you had miscarried, the Monsieur for all the separation betwixt his doublet and breeches should have trust for 't, but that he is run away.

Rav.—Escap't! I'm glad of that, it shall be usefull.

Good. Being past danger, cosin, we would gladly Be satisfied who 'twas that did attempt
This mischiefe on you ; you have hitherto
Seem'd as unwilling he should be discover'd.
If 'twere Theophilus, all diligence
Shall be employ'd to find him, that he may
Pay law her due ; his flight makes it suspitious.
    Rav. Good sir, forbear that trouble.
If he be fled with his faire Mistress, 'tis
A discreet policy to shun the danger
Her parents anger might bring on him. 'Twas
The Frenchman wounded me.
    Good. On what occasion ?
    Rav. None sir that I know : I provok't him not ;
Unlesse he meant to rob me.
    Fat. Will you, sir,
Justifie this on oath ?    [Fathers Servant returnes.
    Rav. Were there necessity :
'Tis otherwise sufficient I have said it.
    Fat. Bring in the Monsieur.
    Hor. How, sir ! is he taken !
    Fat. Yes, sir ! with many trinckets that were
    yours.
    Hor. I am restor'd to my first state.
    Fat. We met him,
And for some reason you shall know anon
Brought him back with us.
    Rav.—I am still discover'd.

The Sixth Scene.

To them Kickshaw.

    Fat. 'Tis needfull, sir, this man should be com-
    mitted,
That being accus'd he may be soone produc't
Upon occasion.
Kick. Me have no for to kill de man: de teeses have mine. True; me take de jentelman from the Dushman and de Spaniard; me offer too to kisse de jentelman and de yong jentelman in black dat hurt de man, almost kill me but dat me beg pardon.

Rav. I have lighted upon it— Unto you all I do submit my selfe: And what I shall discover, I confess I may seem not to merit a believe, That have already feigned so many untruths: But the officiousnesse of them consider'd, I hope you'll credit this. It was my cosin Theophilus that hurt me: But I know not Whether 'twere chance or malice; for this gentle-

man,

Attempting rape upon your daughter, sir, I drew a pointlesse weapon I had got: My cosins suddaine apprehention Perhaps mad him suspect me: and not knowing I meant a rescue of the gentlewoman (Whose voice I heard, but could not through the mist

Discern her person) made his rash hand wound me; Which for his sake I joy is not proved mortall, Nor will, I hope.

Fat. I doe beleeve all this For certaine truth. But why should you accuse Another then?

Rav. I did presume this man Unknowne to any here was fled, nor would Returne to take a punishment, and being A stranger was not capable of shame; Now my concealing who the actor was, Neither his danger nor disgrace would follow.

Good. Nephew, I do admire thy love to him
SCENE VII.

The Bride.

So ill deserves it, and I now consider
What an injustice my election was.
Henceforth thou art mine heire: I will employ
A numerous search to find him that he may
Be punisht for his fact.

Rav. By no meanes, sir:
Call him not back: my wound may yet have danger,
And if he should return to pay his life
For mine that's so unworthy——

Fat. But he shall
To make you give the law a satisfaction
For all your villainies. Come forth, my sonne,
For so he is, sir.

The Last Scene.

To them THEOPHILUS and BRIDE.

Your pardon, sir.

Good. Pray' aske your father blessing:
Y'have got one now.

Fat. He hath, sir, and shall keep him.
His faire desert won my conversion:
And chang'd me from intents of punishing
To an indulgent favourer. This hath been
A villaine to his life and to his fortunes,
Whetted by envy to such practises
As merrit death, when you shall hear the passages.
A man that's guilty, that from foule intents
Proceeded to an act, would fly for safety:
Instead of which THEOPHILUS repair'd
To me, that then was laboring with revenge.  
First offers restitution of my daughter,  
Then passing on from declaration  
To declaration, made so confident  
By his sweet innocence, he satisfi'd  
Mine anger, and gave peace unto my passions;  
Nor was I patient to defer their joyes  
(Which likewise are myne own) but got them married  
This evening, with a dispensation for it  
Before we came to you. Where by the way  
We met this Monsieur, and enforc't him back:  
Whom straight his feares betrayed to a discovery  
Of what he was; no gentleman, but Kick-shaw  
In's wenching clothes.  
Ser. Monsieur Kick-shaw! we want plate,  
Monsieur.  
Kick. Now me sall be hang agen!  
Hor. And I want Jewells, Monsieur.  
Kick. Jewells! me have nothing but two tree bable. Pray' vat be dis?  
[Puls the things out of his pockets.  
Hor. A bable call you it? This, gentlemen, is the horne of an Æthiopian Rhinoceros.  
Kick. An dis!  
Hor. The Taleon of a Birde in terra australi incognita, which the inhabitants call their great god Ruc,⁴ that preys on Elephants and will not be gorged under two or three in a morning. This stone of a strange forme and colour was brought by the

¹ Nabbes owed his knowledge of the Rukh or Roc to Marco Polo. Colonel Yule (in his translation of Marco Polo) has collected much curious information about the fabulous bird. The Malagasy asserted as late as 1863 that it still existed.
SCENE VII.]  

The Bride.  

learned traveller of Odcombe from the great Mogull.  

M. Fe. How, sir! One of the great mogul's stones?  

Fut. Good sir, forbear a little. Now he's mine,  
I'll own him and the rather if you will  
Disclaim all interest in him. For your kinsman  
Some wise and powerful authority  
Must force truth from him.  

M. Fe. My husbands authority, sir, is both wise  
and powerfull.  

Rav.—'Tis not in all my stock of cunning now  
To hold out longer. Shame will be the end  
Of all my undertakings.  

Good. Cosin, your looks are strange and seem as if  
They would betray your thoughts. If you have guilt,  
Let it not press your conscience with a weight  
Will sink it into horror.  

Rav. I have much, sir,  
Nor will there need another testimony  
For confirmation of what I shall utter.  
He that with griefe doth publish his own shame  
Speakes from truths records.  

Good. What may this preface mean?  

Rav. You had a sonne whose birth depriv'd his mother  
Of life; and what bestow'd a joy upon you  
Rob'd you of one.  

Good. Why dost renew a griefe  
Time had wore out? Indeed I had a sonne.  

Rav. And have him still: enjoy him in Theophilus.  

1 The ever-famous Tom Coryate.
The. Was this the knowledge of my selfe he spake of That liv'd but in him selfe!
Good. I feare his wound
And a distraction.
Rav. Heare me, sir, and then
You will have faith. The child you did dispose
To be nurst by my mother, I being then
An infant likewise. She knowing by law
That I was capable of your estate,
Your heire being once remov'd, soone plots
To make the childe away; attempts, but fainting
In th' execution left it in the feilds;
A formall buriall strengthening the report
That it was dead. By providence directed
You found and bred it up, and this is he.
My dying mother did reveale it to me
With tears of penitence, and an injunction
I should discover it; which my avarice
And envy would not suffer me, but tempted
My soule to those black practises which now
Cease with my shame and my repentance.

Have fill'd me to the danger of a surfet.
Welcome to life: I have anew begot thee.
How often have I wisht in these embraces
The thing I did embrace but knew it not!
Cosin, I hope your sorrow is not feign'd,
That it may merrit pardon, and preserve me
A loving Uncle.

The. I forgive you, Cosin:
You have at length in this discovery
Given large satisfaction.

Rav. I'le remove
All cause of after jealousy.
The Epilogue by the Bride.

I am a Mayden yet, how can I then
Without some feare and blushes speake to men?
Ladyes and Gentlewomen pray' stick to me
If the rude men should offer to undo me.
Would they be kind and say I have done well,
I'd give them leave to clap me. I can tell
They'd take it for a favor if they might
Clap every Bride upon her wedding night.¹

FINIS.

¹ Some copies have a fly-leaf with the notice:—
   "Imprimatur.
   April 6. 1639. MATH. CLAY."
THE
Unfortunate Mother:
A
TRAGEDIE.
Never acted; but set downe
according to the intention
of the Author

Thomas Nabbes.

LONDON:
Printed by J. O. for Daniell Frere, and
are to be sold at the Signe of the Red Bull
in Little Britaine. 1640.
TO
THE RIGHT
VVORSHIPFVLL
Richard Braithwaite
ESQVIRE.

Sir,

I Have (though boldly, being a stranger) elected you, to countenance a piece, that (undeservedly I hope) hath beene denied the credit which it might have gain'd from the Stage; though I can accuse my selfe of no errour in it, more than a nice curiosity (which notwithstanding I must boast to be without president) in the method: where I have deni'd my selfe much liberty, that may be allow'd a Poet from old example, and new establisht
custome. Your selfe have given many sufficient testimonies of your owne abilities and judgement, by your owne many published and unquestionable labours. In giving way and pardon to this bold act of mine, you will engage to thankfulness, & honour him that is ambitious to be knowne by you, and stil'd

Your honourer and humble

Servant,

Thomas Nabbes.
**Proeme To the Reader.**

Reader, thou wilt undoe my Poems fate
If thy opinion be prejudicate:
If not, then I shall neither hope nor feare,
Whether thou wilt be partiall or severe.
But 'cause I know not how thou art inclin'd,
Ile tell thee what shalt not, and what shalt find.
Here are no bumbast raptures swelling high,
To plucke *love* and the rest downe from the sky;
Here is no sence that must by thee be scann'd,
Before thou canst the meaning understand;
Here is not any glorious Scene of state,
Nor Christning set out with the Lottery Plate;
There's no disguise in't, no false beard that can
Discover severall persons in one man;
No Politician tells his plots unto
Those in the Pit, and what he meanes to doe.
But now me thinkes I heare some Criticke say,
All these left out there's nothing in the play.
Yes: Thou shalt find plaine words, and language
clean;
That *Cockram*¹ needs not tell thee what they meane.
Shalt find strict method in't, and every part
Severely order'd by the rules of Art.
A constant Scene: the businesse it intends
The two² hours time of action comprehends.
Read it with observation then, and be
My Judge from reason; not from tyranny.

Thine *Thomas Nabbes.*

---

¹ Henry Cockeram was the author of *The English Dictionary: or an Interpreter of hard English words*, originally published in 1623. The twelfth edition appeared in 1670.
² The ordinary length of a performance was two hours. See Prologue to *Romeo and Juliet*, Henry VIII., &c.
To

The Author on this his

TRAGEDY.

Printed before 'tis Acted! such a tricke
As few men will judge to bee politicke.
But little reason for it wee can see,
Profit should grow contemptible with thee.
I read it, and it hath my vote for good;
Sure 'twas not by some others understood:
By whom I wish action might added be,
For that's the best life of a Tragedy.

Sure though they tyrant-like did sentence give
Upon thy Mother, she deserves to live.

E. B.¹

To the Author on his Unfortunate

MOTHER.

I

Doe not wonder that great Johnsons Play²
Was scorn'd so by the ignorant, that day
It did appeare in its most glorious shine;
And comely action grac'd each learned line.
There was some reason for it: 'twas above
Their reach, their envy; their applause or love:
When as the wiser few did it admire,
And warm'd their fancies at his genuine fire.

¹ Possibly Edward Benlowes, the poet and patron of poets.
² The New Inn.
But I commend the wisedome of thy Fate,
To sell thy labours at a better rate,
Then the contempt of the most squeamish age;
Or the exactest Rosciij of the Stage:
Which might provoke our Laureat\(^1\) to repine,
That thine should rivall his brave Albovine.\(^2\)
Thy Muse in this birth doth unhappy prove,
In that it is abortive. Let thy love
Appeare to us in getting such another,
That she may boast her selfe a happy Mother.

\[\text{C. G.}\(^3\)\]

---

To my friend the Author.

\[\text{W}\]
\[\text{E}l\ w\text{rit; w} \text{ell p} \text{lotted; w} \text{hy n} \text{ot a} \text{cted t} \text{hen?}
\text{H} \text{ave t} \text{h' a} \text{ctors j} \text{udgement m} \text{o} \text{re t} \text{hen o} \text{ther m} \text{en?}
\text{O} \text{r i} \text{s't t} \text{heir h} \text{umour s} \text{o t} \text{o k} \text{eepe t} \text{hose u} \text{nder,}
\text{W} \text{hose b} \text{ayes a} \text{re k} \text{now} \text{e to b} \text{e s} \text{ecure f} \text{rom t} \text{h} \text{under?}
\text{S} \text{ince a} \text{ll a} \text{ll w} \text{orld I d} \text{are b} \text{e b} \text{old w} \text{ill s} \text{ay,}
\text{F} \text{o} \text{ll} \text{y w} \text{as g} \text{uide w} \text{hen j} \text{udgement l} \text{o} \text{st i} \text{ts w} \text{ay:}
\text{Y} \text{et e} \text{ach g} \text{o} \text{d w} \text{it t} \text{o t} \text{hee a s} \text{prig w} \text{ill b} \text{ring,}
\text{T} \text{o c} \text{rown} \text{e t} \text{hy M} \text{use t} \text{hat d} \text{oth s} \text{o s} \text{weetly s} \text{ing:}
\text{W} \text{h} \text{ilst o} \text{t} \text{hers w} \text{eak} \text{enesse o} \text{rd} \text{ering t} \text{hy s} \text{ad f} \text{ate,}
\text{H} \text{ath m} \text{ade t} \text{h} \text{em} \text{s} \text{elves l} \text{i} \text{ke h} \text{er; U} \text{n} \text{fort} \text{unate.}
\]

\[\text{R. W.}\]

---

\(^1\) Sir William Davenant, appointed poet-laureate on the death of Ben Jonson in 1637.
\(^2\) Davenant's first play, produced in 1629 and printed in the same year.
\(^3\) Prefixed to Rawlins' Rebellion, 1640, is a copy of verses subscribed with these initials. Mr. Carew Hazlitt supposes they belong to Charles Gerbier, author of Elogium Heroinum (1651) and other works.
The Persons.

Infelici. Dutchesse Dowager.
Corvino. Supposed Father to Spurio and Notho.

Bonardo. Father to Fidelio and Amanda.
Spurio. Favourite to the Duke.
Notho. Generall return'd victorious.
Fidelio. Friend to Spurio, and lover of Melissa.
Beneventi. Friend to Fidelio.
Vittorio. Two Captaines, friends to Notho.

Polemici. Daughter to Corvino.
Melissa. In love with Spurio.
Amanda. An old Crone, mother of the maides.

Cardente.

Mutes.

Ladies attendants.

The Guard.

The Scene the Court of Ferrara.
THE
Vnfortunate Mother.
A Tragedy.

The first Act, and first Scene:
The Scene being the Presence.

Fidelio and Beneventi.

Beneventi.

Our Mourning's ended, and the Court agen
Lookes like the Morning, when the Easterne ayre
Is painted with a mixture of her blushes,
And the Suns golden glory.
   Fid. So it should:
Great Princes Death's but like a short Eclipse
Darken the Orbes they lighted, 'till another
Spreads his succeeding beames: We have his sonne,
As full of hope as ever promis'd state
A happinesse; and now he's risen, we
Shall gaze, and glad our selves as cheerfully
In his warme favours, as in those, which time
So lately dispossest us of.
Ben. I shall not
Court them with any flattery.

Fid. His temper
Is virtuous, Beneventi: He'll admit
Of no such practice; and his minion too,
The noble Spurio, such a rare example
Of a good great man.

Ben. That's your partiality,
Because he is your friend.

Fid. Wrong not th' integrity
Of what is real in me. By my hopes
Of a faire memory, there's not a charme
In greatnesse hath the Magicke power to sway
My reason with affection, but true merit,
That bindes me. I ne're coucht unto the humours
Of any great one yet; or stil'd my selfe
Th' admirer of his vertues, if they were not
The true steps to his raising.

Ben. Sure the Dutchesse
Affects him with a more than common favour;
As if there were some secret interest
That yet escapes publick knowledge.

Fid. Be not jealous:
'Tis the rude peoples vice. In our pure difference
There should be nobler thoughts.

Ben. You love his sister.

Fid. Yes Beneventi: can my wishes covet
A greater honour?

The second Scene.

Enter Spurio.

Ben. Here's your friend, the favourite:
He'll pay his sisters portion in some Office
Beg'd of the Duke; and with the Dowery which
His Father gives her buy himselfe sweet pleasures;
Or a new glorious ward-robe. How he stands?
As if some frownes of the new Duke dejected him,
And made him feare a fall.
   Fid. Th'art too severe
And Cynicall. This bitternesse might move
Another[']s spleene: but prethee Beneventi
Doe not presume on priviledge. A friend
Shares so much of my selfe, he cannot suffer,
But I am sensible by a consent
And an affinity of parts.
   Ben. Ile honour him
At your commands.
   Fid. My honour'd Lord why thus?   [To Spurio.
   Spu. Fidelio, welcome to mine eyes; thy presence,
Like Sun-shine, hath illuminated my darke soule,
Clouded with melancholy.
   Fid. What's the cause?
You flow in honours.
   Spu. Oh Fidelio,
Be not too curious: shouldst thou know my sufferings,
Thy Physicke cannot cure them. Beneventi!
   Fid. My friend, my Lord.
   Spu. Then mine. My friends must be
   [To Beneventi.
Like Chaines, the first linke leads on his dependants.
Instruct me how, then use me.
   Ben. I shall study
A gratefull service.
   Fid. Pray doe not conceale
What's your disturbance. By communicating
You'le lessen something of the suffering,
In making me partaker.
   Spur. I shall adde to't.
We shall be like two neighbour buildings, when
A flame proceeding from the one hath seiz'\d
The others roofe, it makes the burning greater.
Friend let me suffer, be thou free.

Fid. Report,
Perhaps, hath multiply'd, and rumour's growne
Pregnant with issue, that your noble brother
Wants the success we hop't for.

Spy. Ha! my Brother!
My brothers vertue doth command his fortune;
The later waites upon the first, as slaves
Act their Directors wills. No my Fidelio,
A certaine knowledge newly's come to Court
Of his sure victory, and his arrivall
Is suddenly expected, that it may
Crowne this dayes (yet unperfect) glory. Friend,
My joyes transport me, that I share in blood
With one so worthy: But the peace that waites
Upon his Conquest cannot stay the warre
That is within me.

Fid. Here's the Duke and Dutchesse,
Compose your selfe.

The third Scene.

Flourish. Enter MACARIO, INFELICE, CORVINO,
MELISSA, LADIES.

Mac. Griefe, Madam, should be like
A short Sea-storme; 'soon as a calmer ayre
Hath smooth'd the rugged waters, there's not seen
The least impression which the formers rage
Made on their even surface. I am still
Your sonne in duty, as in blood; And though
I share not in this outward act of sorrow
SCENE III.]

The Unfortunate Mother. 95

For my dead Father (since the mourning ceremonies
Of Court should be prescrib'd to stricter limits
Of time, than where th' affaires and men are private)
His memory presents it selfe as fresh
To every apprehension that assailes me,
As when his living precepts taught me how
To be a Prince, by more than the election
Of Fortune and my Birth: His vertues shall
Be (as I hope) my soules inheritance,
Well as his dignities: Ile be directed
By their examples.

Inf. Deare sonne (for my love
Bids me make use of Natures priviledge,
And leave out other titles) I have joyes
Greater within me, than those weake ones, which
Onely take life from the expression,
And quickly dye, the object once remov'd.
Yet give me leave to temper them with mixture
Of some sad thoughts, lest their excessse may grow
Into a danger, and a little taste
Of contrarieties will whet the sence
With a fresh appetite, preventing surfeits.
My comforts swell, like a full tide, to see
Thy growing state propt up with such advantages,
As show it unto all mens expectations
Int's future flourishing: A Counsaile grave
And wise as ever order'd policy
From the best unresisted principles:
Men, whose designes set downe the acts successe
As positive as Oracles. Thy Spurio,
Thy almost selfe; a man so rich in soule,
And all her best dependancies, he gives
Honour to greatnesse, by the noblest using
Of a Court-favourites power, that ever yet
Deserv'd a record. Next to him, thy Champion,
His valiant brother; one, upon whose Plumes
Victory danceth as they fanne the ayre,
Whispering the voyce of Tryumph. Thou art guarded
With such a generall loyalty in Subjects,
That if thou slept'st amongst the multitude,
Even when some rage posset them, undefended
With any Armes but that, th' imperfect slumber
Need not be broken with a feare. Macario,
These teares are teares of joy: and yet I cannot
Chuse but reflect upon those times that gave me
Th' embraces of thy Noble Father.

Mac. Madam,
The losse you suffer is repair'd in me;
Ile owne no honours, nor delights of earth,
But what my duty shall conferre on you:
Making your present greatnesse equall to
The former without discontinuance:
I will call nothing mine, more than a title,
And ceremonious out-side.

Cor. Would you'd please
To take your seat, and give an audience
To what I shall deliver.

Mac. Speake Corvino.
Your Oratory hath power to draw attention,
What e're the subject be.

Cor. 'Tis that that makes
Language harmonious. 'Tis your selfe, great sir,
Both your owne private and the publicke good
Must be my Theame. In part it likewise hath
Relation unto your eternity,
For Princes never dye that have faire issue.
Your marriage sir.

Maca. I'me yet too yong, Corvino,

Cor. Y'are old in judgement, and in all the parts
That make a Prince up absolute. Too yong!
Some carefull Parents (and such providence
Might be a good example) in the child-hood
Of their lov'd sonnes, have made election
Of hopefull beauties, that they might be sure
To keepe their names alive in their posterity.
You are mature enough: now therefore know,
Your dying Father (to whose memory
We owe a reverence) when his fainting Spirits
Labour for helpe from all their weakned Organs,
He breath'd these last words: Let my Sonne (quoth he)
Marry betimes; and if he makes his choyce
'Mongst his owne subjects, let him place Melissa
In his first thoughts.

*Ben.* Where is your honour now?  [To Fidelio
privately.

*Cor.* I doe not urge it as she is my daughter,
Through an ambition that affects such greatnesse:
Sir, my desires are humble; and on those
A safety waite, whose comfort Ie not lose
For all the others flatteries.

*Mac.* Blush not Lady.
If Fortune hath design'd you for a Princesse,
[To Melissa.
The favour's worth the courting with a smile,
And cheerefull aspect, so't transport you not
From a becomming duty.

*Mel.* Gracious Sir,
My temper can admit of no desires
Suit not with my condition. If it be
Decreed by providence, I can obey,
But never wish.

*Mac.* Rise lovely maid.
[To Spurio in private.
Riseth.

*Fid.* My Lord,
I'me lost to all the happinesse that ever
My hopes shew'd me a way to.

2

0


_Spu._ Have no feares:
She's constant; and Ile soone divert the Duke,
Even here in publicke.

_Mac._ Faire _Melissa_ take
Thy Princes grant.

_Spu._ Of what sir?  Doe not mocke
Your reason into error.  Y'are a Prince
And every act of yours concerns a state,
Not your meere person onely: what you doe
Must therefore deeply be consider'd on,
Before your will allow it execution.
Princes should wed with Princesse: where there is
An innate Majesty on both sides, that
Well mixt, makes up an issue fit for rule,
And the successive dignities.  Besides,
A State is strengthened by alliance much:
It may enlarge your Territories to,
By times kind working.  We have neighbour Princes,
That gladly would bestow their Female heires
Upon your highnesse; and by such a choyse,
Your subjects with your selfe might gaine a happinesse.

_Mac._ You, _Spurio_, counsaille this?

_Spu._ He cannot owne
A duty worth your cherishing with favour,
That will not urge it home.

_Mac._ She is your sister;
And 'twould be some additions to your honours
(Though they are many which your merits challenge)
To see your sister grac't with the high Title
Of our great Dutchesse.

_Spu._ 'Twould be disadvantage
To all that's good within me:  For although
No policy preserves my Actions
Free from suspicion, but their owne integrity,
And that hath shew'd them cleare without abuse
SCENE III.] The Unfortunate Mother.

Of favour or of power; yet if I were
The brother of the Dutchesse, I should hardly
Scape envy, where I now have love.

Mac. Brave spirit,

Thy vertue moves me.

Ben. How his father frownes?

[To Fidelio privately.

He's mov'd another way.

Spurio. If you esteeme it
A vertue in me to suppresse desires
That beare me higher than the moderate pitch,
Cherish it still, and doe not with addition
Of favours make me lose th' opinion
Of being good in my prosperities:
Such flatteries may tempt me to aspire;
My flight holds even yet.

Mac. My dearest Spurio,
How thou appear'st in this humility!
Nor doe I think it any counterfeit
To whet my yet cold appetite. Her forme,
Though it be full of active fire, enough
To move the dullest earth, wherein a soule
Hath made its habitation, I not doate on:
Nor will it prejudice your worth Melissa,
In that your Prince refuseth you: Affection
Must not guide us, but counsaile.

Mel. You have done
A justice unto me and your owne honour:
I shall be happy when my Virgin freedome
May make an equall choise.

Mac. That choise shall want
No honour we can give it. And deare Madam

[To Infelice.

Your selfe have youth enough and beauty yet
T' admit a second fellowship: Elect
Even where you please, our duty shall allow it:
Vertue and judgement guide you.

*Ine.* I am happy
In my unhappinesse, that time hath left me
A husband still; thy Fathers memory
Preserv'd in thee my Son: I know no widow-hood
Whilst wedded unto that.

*Mac.* Yet if hereafter
You would at any time conferre such honour,
Let it be Lord *Corvino*.

*Spu.* Ha! my father! [To *Fidelio* privately.

Nam'd he not him *Fidelio*?

*Corv.* To my selfe
You shew me my defects, by the faire light
Of your too gracious and too great opinion;
All the desert that I can have, must be
Of your creating.

*Mac.* These events shall be
Referr'd to time and providence.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt MAC., INE., LADIES, the rest remaining.*

*Cor.* Sonne *Spurio*.

*Ben.* Now will he schoole his Son for being honest.
'Tis an ambitious Lord, yet strives to hide it
[To *Fidelio* whispering.

With politque hypocrisie.

*Corv.* Your Child-hood
Grew up to riper yeares in such obedience,
As promis'd duty to me; how you should
Decline that goodnesse from the hopes conceiv'd
Strikes me with wonder. Sure you were instructed,
And taught to know men by the study of
Their difference; and in what one may excell
Anothers being: Greatnesse is no vice
That you should shun it, and your Sisters honours
Would neither have impair'd yours, nor mine:
'Tis not so dangerous caring to preserve
Aboundance, as to labour with necessity;
And though it might be reall temperance in you
To shun so great additions, yet it shew'd
Little obedience that you contradicted
What I propos'd.

_Spu._ Sir, 'twas from your example,
You urg'd it not as an ambition;
If your desires were humble, mine were so:
I preferre safety, sir, as well as you,
Before the flattering dangers that are incident
To th' other.

_Coru._ You have mis-interpreted
A modest feare an absolute deniall.
Besides; how unbecomming 'tis t' accept
A prest consent with greedinesse; it argues
Desire without desert: but since you are
So nicely morall, by my selfe I will
Advance my selfe. The Dutchesse bed will be
An honour I ne're thought of.

_Spu._ How, sir! you
Marry the Dutchesse?

_Coru._ Hath your greatnesse taught you
To practise scorne on me? or are you swolne
With an unnaturall envy? I shall hatch
Practices 'bove your reach; and teach your sister
T' obey as well as love: 'tis not your humour
But my command that must dispose of her:
Nor will I aske your leave to have the Dutchesse.
Be what you are, and keepe your Princes love:
Y' have almost lost a fathers.

[Exit.]

_Ben._ How he stands? 

[To Fidelio.

Some wanton lobby Lady sure hath laid
The issue of her pleasures to his charge;
For which the old man chid him.

_Fid._ I much feare

Part of the cause is mine.

_Ben._ Two hands in a dish,
The right Court Ordinary.

_Fid._ Prethee bee

More serious.—Why agen dejected thus?

_Spu._ I have newes for thee _Fidelio._

_Bene._ Pay the Post.

_Spu._ Thou must not have my Sister.

_Fid._ Ha? 'tis horrour.

_Ben._ Then 'tis not honour.

_Spu._ She must be dispos'd of.

_Fid._ How? for the Duke?

_Spu._ My father so resolves it.

_Fid._ Then I have lost——

_Ben._ Iust nothing.

_Fid._ Thou prophan'st

A worth, that bids my justice punish thee.

_Ben._ She's nothing worth, nor to the purpose, if

You have her not.

_Fid._ If there be more impart it.

_Spu._ I love the Dutchesse.

_Fid._ So doe I your Sister.

_Ben._ And I love both.

_Spu._ How is that, _Beneventi?_

_Love both?_

_Ben._ Yes, both alike; that is, love neither.

_Spu._ My Rivall is my father.

_Fid._ Mine my Soveraigne.

_Ben._ Then if I be your second against either,

Let the Axe make me first a headlesse monster;
And Surgeons next in publike search my parts,
To find where treason lay and patricide.
The Second Act and first Scene.

The Scene being the Dutchesse Chamber.

Infelice, Amanda, Melissa, and Cardente.

A Table, &c.

Infel. Amanda you looke sickly, you were wont
To weare a lovely blush upon your cheeke,
Such as no Art can counterfeit : your eyes
Were the Court Stars, at which the amorous gallants
Lighted their flames: who but Amanda fam'd
For beauty, and a liveliness of spirit?
Your colour's earthy now, your mind unactive:
Nor can such accidents without a cause
Shew their effects. I wish it were communicated
Unto our knowledge.

Card. Madam, it is nothing
But eating Sallets, Oate-meale, and greene fruits,
She hath got the loving Chamber-maids disease:
On my virginity that's it, she must
Be steel'd to th' purpose.
  Infe. I beleeeve they are
Some passions rather.
  Card. Certainly that's it:
Madame she reades Arcadia,¹ Aminta,²
And will discourse this Ladies love and that
So sadly, that the faces in the hangings
Seemes to have sence and weep: I'me sure I cannot
Forbeare when I remember it.
  Am. 'Tis strange,
Your reverend Ladiship hath so much moysture;
Sure you preserv'd your teares, and wasted none
When you were yong, to th' end you might expresse
Your selfe now tender-hearted: What sweet Courtier
But would esteeme those teares and make them
bracelets?
Their toughnesse will endure the stringing.
  Infe. So, so;
Be lightsome still.
  Card. And jeere my age, that hath
Given you counsell; which observ'd, would keepe
Your heart from aking, and your lunge from sighes:
You ne're would cry "aye me, that love, but cannot
Be lov'd agen!"
  Infe. Is she in love Cardente?
  Card. That's it upon my Maiden-head.
  Ama. An oath
Of great antiquity; the Cavaliers
Us'd it before the battle of Lepanto.
  Card. Us'd what? my Maiden-head?

¹ Old ed. "Arcadies."
² Old ed. "Amortas."—The reference is clearly to Tasso's famous pastoral Aminta (translated in 1628).
Meli. You would have it constred
In that best sence.
Card. Y'are very witty Ladies,
To play on my decaies; I could have done
As well as you: but now have graver thoughts.
Am. The Grave is that best fits them.
Card. Well, Amanda,
You may agen want counsaile; when you doe
I wish some cough may seize me, or the want
Of my fore teeth make my speech so imperfect,
You may not understand it.
Meli. Very likely;
You need not wish it.
Infa. They are wagges Cardente,
But for your mirth Amanda 'tis affected;
Your soule I doe believe retaines its sadnesse,
Reveale it, and i'le aide thee in the cure.
Am. Madam I gladly would give satisfaction
Unto your graces curiosity,
So that it might not prejudice faire truth:
To say I'me sicke, were a dissimulation:
If well, you'le not believe it.
Card. How? you well?
When your complexion's like the queene of Spades;
Or like a painting wrought in the first colour;
Or like a wither'd blossome, or a——
Am. Hold
Good Lady Simile; Or like your Monkey
When he wants Spiders¹; the poore beast lookes
scurvily,
And not unlike your Ladiship.

Card. Well, well;
I still must beare with youth.

Ama. If a distemper,
Or a disease that's crept into my blood
Renders me now lesse beautifull, then lately
The flatteries of some esteem'd me; must it
Conclude my mind is sicke?

Infe. Enough, Amanda,
Yet still I must suspect; when y'are alone

[To Card. privately.

Perhaps she will reveale it.

Card. That's it Madame,
We maids will chat so prettily alone;
You did not well Amanda to abuse me
Before the Dutchesse: other Ladies would not
Have serv'd me so, and there are few in Court
But would make use of what you slight; my counsell:
I have bin verst in things that might advantage
Your restitution.

Ama. Unto what good Lady?

Card. Your health, your mind; your wits.

Ama. Why doth your reverence
Think I am mad?

Card. A little loving frenzie.

Mel. Delude her importunity with some slight,

[To Amanda privately.

Shee'lle be a trouble else.

Card. Pray, thinke not Ladies
This age of mine hath not attain'd some knowledge
From observation. There have bin few passages
In Court which I have not bin privy too.
Ladies have falne and risen; and their timpanies
Have bin cur'd with as secret carriage,
As e're was practis'd by a suburbé Mid-wifé:
I have had plots to save a Ladies honour.

_Ama._ She hath given me an occasion.

_[To Melissa privately._

_Mel._ Ply it home,
Wee'le raise some mirth from melancholy.

_Card._ Come,
You must not be reserv'd.

_Ama._ Might I presume
You would be secret.

_Card._ How? suspect _Amanda_?

By my virginity.

_Mel._ I doe believe
That Oath will ne're be broken.

_Card._ Why _Melissa_?

I have bin knowne and knowne these fifty yeares,
My age hath seene Lords turne cast Ladies of
Unto their Pages, and preferment follow;
I have knowne secrets too, and kept them secret
Without any Oath. Is't comming yet?

_Ama._ 'Tis almost
At my tongues end: but shame——

_Card._ A figge for shame.

_Ama._ Perhaps 'tis something cannot be exprest

In modest Language.

_Card._ Then I must interpret,
And now I see that's it.

_Mel._ That! what, _Cardente_?

_Card._ Yes, yes; 'tis so: your eye, your noses
    sharpennesse:

And here's a signe.

_Mel._ Of _Virgo_ I dare sweare.

_Card._ Of _Gemini_: y'are subject to strange
    qualmes,

Are you not Lady? dare you weare a buske?
Are you not quicke? me thinks it kicks on both sides:
You have bin at it to some purpose.
   Ama. Shee
Interprets right, Melissa.
   Card. I can doe it.
She's not the first at Court hath had a clap,
And let it be my charge to save her honour;
Even the Dutchesse selze——
   Mel. How's that Cardente?
   Card. Tut I know secrets.
   Ama. And you'l reveale them.
How have I fool'd my selfe into a misery,
Prevention cannot free me from committing
A secret of such consequence to one
Will make my shame the pastime of the Court
By her discovery.
   Card. No such matter Lady,
Doubt not a close conveyance; yet I wish
You had reveal'd it sooner: Physicke then
Might have done much.
   Ama. You'l ayde me then, Cardente,
In the concealement?
   Card. I'le not tell the Dutchesse.
   Mel. But I will.
   Card. What, sweet Lady?
   Mel. What a creature
Warmes her selfe in her bosome, a Court Bawde;
A cloth of tissue centinell.
   Ama. An old cole
Rak't up in counterfeited sanctity:
Thou credulous piece of wickednesse, didst thinke
If any wanton forwardnesse had led me
To such a sin as loosenesse, I would suffer
The knowledge of't passe from me? and especially
To one suspected for a wicked agent
In those base practises, but now discover'd.
   Card. What! will you baite me, Ladies?
   Mel. Yes, and worry thee;
Thou mother of the maids! th'art fitter farre
To be the Madam regent of the stewes,
Nay wee'le dissect thee.
   Am. And before the Dutchesse
Lay open all.
   Card. Nay then farewell, sweet Ladies.      [Exit.
   Mel. She's gone, and we are free, and now, Amanda,
Let loose thy thoughts; for all are here imprison'd
Thou shalt command releasement.
   Am. Oh, Melissa,
I love thy brother, and my virgin flame
Growes every houre more violent.
   Mel. Oh, Amanda,
I love thy brother, and my virgin flame
Growes every houre more violent.
   Am. You mocke me
With echoing backe my words.
   Mel. I speake a truth
Although with blushes: If your anguish grow
From that sweet passion, how our even states
Hang in the ballance?
   Am. All my hopes are lost,
In that the Dutchesse favours him so much;
My jealousies can point no other end out,
Then their uniting in that fellowship
My wishes covet.
   Mel. Have not I like doubts?
The Duke rivalls Fidello; and my father
Urgeth unwilling honours, which my feares
Dare not attempt to reach at. I had rather
Sleepe in the sweet embraces of thy brother,
Then be advanc'd to greatnesse that will make mee
The object of mens envy.

Second Scene.

Enter Infelice, Corvino, Cardente.

Am. Here's the Dutchesse.
Inf. Wee'l heare you straight, Corvino. Fye, 
    Amanda,
Have all your seeming vertues lost themselves
In one foule staine?
    Am. Madam, let me prevent
Th' abusing of your faith: my honour suffers
In nothing but a counterfeit of that
With which I mockt her curiosity,
That else refus'd all satisfaction;
And in't betray'd her selfe to the discovery
Of such an inclination, as to thinke on't
Renewes the blusses which you say my cheekes
So late have lost.
    Card. Nay, Madam, I made shew
Of any thing that might discover her:
    Told her I had beene privy to such cases,
And many a Ladyes fall.
    Inf. Enough, Cardente.
But let not such things be your sport hereafter.
Jealousie is a spirit which once rais'd,
Will hardly be commanded downe agen;
And honour is a substance too too nice
To play withall.
    Am. I dare expose my selfe
To th' tryall of her jury.
    Inf. Urge no more;
SCENE II.]  The Unfortunate Mother.  

You are believ'd, Amanda.  Now, my Lord,  

[To Corvino.

We give you hearing.

Cor. Madam, I would whisper
The secrets of my soule.

Infe. Withdraw, Cardente.  [The Ladies retire.

Corv. Madam, if ought appeare an erroour in me,
Condemne it not with too severe a sentence,
Till I have pleaded my excuse.  I love you:
The generall graces of your minde and person,
In this my setled age hath rais'd high flames:
Which cherisht by your favour will preserve me,
Or quite consume me, if they waste themselves
In your disaine.  The disproportion
We weare in outward titles, makes me feare
You will refuse consent: and yet J hope
(Not urging the Dukes favour) you'll allow
My suit consideration, and your answer.

Infe. My Lord Corvino, you have honour'd

mee

In your opinion; putting such a glosse
On my defects, that I appeare more worthy
Then really I am.  My age is subject
To those decayes, that render me unfit
For amorous delights.

Corv. Your beauty, Madam,
Is in that freshnesse yet, that were I warm'd
In your faire bosome, all the frost that hangs
Vpon these haires would quickly be dissolv'd,
And a new spring of livelinesse and strength
Quicken this cold and passive earth that holds
An Icy soule within it.  You'd restore me
To my best youth agen.

Infe. This love hath taught you
The long neglected practice of your Court-ship:
Forbear, good my Lord, my griefes are yet
Vnapt for flattery.

_Corv._ Then give me leave
To speake in plainnesse my desires, that are
You would admit me to your sweet embraces
In lawfull fellowship. You'd satisfie
My longing passions, and your sonnes request,
And pay those services that I have done you;
Which some might, but my selfe dare not, presume
To call desert.

_Infe._ Your faithfull services
Have beene rewarded with degrees of honour,
And I expect your gratitude. I never
Discover'd such ambition in your temper,
Which alwaies seem'd to levell its just aime
At faire equality. Then, good my Lord,
Consider your attempts, and how they make
Your vertues much suspected.

_Corv._ If you dare
Call it a pride that I seek such addition,
Know there's no substance now depends upon
Your empty title which can make a difference,
But I will reconcile it by my merit.
I am not so inferiour to be check't;
Nor weake in power, but that I can revenge
A scorne that is dishonourable.

_Infe._ Doe not
Add to your ills, _Corvino._ This had sence
As if it did imply you would not owe
A Duty to me now: or that you meant
Some treacherous discovery. Take heede
Of base ingratITUDE, 'twil staine your fame
(Which good men call their life) with such a
Leprosie,
As time can never cleanse it from.
SCENE III.  

The Unfortunate Mother.

Corv. I then
Must count my selve refus'd.
    Infe. Yes for a husband.
I must prepare for heaven: Nor shall I ever
Admit of new desires whilst the lov'd memory
Of my dead Lord presents it selve.
    Corv. Your Pardon.
Onely you may consider, 'twas his will
Melissa should be Dutchesse.
    Infe. Not without
The free election of my sonne, who now
Leaves it to time and counsaile. Thus you still
Shew your ambition.

The third Scene.

Enter Spurio.

    Dearest Spurio, welcome,
    Let us goe take the ayre.
    Corv. Your graces leave
To have some conference with him.
    Infe. When 'tis ended
    Attend us in the garden.

    [Exeunt Infe.; Card., Aman.

    Corv. Stay, Melissa:
Sonne, I would urge your duty to reveale
What 'tis disturbes you. I by observation
Have noted odde expressions in your lookes,
Your words, and actions, since the late Dukes death,
That argue there's within some strange distemper
Of your best parts, counsaile must rectifie.
I challenge from my interest the will
And power to give it.
    Spu. How can I discover
What I yet know not? you must satisfie
    Q
Your selfe, and your owne suppositions,
Even by your selfe. If you have fram’d conjectures
From any outward Characters that may
Expresse an inward perturbation,
Propose and i’le reveale it.

Corv. You are in love.

Spu. I have desires, I must confesse, but temper them
With a discreet respect to their best end:
Nor doe I suffer any to flame out
In violent passions.

Corv. But they are directed
To one peculiar object; that’s the Dutchesse,
Is it not so?

Spu. My breeding and Religion
 Permit me not to lye: sir, ’tis a truth;
And you may call it vertuous if you please:
But duty which you challenge from me checks it.
I neither dare nor will plead any right
Where you are interested.

Corv. I assigne it all,
She hath o’re throwne my cause with such a scorne
As burnes me into rage; witnesse, ye powers
That guide our not to be resisted fates,
How farre she’s banisht from my thoughts.

Spu. You have, sir,
Breath’d a new soule of comfort into me;
Ile freely now solicitte for my selfe,
And try successse.

Corv. ’Twill show of youthfull rashnesse:
Can you ground any hopes?

Spu. From circumstance
I can; but none with which I will be flatter’d:
The honours which she hath conferr’d upon me
SCENE III.]  The Unfortunate Mother.

Are Arguments she loves me; her salutes
Are alwaies deare or dearest.
   Corv. Yet you must not
Marry this Dutches.
   Spu. How, will you oppose it?
You then are swolne with an unnaturall envy.
   Corv. No more, I must dispose you.
   Spu. I'le obey.
But yet I beg you, sir, temper your power
With mild command, and deepe consideration:
Thinke on the Dutchesse.
   Corv. Thinke upon Melissa.
   Spu. What of my sister, sir?
   Corv. She is a beauty
That might invite desire, and crowne the bed
Of any Prince with happinesse. Looke on her,
And make her thy election.
   Spu. Mine! for what?
   Corv. A Wife.
   Spu. Defend, yee better influences!
No such incestuous dreame could e're possesse
My wanton'st slumber.
   Cor. 'Tis not so incestuous
As that thy inconsideratnesse attempted:
Resolve to take her, and by all my hopes
Of blest eternity, I will not onely
Justifie that for lawfull, but salute thee
Ferrard's lawfull Duke.
   Spu. What riddle's this?
Give it solution.
   Corv. First resolve to be
What I have promis'd.
   Spu. Good sir, leave me not
Confounded with amazement: are not you
My Father, sir? or who must owne me?  Sister,
The Unfortunate Mother.

Is there ought in your knowledge that may satisfy
My doubtfull thoughts? must I not call you sister?
Or what's that greater incest I would have
Committed? Can the Dutchesse be my mother?
An Aunt's lesse then a sister?

Mei. Dearest brother,
My knowledge owes no secret which I would not
As freely make you master of, as wish
My selfe a happinesse: I must confesse
My mother oft hath told me that you were not
The issue of her Wombe.

Spu. There's halfe the riddle
Unfoulded yet.

The fourth Scene.

Enter Fidelio and Beneventi.

Fid. My Lord your valiant brother
This instant is arriv'd, t'enrich the Court
With his full glories: all men court his victory
With such a praise, it stainses his manly cheekes
With modest blushes. He expects your visit.

Spu. I know no brother.

Fid. How, my Lord? your vertue
Will suffer by suspicion if y' expresse
Your selfe or proud or envious.

Spu. Melissa,
I cannot satisfie your fathers Will,
Though all were clear'd that darkes the reasons
of it:
Be still Fidelios.

[Exit.

Ben. What the divell ayles him?
His passions are as various as his cloaths;
He shifts them daily: onely keepes one fashion,
And one sad garbe.
ACT III.] The Unfortunate Mother.

Fid. Are you acquainted with
Any events that have relation
Unto your brothers melancholy?

Mel. Some I am,
But urge not their discovery.

Fid. I obey
What ever you command; and hope my services
Will shortly be rewarded.

Mel. Take th’ assurance
Of my resolves and promise.

Ben. Trifle not
With court-ship now: let’s thinke on bouncing com-
   plements
To bid the Souldiers welcome.

Fid. To the presence,
There is their entertainment: We shall see
What different things Courtiers and Souldiers be.

[Exeunt.

The third Act and first Scene.

The Scene being the presence.

BONARDO, CARDENTE and FIDELIO.

Bon. Did she reveal’t her selfe, Cardente, to you?
Or else do you conclude it from some circumstance?
In such a cause I would not have credulity
Mocke it selfe into errour.

Card. ’Twas my Lord
Her owne confession; yet before the Dutchesse
She doth pretend 'twas onely an intent
To mock my curiosity: but I feare
It is too sad a truth.

_Bon._ To me most sad,
Mine age growes fast upon me; and to have
A staine throwne now upon our House, by one
So eminent in all appearancies
Of good, it makes my wishes hast to meete
The sweet peace of my grave: but yet, _Cardente_,
I am not ease to believe.

_Card._ Nor I.

There may be other causes why a Lady
Of her pure constitution should be subject
To qualmes and puling.

_Bon._ Is she not in love?

_Card._ That may be it my Lord, and if you could
Discover who the man is.

_Bon._ Would that helpe
To cleare suspition?

_Card._ All would straight appeare
In its full truth; her staine, or innocence.
For thus my Lord: I know the inclinations
Of all the Gallants; which are Goats, which
_Eunuchs:
Now if she doth love any forward youth,
One that will thrust his Knife into the meate
Before he hath said grace (you can apply it),
Tis so; if not, so.

_Fid._ My _Italian_ nature
 Begins to breake her prison, and grow violent;
I'le force her, sir, to tell me.

_Bon._ Vse no threats,
But mild perswasions; such as may become
The place: and urge them home before the presence
Fills with more number. Here she is.
The second Scene.

Enter Amanda.

Card. Pray Heaven
He do not stab her.

Fid. Sister, are ye in health?

Am. I know not, brother, would you'd ask a Doctor;
A skilfull one that hath prov'd more men mortall,
Then a corrupted Vintage, or French Duells:
If such a learned man's inspection can
Tell the disease which many think I have,
But am not sensible thereof my self.

Fid. You slight my question.

Am. Sure it doth deserve
No better answer. How do I appeare
To every curious eye that undertakes
The reading of my inside? sure that Lady
Hath made you jealous.

Fid. There's a staine Amanda
Throwne on you by suspition, on your honour;
Nothing but blood, or a faire satisfaction
Can wash it off.

Am. I thought some such fine thing
Had mockt your credulous weaknes. Blush to thinke
You owne so low a soule as to suspect
Her whom your love calls sister; though detractio
Spake with a hundred tongues, and mutter'd circum-
stance
To make it probable.

Fid. Your confidence
Carries the greater show of guilt.

Am. Of guilt!
Should you present all tortures tyranny
Did e're invent: I have no feares can make me
Belie mine innocence, though it might free me
From all their suffering.
    *Fid.* This doth shew more like
The violence of a distemper'd passion,
Than will to satisfie. 'Twas never yet
Read in the story of our Ancestors,
Any least blemish stuck upon our house.
And if you have transgress, the knowledge of it
Will point us out a way to just revenge,
Or to an honourable recompence;
And so preserve our yet unsullied names
Cleanse to posterity.¹

    *Am.* This circumvention
Is of so strange and intricate a nature,
I know not how to free my selfe, but by
Mine owne just testimony. Brother, know
Your best prepar'd devotions are not purer
Then my worst thoughts; their ends being alwayes
    noble
When I have had desires.
    *Fid.* Not to have some,
Indeed were more than wonder: such a Lady
As you are, sister, pamper'd with the fulnesse
Of Court delights, not to elect some one
Prefer'd in her esteeme, were such a paradox,
Not all your learning can maintain.
    *Am.* Suppose
I should confesse to whom mine are directed;
He's one that you dare not suspect, much lesse
Accuse of such a sinne that is so farre from
His vertuous inclination.
    *Fid.* I am glad
Your love can give him such a Character.

¹ Old ed. "postesterity."
To know him might advance your desires,
Provided they be honourable.
   Am. Brother,
You seeme to hedge me in with studdied cunning.
But I can give my selfe a liberty
By naming him you'd know. I doe affect
Your friend Lord Spurio.
   Fid. He the man hath done it?
   Am. Done what? your jealousie is weake, and
   grounded
Upon too nice a feare; and onely propt
With her slight information.
   Fid. Stay, stay, Sister;
There's something more: Did not you once pretend
You had a powerfull interest in his Sister
That might command me a successe with her?
   Am. And you interpret it?
   Fid. Nothing, good Sister,
But one thing for another.
   Am. Hug your errour,
And cherish it untill it sting your bosome:
Your threats shall not enforce another answer
Though the place had no priviledge.
   Fid. Enough,
Good Sister; I am satisfi'd.
   Am. Will you, sir, [To Bonardo.
Cherish my duty with a faith?
   Bon. Of what?
   Am. What that bad woman hath accus'd me of,
Is false as any fabulous Deity
Ascrib'd to wicked mortall.
   [Bono. and Fidelio whisper.

   Card. Nay good Lady,
If any grounded feare hath rais'd suspition,
Truth ought to be discover'd; if it were,
We then would make provision of some Villa,
Some pretty Country house, under pretence
That ayr's most wholsome for you.

_Am._ Would thou wert
Without that noysefull instrument of speech;
Or all thy hearers deafe. But that her vertues
Carry their perfect lustre, I should almost
Suspect the Dutchesse, for conferring favour
Upon so vile a woman.                

[Exit.  

_Bon._ Practice it.        

'Twill be a perfect tryall.

_Fid._ Here's _Vittorio_,
And brave _Polemici_, that are return'd
With the triumphing _Notho._

The third Scene.

_Enter _Polemici, Vittorio, a Lady, and Beneventi._

_Bon._ I embrace yee; 
Y'are welcome home to peace.                

_Vit._ We thanke your Lord-ship.

_Ben._ 'Tis downe right complement; we Souldiers
Are sparing of our words, my Lord: blowes
chiefly
Are our discourse.

_Pole._ We Courtiers, _Beneventi_,
Can talke, but seldom fight.

_Bon._ That hit you home.                  

[To _Beneventi._

_Ben._ How dare you offer to salute the Ladies,
Before y'have shifted shirts? sure your Campe
Laundresse
Never perfum'd your linnen.

_Pole._ Had you bin
There Beneventi, 'twould have made your linnen
Soone want perfuming.
Card. Souldiers doe not use [To Beneventi.
Other perfumes than match and Gun-powder.
Ben. Were you converted into it, Cardente,
You'd sweeten their Bufe-jerkins.
Lady. Were I Gun-powder
I'd blow you up.
Pole. You take your servants part.
Ben. You serve a Lady! Ladies should serve you
For your good service to the Duke and State:
Oh the mens heads that you cut off, Polemici!
Pole. The Maiden-heads you purchast in our
absence!
Many a Suburbe agent is inricht by't;
Though to the losse of your owne state and conscience:
Ingeniously confesse your chiefe imployment.
Ben. We feigne our selves as vertuous as the Duke,
And are as chast at Court as wither'd Eunuches:
But when we are at liberty abroad,
Ease and high feeding cannot hold out long:
Then to't like Monkeyes, Captaine. Sure your selves
Doe piddle now and then with Suttlers wives;
And are content to praise their tann'd complexions
For most rich beauties: whilst we Courtiers
Ravish delights from lipps that tast of Nectar,
And thinke our selves in Heaven
Pole. Whilst we Souldiers
After a tedious march, are forst to make
The earth our bed without a Pillow, sheets,
Or silver warming-pan; start from our sleepe
At every sound the ayres light motion makes,
Thinking it an alarme: Returne from fight
Smear'd o're with blood and sweat, and savourly
Take the refreshment of a troubled water;
Whose muddy streames our Horses would scarce tast
But for necessity: fast till our guts
Contract themselves so close they will scarce hold
The full digestion of one Larke.

*Ben.* Good Captaine,
No more of this discourse; it mortifies me:
But now the Wars are ended, you'll turne Courtier!
'Tis quickly learnt.

*Pole.* You have instructed me,
Dissemble first an imitation
Of the Dukes vertues; feed high, and be lazie;
Next leacherous: is't not so?

*Ben.* A great proficient,
You'll quickly take Degrees.

*Pole.* In the last Schoole
We shall out-strip you Courtiers; for observe
If any one of you should rivall us,
And dare to intercept our pleasures, we
Can beate you *Beneventi*, marke me, beate you;
And sure the Duke would give us pensions for it,
To keepe your Goat-ships honest.

*Lady.* Witty Souldier,
He fits you at all weapons.

*Ben.* Yours, the tongue;
But that it wants some of your womans length:
Hee'ld hit you otherwise.

*Bon.* Peace thus playes with war,
And makes it pastime.

*Fid.* Here's the noble Conquerour.
The fourth Scene.

Flourish. Enter Macario, Infelice, Notho, Spurio, Corvino, Amanda, Melissa, and Ladies.

Mac. Welcome agen into our bosome, Souldier.
Wee'd have you now leave action, and apply
Your ready will to entertaine and manage
The honours we intend you, as rewards
Due to your valour and success: you have
Settled our peace at home by the subversion
Of all our neighbouring enemies, and now
'Tis fit you share a full proportion
Of all you labour'd for, that we in ease
And softnesse might securely please our senses
And know no sufferings more then what are incident
To every prince, our cares; those lesson'd too
By our grave Counsailes industry. I wish
You would move something from your owne desires,
That granted might be valewed by your selfe:
We should bee free.

Not. Ambition never toucht me.
If I have done an act hath gain'd allowance
In popular opinion, let not flattery
Court it with too much praise. These ought to share;
And every common soul'dier well as I:
I but directed what they executed.
Let your rewards sir, smile upon their wants,
For sure our victory brought much more honour
Then profit home: nor could I thinke it lesse
Than tyranny to slave men being conquer'd,
And force them buy their liberty; though in policy
And custome 'tis allow'd both safe and honourable.
Cherish their valour sir, and the example
Will (when your need requires it) arme the hearts
Of others with like forwardnesse.

_Mac._ Wee give
The spoiles to be distributed, and pension
To every soouldier; and unto thy selfe——
I know not what: considerate judgements must
Allow the gift a worth before I offer it.
Embrace you two whilst I embrace yee both.
Why doth my _Spurio_ frowne upon his brother?
Can his cleare soule give entertainment to
Neglect or envy? such a glorious paire
To suffer an Ecclipses.

_Spu._ Your victory
And person both are welcome.

_Not._ Both must serve you.

_Inf._ Deare valiant _Notho_, now you have put off
The rough abillments of War, pray' weare
These ornaments for my sake.  [Gives him jewells.

_Not._ They are favours
An Easterne Monarch might be proud of, Madam:
A Mine could not have made your servant richer
In's owne esteeme.

_Card._ Trust me the Souldier speakes
Excellent Court-ship, Ladies. Those rich jewells
Will be yours shortly; and I would advise you
Not to refuse them upon any tearmes
When they are offer'd.

_Inf._ Your deserts require
Some due acknowledgement.


_Pole._ These Madam are
Bounties above them.

_Mac._ Doe not you, my Lord, [To Corvino.
Conceive strange joyes to see so faire an issue
Make your age happy?

_Corv._ 'Tis a happinesse
For which I owe Heaven thankes.

_Ben._ What thinke you, Captaine? 

[To Polemici.
You seldom found such spoiles in a py'd Knap-sack.

_Doe_ you know how to use them?

_Pole._ Not as you doe,

Like Children; play with them.

_Ben._ You'll pawne them rather?

_Pole._ That I believe you use.

_Mac._ We'll have some revells,
'Tis fit that Souldiers sometimes should have rest
And tast the Courts delights.

_Ben._ You'll find there's difference
Betwixt a Courtier and a Soulandier, Captaine.

_Pole._ There's much.

_Ben._ How much?

_Pole._ As much as is betwixt
A good sword and a Fiddle-sticke.

_Ben._ But how

_Doe_ you apply them?

_Pole._ That unto my selfe
I best know how to use.

_Mac._ We'll first thanke Heaven,
And then we'll see some maskery. This day
We'll honour with solemnities. 

[Exeunt.

(Flourish. _Spu._ Not. _Fid._ Ben. _Vitto._
and Polemici remaining.

_Spu._ With me, sir?

_Not._ Brother.

_Spu._ Forget that name; it must be lost

To both our memories.

_Not._ Sure mine preserves not
The least impression of an injury
I ever did you, that might justly challenge
Th' acquaintance of that Title. Others looke
Upon my fortune with respectfull smiles;
You either scorne or envy it.

Spur. I doe neither;
But there are secrets which my knowledge cannot
Yet comprehend, till time makes more discoveries:
If it appeare then you are not my brother,
Say not it was my fault.

Not. I would you give me
A fuller satisfaction.

Spur. When I can
I will not be reserv'd.

Not. I know not what
Your words imply, unlesse you'd call me bastard;
And that hath danger in't. No priviledge
Of nature, or respects unto the greatnesse
Favour hath rais'd you to——
Spur. Hee's here can satisfie.

The fifth Scene.

Enter Corvino.

Cor. Will you yet wedde Melissa?

Spur. Never, sir;
I would you'd cleare my doubts.

Cor. Oh never, sir,
Till you performe that act.

Spur. My ignorance
And innocence shall then preserve me safe;
There may be danger in the knowledge of it:
Henceforth Ile not be curious.


Not. Sir, my duty
That taught me humble knees, and an obedience
Is somewhat stagger'd; something hath begot
A jealousy within me, that I ought not
Pay them to you: but still my vertuous reason
Doth fight against that sin.
   Cor. What meane you, Notho?
   Not. My brother sir, or Spurio (for the name
Of brother he refuseth) sayes we are not
The issue of one blood.
   Cor. It was a folly,
And inconsiderate rashnesse to betray
Himselfe to so much hazard.
   Not. Sir, the knowledge
Would settle my disturbances, and make
Agen that duty perfect, which yet doubts
To whom it owes it selfe.
   Cor. Those words of his
Might be interpreted; and I confesse
My wanton youth had much unlawful issue:
Of which perhaps he's one.
   Not. My lawfulness
Had then first priviledge to take exception:
I must not now owne him.
   Cor. Yes; for my love
Is equall to you both.
   Not. In that you are
Unjust to the deserts of my dead mother;
And th' honour'd family whence she deriv'd
Her blood and vertues.
   Cor. It becomes not you
To taxe my partiall humour, since your selfe
Is equally unlawfull.
   Not. You have aw'd me,
'Twas not my sin; and thus my duty beggs [Kneels.
The publicke knowledge may not be my shame.
Cor. That shall not staine, thy fame staines not thy conscience:
And tell me, *Notho*, dar'yst be great?
   Not. I dare bee
What fortune or my reason prompts me to,
If warranted for lawfull.
   Car. Dar'yst be Duke?
   Not. Forbid it loyalty.
   Car. 'Tis in my power
To make thee justly so.
   Not. If't be my right,
There's no attempt that can have danger in't
Enough to fright me.
   Cor. Shall't attempt no danger:
The prosecution shall be politicke
And safe. But first thou must resolve to doe
What I command thee.
   Not. Speake it.
   Cor. Wed *Melissa*.
   Not. Did ever father yet command his Children
To be incestious! is your reason perfect?
This shewes distraction.
   Cor. All depends upon it;
And Heaven knowes 'tis lawfull: Therefore be
Suddaine in thy resolves.                        [Exit.
   Not. What fit hath seaz'd him?
   Pole. The Ladies eyes have shot some wanton fire
Into his heart.—My Lord.
   Not. *Polemici,*
I have heard wonders, and your bosomes shall
Partake the secret, so you'l keepe it safe:
'Tis of high consequence.
   Pole. They are the same
Safe Closets you have trusted.
Not. You'd not envy me
If I were Duke.

Pole. We should not sure unlesse
It made you proud.

Not. But dare your valours aide me
In the designe?

Pole. Why, what disloyall divell
Hath put these thoughts into you? have we sav'd
Our throates from cutting by the enemy
To seele the Hang-mans Axe? why how dare you
Cherish such vaine ambition? if you should
Marry the Dutchesse, she must have no sonne first:
And then 'tis doubtfull whether the election
Will be conferr'd on you. There are more worthies
That hold as good opinion in the state.

Not. But say it be my right?

Pole. I never studied
Your Genealogy so much to find
How there might be relation; if there's any
Let it appeare.

Not. You shall know more hereafter;
Strange misteries in fortunes hidden lye,
Cannot be judg'd of by a common eye.

[Exeunt.]
The Fourth Act and first Scene.

The Scene being the Gallery.

Spurió and Fidelio.

Fid. 'Tis an unkindnesse thus to be reserv'd,
And hide the causes of your discontent:
The priviledge of friendship should be larger;
And not confin'd to any weake respects
That bound its limits. I should not conceale
My secret'st sinnes from you; but for the scandall.

Spu. Fidelio, I am lost in such a mist
Of doubts and errour, all my reasons faculties
Cannot instruct my knowledge how to find
A way that leades to truth.

Fid. If any counsell
My weake abilities can ayde you with
May be thought usefull——

Spu. Vrge it not, Fidelio;
To know and not to remedy increaseth
The suffering more.

Fid. My love would not interpret
Neglect or jealousie to be the cause
Of these expressions; if you doe suspect it,
I then may ground a feare you have declin'd
Your wonted purity; and through the guilt
Of some foule act makes shame o're sway your reason,
You doe enforce your blushing soule to be
Th' unwilling prison of so vile an evill
You dare not give it liberty.

Spu. This is
Such an extreame, *Fidelio*, I should rather
Admit of flattery then to be taxed thus.
Time and your neerenesse to me might have taught
Your knowledge something by observing me,
And how my courses tended: There was never
The coursnesse in my humour, that it pleas'd me
To heare my selfe commended: but the life
Of honour being wounded by detractioun,
Or any false aspersion, 'twere a sini
Equall to guilt should I neglect to cure it
By any testimony; though it forc'd me
To Praise my selfe, above all the degrees
Of moderation: Therefore, good *Fidelio*,
Neither be partiall to me, nor let weakenesse
Interpret any private act of mine.
From common rumour: such an even temper
Would make our friendship lasting.

*Fid.* I, my Lord;
Thinke you so farre from being vitious,
Your scruples scarce allow those vertues in you
A merit, which to us might be examples.

*Spu.* I meant you no such priviledge.

*Fid.* Beleeve it,
I will not flatter you; for sure you have
Some easie faults, that will admit th' excuse
Of frailty: such as love.

*Spu.* Is Love a sinne then?

*Fid.* Yes, when it burnes with a corrupted flame;
And lights desire to what is sensuall onely;
Without regard of ough that makes our difference
The most refin'd and perfect in its nature:
Beasts have their lust.

*Spu.* I almost understand you,
But sure you dare not thinke me forward that way;
Your errour were not friendly: neither is there
A Lady so neglected she would court
My shallow worth, or yeeld if she were courted.

_Fid._ There is that Magick in your masculine
graces,
Th'have charm'd the beauty of the Court to love you:
And 'tis arriv'd my knowledge.

_Spu._ What's that beauty?
Instruct my ignorance.

_Fid._ Amanda, sir,
And though she be my sister, I doe give her
No attribute, fame and the generall voyce
Conferme not to her.

_Spu._ With that name thou hast
Charm'd me, _Fidelio_, throughly, and recall'd
My apoplexi'd thoughts to their first life.
Mine eyes were blinded with the Dutchesse so,
I could not see that happinesse which now
I wish next to my eternitie. But give me
Assurance, good _Fidelio._

_Fid._ That were vainenesse;
And now I must confesse you had great cause
To be disturb'd: professe love to the Dutchesse,
When you had given _Amanda_ such deepe earnest!

_Spu._ What earnest meane you? yet I ne're saluted
Her eares with a request; or urg'd the grant
Of what you say her inclination
Would freely give me.

_Fid._ Why should you expresse
This nice unwillingnesse to be discover'd?
The knowledge of't as yet is limited
To a small number, and the memory
Of her dishonour will be quickly lost
In a faire recompence.

_Spu._ There's nothing cleere
To me in this darke mistery, but that
The beauty you call sister is a Whore:
Is it not so?

Fid. Your selfe can best interpret,
And yet me thinks another name would sound
More Court-like; and not have halfe so much
offensive:
For though she have the staine, I know she holds
That noblenesse of spirit, none but such a one
As your full selfe could ever win her to it;
And a faire satisfaction vow'd withall:
Which sure you will performe.

Spu. Thou art a villaine;
Did my election from a world of men
Single thee out to be so much my selfe;
The union of our soules would not admit
Of a division, but that interchange
And custome taught us read each others thoughts?
And can that soule of thine expresse it selfe
Subject, so easily to be corrupted
With jealousie and errour? Then let Moralists
Fable henceforth no empty name of friendship,
Nor boast there's such a secret: I shall never
Weare thee more here.

Fid. This is no satisfaction,
I dare beleevre your innocence; if you
Dare urge it solemnly, and thereby give it
A confirmation.

Spu. That my pitty cannot
Deny thy weakenesse: witnesse Heaven——

Fid. Enough,
You shall not sweare; I credit it, and my penitence

[Kneeles.

Humbles me for your pardon.

Spu. Rise and take it:
But I would know upon what circumstance
This jealousie was grounded.
   *Fid.* Th' information
Came from *Cardente*, and her owne acknowledge-
ment
Of her desires to you. But she shall dye,
Her shame must not out live her.
   *Spu.* How, *Fidelio*!
Mocke not thy selfe out of eternity,
By such a sin will likewise render thee
A scorn to memory: her innocence
May suffer falsely. 'Tis not supposition,
But proofe that must condemne her; sure there
cannot
Be lodg'd in such a frame as is *Amandas*
A thought but noblenesse: I'd soone take
A wither'd Anchobrese into my suspect,
As her sweet purity.
   *Fid.* You'd have her live then?
   *Spu.* Why not? to make me happy.
   *Fid.* Marry her,
And to't agen; 'till that confirmes all lawfull,
I must forbid more pleasure.
   *Spu.* What words fall
From thy distraction? dar'st renew thy guilt
By a worse second jealousie?
   *Fid.* You'll be
Her Champion too? this zeale of yours confirmes
That truth which was but doubt.
   *Spu.* I shall forget
The place hath any priviledge; but come, sir,
Since my cleere protestations will not satisifie,
Wee'l argue it with these.
2 Scene.

Enter Amanda and Melissa meeting them.

Fid. There will not be
Much Fallacy. [Offer to goe.
Am. Is your beleefe, good brother,
Yet rectifi’d?
Fid. I must not owne thee: hence.
Spur. Since she is heere——
Fid. This trifling smells of cowardise.
Spur. Away then. [Offer to goe agen.
Am. What’s the meaning? two such friends
To be divided!
Mel. By that interest [To Fidelio.
My love doth challenge, let us know the motives
To this strange anger.
Fid. Pardon me, Melissa,
I must (though willingly I would not doe it)
Forget your virtuues.
Am. Let our teares divert [To Spurio.
Your rash and violent purpose; trust me sir,
Unless a noble cause hath fir’d your spirits——
Spur. ’Tis yours, Amanda.
Am. Then I understand it;
And challenge it my priviledge to order
Your reconciliacion. Brother, know
Your error hath dishonour’d you so much,
That till you have cal’d backe to your opinion
My fame and innocence, I must not owne you.
To raise a scandall of high consequence
From such an empty and perverse suspition
And not to cleere it with the satisfaction
Both of protests and testimonie, argues
A soule lesse noble than the generous blood
Of our brave Ancestors successively
Inherited; producing actions,
The subject of large stories. Let Melissa
Witnesse th’ intent; a humorous counterfeit,
To mocke Cardente[’s] curiosity
Into an apt discovery of her selfe
And wicked inclinations; that we knowing them
Our care might shun her courses.

Fid. This, Amanda,
Beleeve’td would bring me peace agen.

Mel. Beleeve it;
For ’tis a truth cleere as the innocence
Of babes: after the holy ceremony
Hath purgd th’ originall staine.

Fid. I am confirm’d;
And aske agen your pardon. Yours, Amanda,
I doe presume upon.

Am. Your noble anger
Hath such a faire excuse, that I must thanke you.
Your error onely was your fault, and that
My pitty pardons freely.

Spu. This hath likewise
Restor’ed me to new hopes: and, faire Amanda,
If your esteeme hath added any worth
To my defects that make them seeme perfections,
Such as may please your chast and free desires;
If you’ll possesse me with the happinesse
Of blessed union, ’tis the onely one
That I would covet.

Am. Let my blushes speake
A maids consent, and in them you may read
My thoughts direction that made you their object;
Mixing themselves with feares, hopes, jealousies;
And all that's incident to earnest love,
May it be crown'd with such a faire event,
'Twill make your hand-maid happy.

Spu. 'Twill but be
A mutuall exchange.

Fid. I hope our loves [To Melissa.
Are growne so ripe, the fasting of our joyes
Will not be long protracted.

Mel. Even when
It pleaseth the high providence.

3 Scene.

Enter Corvino, Bonardo, and Cardente.

Card. My Lord
Observe how they are pair'd. Doubtlesse all's cleere:
And sure hee'l make amends.

Bon. My Lord Corvino,
If your consent will ratifie——

Corv. You need not
Urge it agen. Have you observ'd, Cardente,
Ought in Melissa's inclination

[Corvino and Cardente whisper.

Towards Fidelio?

Card. That's it; she is strucke
With the blind Archer.

Spu. From a cloud of errorr [To Bonardo.
A light is broken that hath made new day
In our darke treasons, and directed me
To that which yeelds my being here a happinesse,
'Bove any forme I could prescribe my wishes:
My knowledge learnt it from th' imperfect motives
To your suspition; without which discovery
My ignorance had lost it: but it cannot
Be full till crown'd with your consent.
Bon. You have it;
And I as freely pardon both your faults:
Your frailty doth excuse them.

Spu. You'll returne
To your first errour; let not a new jealousie
Stagger our faire proceedings: We have climb'd
Halfe of our height already: and to fall
From such bright hopes.

Am. As you would cherish duty
Or other vertues in me, cleere the mist
That hangs before your reason; you shall see
The whitenesse of my innocence: confirme it
With your believe (for truth is onely valued
As 'tis receiv'd) I shall meet his embraces
With all my Virgin sweets, like evening ayre
Without a cloud; when it but onely blusheth
To kisse the Sun at parting.

Spu. 'Tis receiv'd
As positive a truth as e're came from
A Sybils mouth.

Bon. It hath restor'd thee likewise
To my now rectifi'd opinion:
Blessings dwell with you.

Fid. Please you, Lord Corvino, 
[To Corvino.
With your consent to perfect what's begun
So fairely here; and make our union adde
Something to this days glory.

Corv. Shee, Fidelio,
Wants much to meet your full deserts; your love
Perhaps she may: when I have order'd her
With some becomming counsells.

Bon. Hee's my sonne,
And shall inherite honours and possessions,
With vertues to their best dependances;
Grant that you like of the election,
And the solemnities of both their marriages
To morrowes sun shall gaze at.

_Corv._ Pray my Lord
Give me a fathers priviledge to prepare her
With some fit precepts; then few minutes shall
Resolve it.


_Corv. Melissa, you_
Have made my age conceive as many hopes
As ever father did to make him happy.
Kill not their issue by a rash neglect,
And voluntary losse of that which perfect
And order'd judgements doe call happinesse;
Above th' enjoying of a course desire;
Confin'd to a meane person too: if greatnesse
Were not a relative to all that's good,
And glorious in the generall speculation
Of things that doe affect us, not in sence,
But the bright part of reason; emulous man
Would not through danger mannage actions
So full of wonder, nor imploy his faculties
In high designes: but like a heavy lumpe
That onely by its weight moves to its center,
And there sleepees, so should we: leave not so much
As the Record of any memorable
And brave atchievement, for a monument
That such men once had being. To be Dutchesse
Will not impaire your vertues; they would take
More luster from the title. Now _Melissa_
I'd have you quench that low and common flame
That burns towards _Fidelio_; and embrace
Those high desires I point you to: my pollicy
Hath order'd the successse, and your obedience,
By your subjecting of it to my will,
Shall crowne you with full blessings.
Mel. Honour'd Sir,
The duty which I owe you, and which ought not
Be mention'd without reverence, humbles me. [Kneels.
Thus to express it. If I could new mould
My frame and temper fit for such great honours,
I should embrace them with the entertainment
Of my most ready will. My constitution
Is of too course a matter to receive
Such nice impressions. Those whom Heaven hath
Ordain'd for Princes, are of purer earth
Then common mortals sure; and by instinct
Both know, and order their high difference,
To make it fit for greatness. If I were
The Dutchesse, sir, my thoughts would still betray
Me to my selfe; and such imperfect actions
Receive their ordering from my weake abilities,
They'd render me a scorne to those, that otherwise
Would pay me reverence.

Corv. Your unwillingnesse
Playes with illusions that are vaine and empty.
In what are you defective but your will,
That's regulated by a childish humour?
Let your consideration weigh 'th events
Are incident to both: when you are Dutchesse
You'll be above the danger of your fortune;
And awe that weake necessity to which
The other may be subject.

Card. Sure your father
Saith right, sweet Lady; there's much difference
Betwixt the Dutchesse and a subjects wife;
Betwixt a chaire of State and a thrum'd¹ couch;
A Wardrobe that would furnish a Lewes Lumbre,

¹ "Thrum'd couch"—a couch covered with very coarse cloth. See Nares' Glossary.
And one embroydred petty-coate for Sundaies,
And that perhaps not paid for too. Be wise,
Obey your father, Lady, and be Dutchesse:
'Twill be the better choice.

_Mel._ Content abounds
In riches, when the owners of cramb'd Treasuries
Unsatisfi'd are beggers. Sir, the Duke
Having refus'd me, how can I affect him?
And where love is enforc'd——

_Cor._ Why there's your priviledge;
Great Ladies ought not love their husbands more
Then in a just proportion of state.

_Cor._ _Melissa_, I doe find your inclination:
And though my zeale intended your advancement
Which you your selfe refuse, yet my indulgence
Tyes up mine anger: onely I must wish you
Consider thoroughly.

_Mel._ Sir, my duty shall not
Give way to any act without your liking;
Although I have desires I can restraine them
From satisfaction.

_Cor._ Would _Fidelio_ were not!
His love alone 4 divers his her.

_Card._ There are meanes;
You understand, my Lord: but yet I doe not
Advise you to it.

_Cor._ Thou art wise, _Cardente_,
And canst be secret too; for thou and I
Know something hidden to the world: 'Tis better
Give her some Philter, that may raise in her
A flame towards the Duke.

_Card._ But is there vertue
In any such?

---

1 Old ed. "His love, a love divertys her."
Corv. My youth hath made experience,
And I am furnisht with that is powerfull:
I beare it still about me.
Card. Good my Lord
Impart it to my use; I faine would have
A Husband yet.
Cor. Why thou maist have Fidelio,
A yong and handsome Lord. It chiefly workes
Upon such disproportions; share it justly,
You both must take it; for in that consists
The magick Sympathy.
Card. Ile to my Closet
And pray, then love. [Exit.

4 Scene.

Enter Polemici and Vittorio.

Cor. Polemici, where left you
My valiant Sonne?
Pole. Notho! hee's in the presence.
Corv. When you returne, desire him meet me in
The Grove behind the Garden.
Pole. I scarce thinke
Hee'l owne you when hee's Duke. Vittorio,
What think'st thou of this riddle?
Vitt. 'Tis a hard one,
He to be Duke and lawfull!
Pole. He beginnes
To forme himselfe fit for't: he takes survey
Of all that he supposeth shortly must
Bow to his humour: tell's me hee'l new mould
The State, and we shall be advanc'd.
Vitt. To th' Gallowes.
Pole. I doe not like such rysing; let's be honest;
And though we cannot make a full discovery
Of this so close and intricate proceeding,
Wee'l intimate some feares that may betray him
To jealousie and care; that watchfull eyes
Observing him, if ought should be attempted,
It may be stifled by prevention
In the first birth.

Vitt. His favours yet deserve
We should preserve him.

Pole. Yes, I would preserve him.

But chiefly from the dangers incident
To such a vaine ambition, into which
Hee's flatter'd by his father: but upon
What ground, I doe not thinke the divell ownes
A perfect knowledge: Sure he cannot thinke
There's power in his success to make him popular,
And leade the multitude in their disorder
To wish an innovation first, then practise it.

Vitt. He saith it is his right.

Pole. But where's the testimony?

Hell on these darke devises. Well, let's be
Like valiant Souldiers in the Reare, that dare
Goe on, whilst the front stands to be their bulwarke:
But breaches made therein to shew them danger,
In flight they put their safety. Let's observe,
And addde more to our knowledge, then resolve:
He that persues an act that is attended
With doubtfull issues, for the meanes had need
Of policy and force to make it speed. [Exeunt.]
Act. 5. First Scene.

The Scene the Grove.

CORVINO and NOTHO.

Corv. This preparation of your high resolves
I must allow with wonder: sure you had
Some revelation of the weighty secret;
Or else instinct hath taught your knowledge more
Then a weake judgement could conclude from doubts;
And those bare circumstances I have us'd
T' instruct you by.

Not. But if Ferrara must
Owne me her Duke, what progress yet is order'd
For my establishment? great actions ought not
Want equall meanes: and sure my single force
May not encounter such an opposition
As I shall meet. To challenge it my right
And not mainetaine it, renders me the lawes:
I would not pay my life for a distracted
Unwarrantable action. If it may
Be pleaded or with force, or testimony,
I am above all feares.

Corv. I have a faction
Which with your party will make up a power
Of strength enough: but there is no such need.
Melissa joyn'd unto you will be more
Than any numerous Army of resolv'd
And faithfull spirits: she alone shall cleere
All that is yet in mists.

Not. If you'll take from me
The scruples that I have about its lawfulnesse,
Ile court her to prevale.
Corv. You may command her,
Confirm it with an Oath as y'are a Prince;
And as I hope the ends of my ambition
Will meet success, you shall be satisfi'd.

Not. By all the vertuall powers that make an
Oath
Sacred, I vow onely to wedde Melissa;
Provided it be lawfull.

Corv. Then accept
My duty, sir, that owes subjection
Duely to none but you. It is your birth-right
That shall preferre you 'fore this yong usurper;
And thus his knee to whom yours oft hath bended

[Kneeles.

Humbles it selfe for pardon, that my brest
So long conceall'd what should make many happy.

Not. I then am elder sonne to the late Duke!
And onely yours suppos'd: I must acknowledge
A large debt to you for my education,
Which answer'd my high birth. But can this have
Cleere confirmation?

Corv. As the brightest ayre
The Sun illumines.

Not. I am then a Prince,
And you my onely Subject: For I know not
Who else will pay obedience to me.

Corv. All
Will follow my example; for the rumour
As it growes bigger will incense the multitude:
From whom your fortunes and deserts have won
Both love and admiration. Fury then
Runnes them into a lumpe, or monstrous forme
With many heads, that carry their mad body
Reelingly forward, where they find resistance
Growing more violent: when to prevent
The mischievous effects of such an uproar:
The cause is askt and knowne; expostulated:
And your right prov'd by me, the generall voyce
Salutes you Dvke. And shortly after you
May call Melissa Dutches.
   Not. I have heard
She doth affect Fidelio: And unlesse
She be diverted——
   Corv. By this time Fidelio
Hath not his being.
   Not. Have you kild him then?
   Cor. Both politickly 'tis and safely order'd,
Cardente poisons both him and her selfe.
   Not. Could you have such a conscience?
   Cor. Nice religion
Awes not a Politician. They both stood
Betwixt me and my ends.
   Not. You have confess
Your selfe a murderer; 'twas a bad act,
And you have added to it: the discovery
Hath made me guilty by the knowledge of it.
I cannot but with honour now embrace
Her love, for which his innocence hath suffer'd:
Nor will I marry her.
   Cor. Dare you then be
Unjust to your owne honour? and neglect
That which you call religion, we but forme?
   Not. You have instructed me: all other vertues
Depend on Justice; she alone is perfect
Without addition in her selfe. A Prince
Cannot deserv'dly weare the royall title,
That orders not it, nor is order'd by it.
Justice with tyranny may be allow'd
Rather than partiality, for that
Emboldens sin; the other makes it feare.
If this day I should not be just (the first
Of my uncertaine government) a blessing
Would not preserve it; for the bad example
Would teach bad subjects (such as thou) to be
Presumptious in their erreurs.

Cor. What proceeding
Intends this ambage?

Not. Such a sin as thine
Is not allow'd the plea of an excuse.
Then since thou stand'st convicted by thy selfe,
I thus pronounce thy sentence: thou shalt dye.

Cor. Your selfe is not immortall, Prince.

Not. By th' hand
Of Justice.

Cor. Who's the executioner?

Not. Thy selfe, I have no other to command.

Doe't with that instrument. [Throwes him his Dagger.

Cor. 'Tis a command
Becomes a Prince; and chiefly such a one
As makes it scruple to preserve his rayser,
Or to connive at a slight petty sin
Whose execution hath confirm'd his title:
'Tis a lesse sin to kill thee than my selfe.

Not. Honour must yeild then to necessity:
Ile doe't my selfe. My sword that hath bin just

[Drawes.

In war, in Peace shall be so. Therefore pray;
And if the apprehension of thy death
Presents thy guilty conscience with an houurour,
Meete it with holy thoughts, that thy repentance
May beare thy best part upwards. I am loath
To kill thy soule.

Cor. What strange conceits are these
Transport your reason from its use? pray kill me,
And when y' have done it, call my silent ashes
To tell the people how you are their Prince.
What then shall give my cold tongue motion
To justifie your right?

_Not._ Just Hevens want not
Miraculous meanes. My Justice is too slow,
And flies with lazie wings. Therefore be suddaine;
I cannot give thy preparations
A longer time.

_Cor._ Put up your sword, and take
Your Hang-mans toole agen. Put up I say,

_[Throwes backe the Dagger._

And call your duty backe. Son, I have plaied
My trialls into danger, heare the reason.
Observing in thee haughtinesse of spirit,
Forward to noble action, that was alwaies
Attended with success, I fear'd ambition
Might tempt thy vertue, therefore order'd this
To prove its truth.

_Not._ You cannot trifle me
Into new errour. I have shaken off
That loose and vulgar out-side I was drest in
By ignorance; but now I know my selfe
To be a Prince: 'Tis I that have discover'd
Ambition in thee, and thy practises;
To make thy daughter Dutchesse. But I play
Too much with Justice. Take thy punishment
For murder.

[Offers to kill him.

_2 Scene._

_Enter Spurio._ Draws.

_Spu._ 'Tis not yet but in attempt.
_Corv._ Y' have say'd my life.

[Exit.

_Not._ Why dost thou interpose?
SCENE II.]  The Unfortunate Mother.  151

Rash man, I doe command thee fetch him backe,  
And be his executioner.  Art fixt?  
Obey thy Prince with motion, or I'lle turne  
My rage on thee.  
  Spu.  What madnesse hath possest thee?  
  Not.  I'me like to have good subjects, I must beate  
them  
Into obedience: thinke not on defence  
For that's as vaine as if with nothing arm'd  
But empty aire, thou mett'st a Thunder-bolt.  
A sword thus order'd by the hand of Majesty  
Will make its way.  
  Spu.  Traytor call backe that breath, [Fight.  
Which as it doth divide the circling ayre,  
Poysons it more than fenns from whence the  
Sun  
Exhales infectious vapours.  
  Not.  Dar'st resist  
Thy Soveraignes Will and power?  
  Spu.  Disloyall villaine,  
Thy words have made the cause inspire such  
valour  
Into my hand and sword, such a just rage  
To punish thee—— [Fight.  
  Not.  It hath a point, I feele it;  
My royall blood doth wast.  
  Spu.  'Tis course and sordid.  
  Not.  I faile not yet, my spirits still have force  
I thinke that reaecht you. [Fight.  
  Spu.  That reaecht you agen.  
The cause assures me victory.  
  Not.  'Tis enough,  
W' are both prov'd mortal. [Falls.  
  Spu.  Farewell, dearest Master;  
I dye thy loyall Champion. [Falls.
Enter Corv., Infelice.

Inf. What's this horror
Presents it selfe? Is't real or illusive?
My Spurio, Notho, dead! let my soule flight
To meet yours in the peacefull shades of rest

[Sourres.

Corv. Madam, looke up, suffer not your faint spirits
Thus to retire unto their inmost cells:
Let them dilate their vigour, and at once
Make all your senses usefull. This sad accident
If well consider'd is not of such consequence,
That it should shew how much our passions can
Out doe our reason.

Inf. Give me more fresh ayre,
That I may draw it freely in t' increase
My sighes; not to preserve the breath that keepesthe
The different parts united. What sad influence
Order'd this Tragick action? or what motives
Could teach them to direct it to this end?
This most unnaturall end——

Corv. Good Madam, cease
Your exclamations; this may be applyd
To better use from a consideration.
Your honour is secur'd, your shame prevented:
It was a mercy in high providence
Would you receive it so.

Inf. How weake is counsaile
To desperate frailty? 'tis not your Art can
Perswade me to a comfort, being lost
To all that should revive it. In these two
Were lodg'd such a proportion of
My living joyes, in their cold earth remaines
All my hopes dead and frozen, unto which
They whilst they liv'd gave life. If there were vertue
In tears to warme your numb'd and bloodlesse
limbes,
Into new life and motion, I would bath them
With a large flood: and when the springs were dry
Wish my selfe chang'd into a weeping marble
To be your monument.
   Corv. Be not transported
Into such vaine expressions.
   Infe. Vaine advise,
My grieues are like to Walls resisting Darts,
They'll beate thy counsels backe to thy owne danger.
   Corvino, you were surely false, and taught
The youths this way to ruine. One more sigh
Will cracke my hearts weake cordage, and the vessell
Wanting its helps, yeeld to the onely guidance
Of the distracted waves till it be swallow'd.
I thought my patience could have met with cheere-
fulnesse
Any crosse storme of fortune; this hath kild it.
Forgive me Heaven, translate my penitent
And reconcil'd soule to a better mansion
Then that she's lodg'd in now. Divide my heart
You two. Corvino, beare my dying blessings
Unto Macario— Oh————— [Dyes.
   Corv. Will you then dye?
And so prevent me? for I did not meane
You should survive them, though I order'd not
Their deaths; retaine your sences yet a little.
Live but to heare me, and I will relate
All that my knowledge ownes concerning it;
And the new policies that I have built
Upon these happy accidents; for hitherto
Fortune hath bin my Machiavel,
Events about I never practis'd for.
Fidelio and Cardente are remov'd:
One stood betwixt my high ends, and the other
Begot continuall feare of a new danger
By her discovery. I shall be perfect now
In all things but revenge upon your scorne,
And the neglect of my deservings; will you not
Stay then to heare me? Farewell.

The fourth Scene.

Enter Mac., Pole., Vitt., Bon., Ben., Am., Mel.

Guard.

Mac. What's this horour?
The Scene presents a Traged: your Guard!
Our mother dead, and our two friends made livelesse
By one another? griefe seale up mine eyes
With an eternall darkenesse!

Am. Most unhappy [Kneeling by Spurio.

Amanda, in the losse of all thy wishes;
Wee'le not be long divided, if my griefes
Meete not too stubborne and perverse resistance
From the soft heart I gave to thee.

Mac. Remove
The bodies decently, and then support me:

[Exit Guard with the Bodyes, the Ladies following.
My spirits faint. Corvino, we would have
The best account you can of this sad businesse,
To which you cannot chuse but have relation,
Considering the persons and the manner.
Speake your best knowledge.

Corv. I have now no language
But teares to be interpreted, and they

---

1 Machiavelli—whom our old writers regarded as the typical arch-plotter.
SCENE IV.] The Unfortunate Mother. 155

Are characters of inward sorrow onely;  
Cannot expresse more then their proper meaning,  
And whence they take their forme. Sir, I am lost  
To all my hopes of being, they being gone  
On which it did depend, my sonnes; in whom  
I had a lasting name, and should have liv'd  
Unto succeeding times: now it will vanish  
Like Clouds dissolv'd, to be forgotten.

Mac. Know you  
What were the motives to their difference,  
That fir'd such anger in them?  
Corv. The remembrance  
Of that calls up more griefe. Your mother, sir.  
The inconsiderate youths interpreted  
Her favours to be love, and rivalling  
Each other in desire, their passions met  
By fury, joyn'd together, and begot  
This sad effect: which when she understood,  
And saw the dire events that had proceeded  
From her so cleere intentions through mistaking,  
Compassion broke her heart. This, sir, is all  
My sad soule knowes.

Mac. I would it ne're had bin,  
Or I to know it.  
Corv. Shortly I shall pay  
Nature her last debt, for my weakened age  
Cannot resist these killing sorrowes long.  
And my poore services desire your griefe  
Not to be dease to one request; that is,  
You'd take my daughter to your care, and be  
A father to her: or——  
Mac. We will respect her.  
Pole. My information, sir, was truth. There is  
More mistery to be unsoufled yet;  
Times daughter will appeare, although she blush  
To shew her nakednesse.
5 Scene.

Enter FIDELIO and CARDENTE.

Card. Oh a Confessor.
Fid. Confesse who 'twas that order'd this vile practise,
Or my just anger shall allay it selfe
With that infected blood thou hast, before
The poyson workes more.
Card. It was Lord Corvino.
Mac. What's that?
Fid. She would have given poison to me,
Of which her selfe had tane before: but provi-
dence
Order'd it that my jealousie desferr'd it,
'Till it appear'd to worke on her with violence:
And so I was preserv'd.
Card. But I am pepper'd;
There's something in my conscience.
Mac. Utter it,
'Twill make thy peace with heaven; what is't Car-
dente?
Card. Spurio and Notho were your naturall
brothers,
Got by your father on your mother, sir,
In his first Dutchesse dayes, she being barren.
I and Corvino had the secret carriage
Of all the businesse. He hath poison'd me:
I never shall love Philters more. [Dyes.
Mac. Corvino,
Here's a discovery renders you so vile,
That new suspitions spring from't: Neither can we
Trust our owne safety where a murderer
Sits neere our favour. Tortures therefore shall
Force from you what they can.
    Cor. Your Justice might
    Be temper'd with more mercy, and from reason.
Since the great secret is reveal'd which I
Kept guarded with my best resolves, as being
The Closet of your mothers honour, now
I will stand up and Justifie my actions.
First for the death of your unlawfull brothers
'Twas accidentall, not by me determin'd.
And hath secur'd your state that might have suffer'd
A great disturbance by the knowledge of it:
    Which by your Mothers and Cardentes death
Had found prevention, being then restrain'd
Onely to me. For you, Fidelio,
You intercepted all my studied meanes
Vnto my daughters honour. But intents
Proceeding not to act may challenge pardon.
What tortures then doe I deserve?
    Mac. Just death.
      Fid. That sentence kills me too. Melissa!
    Mac. Take him away; provide for's execution.
This day Ile see it done; 'twill set more fairely.
Lust and ambition are two meanes of evils,
That practis'd by their owners make them divells.

FINIS.
Microcosmus.
A MORALL MASKE,
PRESENTED VVITH
generall liking, at the private
house in SALISBURY Court,
and heere
Set down according to the intention
of the Authour
THOMAS NABBES.

Debent et prodesse, et delectare Poeta.

LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD OULTON for Charles Greene,
and are to be sold at the white Lyon in Pauls
Church-yard. 1637.
TO
THE SERVICE
AND DELIGHT OF
ALL TRULY NOBLE,
GENEROUS AND HO-
NEST SPIRITS,
THE AUTHOR THO-
MAS NABBES
dedicateth both his
LITTLE WORLDS.
To his deare friend the Authour upon his Microcosmus.

The knowledge of the little World¹ of old Liv'd in Philosophers, who barely told Man 'twas himself. Thy learning and thy wit By breathing life and action into it Have made that knowledge full. Here men may see Presented what they ought, what not to be; Informe and please themselves, and cry it good (The World's not wise oft in such gratitude). Were the restraint² 'tane off, our eares and sight Should fetch new shares of profit and delight From this thy worke or World, and the supplies That shall from thy Divine Minerva rise.

And, friend, I hope the stage agen will shine, In part for mine owne sake as well as thine.


¹ "Ideo physici mundum magnum hominem, et hominem brevem mundum esse dixerunt."—Macrobarb. In Somn. Scip., ii. 12. (John Davies of Hereford published in 1603 a poem entitled Microcosmos. The Discovery of the little World, with the government thereof. Earle and Heylin adopted similar titles.)

² The plague was raging in London in 1636-7. On 10th May, 1636, an order was issued to prohibit the performance of stage-plays in the metropolis, and the restraint was not taken off until 23rd February, 1636-7. See Collier's Hist. of Engl. Dram. Lit. (ed. 2), vol. ii. p. 8.
To his beloved friend Master

Thomas Nabbes.

SEEING thy Microcosmus I began
To contemplate the parts that make up Man
A little World.  I found each Morall right:
All was instruction mingled with delight.
Nor are thine like those Poets looser rimes
That waite upon the humours of the times:
But thou dost make by thy Poetick rage
A Schoole of Vertue of a common Stage.
Methinks the ghosts of Stoicks vexe to see
Their doctrine in a Masque unmasqu'd by thee.
Thou mak'est to be exprest by action more,
Then was contein'd in all their Bookes before.

WILL. CUPAIDE.

The errors escap't in the Presse are not such, but that the apparent oversight of the Correctour may prevent thy taxing me of ignorance. I therefore have omitted to expresse them.
The Persons figur'd.

Nature.
A faire Woman in a white robe wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, starres, &c.; on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with starres.

Janus.
A man with two faces signifying providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes as hee is Deus anni: on his head a crowne. He is Natures husband.

Fire.
A fierce countenance'd young man, in a flame-colour'd robe, wrought with gleames of fire. His haire red; and on his head a crowne of flames. His creature a Vulcane.

Ayre.
A young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers coloured clouds. His haire blue; and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a Gyant or Silvane.

Water.
A woman in a Sea-greene robe wrought with waves. Her haire a Sea-greene, and on her head a wreath of seggs bound about with waves. Her creature a Syrene.

Earth.
A young woman of a sad countenance, in a grasse-greene robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers. Her haire black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a Pigmy.
The Persons figurd.

Love.

A Cupid in a flame colour'd habite; Bow and quiver, a crowne of flaming hearts, &c.

Physander.

A perfect growne man in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white Lillies and Roses mixt. His name ἰπὸ τὰς φύσεως καὶ τοῦ ἀνδρός.

Choller.

A Fencer. His clothes red.

Bloud.

A dancer in a watchet colour'd sute.

Phlegme.

A Physitian. An old man, his doublet white and black, trunk hose.

Melancholy.

A Musician. His complexion haire and clothes black: a Lute in his hand. He is likewise an amorist.

Bellamina.

A lovely woman in a long white robe: on her head a wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soule.

Bonus Genius.

An Angel in a like white robe: wings & wreath white.

Malus Genius.

A divell in a black robe: haire, wreath and wings black.

The 5. Senses.

Seeing a Chambermaid. Hearing the usher of the Hall. Smelling a Huntsman or Gardner. Tasting a Cooke. Touching a Gentleman-usher.
Sensuality.
A wanton woman richly habited, but lascivously drest, &c.

Temperance.
A lovely woman of a modest countenance: her garments plaine, but decent, &c.

A Philosopher.
An Eremithe. All properly
A Plough man. habited.
A Shepheard.

3. Furies.
As they are commonly fancied.

Feare.
The cryer of the Court, with a tipstaffe.

Conscience.
The Judge of the Court.

Hope and despaire.
An advocate and a Lawyer.

The other 3. vertues.
As they are frequently exprest by Painters.

The Heroes.
In bright antique habits, &c.

The Front.
Of a workmanship proper to the fancy of the rest, adorn'd with brasse figures of Angels and Divels, with several inscriptions: The Title in an Eiscocheon supported by an Angell and a Divell. Within the arch a continuing perspective of ruins, which is drawne still before the other scenes whilst they are varied.

The Inscriptions.

Hinc gloria. Hinc paxa.
Appetitus boni. Appetitus mali.
MICROCOSMVS.

For the first Act.

After a confused noyse and Musicke out of tune, Nature enters as amaz'd at it.

What horrour wakes me! and disturbs the peace
I sate inthron'd in? shall dissention ruine
Eternall acts? Hath the great deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference?
Cease mutiny, or be your owne destructions.
Accurst confusion that neglects the forme
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve yee:
That in distinguish order yee might shew
The glory of my worke; each in his sphare
Subscribing to my better government.
But my commands are uselesse. Their deafe wills
Persist to act their owne and my sad ills.

To her IANUS.

Where's my delight! whence is this sad dejection?
How amaz'd Nature stands! Have our imbraces
Brought forth a race of elementall formes
That live in simple bodies, to be made
Pregnant for other births, and will she now
Neglect their teeming? I would be a Grandfather
And see my issue multiply.

Nature. Oh husband!
Our union hath beene vaine; our off spring proves
A rebell to our peace, and natures lawes.
Light fire descends to earth, beneath whose weight
He grones to be deliver'd, till with struggling
He lifts earth up, in whose repression ayre
Contracts his forces to extinguish fire.
Againe; fire from this mutinous assault
Doubles his strength; when straight ambitious water
Climbing his seats consumes her selfe in flames.
Thus fire, ayre, water, earth, each would be all,
And are made neither; but a confus'd masse,
And indigested Chaos.

Janus. Am I Janus,
(The figure of eternall providence)
And shall this disobedience scape the stroke
Of my severst correction? Fire I shall lash you,
And make your nimble pyramides skip upward.
Ile chaine earth to her centre. Ayre had best
Confine himselfe to his three regions,
Or else Ile disinherit him. If water
Exceed her bounds—

To them the foure ELEMENTS,1 with their severall ἀνθρώπου φαντασμοι,2 (which Paracelsus calleth homines spirituales) playing on antique instru-
ments out of tune.

Nat. See; the disentaiious come
Maz'd in the errors of their owne confusion;

---

1 See the article ELEMENTS in Nares' Glossary.
2 Old ed. "φαντασμοι."
As if their dissolution should precede
Their yet not perfect being. How my griefes
Presse downe the organes of my utterance,
And choake words in their passage! Speake, good

Ianus.

Ian. Yee disobedient children of that love
That joyn'd us to produce yee.

Fire. Stop, good father;
Our wills are deafe to counsaile.

Ayre. Or to threats.
Set both your browes with wrinkle, and put on
Th' austerest anger, wee'l be aw'd by none
But our owne wills.

Wat. Ile quench my brothers flames,
Or burne my selfe into him. My cold moysture
Shall not be ty'd t' embrace as cold a sister,
And not ascend above them.

Earth. Ile be active
As ayre or fire. Else with my ponderous weight
Ile presse their climbing heads beneath my centre;
And by inversion bury them within me,
'Till earthquakes shatter all, and finall ruine
Dilate their passage.

Fire. Are we not one birth?
Why then should there be a precedency,
And not an equall power of all first qualities?
Be not you partiall parents, wee'l obey
Te government of nature.

Ayre. Otherwise
With our owne strength wee'l prosecute this warre
'Till ruine stop's it.

Ian. Stubborne boyes, Ile yoake yee
In such a bondage.

Nat. Gentle husband try
Perswasions strength: Perhaps 'twill better worke
Upon the temper of their fiercer nature.
I am your mother; let me reconcile yee:
That in your peace I may preserve the order
Of my intended worke. Should fire forsake
His lofty mansion, and infect his flames
With grosser weight, it would benumbe his active-

n esse,
And make his motion dull. Were my pure ayre
Pent in his sisters entrailes, her foule veins
Would soone infect him. What creation mean't
In your diversities, your rash ambitions
Must not pervert. Since providence hath made yee
The meanes for many ends, dispute not them,
Nor your owne thought-defects: each is supply'd
With a perfection, and an equall worth
Distinguish'd in proportion; but the excellence
Of your owne attributes cannot appeare,
Whilst you disturbe the distribution
Of them to other formes, which from your mixtures
Must enter different bodies of the first,
Second, third, fourth, fifth composition.
Vapours & exhalations; meteors; vegetables
And minerals; animals, and lastly man,

[\textit{Homo dicitur \'avdò rιc δηνωλας; non ab humo, ut alij volunt}.\textsuperscript{1}]
Call'd so from concord: for he doth contain
A harmony of parts, and in them figure
His end of being. Let not then your wills

\textsuperscript{1} The derivation of \textit{homo} from \textit{humus} did not satisfy Quintillian, who writes:—\textit{Etiamne hominem appellari quia sit humo natus? quasi vero non omnibus animalibus eadem origo ant illi primi mortales ante nomen imposuerint terrae quam sibi.} (\textit{Institut. Orator.}, I. 6, 34.)
 Persist in this rebellious mutiny,
 And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
 And leave the reason of such acts to me.

  Fire. Vaine oratory. Think you us so easie
 To be o'recome by words! swell high my rage,
 And with licentious fury breake the tyes
 Of these too weake commands.

  Ayre. Let's on to fight,
 Whilst the yet discord of the untun'd sphaires
 Add's courage, and delights our warlike eares.

 The 4. Elements and their creatures dance a confused
    dance to their owne antique musicke: in which
 they seeme to fight with one another: and so goe
 forth confusedly.

  Nat. What shall we doe? The universall fabricke
 Will be everted, if this war continue:
 Let's sue to Love; his power may be prevailing.

 To them Love.

  Love. See; Love appeares at thy request,
 Thou cause of motion and of rest,
 Thou greater powers great substitute,
 Whose will and acts none must dispute.
 Thou that form'st the best of things
 From thought-impossibles, and brings
 Contrary matters to produce
 Another difference then the use
 Of a meere quality in one
 Can worke unto perfection.
 Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
 To propagate a lasting stock;
And multiply that th' issue might
Be little lesse then infinite.
Thou mother of all that is found
Within this universall round,
What is thy will with Love?

Nat. Oh gentle power
Thou that art Natures soule, and the beginning
Of every humane thing: that giv'st them lawes,
And to thy selfe art law. Figure of peace;
That to thy godheads attribute annext
The quiet order of the worlds vast frame
To have its forme and being from thy rule;
Which must be now imperious or its ruine.
Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
Have ras'd rebellion, and dis-joynted quite
The order of their fabrick. The pure heavens
(Whose motion should be harmony) rowle crosse,
And bend their Axletree, 'till both the poles
Doe kisse each others ends. Then rectifie,
Great Love, this dire confusion.

Love. Straight Ile doe it.
Can Love deny if Nature woo it?
The heavens first in tune Ile set;
And from their musick soone beget
A charmé, of power to make light fire
Skip to his sphære, and earth retire
To her parcht den. The subtile ayre
Ile calme from mists, and make it faire,
And water with her curl'd waves sweepe
The bounded channels of the deepe,
That order may succeed, and things
Grow perfect from their lasting springs.
Move right yee sphares in concord sound,
And with your musick fill this round.
Whilst the following song is singing, the first Scene appears; being a sphere in which the 4 Elements are figur'd, and about it they sit imbracing one another.

The Song.

Hence confusion and dissention!
Be no more new formes prevention,
Crossing still
A mothers will,
And Natures great intention.
Concord is the soule of being.
Nothing's better than agreeing.

Chorus.

Then let imbraces crowne this times beginning,
Loves power is winning.
And when he throws the darts that arme his hands,
Who can resist his great commands?

Nat. Nature must pay Love thanks for this great worke
Of reconciliation. May the peace
Be lasting as your selves, and no ambition
Move a new warre: but from your loving mixtures
New generation follow.

Love. Spheares againe
Your brazen trebles higher straine.
And lusty moving sounds advance
To make us active whilst we dance.

The dance.

Now to the other worke: our art
Shall make all perfect e're we part.

They returne into the Scene, and it closeth.
For the Second Act.

Physander led in by Ianus.

Ian. Come forth, thou son of earth, and view the day
That glories in the presence of thy beauty.

Phys. What am I? My imperfect sense is yet
Vnapprehensive, and the intellect
My mother hath inspir'd, doth not instruct me
To know my selfe.

Ian. Looke up thou master-peece
Of Natures workemanship, thou little world :
Thou that excel'st in forme, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand
Design'd and finisht: That when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Looke downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the starres, and contemplate their beings,
Celestiall causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue: Thou that hast speech
To be thy thoughts interpreter, expect
A farther act of Love to crowne thy life
By joyning thee to an immortall wise. [Exit.

Phys. Receive my thanks great power. I yet am
maz'd,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, 'till their multitude
Choakes up the passage. Oh ye powers that made me
To be a King, and to have soveraignty
Annex unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darknesse.
To him the 4. Complexions.

Phys. Hal what are these?

Chol. You may goe looke. Yet if you aske me mildly, perhaps Ile answer you.

Blood. We are sent to be your servants.

Phys. By whom?

[Blood.] Our parents, the foure Elements.

Phys. Your names?

Chol. My name is Choller. I was begot by Fire on Nature her Cooke-maide in the time of a Feastivall. I was dry nursed by a leane Butterwife, and bred up in Mars his Fencing-schoole: where I have learn't a mystery that consists in lying, distance and direction; passe, space and place; Time, motion and action; progression, reversion and traversio; blowes, thrusts, falses, doubles, slips and wards; closings, gripes and wrastlings; fights guardant, open, variable and close. Then have wee our stocatas, imbocatas, mandritas, puntas and puntas reversas; our stramisons, passatas, carricadas, amazzas and incartatas.

Phys. And what's all this?

Chol. Termes in our dialect to pusle desperate ignorance.

---

1 Stocatas, thrusts; imbocatas, thrusts over the arm; mandritas, strokes given from the right to the left; puntas and puntas reversas, direct strokes and back-handed strokes; stramisons, downright slashes; passatas, passes. The other terms I have not met: carricada would seem to be the pressing an adversary backwards by assault; amassa, a violent downward blow (Ital. amassare signifying to kill with a mace); incartata, a thrust "in carte."
Phys. What's yours?

Blood. My name is Blood. Ayre was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madame that kept a vaulting-schoole\(^1\) at the signe of Virgo. As she was one day practising a high trick, she lost her hould, and fell downe into my fathers regions, where had not hee kind man stopt her about the middle, shee had brake her neck against a rock of Ice that hung beneath her, and Blood had not beene as he is, a Dancer sir.

Phys. What art skill'd in?

Blood. Garbes and postures of the body. Here's an honour for a Lord; a back-fall for a Lady, and a high rising is best in an active gallant. But pardonne moy monsier, it doe straine a de back too mush. Here's a traverse for a nimble Lawyer. A hop and skip shall raise the sonne of a Cobler well underlay'd with pieces to the government of a province, 'till over-much ambitious cutting weares him into his Last. A turne above ground for a Mercuriall pick-pocket, and an easie passage to destruction for him that danceth after infected wantonnesse. *Cum multis alijs.*

Phys. And what's your name?

Phle. Phlegme mine sir. Water was my mother, and she made me a Physician. I was nurst by Apolloes Hearb-wife that dwells at the signe of the Crab, and she taught me to goe backwards.

Phys. And what can you doe?

Phle. Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw aurum palpabile out of them. Kill any one *cum privilegio artis.* I am Venus Midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveale but to my

\(^1\) A polite term for a brothel.
Apothecary when we meete at Libra to share and settle our correspondence. Your Physician will serve you at your death sir.

Physa. Now your name?

Melan. I am called Melancholy. I was begotten on the earth after a great drought in the time of barrenness; who breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would fain be in love; but having no other mistresse, I am inforc't to love mine owne humour.

Physa. All these are humours, and must be my servants.

What a vast bounty have the heavens given me? But I must labour to preserve them regular, And not exceeding their proportions Of substance or of quality, for then They will be masters. Disagreeing!

[Blood, skipping about, justles Choller.

Chol. He hath stirr'd me sir, and I will be angry.

Blood. Then Phlegme must coole you.

Chol. Phlegme's a foole.

Melan. Or a Physicians.

Phleg. Choller, you must be taken downe.

Chol. Ile soone be up againe. Provoke me no more: I am adjust with rage, and will make you an odde number.

Phys. Come, this agrees not with a servants duty. You must subscribe to order. Phlegme shall be My substitute to moderate these jarrings. And if hereafter any one transgresse But in the least dissention that disturbs The quiet of my state, he shall correct it; Nor spare himselfe. For in a government Th' offence is greatest in the instrument
That hath the power to punish; and in lawes
The authors trespasse makes the foulest cause.

[Recorders.
What admiration workes upon my sense!
I heare and see such objects as would make
Creation doubtfull whether she were perfect
Without these parts. Into what strange delights
I'm hurried on the sudden? ha!

The second Scene is here discover'd, being a perspective
of clouds, the inmost glorious, where Bellamina
sits betwixt Love and Nature; behind her the
BONUS and MALUS GENIUS

Nat. Looke hither
Thou comfort of my love that gave thee being
To figure greater power. See, Love hath brought
Thy wish a spouse of 's owne immortall race,
Clad in the glory of her innocence.
Doe not defile her, yet shee's virgin white,
And joyn'd unto thee, that thou mayst enjoy
Knowledge and vertue, not thy sensuall pleasures,
For being linckt unto thee she is made
As sensible of thy corrupted passions,
As thou of mortall griefes. Let her direct
Thy powers of appetite. She'll shew thee heaven,
And the reward of good; and if thou misse
The path she guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
To share thy ruine, and pervert the ends
Of her eternity. Which if thou tread
By her directions, she communicates,
And makes thee like her selfe. She must be chang'd
According to thy disposition.
Then let my counsaile be so deepe impr est
The prosecution of't may make thee blest.
Whilst the following song is singing, they descend from
the Scene and present Bellamina to Physander.

Love. Fairest of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings
Of contemplation, and aspire
To reach at my supernall fire:
Whose heate shall purge thy spouse and thee
From all dreggs of impurity.
Let no falser love delight
Thy sense deluding appetite,
To seeke out other wantons led,
So heaven at length shall crowne thy head.

The Song.
Descend thou fairest of all creatures,
Grac't with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections shine;
   For thou art
   In every part
   Little lesse than divine.
Take thy Bride and enjoy her,
But not with foule desires annoy her:
   For she is white
   And hath no true delight
   But what is given
   From the desire of heaven.

Chorus.
Now joyne, and each to other happy prove.
   That neither may
   Be led astray
   To seeke a stranger love.

Love and Nature returne to the Scene, and it closeth.
Phys. After my sacrifice of vowes and thankes
Let me imbrace with reverence, Oh my life,
And better soule: joy hath possession taken
Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
To these delights.

Bella. Doe not abuse them then; /
For my pure substance will admit no mixture
With any thing that's earthy, lest it should
Be so defil'd. Together with my selfe
I must bestow on thee two different servants.
The one is like my selfe, all innocence,
The other's clad in an infernall robe
Of malice to us, and will tempt thy frailty
To loose desires, from her black invention
Forging aspersions on me to divert
Thy love: which I so prize, my blisse or ruine
Hath sole dependance on it. If she urge
Those accusations, deafe thy understanding
To her suggestions, and informe thy reason
Onely from th' other, who best knowes my passions,

Powers and habits: thou wast made for me
To be my instrument, and I for thee.

Phys. ¹ And when I doe forsake thee, or infect
My looser thoughts with any other object
Then thy wisht good, may I be made th' example
Of imbecillity; the spoyle of time;
Mockery of fortune; image of inconstancy;
The scale of envie and calamity.
And this faire structure (now by these upheld)
Be buried in it's owne and their sad ruines.

Chol. I am angry at it. We shall have morall now
in stead of Martalll discipline. Challenges will bee

¹ Old ed. "Bella."
proclaim'd cowardise: and every white-liver'd silk-skinn'd Lady-courtier will answer a mans anger with, if it were not for the lawe and conscience. If no body will provoke me, Ile quarrell with my selfe.

Phleg. Take heed, Choller, of a halter.

Chol. Phlegme, thou art a Mountebank, and I will make thee quake.

Melan. Not so hot, good Choller. I am partaking, and as discontented at this match as envie can make mee. I could hatch a conspiracy to sever them, should cause posterity attribute all Matchiavillianisme to Melancholy.

Blood. Blood's prevented, and the expectation of so many children begot on severall mothers that should dote on the quivering of my calves, and the strength of my back is utterly frustrate. No Lady of liberty must admire this passage, or that skipping, 'till her veines swell with my addition. I must no more run here and there to tickle her sense, and fright the greene-sicknesse from her complexion.

Mel. Shall it be a plot?

Chol. Let's kill them presently.

Phleg. But the meanes?

Blood. Why, is not Phlegme a Physitian?

Phys. Come my kind servants, let your active limbs Move to delight us, whilst the spheares agree To guide your measures with their harmony.

A dance, wherein the complexions expresse themselves in their differences: the two Genij alwayes opposite in the figure, and the Malus Genius stealing many times to Physander, whispers in his eare.

I am disturb'd within; a new desire Whet's appetite of pleasure in some change, Such as may touch the sence without a scruple
Of wedlocks breach. Hence with these lawes of conscience
That would set limits to what's infinite!
Two kisses more will cloy me; nought can relish
But variation.

Mal. Gen. Hearken then to me.
Leave this strict Bride that curbs licentious will,
And rayn's it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and swelling: it must feed
On severall objects, else 'twill glut it selfe
Into a loathing.

Phys. I applaud thy counsaile,
And am prepar'd to act it.

Bella. Ha! Physander.
So suddenly forgetfull of thy vowes
Before full consummation of those rites
Crowne Bridegroomes happy?

Bon. Ge. Be not thus mis-led
By her malicious envie. She but shewes thee
The easie path to ruine, whose broad entrance
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
Of all the ills attend on misery
Contracted into one. Though vertues way
Be hard and straight to enter, yet the end
Reacheth to heaven, where her faire hand bestowes
Wreathes of bright stars to crowne deserving browes.

Phys. Whisper that still; each accent's musicall.
The meere conceit of it makes me immortall.
Hence; thy converse is hatefull. Ile not tye
Desire to such imbraces. Ile enjoy
A mistresse free and sportive; that can vary
All shapes of dallyance, and present delight
Each minute in a severall fashion.
Guide me, Ile follow.
ACT III. Microcosmus.

Compl. And we will attend. [Exeunt.
Bella. Wretched Bellamina, that in the instant
Of thy expected comfort, shouldst be throwne
Below all misery! O that lustfull sense
Should cause divorce betwixt us! I am lost
Almost beyond recovery, since my substance
Must be partaking of his hated ills:
Such is the fate of wedlock. His content
In false delights, must be my punishment.

[Exit with Bon. Genius.

For the third Act.

Physander richly habited, Malus Genius, the
four Complexions.

Phys. I'm bravely fitted; these are fitting orna-
ments.
Come my best prompter, with indeavours wings
Let's cut the ayre, and straine our motion,
'Till we attaine this bowre of Sensuality.
And let the repetition of her praise
Sweeten my painefull longings. My desire
Feel's many throes of travaile 'till deliver'd
Of it's sweet issue.

Mal. Ge. You must suffer for't.
Pleasures whose meanes are easie, in the end
Doe lose themselves. Things onely are esteem'd
And valu'd by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some paines,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare your selfe
To court it bravely. Shee's high-spirited;
And will not stoope to every common bayte
That catcheth easie wantonesse.

Phys. What's the best?

Chol. A rough Souldiers phrase; a strong back,
and a brawny limbe: bayte her with these shee'l bite
home. If she be coy, kick her in the breech, and cry
farewell: after a few dissembling teares shee'l yeeld
with the greater appetite. If she refus'd me, I'de
kill her.

Blood. Could you but dance sir, and shew your
selfe active before her, 'twere impossible for her
to hold out 'till the discovery of one knave 'mongst
many officers. Dancing is the most taking: if a
man rise well, his Mistresse cannot chuse but fall.

Phleg. Court her with solid language, and such dis-
course as may relish of aged experience. Expresse
your thoughts such, and your actions such, as shee
may conceive judgement to be intayl'd upon you.
If she be vertuous, that winnes upon her soule, and
let your Physition alone with her body: If shee bee
wanton, Phlegme can administer provocatives.

Melan. Might I advise you sir, a passion at Court-
ship were more powerfull. Let a sigh be the period
of every amorous sentence. Sing her some pathetick
madrigall full of cromatick flats: 'twill sharpen her.
I would have all lovers begin and end their pricks-
song with *Lachrymae*, 'till they have wept themselves
as dry as I am.

Phys. The ayre me thinkes begins upon a sudden
To be perfum'd, as if Arabian windes

---

1 There was an old tune called *Lachrymae* (to which frequent
allusions are made by the dramatists) composed by Dowland;
and *Lachrymae or Seven Tears figured in Seven Passionate
Pavans* is the title of one of Dowland's musical works.
Scatter'd their spices loosely on the face
Of some rich earth, fruitfull with aromates.
Musick breathes forth the soule of harmony.

[Musick.
How eagerly my senses catch these objects!

To them the 5. Sences.

But what are these?

Mal. Ge. Servants to Sensuality
That waite her will, and with a diligence
Becoming duty doe prepare her pleasures.
The'r sent to entretaine you.

Phys. What their names,
And offices?

Seeing. Seeing mine sir. I am my Ladies Chambermaide, and the daughter of a Glasse-maker. A piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack't. I have beene often cemented together, but could never hold above a moneth. Through me, sir, you may see my Ladies secrets, and mine owne are at your service when you shall command their revelation.

Hear. My name's Hearing. I am usher of the Hall, and the trumpet that proclaimes dinner ready with 'Gentlemen and Yeomen.' When my Lady removes to her City privacy (for shee keepes open house in the Country) I am the foreman at her Gate, with an instrument of correction for the offensive beggers. If you love noyse, sir, my wife and my selfe are at your service.

Phys. Pray, sir, your name?

Smel. Mine is Smelling. I am my Ladies Huntsman, and keepe some lesser beagles for her chamber-use to excuse the freeness of her necessities eruptions. I play the Gardner likewise, and attend her
always when shee goes to pluck a Rose. My Mistresse Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before M[u]sackmos perfum'd her, and she is now growne lesse common, then when her imperfections lay open. When you will use me sir, you shall always have me under your nose.

Phys. And what's yours?

Taste. Tasting mine sir. I am my Ladies Cooke, and King of the Kitchin: where I rule the roast; command imperiously, and am a very tyrant in my office. My Subjects being all Souldiers are daily encounter'd by most fierce stomachs, and never return'd but maym'd and dismember'd. Brawne, Beefe, and Porke are always muster'd in the van, and bring up Veale, Mutton, Minc't-pye, Goose, Turkie, Duck, and so forth. I have a sort of cowardly Custards, borne in the City, but bred up at Court, that quake³ for feare: yet are as valiant in suffering as the rest, and are all overcome even by the women with much noise. I then send forth a fresh supply of Rabits, Pheasant, Kid, Partridge, Quaile, Larke, Plover, Tele, Tarts, &c. With a French troope of Pulpatoones,⁴ Mackaroones, Kickshawes, grand and excellent. The battaile ended, I

---

¹ "Goes to pluck a rose"—goes to the jakes. See Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.

² Compare with this speech the description of the "master-cook" in Ben Jonson's Neptune's Triumph. See also Cartwright's Ordinary, ii. i.

³ The expression "quaking custard" was common. In the Postaster Ben Jonson ridicules Marston's use of it; but he employs the expression himself in the Prologue to Volpone. A huge bowl of custard was one of the chief dishes at a civic banquet. The Lord Mayor's fool used to amuse the company by taking a header into the custard.

⁴ See note, p. 10.
survey the field; and those whom I find untoucht, I
place in garrison in my larder: the rest endure a new
and fierce assault by the valiant Serving-men. I
then repaire my broken army; see their overthrow at
supper; drinke my selfe drunke; goe to bed, and
my that dayes fury's over. Ile bee your servant sir
in spight of your teeth.

Phys. Now yours?

Touch. Touching mine. I am my Ladies Gentle-
man-usher, and kill Spiders for her Monkey. I am
alwaies her foreman in publike, and sometimes in
private: which makes way for mee to her favour in
reversion, if shee survive two or three defective-hus-
bands, and her yet uncloy'd appetite can pretend an
expectation of issue. Meane time a handful of
eringoes and a little tickling weds me and the wait-
ing women in her closet with more vowes and pro-
testations then a wanting gallant makes when he
borrowes mony. Wee will conduct my Lady to her
Bowre, where shee prepares to entertaine you.

[Exit.

Phys. Me thinkes I am transform'd into a happi-
nesse
Cannot be figur'd. If before enjoying
The expectation can beget such blisse,
What will possession?

Phleg. Shall I question you, sir Cooke?

Taste. Questionlesse a Cooke can answer a Phy-
sition.

Phleg. What Physicall observations have you in
your sawces, and condiments? Shall I instruct you?

Taste. I thanke you sir. My method is to dresse
Phesant, Partridge and Coney for Lords, but their
Ladies many times make the sawce. The waiting
women are fed with Wagtailes. I prepare tongues
for Lawyers: most commonly Woodcocks for Aldermen's Heires, and Puddings for costive Citizens; whose wives must have flesh of a Court-dressing, or their bellies will never bee full. Your projectors feed upon Calves-braines, and your students upon innocent Mutton.

Chol. I hope, sir, our after familiarity will bee the often taking downe of Chollers stomack. Wee should agree well; we both love fire.

Tast. And Choller shall not want his Brawne whilst Cookery and Winter feasts last. I must in and looke to my roste, of which at dinner you shall most plentifully taste. [Exit.

Phys. I am enflam'd. My appetite begins To burne with hot desires; and if protraction Delay their satisfying, they'll consume Themselves and me.

Mal. G. She comes: these sounds forerunne her.

During the following Song, the third Scene is discover'd, being a pleasant arbour, with perspectives behind it, of a magnifique building: in the midst thereof Sensuality sits.

The Song.

Flow flow delight,
And pleasures swell to height.
Drowne every eye with joyfull teares,
And fill the eares
With sounds harmonious as the spheraes.
Let every sense be ravisht quite
With a large fulnesse of delight.
Chorus.

Joyne all yee instruments of pleasure;
And from th' abundance of your treasure
Chuse out one t' enrich this bowre,
And make the Mistresse of this paramour.

Phys. Elysium sure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream't of.

Sens. Let mine eyes first gaze
Upon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
And worthy my embraces, I have yet
Convers'd with earthy shapes, the baser issue
Of that grosse element, but here's a forme
Mingled with fire, that moves the soule of sense,
And kindles passion in me. What was she
Durst ayme to prepossesse her selfe of him
My mouth can onely challenge? Welcome, sir.
If my expressions suit not entertainment
Of such a guest, creation must be blam'd
That gave none other; for what ere in nature
Is found that can affect you, here 'tis stor'd;
And shall be all exhausted to declare
How much I love you.

Phys. You inthrone me, Lady,
In happinesse, above the difference
Of that my birth can boast. You make me perfect:
And every touch of this delicious hand,
Cheeke, lip immortallize me.

Sens. O'pe my treasury,
And let it waste to emptinesse. Wilt please
Thine eyes? Wee'l mount a Chariot made of dia-
monds,
Whose lights reflexion shall create a day
In the Cimmerian valleis. From some height
We will survey the earth, and where weake beames
Cannot extend themselves, wee'll have an optick
Shall show us in an instant all the hemispheare.
Wee'll see the faire Arcadian Virgins hunt
In their Parthenian groves. Wee'll count the beasts
Lurke in Hircanias dens; number the pines
That crowne Lycaeus.

**Phys.** You are the onely object
Mine eyes would gaze at.

**Sens.** Would thine eares be blest
With pleasing sounds? The ayery Choristers
Shall straine their throats by art, and harmony
Call downe the spheares to make her consort up.

**Phys.** Your words are onely musick.

**Sens.** For thy smell.

Saba shall be translated where thou go'st,
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floore
Where thy foot treads.

[**Phys.**] This breath's perfume enough
To create a Phoenix.

[**Sens.**] Wouldst delight thy taste?
Then Samian Peacocks, and Ambracian Kidds,
Henns of Numidia, Phesants, Phenicopters,

---

1 Magnifying-glass.
2 The Great Chan of Cathay, according to the veracious Sir John Maundeville, had the walls of his palace "covered within with red skins of animals called Panthers, fair beasts and well smelling; so that, for the sweet odour of the skins, no evil air may enter into the palace."
3 Samos was famous for its peacocks. See the extracts given by Athenæus (*Deipnosoph.*, xiv. 70) from Menodotus the Samian and Antiphanes.
4 Flamingoes,—esteemed a dainty dish by the ancients. The tongue was considered to be the choicest morsel.
ACT III.

_Tartesian Lamprays; Eels of Benacus,  
Cockles of Lucrine; Eleusinian Praise  
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more  
To whet new appetite. Shalt drink no wine  
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon  
Yeeld from their grapes._

_Phys._ This kisse is more than _Nectar._

_Sens._ Shalt sleep upon a bed of purest down,

_Driven from white necks of Caysters Swans,_

_And _Peneus_ Sparrowes. With Assyrian silkes  
Ile cloath thy body._

_Phys._ But this touch is softer.  

_You ravish me with joyes beyond expression._

_Chol._ Why, this is rare. I am not angry.

_Blood._ I am very joyfull: this tickles me.

_Phile._ And mak's me young.

_Mel._ And me merry.

_Tast._ Now my licentiate murderer, what say you  
to a dish of gluttony will breed the gout in a Lord  
before a begger can break his fast with it? Are not  
we cooke good instruments? who together with an  
Hospital of sinne cause diseases faster than you can  
cure them?

_Sens._ A livelyer musick! come sweet heart wee'l  
dance.

_A familiar Countrey dance._

_How doth my sweetheart like it?  
I doe not with an Oeconomick strictnesse  
Observe my servants, and direct their actions:

Pleasure is free._

_To them BELLAMINA in mourning, BON. GEN._

_But what sad object's this?_
Bella. I come to snatch a Husband from thine armes,
Lascivious strumpet; thou whose looser eyes
Bewitcht his ill affection, and entice
His thoughts with wanton appetite of sense
From my chast love. Doth not Physander see
Ruine hid under every bayt of pleasure;
She lays to catch him?

Sens. Laugh at her, sweet heart,
Thou art secure in these embraces.

Bella. Do not
Afflict me thus. Those false diffembling kisses
Wound me to death. Return unto my bosome,
That never shall be warm with others touch.
Shee's common, and will mixe her lustfull blood
Even with beasts.

Sens. 'Tis but her envy to me.

Bella. Let not her Syrene charms bewitch thee thus
Vnto a shipwrack. Every smile of hers
Shadow's a rock to split thee: in my armes
Shalt sleep as safe as if the clowdes did guard thee.
Am I not fayre? Shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively? grow not colours on my cheekes,
Brighter then those that paynt her rottennesse;
And will Physander leave me? Did I not
Forsake th' etheriall Palace of my father,
To be thine onely? and a whore to rivall me!
Oh misery!

Phys. Th' art barren of those pleasures
I here enjoy.

Bella. What pleasures? guilded ones,
To mock thy sense; their inside's bitternesse.
Return, with me shalt find delights,
As far exceeding these as the great day Starr
ACT III. [ Microcosmus. 193

His pale cheek't sister, or nightes lesser beautyes.
A thousand wing'd intelligences dayly
Shall be thy ministers, and from all parts
Inform thee of the Worlds new accidents.
Shalt from their scanning frame by my advice,
Rules of prevention; shalt command all arts,
As hand-mayds; Shalt converse with Heaven and
Angels;
And after all Ie bring thee to Elysium.
Cold there compells no use of rugged furrs,
Nor makes the mountaines barren. Ther's no dog
To rage and scorch the harvest labourer;
Whilst the lascivious Landlord wastes th' increase
In prodigall contrivements, how t' allay
The furious heat with artificiall snowes,
And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's alwayes there,
And pays the valleys: whilst a temperate ayre
Sweeps their embroydred face with his curl'd gales,
And breaths perfumes, no Persian aromates:
Pontick Amomus, or Indian balsame
Can imitate. There night doth never spread
Her ebon wings; but daylight's alwayes there,
And one blest season crownes th' eternall yeare.

Phys. Ile heare no more: nor can I be so credulous
Having possession, to expect such fables.
Here I am fixt.

Bella. And I made miserable.

Sens. Let's in to feast, and revell; and at night
Shalt be possest of a more full delight. [Exeunt.

Bel. Thus doth chast wedlock suffer. Heavenly
servant
Whisper some powerfull counsaille in his eare,
That may reclayme him. If it works, return,
And bring me comfort, who 'till then must mourn.
[Exeunt severally. 2

2 C
For the Fourth Act.

Tasting, the 4. Complexions drunk, each having a bottle of Wine in his hand.

Tast. The other health my boyes.
Phle. No more health if you love me.
Tast. Indeed health agrees not with your profession.
Coll. But we will have more health, and lesse health; or I will make a close stoole pan of your Physitians noddle.
Tast. Good brother Choller, be pacified.
Choll. I will not be pacified. He that deny's health, let him think himself dead e're he pronounce it. Choller's drye.
Mela. So is Melancholy.
Blood. Blood would be heated better.
Phle. And Phlegme moistned.
Choll. Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.
Tast. Nay brother Choller, thou art so crosse.
Mela. And will she not return? then may the Sun Stable his horses ever, and no day
Guild the black ayre with light. If in mine eye Shee be not plac't, what object can delight it?
Tast. Excellent amorist. Here's to thee Melancholy.
Mela. What do I see? a blush, gray-ey'd morne, and spread
Thy purple shame upon the mountain topps:
Or pale thy self with envie, since here com's
A brighter Venus, then the dull-eyd starre,
That lights thee up.
Tast. Very fine, Law now: Melancholy hath been some neglected Courtier: hee's perfect in she-flattery. If he mistake me for the idoll of his passion, Ile abuse him.

Mela. Oh let me kisse those payre of red twinn'd cherries.

That do distill Nepenthe.

Tast. Kisse and spare not.

Bite not the cherry stones and eate, I care not.

Mel. Oh turn not from me; let me smell the gumms, Which thy rich breath creates.

Tast. As for my gumms you'll find Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.

Blood. This leg's not right.

Tast. I know it. 'Tis my left.

Blood. Carry your toes wider.

Tast. Take heed that I foote not you.

Blood. Now do your cinque passe\(^1\) cleanly.

Tast. My cinque passe cleanly! A cooke defyes it.

Chol. You lye too open. Guard your selfe better, or I shall bang your coate.

Phle. 'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypostasis argues a very bad stomack.

Tast. Some Souldier perhaps that want's his Pay.

Phleg. This sediment betokens a great swelling in the belly.

Tast. 'Tis some Chamber-maide sick of a Mid-wifes timpany.

Phleg. 'Twere good she chang'd ayre. Remove her into the Countrey, and if she fall agen into the greene-sicknesse, she knows the cure. This water argues a great heart-burning.

\(^1\) Cinque-pace, a dance in which the steps were regulated by the number five.
Tast. 'Tis a Lovers that; or some misers that
dranke small beere in the Dog-dayes at his own
charges.

Phleg. The owner of this hath an impostume in
his head, and it is neere breaking.

Tast. Perhaps 'tis a Fencers, or some Shopkeepers,
whose wife sells underhand by retayle.

Phleg. Let him compound for his light wife, and he
may be cur'd without the charity of an Hospitall.

To them Physander sick.

Phys. How on a sudden my delights are clowded?
As when a surfeit makes the pleasant dish
That caus'd it more distastefull then th' offence
Of any bitter potion. My dull'd senses
Relish no objects. Colours doe not take
My filmd eyes. Mine eares are deafe to sounds,
Though by a Chorus of those lovely maides
Which Iove begot on faire Mnemosyne
Sung to Apollo's harpe.

Tast. Is it thereabouts? Ile play the state knave,
and informe presently. [Exit.

Phys. Sickness begins
To make this frame her mansion. Feavers burne it
And shake the weak foundation: then a cold
Chills it agen, as if a thousand Winters
Contracted into one scatter'd their snow
With Northerne blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palseys dis-joynt the fabrick: loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Helpe me, good servants.

Phleg. We cannot helpe our selves.

Chol. Let's kill him, or hee'l kill us.

Melan. Phlegme, doe thou choake him.

Bloud. Ile empty his veines.
Chol. Ile doe it. Bloud's not worthy the imploy-ment.
Bloud. Worthier then Choller.
Chol. Thou ly'st in thy throat.
Bloud. Thou hast inflam'd me.

They fall together by the eares, and Physander
weakly endeavouring to part them, is himselfe
hurt, and they fligh.

Phys. Hold I command yee: How dare yee insult
Vpon my weaknesse thus? Oh I am wounded.
Perfidious villaines, was this trechery
Your duties act? What fury prompted yee.
To such inhumane violence? Will no hand
Of art or heaven supply me with a balme?
Then I must die, and bury all my glories
E're they are fully gaz'd at. Why did nature
Produce me for her darling; and not arme
My passive body with a prove 'gainst thunder?

To him Sensuality, the 5. Senses.

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dream't of heaven! when my waking sense
Possest delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure as if she had been
My captive, and her spoyles enrich't the triumph;
Helpe now to save me: or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great paine
My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy bosome, and I shall forget
That death hath any horrour.

Sens. This Physander!
I know him not: The bloudy spectacle
Is too offensive: Would it were remov'd.

Tast. Please you, Ile carry the Calfe into my
Slaughterhouse. But I feare hee'l hardly be drest for your Ladyships tooth: he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.

Phys. Not know me, Lady! how am I transform'd!
The sand of many minutes hath not fall'n
From times gray glasse, since you vouchsaft to call me
Lord of your selfe and pleasures.

Sens. Let me have
Another sweet heart: one whose lustie heat
May warm my bosome. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is paynted with, and strew his way;
Translate my Bower to Turias rosie bankes;
There, with a Chorus of sweet nightingales,
Make it continuall Spring. If the Sunnes rayes
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest ayre;
Breath'd by Etesian windes. The briskest Nectar
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambrosian cates,
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Varye the object. Let delights be linck't,
So in a circled chayne no end we see;
Pleasure is onely my eternity. 

[Exeunt.

Tast. Sick Sir, farewell. By that time you are
dead I will have made you a cawdle.

[Exit.

[Phys.] I sure have dream't; all past was but illusion.
Hould out ye bloodlesse Organes untill I
Have rayl'd upon this strumpet, then I'le dye.

To him the two Genij severally.

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses!
That I could shoot the poyson of a Basiliske
From my inflam'd eyes, or infect the ayre
With my last breath to kill her!
**Mal. G.** Ha, ha, he.

**Phys.** Who’s that can laugh at misery?

**Mal. G.** 'Tis I

That triumph in thy ruine. I contriv’d it,
And can’s divorse betwixt thee and thy wife:
Whom now I will torment.                     [Exit.

**Phys.** That wound is deeper

Then all the rest. Calling to mind my ills,
That left a chast wife for the loose embraces
Of sensualitie, a paynted whore,
Common with beasts. Death, hold thy ashy hand,
Till I am reconcil’d to my Bellamina,
Then strike and spare not.

**Bon. G.** Fixt in that resolution,
Ile bring her to thee.                        [Exit.

**Phys.** That’s my good Genius.

The horrours of a thousand nights made black
With pitchye tempests, and the Moones defect,
When shee’s affrighted with the howlings of
Crotonean Wolves, and groanes of dying Mandrakes
Gather’d for charmes; the Schritch-owles fatall dirge,
And Ghosts disturb’d by furyes from their peace,
Are all within me.

*To him Bellamina, Bonus Genius.*

**Bon. G.** Wounded by the hands
Of his distemper’d servants that are fled.

**Bella.** Looke up, Physander, I am come to help thee,
Not to afflict: I share thy sufferings.
There’s not an anguish but it is inflicted
As equally on me. Why would Physander
Cut wedlockes Gordian, and with looser eyes
Doate on a common wanton? what is pleasure
More than a lustfull motion in the sense?
The prosecution full of anxious feares,
The end Repentance. Though content be call'd
The soule of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life;
Yet if intemperate appetite pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruine must attend it.
But I would comfort thee. Doe but expresse
A detestation of thy former follies,
We will be reunited, and enjoy
Eternall pleasures.

*Phys.* Can *Bellanima*

Forgive the injuries that I have done her?
Shee's milder then thou, Love, or pitties self.
Let me be banish't ever to converse
With Monsters in a desart: 'tis a punishment
Too little. Let me be confin'd to dwell
On the North pole, where a continuall Winter
May bleake me to a statue; or inhabit
The Acherusian fenss, whose noysome ayre
May choake my nostrells with their poysonous fumes,
Yet linger death unto a thousand ages.

*Bella.* Wee'l live, *Physander*, and enjoy each other
In new delights: thou shalt be cur'd by *Temperance.*
Shee's the Physitian that doth moderate
Desire with reason, bridling appetite.

*Here the fourth Scene is suddainly discover'd being a Rock, with a spring of water issuing out of it.*

*At the foot thereof a cave; where Temperance sits betwixt a Philosopher, an Hermite, a Ploughman, and a Shepheard. Behind the Rocke a Lantskipt.*

Yonder's her Cave, whose plaine yet decent roohe
Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
No Tyrian purples cover her low couch;
Nor are the carv'd supporters artists worke
Bought at the wealth of provinces; she feeds not
On costly viands, in her gluttony
Wasting the spoyles of conquests: from a rock
That weeps a running christall she doth fill.
Her shell cup, and drinks sparingly.
   Phys. Shee cannot
Heale my affliction; mercyes selfe denyes
A time and meanes, and onely black despayre
Whispers th' approach of death.
   Bon. G. Remove that sinne,
And hope with sorrow. Greatest faults are small,
When that alone may make amends for all.
   Phys. Might I yet live to practice my resolve
Of reformation, sooner should the day
Leave to distinguish night; the Sunne should choake
His breathlesse horses in the western mayne,
And rise no more, the gray morn ushering in
His light approach, then my relapse from thee,
And goodnesse cause new miseries. Direct me,
Yet heavenly ministers; informe my knowledge
In the strict course that may preserve me happy,
Whilst yet my sighes suck in th' unwilling ayre,
That swells my wasted lunges. Though not in life,
In death Ile be Bellanima's.
   Bella. Physander,
Expire not yet: thy wounds are not so mortall.
Helpe me to beare him yonder; gently rayse
His weakned body. What can we not endure,
When paynes are lessen'd by the hope of cure?
   Temp. What wretched piece of miserable riot
Is this that needs the ayde of Temperance?
What caus'd his sicknesse?
   Bella. Liberty in ills
To please his senses, which have surfeited
With an excesse: and if your art supply not,
Death will divorce us. Pitty then, sweet Lady,
And from your treasure of instructions
Prescribe a powerfull medicine that may quicken
His cold defects, which more and more increase,
Less'ning his weaknd powers. To a chast wife
Preserve (now 'tis reform'd) her husbands life.

Temp. Let the earth be his bed; this rock his pillow;
His curteines heaven; the murmur of this water
Instead of musick charm him into sleepe.
And for the cates which gluttony invents
To make it call'd an art, confected juice
Of Pontick nuts,¹ and Idumean palmes
Candy'd with Ebosian sugar, lampreyes guts
Fetcht from Carpathian straights, and such like wantonnesse,
Let him eat sparingly of what the earth
Produceth freely, or is, where 'tis barren,
Enforct by industrie. Then poure this balsome
Into his wounds, and whil'st his senses rest
Free from their passive working, and endure
Partiall privation of their meanes and objects,
His slumbers shall present what mor's requir'd
To make him sound.

Bella. My endlesse thanks, great power,
Mother of other vertues. Whilst he sleepe,
My cares shall watch him. Oh thou death like god,
That chaynst the senses captive, and do'st rayse
Dreames out of humours, whose illusive shadowes,
Oft work on fancy to beget beliefe
Of prophecies, let no black horrours mixe
Their frightfull presence, but with gentle showes,

¹ Concerning the Pontic nuts (a sort of filbert) see Athen.
Deipnosoph., ii. 40–2.
(Yet such as are instructive) sweetly worke
Vpon what wakes within whilst th' other cease;
Then sleepe the figure of eternall peace.

They daunce every one in a proper garbe, shewing their
respect to Temperance, whilst Physander
sleepes betwixt Bellanima and Bonus Genius,
that seeme to dresse his wounds.

Phys. I feele quick sence return, and every
Organe
Is active to perform its proper office:
I am not hurt. What miracle hath Heaven
Wrought on me?
Bella. Next to Heaven, the thanks are due
To this thy lifes restorer. She hath precepts,
By which thou mayst preserve it to a length,
And end it happie.

Temp. What thy dreames presented,
Put straight in act, and with a constancie
Persever in't. Rewards will onely crowne
The end of a well prosecuted good.
Philosophie, religious solitude,
And labour waite on Temperance: in these
Desire is bounded; they instruct the minde
And bodies actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
That gives the first beginning to all ills.
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sinne
Can never find a way to enter in.

Phys. Let me digest my joyes; I onely now
Begin to live: the former was not perfect.
Bella. Wee'l shortly to my father, who with joy
Will entertaine us.

Tempe. I will meet ye there;
Where ye shall be invested by the hands
Of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and me,
In the bright robes of immortality.

Phys. My heart's too narrow to contain the joys
This reconciliation fills it with.
Chayne me again to misery, and make me
Wretched beyond despayre when next I fall.
Let this my resolution be enroll'd
Amongst eternall acts not to be cancell'd.
Then man is happy, and his blisse is full
When hee's directed by his better soule. [Exeunt.

TEMPERANCE with the rest of hers being return'd
into the Scene, it closes.

For the last Act.

MALUS GENIUS as discontented.

Mal. G. It must not be; his glory is my shame.
Mischief attempted, if it want success,
Is the contriver's punishment, as darts
Shot at resisting walls, in their return;
May light on him that did direct them. Malice
Suggests a new attempt. I'll practise all
That hell can teach me, but I'll work his fall.

To the MALUS GEN. Sensuality, the five Senses in

torne and beggerlike habits.

Who's here?
Sens. Into what misery hath riot


Brought my decayed state? Whilst I had the means
To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
Those gone, necessity and lust then made me
A mercenary prostitute, and since
By the gradation of a wanton life,
I'm fall'n to this. Want and a loathsome sicknesse
Make me reflect; nor can I but accuse my self
At Conscience barre, but not with penitence;
That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custome hath confirm'd me in all ill. [Exeunt.

Mal. G. T' accuse Physander, thither will I goe,
And if all fayle try what despaire can doe.

To the Mal. Gen. Physander, Bellanima, in their
first habits with Bookes in their hands, Bonus Genius, the foure Complexions.

Hee's here.

Phys. I shall not need your diligence.
Your trecherie (although forgiven) hath made me
Watchfull upon ye. I have gotten now
A carefull guide to manage my affayres.
Retire. I do embrace thy fellowship,
Prudence, thou vertue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evill
Conducing to felicity. Direct

My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason:
Teach me contempt of all inferiour vanities:
Pride in a marble portall gilded ore;
Assyrian carpets; chayres of ivory;
The luxurie of a stupendious house;
Garments perfum'd; gemmes valew'd not for use
But needlesse ornament; a sumptuous table,
And all the baytes of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lye.
Bella. Shee's a majestick ruler, and commands
Even with the terrour of her awfull brow.
As in a throng sedition being rays'd,
Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madnesse,
Firebrands and stones fly; fury shews them weapons:
'Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdome,
They straight are silent, and erect their eares,
Whilst he with his sage counsayle doth asswage
Their minds disorder, and appease their rage.
So Prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have rays'd temptations, with their batteryes
Assaulting reason, she doth interpose,
And keep it safe. Th'attemp of sense are weake,
If their vaine forces wisdome deigne to breake.

Phys. Temperance, to thee I owe my after life;
Thou that command'st o're pleasures, hating some,
When thou dispens'st with others; still directing
All to a sound mean: under thy low rooie
He eate and sleepe, whilst grave Philosophy
Instructs my soule in Iustice. What is she?

Bella. A habit of the mind by which just things
Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures
Enjoying Law and Iustice; but the worst
Is separated from them. 'Tis establisht
By feare of Law, and by Religion;
Distributes due to all.

Phys. That is reward
To vertue, and to vice it's punishment.
The thought of it hath horror in't. I fell
From height of goodnesse in forsaking thee,
And must be punisht. Why is it delayd?
Inflict it straight; prostraction makes it greater.

---

1 Paraphrased from Virg. Aen. i. 49-54, "Ac veluti magno
in populo," &c.
Bella. Physander is forgiv'n. Reflect not back
On thy past errours, but with sorrowes eyes,
That may be guides to the prevention
Of after ills.

Phys. Distract me not with comforts.
If justice hath no other instrument,
I must and will be just unto my selfe.
When I have felt a torment that doth equall
Th' offence for which I suffer it, 'twill confirm me
Bellanima is satisfi'd.

Bella. She is,
And can expect no greater. Think on Fortitude.
Be not dejected by a seare that's grounded
On such a weake foundation. Tis not th' appetite
Of things that carry horror makes men valiant;
But patient bearing of afflictions
That are necessitated.

Phys. Can Fortitude
Be without Justice? Justice without Fortitude
Is perfect in it self. When I am just,
Valour is usefull.

Bella. It begins to worke;
Ile prosecute the rest. What he intends
For good, shall be inverted to my ends. [Exit.

Phys. Dusswade me not, Bellanima, I cannot
Think the dimensions of thy goodnesse such,
That it may be extended to remit
So great an ill without it's satisfaction.
Then will I challenge thy forgivenesse due
When I have suffer'd punishment; I dare not
Owe all unto thy gentlenesse.

Bella. Resist
This black temptation: thy ill Genius whisper'd it.

Phys. 'Tis taught me here; iustice instructs me
in't.
Yet when I feele the lashes of their snakes
Hells judges doe employ; when vultures gnaw
My growing liver, and the restlesse wheele
Hurryes\(^1\) my rackt limbes, (for these torments are
Lesse then my fault deserves,) Ile laugh at all,
And with a scorn provoke the executioners
'Till they are tir'd; and whilst they take in breath,
Contrive some yet unhear'd of. Fortitude
Shall teach me to beare all, (their end being justice)
With more delight, then when I did enjoy
Pleasures with Sensualitie.

*Bon. G.* Ile try him.

Hells malice sometimes doth pretend that good
Which Heaven instructs, to make distinguishable
Their severall acts. But like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas throwne:
So in afflictions violence he that's wise,
The more hee's cast down will the higher rise.

*[Exit.]*

*Bella.* Presume not yet, *Physander:* thou art weake.

Feare, so Pusillanimous, is better
Then daring confidence.

*Phys.* I will encounter
With a whole hoast of deaths, though each were arm'd
In all th' artillery that ever conquer'd
Mortality; meete thunder if but warn'd
That it is comming, and be fixt unmov'd
T' embrace the subtile fire, though one step
Might' guard me in a grove of Magick Bayes
Wall'd with Hienas skinnes.\(^3\) The apprehension

---

\(^1\) Harry, ravage.

\(^2\) Sir Thomas Browne in *Vulgar Errors*, ii. 6. 6, discusses
Of horror shall not fright me, though presented
In the most hideous shape conceit can paint.

To them three Furies.

What apparition's this? or are ye Furies
Sent to torment me? Speake, and satisfie
My growing feares, which like an earthquake, when
Pent ayre dilates it self with violence,
Doe shake my trembling heart.

1. Fur. We are the daughters
Of Night and Acheron; our number three,
Answering those three affects that beare men\textsuperscript{1} head-long
Into all wickednesse. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosome, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, untill it hurie thee
Vnto some desperate act, and on thy self
Thou be thine own revenger.

Bella. Now, Physander,
Where is this boasted valour? Feare's exprest
Even in thy silence. Terroure of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Then th' ill it self: yet where true fortitude
Guard's the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,
When it increaseth bouldnesse. Chance may cleare
Many of punishment, but none of feare.

---

the question whether bay-trees afford protection from lightning. Toppel in his *History of Four-footed Beasts*, treating of the hyæna, writes:—"It is also believed that if a man compass his ground about with the skin of a crocodile, an hyæna, or a sea-calf, and hang it up in the gates or gaps thereof, the fruits enclosed shall not be molested with hail or lightning. And for this cause mariners were wont to cover the tops of their sails with the skins of this beast or of the sea-calf."

\textsuperscript{1} Old ed. "then."
Thou art not well instructed: go with me, Ile teach thee how to shun them. [Exeunt.

2. Fur. Hath he scap’t us? And left my vipers hissing for their prey, Which should have been his heart? Then they must feed Vpon mine own.

To them Malus Genius.

Mal. G. Now my copartners In this black fellowship, is it successfull? 3. Fur. No; reason guards him; frustrates our designe. And we must back to be our own tormentors. [Exeunt Fu.

Ma. G. Will nothing prosper! Lend me Erinus adders, That from their poyson my infected envie May swell untill it breake, venting a sea Of mischiefe to o’rewhelme him. One birth more My malice labours with. If that miscarry, Ile in content¹ of heaven that guards his bride Eate mine owne heart, and ne’re be satisfi’d.

To them Mal. Gen. Feare.

The Judge is entring.

Feare. Make way there for my Lord Conscience: he is upon comming, and I was afrayd the cushions had not been handsomely layd for his ease. Long causes many times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long sitting before dinner; it makes feare have but a cold stomack. Blesse me! who’s this? one of the divells she lawyers? Her case must needs have a black boxe.

¹ Qu. "contempt"?
Mal. G. I come t' accuse Physander. Why dost quake so?

Feare. You never knew feare without an ague.

Ma. G. Feare often cure's it.

Feare. In the country where wise physitians practise.

Ma. G. Is the court ready to sit?

Feare. Instantly. But pray how long have you beene a sollicitrix?

Ma. G. Never before.

Feare. I fear'd as much, when you ask' an officer so many idle questions without some feeling.

Ma. G. What officer art?

Feare. No worse then the mouth of the court, that receives all in with, O yes.

To them CONSCIENCE, HOPE, DESPAIRE, SENSUALITY, the five SENSES.

You see the power of that word;
They are here. Stand by there.

Hope. Hope must be still an advocate.

Consc. 'Tis well.

Despaire's a subtile pleader, and employ'd Onely by hell.

Desp. Be wing'd, and fetch him hither:
Let me alone; Ile have a plea shall shake His courage.

Consc. Feare call a court.

Feare. O yes, δ yes, δ yes: All wicked mortalls that have any businesse in the court of Conscience, let them come and accuse themselves, if they have so little wit, and they shall be judg'd by the proverb.

Con. List to my charge. Conscience the judge of actions
Is neither power, nor habit, but an act;
To wit an application of that knowledge
That shewes the difference. Its Synteresis,
Or purer part, is th' instigation
Of will to good and honest things, and seates
The mind in a rich throne of endlesse quiet;
When being clog'd with guilt of many ills,
Those leaden waights represse it as it mounts,
And sink it into horror. Conscience stain'd
Is like a fretting ulcer, that corrod's
The part it hath infected, and though cur'd
It leaves a scarre. So heale a wounded Conscience:
Repentance stayes as the vestigium,
Or marke imprest, by which the past disease
Is found to have been. There's no punishment
Like that, to beare the witnesse in ones brest
Of perpetuated evils, when the mind
Beat's it with silent stripes; guilty of blame.
But being unstain'd it laughs at lying fame.

Feare. Silence in the court, and hearken to the
charge: it may indoctrinate ye for Iustices, if there
be not too much of Conscience in it.

Consc. Hope is in opposition with despaire;
And like a zealous advocate i' th' cause
Of his afflicted client, labours still
To overthrow the fallacies and quirkes
Despayre is nimble in; whilst feare with trembling
Expect's the trialls issue. By these three
Mens acts inform'd of, scann'd and canvas'd be,
At length by Conscience censur'd, thy are sent
To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Feare. Hem. Now enter that woman.

Consc. What are you?

Sens. A desperate piece of neglected mortality,
that have been a Lady of pleasure, and kept an open
house where Lords tooke me up at high rates, 'till my
bare commons would no longer serve their high feeding.

Feare. And the Geese that gras'd on it would always be ever roasted.

Sens. I thence fell to inferiour customers, and doated most on the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voyce. Night-walking then supply'd me, whilest I had any thing to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the reversion of an almes-basket: and those which heretofore would hire me to sinne, doe now deny me the benefit of a Spittle. I have not strength to clime and hang my selfe; and having been so light all my life time 'tis impossible I should be drown'd.

Hope. Hope yet with grieue, and mend.

Sensu. My mending must be miraculous. Were it in art to repayre this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden dayes and coaching agen. But now welcome a cart or a Shrove-tuesdayes\(^1\) tragedy. Despaire tells me there is a fire in hell, and why should I, that have converset with heates all my life time, feare it!

Feare. Stand by there. What are you?

Seeing. My Ladyes ape, that imitated all her fashions; falling as she did, and running the same course of folly: the difference onely, that what was hers first was mine in reversion; except her gentleman usher. Hell I feare not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides the whips of furies are not halfe so terrible as a blew coate,\(^2\) and the shreeks of

---

\(^1\) Shrove Tuesday was the day on which the prentices were wont to make riotous attacks on bawdy-houses.

\(^2\) The livery of a sheriff's officer.
tormented ghosts nothing to the noyse of hemp-hammers.

Consc. Proceed quickly with the rest.

Feare. I would excuse my selfe; but I despaire of being heard, now my Lady's decayd and house-keeping broke up. I feare nothing so much as to be borne in pieces by the revengefull beggars.

Smell. That punishment must I share. For I was an honest huntsman, and provided buriall for many a scavingers horse in my dogs bellies; but finding it troublesome and unsavoury, tooke an easier course, and converted the remaines of dinner and supper that should have fed the poore, into my dogs breakfast. For which I expect to be pursu'd by the common hunt, till I come to hell; and there the quest will be so hot, I shall not possibly scape it.

Feare. Thou seem'st to have been a good fellow: shall I speake a word in thy behalfe?

Tast. No: Fear's an ill orator; hee'l be out. I have been the most notorious theef, that ever rob'd by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchin-stuffe, then would have victualled a flemish garrison. I have cheated butchers; gone on their scores, and payd them with hornes: helping to undo my Lady with the greatnesse of mine own credit. I have coney-catcht many a poulterers wife, and she hath pluckt my feathers: what I got by the back I spent on the belly. But now short commons serve, lking my fingers and the halfe-cold dripping-pan. Since my Ladyes decay I am degraded from a cooke, and I feare the divell himself will entertaine me but for one of his black guard;¹ and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt.

¹ "Black guard" was the name given to kitchen-drudges in noblemen's establishments.
Desp. Stand by. You shall be sentenc'd presently.

Touch. I was a spruce observer of formality; wore good cloathes at the second hand, and payd for them quarterly. Together with my Ladyes my fortune fell, and of her gentleman usher I became her applesquire,¹ to hold the doore, and keepe centinell at taverns. I can play the Bravo where my affronting is upon sure advantage: otherwise I can be kick't with as much patience, as a hungry fidler, when he expects the reversion of a gallants oysters. I may yet be serviceable to the Succubi in hell, but other preferment I despaire of.

Consc. Custome in ills that doe affect the sense
Makes reason uselesse, when it should direct
The ills reforming. Men habituate
In any evill, 'tis their greatest curse,
Advise doth seldom mend, but makes them worse.

To them Malus Genius, Physander, Bellanima,
Bonus Genius.

Mal. G. He's come. Now use your utmost skill
in plea,
For feare our cause miscarry.
Consc. Who is this?
Desp. Her's his accuser that prefers th' indictment.
Consc. Let it be read.
Feare. Stand out, Physander.

Desp. Thou art indicted by the name of Physander
Lord of Microcosmus, for that being wedded to the
faire and chast Bellanima, daughter and heire of
immortall Love, thou hast unjustly forsaken her, and

¹ Attendant on a woman of pleasure.
been guilty of incontinence with a common whore,
Sensuality.

Phys. 'Tis not deny'd, nor needs it other witnesse;
I beare it in my Conscience. Yet, reverend judge,
Sorrow for ills past doth restore frayle man
To his first innocence. What mine hath beene,
My earth bed wet with nightly teares can witnesse,
And sighes, have made the trembling ayre retire,
Unwilling to be lodg'd in a sad brest
Already fill'd with zeale. If a perseverance
Sprung from a constant resolution,
And joynd unto this sorrow may prevayle
To th' expiation of my former guilt,
I hope forgivenesse.

Desp. But despaire me thinks
Should fright that hope with apprehension
Of what eternall justice will inflict:
And feare of deserv'd punishment should make thee
Tremble with horrour.

Hope. 'Tis not so, false orator,
Necessity may be a powerfull strengthening
Of humane frailtie: and as it acut's
Sloth often into Diligence, Despaire
May be Hopes cause. The temple-robber to
appease
Th' offended godhead to the Altar flies;
Nor shames to beg his pardon with drownd' eyes.
Let thy resolves be firme.

Phys. As fates decrees
Enroll'd in steele. Nor will I be secure
In any confidence of mine own strength:
For such security is oft the mother
Of negligence, and that th' occasion
Of unremedied ruine. From instructions
Found here, we will consult our after-safetyes.
And in all courses of my following life,
I will be guyded by my heavenly wife.

_Consc._ Ile then pronounce ye happy. Man's a
ship
Laden with riches. Tempeste rage, and hell
Sends pirates out to rob him; heavens eye guards
him;
His soule's the pilot, who through various seas
Of time and fortune brings him to the port
Of endless quiet. Now dismisse the court.

_[Exeunt._

_Mal._ G. My malice burst me. I have toy'd in
vaine:
And mine own torment is my onely gaine. _[Exit.
_Sens._ Ile with thee to that place where horrors
fright
The guilty conscience with eternall night. _[Exit.
_Bon._ G. Now freely passe unto the blest abodes,
Where those heroes that do merit it
In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
Pleasures beyond all comprehension.
_Bella._ All lets are now remov'd; hells malice
falls
Beneath our conquest, and Loves palace gates
Ope to receive our tryumph.

_Here the last Scene is discover'd, being a glorious
throne: at the top whereof Love sits betwixt
Iustice, Temperance, Prudence and For-
titude, holding two crownes of starres: at the
foote upon certain degrees sit divers gloriously
habited and alike as Elysij incolae; who whilst
Love and the Vertues lead Physander and
Bellanima to the throne, place themselves in a
figure for the dance._

_2_  _2 F_
The Song.

Welcome, welcome happy payre
To these abodes, where spicie ayre
Breaths perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his objects excellence.
Where's no heats, nor cold extreme;
No winters ice, nor summers scorching beame.
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternall light.

Chorus.

All mortall sufferings layd aside,
Here in endlessse blisse abide,

Love. Welcome to Love, my now lov'd heyre,
Elysium's thine; ascend my chayre.
For following Sensuality
I thought to disinherit thee;
But being new reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine onely daughter, fate allow's
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Ioyne ye that were his guides to this:
Thus I inthrone ye both. Now kisse,
Whil'st you in active measures move,
Led on to endlesse joyes by Love.

The daunce ended, they returne to their first order,
whil'st Love speakes the Epilogue: which done, he is receiv'd into the Scene, and it closeth.

The End.
The Springs Glory,
A
MASKE.

Together
With sundry Poems, Epigrams,
Elegies, and Epithalamiums.

By THOMAS NABBES.

LONDON,
Printed by I. Dawson, And are to be sold at the signe of the White-Lyon and Ball in Saint PAULS Churchyard. 1639.
Optimae spei Iuveni
Domino Gvlielmo Balle,
filio natu majori
Petri Balle Armigeri, amoris ergo, & observantiae erga parentes, sequentia poemata humillimè dedicat

Thomas Nabbes.
To his intimate and learned friend

Master Thomas Nannes on his ensuing Poems.

Let those who to the world oft publish forth
Their owne deserts, in praysing others worth,
Throng for a roome; and pride themselves to be
Ranck'd in the front of thy learn'd poesis.
It shall suffice mee (who have never yet
Studied to humour others, nor have sweat
Like some, two hours in plodding jests, which may
At the first sight their author's wits betray)
To have a meaner roome: for I nor come
To begge the reader mittigate thy doome;
Nor with intent to praise thy worke or thee:
For that would seeme a plaine Tautologie.
Those, whose diviner soules Phaean flame
Hath throughly kindled, such as have a name
I' the list of Phaen's darlings, will admire
The eager flames of thy poetique fire.
None will dislike ought here, but such dull things
Whose soules are out of tune; When Phæbus sings
Some bayards\(^1\) will be bold to judge his straine
Harsh and unpleasing; yet applaud the vaine
Confused sound of some hoarse pipers voyce,
And say 'tis rare, and makes an excellent noyse.

\(^1\) An allusion to the proverb "as bold as blind bayard" (applied to those who do not look before they leap). Bayard was the name for a bay-horse.
If that it chance some fancy not thy straine,
Th' are dull and ignorant; the wiser traine
Will praise thee for 't, and utter still with fame
The often mention of thy honour'd name.
   Let critiques censure, and these lines condemne,
Secur'd by thine owne bayes, their rage contenne.

   C. G. Oxon.\(^1\)

---

To his honoured friend Master
THOMAS NABBES.

H
Ad I the massie wealth of Cheops, then
   I'de raise a Piramid unto thy pen
That should for State put downe the empty fame
Of Mausoleus tombe, blot out the name
The Sunnes Colossus had in that same day
When it bestrid the spatious Rhodian bay.
Let Momus prate; thou art above him farre:
The curre that barkes at, cannot hurt the starre.
But why should I presume? for mee to praise
Thy winged raptures, rhapsodies and layes
   Were with darke Lanterne up and downe to runne,
   And shew th' admiring world the glistening Sunne.

Robert Chamberlaine.\(^2\)

---

\(^1\) See note 3, p. 89.
\(^2\) Author of *Nocturnall Lucubrations*, 1638, and *The Swaggering Damsell. A Comedy*, 1640.
THE SPRINGS

GLORY;

Within an Arch of agreeable workmanship, a Scæne of Winter presents it selfe, the Trees and Earth covered with Snow, and in the middle thereof a prospect of a faire house as the Mansion of Christmasse.

VENUS and CUPID descend.

Venus.

Without¹ good meat and drinke must Venus freeze?
Must I derive my flames and my desire
From Ceres and from Bacchus? shall the fire
That burns in hearts, and payes me solemne rites
Kindle from fulnesse and gorg'd appetites?
It shall not, Sonne. Learne of thy Sea-borne mother
Never to borrow power from any other.
The vertue that's our owne, who dares to claime?
Are not both Gods and men by thy sure ayme,

The Springs Glory.

When at their bosomes thou direct'st a Dart,
Wounded with passion past the cure of art?
Did not the god of Medicine himselfe want
(When he was struck by thee) a soveraigne plant
To heale his hurt? nor did it rancor by
Abundance of choyce cates and luxurie?
'Twas meereely thy effect. Why then should we
To Ceres or to Bacchus deity
Assigne our rights?

Cupid.

In part we must; for they
Are aiders in our worke, and therefore may
Share in the attributes of power. If wine
Did not the spirits and the blood refine,
Making them warme and active, I should throw
My shafts at rocks of ice, and from my Bow
The winged arrows of desire would flie
With empty and successlesse battery.
If Ceres bounties fow'd not, where should I
Find any flame to light my torches by?
Fulnesse and ease assist me more then all
The helpes I have besides.

Venus.

And therefore shall
They be preferr'd? Thou art a foolish boy.
Their base effects are lust; they love to joy
In what is sensuall onely. Our pure heate
Borrowes no activenesse from drinke or meate;
It moves more in the soule. God Bacchus shall
Have his due attributes, and Ceres call
The plough, crookd sickle, flayle and many more
Her owne admir'd inventions, and the store

2 G
Shee gathers for mens use. But should the mind
Make these her only objects, what a blind
And dangerous issue of effects would grow
From such a seed! high spirits strive to know
More then a common eye sees, and aspire
Still upwards like the Piramide of fire,
When earth tends to its centre. We must move
More then the sense; else 'tis not perfect love.

To them CERES and BACCHUS.

Here's Ceres and Lyæus.

Ceres.
Wee are told
By Maia's sonne that you intend to scould
With me and Bacchus.

Venus.
I have cause to chide.
You'd rob me of my titles, and beside
Make it a gluttons tenent, there can be
No love without you.

Ceres.
And your Deity
Hath summond us for this: 'tis very good.
I must confesse you made your father wood
To ravish faire Europa. Having see\nTraynes of Arcadian Virgins on the greene
Tread their chaste measures, or with nimble pace
Through the Parthenian groves, and thickets chace

1 Distraught.
A well-breath'd Stagge, one of them straight-wayes
must'
Be tempted to her ruine by his lust:
And this employment, *Venus*, still is thine.

*Venus.*

*Ceres* is madd still for her *Proserpine*:
Whose rape hath made her queene of the Abyss.
Who to be so rewarded would not kisse
The blacke lips of hells king? and to his bed
Bring the short pleasures of a Maydenhead?
Repine not at it then.

*Ceres.*

I must whilst day
Hath any light, or heavens bright eye a ray.
It was your sonnes great act to boast of; he
That suffers not th' infernals to goe free
Of his diseases.

*Bacchus.*

Rather, *Ceres*, mine:
For if the God had never tasted wine,
Not all the heate of his infernall fire
Could e're have thaw'd him into one desire;
Or kindled the least flame in his cold brest
Without my vertue.

*Venus.*

'Tis an idle jest.
Doth *Bacchus* thinke he can with heate of wine
Light the bright flame of love, that is divine,
And burnes not from such causes, but takes fire
From th' elementall part of pure desire
Unmixt with grossnesse? Thy effects are foule; And motions of the sense, not of the soule. Subscribe then to our power; my sonne and I Must have the attributes.

Ceres.
Let him lay by His quiver rather. Ceres meanes to be The Queene of Love, and Bacchus deity Include all that is Cupids.

Venus.
First I'le leave To be immortall, and my selfe bereave Of all that I can claime above the skye, Or under heavens archt roofe, if destiny May give it confirmation. Take a Dart And ayme it at her proud imperious heart To shew in thy revenge what thou canst doe.

Cupid.
I must not Mother. Wee'le referre it to Another tryall, and if Bacchus can Confirme what he so saucily began To argue, by example, wee'le deny Nothing that's due unto his deity.

Bacchus.

Content.

To them Christmasse and Shrovetide Enter.

Christmas is personated by an old reverend Gentleman in a furry'd gowne and cappe, &c. And Shrovetide by a fat Cooke with a frying-pan, &c.

And see occasion hath comply'd Even with our wish. It cannot be deny'd
But these share both our bounties; have free use
Of all our gifts: and if you'le not refuse
A tryall from them——

Venus.

Let them speake, whil'st we
To their dispose referre the victory.

Shrovetide.

I say Christmas you are past date, you are out of
the Almanack. Resigne, resigne. Let the Oven
give place to the Frying-pan, and Minc't-pies yeild
superiority to pancakes and Fritters.

Christmas.

Resigne to thee! I that am the King of good
deeere and feasting, though I come but once a yeare
to raigne over bak't, boyled, roast, and plum-porridge,
will have being in despight of thy lard-ship. Thou
art but my fagge-end, and I must still be before thee.

Shrovetide.

But thou wilt never be before-hand. Thou art a
prodigall Christmas; and Shrovetide hath seene thee
many times in the Poultry.

Christmas.

Dost scare me liberality, thou rasty bacon, tallow-
 faced scullion? Though thou be as fat as a Flem-
ming, I'le have Lent choke thee with a red-herring.

Shrovetide.

I'le arme my selfe for that. In three dayes I can
victuall my garrison for seven weekes: and it shall
The Springs Glory.

goé hard but I will domineere in Lent despite of the thin-chapt surgeon that makes men skillitons.

Christmas.

As how?

Shrovetide.

At any Nobleman's house, I can licke my fingers in a privy kitchin. Though I bee out of commons in the hall, there's flesh to be had sometimes in a chamber besides a Landresse. The very three-penny ordinary will keepe me in an upper gallery, and I can be invisible even in the pye-house. Should all faile, the wenches I got with child shall long, and have the Phisitians ticket.1

Christmas.

Thou get children!

Shrovetide.

Yes more then Christmas, and better too: for thine are all unthrifts, whores, or murderers. Thy sonne In and in,² undid many a Citizen. Thou hast a Daughter called my Ladies hole,³ a filthy black slut shee is; and Put is common in every Bawdy house. 'Tis thought Noddy was none of thine owne getting, but an Aldermans, that in exchange cuckolded

---

1 In Lent-time the use of flesh was forbidden to the community at large; but by special licence certain butchers were allowed to kill beasts for the nourishment of sickly or delicate persons. See Overall's Remembrancia, 391-403.

² "In and in"—a game at dice.

³ "My Ladies hole . . . put . . . nody"—games at cards. See the list of Christmas games in Middleton's Inner Temple Masque.
The Springs Glory.

thee, when thou wast a Courtier. Thou hast one
sonne bred up in the Country called Christmas gam-
bolls, that doth nothing but breake mens necks; and
many more that would undoe the Common-wealth,
were it not for the Groome porter.

Christmas.

Do'ost see these, sirrah?

Shrovetide.

Ceres and Bacchus: I am their worshipper. Were
Stewes tolerated, and Venus the Grand Bawd of
them, without good meate and drinke your young
Factors would never be able to breake their Masters
or Mistresses, nor your shee-silke-worme in Cheape
care a button for her foreman.

Ceres.

Venus being overcome, I hope will yeeld,
Now shee is vanquisht in the open field,
And her weake forces scatter'd: nor can they
Gather new head to make a second fray.

To them LENT enters.

Hee is figur'd in a leane Man, his habit like trousers,
and what other antickes devices may be thought
proper.

Venus.

Yes: with this champion and his fresh supply
I'le wage new warre, and call backe victory.
The Springs Glory.

Shrovetide.

This leane thin-gut starveling, begot by a Spaniard,¹ and nurst at the lower end of Friday-street.

Lent.

Why thou Helluo of hennes and bakon, thou larder-house of collops and egges; thou that makest the kitchin proclaime its employment through the neighbourhhood, with the sent of thy Lard and crumpets, what canst thou boast of?

Christmas.

Children, children, thou parcht starveling: thou canst get nothing but Anatomies.²

Lent.

Children! I get more (I maintaine not their lawfulness) then Christmas and Shrovetide. Oh the vertue of Oysters, Loysters, Sturgeon, Anchoves, & Caveary. Why thou grout-headed bladder, puft with the windinesse of pared apples coffered in batter: for every Brawne or hogge, either Christmas or thy selfe have demolisht; I have a thousand Herrings, despight of the Dutchmens wastfull theft, let them rob the foure Seas never so often. Besides, I couple more then the Parson of Pancrace³: I meane City woodcocks, with Suburb-wagtailes.

¹ Spaniards were noted for their frugality. Cf. Dekker’s Strange Horse Race:—“The next contenders that followed these were an English Knight and a Spanish; the Don was a temperate and very little feeder and no drinker, as all Spaniards are.”
² Skeletons.
³ The “Convenient Clergyman” of the time.
The Springs Glory.

Christmas.
Thou couple!

Lent.
Who more? Is not S. Valentines day mine? are not Codd's mine, thou codd's-head, and Maides mine? put them together thou wilt find they are things—

Shrovetide.
Thou art a thing of emptinesse, and Lent was ever a lack by conversion.

Lent.
Such a lack as can come aloft, and doe Venus more credit than thy fulnesse. Doe not I share of Aries, Taurus, and Gemini, the Innes I lye at in my progresse? Yet no cuckold can deny but Aries and Taurus should follow Gemini. And it follows, or should, that I having two fathers my selfe, should get most children.

Christmas.
Who were thy fathers prethee?

Lent.
Devotion and Policy; and I have begotten Hipocrisie on a holy sister, that despight of all Informers would have flesh, her belly full. Let Christmas and Shrovetide eate and drinke; I'll be for Venus, though I feed upon nothing but herring-cobbs.

Venus.
Who's now the conquerour? Will Ceres now Subscribe unto my power? and Bacchus bow To Cupids awefull strength?

2 2


Ceres.
Not till it is
Confirm'd by better evidence then his.

Lent.
Then mine! Observe.

Here the Scene suddenly changeth into a Prospect, with
trees budded, the earth somewhat greene, and at
one side an old Barne, out of which issues a com-
pány of beggars, with a Bag-pipe.

See you these good fellows, that preferre the
warne Sunne, before the scrapps which niggardly
Christmas and Shrovetide feast them with; and
would get a better race under a hedge to people
New England, then the Seperatists that possesse it.
Whilst they entertaine yee, Ile summon the Spring,
and she shall moderate.

The Beggars dance. [Exeunt.
After the dance, is heard the chirping of birds; and
whilst the following Song is singing, the Scene
againe changeth into a pleasant Arbour, in which
the Spring in a greene robe wrought over with
flowers presents her selfe.

The Song.

See, see a Metamorphosis,
The late gray field now verdant is.
The Sun with warme beames glads the earth,
And to the springing flowers
He gives a new and lively birth
By th' ayde of gentle showres.
The Springs Glory.

The Lambes no longer bleeate for cold,
Nor cry for succour from the old:
But friske and play with confidence
Like Emblems of true innocence.

Chorus.

The cheerefull birds their voyces straine,
The Cuckow's hoarse for want of raine,
The Nightingale doth sweetly sing,
To welcome in the joyfull Spring.

Spring.

Thus breake my gloryes forth that late lay hid
Within the icye earth, and were forbid
By Winters nipping cold to show their heads
Above the snowy covering of their beds.
The winds not rugged now, but calme and fayre,
Sweepe flowry Gardens, and perfume the ayre.
The woods shrill Choristers (whose frozen throtes
Late wanted motion,) now have found their notes;
Strayning their little organes to sound high,
And teach men art from Natures harmony.
Come you to welcome me?

Ceres.

Yes lovely Maid;
And to have judgement from you, who most aide
In Loves great worke.

Spring.

Is there a strife betweene
The goddesse of desire, and plenties Queene?
Will they subscribe, Ile moderate.

All.

Content.
First heare my reasons; then my sentence: bent
'Gainst neithers honours; for I must comply
With both as vertues. Venus Deity
Is powerfull over all; and Ceres gives
Each that hath being that by which he lives.
Yet many times excessse perverts the end
Of pure intentions; and extreames extend
Their powers to undoe those acts are free
In their owne natures from impuritie.
Love ought to be Platonick, and Divine;
Such as is onely kindled, and doth shine
With beames, that may all darke effects controule
In the refin'd parts of the glorious soule.
Men doe abuse your gifts, when they delight
Onely to please their sensuall appetite,
And heat the bloud from fulnesse; whence there
growes
No perfect love, but such as onely knowes
The coursest difference, and therefore must
Presume to owne no other name but lust.
In me let Temperance teach you to apply
Things to their best ends; and to rectifie
All motions that intend effects, beside.
What may runne cleere and currant with the tide
Of purest love; in which let all your jarres
Be reconcil'd, and finish your sterne warres.

All.

Thus we embrace in peace.

Spring.

And I the Spring
Will lead a moderate measure. Chirpers sing
The Springs Glory.

Your choysest ayres; and as our eares they greet,
Vnto the Musicke we'le apply our feet.

_The Spring leads them a measure; after which they retire backe to the Scane._

Epilogue.

I That of all the seasons am the least,
    Though first in time, and usher in the rest,
Impart my pleasures freely, but desire
You'le not abuse them with excess. My quire
Shall sing as every faire one doth become
A chaste Bride, her _Epithalamium._
    Though they are short be pleas'd with these, to you
I yearely will returne and bring you new.

_The Spring being received into the Scane it closeth._

The end.
An Encomium on the leaden Steeple
at Worcester, repayred after a long time of neglect in
the years 1628, by the then Deane, who is now the
right Reverend and right Honourable the Lord

If e're the Thespian Maidens did inspire
A breath of raptures warm'd with sacred fire,
Let them assist. And you whose songs have rays'd
Their names above their ruines, and so prays'd
Th' Ægyptian Pyramis; The Delian Fane;
Th' Ephesian Temple holy to Diane;
With Romes vast wonder; Mausoleus shrine;
The Sunnes Colossus; thus to make them shine
In their dead ashes, may your Genij
Passe all by transmigration into me.
But chiefly thou blest* Saint, now made divine,
Crown'd with rewards of glory, sweetly shine
On these submissive vows. Let me invite
Thy holy freeness to accept the mite
Of his devotion, who doth onely show
His will to pay what thousands abler owe.

* The Founder canoni-
zed for his sanctity.

1 Dr. William Juxon, who succeeded Laud as Bishop of
London. He attended Charles I. on the scaffold. At the
Restoration he was translated to the See of Canterbury; and
he died at Lambeth on 4 June, 1663, aged eighty-one.
2 Bishop Oswald completed the cathedral in 983; it was
burnt by Hardicanute's soldiers in 1041. A new edifice was
founded by Bishop Wolfstan in 1084.
And thou rare fabrick, who dost comprehend
Proportions beauty in a perfect end
Of all her elements, which formed stand
On thy octaedra base, let no black hand
Blot out thy name; for thou deserv'st the skill
Of all that ever climb'd the Muses hill.
Since thy Hiena's strength for many an age
Hath conquer'd stormes, and the impetuous rage
Of burning ayre, whilst others fatal ends
Have taught prevention to their widow'd friends,
I'll sing thy fame; and tell the* Northerne spye
That would have rais'd himselfe by beggary
From thy lamented dust: that tooke such cares
How into rounds he might convert thy squares,
Transgressing thus a Geometrick rule,
He prov'd himselfe a true proportion'd fule.
When from thy altitude I doe survey
The distant risings of th' unequall way
That leads beyond perceptions watry eye;
Th' exalted mountaines joyning to the skie:
The confluence of so many various beames
Doe drowne my seeing organs with their streames,
And stupifie the sense. Sometimes againe
I view the subject regions; when my braine
With a vertigo labours; and doth runne
Beyond all comprehesion, 'till the Sunne
Seemes to decline, and with his golden chin
To kisse thy bowle, and fixe himselfe therein.
When freed from this confusion I descend
To contemplate thy wonders, every end
Gives new beginning to a second birth
Of artfull prodigies to fright the earth:
And make thy forme seeme a demonstrative
Of those Platonick worlds in number five;
Containing angles infinite in shew
As those small puncts, from whose concretion grow
What else may be divided. Let such dreames
(Rays’d from opinions fancie) be the theames
Of their fanatick founders; whilst to thee
I attribute no immortality,
As part of what must perish: such a trick
Would make me seeme a wilfull heretick
'Gainst Natures doctrine, and debase thy glory
By false allusions. Rather shall thy story
Be drawne from what thou art: a perfect frame
To figure out the greatnesse of his name,
That did at thy erection justifie
By miracles his blessed* sancttitle.
A pile exalted stands thy bulke within,
(Which doth uphold thy superficial skin)
Of consecrated Oakes: Olympian Iove
Had none so faire in’s Dodonean grove.
In these each regularite doth designde
By a transverse, or a perpendicular line
Some principle of Art; which shewes the eye
Of understanding what’s Geometrie.
As thou dost climeb thy forme contracts each side
Into a point, which makes a Pyramide:
And then a Globe corrects thy high ascent
From joyning with the firie element,
Fearing your correspondence. There dost sit
The watchfull Cock (of care an Embleme fit)
To guard thee from surprizals, and to show
From what bad coast the envious windes doe blow;
Who with their batteries have assayl’d thee long;
And would enforce thy chastitie (though strong)
To a base prostitution; and unite
Thee with thy* sister steeple by their might
In fatall ruines. But thy conquests prove
Time hath beene kinder: and (for age may love

* At the building thereof a workman falling from aloft lay for dead: Whom the Founder passing by reviv’d and made whole by praying over him. Recorded in the window of the Cloister.

* A steeple joyning to it, upon which it seem’d to bee falling.
Faire beauties, raising heates from cold desires) 
He meanes to claspe thee in his latest fires. 
Thy* ponderous outside now weighs downe my skill, 
Though it susteine it selfe. Some learned will 
Dispos'd it so for feare the weight might crack 
The earths strong axletree, or sinewed back. 
So had our glory with the rest beene lost; 
And all in new confusion had beene tost: 
Unlesse thy beauty once againe might move 
A reconcilement by the power of Love 
That he might thee enjoy. But why in vaine 
Doe I dilate what's greater then the straine 
Of my weake powers? since what I so desire 
To comprehend I onely can admire. 
Yet I will be thy champion to defend 
Thy fame against opposers, and contend 
With* those that Satyre thee; that vainly spend 
Their froth collections for the hated end 
Of scorne and laughter, and neglect to pay 
Their talents lent them by the King of day. 
And though* some lately strove to rust thee more 
Then times continuance ever did before, 
Vertue hath sent good spirits from her clime 
Who will preserve thee to the length of time: 
Repayre thy breaches, and adorne thy brow, 
And make thee shine againe to us below. 
And for these vowes which I have payd thy worth, 
Oh might I begge, that when my soule goes forth 
Of this foule earth, to clime above thy head, 
And that the rest be reckoned with the dead, 
Thou wouldst preserve my dust within thy wombe: 
So should poore Irus have a Celsus tombe.
Upon the losing of his way in a Forest parting from his company to goe home, 
towards the evening.

You that have ever wander'd in the darke,  
And thinking to hit home, still mist the marke, 
Listen, whilst to the world I doe relate  
A sad disaster, which the will of Fate 
Dispos'd me to through error. Gently blew 
The murmuring winds, and where th' earths sweet- 
nessesse grew 
It scatter'd choyce perfumes: which did invite 
To satisfie our senses appetite 
My selfe and others. Th' instrument of heate 
Cloth'd in his glory, from his azure seate 
Directed cheerefull beames. So forth we went 
To suck the purer ayre, and Southward bent 
Our wanton course: when spungie cloudes began  
(As if the Sunne had squez'd them) to drop raine. 
This made us to retire: by which we see 
All things are subject to incertaintie. 
The golden tressed ruler of the day 
Had now for his bright beames made open way. 
Our number then increast, and so together 
We journied with delight; but knew not whether. 
A house at length did entertaine us, where 
We dranke no English Ale, nor German Beere, 
Nor Welch Metheglin; having stay'd a while 
A *pleasant juyce was brought, made us beguile

* Perry.
Time with more words then matter. Weary now
And surfeited with pleasures, hast did blow
The sayles of my desires, nor would I stay
For any guide to teach me lose my way.
Th' infliating liquor having made me blind,
I that came in before went out behind.
Here Error first began the Tragick jest:
I tooke the North for South, the East for West.
Darknesse increast; and night the ayde to harmes
Hugg'd the worlds fabrick in her Ebon armes.
When (oh the fate of darknesse) 'cause 'twas night;
Or misled by that Error, or some sprite;
Or the conceited mischiefe which men call
The king of Fairies Poast; or whether all
Had met in counsaile to contrive my harme;
Or witcht to't by some other envious charme;
I mist the path, straying through unknowne places;
And alwayses backwards went with forward paces.
Oh thou that art my lifes commanding light
Th' ascendent in my birth, was it thy might
And powerfull influence did direct my will
To be the better meanes of a worse ill?
And *Hermes* thou whose understanding eye
Sees all the secrets of Phylosophie;
Thou cunning Moule that knowst to worke thy way
Through thickest mysteries to the clearest day
Of radiant knowledge, was not this dayes fate
Writ in thy booke of Moones predestinate
For griefe and danger? Yes, thou knew'st 'twas writ;
And by prevention couldst have hindred it.
But 'twas my error onely: had she shone
I should have read it plainly in the Moone:
For such thy powerfull art is, it can bind
The starres in characters to speake thy mind.
Now being thus from loving friends divided
Into a desert Forrest was I guided,
Where horror did present a thousand fears,
But none of meeting Lyons, Wolves, or Beares.
Yet there were divers beasts; and never a one
But I would have beene glad to feed upon.
Yet my sharpe hunger I was forc't to brooke:
Unlesse the divell, there was ne're a cooke.
And here some thoughts of him made me suppose
That every tree I saw had cloven toes.
And when I spy'd the glimpses of a hill,
I durst have sworne that walkt, and I stood still.
A Salamander I did oft expect;
A Pigmie or a Sylvan to direct
My knowledge to some treasure: but my mind
Was vainly bent on what I ne're could find.
My friends that now had mist me, scatterly
Were gone abroad with lights to search for me.
But all in vain: their showtes I did mistake
For Owles; and thought each light a flaming Drake.
So that by shunning of their guidance thus
I prov'd my selfe the ignis fatuus.
Meeting a ragged colt, I fear'd the else;
And then I thought 'twas time to blesse my selfe.
But every thing I met with ranne away
As if I were a greater sprite then they.
Arm'd with a mighty staffe, but patience none,
In silent language I began to moane
My sad mishap; which could not answer'd be
By any there, but with like silencie.
But now at length it wonne my cruel fate
To be a little more compassionate.
Hearing a dogge barke I lift up mine eye
When through the foggy ayre I could descrye
A ragged chimney, and a roose that had
Two trusse of straw upon't: this made me glad.
Upon the losing of his way in a Forrest, &c. 245

* A Smiths house.

He that this weather-beaten Mansion* own'd
Being newly gone to bed, sweet slumbers crown'd
His labour with sound rest: the fire was then
Newly put out; for had it burning beene,
Mixt with the noyse of hammers, who can tell
But that I might have taken it for hell.
Onely the doores were fast, and Hilax voyce
Was a shrill treble, not a hellish noyse
Like Cerberus. By this arriv'd, I heard
The people snorting: Then I greatly fear'd
A sharpe repulse. But using gentle words,
With, Friend, I am a servant of my Lords,
I enter'd, where the rest of night I nested,
And m' almost tired spirits warmly rested.
And after Chanticleere had summon'd day
I payd some thankes, and homewards hit my way.
And sure 'twas left behind; else in this fit
'Twas ten to one but I had lost my wit.
Upon excellent strong Beere which he dranke at the
towne of Witch in Worcester shire where
Salt is made.

Thou ever youthfull god of wine,
Whose burnisht cheekes with rubies shine;
And browes with ivye chaplets crown'd,
Wee dare thee here to pledge a round.
Thy wanton grapes we doe detest:
Here's richer juyce from balry prest.
Let not the Muses vainly tell
What vertue's in the horse-hoose well,
That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But with meere inspiration feeds:
Oh let them come and tast this Beere,
And water hence-forth they'll forsweare.
If that the Paracelsian crew
The vertues of this liquor knew,
Their endless toyles they would give o're,
And never use extractions more.
'Tis Medicine; meate for young and old;
Elixir; bloud of tortur'd gold.
It is sublim'd; it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified; precipitate:
It is Androgena, Sols wife;
It is the Mercury of life.
It is the quintescence of Malt;
And they that drinke it want no Salt.
It heales; it hurts; it cures; it kills;
Mens heads with proclamations fills.
It makes some dumbe, and others speake;  
Strong vessels hold, and crack't ones leake.  
    It makes some rich, and others poore.  
    It makes, and yet marres many a score.

---

**On a black speck in forme of a starre**  
**under a faire Ladies eye.**

What prodigie is this to fright  
The well-pleas'd sense from its delight?  
To see a Starre whose light is turn'd  
Into sad black, as if it mourn'd:  
When plac'd in such a heaven, where  
Nothing but gladnesse can appeare.  
'Tis *Merops*, who yet doth hide  
Her glory being stellified,  
And, blushing at her mortall choyce,  
When all her sisters doe rejoymce  
By Gods embrac't, hath left the skie  
To steale more lustre from this eye.  
But comming neere that globe of light,  
By chance the lids close in the sight,  
And so prevent the theft, whereby  
Shee is ecclipsed eternally.  
Nor will shee evermore in heaven  
Be seen to make the number seven.  
Onely if this fayre one were  
But fixt a constellation there  
Whence shee descended,'twere a grace,  
To be a darke starre on that face,  
    Above the other sixe we see  
    Shine on the Monsters crooked knee.
An Elegie on the death of the hopefull
Mr. William Roberts, aged 11.
Sense to the Worshipfull Nicholas
Roberts Esquire.

What subject hath Death brought for my sad Muse
To practise art, and sorrow on? to use
(Her lightsome layes, & spritefull ayres lay’d by)
Some mixture of Cromatick harmonie?
’Tis a sad subject, and requires each tone
And cadence to be finisht in a groane.
Words such as we from griefe can onely heare,
Strayning the heart-strings that restraine them there.
’Tis a sad subject now, that living might
Have beene an equall object of delight
With any one that fancy could devise
To please the inward, or the outward eyes.
A youth in whose sweet face each grace did dwell,
As if there were their Acidalian well:
And that they left Boetias cooling streames
To warme their naked beauties in his beames.
A youth whose colours, symetrie and eye
Made up a forme to paint a Cupid by.
Yet (’gainst the tenent) Natures livelier part
Should still excell the workmanship of art.
A youth whose fayre and glorious mind became
The Mansion of all vertues that have name;
And by his inclination did expresse
An Elegie on the death of the hopefull, &c. 249

More age in's youth then manyes age possesse.
But now Deaths ashye hand hath chang'd the hew
Of those bright cheekes where Roses lately grew:
And triumphs o're his earth, that yet will be
In spight of Fate more conquerour then he.
Come Libitina then; deck thy sad browes
With wreathes of funerall Yough, and Cypresse
boughes.
Command thy flaming altars to be drest
With spice stolne from a dying Phenix nest.
Let every teare that falls upon his urne
Into a Pearle (and that most orient) turne,
'Till they have rais'd a pile, whose costly frame
May make forgotten Mausoleums name.
But why should empty wishes thus be spent?
His corps enough enrich his monument.
And the long sacred clay is hallowed more
By holding of his reliques, then before.
You then whom nature or respects doe tye
T' expresse affection by the outward eye,
Weepe not for's losse so much, since it hath given
A shrine more to the earth, a Saint to heaven.
An Epigramme on an old unhand-
some, yet lustfull woman; who was discovered to
weare drawers of black
taffeta.

The divel's in't: did ever Witch
In mourning cloth her wrinkled breech?
Unlesse the Incubus were dead
That had her wither'd maydenhead?
Why that part veil'd? the face left free,
That hath no lesse deformitie?
A pox on both, the reason's smelt:
Shee'd have one seene, the other felt.
    That neither sense into mislike might grow,
    Though she be light, she keepes all darke below.
On a faire Lady, whom a meane
Gentleman, hearing her sing and play,
fell in love with.

I'm sure in heaven. No mortall eare
Did ever such sweet Musicke heare:
A voyce as if each ravishing note
Were relisht from an Angels throte.
Apply'd to cordes are strooke so cleere,
As if each finger mov'd a sphere.
So full expressing every part,
That concord need no other art.
Besides, my instruments of sight
Are dazzell'd with a glorious light.
The Sun's but shaddow to her eye;
And day more darke then midnights skye.
Yet midst this heaven there is a hell:
The spice she breathes I may not smell,
Nor dare, to quench my longing, sipp
One drop of Nectar from her lipp,
Nor touch her hand; much less what's hidden,
And by a stricter law forbidden.
But might I purge my earth to move
In her high orbe so farre above
My pitch of flight, or but aspire
To rarifie it with her fire,
    I'de in a perfect heaven be
    In spight of my mortalitie.
_An Epithalamium on the hopefull happy_

_Mariage of Master Bvrlacye and__

_Mistris Alice Bankes, married_

_in December, 1637._

VP grey-ey'd morning, combe thy golden hayre,
And with thy bluses staine the freckled ayre!
Rouse the forgetfull Sunne from _Thetis_ bed,
And bid him shake the tresses on his head;
That flames of light may usher in his way,
And give beginning to a glorious day.
Upon the God of Unions altars see
What piles are kindled of rich spicery,
As when the _Phenix_ in her pregnant death
Expires her soule with her _Panchaian_ breath!
Me thinkes th'art lazie, _Phebus_. If thou please
To dwell so long with our _Antipodes_,
Remaine there still: thy radiance we'e'le supply
With brighter beames shot from the Brides faire'eye,
That shall create a day where thy light failes
In darkest bottomes of _Cimmerian_ vales,
And through all seasons their effects dispence
Above the power of thy weake influence.
_December_ shall translate himselfe to _May_,
And with the Summers sweetes checker her away;
And tis his hope her lasting course will bring
A change in time for him to lead the Spring.
The Northerne ayre that mov'd with waving ice
Melted, as if 'twould quench the sacrifice,
And clowd the dayes pompe. But from those cold showres
Shall grow new issues of most fragrant flowres,
Warm'd into life, and taking perfect birth
Where her soft steps doe fructifie the earth.
As shee doth passe the birds shall streine their throtes
And beate the ayre with artificiall notes,
Forgetting wildnesse. Yea, sad Philomel
Shall cease the story of her fate to tell,
And tune delightfull ayres, such as are song
To Victorie by a triumphing throng.
Now, Sir, to meet your joyes, your selfe addresse,
Cloth'd in the glory of a happinesse
Which beauty, chastitie, and constant love
Make absolute, and is confirm'd above.
Take to your soft embraces a pure frame
Where all the vertues dwell that have a name:
When every sense is fill'd, in them you're find
Endlesse delights to feast th'immortall mind.
Being posset of all that chast desire
Can warme your active soules to with his fire,
Enjoy them without change: to such as you
The repetition will present them new;
   Whilst all mens zealous wishes are to see
   Those pleasures blest in a posteritie.
On a Mistresse of whose affection
hee was doubtfull.

W hat though with figures I should raise
Above all height my Mistresse praise:
Calling her cheeke a blushing rose,
The fairest Iune did e’re disclose;
Her forehead Lillies, and her eyes
The luminaries of the skies;
That on her lippes Ambrosia growes,
And from her kisses Nectar flowes!
Too great hyperboles; unlesse
Shee loves me, shee is none of these:
But if her heart and her desires
Doe answer mine with equall fires,
These attributes are then too poore:
Shee is all these, and ten times more.
An Elegie on a lovely young child drown'd at London Bridge, in the yeare 1335 [sic].

Where's funerall Goddesse? why doth she delay
The solemne rites belong to this sad day?
Slights she so small a Herse? will she denie
The dues belong to every memorie?
Come and attend them, whence thou shalt derive
A glory great as Fate did ever give
Thy last respected Deity: shalt have
As much true honour by his little grave,
As if it were some great Colossus tombe
Swelling a Mountaine from the earths stretcht wombe.
And thou unruly streame that didst deprive
His parents of their chiefest joy alive,
What sinne of his made thee the instrument
And meanes, of such a seeming punishment?
His innocence ne're tempted heaven; his face
Might move some wanton God to an embrace:
Which makes me thinke thy amorous Geneus might
Attempt him from us for his Catamite.
If so, you were good waters, and doe winne
Eternall songs for hindring such a sinne.
But this sufficeth not. Eyes flow amaine
As if they meant to drowne him once againe;
Or, fearing you asham'd of what y'have done
Should into Neptunes boundlesse bosome runne,
To hide your selves leaving the channell dry,
Their floud of teares should that defect supply;
Or else, congeal'd to Pearles, a shrine should be
To keepe his ashes and his memory.
A PRESENTATION

Intended for the Prince his Highnesse
on his Birth-day, the 29 of May, 1638.
annually celebrated.

A Curtaine being drawne, an Ale-house is discovered,
out of which Time drives certaine ignorant, and
yet Great undertaking Almanack-makers.

Time.

And must I still be vext! shall my gray age
Be play'd upon, as if I were a Page
To your fond Art, not Nature; did not live
But by the stipend which you yearly give!
Your owne's but fourty shillings,1 and that price
Bindes you to order me by sage advice
With Ticho Brack,2 and Ptolomy, so farre

---

1 It would seem that forty shillings was the usual price paid for the compilation of an almanac. In his character of "An almanac-maker" Overbury writes:—"He is tenant by custom to the planets, of whom he holds the twelve houses by lease parole; to them he pays yearly rent, his study and time; yet lets them out again, with all his heart, for forty shillings per annum."

2 The famous astronomer Tycho Brahe. He was a Swede by birth, but settled in Denmark and had an observatory on the island of Huen in the Sound.
A Presentation intended for the Prince, &c. 257

You dare out-doe a learn'd Albumasar ¹
And with Predictions cheat the faith of men,
That make your bookes their gods, and from your
raigne
Or drought foretold inhaunce the price of graine;
This is the end of your high practise.

1. Alm.

Doe all by just rules of Astrologie.

Time.

Starre-gazing idiots, you Astrologers!
That understand not what the name inferres.
You have not enough Grammar to conceive
The words true Etymon; and therefore leave
Your vaine replies, lest I apply them to
Another use.

2. Alm.

What would Time have us doe?

Time.

Not fright credulitie with this yeares wonders,
Eclipses, tempests, frosts, snowes, stormes and
thunders.
And you that sad fates sadly doe report
In borrowed Latine from the Innes a court,
Let not great Princes, Statesmen, and whole Nations
Suffer this yeare by your Prognostications:
As if you could the fates of all men teach,
When your conjecture hath obtain'd the reach
Of probabilitie: for which your eares
May stand in time as fixt starres on the spheraes

¹ The Persian astrologer Abu ma Shar.

2 L
Of some round pillory. 'Twill teach you how 'Tis judgement to be silent, though you know.

3. Alm.

Why Astra regunt homines.

Time.

'Tis true:
Starres governe men; but Time shall governe you;
And regulate your studies: of he'll be
No longer ruler o're his Pentarchie.
You shall not stuffe your annuall bookees with rimes
Bought of the Ballad-mongers of the times;
In which (and that shewes little Poetrie)
He must enveigh 'gainst wine and venerie,
Prescribe the fittest time for cutting cornes,¹
And when the Piggess should feare the gelders² hornes.
These are your labours; and by such as these
Each of you shewes himselfe Philomath[es].³
You likewise thinke 'tis grace your yeares workes are
Fixt on the backside of some chalkie barre,
Where's your own score, perhaps for Ale or Beere
You will not pay 'till the Platonick yeare.

4. Alm.

Time Satyres me.

¹ "To destroy hayre, cornes, warts, wenns, &c., cut them in the last quarter of the moon." Bretnor's New Almanacke, 1607.
² "Geld or lib cattle," says Bretnor, "from the last quarter to the change." (Sowgelders announced their approach by blowing on a horn.)
³ "Philomathes," "philomathematicus," "well-wisher to the mathematics," &c., were titles assumed by the old almanac-writers.
Prince his Highnesse on his Birth-day, &c. 259

Time.

Indeed Time cannot lye:
You know his Motto: καὶ ρς ἡ χρονίζει.
'Tis well that you can make the country Squire
For two pence yearely a Chronologer;
Tell him how long 'tis since the world began,
And since the Conquest every Monarches raigne.
Then with this store enabled hee's complete;
Can welcome friends with talke as well as meate.
Before poore tenants have their rent to pay
The Landlord's skilfull in the quarter day:
Knowes every Termes returns, and when he's ti'de
By a Subpana on his mare to ride
To London; where he onely learnes to boast
How much his journey and his law-sutes cost.

2. Alm.

Time knowes that we are schollers.

Time.

So you are;
And learn'd ones too: whose speculations dare
Reach at sublime things, when you cannot spye
What snakes of folly at your owne feet lye.

3. Alm.

What would Time have us then?

Time.

I'de have you be
Not vaine prescribers of mens destinie;
But Registers of actions, such as may
Challenge deserv'dly a peculiar day
To every owner. You me thinkes should show
The executions done by th' English bow,
When black Prince Edward bravely did advance
His Ensignes through the very heart of France.
I will have all the world observe this day,
So glorious by the birth of him, that may
Fill volumes with his acts, and challenge more
Then all the great Heroes went before.

4. Alm.

Such things as those Historians ought to do.¹

Time.

Be nothing, or be you Historians too,
Practise a reformation, or (fond Elves),
Chang'd into Satyres, you shall lash your selves.

[Exit.

1. Alm.

Is the gray dotard gone?
Wee are then alone:
Good fellowes every one
Let's call my hostesse Joane.

2. Alm.

Well said rithmer; thy halting verses will hardly
support the fat cripple any longer that begs with
them. Would wee had some Ale.

3. Alm.

Hang this Time that would alter our profession,
which is of equall antiquitie with him. Suppose wee
have abilities; must we use them as he please? No:
let us inspire our selves with Ale, and compile an
everlasting Ephimerides.

¹ Old ed. "day."
Prince his Highnesse on his Birth-day, &c. 261

1. Alm.
Where's the stock, boy?
Doe not mock, boy,
Lest I knock, boy,
Your learn'd block, boy.

3. Alm.
Hast thou none left of thy sixe yeares before hand?
If the Stationers refuse to trust, our bookes shall
never more credit the Company with rubricks in the
title.

2. Alm.
Wee'le try all the houses in the Zodiac; and if
they will not trust, wee'le pull downe the signes.

3. Alm.
Here is the signe of the Moone, the rendezvous of
our fraternitie. If the worst comes to the worst,
wee'le pawne Time for the reckoning.

4. Alm.
By your favour we may more easily spend him.

[Hostesse enters.

3. Alm.
Here comes shee will fill us the comfortable liquor.

2. Alm.
By the dozen?

3. Alm.
By the score, boy. Wilt not, Hostesse?
No indeed, sir. 'Tis hazard no more upon your next years Almanack. You say there's a man in the Moone drinkes Claret; keepe him company. The woman at the Moone will keepe her Ale for better customers.

3. Alm.

Shall wee have no Ale then?

Hostesse.

Not a cockle-shell full without money before-hand.

3. Alm.

Here's two groats; fetch every man his pot, and before we drinke a health wee're curse thee.

Host.

The Foxe will fare the better. [Exit.

3. Alm.

Maist thou have always penniless guests like us, 'till thou pawne thy petticoate to pay the Brewer, and thy glorious shelves shine not so much as with an earthen platter. In stead of Shoelane hangings may the walls of thy house be painted with chalke; and the figures of no more valew then cyphars. Mayst thou weekly be subject to informers, and thy forfeited licence be put to the last use of wast paper.

[Host. enters with drinke, and exit presently.

Host.

Stop your mouth, sir.
3. Alm.

Hast thou brought Ale? cry thee mercy. Here's a health to the Prince, whose Birth-day Time would have should be the whole subject of an Almanack.

4. Alm.

Let him give the conceipt to a Poet; it may be worth a day to him.

They Drinke, and are transformed into Satyres, hornes growing out of their heads.

[Time enters.

3. Alm.

Ha! hath Circes given us an inchanted cup; or are our wives turn'd City Witches? These are fine jestes.

Time.

'Tis your owne idle humour makes you beasts.

2. Alm.

Forgive us, Time.

Time.

Nay dance a Horne-pipe now.
That done perhaps I'le crop your well-growne brow

They dance: at the end whereof their hornes fall away.

3. Alm.

Ha! wee are men againe.
A Presentation intended for the

Time.

Hence: since you sleight all counsaile that is mine,
I'll employ others in my great designe.

Time drives them forth.

A Symphonie of Musicke with chirping of Birds,
singing of Nightingales and Cuckoes. The Scene
changing into a pleasant Garden, Time brings in
May, attended by Flora and Vertumnus, who sing
the following Song:

The Song.

On, gently on; the skye is faire:
Arabian winds perfume the ayre,
As they the Easterne gardens sweepe,
Or Amber floating on the deepe.
Such sweets doe here the sence bewitch,
The Phenix pile is not so rick.

Chorus.

There is a presence, from whose eyes
An influence awes all destinies;
A sunne that can with one bright ray
Make where it shines eternall May.

Sing, sweetly sing. The chirping birds
Have got new notes, and better words.
What Nature wants Art doth supply,
And makes it perfect harmony.
Such sounds doe here enrich the eares,
Above the Musick of the Spheres.

Chorus.

Here are presented to the tast
Ripe fruits and early, that will last;
Prince his Highnesse on his Birth-day, &c. 265

For such we banish Nectar hence,
Here’s perfect May in every sense.

Time.

Welcome to Time, thou comfort of the earth,
That with thy warme dewe giv’st a lively birth
To all her glories, which cold winter late
Wrapt in his cloudes of ice: she desolate,
Vngarnisht, then wore nothing on her head
But snow and barrennesse, nor was her bed
Cover’d with greene: then heavens crystall eye
Seldom peep [sic] out of his bright canopie.
But now thou hast unto the infant Spring
Given perfection; and thy blessings bring
The Summers hopes on. Thou Times queene shalt be
Whilst Flora and Vertumnus waite on thee.
Thou own’st a glory yet transcends the best
Of these, as day light doth the time of rest.
This day, that makes Time young, in hope to see
A thousand revolutions e’re he be
Dissolv’d, to gaze on Trophies shall adorne
The Princes life, and acts was this day borne.
Goe, my delight, exhause the treasurie
Of all thy pleasures; to his gracious eye
Present the choycest.

May.

I have none that are
Worthy his high acceptance: they are farre
Inferiour to the things that should set forth
The fulnesse of his glory and his worth.
The pastimes which belong to me are rude,
Fitter for course ones and the multitude:

2 2 M
Yet (so the error may be pardon'd) they
Shall enter to delight him as they may.

_A Morisk Dance._

_Time._

Hee's pleas'd with this. Greatnesse and goodnesse
ayme
At such proportion in his Princely frame,
That every part of his, his heart, his eye,
Expresse them in a due equalitie.
I have another to present him, then
Wee'le yeeld to change.

_May._

I'le never change whilst men
Keepe registers of _Time._ And though it be
Custome, that they doe chiefly welcome me
At my first entrance, this shall be my day
As th' onely one that crownes the pride of _May._
I'le weare no other flowres upon my head
But the Deluce; with Roses white and red,
And the stout Thistle: each of which implies
An Embleme full of sacred Mysteries.
The Lillie and the Rose are beauties flowres:
They deck; the Thistle shall defend his bowers.
The white and red Rose, thornelesse, signifie
A gentle rule: The Lillie soveraigntie:
The Thistle strength and power to quell his foes
That rudely dare attempt to gather those.
Besides, these several flowers doe appertaine
To nations subject to his future raigne.
And this is all poore _May_ can straine her powers
To doe; to make her Garland of his flowers,
And cause men yearely on this day to see
Prince his Highnesse on his Birth-day, &c. 267

His name preserv'd unto posteritie.

Time hath some rich thing to present.

Time.

I have

(As Time is powerful) summon'd from the grave
Eight Princes all of Wales, whose histories
Shall be instruction, and their memories
Present Heroick actions so this mind,
That, though their fortunes were not alwayes kind,
Their vertues he shall strictly imitate
And make those vertues awfull over Fate.
Vertumnus you, and, Flora you, be gone.
And if their ayrie formes are quite put on
Let them appeare; whilst lovely May and I
Listen to th' Birds and Natures harmonie.

Another Symphonie with like chirping, whilst the Scene
is varied into a glorious espression of Elizium in
which appeare the eight Maskers, representing
eight Princes of Wales, distinguisth by the several
impresses, and inscriptions on their Shields; Who
whilst the following song is singing, approach the
Presence, salute the Prince, then place themselves in
a figure for the Dance.

The Song.

From th' Earth, where honour long hath slept,
And noblest dust (as treasure kept)
By hallowing clay hath made it shine
More glorious then an Indian mine,

These brave Heroick shadowes come
To sport in this Elizium.
Chorus.

For theirs and this doe both agree
In all but the Eternitie.

From th' ayre, or from the Spheares above
As they in perfect concord move,
Let Musick sound, and such as may
Equall his harpe that rules the day.
Thus doe we welcome you to-night
Unto our Mansion of delight.

Chorus.

For yours and this doe both agree
In all but the Eternitie.

The Dance ended, they retire, whilst Time speakes the
Epilogue.

Time.

Old Time leaves all his blessings that he may
Here with this presence; and will every day
Confirmes possession. Sadly sets the Sunne
After his dayes course cheerfully was runne;
The Moone lookes pale; the Tapers dimnly burne:
The feare of your departure makes them mourne.
Sweet rest attend ye all: Good night, 'tis late,
Many birth-dayes may you thus celebrate.

Time being received into the Scene it closeth.

The End.
MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.
To his true friend the Author, Maister

Shackerley Marmion, &c.

What need I racke the limbs of my weake Muse
To fill a page might serve for better use
Then make some squint-ey'd Reader censure me
A Flatterer for iustly praying thee?
It is enough, (and in that causes right
Many thy former workes may boldly fight)
He for a good one must this piece allow,
Reades but the Title, and thy Name below.

Tho. Nabbes.

---

UPON MR. HENRY WELBY.

If the reports of knowing men may be
Sufficient warrant to confirme in thee
A firme opinion, Reader, of our man
That was not Pharises nor Publican,
(For if he did ill closely, no one knew it;
If well, he never call'd a witenesse to it)
Receive these truths; or if thy doubts do seare
They are no truths, I can but wish they were.
What were his motives, having store of pelsie,
To make himselfe a prisoner to himselfe?

1 Prefixed to A Morall Poem, Intituled the Legend of Cupid and Psyche . . . Written by Shackerley Marmion, Gent., 1637.
2 Printed at the end of the second edition of The Phanix of these late times: Or the life of Mr. Henry Welby, Esq.; who lived at his house in Grub-street forty foure yeares, and in that space was never seene by any. Aged 84. Who in all that time neither drank wine, nor eate flesh, as it is testified, &c., 1637.
Was it his zeale to heaven? or else a vow
Did from some discontented humour grow,
Need could not tempt him, for his Fortunes tide
Was ever high and swelling: yet he dy'd
To th' world before he dy'd; and so became
Scarce to be in it, much lesse of the same.
His dead life was contemplative; he read
Not men, but bookes; his speculation fed
His understanding; nurs't him new to bee.
A Scholler of all sorts in some degree:
Philosopher, Historian, and Divine:
All but a Poet: for he dranke no wine.
His abstinence was great: few Christians sure,
Were it commanded strictly, would endure
A lent of fourtie yeares; yet he exprest
A greater temperance; though his eye did feast
On plenty, hee'd not taste nor touch the store,
Save onely to be Carver to the poore,
And Chaplaine to say grace before they eate:
For sure they minded nothing but the meate.
Let censures passe upon him, now hee's dead,
According to mens fancies: I am led
To hope that all was but a pure designe
To make his soule a Saint, his grave a Shrine.

Tho. Nabbs.
To his well beloved friend,
Mr. Robert Chamberlain,
the Author, in praise of
his following Poems.

The wisest of Philosophers conclude
Best Contemplations spring from solitude:
And wanting outward objects, the minds eye
Sees clearest into every mysterie.
Scipio's last life in 's Villa spake him man
More than his conquest of the African.
So are the seasons helpers unto Art;
And Time to industry applyes each part.
These thou hast made the subjects of thy Layes;
And they for praising them returne thee praise,
So that to praise agen would shew to be
But repetition and Tautologie.

And thine owne works allow thee better note
Than any friends suspected partiall vote.

Thomas Nabbes.

1 Prefixed to the Epigrams and Epitaphs in Robert Chamberlain's Nocturnall Lucubrations, 1638.
To Mr. Thomas Jordan on his Fancies.

I read thy Fancies; wondred how
Such streams of wit should from thee flow
Friend Jordan; I never thought thy head
(Like Nile's scarce yet discovered)
Would so break out; but now I am
Pleas'd with the knowledge whence they came.
Some Poetasters of the times,
That dabble in the Lake of Rhimes;
Care not, so they be in Print,
What sordid trash or stuffe is in't.
There are too many such, I fear,
That make Books cheap and Paper deare.
But thou art Poesie's true sonne;
The Issue of thy braine doth runne
With well digested matter; thine
Are Morall some and some Divine,
Some Satyrs, some love's Rapsodies;
The dead live by thy Elegies.
We that are old in th'art must leake,
And worn with often usage breake;
Thy yonger pot the Muses will
With their best waters always fill:

When we are gone, the World shall see
A full-brim'd Helicon in thee.

Tho. Nabbes.

1 Prefixed to Thomas Jordan's Poetical Varities or Varie-
tie of Fancies, 1640.
To his friend the Author, on his ingenious Theater of Fancies.

A Theater is built, and every part
Order'd with various Workmanship and Art;
The Scene with Protean transformation move,
Presenting Buskins, Socks, and Themes of love:
A Mourners tears, and joy of a faire Bride;
Smart Satyre, and a world of change beside.
'Tis not the Building only Men should see
But what's prepar'd for Action in't by thee.
Upon the outward forme let no Man looke,
But search the richer inside of thy Booke.
And if their humors doe not judgement blinde,
They'll most things pleasing, none offending finde.

Sic censet Amicus.

THO. NABBES.

To his loving friend, the Author of this
Nights Search.

Friend, how comes this about? what hum'rous fit
Mov'd thee to make a Constable of thy wit?
Not such as the grave Parish yearly chuse
To lead a drowzie Watch and take abuse

1 Prefixed to John Tatham's The Fancies Theater, 1640.
2 Prefixed to Humphrey Mills' A Nights Search, 1640.
From every drunken gallant: dare not fight
But when he's guarded on th'election night,
Made valiant by the feast; and payes for's cheare
With the shar'd profits of the following yeare.
That only makes discovery in the darke
T'inrich the Justice and maintaine his clarke;
But thou art one (being busie in thy part)
Who ord'rest all with Judgement and with Art:
In one Nights Search thou hast discover'd more
Than all the Searchers that have been before.
And which is more, as I beleve, dost show
Such vice which thy life's practice ne're did know,
Thy Muse being chaste and ev'ry flowing line
Carr'ing a sense, or morall, or divine,
If understood; though many a clouded minde
Will not the clearnesse of th'intention finde.
This subject handled by a Blade oth'times,
That knows to court his lasse in bawdy rimes,
Would have been render'd odious; he'd have showne
The wicked ills experience made his owne.
But thy clean working on a matter foule
Hath made those ills instruction to the soule.
Examples doe the wicked chiefly fright,
And nothing's knowne but by its opposite.
The bad, like spiders, gather in those fields
Their poyson, which to good bees hony yeelds.

THO. NABBS.
Elegie,¹ on his Ingenious friend, the deserving Author,
Master Thomas Beedome.

How silent are the groves! No aire doth move
To make the boughs each other kisse in love,
Nor doe the leaves (as they had jealous feares).
Whisper into each other's joyning eares;
Upon the branches perch no airie quires,
Whose untaught musicke art it selfe admires,
And by an imitation of those notes,
Strain'd from the slender Organes of their throats,
Adds to it selfe perfection, and thereby
Shewes natur's weake to artfull industry.
The listning heard their quicke sense doe apply
Not to the wonted use of eare or eye;
As when harmonious ecchoes doe invite
Attention both to wonder and delight.
All creatures have their active motion left,
As if an apoplexie had bereft
Their Limbes of use, and time meant to conclude
His being in a generall solitude.
Such great effects great causes cannot misse,
And both are equall, both alike in this.
Not Winters Isie hand (the chilly birth
Of bleake North-winds) have gray'd the verdant earth
Or shorne the trees crownes, making them looke old;
Nor are the tunefull birds growne hoarse with cold,
But Beedome[']s losse hath wonne on their consent
To share a voluntary punishment.

¹ Prefixed to Thomas Beedome's Poems Divine and Humane,
1641.
The Aire in boistrous gusts the stout Oke bends,
And his large spreading armes from th' body rends,
That groane for Beedome as they fall away,
Who in his barke carv'd many a learned lay.
The birds are voicelesse 'cause they cannot heare
The wonted musicke of his well-tun'd sphere,
Whence they derive our skill, knowing nature can
Lesse wonder shew in them then Art in man;
For him sense-grieved beasts sad mourners be
By an instinct or hidden Sympathie.
And had all-changing time heard Beedome sing,
He would have knowne no season but the Spring;
Nor would he sure have suffered death to be
Judge in the cause of his mortalitie,
But have repriev'd his lov'd parts from the Bar
Till by translation they were made a Star.
Muses, unite your teares now he is gone,
With them creating a new Helicon,
Whose streames may the defect of yours supply,
Which Beedome whilst he liv'd dranke almost dry:
And by the power of his owne active fire,
Sublim'd to that your selves may well admire,
Which to his vertue joyn'd, conclude him thus,
Still living through them, both to heaven and us.

Tho. Nabbes.
INDEX.
INDEX.

ALBUMAZAR, II. 257
Ale and beer, I. 135
Almanacs, forty shillings paid for
the compilation of, II. 256;
times for cutting corns, gelding
cattle, &c., indicated in, II. 258
Anatomy, II. 232
Apparitour, I. 12
Apple-squire, II. 215
Atheneus, references to, I. 194 &c.
Aunt, I. 137

BANBURY, I. 59
Bartholomew Baby, I. 156
Bartholomew Fair, wrestling at,
I. 210
Bastard, II. 23
Bayard ("bold as blind bayard"),
II. 222
Bay-trees (protection against light-
ing), II. 208
Black guard, II. 214
Blew coat (livery of a sheriff's
officer), II. 213
Bit, I. 24
Book of Sports, I. 9
Boozer, the almanac-maker, I. 112
Brewer's horse, I. 128
Brome's Sparagus Garden quoted,
II. 23
Buy at the best hand, I. 170

CANVASE your pole davyes, II.
23
Cap of maintenance, II. 16
Cart (for carrying bawds), I. 112

Case, I. 48
Chamberlaine, Robert, II. 223, 273
Cinque-pace, II. 195
Cockerham, Henry, II. 87
Conser, I. 55 &c.
Corns, times for cutting (indicated
in old almanacs), II. 258
Coryate, Tom, II. 79
Covert barne, I. 13
Cuckold's haven, I. 89

DAVENANT, Sir William, his
Albovine, II. 89
Dean of Dunstable, I. 88
Draining marsh-land with a wind-
mill, I. 20
Duke Humphrey, I. 68

ENY, I. 162
Eringoes, I. 22
Exercise, I. 129

REGARY, I. 126
Fencing, terms in, II. 175

GALEN, his treatise De Exercitiatione
Partes Pila, I. 121
Gamester, I. 17
Gelder's hornes, II. 258
Gelding of cattle, times for, II. 258
General (=people at large), II. 258
Goodfellow, I. 46.
Index.

Griscomes, I. 58
Guilt heads, I. 194
Guy of Warwick (a play), I. 9

HOODEN, II. 38
Holland's Leaguer, I. 157
Home and Humaus, II. 170
Hurry (=harry), II. 208
Hyenas' skins (a protection against lightning), II. 208

Ignoramus, Comedy of, I. 88
In and in, I. 17, II. 239
In quirpo, II. 52
Ingram, I. 51

JACK O' Lent, I. 18
Jealousies (=suspicions), I. 242
Jonson, Ben, his New Inn, II. 88; his Neptune's Triumph, II. 186
Juxon, Dr. William, II. 238

Lac'd mutton, I. 110
Lachrymae, II. 184
Lancashire witch, I. 104
Larone, II. 49
Lavender'd plush, I. 11
Lent-time, consumption of flesh forbidden during, II. 330
Livy quoted, I. 227, 244
Loggerheads, sign of, I. 64
Lucian, I. 189
Luxury, I. 168

M. P. (i.e. Martin Parker), II. 31
Machiavelli, his bad reputation, II. 154
Maggot-pie, I. 136
Maquarrell, II. 51
Marrowbone Park, I. 113
Marston's Sophonisba, I. 190

Me thoughts, I. 64
Microcosmus, II. 163
Middleton, Thomas, his Inner Temple Masque, II. 230
Minikin, I. 127
Monkeys and spiders, II. 105
Mopsa, I. 23
Motion (=proposal), I. 152
Motion (=puppet-show), II. 6
Multiplying-glass, II. 48
My Ladye's hole, II. 230

NINGLE, I. 9, 111
Noddy, II. 230

Oil of t alc, I. 117
Optick, II. 55, 190
Oswald, Bishop, II. 238

PANAX coloni, II. 54
Panthers' skins, II. 190
Parson of Pancrace, I. 179; II. 233
Persicaria, II. 54
 Phenicopters, II. 190
Philomathes, II. 238
Plague of 1636-7, II. 162
Pluck a rose, II. 186
Pluto and Plutus, I. 187
Pomewater, I. 44
Pontic nuts, II. 202
Pretend (=intend), I. 238
Pricket, I. 111
Pulpatore, II. 10
Puritans, their long graces, I. 107
Put, II. 230

Quaking custard, II. 186

RABBITS turned loose at Bartholomew Fair, I. 120
Rankins' and Hathways' Hannibal and Scipio, I. 190
### Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ready (= dressed), I. 89</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooms in a tavern, names of, I. 133</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruc, II. 78</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samian peacocks, II. 190</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sconce, build a, I. 39</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea-horse, II. 57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Servant, I. 34</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shrove Tuesday, riotous conduct of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prentices on, I. 87, 107</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silius Italicus, I. 189</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sore, I. 111</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sowne (= swoon), I. 107</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaniards, frugality of, II. 232</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish needles, I. 42</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Startle (= start, tremble), I. 102</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stillyard, II. 36</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suckets, I. 22</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suckling, Sir John, his <em>Aglaura</em>, I. 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sumner, I. 12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swetnam, Joseph, I. 122</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tailors, their fondness for bread, I. 44</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Than (= then), I. 210</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrumbes, I. 197</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrum'd couch, II. 142</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ticho Brach, II. 256</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tottenham Court, I. 97</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two hours time of action, II. 87</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unicorn's horn at Windsor, II. 48</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaulting school, I. 17, II. 176</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgil imitated, II. 206</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgins (popular belief that virgins could save criminals from the gallows), I. 29</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagtail, I. 19</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood (= distracted), II. 226</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>14 DAY USE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOAN DEPT.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This book is due on the last date stamped below, or</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on the date to which renewed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEB 10 1963</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAN 24 1963</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOV 17 1966</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RECEIVED</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOV 10 '66-5 PM</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOAN DEPT.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.6 1982</td>
<td>3:9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JUL 2 1982</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>