

FICTION

Francis Beaumont

The Elder Brother

A PUBLIC DOMAIN BOOK

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FICTION

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584

Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579

Died 1625

THE ELDER BROTHER

THE SPANISH CURATE

WIT WITHOUT MONEY

BEGGARS BUSH

THE HUMOUROUS LIEUTENANT

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

THE TEXT EDITED BY

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OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND THE INNER TEMPLE

AND

A.R. WALLER, M.A.

OF PETERHOUSE

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NOTE:

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

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

I have not concerned myself with passages in the Second Folio in prose which have since been printed as verse. On the whole I agree with a recent critic who characterises as 'vexatious' the 'later practice of printing much manifest prose as verse, each post-seventeenth century editor apparently making it a point of honour to discover metre where no one had found it before, and where no one with an ear can find it now.'

I am glad to have had the opportunity of seeing the 1625 manuscript of *Demetrius and Enanthe*, the play first printed in a somewhat mutilated form in the First Folio of 1647, where it is called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. It is stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Vol. XIX, p. 306) that this MS. is preserved in the Dyce Library but the statement is incorrect. The MS. has never been a part of the Dyce collection. It was printed by Dyce in 1830 and after that date it rested for many years in obscurity. To Mrs. Glover is due the credit for having traced it to its present home. For help in this search our thanks are due to Lord Stanley of Alderley, to W.R.M. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, Towyn, Merioneth (whose father owned the MS. and left a note in his copy of Dyce's reprint that he had given the MS. to his "old friend the late W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P. for North Shropshire") and to Lord Harlech, the grandson of Mr. Ormsby Gore. Lord Harlech re-discovered the MS. in his library at Brogyntyn, Oswestry, and he has very kindly permitted a thorough examination of it. Dyce's 1830 publication is described as a reprint "verbatim et literatim," but it has little claim to be so called. The punctuation is altered throughout, the spelling is altered in scores of words and though the actual verbal differences between the original MS. and Dyce's reprint of it are not very many, yet these occur here and there throughout the play. Later editors, therefore, relying upon Dyce, have been led into recording as 'MS.' readings variations which do not occur in the MS. A brief description of the MS. will be found in the Appendix, pp. 509-18, together with the passages omitted from the Folios and a complete record of the verbal variations. The present collation omits readings incorrectly given by Dyce.

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

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

THE ELDER BROTHER, A COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Lewis, *a Lord*.

Miramont, *a Gentleman*.

Brisac, *a Justice, Brother to Miramont*.

Charles, *a Scholar, \ Sons to*

Eustace, *a Courtier, / Brisac*.

Egremont, *\ two Courtiers, friends to*

Cowsy, */ Eustace*.

Andrew, *Servant to Charles*.

Cook, *\ Servants to*

Butler, */ Brisac*.

Priest.

Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

Angellina, *Daughter to Lewis*.
Sylvia, *her Woman*.
Lilly, *Wife to Andrew*.
Ladies.

LECTORI.

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

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.

Lewis. Nay, I must walk you farther.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture!

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

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

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia*?

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

Lew. Well said, Wench.

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

Syl. I deserve a Fee, and not a frown, dear Madam: I but speak her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy to a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't: let her lose no time, Sir; Fathers that deny their Daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them, in some kinds edge their appetites to taste of the fruit that is forbidden.

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

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

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

Ang. To be plain Sir, (since you will teach me boldness) as they are simply themselves, to neither: let a Courtier be never so exact, let him be bless'd with all parts that yield him to a Virgin gracious; if he depend on others, and stand not on his own bottoms, though he have the means to bring his Mistris to a Masque, or by conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste such favour from the King: or grant he purchase precedency in the Court, to be sworn a servant Extraordinary to the Queen; nay, though he live in expectation of some huge preferment in reversion; if he want a present fortune, at the best those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him a happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*; nor can they fetch him Silks from the Mercer, nor discharge a Tailors Bill, nor in full plenty (which still preserves a quiet Bed at home) maintain a Family.

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

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

Lew. And what is that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.

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

Cook. Why, hath he more Books?

And. More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names?

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

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

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

Cook. How liveth he?

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

But. This is admirable.

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

Enter Brisac, Lewis.

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

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

Lew. This is strange.

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

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

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

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

And. If I keep her from your French Dialect, as I hope I shall, Sir; however she is your Landress, she shall put you to the charge of no more Soap than usual for th'washing of your Sheets.

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

And. And drink too, Sir.

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

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

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

Cook. Thou shalt ha't, Boy.

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

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

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

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young Masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

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

Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

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

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

Char. Your blessing, Sir.

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

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

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

Eust. (to Lew.) Your Lordship's vow'd adorer. What a thing this Brother is! yet I'll vouchsafe him the new Italian shrug-
- How clownishly the Book-worm does return it!

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

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

Bri. I embrace their love.

Egr. Which we'll repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

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

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

Lew. What, at his Book already?

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

Char. Plato differs from *Socrates* in this.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read of all kind of virtuous and vitious women; the antient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies, their Beauties and Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*, crown'd with still flourishing leaves of truth and goodness; with such a feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted their ravishing sweetness; at the present loving the whole Sex for their goodness and example. But on the contrary, when I look on a *Clytemnestra*, or a *Tullia*; the first bath'd in her Husband[s] blood; the latter, without a touch of piety, driving on her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Trunk, horror invades my faculties; and comparing the multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few that did die Innocents, I detest and loath 'em as Ignorance or Atheism.

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

Char. What debt, good Sir?

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

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

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

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

Bri. Nor will you take care of my Estate?

Char. But in my wishes; for know, Sir, that the wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long since born her too high, to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross Element fix all their happiness; but purer Spirits, purged and refin'd, shake off that clog of humane frailty; give me leave t'enjoy my self; that place that does contain my Books (the best Compa[n]ions) is to me a glorious Court, where hourly I converse with the old Sages and Philosophers, and sometimes for variety, I confer with Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counsels, calling their Victories (if unjustly got) unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy, deface their ill-plac'd Statues; can I then part with such constant pleasures, to embrace uncertain vanities? No, be it your care t'augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine t'increase in knowledge--Lights there for my Study-- [*Exit*].

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

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

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, *and* Andrew.

Bri. Eustace.

Eust. Sir.

Bri. Your ear in private.

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

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

Lew. It is well answer'd.

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

Cow. Nay, to the King.

Egre. Nay to the King and Council.

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

Eust. Then for my hopes.

Cow. Nay certainties.

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

Bri. He speaks well, and I believe him.

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

Bri. What's that, my Lord?

Lew. The Heir.

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

Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see *Charles* has given o'er the world; I'll undertake, and with much ease, to buy his Birth-right of him for a Dry-fat of new Books; nor shall my state alone make way for him, but my elder Brothers, who being issueless, to advance our name, I doubt not will add his. Your resolution?

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

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

And. The Gout rather, and a perpetual Meagrim.

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

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

And. In tough Welsh Parsly, which, in our vulgar Tongue, is strong Hempen Halters; my poor Master cozen'd, and I a looker on! If we have studi'd our Majors and our Minors, Antecedents and Consequents, to be concluded Coxcombs, w'h've made a fair hand on't. I am glad I have found out all their plots, and their Conspiracies; this shall t'old Monsieur *Miramont*, one, that though he cannot read a Proclamation, yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Master *Charles* for being a Scholar; I hear he's coming hither, I shall meet him; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he always us'd to be, I'll ring him such a peal, as shall go near to shake their Belroom, peradventure beat'm, for he is fire and flax; and so have at him. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS SE[C]UNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Miramont, Brisac.

Mir. Nay, Brother, Brother.

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

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

Bri. What, Sir?

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

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

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

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I am not come to my pace yet. Because h'has made his study all his pleasure, and is retir'd into his Contemplation, not meddling with the dirt and chaff of Nature, that makes the spirit of the mind mud too; therefore must he be flung from his inheritance? must he be dispossess'd, and Monsieur Gingle-boy his younger Brother--

Bri. You forget your self.

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

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

Mir. Never enough.

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

Mir. It is not to be a Justice of Peace as you are, and palter out your time ith' penal Statutes. To hear the curious Tenets controverted between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuite Cobler; to pick Natural Philosophy out of Bawdry, when your Worship's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady; nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Justice, (which is deep Learning) when your Worships Tenants bring a light cause, and heavy Hens before ye, both fat and feeble, a Goose or Pig; and then

you'll sit like equity with both hands weighing indifferently the state o'th' question. These are your Quodlibets, but no Learning, Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with Learning, that I'd be glad to know what you understand, Brother; I'm sure you have read all *Aristotle*.

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

Bri. And you do understand 'em, Brother?

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

Bri. Yes Sir, this thing must; I will not trust my Land to one so sotted, so grown like a Disease unto his Study; he that will fling off all occasions and cares, to make him understand what state is, and how to govern it, must, by that reason, be flung himself aside from managing. My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

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

Bri. You are my elder Brother.

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

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

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

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow does o'er ears of Corn, and leave 'em blasted, put up your anger, what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

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

Enter Lewis.

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

Lew. Good-day, Sir.

Bri. Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I speak w'ye?

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

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

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

Lew. Are they drawn?

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

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

Bri. He shall be ready and do it willingly.

Mir. He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope your Daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, Sir; young *Eustace* is a bait to catch a Woman, a budding spritely Fellow; y'are resolv'd then, that all shall pass from *Charles*?

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

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

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

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

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

Bri. To morrow then's the day.

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

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

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

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

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

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

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

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

Cow. All Courtly, Courtly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eust. What, Nymphs with Beards?

Cow. That's true, we'll be Knights then; some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

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

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, Butler,

Cook. And how do's my Master?

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

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too?

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

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

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

Co. Excellent good cheer, *Andrew*.

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

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

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*.

And. I've so much on't, and am so loaden with strong understanding, I fear, they'll run me mad. Here's a new Instrument, a Mathematical Glisten to purge the Moon with when she is laden with cold phlegmatick humours; and here's another to remove the Stars, when they grow too thick in the Firmament.

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

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

But. What are they, *Andrew*?

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

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

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

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

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

And. My Master studies immortality.

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

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

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

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Enter Charles.

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

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?

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

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

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

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

Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar.

And. I hope I shall be; have I swept Books so often to know nothing?

Char. I hear thou art married.

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

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

And. I think I have not, Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And. So am I too; which if I find, I shall make some smart fort-- [*Exeunt*].

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, Notary.

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

the Writings drawn on your side, Sir?

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

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

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

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

Not. 'Twas not condition'd; if it had been found, it had been but a fault made in the Writing; if not found, all the Land.

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

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

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

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

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, Lilly.

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

And. No Inheritance, Sir?

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

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all?

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

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

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

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

Bri. No answer, *Lilly*?

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

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

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

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

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

Enter Charles.

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

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?

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

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

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

Char. Can they set them again?

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

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

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

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

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

Char. What loads are these?

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

Char. What's that?

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

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

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

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

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

Char. And why is all this, prethee tell me, *Andrew*? are there any Princes to dine here to day? by this abundance sure

there should be Princes; I've read of entertainment for the gods at half this charge; will not six Dishes serve 'em? I never had but one, and that a small one.

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

Char. What of that?

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

Char. Marri'd! to whom?

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

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

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

Char. What does my Father for 'em?

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

Char. Must I have nothing?

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

Char. I am his eldest Brother.

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

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

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

Char. Hark! hark!

And. The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

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

And. Now you may see her.

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

And. She has a wide face then.

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

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, Miramont.

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

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

Bri. You'll stay and dine though.

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

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

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

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

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

Eust. These are but harsh words, Uncle.

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

Eust. I would be loth to give you.

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

Lew. Pray take a piece of Rosemary.

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

Bri. Pray do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman.

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

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

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

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

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

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone.

Char. Hum.

Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling?

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

Char. Will he have my Books too.

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

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

And. He flung away his Book.

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

Char. And must my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair woman too?

Mir. That woman also.

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

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

Enter Brisac.

Bri. Where is my Son?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Char. Is't no more?

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

Char. This shews your love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a stone, I take it.

Char. Why Father, I'll go down, an't please you let me, because I'd see the thing they call the Gentlewoman; I see no Woman but through contemplation, and there I'll do't before the company, and wish my Brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I prethee.

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

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

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

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ang. Can he speak, Sir?

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

Ang. And does he speak well there?

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

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. Faith yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation me thinks--

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

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

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

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

Enter Brisac, and Charles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eust. Will you write, Brother?

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

Bri. I say you trifle time, Son.

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

right, Uncle?

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

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

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

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

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And methinks bravely. This the meer Scholar?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Char. Dispatch, what?

Bri. Why the Land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir. Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman, and what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop here. A wilful poverty ne'er made a Beauty, nor want of means maintain'd it vertuously: though land and moneys

be no happiness, yet they are counted good additions. That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing, though he want a present knowledge how to use it, neglects himself. May be I have done you wrong, Lady, whose love and hope went hand in hand together; may be my Brother, that has long expected the happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance; pray give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts; why did they shew me you? pray tell me that?

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

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

Bri: We had best remove the Maid.

Char: It is too late, Sir. I have her figure here. Nay frown not, *Eustace*, there are less worthy Souls for younger Brothers; this is no form of Silk, but Sanctity, which wild lascivious hearts can never dignifie. Remove her where you will, I walk along still, for, like the light, we make no separation; you may sooner part the Billows of the Sea and put a barr betwixt their fellowships, than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut old Time into a Den, and stay his motion, wash off the swift hours from his downy wings, or steal Eternity to stop his glass, than shut the sweet Idea I have in me. Room for an Elder Brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir: H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee. H'as frighted the old Justice into a Feaver; I hope he'll disinherit him too for an Ass; for though he be grave with years, he's a great Baby.

Char: Do not you think me mad?

Ang: No certain, Sir, I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char: You look upon my cloaths, and laugh at me, my scurvy cloaths!

Ang: They have rich linings, Sir. I would your Brother--

Char: His are gold and gawdie.

Ang: But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of Copper.

Char: Can ye love me? I am an Heir, sweet Lady, however I appear a poor dependent; love you with honour I shall love so ever. Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man; is't wealth or lands you covet? my Father must die.

Mir: That was well put in, I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char: Old men are not immortal, as I take it; is it you look for, youth and handsomness? I do confess my Brother's a handsome Gentleman, but he shall give me leave to lead the way, Lady. Can you love for love, and make that the reward? The old man shall not love his heaps of Gold with a more doting superstition, than I'll love you. The young man his delights, the Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up and sees the mountain billows falling on him, as if all the Elements, and all their angers, were turn'd into one vow'd destruction; shall not with greater joy embrace his safety. We'll live together like two wanton Vines, circling our souls and loves in one another, we'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit; one joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn; one age go with us, and one hour of death shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang: And one hand seal the Match, I'm yours for ever.

Lew: Nay, stay, stay, stay.

Ang: Nay certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

Bri: There was a contract.

Ang: Only conditional, that if he had the Land, he had my love too; this Gentleman's the Heir, and he'll maintain it. Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I say; or if you be, 'tis at your own adventure. You have the out-side of a pretty Gentleman, but by my troth your inside is but barren; 'tis not a face I only am in love with, nor will I say your face is excellent, a reasonable hunting face to court the wind with; nor they're not words, unless they be well plac'd too, nor your sweet

Dam-mes, nor your hired Verses, nor telling me of Clothes, nor Coach and Horses, no nor your visits each day in new Suits, nor your black Patches you wear variously, some cut like Stars, some in Half-moons, some Lozenges, (all which but shew you still a younger Brother.)

Mir. Gramercy, Wench, thou hast a noble Soul too.

Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge, can make me doat upon you. Faith go study, and glean some goodness, that you may shew manly; your Brother at my suit I'm sure will teach you; or only study how to get a Wife, Sir. Y'are cast far behind, 'tis good you should be melancholy, it shews like a Gamester that had lost his mony; and 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a skarf, Sir, for [you] have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.

Lew. But are y'in earnest?

Ang. Yes, believe me, Father, you shall ne'er choose for me; y'are old and dim, Sir, and th' shadow of the earth Eclips'd your judgment. Y'have had your time without control, dear Father, and you must give me leave to take mine now, Sir.

Bri. This is the last time of asking, will you set your hand to?

Cha. This is the last time of answering, I will never.

Bri. Out of my doors.

Char. Most willingly.

Mir. He shall, Jew, thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses*, Coxcomb, and never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.

Ang. Must I be gone too?

Lew. I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will; what Fortune he shall run, Father, be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the Masque begin?

Eust. 'Tis done already; all, all is broken off, I am undone, Friend, my Brother's wise again, and has spoil'd all, will not release the Land, has won the Wench too.

Egre. Could he not stay till the Masque was past? w'are ready. What a scurvy trick's this?

Mir. O you may vanish, perform it at some Hall, where the Citizens Wives may see't for Six-pence a piece, and a cold Supper. Come, let's go, *Charles*. And now, my noble Daughter, I'll sell the Tiles of my House, e're thou shalt want, Wench. Rate up your Dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap: some younger Brother will take't up in Commodities. Send you joy, Nephew *Eustace*; if you study the Law, keep your great Pippin-pies, they'll go far with ye.

Char. I'd have your blessing.

Bri. No, no, meet me no more. Farewel, thou wilt blast mine eyes else.

Char. I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for Gowns.

Ang. I'll wear course Flannel first.

Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.

Lew. 'Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be we shall vex'em. [*Exeunt*.]

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Brisac. Ne'er talk to me, you are no men but Masquers; shapes, shadows, and the signs of men, Court bubbles, that every breath or breaks or blows away. You have no souls, no metal in your bloods, no heat to stir ye when ye have occasion: frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with Leavers. Are you the Courtiers, and the travell'd Gallants? the spritely Fellows that the people talk of? Ye have no more spirit than three sleepy sopes.

Eust. What would ye have me do, Sir?

Bri. Follow your Brother, and get ye out of doors, and seek your Fortune. Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard, a hair-brain'd Puppy, and a Bookish Boy, that never knew a Blade above a Pen-knife, and how to cut his meat in Characters, cross my design, and take thine own Wench from thee, in mine own house too? Thou despis'd poor fellow!

Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir, then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but sawciness 't have been so rough--

Egre. And we not seeing him strive in his own cause, that was principal, and should have led us on, thought it ill manners to begin a quarrel here.

Bri. You dare do nothing. Do you make your care the excuse of your Cowardise? Three Boys on Hobby-horses, with three penny Halberds, would beat you all.

Cow. You must not say so.

Bri. Yes, and sing it too.

Cow. You are a man of peace, therefore we must give way.

Bri. I'll make my way, and therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you; and having first torn off your flanting feathers, I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you to quit my house, I'll kick ye out of my gates; you gawdy Glow-worms, carrying seeming fire, yet have no heat within ye.

Cow. O blest travel! how much we owe thee for our power to suffer!

Egre. Some splenetic Youths now, that had never seen more than thy Country smoak, will grow in choler; it would shew fine in us.

Eust. Yes marry would it, that are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers, but give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose to hold our places.

Bri. Will you find the door? and find it suddenly? you shall lead the way, Sir, with your perfum'd retinue, and recover the now lost *Angellina*, or build on it, I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue, before thou shalt inherit.

Eust. We'll to counsel, and what may be done by man's wit or valour, we'll put in Execution.

Bri. Do, or never hope I shall know thee. [Exeunt.]

_Enter _Lewis.

Lew. O Sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid my self; whence flows this fury, with which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I smell a plot, meer conspiracy amongst ye all to defeat me of my Daughter; and if she be not suddenly deliver'd, untainted in her reputation too, the best of *France* shall know how I am juggled with. She is my Heir, and if she may be ravish'd thus from my care, farewell Nobility; Honour and Blood are meer neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him, whose innocency understands not what fear is. If your unconstant Daughter will not dwell on certainties, must you thenceforth conclude that I am fickle? what have I omitted, to make good my integrity and truth? nor can her lightness, nor your supposition, cast an aspersion on me.

Lew. I am wounded in fact, nor can words cure it: do not trifle, but speedily, once more I do repeat it, restore my Daughter as I brought her hither, or you shall hear from me in such a kind, as you will blush to answer.

Bri. All the world, I think, conspires to vex me, yet I will not torment my self: some sprightly mirth must banish the rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me; t' a knowing man 'tis Physick, and 'tis thought on; one merry hour I'll have in spite of Fortune, to cheer my heart, and this is that appointed; this night I'll hug my *Lilly* in mine arms, provocatives are sent before to cheer me, we old men need 'em, and though we pay dear for our stoln pleasures, so it be done securely, the charge much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em relish. Well, honest *Andrew*, I gave you a Farm, and it shall have a Beacon, to give warning to my other Tenants when the Foe approaches; and presently, you being bestowed else-where, I'll graff it with dexterity on your forehead; indeed I will, *Lilly*, I come, poor *Andrew*. [Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Enter Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Do they [chafe] roundly?

And. As they were rubb'd with Soap, Sir, and now they swear aloud, now calm again; like a Ring of Bells, whose sound the wind still alters, and then they sit in counsel what to do, and then they jar again what shall be done; they talk of Warrants from the Parliament, Complaints to the King, and Forces from the Province; they have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes, yet ne'er a one head worth a head of Garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em; a couple of pure Puppies yok'd together. But what sayes the young Courtier Master *Eustace*, and his two warlike Friends?

And. They say but little, how much they think I know not; they look ruefully, as if they had newly come from a vaulting-house, and had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water by a she *Dunkirk*, and had sprung a Leak, Sir. Certain my Master was to blame.

Mir. Why, *Andrew*?

And. To take away the Wench o'th' sudden from him, and give him no lawful warning; he is tender, and of a young Girls constitution, Sir, ready to get the Green sickness with conceit. Had he but ta'ne his leave in availing Language, or bought an Elegy of his condolment, that the world might have ta'ne notice, he had been an Ass, 't had been some favour.

Mir. Thou say'st true, wise *Andrew*; but these Scholars are such things, when they can prattle.

And. And very parlous things, Sir.

Mir. And when [they] gain the liberty to distinguish the difference 'twixt a Father and a Fool, to look below, and spie a younger Brother pruning up, and dressing up his expectations in a rare glass of beauty, too good for him; those dreaming Scholars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew*, and shew no mercy.

Mir. The more's the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my Brother, and anger him a little farther, *Andrew*. It shall be only anger, I assure thee, and little shame.

And. And I can fit you, Sir. Hark in your ear.

Mir. Thy Wife?

And. So I assure ye; this night at twelve a clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome; there are twenty Crowns due to thy project, *Andrew*; I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture he reads to his Mistris. That done, I'll not fail to be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my master-- [Exeunt.

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Enter Angelli[n]a, Sylvia, with a Taper.

Ang. I'm worse than e'er I was; for now I fear, that that I love, that that I only dote on; he follows me through every room I pass, and with a strong set eye he gazes on me, as if his spark of innocence were blown into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me. His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis night; and what these opportunities may teach him--What fear and endless care 'tis to be honest! to be a Maid what misery, what mischief! Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly.

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a child still? He follows you, but still to look upon you; or if he did desire to lie with ye, 'tis but your own desire, you love for that end; I'll lay my life, if he were now a bed w'ye, he is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

Ang. Dare you venture that?

Syl. Let him consent, and have at ye; I fear him not, he knows not what a woman is, nor how to find the mystery men aim at. Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face; would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.

Syl. Ye may both, and let him but go with ye.

Char. Why do you flie me? what have I so ill about me, or within me, to deserve it?

Ang. I am going to bed, Sir.

Char. And I am come to light ye; I am a Maid, and 'tis a Maidens office.

Ang. You may have me to bed, Sir, without a scruple, and yet I am chary too who comes about me. Two Innocents should not fear one another.

Syl. The Gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.

Char. The glorious Sun both rising and declining we boldly look upon; even then, sweet Lady, when, like a modest Bride, he draws nights curtains, even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

Ang. I fear he will perswade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.

Ang. Pray ye to your bed.

Char. Why not to yours, dear Mistris? one heart and one bed.

Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawful: but yet you know--

Char. I would not know, forget it; those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremonies, nurs'd up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful, full of belief, and fit to teach the Priest: Love shall seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.

Ang. I shall be a Heretick if this continue. What would you do a bed? you make me blush, Sir.

Char. I'd see you sleep, for sure your sleeps are excellent, you that are waking such a noted wonder, must in your slumber prove an admiration. I would behold your dreams too, if't were possible; those were rich shoves.

Ang. I am becoming Traitor.

Char. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Island, where all the perfumes and the precious things that wait upon

great Nature are laid up, I'd clip it in my arms, and chastly kiss it, dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts, and sigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much woman in me.

Char. And those true tears falling on your pure Crystals, should turn to armelets for great Queens t'adore.

Ang. I must be gone.

Char. Do not, I will not hurt ye; this is to let you know, my worthiest Lady, y'have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too: Fear not my manners, though I never knew, before these few hours, what a Beauty was, and such a one that fires all hearts that feel it; yet I have read of virtuous Temperance, and study'd it among my other Secrets; and sooner would I force a separation betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh, than but conceive one rudeness against Chastity.

Ang. Then we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing, any fit for your ears, and my language; though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil; 'tis true, I have found it hard to look on you, and not desire, 'twill prove a wise mans task; yet those desires I have so mingled still, and tempered with the quality of honour, that if you should yield, I should hate you for't. I am no Courtier of a light condition, apt to take fire at every beauteous face; that only serves his will and wantonness, and lets the serious part run by as thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name, you must be mine; why should I rob my self of that that lawfully must make me happy? why should I seek to cuckold my delights, and widow all those sweets I aim at in you? We'll lose our selves in *Venus* Groves of Myrtle, where every little Bird shall be a *Cupid*, and sing of love and youth, each wind that blows, and curls the velvet-leaves, shall breed delights, the wanton Springs shall call us to their banks, and on the perfum'd flowers we'll feast our senses; yet we'll walk by untainted of their pleasures, and as they were pure Temples we'll talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end of our fair loves; would I were worthy of you, or of such parents that might give you thanks: But I am poor in all but in your love. Once more, good night.

Char. A good night t'ye, and may the dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one, and lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers; no dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy, and break betimes sweet morn, I've lost my light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-School, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Brother, with two Gallants, is at door, Sir, and they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no fit time of night.

Char. Let 'em in, Mistris.

Serv. They stay no leave; shall I raise the house on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur oft I charge ye.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. They're here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me. How do you, Brother, with your curious story? have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Char. No, Brother, no; I stay yet in the Preface: the style's too hard for you.

Eust. I must entreat her; she's parcel of my goods.

Char. She's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir; nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; do not trouble your self with Ladies, they are too light: Let out your Land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfy you; such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

Eust. Nay, then you must go; I must claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her.

_Char. Let her alone, pray let her alone, [*She strikes off* and take your Coxcomb up: Let me talk [*Eustace's hat.* civilly a while with you, Brother. It may be on some terms I may part with her.

Eust. O, is your heart come down? what are your terms, Sir? Put up, put up.

Char. This is the first and chiefest; [*Snatches away his sword*] let's walk a turn. Now stand off, fools, I advise ye, stand as far off as you would hope for mercy: this is the first sword yet I ever handled, and a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon; and if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence: 'tis sharp, I'm sure, and if I put it home, 'tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins; I find I have spirit enough to dispose of it, and will enough to make ye all examples; let me toss it round, I have the full command on't. Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him; I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me. Do you watch me when my Uncle is absent? this is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on Cowards; teach me to fight, I willing am to learn. Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but shew in ye? why stand ye gaping? who now touches her? who calls her his, or who dares name her to me? but name her as his own; who dares look on her? that shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous. Art thou a fit man to inherit Land, and hast no wit nor spirit to maintain it? Stand still, thou sign of a man, and pray for thy friends, pray heartily, good prayers may restore ye.

Ang. But do not kill 'em, Sir.

Char. You speak too late, Dear; it is my first fight, and I must do bravely, I must not look with partial eyes on any; I cannot spare a button of these Gentlemen; did life lie in their heel, Achilles like, I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em. Who waits within?

Ser. Sir.

Char. View all these, view 'em well, go round about 'em, and still view their faces; round about yet, see how death waits upon 'em, for thou shalt never view 'em more.

Eust. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me; I must not hold; 'twill darken all my glories. Go to my Uncle, bid him post to the King, and get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural?

Char. You shall die last, Sir, I'll take thee dead, thou art no man to fight with. Come, will ye come? Me-thinks I've fought whole Battels.

Cow. We have no quarrel to you that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask ye mercy too. Good Lady, let no murder be done here; we came but to parly.

Char. How my sword thirsts after them! Stand away, Sweet.

Eust. Pray, Sir, take my submission, and I disclaim for ever.

Char. Away, ye poor things, ye despicable creatures! do you come poste to fetch a Lady from me? from a poor School-boy that ye scorn'd of late, and grow lame in your hearts when you should execute? Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her: What did you bring to carry her?

Egre. A Coach and four Horses.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as France can shew Sir.

Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties? Speak quickly.

Eust. Yes with all our hearts.

Char. 'Tis done then. Many have got one Horse, I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now, who's here?

Ser. Nay, now y'are gone without bail.

Mir. What, drawn, my Friends? Fetch me my two-hand Sword; I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In troth, Sir, I came but to do my duty.

Both. And we to renew our loves.

Mir. Bring me a Blanket. What came they for?

Ang. To borrow me a while, Sir; but one that never fought yet, has so curri'd, so bastinado'd them with manly carriage, they stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone: they watch'd your being absent, and then thought they might do wonders here, and they have done so; for by my troth I wonder at their coldness, the nipping North or Frost never came near them; *St George* upon a sign would grow more sensible. If the name of Honour were for ever to be lost, these were the most sufficient men to do it in all the world; and yet they are but young, what will they rise to? They're as full of fire as' a frozen Glow-worms rattle, and shine as goodly: Nobility and patience are match'd rarely in these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't; they'll stand still for an hour and be beaten. These are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize, if they breath longer in it; my roof covers no baffl'd Monsieurs, walk and air your selves; as I live they stay not here. White-liver'd wretches, without one word to ask a reason why. Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed; for if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you, and read upon your flegmatick dull Carcasses. My Horse again there: I have other business, which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it. Good-night *Charles*, fair goodness to your dear Lady; 'tis late, 'tis late.

Ang. Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA IV.

Enter Andrew.

And. Are you come, old Master? Very good, your Horse is well set up; but ere you part, I'll ride you, and spur your Reverend Justiceship such a question, as I shall make the sides of your Reputation bleed, truly I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep--A Banquet--well, Potatoes and Eringoes, and, as I take it, Cantharides--Excellent, a Priapism follows, and as I'll handle it, it shall, old Lecherous Goat in Authority. Now they begin to Bill; how he slavers her! Gramercy *Lilly*, she spits his kisses out, and now he offers to fumble, she falls off, (that's a good Wench) and cries fair play above board. Who are they in the corner? As I live, a covy of Fidlers; I shall have some Musick yet at my making free o'th' Company of *Horners*; there's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one--Sure 'tis no Anthem, nor no borrow'd Rhymes out of the School of Vertue; I will listen-- [*A Song.* This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the Note's too sprightly. So, so, the Musick's paid for, and now what follows? O that Monsieur *Miramont* would but keep his word; here were a Feast to make him fat with laughter; at the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house, nor will he break, I hope--O are you come, Sir? the prey is in the Net, and will break in upon occasion.

Mir. Thou shalt rule me, Andrew. O th'infinite fright that will assail this Gentleman! the Quartans, Tertians, and Quotidians that will hang like Serjeants on his Worships shoulders? the humiliation of the flesh of this man, this grave,

austere man will be wondred at. How will those solemn looks appear to me; and that severe face, that speaks chains and shackles? Now I take him in the nick, e're I have done with him, he had better have stood between two panes of Wainscot, and made his recantation in the Market, than hear me conjure him.

And. He must pass this way to th' only Bed I have; he comes, stand close.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So. Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee. Come, Wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close, it is a sweet Parenthesis.

Lil. Y'are merry, Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it, thou shalt, my *Lilly*.

Lil. Shall I air your Bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no; I'll use no Warming-pan but thine, Girl, that's all. Come kiss me again.

Lil. Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, *Lilly*. Shew me the way.

Lil. You cannot miss it, Sir; you shall have a Cawdle in the morning for your Worship's breakfast.

Bri. How, i'th' morning, *Lilly*? th'art such a witty thing to draw me on. Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now, and th'hast another Kickshaw, I must taste it.

Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you: y'have all y'are like to have.

And. And can this be earnest?

Mir. It seems so, and she honest.

Bri. Have I not thy promise, *Lilly*?

Lil. Yes, and I have performed enough to a man of your years, this is truth; and you shall find, Sir, you have kiss'd and tous'd me, hand'd my leg and foot; what would you more, Sir? As for the rest, it requires youth and strength, and the labour in an old man would breed Agues, Sciatica's, and Cramps: You shall not curse me for taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir. Be good unto your self, y'have ta'ne already all you can take with ease; you are past threshing, it is a work too boisterous for you, leave such drudgery to *Andrew*.

Mir. How she jeers him!

Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own tillage, he's tough, and can manure it.

Bri. Y'are a quean, a scoffing, jeering quean.

Lil. It may be so, but I'm sure I'll ne'r be yours.

Bri. Do not provoke me, if thou do'st I'll have my Farm again, and turn thee out a begging.

Lil. Though you have the will, and want of honesty to deny your deed, Sir; yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning from my young Master, as to keep his own; at the worst I'll tell a short tale to the Judges, for what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on what terms you would revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou dar'st not. Yield, or I'll have thee whipt: how my Bloud boils, as if't were o're a Furnace!

Mir. I shall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle *Lilly*, pity and forgive me, I'll be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountiful friend--

Lil. To avoid Suits in Law, I would grant a little; but should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become of me?

And. A Whore, a Whore!

Bri. Nothing but well Wench, I shall put such a strong Bit in his mouth, as thou shall ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*; nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him, and thank thee for the Office.

Mir. Take heed, *Andrew*, these are shrewd temptations.

And. Pray you know your Cue, and second me, Sir. By your Worship's favour.

Bri. *Andrew*!

And. I come in time to take possession of th'Office you assign me; hold the door! alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man to stay without, when a deep understanding holds conference within, say with his Wife: a trifle, Sir. I know I hold my Farm by Cuckolds Tenure; you are Lord o'th' Soil, Sir. *Lilly* is a Weft, a stray, she's yours to use, Sir; I claim no interest in her.

Bri. Art thou serious? speak, honest *Andrew*, since thou hast o'erheard us, and wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidlar, a little will serve my tum; thou'lt find enough when I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private and silent?

And. By all means, I'll only have a Ballad made oft, sung to some lewd Tune, and the name of it shall be *Justice Trap*; it will sell rarely with your Worships name, and *Lilly's* on the top.

Bri. Seek not the ruine o' my reputation, *Andrew*.

And. 'Tis for your credit, Monsieur *Brisac*, printed in Capital Letters, then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.

Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*?

And. O, it will proclaim you from the City to the Court, and prove Sport Royal.

Bri. Thou shalt keep thy Farm.

Mir. He does afflict him rarely.

And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving, the vizard of his hypocrisie pull'd off] to the Judge criminal.

Bri. O I am undone.

And. He's put out of Commission with disgrace, and held incapable of bearing Office ever hereafter. This is my revenge, and this I'll put in practice.

Bri. Do but hear me.

And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my Hornbook, it is unpardonable.

Bri. Do not play the Tyrant; accept of composition.

Lil. Hear him, *Andrew*.

And. What composition?

Bri. I'll confirm thy Farm, and add unto it a hundred Acres more, adjoining to it.

And. Umb, this mollifies; but y'are so fickle, and will again deny this, there being no witness by.

Bri. Call any witness, I'll presently assure it.

And. Say you so? troth there's a friend of mine, Sir, within hearing, that's familiar with all that's past, his testimony will be authentional.

Bri. Will he be secret?

And. You may tie his tongue up, as you would do your purse-strings.

Bri. *Miramont*!

Mir. Ha-ha-ha!

And. This is my witness. Lord how you are troubled! sure you have an Ag[u]e, you shake so with choler: Here's your loving Brother, Sir, and will tell no body but all he meets, that you have eat a Snake, and are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.

Bri. Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make jests of you, or plague ye, with making your Religious gravity ridiculous to your Neighbours, then you had some cause to be perplex'd.

Bri. I shall become discourse for Clowns and Tapsters.

And. Quick, *Lilly*, quick, he's now past kissing, between point and point. He swoonds, fetch him some Cordial--Now put in, Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake: let me see his face, wears he not a false beard? it cannot be *Brisac* that worthy Gentleman, the Pillar and the Patron of his Country; he is too prudent, and too cautelous, experience hath taught him t'avoid these fooleries, he is the punisher, and not the doer; besides he's old and cold, unfit for Woman: This is some counterfeit, he shall be whipt for't, some base abuser of my worthy Brother.

Bri. Open the doors; will ye imprison me? are ye my Judges?

Mir. The man raves! this is not judicious *Brisac*: yet now I think on't, h'has a kind of Dog look like my Brother, a guilty hanging face.

Bri. I'll suffer bravely, do your worst, do, do, do.

Mir. Why, it's manly in you.

Bri. Nor will I rail nor curse, you slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you; but all the torments that e're fell on men, that fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all. [*Exit.*]

Lil. You have given him a heat, Sir.

Mir. He will ride you the better, *Lilly*.

And. We'll teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. He shall make good his promise t'increase thy Farm, *Andrew*, or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, *Lilly*, I am thy Champion. This jeast goes to *Charles*, and then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace* the gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily to see 'em mourn together.

And. 'Twill be rare, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. Turn'd out of doors and baffled!

Egre. We share with you in the affront.

Cow. Yet bear it not like you with such dejection.

Eust. My Coach and Horses made the ransom of our Cowardize!

Cow. Pish, that's nothing, 'tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a Suitor with false hopes, and after squeeze him with a dozen of Oaths, You are new rigg'd, and

this no more remembred.

Eust. And does the Court, that should be the Example and Oracle of the Kingdom, read to us no other Doctrine?

Egre. None that thrives so well as that, within my knowledge.

Cow. Flattery rubs out; but since great men learn to admire themselves, 'tis something crest-faln.

Egre. To be of no Religion, argues a subtle, moral understanding, and it is often cherish'd.

Eust. Piety then, and valour, nor to do and suffer wrong, are they no virtues?

Egre. Rather vices, *Eustace*; Fighting! what's fighting? it may be in fashion among provant swords, and Buff-jerkin men: But w'us that swim in choice of Silks and Tissues; though in defence of that word Reputation, which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing, to lose a dram of blood must needs appear as coarse as to be honest.

Eust. And all this you seriously believe?

Cow. It is a faith that we will die in, since from the black Guard to the grim Sir in Office, there are few hold other Tenets.

Eust. Now my eyes are open, and I behold a strong necessity that keeps me knave and coward.

Cow. Yare the wiser.

Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose to be of your society.

Egre. By no means.

Eust. Honour is nothing with you?

Cow. A meer bubble; for what's grown common, is no more regarded.

Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd, you think 'tis no blemish.

Egre. Get me a Batton, 'tis twenty times more Court-like, and less trouble.

Eust. And yet you wear a sword.

Cow. Yes, and a good one, a *Milan* hilt, and a *Damasco* blade for ornament, not use, the Court allows it.

Eust. Will't not fight of it self?

Cow. I ne'er tri'd this, yet I have worn as fair as any man; I'm sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid for several weapons, *Turkish* and *Toledo's*, two thousand Crowns, and yet could never light upon a fighting one.

Eust. I'll borrow this, I like it well.

Cow. 'Tis at your service, Sir, a Lath in a Velvet Scabbard will serve my turn.

Eust. And now I have it, leave me; y'are infectious, the plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading on all that do come near you; such as you render the Throne of Majesty, the Court, suspected and contemptible; you are Scarabee's that batten in her dung, and have no palats to taste her curious Viands; and like Owles, can only see her night deformities, but with the glorious splendor of her beauties, you are struck blind as Moles, that undermine the sumptuous Building that allow'd you shelter: you stick like running ulcers on her face, and taint the pureness of her native candor, and being bad Servants, cause your Masters goodness to be disputed of; you make the Court, that is the abstract of all Academies, to teach and practise noble undertakings, (where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel, and wisdom loaded with the weight of honour) a School of Vices.

Egre. What sudden rapture's this?

Eust. A heavenly one, that raising me from sloth and ignorance, (in which your conversation long hath charm'd me) carries me up into the air of action, and knowledge of my self; even now I feel, but pleading only in the Court's defence (though far short of her merits and bright lustre) a happy alteration, and full strength to stand her Champion against all

the world, that throw aspersions on her.

Cow. Sure he'll beat us, I see it in his eyes.

Egre. A second *Charles*; pray look not, Sir, so furiously.

Eust. Recant what you have said, ye Mungrils, and lick up the vomit ye have cast upon the Court, where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding, and swear that you, like Spiders, have made poison of that which was a saving Antidote.

Egre. We will swear any thing.

Cow. We honour the Court as a most sacred place.

Egre. And will make oath, if you enjoyn us to't, nor knave, nor fool, nor coward living in it.

Eust. Except you two, you Rascals.

Cow. Yes, we are all these, and more, if you will have it so.

Eust. And that until you are again reform'd and grown new men, you ne'ere presume to name the Court, or press into the Porter's Lodge but for a penance, to be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done with true contrition.

Both. Yes, Sir.

Eust. You again may eat scraps, and be thankful.

Cow. Here's a cold breakfast after a sharp nights walking.

Eust. Keep your oaths, and without grumbling vanish.

Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you: the fetters of my thralldom are fil'd off, and I at liberty to right my self; and though my hope in *Angellina's* little, my honour (unto which compar'd she's nothing) shall, like the Sun, disperse those lowring Clouds that yet obscure and dim it; not the name of Brother shall divert me, but from him, that in the world's opinion ruin'd me, I will seek reparation, and call him unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis near day, and if the Muses friend, Rose-cheek'd *Aurora*, invite him to this solitary Grove, as I much hope she will, he seldome missing to pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard to hinder his devotions--The door opens, 'tis he most certain, and by's side my Sword. Blest Opportunity.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have o'er-slept my self, and lost part of the morn, but I'll recover it: Before I went to bed, I wrote some Notes within my Table-book, which I will now consider. Ha! what means this? What do I with a Sword? Learn'd *Mercury* needs not th' aid of *Mars*, and innocence is to it self a guard; yet since Arms ever protect Arts, I may justly wear and use it; for since 'twas made my prize, I know not how I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat nor study, and much less walk without it. But I trifle, matters of more weight ask my judgment.

Eust. Now, Sir, treat of no other Theme, I'll keep you to it, and see y'expound it well.

Char. *Eustace!*

Eust. The same, Sir, your younger Brother, who, as duty binds him, hath all this night (turn'd out of door) attended, to bid Good-morrow t'ye.

Char. This not in scorn, commands me to return it. Would you ought else?

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin; I must speak to you in another strain than yet I ever us'd; and if the language appear in the delivery rough and harsh, you (being my Tutor) must condemn your self, from whom I learn'd it.

Char. When I understand (be't in what style you please) what's your demand, I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase, to make an answer to the point.

Eust. I come not to lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own, and 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you your learning and deep knowledge; (though I am not a Scholar as you are) I know them Diamonds by your sole industry, patience and labour, forc'd from steep Rocks, and with much toil attended, and but to few that prize their value granted, and therefore without Rival freely wear them.

Char. These not repin'd at (as you seem t'inform me) the motion must be of a strange condition, if I refuse to yield to't; therefore, *Eustace*, without this tempest in your looks, propound it, and fear not a denial.

Eust. I require then (as from an Enemy, and not a Brother) the reputation of a man, the honour, not by a fair War won when I was waking, but in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me; with these, the restitution of my Sword, with large acknowledgment of satisfaction, my Coach, my Horses; I will part with life, ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all, my Mistris *Angellina*, as she was before the musical Magick of thy tongue enchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd, and with submission, and done publickly, at my Father's and my Uncle's intercession, (that I put in too) I perhaps may listen to terms of reconcilment; but if these, in every circumstance, are not subscrib'd to, to the last gasp I defie thee.

Char. These are strict conditions to a Brother.

Eust. My rest is up, nor will I give less.

Char. I'm no Gamester, *Eustace*, yet I can gness your resolution stands to win or lose all; I rejoyce to find ye thus tender of your honour, and that at length you understand what a wretched thing you were, how deeply wounded by your self, and made almost incurable in your own hopes, the dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over your festred reputation, which no Balm or gentle Unguent could ever make way to; and I am happy that I was the Surgeon that did apply those burning corrosives, that render you already sensible o'th' danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you, and by a fair gradation, how far, and with what curious respect and care the peace and credit of a man within, (which you ne'er thought till now) should be prefer'd before a gawdy outside; pray you fix here, for so far I go with you.

Eust. This discourse is from the subject.

Char. I'll come to it, Brother; but if you think to build upon my ruines, you'll find a false foundation: your high offers, taught by the Masters of dependencies, that by compounding differences 'tween others, supply their own necessities, with me will never carry't: as you are my Brother, I will dispense a little, but no more than honour can give way to; nor must I destroy that in my self I love in you; and therefore let not hopes or threats persuade you I will descend to any composition for which I may be censur'd.

Eust. You shall fight then.

Char. With much unwillingness with you; but if there's no evasion--

Eust. None.

Char. Hear yet a word; as for the Sword and other fripperies, in a fair way send for them, you shall have 'em. But rather than surrender *Angellina*, or hear it again mention'd, I oppose my breast unto loud thunder, cast behind me all ties of Nature.

Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf to all persuasion.

Char. Guard thy self then. *Eustace*; I use no other Rhetorick.

Enter Miram.

Mir. Clashing of swords so near my house! Brother oppos'd to Brother! here's no fencing at half sword; hold, hold, *Charles*, *Eustace*.

Eust. Second him, or call in more help. Come not between us, I'll not know nor spare you; D'ye fight by th' book?

Char. 'Tis you that wrong me, off Sir, and suddenly, I'll conjure down the Spirit that I have rais'd in him.

Eust. Never, *Charles*, 'tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'm out of breath, yet trust not too much to't, Boys; for if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason, do, kill your

Uncle, do; but that I'm patient, and not a choleric old teasty fool, like your Father, I'd dance a matachin with you, should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would, and it may be I will. *Charles*, I command thee, and *Eustace*, I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark, a true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin to love thee heartily; give me a fighting Courtier, I'll cherish him for example; in our Age they're not born every day.

Char. You of late, Sir, in me lov'd learning.

Mir. True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*; 'twas when young *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches, and fought his Battels in Compliments and Cringes, when's understanding wav'd in a flanting Feather, and his best contemplation look'd no further than a new fashion'd doublet; I confess then, the lofty noise your Greek made, only pleas'd me; but now he's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*, nay, the whole dozen of Peers are bound up in him: Let me remember, when I was of his years, I did look very like him; and did you see my Picture as I was then, you would swear that gallant *Eustace* (I mean, now he dares fight) was the true substance, and the perfect figure. Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough, *Charles*.

Char. Sure, Sir, I shall not need addition from him.

Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest; though I am lost to all deserving men, to all that men call good, for suffering tamely insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted by yielding to a minute of delay in my revenge, and from that made a stranger unto my Father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd with all disgraces; yet I will mount upward, and force my self a fortune, though my birth and breeding do deny it.

Char. Seek not, *Eustace*, by violence, what will be offer'd to you on easier composition; though I was not alli'd unto your weakness, you shall find me a Brother to your bravery of spirit, and one that, not compell'd to't by your sword, (which I must never fear) will share with you in all but *Angellina*.

Mir. Nobly said, *Charles*, and learn from my experience, you may hear reason, and never maim your fighting; for your credit, which you think you have lost, spare *Charles*, and swinge me, and soundly; three or four walking velvet Cloaks, that wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it, thou art made up again.

Eust. All this is Lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I have done; as for thy Father's anger, now thou dar'st fight, ne'er fear it, for I've the dowcets of his gravity fast in a string, I will so pinch and wring him, that, spight of his authority, thou shalt make thine own conditions with him.

Eust. I'll take leave a little to consider.

Char. Here comes *Andrew*.

Mir. But without his comical and learned face; what sad disaster, *Andrew*?

And. You m[a]y read, Sir, a Tragedy in my face.

Mir. Art thou in earnest?

And. Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you help not, and speedily, by force, or by persuasion, my good old Master (for now I pity him) is ruin'd for ever.

Char. Ha, my Father!

And. He, Sir.

Mir. By what means? speak.

And. At the suit of Monsieur *Lewis*; his house is seiz'd upon, and he in person is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes, Sir) to be convey'd to *Paris*, and there Sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.

Char. Do I live, and know my Father injur'd?

And. And what's worse, Sir, my Ladie *Angellina*--

Eust. What of her?

And. She's carri'd away too.

Mir. How?

And. While you were absent, a crew of Monsieur *Lewis* friends and kinsmen, by force, brake in at th' back part of the house, and took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew* (as this can witness for him) did his best in her defence, but 'twould not do.

Mir. Away, and see our Horses saddled, 'tis no time to talk, but do. *Eustace*, you now are offer'd a spacious field, and in a pious War to exercise your valour; here's a cause, and such a one, in which to fall is honourable, your dutie and reverence due to a fathers name commanding it; but these unnatural jars arising between Brothers (should you prosper) would shame your victory.

Eust. I would do much, Sir, but still my rep[u]tation!

Mir. *Charles* shall give you all decent satisfaction; nay, joyn hands, and heartily, why, this is done like Brothers; and as old as I am, in this cause that concerns the honour of our Family, Monsieur *Lewis* (if reason cannot work) shall find and feel there's hot blood in this arm, I'll lead you bravely.

Eust. And if I follow not, a cowards name be branded on my forehead.

Char. This spirit makes you a sharer in my fortunes.

Mir. And in mine, of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina* again in our possession) you shall know, my heart speaks in my tongue.

Eust. I dare not doubt it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter Lewis, *Brisac*, *Angelli[n]a*, *Sylvia*, *Officers.*

Lew. I'm deaf to all perswasions.

Bri. I use none, nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers, but when the King shall understand how false your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice must set me right again.

Ang. Sir, let not passion so far transport you, as to think in reason, this violent course repairs, but ruins it; that honour you would build up, you destroy; what you would seem to nourish, if respect of my preferment or my pattern may challenge your paternal love and care, why do you, now good fortune has provided a better Husband for me than your hopes could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him? In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir? unless deep Learning be a blemish in him, or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature, or, what you only aim'd at, large Revenues, are, on the sudden, grown distasteful to you. Of what can you accuse him?

Lew. Of a Rape done to Honour, which thy ravenous lust made thee consent to.

Syl. Her lust! you are her Father.

Lew. And you her Bawd.

Syl. Were you ten Lords, 'tis false; the pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not such spotted instruments.

Ang. As I have a Soul, Sir.

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to sit down with this disgrace, would argue me a Peasant, and not born Noble: all rigour that the Law, and that increase of power by favour yields, shall be with all severity inflicted; you have the King's hand for't,

no Bail will serve, and therefore at your perils, Officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madness.

Lew. Tell me so in open Court, and there I'll answer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Ill if they dare resist.

Eust. He that advances but one step forward dies.

Lew. Shew the King's Writ.

Mir. Shew your discretion, 'twill become you better.

Char. Yare once more in my power, and if again I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.

Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this service from your despair'd of *Eustace*.

And. And beware your Reverend Worship never more attempt to search my *Lilly pot*, you see what follows.

Lew. Is the King's power contemn'd?

Mir. No, but the torrent o' your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir, if you would but be sensible, what can you wish, but the satisfaction of an obstinate will, that is not endear'd to you? rather than be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo your Daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment, and your old foolish Neighbour; make your Estates, and in a Suit not worth a Cardcue, a prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes, and after they have plum'd ye, return home like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.

Char. This is a most strong truth, Sir.

Mir. No, no, Monsieur, let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge; but when our follies are repell'd by reason, 'tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more: Observe my learned *Charles*, he'll get thee a Nephew on *Angellina* shall dispute in her belly, and suck the Nurse by Logick: and here's *Eustace*, he was an Ass, but now is grown an *Amadis*; nor shall he want a Wife, if all my Land, for a Joynture, can effect: Yare a good Lord, and of a gentle nature, in your looks I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely: and do you hear, old Fool! but I'll not chide, hereafter, like me, ever doat on Learning, the meer belief is excellent, 'twill save you; and next love Valour, though you dare not fight your self, or fright a foolish Officer, young *Eustace* can do it to a hair. And, to conclude, let *Andrew's* farm b' encreas'd, that is your penance, you know for what, and see you rut no more; you understand me. So embrace on all sides.

I'll pay those Bilmen, and make large amends, Provided we preserve you still our Friends-- [Exeunt.

* * * * *

Prologue.

*But that it would take from our modesty
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
Yare all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And so far w'are confident: And if he
That made it, still lives in your memorie,
You will expect what we present to night,
Should be judged worthy of your ears and sight.
You shall hear Fletcher in it, his true strain,
And neat expressions; living he did gain
Your good opinions; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of Noble Friends;*

*And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be received for a legitimate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And shall, to after-times, preserve his name.*

Epilogue.

*'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well lik'd Play,
We only hope; but that you freely would
To th' Author's memory so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his Wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance that can give
The Poet and the Player means to live.*

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline. Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versa*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Only misprints of interest in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded.

THE ELDER BROTHER: VARIANTS IN THE QUARTOS.

(A) The | Elder Brother, | A | Comedy. | Acted at the Black Friars, by his | Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copie. | Written by John Fletcher Gent. | London, | Imprinted by F.K. for J.W. and J.B. | 1637.

(B) The | Elder Brother | A | Comedie. | Acted at the Blacke Friars, by his | Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copie. | Written by John Fletcher Gent. | London, | Imprinted by F.K. for J.W. and J.B. | 1637.

(C) The | Elder Brother: | A | Comedie. | Acted at the private house in Blacke Fryers, | with great Applause, by His late | Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copie. | Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | The second Edition, Corrected and Amended. | London, | Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at | his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. Paules Church yard. | 1651.

(D) The | Elder Brother, | A | Comedy. | Acted at the Black Friars by | His Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copy. | Written by John Fletcher Gent. | London: | Printed in the Year, 1661.

(E) The | Elder Brother: | A Comedy. | As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal, | By His Majesties Servants. | Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | London, | Printed by T.N. for D.N. and T.C. and are to be sold by George Marriott, at the Sign of the Temple | near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. | M. DC. LXXVIII.

(This Edition was published the year before the publication of the Second Folio. I have not had an opportunity of examining it, but an American correspondent, who kindly collated my proof-sheets with the copy in the Boston Public Library, has sent me his notes. The text is practically that of the Second Folio.)

APPENDIX

- p. 1, l. 5. A-D] The Speakers of the Play. l. 29. A-D *omit* here and in similar cases at the beginning of a scene] Enter. A-D *omit*] and.
- p. 2, l. 14. A-D] others hands. l. 15. C] Coach. l. 20. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Frow. C] of body and of. l. 24. B and C] vertues.
- p. 3, l. 8. A-D] pleasure. l. 14. A-D] state. l. 18. C] the publique. l. 31. A-C] kings. l. 32. A-C] in the Country.
- p. 4, l. 14. C] up a. l. 19. A-C] such one. l. 30. C] pleasure. l. 33. A-D *omit*] and.
- p. 5, l. 9. C *omits*] quite, l. 38. A, B and D] Would 'ee. l. 39. C] as my M'r.
- p. 6, l. 16. A-D *add*] Ex. l. 20. B and C] put in. l. 27. 2nd Folio *misprints*] my.
- p. 7, l. 5. A] to buttry. l. 11. C] Hoe, Lackey. l. 18. D] and to. l. 21. A-D *print the stage direction after* adorer. l. 29. B and C] loves. l. 30. C] with service.
- p. 8, l. 10. B and C] the palm of. l. 28. B and C] and Bucolicks. l. 29. B and C] guard. l. 32. B and C] pleasures.
- p. 9, l. 2. 2nd Folio] Husband. l. 26. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Compaions. l. 40. A] Hee's indeed.
- p. 10, l. 12. B and C] nor your. l. 17. A-C] Trumpe. l. 33. D] promise.
- p. 11, l. 2. C] much each ease. l. 3. C] for a shelve of. ll. 14 and 17. D] travail...travailes. l. 19. A] *Eust*. If take. B] *Eust*. If this take. D also prints *Eust*. here. C] *Bri*. If this take. l. 32. A-D *add*] Finis Actus primi. l. 33. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Seundus.
- p. 12, l. 1. C] But know to. l. 8. C] entail'd to ye. l. 20. C] spirit and the. l. 25. C] tedious speech. l. 29. A-D] spake. l. 36. C] a Jesuite. l. 40. B and C] fat and feesible. A-D] then you sit.
- p. 13, l. 9. A] on't. l. 27. A] pox of Venice. l. 36. B and C] girles and.
- p. 14, l. 6. A-D] vent. l. 16. A] Libratyan Almanack. B-D] Library an. l. 20. B and C] o'er the ears. ll. 24 and 25. A] the art. l. 26. A-D] snowes.
- p. 15, l. 2. A-D] state. l. 9. C *omits*] shall. l. 12. A and C] land too, to. l. 16. A-D] state. l. 31. A-D *omit*] these. l. 34. B and C] auras. l. 36. A-D] nor do not weigh.
- p. 16, l. 1. B and C] your brains. l. 4. A-D] University Lovaine. l. 8. B and C *add*] Exit. l. 11. B and C] to my. l. 18. B and D] nor behaviour. ll. 18 and 19. C *omits*] no gentle...in 'em. l. 30. C] a fine. l. 33. A-D] state.
- p. 17, l. 3. B-D] in mine. l. 28. A-D] Is at's. l. 34. A-C] spirits. l. 38. A-D *with variations of* Ex, and Ex] Ex. Lent.
- p. 18, l. 2. B and C] Males and. l. 12. A-C] metamaticall. l. 25. C] bread for.
- p. 19, l. 2. A and D] younger. B and C *omit*] to. l. 3. A-D] the heir will do. l. 8. B] fame. l. 28. A-C] and her lodging. l. 34. B and C] stie.
- p. 20, l. 1. B and C] Crown's awry. l. 2. 2nd Folio] slip. l. 6. B] your bookes. C] I have not swept your. l. 16. C] ages. l. 20. B] nere have married. C] nere have warmed. l. 23. C] I not regarded them. l. 31. A--D] as daintily. l. 39. A] Gammer.
- p. 21, l. 3. B--D] do find. l. 7. C] the happy day that. l. 9. B--D] my great care. l. 15. A--D] state. B and C *omit*] a. l. 19. A--D] on our. l. 28. A, B and D read *Not*. for *Lew*. C *omits*] *Lew*. l. 29. A--D *print for Not.*] *Lewis*, and make *Not*.'s speech *begin* If it had been etc.
- p. 22, l. 6. C] he may make. l. 18. C] an annual. l. 33. C] set it ready. l. 36. 2nd Folio *misprints*] clook.
- p. 23, l. 2. C] to make. l. 23. B *omits*] a. C] What noise is this, my. l. 37. C] squeaking's.
- p. 24, l. 2. C] angry Sir. l. 15. C] And there's. l. 27. C] today. l. 36. A--C] O you'ld. l. 37. C and D] book.
- p. 25, l. 2. C] elder. l. 15. C] very wide. l. 18. A--D] book. l. 25. C] I come not for. l. 32. C] I'll assure you. l. 36. C] Thee,

thou art.

p. 26, l. 4. A--D] Gincracke. l. 11. C] venter. l. 12. A] t'ee. l. 38. C] sensible when the. C *omits*] when it.

p. 27, l. 11. A and D] speak. B and C] spake.

p. 28, l. 4. B and C] the care. l. 11. B and C] women. l. 13. C *adds after* prethee] 'twill be tenne times better. l. 22. A--D *omit*] and. l. 24. C *omits*] Is your's ready. l. 25. C *omits all the Priest's speech*. l. 27. C *omits*] Do...exactly. l. 29. C] fault Sir.

p. 29, l. 5. A--D] nor he. l. 7. B and C *omit*] Faith. l. 9. B and C] so think I too. l. 15. D *omits*] and. l. 29. C *omits*] but. l. 32. C] Will you set too your hand brother. l. 38. C *omits*] only.

p. 30, l. 10. A--C *omit*] to. l. 17. C] want man. l. 20. B and C] Lampes.

p. 31, l. 22. A and C] want present. l. 31. C] fingred morn. l. 33. C] till your.

p. 32, l. 7. C] and stop. l. 11. B--D] Has. l. 12. B--D] Has. ll. 12 and 13. C *omits*] I hope...an Ass. l. 21. C] are gay and. l. 24. C] Can you love. l. 36. A] failling. ll. 36 and 37. A--D] all elements.

p. 33, l. 2. C] shall close. l. 12. A and B] our inside. l. 28. 2nd Folio *misprints*] your. l. 29. C] your fingers. l. 37. B and C] hand too.

p. 34, l. 1. C] He shall Coxcombe. C *omits*] Jew, thou...asses Coxcomb. l. 11. C] friends. l. 12. C] Land, pox on't has got the wench too.

p. 35, l. 5. C] sots. l. 11. B and C] thy owne. l. 21. A--D] cowardliness. l. 29. 2nd Folio] house I'll, l. 34. B and C] their Country. l. 40. A and D] and cover.

p. 37, l. 3. E and 2nd Folio] chafer. l. 24. B and C] travelling language. l. 27. B and C] but those. l. 29. A--D *omit*] And. l. 30. D and 2nd Folio *omit*] they. l. 32. B and C] pruning and dressing up. l. 39. B and C] and a little.

p. 38, l. 10. A--D *omit*] Enter. 2nd Folio] Angellia. l. 13. C] a strange set. l. 22. C] in bed. l. 31. A and D] fie. l. 36. B *omits*] *Ang., making it a continuation of Char's previous speech*. B and C *omit*] Sir.

p. 39, l. 5. C] blushes too, men. l. 14. A--C] Ceremony. l. 16. B and C] should seal. C] hand. l. 17. B--D] an Heretick. ll. 17 and 18. C] would do. l. 20. C] slumbers. l. 21. C] see your. l. 26. C] clip ye. C] kiss ye. l. 31. C] Queens to wear.

p. 40, l. 2. A--C] anything, anything fit. ll. 5 and 6. C] mingled, Mistris, and. ll. 6 and 7. C] should consent now, I. C *omits*] fo'rt. l. 8. C] beauteous sparkle. l. 9. B and C] part of life run. l. 11. C] that which. ll. 17 and 18. C] flowers woe us to tumble; yet. ll. 22 and 23. C] but your affections. l. 24. C *omits*] A good night t'ye, and. ll. 24 and 25. C] fall on you, and lock. l. 33. C] they'l not be kept out. l. 34. A--D *omit*] fit.

p. 41, l. 4. C] her ore sufficiently. l. 16. C] my. l. 21. D *omits*] may. ll. 24 and 25. E and 2nd Folio print stage direction after Eustace's speech. l. 39. C] too; to think is.

p. 42, l. 2. A, B and D] sign of man. l. 20. B and D] I'll talke thee. l. 30. C] poore slight despicable thing.

p. 43, l. 9. B] In truth, Sir. l. 12. C] one who. l. 13. C] so frighted 'um, so. l. 17. A and C] frosts. l. 22. B and C] Glo-wormes taile. l. 30. C] the reason. l. 35. A--D] to you.

p. 44, ll. 8 and 9. C] and shall to as Ile handle it, it shall. l. 30. C and D] spake. l. 31. A--C] ere I done.

p. 46, l. 1. C, *after his own, inserts*] *And*. I warrant thee Wench. l. 9. C] *after* grant a little, *inserts line 11 here instead of below*. l. 12. A--C] will put. l. 23. C] with his wife within. l. 24. A--D] Farm in Cuckolds.

p. 47, l. 4. A] poll'd off. l. 15. A and D] an hundred. l. 29. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Agne. A--D] Hee's.

p. 48, l. 6. B and C] women. l. 12. A--D] a' has a. l. 22. C] us Scholars. l. 36. A *adds*] *Lew* before *Cow*.

p. 49, l. 12. A--C] do nor suffer. l. 13. B and C] are there. l. 33. A--C] thinke's no. l. 38. A, B and D] no use.

p. 50, ll. 17 and 18. B and C] make you the Court.

p. 51, ll. 24--26. A--D *place the stage direction after opens instead of after opportunity*. l. 37. C] None Sir.

p. 52, l. 2. B and C] doores.

p. 53, l. 4. A and B] ever could. l. 7. B and C] plung'd in, teaching. l. 8. A] how fare. l. 9. B and C] you were thought. l. 17. A--D] would dispense.

p. 54, l. 3. B and C] till thine.

p. 55, l. 12. B and C] and will. l. 19. 2nd Folio *misprints*] my.

p. 56, l. 3. A] you valour. l. 8. 2nd Folio *misprints*] reptation. l. 11. C] and old as. l. 22. 2nd Folio] Angellia. l. 23. C] perswasion. l. 25. B and C] falsly. l. 27. A] so fare. ll. 28 and 29. C] repairs, but rather ruines that honour...up; you destroy what. l. 30. C] or my reputation. l. 31. C *omits*] good. l. 34. C] Love Charles. l. 35. C] limbs held.

p. 57, l. 1. C] thy honour. l. 4. C] thou. l. 6. B and C] entertain. l. 18. C] Kill if. l. 35. A--D] states. C *omits*] and.

p. 58, l. 8. A--D] affect it. l. 10. *After old Fool C inserts*] Bri. Your brother Sir. l. 18. C] we continue still good. C *adds*] Finis. l. 22. A and D] Till you. l. 25. C] live.

p. 59,

A, B and D *add*] Finis.

Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meere beleefe is excellent, 'twill save you;
And next love valour, though you dare not fight
Your selfe, or fright a foolish Officer, 'young *Eustace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farm b'increas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and see you rut no more,
You understand me, So embrace on all sides;
Ile pay those Billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.-- *Exeunt*.

[A few misprints in the above have been corrected in square brackets to agree with _B.]

THE ELDER BROTHER: VARIANTS IN THE EGERTON MS.

There is a manuscript version of this play in the Egerton collection, British Museum (No. 1994). It is, presumably, a transcript of one of the early copies. It differs frequently from the Folio and the Quartos in single words and, occasionally, in lines but, as its authority is of doubtful value, it has seemed best to give a collation of it here, apart from the collations of the Quartos.

Begins Actus Primus. Scaena I.

p. 1, l. 29. *Omits* and.

p. 2, l. 7. foolish idle. l. 14. others hands. l. 24. vertues.

p. 3, l. 9. kinde. l. 13. purposed. l. 14. state. l. 30. great mans. l. 31. kings.

p. 4, l. 28. Merry wenches.

p. 5, l. 9. Cellar dry. l. 14. knowing pallat. l. 39. ever should ask.

p. 6, l. 6. how ere. l. 20. put in act. l. 24. was addicted to. l. 31. blest with. l. 39. *Omits* what yet ...Flatter l. 40. *Omits* without. *Also gives stage direction in margin*--Trampling.

p. 7, l. 15. *Omits Chas*. Your blessing, Sir. l. 18. Countries garb. l. 25. *Stage direction*--plucks out a booke and reades. l. 29. loves. l. 30. with service. l. 31. And report. l. 32. Pray you first make use of it. l. 37. Exit cum sociis.

p. 8, l. 4. lay it. l. 5. and the. l. 6. leads to. l. 10. the palme of. l. 13. ore worne. l. 25. *Omits* and there ...bring me. l. 29. guard.

p. 9, l. 11. from thee. l. 16. Quiddits from this time to Adam. l. 19. estates. l. 22. that bends not. ll. 23 and 24. fix their. l. 37. any sense. l. 38. my yonger Eustace.

p. 10, l. 12. nor your. l. 14. shall never. l. 16. *Omits* and but ... that I. l. 32. I did sir ... a word. He's.

p. 11, l. 18. would resist. l. 19. *Apportions thus:--Egre*. If this take now we are made for ever. *Cowsy*. And will rebell it. Exeunt all but Andrew. l. 21. my Master. ll. 24 and 25. out their. l. 29. blade he was wont to be. l. 30. heele ring 'em...as will shake.

p. 12, l. 1. But know to. l. 5. a fool, an. l. 8. to yee. ll. 24 and 25. new Congees. l. 28. *Omits* therefore. l. 30. *Omits* Sir. l. 32. Do you know what learning is brother?

p. 13, l. 15. *Omits* Brother. l. 36. foolish girles & puppets.

p. 14, l. 5. to my best. l. 6. vent. l. 13. You. l. 16. library an Almanacke. l. 26. Snowes. l. 36. to build up. l. 39. Charles shall set.

p. 15, l. 12. Land too to your. l. 13. he is no heir. l. 16. my state. l. 19. staies pulling. l. 31. know things. l. 36. nor do not weigh.

p. 16, l. 4. University Lovaine. l. 11. look now to my. l. 22. spit fire, snow. l. 23. that we call. l. 30. a fine youth. l. 33. his state ... Did you see my Mistris.

p. 17, l. 9. that ride. l. 11. that have ... and speake. l. 23. I shall kisse. l. 27. thy master. l. 34. no spirits a'th. l. 36. Shall we have.

p. 18, l. 2. males and. l. 4. Red Sea early a question. l. 12. Metamatical. ll. 19 and 20. are above. l. 22. ravish with. l. 25. thy bread. l. 26. wouldst blanch an Almond. *Omits* the Sect...invented that. l. 27. the trenchers. l. 33. scraps. l. 36. the drink. l. 38. not he.

p. 19, ll. 2 and 3. bowle, my yonger Mr. that must be now the heire will do all these. l. 28. and her lodging. l. 34. sty growne.

p. 20, l. 1. Crowne's awry, two. l. 6. swept your books. l. 9. has pleased. l. 10. I beleeve her Constellation bee loose. ll. 15 and 16. and bound up in monstrous [sic] smooth. l. 25. you one Sir. l. 31. goes as daintily.

p. 21, l. 2. a secret out. l. 3. I doe find. l. 6. *Adds* and Servants. ll. 7 and 8. the happy day that. l. 9. my great care. l. 15. state...in Joynter. l. 19. drawn of our. l. 28. *Not*. [character]. land. ll. 29 and 30. *Lew*. T'was not conditional. *Not*. If it had been found, twas but a fault in the writing &c.

p. 22, l. 1. seeks, kills. l. 5. as in others. l. 6. yet hee may. l. 8. that's been. l. 14. Cook, Butler, Lillie. ll. 25--28. and bee serviceable...see your Sauces bee all poynant and sharpe in...looke to yor roast and bakt meates made things--Is the. l. 31. the roome cleare...open for all. l. 34. Cordes they be not. l. 35. *Omits* abroad. l. 38. cannot slip.

p. 23, l. 6. wee shall see. l. 10. not trouble. l. 11. Sweet-heart. l. 12. Exeunt. Andrew stayes. l. 13. ripe? make but my farme as much more and kisse her. l. 16. pleasure; he can do her no harme, and if it were. l. 22. *Adds stage direction* A noyse. l. 23. What noyse. l. 24. Note. The words "within a Parenthesis" are omitted in the MS. but ("my head is broken") is in parentheses in MS. It is obvious that these words were intended as a direction to the printer and have got into the text in error. l. 25. Collicke. l. 29. tis faithful. l. 37. squeaking is that.

p. 24, ll. 1 and 2. Geese and Turkeys for the spit Sir...are angry too that makes the medley. l. 3. thus every. l. 4. *Omits* yet. l. 9. foul. l. 16. make 'em drink. l. 25. I never have. l. 26. that's a small. l. 27. married Sir this day. l. 33. *Omits* young, sweet, and modest. ll. 36 and 37. with his booke. l. 38. for him.

p. 25, l. 2. elder. l. 4. shoulders now Sir. l. 10. Notary, Servants. ll. 16 and 17. Cherub's ... with wings of modest. l. 18. booke. l. 24. I come not for. l. 28. and a sharp to reprehend. l. 32. Ile assure.

p. 26, l. 4. he can get. l. 27. is here too.

p. 27, l. 1. book, when it fell on your head, Sir. l. 6. but new string. l. 12. Must my. l. 19. stubbornst willfullest. l. 21. provide a wife for you. l. 27. How dost thou Charles what still still at. l. 38. I have boy, unto.

p. 28, l. 4. yo'ur care. l. 12. *Omits* and wish my Brother fortune. l. 13. *Adds* it will bee ten times better. l. 22. *Omits* and. l. 24. *Gives this line to Eustace*. l. 29. fault Sir. l. 32. thy owne. l. 35. kickses.

p. 29, ll. 1 and 2. dark secret. l. 4. admirable. l. 5. nor he. l. 7. *Omits* Faith. l. 9. think I to. l. 29. Man was my argument. l. 32. Will yo'u sett to your hand brother. l. 35. I say Son you trifle time. l. 38. if you had shewed me land only.

p. 30, l. 17. though. l. 20. with Dim Lamps. l. 32. and blush. l. 38. than life. l. 39. me love.

p. 31, l. 5. yours still and your glory. l. 6. I your. l. 31. rosy morn. l. 35. those lights.

p. 32, l. 1. there be lesse. l. 12. into feaver, l. 24. can you love with. l. 30. I confesse. l. 31. but yee shall. ll. 36 and 37. all Elements.

p. 33, l. 5. *Omits* one stay. l. 17. nor horses. l. 30. art thou in.

p. 34, l. 1. Many asses. l. 13. Pox could he not. l. 20. take up. l. 24. No, no, no.

p. 35, l. 1. mettle. l. 11. thy own. l. 12. my own. l. 21. Cowardlines...upon. ll. 33 and 34. seene but their owne Country smoak, would grow.

p. 36, l. 10. a meer. l. 21. on 'em. l. 31. in my armes.

p. 37, l. 13. his two noble warlike. l. 16. as they came newly from. l. 23. to fall into a greene. l. 24. travailing language. l. 29. *Omits* And. ll. 30 and 31. to distinguish between a. l. 32. pruning and dressing up. l. 36. *Omits* Sir. l. 39. and a little.

p. 38, l. 1. fit Sir. l. 13. strang. ll. 36-38. *gives these lines as continuation of Charles's speech*.

p. 39, l. 5. too men. l. 15. ours healthful. l. 21. see. l. 26. *Omits* Nature. l. 26. clip yee. ll. 26 and 27. kiss yee. l. 37. have need. l. 38. studied among.

p. 40, l. 2. anything, anything fit. l. 8. beauties favour. l. 9. part of life run. ll. 17 and 18. flowers woe us to't; yet ... these pleasures. l. 24. *Omits* A good night t'ye, and. *Begins* May the dew etc. l. 32. are at. l. 38. I command.

p. 41, l. 1. *Omits the line* Enter Eustace &c. l. 16. my own. l. 24. Snatches out his. l. 38. *Omits* to me.

p. 42, l. 1. neither wit. l. 2. of man. l. 13. on 'em. l. 20. lie talke. l. 24. your mercy. l. 30. *Omits* ye despicable creatures. l. 34. *Omits* What did you bring to carry her?

p. 43, l. 3. *Omits* Enter Miramont. l. 5. *Eust* (char). l. 6. by friends. l. 9. In truth, I ... duty Sir. l. 11. Bring in a. l. 17. nor frost. l. 21. but yong neither. l. 22. tayle. l. 24. have the right. l. 25. are Anagrams. l. 34. hear and hereafter laugh at. l. 35. you dear.

p. 44, l. 5. such question. l. 9. old goate. l. 10. *Omits* her. l. 12. *Omits* that's a. l. 21. a feast for him to make him fat. ll. 23 and 24. and we'le breake. l. 27. like servants. l. 31. take them.

p. 45, l. 16. I must needs tast of. ll. 17 and 18. tender of you, and for your healths and credlts sake must tell you, you have all you are like to have. l. 19. *Omits* And. l. 23. is truth Sir...find it, you. l. 26. of an. l. 35. scoffing cheating queane.

p. 46, l. 3. his lease. l. 8. loving and. l. 12. will put. l. 14. marke hlm. l. 15. thank you for thy office. l. 17. Cue Sir, and second me. By. l. 21. *Omits* me. l. 21. alas nothing. l. 24. Cockold Tenure. l. 30. Andrew wilt thou. l. 32. be the Justice. l. 34. in thee.

p. 47, l. 3. arizing. l. 5. *Omits* O. l. 15. the farme...to it. l. 20. troth Sir there is...mine, (*omits* Sir). l. 29. have got an ague that you shake...he's.

p. 48, l. 6. women. l. 8. of my brother. l. 21. ride the better. ll. 23 and 24. *Puts* Andrew *after* promise. *Omits* Andrew *after* Farm. ll. 36 and 37. reparable a losse and easily recoverd.

p. 49, l. 2. dozen or 2 of oaths. l. 6. so well, that on my. l. 8. rules out. l. 12. nor suffer. l. 13. are there no. l. 16. with us. l. 38. no use.

p. 50, ll. 10--12. *Omits* that batten...no palats. ll. 17 and 18. make you the. l. 36. Antidote, or--.

p. 51, l. 4. are reformd. l. 28. Ere I went. ll. 31--34. is in itself a guard and yet since...may weare...nor can eat or study. l. 37. None Sir.

p. 52, l. 4. not done in scorn. l. 11. what you. l. 14. ask from. l. 17. toil ascended. l. 22. what this tempest. l. 37. I goe lesse.

p. 53, l. 4. ever could. l. 7. plung'd in teachng. l. 9. you were. l. 20. nor threats. l. 25. Noe, Noe. l. 26. and the other. l. 33. *Adds* They fight.

p. 54, l. 2. in time. l. 3. till thine. l. 8. as your father is. l. 15. late in me Sir. ll. 22 and 23. *Omits* nay, the...are bound. l. 25. that Eustace. l. 26. and that the perfect. l. 27. Nay, no. l. 28. Sure I shall not need, Sir. ll. 30, 31. *Omits* to all that men call good. l. 33. to.

P. 55, l. 7. and so deserve it. l. 12. gravity in...and will. l. 13. him, if he rebel, that. l. 19. read a tragedy in my face, Sir.

p. 56, l. 4. *Omits* and such a one. l. 10. why, so, this is. l. 11. and old. l. 23. Death...perswasion. l. 25. falsely. l. 26. let me. l. 28. but ruins rather that. l. 30. reputation. l. 34. love Charles. l. 35. held mulcts. l. 36. in the.

p. 57, l. 1. to mine honour. l. 11. *Omits* yields. l. 15. *Adds* Will you doe what you are sworne too. l. 23. loose you. l. 32. in that. l. 35. states.

p. 58, l. 6. but is an Amadis. l. 8. effect it. l. 9. kind of consent. l. 14. Andrew have his farme increasd. l. 15. and rut no. l. 17. the Billmen.

The MS. gives the Epilogue but not the Prologue.

It also adds the following verses:--

Epigram:

A freemans life is like a pilgrimage
Whats his life then that lives in mariage
Tis Sisiphus his toyle that with a stone
Doth doe what surely for ease must be done
His laboures Journey's endles, tis no Riddle
Since he's but halfe on's way that stands in th'middle.

Ad Janum.

Take Comfort Janus, never feare thy head
Which to the quick belongs, not to the dead
Thy wife did lye with one, thou being dead drunke
Thou art no Cuckold though shee bee a Punke.

Tis not the state nor soveraintie of Jove could draw thy pure affections from my love nor is there any Venus in the Skyes could from thy looks with draw my greedy eyes.

THE SPANISH CURATE

A = First Folio; B = Second Folio.

p. 60, ll. 3-41. Omitted in A. l. 42. A *omits*] and. l. 46. A] heirs.

p. 61, l. 38. A] Encreasing by. l. 39. B *misprints*] Valante.

p. 63, l. 17. A] base and abject.

p. 64, l. 2. A] Or modestie. l. 18. B *misprints* whow. l. 31. A] wish that it.

p. 65, l. 17. A] By this example. l. 25. A] or of my.

p. 66, l. 8. A] of mine own. l. 26. A] Mirth, and Seck.

p. 68, l. 2. A] have you.

p. 70, l. 28. A] provoking it call.

p. 73, l. 13. A] To me, of, that misery against my will.

p. 74, l. 33. A] *A omits*] as.

p. 75, l. 18. A] A gives this line to *Lean*. l. 31. A *adds*] exit *lea. and gives* ll. 32 and 33 to *Ars*. l. 34. A *omits*] *Exeunt Mil. Ars*.

p. 76, l. 29. A] *A comma has been substituted for a full-stop after weathers*.

p. 77, l. 25. A] look out it. l. 39. A] has.

p. 79, l. 3. A] often-times. l. 15. B *prints*] *Dig*. l. 28. A *omits*] to. ll. 33 and 34. A *gives these lines to Lea*.

p. 80, l. 22. B *misprints*] yesterday.

p. 82, l. 9. A] still and the l. 16. A] jealousies.

p. 83, l. 3. B] More.

p. 84, l. 15. A] Gentleman.

p. 86, l. 8. A] be a kin. l. 10. A] 'long.

p. 87, l. 19. A] am both to l. 23. A] 'Faith.

p. 88, l. 6. A] Y'faith. l. 26. A] ye might.

p. 89, l. 4. A *adds*] Enter *Amaranta*. l. 18. B *misprints*] *womau*. ll. 21-34. Omitted in A.

p. 90, l. 22. A] lock upon me.

p. 92, l. 25. A *adds stage direction*] Two chaires set out. l. 28. A *omits*] are.

p. 93, l. 10. A] porrage l. 23. A] gymitrie.

APPENDIX

THE ELDER BROTHER IN VERSE, FROM THE QUARTO OF 1637 (A).

Actus I. Scena I.

Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia.

Nay, I must walk you farther. *Ang*. I am tyr'd Sir,
And nere shall foot it home. *L*. 'Tis for your health;

The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloath dries up your sweetness: That you are
My onely Daughter and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge,
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,
And open-handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee, shall confirm:
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from
The practise of an idle foolish state
Us'd by great Women, who think any labour
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish
To their faire fortunes. *Ang.* Make me understand Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the custome how
Virgins of wealthy families, waste their youth;
After a long sleep when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others hands,
Yare led to dinner, and that ended, either
To Cards or to your Couch (as if you were
Born without motion) After this to Supper,
And then to bed; And so your life runnes round
Without variety or action Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture! *Lew.* From this idlenesse
Diseases both in body and in minde
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature
With wholesome exercise guards both from danger:
I'de have thee rise with the Sunne, walke, dance or hunt,
Visite the groves and springs, and learne the vertue
Of Plants and Simples: Doe this moderately,
And thou shall not with eating chalke, or coales,
Leather and oatmeale, and such other trash,
Fall into the greene sicknesse. *Syl.* With your pardon
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my Ladies health,
And her delight too, farre transcending those
Your Lordship but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?

Syl. What 'ist? A noble Husband; In that word, a
Noble Husband, all content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; He will rowse her,
As you say, with the Sunne, and so pipe to her,
As she will dance, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, untill both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were superfluous; A loving,
And but adde to it a gamesome Bedfellow,
Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said Wench.

Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver
Your verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, deare Madam; I but speak
Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voyce to; shew no mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteene, but off with't:
Let her lose no time Sir; fathers that deny

Their Daughters lawfull pleasure, when ripe for them,
In some kinds edge their appetites to tast of
The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it; no more blushing Girle,
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee: There dwells neere us
A Gentleman of blood, Mounsieur *Brisac*,
Of a faire state, sixe thousand Crowns *per annum*,
The happy Father of two hopefull Sons,
Of different breeding; Th' elder, a meere Scholar,
The younger, a quaint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them
By publique fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other side preferring *Eustace*, as
A man compleat in Courtship. *Lew.* And which [w]ay
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)
Doth your affection sway you? *Ang.* to be plaine, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldnesse) as they are
Simply themselves, to neither; Let a Courtier
Be never so exact, Let him be blest with
All parts that yeeld him to a Virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his owne bottomes, though he have the meanes
To bring his Mistresse to a Masque, or by
Conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste
Such favour from the Kings: or grant he purchase,
Precedency in the Country, to be sworne
A servant Extraordinary to the Queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; If
He Want a present fortune, at the best
Those are but glorious dreames, and onely yeeld him
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*;
Nor can they fetch him silkes from th' Mercer; nor
Discharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty
(Which still preserves a quiet bed at home)
Maintaine a family. *Lew.* Aptly consider'd,
And to my wish; but what's thy censure of
The Schollar? *Ang.* Troth (if he be nothing else)
As of the Courtier; all his Songs, and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acrosticks, Epigrammes,
His deep and Philosophical discourse
Of natures hidden secrets, makes not up
A perfect husband; He can hardly borrow
The Starres of the Celestial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor *Charles* Waine for a Coach,
Nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gowne
From *Juno's* Wardrob, nor would I lye in
(For I despaire not once to be a mother)
Under heavens spangled Canopy, or banquet
My guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar;
Pure *Orleans* would doe better; no, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A Courtier, and a Schollar, young, and valiant,
These are but gawdy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a substance. *Lew.* And what is that?

Ang. A full estate, and that said, I've said all, And get me such a one with these additions, Farewell Virginity, and welcome wedlock.

Lew. But where is such one to be met with Daughter?
A black Swan is more common, you may weare
Grey tresses ere we find him. *Ang.* I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before Ile dwell
Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for without these
The others yeeld no relish, but these perfect;
You must bear with small faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well; Ile to *Brisac*,
And try what may be done; ith' mean time, home,
And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of a Bride.

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

Actus I. Scena II.

Andrew, Cooke, Butler.

Unload part of the Library, and make roome
For th' other dozen of Carts, Ile straight be with you.

Co. Why hath he more bookes? *And.* More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names? *And.* their names? he has 'em
As perfect as his *pater noster*, but that's nothing,
'Has red them over leaf by leaf three thousand times;
But here's the wonder, though their weight would sink
A Spanish Carrack, without other ballast,
He carryeth them all in his head, and yet
He walkes upright. *But.* Surely he has a strong braine.

And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with bookes
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellam, he would sip thy Celler
Quite dry, and still be thirsty; Then for's Diet,
He eats and digests more Volumes at a meal,
Than there would be Larkes (though the sky should fall)
Devowred in a moneth in *Paris*, yet feare not
Sons oth' buttry, and kitchin, though his learn'd stomach
Cannot b' appeas'd; Hee'll seldom trouble you,
His knowing stomach contemnes your blacke Jacks, *Butler*,
And your Flagons; and *Cook* thy boy'l'd, thy roast, thy bak'd.

Co. How liveth he? *And.* Not as other men doe,
Few Princes fare like him; He breakes his fast
With *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes
His watering with the Muses, sups with *Livie*,
Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,
And (after six houres conference with the starres)
Sleepes with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.

And. Ile tell you more hereafter, here's my old Master And another old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter *Brisac*, *Lewis*.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*! speake *Andrew*,
Where didst thou leave thy Master? *And*. Contemplating
The number of the sands in the high way,
And from that, purposes to make a judgement
Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of's pace to knowledge. *Lew*. This is strange.

And. Yet he hath sent his duty Sir before him
In this fair manuscript. *Bri*. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and Andirons! *And*. I much pitie you,
It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabicke,
Would 'ee have it said, so great and deep a Scholar
As Master *Charles* is, should ask blessing
In any Christian Language? Were it Greeke,
I could interpret for you, but indeed
I'm gone no farther. *Bri*. And in Greeke, you can
Lie with your smug wife *Lilly*. *And*. If I keepe her
From your French dialect, as I hope I shall Sir,
Howere she is your Laundresse, she shall put you
To th' charge of no more soape than usuall
For th' washing of your sheets. *Bri*. Take in the knave,
And let him eat. *And*. And drink too Sir. *Bri*. And drinke too Sir,
And see your Masters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come Doctor *Andrew* without Disputation Thou shall commence ith' Celler. *And*. I had rather Commence on a cold
bak'd meat. *Co*. Thou shall ha't, Boy. *Ex*.

Bri. Good Mounsieur *Lewis*, I esteeme my selfe
Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne
Our ancient families, and make them one,
And 'twill take from my age and cares to live
And see what you have purpos'd but in act,
Of which your visite at this present is
A hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of meanes and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldome prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection. *Lew*. Monsieur *Brisac*,
You offer fair, and nobly, and Ile meet you
In the same line of honour, and I hope,
Being blest but with one daughter, I shall not
Appeare impertinently curious,
Though with my utmost vigilance and study,
I labour to bestow her to her worth;
Let others speak her forme, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silenc[e]. *Bri*. You may my Lord securely,
Since fame alowd proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises;
Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horses?

Enter Butler.

Sir my young Masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

Bid my Subsiser carry my Hackney to buttry,
And give him his bever; it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately,
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Lackey, Take care our Coursers be well rubb'd,
And cloath'd, they have out stripp'd the wind in speed.

Lew. I marry Sir, there's metal in this young fellow! What a sheeps look his elder brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir? *Bri.* Rise *Charles*, thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bend my knee,
And do expect what followes. *Bri.* Courtly begg'd.
My blessing! take it. *Eust.* Your Lordships vow'd adorer: *to Lew.*
What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug-- How clownishly
The book-worme does return it! *Ch.* I'm glad y'are well; *reads.*

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of This paire of accomplish't Mounsieurs. They are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.

Br. I embrace their love. *Egr.* which wee'l repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

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

Eust. Which wee'l make use of; Let's warme our braines with half a dozen healths, And then hang cold discourse, for wee'll speak fire-workes. *Exe.*

Lew. What at his book already? *Bri.* Fy, Fy, *Charles*,
No hour of interruption? *Cha.* Plato differs
From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by;
Let them agree at leasure. *Cha.* Mans life Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leades unto
The knowledg of our selves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious. *Bri.* In our care
To manage worldly business, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Your self for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the blame of learning; you must study
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my Oxen
When they're oregrown with labour. *Cha.* I may do this
From what I've read Sir; for what concerns tillage?
Who better can deliver it than *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your herds,
His *Bucolicks* is a masterpeece; but when
He does discribe the Commonwealth of Bees,

Their industry and knowledge of the herbs,
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,
Their gover[n]ment among themselves, their order
In going forth and comming loaden home,
Their obedience to their King, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments
Onely inflicted on the slothful Drone,
I'm ravished with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gaine my Cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your imagination; heyday heyday,
Georgicks, Bucolicks, and Bees! Art mad?

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

Bri. But can you find among your bundle of bookes
(And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all tongu's)
What pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace
A well shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.

Cha. Tis frequent Sir in story, there I read of
All kinde of vertuous and vitious women;
The ancient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladyes,
Their beauties and deformities, and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present loving
The whole sexe for their goodness and example.
But on the contrary when I looke on
A Clytemnestra, or a *Tullia*;
The first bath'd in her husbands blood; The latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her Chariot ore her fathers breathless trunk,
Horroure invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few
That did dye Innocents, I detest, and loathe 'm
As ignorance or Atheisme. *Bri.* You resolve then
Nere to make payment of the debt you owe me.

Cha. What debt, good Sir? *Bri.* A debt I payd my father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandsir,
Which I expect from you. *Cha.* The children Sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painefull studies,
Shall be my living issue. *Bri.* Very well.
And I shall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time
To be my Grandchild. *Ch.* And such a one I hope Sir
As shall not shame the family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take care of my estate? *Cha.* But in my wishes;
For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long since born her too high
To stoope to any prey that scares not upwards.
Sordid and dunghil minds compos'd of earth,
In that grosse Element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off
That clog of humane frailtie; give me leave

T'injoy my selfe; that place that does containe
My Bookes (the best Companions) is to me
A glorious Court, where hourelly I converse
With the old Sages and Philosophers,
And sometimes for variety, I conferre
With Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Counsels,
Calling their Victories (if unjustly got)
Unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues; Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertaine vanities? No, be it your care
T'augment your heap of wealth; It shall be mine
T'increase in knowledg--Lights there for my study. *Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported From all sense and feeling of his proper good? It vexes me, and if I found not comfort In my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude My name were at a period! *Lew.* Hee's indeed Sir The surer base to build on. *Bri. Eustace. Eust.* Sir. [*Ent. Eust. Egre. Cow. & Andr.*

Bri. Your care in private. *And.* I suspect my master Has found harsh welcome, he's gon supperless Into his study; could I find out the cause, It may be borrowing of his books, or so, I shall be satisf'd. *Eust.* My duty shall Sir, Take any forme you please; and in your motion To have me married, you cut off all dangers The violent heats of youth might beare me to.

Lew. It is well answer'd. *Eust.* Nor shall you my Lord For your faire Daughter ever finde just cause To mourn your choice of me; the name of husband, Nor the authority it carries in it Shall ever teach me to forget to be As I am now her servant, and your Lordships; And but that modesty forbids, that I Should sound the Trump of my owne deserts, I could say my choice manners have been such, As render me lov'd and remarkable To th' Princes of the blood. *Cow.* Nay to the King.

Egre. Nay to the King and Councel. *And.* These are Court admirers, And ever eccho him that beares the bagg. Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this juggling.

Eust. Then for my hopes: *Cow.* Nay certainties. *Eust.* They stand As faire as any mans. What can there fall In compass of her wishes which she shall not Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles? By th' grace and favour of my princely friends, I am what she would have me. *Bri.* He speakes well, And I beleeve him. *Lew.* I could wish I did so. Pray you a word Sir. He's a proper Gentleman, And promises nothing, but what is possible. So far I will go with you; Nay I add, He hath won much upon me, and were he But one thing that his brother is, the bargain Were soone struck up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Lew.* the heire.

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

Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see *Charles* has giv'n ore the World; Ile undertake, And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him For a dry-fat of new bookes; nor shall my state Alone make way for him, but my-elder

brothers, Who being issueless, t'advance our name, I doubt not will add his; Your resolution?

Lew. He first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,
On these terms I am yours, as she shall be,
Make you no scruple, get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable; to-morrow we will hold
A second conference: Farewell noble *Eustace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Eust.* Ful increase of honour
Wait ever on you[r] Lordship. *And.* The Gowt rather
And a perpetual Meagrim. *Bri.* You see *Eustace*,
How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to; be you worthy of it,
Ile furnish you for a Suitor; visit her
And prosper in't. *Eust.* Shee's mine Sir, fear it not:
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin
That could resist my Courtship. *Eust.* If take now,
Ware made for ever, and will revel it. *Exeunt.*

And. In tough Welsh parsly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Is strong hempen halters; My poore Master coo'znd,
And I a looker on! If we have studied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombes,
W have made a faire hand on't; I am glad I h've found
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies;
This shall t' old Mounsieur *Miramont*, one, that though
He cannot read a Proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my Master *Charles*
For being a Schollar; I hear hee's comming hither,
I shall meet him, and if he be that old
Rough teasty blade he always us'd to be,
Ile ring him such a peale as shall go neere
To shake their belroome, peradventure, beat 'm,
For he is fire and flaxe, and so have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. Scena I.

Miramont, Brisac.

Nay Brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,
I meddle in no business but mine own,
And in mine owne 'tis reason I should governe.

Mir. But how to govern then, and understand Sir,
And be as wise as y'are hasty, though you be
My brother, and from one bloud sprung, I must tell yee
Heartily and home too. *Br.* What Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two.

Bri. We'l part 'em, if you please. *Mir.* No they're entailed to 'em.
Seeke to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest Son Sir? and your very Image,
(But he's so like you that he fares the worse for't)
Because he loves his booke and doates on that,
And onely studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such course braines as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther

Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choake your hide-bound Tenants with musty harvests.

Bri. You go to fast. *Mir.* I'm not come too my pace yet;
Because h' has made his studie all his pleasure,
And is retyr'd into his Contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?
Must he be dispossess'd, and Mounsieur Gingle boy
His younger brother-- *Bri.* You forget your self.

Mir. Because h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious peece of nothing;
To vary his face as Seamen do their Compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she Calves of the Season,
Therefore must he jump into his brothers land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough, In praise of learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.

Bri. But brother do you know what learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a justice of Peace as you are,
And palter out your time ith' penal Statutes.
To heare the curious Tenets controverted
Between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuit Cobler,
To pick natural Philosophic out of bawdry,
When your Worship's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blinde Justice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worships Tenants
Bring a light cause, and heavie Hennes before yee,
Both fat and feesible, a Goose or Pig,
And then you sit like equity with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state oth' question.
These are your quodlibets, but no learning Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'de be glad to know what you understand, brother.
I'me sure you have read all *Aristotle*. *Mir.* Faith no,
But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort;
Though I can speak no Greek I love the sound on't,
It goes so thundering as it conjur'd Devils.
Charles speakes it loftily, and if thou wert a man,
Or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,
Hesiod, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thy self for joy th' hadst such a Gentleman
To be thy son; O he has read such things
To me! *Bri.* And you do understand 'm Brother?

Mir. I tell thee no, that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirme an honest man:
Good brother *Brisac*, do's your young Courtier
That weares the fine cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,
(The Traveller, the Souldier, as you think too)
Understand any other power than his Taylor?
Or knowes what motion is more than an Horse race?
What the moon meanes, but to light him home from Taverns?
Or the comfort of the Sun is, but to weare slash't clothes in?

And must this peece of ignorance be popt up,
Because 't can Kisse the hand, and cry sweet Lady?
Say it had been at *Rome*, and seen the Reliques,
Drunk your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,
Brought home a pox of *Venice* treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:
Must this thing therefore?-- *Bri*. Yes Sir this thing must,
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his studie;
He that will fling off all occasions
And cares, to make him understand what state is,
And how to govern it, must by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing:
My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an asse, a peece of Ginger-bread, Gilt over to please foolish girles puppets.

Bri. You are my elder Brother. *Mir*. So I had need,
And have an elder wit, thou'dst shame us all else.
Go too, I say, *Charles* shall inherit. *Bri*. I say no,
Unless *Charles* had a soul to understand it;
Can he manage six thousand Crowns a yeare
Out of the Metaphysicks? or can all
His learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards?
Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?
(I know they can drinke 'm) or your excellent Humanists
Sell 'm the Merchants for my best advantage?
Can History cut my hay, or get my Corne in?
And can Geometrie vent it in the market?
Shall I have my sheepe kept with a *Jacobs* staffe now?
I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,
You that are old and should understand. *Mir*. Should, sai'st thou,
Thou monstrous peece of ignorance in office!
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuses,
Thy dapper Clerk larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of offences;
Thou unrepriveable Dunce! that thy formal band strings,
Thy Ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,
Do'st thou tell me I should? Ile pose thy Worship
In thine own Libraty an Almanack,
Which thou art dayly poring on to pick out
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,
And full Moones to cut Cattel; do'st thou taint me,
That have run over Story, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri*. As a cold nipping shadow
Does ore eares of Corne, and leave 'em blasted,
Put up your anger, what Ile do Ile do.

Mir. Thou shall not doe. *Bri*. I will. *Mir*. Thou art an Asse then,
A dull old tedious Asse, th['] art ten times worse
And of lesse credit than Dunce *Hollingshead*
The Englishman, that writes of snowes and Sheriffes.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Wel take you pleasure, here's one I must talke with.

Lew. Good day Sir. *Bri*. Faire to you Sir. *Lew*. May I speake w'ye?

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

Lew. Good morrow Mo[n]sieur *Miramont.* *Mir.* O sweet Sir,
Keep your good morrow to coole your Worships pottage,
A couple of the worlds fooles met together
To raise up dirt and dunghils. *Lew.* Are they drawne?

Bri. They shall be ready Sir, within these two houres;
And *Charles* set his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis necessary;
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state
Was got by your owne industrie, unlesse
He seale to the Conveyance, it can be
Of no validity. *Bri.* He shall be ready,
And do it willingly. *Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* S[h]e loves him well Sir.
Young *Eustace* is a bait to catch a woman,
A budding spritely fellow; y'are resolved then,
That all shall passe from *Charles.* *Bri.* All all, hee's nothing,
A bunch of bookes shall be his patrimony,
And more then he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother
Passe over his land to, to your son *Eustace*?
You know he has no heire. *Mir.* He will be flead first,
And horse-collars made of 's skin! *Bri.* let him alone,
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turne, Sir.
And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,
And like a blushing Rose that staies the pulling.

Bri. To morrow, then's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow Ile bring the Girle; get you the Writings ready.

Mir. But hark you Monsieur, have you the vertuous conscience
To help to robb an heire, an Elder Brother,
Of that which Nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your fathers eldest son, I take it,
And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion to consider nobly,
What 'tis to deale unworthily in these things;
You'l say hee's none of yours, he's his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit
Above a shelve of Bookes; Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and reade, and know things?
Why was he not like his father, a dumbe Justice?
A flat dull peece of flegme, shap'd like a man,
A reverend Idoll in a peece of arras?
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,
Nor do not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir;
This man must answer. *Bri.* I have don't already.
And giv'n sufficient reason to secure me;
And so good morrow brother to your patience.

Lew. Good morrow Monsieur *Miramont.* *Mir.* Good night-caps
Keepe braines warme, or Maggots will breed in 'm.
Well *Charles*, thou shall not want to buy thee bookes yet,
The fairest in thy study are my gift,
And the University *Lovaine* for thy sake,
Hath tasted of my bounty, and to vex
Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,
They shall not share a *Solz* of mine between them;
Nay more, Ile give thee eight thousand Crowns a year,
In some high strain to write my Epitaph.

Actus II. Scaena II.

Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

How do I look now my elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handsome Suit. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly.

Eust. Ile assure ye Gentlemen, my Taylor has travail'd,
And speaks as lofty Language in his bills too;
The cover of an old Book would not shew thus.
Fye, fie; what things these Academicks are?
These book-worms, how they look! *Egr.* Th'are mere Images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'm,
They'l prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of Heaven,
What Lords and Ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail like a Jugler,
And make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;
Such small-beer brains, but aske 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted Pig;
Do they know what a Court is or a Council,
Or how th' affairs of Christendome are manag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tyred hackney?
And they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em.
They have made a fair youth of your elder brother,
A pretty piece of flesh. *Eust.* I thank 'm for it,
Long may he study to give me his state.
Saw you my Mistress? *Egre.* Yes, shees a sweet young woman,
But be sure you keep her from Learning. *Eust.* Songs she
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry;
Horses and Coach, but of no immortal race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine house
Above a gentle Reader; They corrupt
The foolish women with their subtle problems;
Ile have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philosophers from entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love those that love good fashions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,
That speak the lisp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning!
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle Courtly,
Th' are rare endowments; that they have seen far Countries,
And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?

Eust. To morrow, I think, we must have a Masque Boyes,
And of our own making. *Egre.* 'Tis not half an houres work,
A *Cupid* and a fiddle, and the thing's done,
But let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Eust. What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, we'l be Knights then, Some wandring Knights, that light here on a

sudden.

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

Actus II. Scena III.

Cook, Andrew, Butler.

And how do's my Master? *And.* Is at's book, peace Coxcomb,
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for him!

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Lost any Plate, *Butler?* *But.* No, but I know
I shall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle
With no spirits oth' Buttry, they taste too small for us;
Keep me a Pye *in folio*, I beseech thee,
And thou shall see how learnedly Ile translate him;
Shalls have good cheer to morrow? *Coo. Ex. Lent,* good cheer *Andrew.*

And. The spight on't is, that much about that time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the Males or Females of red Herrings
And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,
A question found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry *Butler*,
Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew.* *And.* I've so much on't
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear, they'l run me mad, here's a new instrument,
A metamatical glister to purge the Moon with,
When she is laden with cold flegmatick humours,
And here's another to remove the Stars,
When they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Co. O heavens! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets
Of a Sallad; and know no farther! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; These are far above
Your Element of Fire. *Cooke.* I could tell you
Of *Archimides* glass to fire your coals with,
And of the Philosophers turf that nere goes out;
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee,
With two rare inventions. *But.* What are they *Andrew?*

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

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

And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert*;
With gods and goddesses, and such strange people
He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,

As thou do'st with thy boy that drawes thy drink,
Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and scalders.

Coo. But why should he not be familiar and talk sometimes, As other Christians do, of hearty matters, And come into the Kitchin, and there cut his breakfast?

But. And then retyre to the Buttry and there eat it,
And drink a lusty bowle to my younger Master
That must be now the heir will do all these,
I and be drunk too; These are mortal things.

And. My Master studies immortality. *Coo.* Now thou talk'st
Of immortality, how do's thy wife *Andrew*? My old Master
Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her
And stock'd you in a farme. If he should love her now,
As he hath a Colts tooth yet, what sayes your learning
And your strange instruments to that my *Andrew*?
Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?
Can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?

And. Yes, or Ile break it; thou awaken'st me,
And Ile peep ith' Moon this moneth but Ile watch for him.
My Master rings, I must go make him a fire,
And conjure ore his books. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,
And send thee manly patience with thy learning. *Exeu.*

Actus II. Scaena IV.

Charles.

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into studie;
'Tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments,
When I can cloathe my self with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no Taylors,
Yet ever new they are and shine like Courtiers.
The seasons of the yeare find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glisters,
And sovne in gawdy green come in like Masquers:
The Silk-worme spines her owne suit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours:
Why should we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or look upon the world but to contemme it?

Enter Andrew.

Would you have any thing? *Cha.* *Andrew*, I find
There is a flie grown o're the eye oth' Bull,
Which will go neere to blind the Constellation.

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

Cha. *Ariadne's* crown's away too; two main starres
That held it fast are slip'd out. *And.* Send it presently
To *Gallattee* the Italian Star-wright
Hee'll set it right againe with little labour.

Cha. Thou art a pretty Schollar. *And.* I hope I shall be; Have I swept bookes so often to know nothing?

Cha. I heare thou art married. *And.* It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maid of his owne choosing,
I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing,
And a sweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.

Cha. Marry thy selfe to understanding, *Andrew,*
These women are *Errata* in all Authours,
They're faire to see to, and bound up in vellam,
Smooth, white and cleare, but their contents are monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is
On those shelves, *Andrew.* *And.* I think I have not Sir.

Cha. No, if thou had'st thould'st nere married a woman
In thy bosome, they're Cataplasmes made oth' deadly sins:
I nere saw any yet but mine own mother;
Or if I did, I did regard them but
As shadowes that passe by of under Creatures.

And. Shall I bring you one? lie trust you with my owne wife; I would not have your brother go beyond ye; Th'are the prittiest natural Philosophers to play with.

Cha. No, no, th'are Opticks to delude mens eyes with. Does my younger brother speake any Greek yet, *Andrew?*

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

Cha. Reach me the bookes down I read yesterday,
And make a little fire and get a manchet;
Make cleane those instruments of brass I shew'd you,
And 'set the great Sphere by, then take the fox tayle
And purg the bookes from dust, last take your *Lilly,*
And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I go home Sir?
My wives name is *Lilly,* there my best part lyes, Sir.

Cha. I mean your Gammer, O thou dunderhead!
Would'st thou be ever in thy wives Syntaxis?
Let me have no noise nor nothing to disturb me,
I am to find a secret. *And.* So am I too,
Which if I you find, I shall make some smart for't.-- *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Lewis, Angellina; Sylvia, Notary.

This is the day my daughter *Angellina,*
The happy, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertaine it;
Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent, I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth,
Young handsome people should be match'd together,
Then follows handsome Ch[i]ldren, handsome fortunes;
The most part of his fathers state, my Wench,
Is t'ld in a joynture, that makes up the harmony;
And when y'are married. he's of that soft temper,

And so far will be chain'd to your observance,
That you may rule and turne him as you please.
What are the writings drawn on our side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him, That if the Elder Brother set his hand to, Not all the power of law shall ere
release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to doe more mischeife than an Army:
Are all your clauses sure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,
They may turne Rivers sooner than these writings.

Not. Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?

Lew. Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found all the Land. *Lew.* These are small Devils
That care not who has misch[ie]fe, so they make it;
They live upon the meere scent of dissension.
Tis well, tis well, Are you contented Girle?
For your wil must be known. *Ang.* A husband's welcom,
And as an humble wife He entertaine him,
No soveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,
For she that seekes it, killes her husbands Honour:
The Gentleman I have scene, and well observ'd him,
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise,
A pretty Gentle man and he may please too,
And some few flashes I have hear'd come from him,
But not to admiration as to others;
Hee's young and may be good, yet he must make it,
And I may help, and help to thank him also.
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And't has beene still my duty to observe you.

Lew. Why then let's go, And I shall love your modesty. To horse, and bring the Coach out *Angellina*, To morrow you
will looke more womanly.

Ang. So I looke honestly, I feare no eyes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scaena II.

Brisac, Andrew, Cooke, Lilly.

Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits him;

And. No inheritance, Sir? *Bri.* You speak like a foole, a coxcomb,
He shall have annual meanes to buy him bookes,
And find him cloathes and meat, what would he more?
Trouble him with Land? tis flat against his nature:
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all? *Bri.* All, all, he knowes how
To use it, hee's a man bred in the world,
T'other ith' heavens: my Masters, pray be wary,
And serviceable; and Cooke see all your sawces
Be sharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may
Commend you; looke to your roast and bak'd meates hansomly,
And what new kickshawes and delicate made things--

Is th' musick come? *But.* Yes Sir, th'are here at breakfast.

Bri. There will be a Masque too, you must see this roome clean,
And *Butler* your doore open to all good fellowes,
But have an eye to your plate, for their be Furies;
My *Lilly* welcome, you are for the linnen,
Sort it, and see it ready for the table,
And see the bride-bed made, and looke the cords be
Not cut asunder by the Gallants too,
There be such knacks abroad; hark hither, *Lilly*,
To morrow night at twelve a clock, Ile suppe w'ye,
Your husband shall be safe, Ile send ye meat too,
Before I cannot well slip from my company.

And. Will ye so, will you so, Sir? Ile make one to eate it, I may chance make you stagger too. *Bri.* No answer, *Lilly*?

Lil. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,
And rest your worships still. *And.* And Ile rest w'ye,
You shall see what rest 'twill be: Are ye so nimble?
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your Master, for I know he wants ye,
And keep him in his studie, that the noise
Do not molest him: I will not faile my *Lilly*--
Come in sweet hearts, all to their several duties. *Exeunt.*

And. are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my farm
And kisse her till thy heart ake; these smocke vermin,
How eagerly they leap at old mens kisses,
They lick their lipps at profit, not at pleasure;
And ift were not for th' scurvie name of Cuckold,
He should lye with her, I know shee'l labour at length
With a good lordship. If he had a wife now,
But that's all one, lie fit him: I must up
Unto my Master, hee'l be mad with studie-- *Exit.*

Actus III. Scoena III.

Charles.

What a noise is in this house, my head is broken,
Within a Parenthesis, in every corner,
As if the earth were shaken with some strange Collect,
There are stirres and motions. What Planet rules this house?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there? *And.* Tis I Sir faithful *Andrew.* *Cha.* Come neere
And lay thine eare downe, hear'st no noise? *And.* The Cookes
Are chopping hearbs and mince meat to make pies,
And breaking Marrow-bones-- *Char.* Can they set them againe?

And. Yes, yes, in brothes and puddings, and they grow stronger
For the' use of any man. *Cha.* What speaking's that?
Sure there is a massacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geese Sir,
And Turkeys for the spit. The Cookes are angry Sirs,
And that makes up the medly. *Cha.* Do they thus
At every dinner? I nere mark'd them yet,

Nor know who is a Cook. *And.* Th'are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Char. What loads are these? *Andr.* Meat, meat, Sir, for the Kitchin,
And stinking Fowles the Tenants have sent in;
They'l nere be found out at a general eating;
And there's fat Venison, Sir. *Cha.* What's that? *And.* Why Deer,
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,
And let their tenants starve upon the Commons.

Char. I've red of Deer, but yet I nere eat any.

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

Cha. Sure these are modern, very modern meats,
For I understand 'm not. *And.* No more do's any man
From Caca merda or a substance worse,
Till they be greas'd with oyle, and rub'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors, they are rare Sallads.

Cha. And why is all this, pritheee tell me Andrew!
Are there any Princes to dine here to day?
By this abundance sure there should be Princes;
I've read of entertainment for the gods
At half this charge, will not six dishes serve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a small one.

And. Your Brother's married this day, he's married, Your younger brother Eustace. *Cha.* What of that?

And. And all the friends about are bidden hither. There's not a dog that knowes the house but comes too.

Cha. Married? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest. *Cha.* Are there modest women?
How do they look? *And.* O you'ld blesse your self to see them.
He parts with's book, he nere did so before yet.

Cha. What do's my father for 'm? *And.* Gives all his Land, And makes your brother Heir. *Cha.* Must I have nothing?

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

Cha. I am his eldest brother. *And.* True, you were so, But he has leaped ore your shoulders, Sir. *Cha.* 'Tis wel, He'l not inherit my understanding too?

And. I think not, he'l scarce find tenants to let it Out to. *Cha.* Hark, hark. *Andr.* The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

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

And. Now you may see her. *Cha.* Sure this should be modest; But I do not truly know what women make of it, *Andrew*;
She has a face looks like a story, The storie of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then. *Cha.* She has a Cheiubins, Cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes. *Eustace* be happy,
whiles poor *Charles* is patient. Get me my book again, and come in with me-- *Exeunt.*

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome sweet Daughter, welcome noble Brother,
And you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,
Ladies most welcome; What? my angry brother!
You must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.

Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joyes to blesse the bed withal;

Nor songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials,
I bring an angrie mind to see your folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'l stay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meat smells mustie, Your table will shew nothing to content me.

Bri. Ile answer you, here's good meat. *Mira.* But your sawce is scurvie; It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

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

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th'art a boy,
A lump o' thy fathers lightness, made of nothing
But antick cloaths and cringes; look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a footbal full of fumes
And rotten smoke; Ladie, I pitie you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young Ladie,
And ought to have a handsome man yoak'd t'ye,
An understanding too; this is a Gincrack,
That ca[n] get nothing but new fashions on you;
For say he have a thing shap'd like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.

Eust. These are but harsh words Uncle. *Mir.* So I mean 'em. Sir, you play harsher play w' your elder brother.

Eust. I would be loth to give you. *Mi.* Do not venter, Ile make your wedding cloaths fit closer t'ee then; I but disturb you, lie go see my nephew:

Lew. Pray take a piece of rosemarie. *Mir.* Ile wear it, But for the Ladies sake, and none of yours; May be Ile see your table too. *Bri.* Pray do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith sweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,
He has made *Charles* his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing?

Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as they say, this *Charles* is,
That makes his book his Mistress: Sure, there's something
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him
Not a mere Sot. *Bri.* Come shall we go and seal brother?
All things are readie, and the [P]riest is here.
When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings,
As he shall instantly, then to the Wedding,
And so to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's seal the book first
For my daughters Jointure. *Bri.* Let's be private in't Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scaena IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Cha.* hum. *Mira.* Ha' ye no greater feeling?

And. You were sensible of the great b[oo]ke, Sir,
When it fell on your head, and now the house
Is ready to fall, Do you feare nothing? *Cha.* Will
He have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a book,
A faire one too to read on, and read wonders,
I would thou hadst her in thy studie Nephew,

And 'twere but to new string her. *Cha.* Yes, I saw her,
And me though[t] 'twas a curious peece of learning,
Handsomely bound, and of a daintly letter.

And. He flung away his booke. *Mir.* I like that in him, Would he had flung away his dulness too, And speak to her. *Cha.*
And must my brother have all?

Mir. All that your father has. *Cha.* And that faire woman too?

Mir. That woman also. *Cha.* He has enough then
May I not see her somtimes, and call her Sister?
I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad
I could now cry for anger; these old fooles
Are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs--
Farewil, and fall to your booke, forget your brother;
You are my heire, and Ile provide y'a wife;
Ile looke upon this marriage, though I hate it. *Exit.*

Enter Brisac.

Where is my son? *And.* There Sir, casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.

Bri. He do's well; How do'st *Charles?* still at thy book?

And. Hee's studying now Sir, who shall be his father.

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

Cha. I thank you, I am busie at my book, Sir.

Bri. You must put your hand my *Charles*, as I would have you Unto a little peece of parchment here; Onely your name,
you write a reasonable hand.

Cha. But I may do unreasonably to write it. What is it Sir? *Bri.* To passe the Land I have, Sir, Unto your younger
brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing; you shall be provided for,
And new bookes you shall have still, and new studies,
And have your meanes brought in without thy care boy,
And one still to attend you. *Cha.* This shewes your love father.

Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a stone, I take it.

Cha. Why father, Ile go downe, an't please you let me,
Because Ide see the thing they call the Gentlewoman,
I see no woman but through contemplation,
And there Ile doe't before the company,
And wish my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee.

Cha. I must not stay, for I have things above
Require my study. *Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay,
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he
Orethrowne himselfe for ever; I will down
Into the Celler, and be stark drunk for anger. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scaena V.

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

Not. Come let him bring his sons hand, and all's done. Is yours ready? *Pr.* Yes Ile dispatch ye presently, Immediately for

in truth I am a hungry.

Eust. Doe speak apace, for we believe exactly
Doe not we stay long Mistris? *Ang.* I find no fault,
Better things well done than want time to doe them.
Uncle, why are you sad? *Mir.* Sweet smelling blossome,
Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,
Ide make thy husbands state a thousand, better
A yearlie thousand, thou hast mist a man,
(But that he is addicted to his studie,
And knowes no other Mistresse than his minde)
Would weigh down bundles of these emptie kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, Sir? *Mir.* Faith yes, but not to women: His language is to heaven, and heavenlie wonder, To Nature,
and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there? *Mir.* O, admirably; But hee's too bashful too behold a woman, There's none that
sees him, nor he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man. *Mir.* Faith Yes, and a cleare sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation me thinkes-- *Mir.* So think I But it is his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy noblenesse. *Eust.* See my mad Uncle
Is courting my faire Mistresse. *Lew.* Let him alone,
There's nothing that allayes an angrie mind
So soone as a sweet beautie; hee'l come to us.

Enter Brisac, Charles.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,
Broke like a spirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come neerer *Charles*; 'Twas your desire to see
My noble Daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal boy.
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he
And he shall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed Sir, ready.

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

Bri. Come, leave thy studie, *Charles.* *Cha.* Ile leave my life first; I studie now to be a man, I've found it. Before, what
man was, was but my argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire, His dull mist flies away. *Eust.* Will you write brother?

Cha. No, brother no, I have no time for poore things, I'm taking th' height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say, you trifle time, Son. *Cha.* I will not seale, Sir;
I am your eldest, and Ile keepe my birthright,
For heaven forbid I should become example;
Had y'onely shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
Tis dirt, and labour; Doe I speak right Uncle?

Mir. Bravelly my boy, and blesse thy tongue. *Char.* Ile forward, But you have open'd to me such a treasure, I find my
mind free, heaven direct my fortune.

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

Cha. Such an inimitable piece of beauty
That I have studied long, and now found onely,

That Ile part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a flie,
And onely make the number of things up
Than yeeld one foot of Land, if she be ty'd to't.

Lew. He speakes unhappily. *Aug.* and me thinks bravely.
This the meere Schollar? *Eust.* You but vexe your selfe brother
And vex your studie too. *Cha.* Go you and studie,
For 'ts time young *Eustace*, you want both man and manners,
I've studied both, although I made no shew on't.
Goe turne the Volumes over I have read,
Eate and digest them, that they may grow in thee,
Weare out the tedious night with thy dimme Lampe,
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt.
Distil the sweetness from the Poets Spring,
And learne to love, Thou know'st not what faire is,
Traverse the stories of the great Heroes,
The wise and civill lives of good men walke through;
Thou hast scene nothing but the face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words:
Why should'st thou weare a Jewel of this worth?
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her.

_Beauty cleere and faire,
where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the violet and the rose
The blew veines in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

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

Deare again backe recal
to this light,
A stranger to himselfe and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the Glory,
I am your servant, and your thrall._

Mir. Speake such another Ode, and take all yet.
What say ye to the Scholar now? *Ang.* I wonder;
Is he your brother, Sir? *Bust.* Yes, would he were buried,
I feare hee'l make an asse of me a younger.

Ang. Speake not so softly Sir, tis very likely.

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

Cha. Dispatch? What? *Bri.* Why the land. *Cha.* You are deceiv'd, Sir,
Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman,
And what maintaines her when shee's woo'd: Ile stop here.
A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuously:
Though land and monies be no happinesse,
Yet they are counted good additions.

That use Ile make; He that neglects a blessing,
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself; May be I have done you wrong Lady,
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be my brother, that has long expected
The happie houre and blest my ignorance;
Pray give me leave Sir, I shall cleare all doubts.
Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that?

(Mir: Hee'l talke thee into a pension for thy knaverie)

Cha. You happie you, why did you breake unto me?
The rosie sugred mome nere broke so sweetly:
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of beautie rais'd them;
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump;
A Chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguisht,
And into forme he drew my faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the Maide. *Cha.* It is too late Sir.
I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Eustace*,
There are lesse worthie soules for younger brothers;
This is no forme of silk but sanctitie,
Which wilde lascivious hearts can never dignifie.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still;
For like the light we make no separation;
You may sooner part the billowes of the Sea,
And put a barre betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old time into a Den, and stay his motion,
Wash off the swift houres from his downie wings,
Or steale etemitie to stop his glasse,
Than shut the sweet Idea I have in me.
Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir. Has studied duel too, take heed, hee'l beat thee.
Has frighted the old Justice into a fever;
I hope hee'l disinherit him too for an asse;
For though he be grave with yeeres, hee's a great babie.

Cha. Doe not you think me mad? *Ang.* No certain, Sir, I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Cha. You looke upon my cloathes and laugh at me, My scurvie clothes! *Ang.* They have rich linings Sir. I would your brother-- *Cha.* His are gold and gawdie.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardlie, they smell of Copper.

Cha. Can ye love me? I am an heire, sweet Ladie,
How ever I appeare a poore dependant;
Love you with honour, I shall love so ever;
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must dye.

Mir. That was well put in, I hope hee'l take it deeply.

Cha. Old men are not immortal, as I take it;
Is it, you looke for, youth and handsomness?
I doe confess my brother's a handsome Gentleman,

But he shall give me leave to lead the way Ladie,
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heapes of gold
With a more doting superstition,
Than Ile love you. The young man his delights,
The merchant when he ploughs the angrie sea up,
And sees the mountaine billows failling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction;
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safetie.
Wee'l live together like two wanton Vines,
Circling our soules and loves in one another,
Wee'l spring together and weel beare one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one griefe mourne;
One age go with us, and one houre of death
Shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happie.

Ang. And one hand scale the match, Ime yours for ever.

Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay, stay. *Ang.* Nay certainly, tis done Sir.

Bri. There was a contract. *Ang.* Onely conditional,
That if he had the Land, he had my love too;
This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'll maintaine it.
Pray be not angrie Sir at what I say;
Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.
You have the out side of a pretty Gentleman,
But by my troth you[r] inside is but barren;
Tis not a face I onely am in love with,
Nor will I say your face is excellent,
A reasonable hunting face to Court the winde with;
Nor th'are not words unlesse they be well plac'd too,
Nor your sweete Dam-mes, nor your hired verses,
Nor telling me of Cloathes, nor Coach and horses,
No nor your visits each day in new suites,
Nor you[r] black patches you weare variouslie,
Some cut like starres, some in halfe Moones, some Lozenges,
(All which but shew you still a younger brother.)

Mir. Gramercie Wench, thou hast a noble soule too.

Ang. Nor you[r] long travailes, not your little knowledge,
Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe studie,
And gleane some goodness, that you may shew manlie;
Your Brother at my suit Ime sure will teach you;
Or onely studie how to get a wife Sir,
Yare cast far behind, tis good you should be melancholie,
It shewes like a Gamester that had lost his money,
And t'is the fashon to weare your arme in a skarfe Sir,
For you have had a shrewd cut ore the fingers.

Lew. But are y' in earnest? *Ang.* Yes, beleeve me father,
You shall nere choose for me, y'are old and dim Sir,
And th' shaddow of the earth ecllips'd your judgement,
Y'have had your time without controwle deare father,
And you must give me leave to take mine now Sir.

Bri. This is the last time of asking, Will you set your hand to?

Cha. This is the last time of answering, I will never.

Bris. Out of my doores. *Char.* Most willingly. *Miram.* He shall Jew, Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses* Coxcombe, And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold foole.

Ang. Must I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will; what fortune he shall run, father, Bee't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

When shall the Masque begins? *Eust.* Tis done alreadie,
All, all, is broken off, I am undone friend,
My brother's wise againe, and has spoil'd all,
Will not release the land, has wone the Wench too.

Egre. Could he not stay till th' Masque was past? W'are ready.
What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vanish,
Performe it at some Hall, where the Citizens wives
May see't for six pence a peece, and a cold supper.
Come let's goe *Charles*; And now my noble Daughter,
Ile sell the tiles of my house ere thou shall want Wench.
Rate up your dinner Sir, and sell it cheape,
Some younger brother will take 't up in commodities.
Send you joy, Nephew *Eustace*, if you studie the Law,
Keep your great pippin-pies, they'l goe far with ye.

Cha. Ide have your blessing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more, Farewell, thou wilt blast mine eyes else. *Cha.* I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for Gownes. *Ang.* Ile weare course flannel first.

Bri. Come let's goe take some counsel. *Lew.* Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine, It may be we shall vexe 'em. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scaena 1.

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Nere talke to me, you are no men but Masquers,
Shapes, shadowes, and the signes of men, Court bubbles,
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,
You have no soules, no metal in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion,
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers;
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?
The spritely fellowes, that the people talk of?
Ye have no more Spirit than three sleepy sops.

Eust. What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,
And get ye out of doores, and seeke your fortune,
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A haire-brain'd puppie, and a bookish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in Characters,
Crosse my designe, and take thine owne Wench from thee,
In mine owne house too? Thou dispis'd poore fellow!

Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom't had been but sawcinesse

T'have been so rough-- *Egre*. And we not seeing him
Strive in his owne cause, that was principal,
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here. *Bri*. You dare doe nothing.
Doe you make your care the excuse of your cowardlinesse?
Three boyes on hobbie-horses with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all. *Cow*. You must not say so. *Bri*. Yes,
And sing it too. *Cow*. You are a man of peace,
Therefore we must give way. *Bri*. Ile make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;
And having first torne off your flaunting feathers,
Ile trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, Ile kick ye out of my gates;
You gawdie glow-wormes carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within ye. *Cow*. O blest travaile!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer?

Egre. Some spleenative youths now that had never seen
More than thy Countrie smoak, will grow in choler.
It would shew fine in us. *Eust*. Yes marry would it,
That are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers,
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places. *Bri*. Will you find the doore?
And finde it suddenlie, you shall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfum'd retinew, and cover
The now lost *Angellina*, or build on it,
I will adopt some beggers doubtful issue
Before thou shall inherit. *Eust*. Wee'l to counsell,
And what may be done by mans wit or valour
Wee'l put in execution. *Bri*. Doe, or never
Hope I shall know thee. *Le*. O Sir, have I found you? [*Exeunt*.
Ent. Lewis.

Bri. I never hid my selfe, whence flows this fury? With which as it appeares, you come to fright me.

Lew. I smell a plot, meere conspiracy
Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,
And if she be not suddenly delivered,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heire, and if she may be ravisht
Thus from my care, farewell Nobilitie;
Honour and blood are meer neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay then, my Lord you go too far, and tax him
Whose innocencie understands not what feare is;
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude,
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integritie and truth?
Nor can her lightnesse, nor your supposition
Cast an aspersion on me. *Lew*. I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not trifle,
But speedilie, once more I doe repeate it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither.
Or you shall heare from me in such a kinde,
As you will blush to answer. *Bri*. all the world
I think conspires to vex me, yet I will not
Torment my selfe; some spiteful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholie which hath almost choak'd me,

T'a knowing man tis Physick, and tis thought on,
One merrie houre Ile have in spight of fortune,
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,
This night Ile hugge my *Lilly* in mine armes,
Provocatives are sent before to cheare me;
We old men need 'em, and though we pay deare,
For our stolne pleasures, so it be done securely;
The charge much like a sharp sawce gives 'm relish.
Well honest *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,
And it shall have a beacon to give warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestowed else where,
Ile graffe it with dexteritie on your forehead;
Indeed I will *Lilly*. I come poore *Andrew*. *Exit*.

Actus IV. Scaena II.

Enter Miramont, Andrew.

Do they chafe roundly? *And*. As they were rubb'd with soap, Sir,
And now they sweare alowd, now calme again,
Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,
And then they sit in councel what to doe,
And then they jar againe what shall be done;
They talke of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,
They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,
Yet nere a one head worth a head of garlick.

Mir: Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yok'd together.
But what sayes the young Courtier Master *Eustace*,
And his two warlike friends? *And*. They say but little,
How much they think I know not; they looke ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting house,
And had beene quite shot through 'tween winde and water
By a she Dunkirke, and had sprung a leake, Sir.
Certaine my master was too blame. *Mir*: Why *Andrew*?

And. To take away the Wench oth' sudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning, he is tender;
And of a young girles constitution, Sir,
Readie to get the greene sickness with conceit;
Had he but tane his leave innavailing language,
Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,
That th' world might have tane notice, he had beene
An Asse, 't had beene some favour. *Mir*: Thou sayest true,
Wise *Andrew*, but these Schollars are such things
When they can prattle. *And*. Vêry parlous things Sir.

Mir: And when they gaine the Libertie to distinguish
The difference 'twixt a father and a foole,
To looke below and spie a younger brother
Pruning up and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glasse of beauty, too good for him:
Those dreaming Scholars then turne Tyrants, *Andrew*,
And shew no mercy. *And*. The more's the pittie, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*,
It shall be onely anger I assure thee,
And little shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;
Hark in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye;
This night at twelve a clock. *Mir.* Tis neat and handsome;
There are twentie Crownes due to thy project *Andrew*;
I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture
He reads to his Mistresse. That done, Ile not faile
To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master-- *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scaena III.

Angellina, Sylvia, with a taper.

I'me worse than ere I was; for now I feare,
That that I love, that that I onely dote on;
He followes me through every roome I passe,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if his spark of innocence were blowne
Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.
His Uncle to is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him--
What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!
To be a maide, what miserie, what mischief!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairlie.

Syl. You need not feare that, will you be a childe still?
He followes you, but still to looke upon you;
Or if he did desire to lie with ye,
Tis but your owne desire, you love for that end;
Ile lay my life, if he were now abed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall a sleepe straight.

Ang. Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him consent, and have at ye;
I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the mysterie men aime at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?

Ang. He followes still, yet with a sober face; Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.

Syl. You may both, and let him but goe with ye.

Cha. Why doe you fle me? What have I so ill About me or within me to deserve it?

Ang. I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye; I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office.

Ang. You may have me to bed Sir, without a scruple, And yet I am charie too who comes about me. Two Innocents should not feare one another.

Syl. The Gentleman sayes true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.

Cha. The glorious Sun both rising and declining
We boldly looke upon; even then sweet Ladie,
When like a modest bride he drawes nights curtaines,
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

Ang. I feare he will perswade me to mistake him.

Syl. Tis easily done, if you will give your minde to't.

Ang. Pray ye to your bed. *Cha.* Why not to yours, dear Mistress,
One heart and one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when 'tis lawful;
But yet you know-- *Cha.* I would not know, forget it;
Those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremonie,
Nurst up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthful,
Full of beleefe, and fit to teach the Priest;
Love shall seale first, then hands confirme the bargaine.

Ang. I shall be an Heretique if this continue. What would you doe a bed? you make me blush, Sir.

Cha. Ide see you sleepe, for sure your sleepes are excellent
You that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumber prove an admiration:
I would behold your dreames too, ift were possible;
Those were rich shoves. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.

Cha. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Hand,
Where all the perfumes and the pretious things
That wait upon great Nature are laid up,
Ide clip it in mine armes, and chastly kiss it,
Dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weepe. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.

Cha. And those true teares falling on your pure Chrystals, Should turne to armelets for great Queenes 't adore.

Ang. I must be gone. *Cha.* Do not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,
Yhave clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too;
Feare not my manners, though I never knew
Before these few houres what a beautie was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feele it;
Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets,
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this Spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastitie.

An[g]. Then we may walk. *Cha.* And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your eares, and my language;
Though I was bred up dull I was ever civil;
Tis true, I have found it hard to looke on you,
And not desire; Twil prove a wise mans task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still
And tempered with the quality of honour,
That if you should yeeld, I should hate you for't.
I am no Courtier of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beautiful face.
That onely serves his will and wantonness,
And lets the serious part run by
As thin neglected sand. Whitnes of name,
You must be mine; why should I robbe my selfe
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seeke to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aime at in you?
We'l loose our selves in *Venus* groves of mirtle
Where every little bird shall be a *Cupid*,
And sing of love and youth, each winde that blowes
And curles the velvet leaves shall breed delights,

The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,
And on the perfum'd flowers wee'l feast our senses,
Yet wee'l walk by untainted of their pleasures,
And as they were pure Temples wee'l talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end
Of our faire loves; would I [w]ere worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thankes;
But I am poore in all but in your love.
Once more, good night. *Cha.* A good night t'ye, and may
The dew of sleepe fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those faire lights in pleasing slumbers;
No dreames but chast and cleare attempt your fancie,
And break betimes sweet morne, I've lost my light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoo[le], he's so simple

[Enter a servant.]

Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at dore, Sir And they're so violent, they'l take no denial.

Ang. this is no time of night. *Cha.* Let 'em in Mistresse.

Serv. They stay no leave; Shall I raise the house on 'm?

Cha. Not a man, nor make no murmur oft, I charge ye.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Th'are here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.
How doe you brother with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Cha. No, brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface; The stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her. Shee's parcel of my goods. *Cha.* Shee's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir; Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Cha. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; doe not Trouble your selfe with Ladies, they are too light; Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you; Such vanities as you are to be laught at.

Eust. Nay, Then you must goe, I must claime mine owne.

Both. A way, a way with her. *Cha.* Let her alone, [She strikes off Eustace's hat] Pray let her alone, and take your coxcombe up: Let me talk civilly a while with you brother. It may be on some termes I may part with her.

Eust. O; is your heart come downe? what are your termes, Sir?

Put up, put up. *Cha.* This is the first and cheifest,
[Snatches away his sword.]

Let's walk a turme; now stand off fooles, I advise ye,
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy:

This is the first sword yet I ever handled,
And a sword's a beauteous thing to looke upon,
And if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence:

Tis sharp I'm sure, and if I put it home,
Tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins:
I find I have spirit enough to dispose of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples;

Let me tosse it round, I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him;
I feele the fire of ten strong spirits in me.
Doe you watch me when my Uncle is absent?
This is my griefe, I shall be flesht on Cowards;
Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.
Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but shew in ye?
Why stand ye gaping? who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me?
But name her as his owne; who dares look on her?
That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And hast no wit nor spirit to maintaine it?
Stand still thou signe of man, and pray for thy friends,
Pray heartilie, good prayers may restore ye.

Ang. But doe not kill 'em Sir. *Cha.* You speak too late, Deare,
It is my first fight, and I must doe bravely,
I must not looke with partial eyes on any;
I cannot spare a button of these Gentlemen;
Did life lye in their heel *Achilles* like,
Ide shoot my anger at those parts and kill 'um.
Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir. *Cha.* View all these, view 'em well
Goe round a bout 'em and still view their faces,
Round about yet; See how death waits upon 'em,
For thou shall never view 'em more. *Eust.* Pray hold, Sir.

Cha. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me,
I must not hold 'twill darken all my glories.
Goe to my Uncle, bid him poste to the King,
And get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural? *Cha.* You shall die last Sir, Ile talke thee dead, thou art no man to fight with. Come, will ye come? me thinkes I've fought whole battailes.

Cow. We have no quarel to you, that we know on, Sir.

Egre. Wee'l quit the house and ask ye mercie too:
Good Ladie, let no murther be done here;
We came but to parly. *Cha.* How my sword
Thirsts after them? stand away Sweet. *Eust.* Pray Sir,
Take my submission, and I disclaime for ever.

Cha. Away ye poore things, ye despicable Creatures!
Doe you come poste to fetch a Ladie from me,
From a poore Schoole-boy that ye scorn'd of late?
And grow lame in your hearts when you should execute?
Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carrie her. *Egre.* A Coach and four horses.

Cha. But are they good? *Egre.* As good as *France* can shew Sir.

Cha. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties? Speak quickly. *Eust.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cha.* Tis done then. Many have got one horse, I've got foure by th' bargaine.

Enter Miramont.

Mi. How Now, who's here. *Ser.* Nay Now, y'are gon without bail.

Mir. What, drawne my friends! Fetch me my two-hand sword; I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In troth Sir, I came but to doe my dutie.

Both. And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.
What came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;
But one that never fought yet has so curried,
So bastina[d]o'd them with manly carriage,
They stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone;
They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might doe wonders here, and they have done so?
For by my troth, I wonder at their coldness,
The nipping North or frost never came neere them,
St. *George* upon a Signe would grow more sensible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to doe it
In all the world, and yet they are but young,
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen Glo-wormes ratle, and shine as goodly;
Nobilitie and patience are match'd rarely
In these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't;
They'l stand still for an houre and be beaten.
These are the Anagrammes of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize,
If they breathe longer in it; my rooffe covers
No baffl'd Monsieurs, walk and aire your selves;
As I live, they stay not here, while liver'd wretches
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed,
For if I take ye in hand I shall dissect you,
And read upon your flegmatick dull carcasses.
My horse againe there: I have other business,
Which you shall heare hereafter and laugh at it.
Good night *Charles*, faire goodness to you dear Ladie
Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray Sir be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scaena IV.

Enter Andrew.

Are you come old Master? very good, your horse
Is well set up, but ere ye part, Ile ride you
And spur your reverend Justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides of your reputation bleed,
Trulie I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep--
A banquet--well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
And as I take it, Cantharides,--Excellent,
A Priapisme followes, and as Ile handle it,
It shall old lecherous Goat in authoritie.
Now they begin to bill; how he slavers her!
[G]ramercie *Lilly*, she spits his kisses out,
And now he offers to fumble she fals off,
(That's a good Wench) and cries fair play above boord
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of *Fidlers*; I shall have some musick yet
At my making free oth' Companie of *Horners*;

There's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one--
Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will listen-- A *Song*.
This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the note's too spritely.
So, so, the musicke's paid for, and now what followes?
O that Monsieur *Miramont* would but keep his word.
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter,
At the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house,
Nor will he break I hope--O are you come Sir?
The prey is in the net and will break in
Upon occasion. *Mir*. Thou shall rule me *Andrew*.
O th' infinite fright that will assaile this Gentleman!
The quarterns, tertians, and quotidianes
That will hang like Sargeants on his worships shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man!
This grave austere man will be wondred at.
How will those solemne lookes appeare to me;
And that severe face, that speak chaines and shackles?
Now I take him in the nick, ere I done with him,
He had better have stood between two panes of wainscot;
And made his recantation in the market,
Than heare me conjure him. *And*. He must passe this way,
To th' onely bed I have, he comes, stand close.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So.
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee;
Come Wench a kiss between each point; kiss close;
It is a sweet Parenthesis. *Lil*. Y'are merry Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shall feele it, Thou shall my *Lilly*. *Lil*. Shall I aire your bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no, Ile use no warming pan but thine, Girle; That's all; Come kiss me again. *Lil*. Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly*.
Shew me the way. *Lil*. You cannot misse it, Sir;
You shall have a Cawdle in the morning, for
Your worships breakfast. *Bri*. How, ith' morning. *Lilly*?
Th'art such a wittie thing to draw me on.
Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th' hast another Kickshaw, I must tast it.

Lil. Twill make you surfet, I am tender of you: Y'have all y'are like to have. *And*. And can this be earnest?

Mir. it seemes so, and she honest. *Bri*. Have I not
Thy promise *Lilly*? *Lil*. Yes and I have performed
Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,
And you shall find Sir, you have kist and tows'd me,
Handled my legg and foote, what would you more, Sir?
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And the labour in an old man would breed Agues,
Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you shall not curse me,
For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir:
Be good unto your selfe, y'ave tane already
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,
It is a worke too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgerie to *Andrew*. *Mir*. How she jeeres him?

Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his owne tillage,
Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri*. Y'are a queane,
A scoffing jeering quean. *Lil*. It may be so, but

I'me sure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri*. Doe not provoke me,
If thou do'st, Ile have my Farm againe, and turne
Thee out a begging. *Lil*. Though you have the will,
And want of honestie to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning
From my young Master, as to keep his own;
At the worst, Ile tell a short tale to the Judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on
What termes you would revoke it. *Bri*. Whore thou dar'st not.
Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my bloud boiles,
As if t'were ore a furnace! *Mir*: I shall coole it.

Bri. Yet gentle *Lilly*, pitie and forgive me, Ile be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountiful friend--

Lil. To avoid suites in Law, I would grant a litle,
But should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become
Of me? *And*. A whore, a whore! *Bri*. Nothing but well Wench,
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*:
Nay, he shall hold the doore, as I will worke him,
And thank thee for the office. *Mir*: Take heed *Andrew*,
These are shrewd temptations. *And*. Pray you know
Your Cue, and second me Sir; By your Worships favour.

Bri. *Andrew*! *And*. I come in time to take possession
Of th' office you assigne me; hold the doore,
Alas 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without when a deepe understanding
Holds conference within, say with his wife:
A trifle Sir, I know I hold my farme
In Cuckolds Tenure: you are Lord o'the soile Sir,
Lilly is a Weft, a Straie shee's yours, to use Sir,
I claime no interest in her. *Bri*. Art thou serious?
Speak honest *Andrew*, since thou hast oreheard us,
And wink at small faults, man; I'me but a pidler,
A little will serve my turne; thou'lt finde enough
When I've my bellyfull; wilt thou be private
And silent? *And*. By all meanes, Ile onely have
A Ballad made oft, sung to some lewd Tune,
And the name of it shall be *Justice Trap*,
It will sell rarely with your Worships name,
And *Lillies* on the top. *Bri*. Seek not the ruine
O' my reputation, *Andrew*. *And*. Tis for your credit,
Monsieur *Brisac* printed in capital letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.

Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*? *And*. O, it will proclaim you From th' Citie to the Court, and prove sport royal.

Bri. Thou shall keep thy Farm. *Mir*. He does afflict him rarely.

And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving, The vizard of his hypocrisie poll'd off To the Judge criminal. *Bri*. O, I am undone.

And. Hee's put out of Commission with disgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing Office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this Ile put in practice. *Bri*. Doe but heare me.

And. To bring me back from my Grammer to my home-book, It is unpardonable. *Bri*. Do not play the Tyrant; Accept of composition. *Lil*. Heare him, *Andrew*.

And. What composition? *Bri.* Ile confirme thy farme,
And add unto't an hundred acres more
Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,
But y'are so fickle: and will again denie this,
There being no witness by. *Bri.* Call any witness,
Ile presently assure it. *And.* Say you so,
Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past,
His testimonie will be authentical.

Bri. will he be secret? *And.* You may tye his tongue up. As you would doe your purse-strings. *Br. Miramont.* M. Ha, Ha,
Ha.

And. this is my witness. Lord how you are troubled?
Sure, y'have an ague, you shake so with choler;
Hee's your loving brother Sir, and will tell no bodie
But all he meets, that you have eate a snake,
And are grown young, gamesom, and rampant. *Bri.* Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravitie
Ridiculous to your neighbours, Then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I shall become
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters. *And.* Quick, *Lilly,* Quick,
Hee's now past kissing, between point and point.
He swounds, fetch him some Cordiall--Now put in Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake:
Let me see his face, weares he not a false beard?
It cannot be *Brisac* that worthie Gentleman,
The pillar and the patron of his Countrie;
He is too prudent and too cautelous,
Experience hath taught him t'avoid these fooleries,
He is the punisher and not the doer,
Besides hee's old and cold, unfit for woman;
This is some Counterfeit, he shall be whipt for't,
Some base abuser of my worthie brother.

Bri. Open the doores, will ye'imprison me? are ye my Judges?

Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious *Brisac*: Yet now I think on't, a' has a kinde of dog looke Like my brother, a
guiltie hanging face.

Bri. Ile suffer bravely, doe your worst, doe, doe.

Mir. Why, it's manly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curse,
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,
But all the torments that ere fell on men,
That fed on mischiefe, fall heavily on you all. *Exit.*

Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you The better, *Lil.* *And.* Wee'l teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. he shall make good his promise t'increase thy Farm, *Andrew*
Or Ile jeere him to death, feare nothing *Lilly,*
I am thy Champion. This jeast goes to *Charles,*
And then Ile hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace*
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily
To see'm mourne together. *And.* Twill be rare, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scaena 1.

Eustace, Egremont. Cowsy.

Turn'd out of doores and baffled! *Egre.* We share with you
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you
With such dejection. *Eust.* My Coach and horses made
The ransome of our cowardize. *Lew. Cow.* Pish, that's nothing,
Tis *Dammum reparabile*, and soone recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes, And after squeeze him with a dozen of oathes. You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.

Eust. And does the Court that should be the example
And Oracle of the Kingdome, read to us
No other doctrine! *Egre.* None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge. *Cow.* Flatterie rubbes out,
But since great men learne to admire themselves,
Tis something crest-falne. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a subtle moral understanding,
And it is often cherisht. *Eust.* Pietie then,
And valour, nor to doe nor suffer wrong,
Are they no vertues? *Egre.* Rather vices, *Eustace*;
Fighting! What's fighting? It may be in fashion,
Among Provant swords, and buffe-jerkin men:
But w'us that swim in choice of silkes and Tissues;
Though in defence of that word reputation,
Which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a dram of blood must needs appeare
As coarse as to be honest. *Eust.* And all this
You seriously beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,
That we will die in, since from the black guard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other Tenets. *Eust.* [N]ow my eyes are open,
And I behold a strong necessity
That keeps me knave and coward. *Cow.* Y'are the wiser.

Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose To be of your society. *Egre.* By no meanes.

Eust. Honour is nothing with you? *Cow.* A meere bubble, For what's growne common, is no more regarded.

Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd, You think's no blemish. *Egre.* Get me a battoone? Tis twenty times more courtlike, and less trouble.

Eust. And yet you weare a sword. *Cow.* Yes, and a good one, A Millan hilt, and a Damasco blade, For ornament, no use the Court allows it.

Eust. Will't not fight of it selfe? *Cow.* I nere tri'd this,
Yet I have worne as faire as any man,
I'me sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledo's,
Two thousand Crownes, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Eust.* Ile borrow this,
I like it well. *Cow.* Tis at your service Sir,
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turne.

Eust. And now I have it leave me; y'are infectious,
The plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading
On all that doe come neere you; such as you
Render the Throne of Majesty, the Court
Suspected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's

That batten in her dung, and have no pallats
To taste her curious viands, and like Owles
Can onely see her night deformities,
But with the glorious splendor of her beauties
You are struck blinde as Moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter,
You stick like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candor,
And being bad servants, cause your masters goodness
To be disputed of; you make the Court
That is the abstract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble undertakings,
(Where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel,
And wisdom loaded with the weight of honour)
A Schoole of vices. *Egre*. What sudden rapture's this?

Eust. A heavenly one that raising me from sloth and ignorance,
(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the aire of action,
And knowledge of my selfe; even now I feele
But pleading onely in the Courts defence,
(Though far[r]e short of her merits and bright lustre)
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her Champion against all the world,
That throw aspersions on her. *Cow*. Sure hee'l beat us,
I see it in his eyes. *Egre*. A second *Charles*;
Pray look not Sir so furiously. *Eust*. Recant
What you have said, ye Mungrils, and licke up
The vomit you have cast upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,
And swear that you like Spiders, have made poyson
Of that which was a saving antidote.

Egre. We will swear any thing. *Cow*. We honour the Court
As a most sacred place. *Egre*. And will make oath,
If you enjoyne us to't, nor knave nor fool,
Nor Coward living in it. *Eust*. Except you two,
You Rascals! *Cow*. Yes, we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so. *Eust*. And that until
You are again reform'd and growne new men,
You nere presume to name the Court, or presse
Into the Porters Lodge but for a penance,
To be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done
With true contrition. *Both*. Yes Sir. *Eust*. You againe
May eat scraps and be thankful. *Cow*. Here's a cold breakfast
After a sharpe nights walking. *Eust*. Keepe your oathes,
And without grumbling vanish. *Both*. We are gone, Sir. *Exeunt*.

Eust. May all the poorenesse of my spirit goe with you,
The fetters of my thraldome are filed off:
And I at libertie to right my selfe,
And though my hope in *Angellina's* little,
My honour (unto which compar'd shee's nothing)
Shall like the Sun disperse those lowring Clouds
That yet obscure and dimme it; not the name
Of brother shall divert me, but from him,
That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,

And if the Muses friend rose-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he seldome missing
To pay his vowes here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions--The doore opens-- *Enter Charles*.
Tis he most certain, and by's side my sword,
Blest opportunity. *Cha*. I have oreslept my selfe,
And lost part of the morne, but Ile recover it:
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book, which I will now consider.
Ha! What meanes this? What do I with a sword?
Learn'd *Mercurie* needs not th'aide of *Mars*, and innocence
Is to it selfe a guard, yet since armes ever
Protect arts, I may justly weare and use it;
For since't was made my prize, I know not how
I'me growne in love with't and cannot eate nor study,
And much lesse walke without it: but I trifle,
Matters of more weight ask my judgement. *Eust*. Now Sir,
Treat of no other Theme, Ile keep you to it,
And see y'expound it well. *Cha*. *Eustace!* *Eust*. The same Sir,
Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doores) attended,
To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cha*. This not in scome,
Commands me to returne it; Would you ought else?

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin;
I must speak to you in another straine,
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language
Appeare in the delivery rough and harsh,
You (being my Tutor) must condemne your selfe,
From whom I learn'd it. *Cha*. When I understand
(Bee't in what stile you please) what's your demand,
I shall endeavour in the self same phrase
To make an answer to the point. *Eust*. I come not
To lay claime to your birthright, 'tis your owne,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor ask I from you
Your learning and deepe knowledge; (though I am not
A Schollar as you are) I know them Diamonds
By your sole industry, patience and labour
Forc'd from steepe rocks, and with much toile attended,
And but to few that prize their value granted,
And therefore without rival freely weare them.

Cha. These not repin'd at (as you seeme t'informe me)
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yeeld to't; therefore *Eustace*,
Without this tempest in your lookes propound it,
And feare not a denial. *Eust*. I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man of honour,
Not by a faire war wonne when I was waking,
But in my sleepe of folly ravish'd from me;
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,
My Coach, my Horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one haire of them, and what concludes all,
My Mistress *Angellina*, as she was
Before the Musical Magick of thy tongue
Inchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,

And with submission, and done publicly,
At my fathers and my Uncles intercession,
(That I put in too) I perhaps may listen
To termes of reconcilement; but if these
In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,
To th' last gasp I defie thee. *Cha.* These are strict
Conditions to a brother. *Eust.* My rest is up,
Nor will I give less. *Cha.* I'me no Gamester, *Eustace,*
Yet I can guesse your resolution stands
To win or loose all; I rejoyce to find ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by your selfe, and made
Almost incurable, in your owne hopes,
The dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over
Your festred reputation, which no balme
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,
And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon
That did apply those burning corrosives
That render you already sensible
O th' danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you,
And by a faire gradation, how far[r]e,
And with what curious respect and care
The peace and credit of a man within,
(Which you nere thought till now) should be preferr'd
Before a gawdy outside; pray you fix here,
For so farre I go with you. *Eust.* This discourse
Is from the subject. *Cha.* Ile come to it brother,
But if you think to build upon my ruines,
You'l find a false foundation your high offers
Taught by the Masters of dependancies,
That by compounding differences 'tween others
Supply their owne necessities, with me
Will never carry't; As you are my brother,
I would dispence a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in my selfe I love in you;
And therefore let not hopes nor threats perswade you
I will descend to any composition
For which I may be censur'd. *Eust.* You shall fight then.

Cha. With much unwillingness with you, but if
There's no evasion-- *Eust.* None. *Cha.* Heare yet a word
As for the sword and other fripperies,
In a faire way send for them, you shall have 'em.
But rather than surrender *Angellina,*
Or heare it againe mention'd, I oppose
My breast unto lowd thunder, cast behinde me
All ties of Nature. *Eust.* She detain'd, I'me deafe
To all perswasion. *Cha.* Guard thy selfe then *Eustace,*
I use no other Rhetorick. *Mir.* Clashing of swords [*Enter Miram.*]
So neere my house? brother oppos'd to brother!
Here is no fencing at half e sword; hold, hold,
Charles, Eustace. *Eust.* Second him, or call in more helpe.
Come not betweene us, Ile not know nor spare you;
D'ye fight by th' booke? *Cha.* Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,
And suddenly, Ile conjure down the Spirit
That I have raised in him. *Eust.* Never, *Charles,*
Tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'me out of breath, yet trust not too much to't boyes,
For if you pawse not suddenly, and heare reason,
Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,
And not a cholerick old teasty foole,
Like your father, Ide daunce a matachin with you,
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will, *Charles* I command thee,
And *Eustace* I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark,
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
Ile cherish him for example; in our age
Th'are not born every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,
In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,
'Twas when yong *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches,
And fought his battailes in Complements and Cringes,
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet, I confess then
The lofty noise your Greek made onely pleas'd me;
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
Nay the whole dozen of peeres are bound up in him:
Let me remember, when I was of his yeeres,
I did looke very like him; and did you see
My picture as I was then, you would sweare
That gallant *Eustace* (I meane, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough *Charles*.

Cha. Sure Sir, I shall not need addition from him.

Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest,
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted
By yeelding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my fathers house and favour, orewhelm'd
With all disgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force my selfe a fortune, though my birth
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Seek not *Eustace*,
By violence, what will be offerd to you
On easier composition; though I was not
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit,
And one that not compell'd to't by your sword,
(Which I must never feare) will share it with you
In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly said *Charles*,
And learne from my experience, you may heare reason
And never maime your fighting; for your credit
Which you think you have lost, spare, *Charles*, and swinge me,
And soundly; three or foure walking cloakes
That weare no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it,
Thou art made up againe. *Eust.* All this is lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I've done;
As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Nere feare't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Fast in a string, I will so pinch and wring him,
That spight of his authority, thou shalt make

Thine owne conditions with him. *Eust.* Ile take leave
A little to consider. *Cha.* Here comes *Andrew.*

Mir. But without his Comical and learned face; What sad disaster, *Andrew?* *And.* You may read Sir, A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earnest?

And. Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you help not,
And speedily, by force or by persuasion,
My good old Master (for now I pitie him) is
Ruin'd for ever. *Cha.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.

Mir. By what means? speake. *And.* At the suit of Monsieur *Lewis*
His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person
Is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes Sir)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting. *Cha.* Doe I live, And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what's worse Sir, My Lady *Angellina*-- *Eust.* What of her?

And. Shee's carryed away too. *Mir.* How? *And.* While you were absent,
A crew of Monsieur *Lewis* friends and kinsmen
By force break in at th' back part of the house,
And took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew*,
(As this can witness for him) did his best,
In her defence, but 'twould not doe. *Mir.* Away,
And see our horses saddled, 'tis no time
To talke, but doe: *Eustace*, you now are offer'd
A spacious field, and in a pious war
To exercise you[r] valour, here's a cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name
Commanding it; but these unnatural jarres
Arising betweene brothers (should you prosper)
Would shame your victorie. *Eust.* I would doe much Sir,
But still my reputation! *Mir.* *Charles* shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay joyne hands,
And heartily; why this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, Monsieur *Lewis*
(If reason cannot work) shall find and feele
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.

Eust. And if I follow not, a Cowards name Be branded on my forehead. *Cha.* This Spirit makes you A sharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine, Of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina* Again in our possession) you shall know My heart speakes in my tongue. *Eust.* I dare not doubt it, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scaena II.

Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, Officers.

Lew. I'me deafe to all perswasions. *Bri.* I use none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,
But when the King shall understand how false
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right againe. *Ang.* Sir, let not passion
So far[r]e transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course repaires, but ruins it;
That honour you would build up, you destroy;
What you would seeme to nourish, if respect

Of my preferment or my patern
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why doe you, now good fortune has provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to robb me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective Sir?
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in Nature,
Or what you onely aim'd at, large revenewes
Are on the sudden growne distastful to you,
Of what can you accuse him? *Lew.* Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made the consent to. *Syl.* Her lust! you are her father.

Lew. And you her Bawd. *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, 'tis false, The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not Such spotted instruments. *Ang.* As I have a soule Sir.

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to sit downe
With this disgrace, would argue me a Peasant,
And not borne noble: all rigour that the Law
And that encrease of power by favour yeelds,
Shall be with all severity inflicted;
You have the Kings hand for't; no Bayle will serve,
And therefore at your perils Officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madness. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court, And there Ile answer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken;

[Enter *Mir. Char. Eust. Andrew.*]

Cha. Ill if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances But one step forward dies. *L.* Shew the King's Writ.

Mir. Shew your discretion, 'twil become you better.

Cha. Yare once more in my power, and if againe I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.

Eust. Force will not do't nor threats; accept this service
From your despair'd of *Eustace*. *And.* And beware
Your reverend Worship never more attempt
To search my *Lilly-pot*, you see what followes.

Lew. Is the Kings power contemn'd? *Mir.* No, but the torrent
O' your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish
But the satisfaction of an obstinate Will.
That is not indear'd to you? rather than
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'l undoe
Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,
And your old foolish neighbour; make your states,
And in a suite not worth a Cardecue,
A prey to advocates, and their buckram Scribes,
And after they have plum'd ye, retume home
Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.

Cha. This is a most strong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,
But when our follies are repell'd by reason,
Tis fit that we retreat and nere come on more:
Observe my learned *Charles*, hee'l get thee a Nephew
On *Angellina* shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the Nurse by Logick: and here's *Eustace*,
He was an asse, but now is grown an *Amadis*;

Nor shall he want a Wife, if all my land
For a joynture can effect it: Y'are a good Lord,
And of a gentle nature, in your lookes
I see a kinde consent, and it shewes lovely:
And doe you heare old Foole? but Ile not chide,
Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meere beleefe is excellent, 'twill save you;
And next love valour, though you dare not fight
Your selfe, or fright a foolish Officer, 'young *Eustace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farm b'increas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and see you rut no more,
You understand me, So embrace on all sides;
Ile pay those Billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.-- *Exeunt.*

[*A few misprints in the above have been corrected in square brackets to agree with B.*]

[*** The remainder of the original page, being the *Variants* section, appears to have been removed deliberately, perhaps to be processed separately.]