

Wit Without Money eBook

Wit Without Money by Francis Beaumont

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Page 1

Title: Wit Without Money The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

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*** Start of this project gutenber EBOOK wit without money ***

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WIT WITHOUT MONEY,

A comedy.

* * * * *

Persons Represented in the Play.

Valentine, a Gallant that will not be perswaded to keep his Estate.

Francisco, his younger Brother.

Master Lovegood their Uncle.

A Merchant, Friend to Master Lovegood.

*Fountain, }
Bellamore, } companions of Valentine, and Sutors to the Widow.
Hairbrain, }*

Lance, a Falkner, and an ancient servant to Valentines Father.

Shorthose, the Clown, and servant to the Widow.

Roger, Ralph, and Humphrey, three servants to the Widow.

Three Servants.

Musicians.



Lady Hartwel, a *Widow*.

Isabel, *her Sister*.

Luce, a *waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow*.

* * * * *

Actus primus. Scena prima.

* * * * *

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Merc. When saw you *Valentine*?

Uncle. Not since the Horse-race, he's taken up with those that woo the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people? he bore a worthy mind.

Uncle. Alas, he's sunk, his means are gone, he wants, and which is worse, Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of states, he cannot be brought (now he has spent his own) to think there's inheritance, or means, but all a common riches, all men bound to be his Bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Uncle. No Gentleman that has estate to use it in keeping house, or followers, for those wayes he cries against, for Eating sins, dull Surfeits, cramming of Serving-men, mustering of Beggars, maintaining Hospitals for Kites, and Curs, grounding their fat faiths upon old Country proverbs, God bless the Founders; these he would have ventured into more manly uses, Wit, and carriage, and never thinks of state, or means, the ground-works: holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies, and starve their understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

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Uncle. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

Uncle. It's most impossible, he will not look with any handsomeness upon a Woman.

Mer. Is he so strange to Women?

Uncle. I know not what it is, a foolish glory he has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits, and yet he will converse and flatter 'em, make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth, as his impression serves, for he affirms, they are only lumps, and undigested pieces, lickt over to a form by our affections, and then they show. The Lovers let 'em pass.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much promise; they are wondrous merry.

Uncle. O their hopes are high, Sir.

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town?

Bella. Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions, for this Widow is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you—

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else, come let's go seek *Valentine*.

Mer. This Widow seems a Gallant.

Uncle. A goodly Woman, and to her handsomness she bears her state, reserved, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

M[e]r. I would *Valentine* had her.

Uncle. There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that condition, he had his Mortgage in again.

Uncle. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do, however let the Money be paid in, I never sought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eat the bread of other mens vexations, you told me of another Brother.



Uncle. Yes Sir, more miserable than he, for he has eat him, and drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman, and fine Scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are these?

Unc. The Tenants, they'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared, be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our minds an't please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my perswasions when we meet next.

Unc. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your money, mine, and these mens thanks too, and what we can be able.

Mer. Y'are most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you, prosper your business my friends. [*Ex. Mer.*]

Unc. Pray Heaven it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him, and tell him that I'll not spare him, his Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Fellows, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his prodigality, yet kept his state still; must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintained good Yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbage Gardens, must it be so?

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Unc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Unc. Intreat him lovingly, and make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.

[*Valen. Within.*] And tell the Gentleman, I'll be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not fail boy.

Lance. You'll want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes, [b]e diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people? why, all the world shall never make me rich more, nor master of these troubles.

Tenants. We beseech you for our poor Childrens sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em? have you not threshing work enough, but Children must be bang'd out o'th' sheaf too? other men with all their delicates, and healthful diets, can get but wind eggs: you with a clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheese would break a Saw, and sowre Milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain these tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintained you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the Silk you wear? I think our labours; reckon, you'll find it so: who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns, and who extol'd you in the Half-crown-boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties? we had no hand in these; no, we are all puppies? Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honest men to serve your purposes, honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery; mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt next? you had a thousand Acres, fair and open: The Kings-Bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding, the Counter is full of

thorns and brakes, take heed Sir, and boggs, you'll quickly find what broth they're made of.

Val. Y'are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y'are a fine Gentleman, and of excellent judgement, they report you have a wit; keep your self out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with you, which by interpretation is your State, Sir, or I shall think your fame belied you, you have money, and may have means.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my good lye within thy brain to further, or my undoing in thy pity? go, go, get you home, there whistle to your Horses, and let them edifie; away, sow Hemp to hang your selves withal: what am I to you, or you to me; am I your Landlord, puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you, to vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings, they are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.



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3 Tenants. Your Fathers Worship would have used us better.

Val. My Fathers Worship was a Fool.

Lance. Hey, hey boys, old *Valentine* i'faith, the old boy still.

Unc. Fie Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his state, he had never left me the misery of so much means else, which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me: If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, they are as killing to my nature Uncle, as water to a Feaver.

Lance. We will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the stronger, and you shall keep your state.

Val. Thou lylest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lylest, thou shalt, and so good morrow. [*Exeunt Tenants.*]

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding: now to your business Uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, 'tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me, I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, I mean, of thinking of more lands, or livings, than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays, for being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't, *caveat emptor*, let the fool out-sweat it, that thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madness to be a wilful begger.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content you? How bravely now I live, how jocund, how near the first inheritance, without fears, how free from title-troubles!

Unc. And from means too.

Val. Means? why all good men's my means; my wit's my Plow, the Town's my stock, Tavern's my standing-house, and all the world knows there's no want; all Gentlemen that love Society, love me; all Purses that wit and pleasure opens, are my Tenants; every mans Cloaths fit me, the next fair lodging is but my next remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the Air, a piece is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whither, what need state here?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer, should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way in't; your mind's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are Hinds that work on nothing but daily sweat and trouble: were my way so full of dirt as this, 'tis true I'd shift it; are my acquaintance Grasiers? but Sir, know, no man that I am allied to, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull first, nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poisure of goodness, and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Unc. You pose me Cousin.

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Val. What's my knowledge Uncle, is't not worth mony? what's my understanding, travel, reading, wit, all these digested, my daily making men, some to speak, that too much flegm had frozen up, some that spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put their tongues to pensions, some to wear their cloaths, and some to keep 'em, these are nothing Uncle; besides these wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are deservers, not examining how much, or what's done for them, 'tis wicked, and such a one like you, chews his thoughts [double], making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. This cloak and hat Sir, and my Masters love.

Val. Commend's to thy Master, and take that, and leave 'em at my lodging.

1 Ser. I shall do it Sir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2 Ser. Please you Sir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Master; look you Uncle, do I beg these?

Unc. No sure, 'tis your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray satisfie me, are not these ways as honest as persecuting the starved inheritance, with musty Corn, the very rats were fain to run away from, or felling rotten wood by the pound, like spices, which Gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces? do not I know your way of feeding beasts with grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers? your racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their issues, as *Andeluzia* breeds? these are authentique, I tell you Sir, I would not change ways with you, unless it were to sell your state that hour, and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumnillo*, now you know me.

Unc. I would you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange enemy to all that fits you, give me leave to make your Brothers fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover, I'll find the means.

Val. Pray save your labour Sir, my Brother and my self will run one fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be safe for him, I love him better, he has wit at will,



the world has means, he shall live without this trick of state, we are heirs both, and all the world before us.

Unc. My last offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'll answer.

Unc. What think you of a wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can find one, that can please my fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

Unc. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is, self commendations, for when they find they are handsom, they are unwholsome; one without ears, not giving time to flatterers, for she that hears her self commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make 'em wicked; one without substance of her self; that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton; though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass the eyes of honest men, not her own admiration, all her ends obedience, all her hours new blessings, if there may be such a woman.



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Unc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without state too.

Unc. You are disposed to trifle, well, fare you well Sir, when you want me next, you'll seek me out a better sence.

Val. Farewell Uncle, and as you love your estate, let not me hear on't. [*Exit.*]

Unc. It shall not trouble you, I'll watch him still, And when his friends fall off then bend his will. [*Exit.*]

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your sister has ingrostr all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithall, much good may't do her, prethee speak softly, we are open to mens ears.

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand undiscovered, be not melancholy, you are as fair as she.

Isab. Who I? I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman of a presence, she spreads sattens, as the Kings ships do canvas every where, she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets, strike her main Petticoat, and yet outsail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one.

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet she's old.

Isab. She never saw above one voyage *Luce*, and credit me after another, her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant: she plaies, and sings too, dances and discourses, comes very near Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Philosophic, a subtil Chymick Wench, and can extract the Spirit of mens Estates, she has the light before her, and cannot miss her choice for me, 'tis reason I wait my mean fortune.

Luce. You are so bashfull.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cozen'd, that would shew mad i' faith: besides, we lose the main part of our politick government: if we become provokers,



then we are fair, and fit for mens imbraces, when like towns, they lie before us ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too without the loss of honour, and march off with our fair wedding, Colours flying. Who are these?

Enter Franc, and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prethee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devour'd you too?

Fran. H'as gulp'd me down *Lance*.

Lance. Left you no means to study?

Fran. Not a farthing: dispatcht my poor annuity I thank him, here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

Lan. You are fit for great mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'le take me thus? mens miseries are now accounted stains in their natures. I have travelled, and I have studied long, observed all Kingdoms, know all the promises of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies, art thou so rich as to get me a lodging *Lance*?

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Lan. I'll sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawk, nay's death I'll pawn my wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see your Fathers house fall thus!

Isab. An honest fellow.

Lan. Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my name!

Isab. A gratefull fellow.

Lan. And fall by—

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and though you hold him slight, my most dear Brother: A Gentleman, excepting some few rubs, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts, the issues of a noble and manly Spirit, as any he alive. I must not hear you; though I am miserable, and he made me so, yet still he is my Brother, still I love him, and to that tie of blood link my affections.

Isab. A noble nature! dost thou know him *Luce*?

Luce. No, Mistress.

Isab. Thou shouldest ever know such good men, what a fair body and mind are married! did he not say he wanted?

Luce. What's that to you?

Isab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes! ten thousand more than he, as handsom men too.

Isab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thousand thousand! is there no knowing him? why should he want? fellows of no merit, slight and puffed souls, that walk like shadows, by leaving no print of what they are, or poise, let them complain.

Luce. Her colour changes strangely.

Isab. This man was made, to mark his wants to waken us; alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hunger, believe me he is well bred, and cannot be but of a noble lineage, mark him, mark him well.

Luce. 'Is a handsom man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off, O *Luce*, but whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.



Isab. I would he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come Sir, I'll see you lodg'd, you have tied my tongue fast, I'll steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow, why, this would move a stone, I must needs know; but that some other time. [*Exit Lance, and Franc.*]

Luce. Is the wind there? that makes for me.

Isab. Come, I forgot a business.

Actus [Secundus]. Scena Prima.

Enter Widow, and Luce.

Wid. My sister, and a woman of so base a pity! what was the fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough, and no man knows from whence neither.

Wid. What could she see?

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Luce. Only his misery, for else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Luce. Extreemly, when he spoke, and then her pity, like an Orator, I fear her love framed such a commendation, and followed it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that she must doat upon afflictions? why does she not go romage all the prisons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness, and flie her honour, common both to beggery: did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since, she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And looked he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

Wid. My sister, and sink basely! this must not be, does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employed a Squire called *Shorthose*.

Wid. O that's a precious Knave: keep all this private, but still be near her lodging: *Luce*, what you can gather by any means, let me understand: I'll stop her heat, and turn her charity another way, to bless her self first; be still close to her counsels; a begger and a stranger! there's a bless'dness! I'll none of that; I have a toy yet, sister, shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it, and for your pains take you the last gown I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, Valentine.

Fount. Sirra, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her excellencies.

Bel. She hath put us off, this month now, for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not say, good morrow, nor good even, till that's past.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you: are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these widows—



Hare. If we had 'em.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to wooe 'em, there be three kinds of fools, mark this note Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it.

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val An Innocent, a knave fool, a fool politick: the last of which are lovers, widow lovers.

Bell. Will you allow no fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons, but as my Scholars and companions damn'd 'em: do you know what it is to wooe a widow? answer me coolely now, and understandingly.

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Hare. Why to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why there you are fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick fools, I lookt for such an answer; once more hear me, it is, to wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the state you have be yours or no, or those old boots you ride in. Mark me, widows are long extents in Law upon news, livings upon their bodies winding-sheets, they that enjoy 'em, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget only their own ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?

Bell. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain truth; but if you'le needs do things of danger, do but lose your selves, not any part concerns your understandings, for then you are Meacocks, fools, and miserable march off amain, within an inch of a Fircug, turn me o'th' toe like a Weather-cock, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve month, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

Hare. And these are trifles.

Val. Considered to a Widow, empty nothings, for here you venture but your persons, there the varnish of your persons, your discretions; why 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now 'tis made; me thinks a man, an understanding man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets; what do we get by women, but our senses, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied, and when that's done, what are we? Crest-fallen Cowards. What benefit can children be, but charges and disobedience? What's the love they render at one and twenty years? I pray die Father: when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once, there drops a son by th' sword in his Mistresses quarrel, a great joy to his parents: A Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in her blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Servingman: his twenty Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin mens hair off; there's another, and most are of this nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same widow?

Fount. If I may, and me thinks, however you are pleased to dispute these dangers, such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtfull.

Val. Not half so killing as for you, for me she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate, I have no state left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Antidote against a Widow, nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits, which she can neither law nor claw away; to that, but little flesh, it were too



much else; and that unwholsom too, it were too rich else; and to all this contempt of what she do's I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers, hear her without a faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytour, moan her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could do these, and had but this discretion, and like fortune, it were but an equal venture.



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Fount. This is malice.

Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you, grows great with joyntures, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'll find this certain; but is it come to pass you must marry, is there no buff will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a maid, a maid not worth a penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a maid worth nothing, there's a vertuous spell in that word nothing; a maid makes conscience of half a Crown a week for pins and puppits, a maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one faith, one content, one bed, aged she makes the wise, preserves the fame and issue; a widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend your mony, yet I deserve it too, you are my friends still, I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em; I eat your meat, help to wear her linnen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which I'll do you this commodity, be ruled, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hare. This was our meaning *Valentine*.

Val. 'Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousy; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the flesh foolisher: come let's to dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have at her.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella, *and* Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Luce. No surer than I heard.

Hare. That it was that flouting fellows Brother?

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Hare. He did searc[h] out the truth?



Luce. It seems he did.

Har. Prethee *Luce* call him hither, if he be no worse, I never repent my pity, now sirra, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman i'th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I'th' torn black?

Isab. Yes, the same Sir.

Short. What would your Worship with him?

Isab. Why, my Worship would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

Isab. You must needs play the fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isab. How is he a man, and no man?

Short. He's a begger, only the sign of a man, the bush pull'd down, which shows the house stands emptie.

Isab. What's his calling?

Short. They call him begger.

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Isab. What's his kindred?

Short. Beggers.

Isab. His worth?

Short. A learned begger, a poor Scholar.

Isab. How does he live?

Short. Like worms, he eats old Books.

Isab. Is *Valentine* his Brother.

Short. His begging Brother.

Isab. What may his name be?

Short. *Orson*.

Isab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isab. Once more tell me his name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Isab. What?

Short. *Francisco*.

Isab. Where lies this learning, Sir?

Short. In *Pauls* Church yard forsooth.

Isab. I mean the Gentleman, fool.

Short. O that fool, he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to *London*: in the Country, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcombe, here every Tavern teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your mazard, that now there's no talking to you.



Isab. 'Is much improved, a fellow, a fine discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of wit so long to be an Ass.

Luce. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should remove into the Country.

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady, such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.

Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthose*, nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of drawer, carry this pottle to my Father *Shorthose*.

Isab. No plays, nor gaily foists, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou beest oyl, and then come home again, and lye byth' Legend.

Luc. Say she should go.

Short. If I say, I'll be hang'd, or if I thought she would go.

Luce. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But *Shorthose*, where thy heart is?

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand Mistris 'tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first? she'l give him so much time.

Isab. Gone o'th' sudden? thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

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Luce. She has put them off a month, th[e]y dare not see her, believe me Mistris, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, wench? gone on so short a warning! what trick is this? she never told me of it, it must not be, sirra, attend me presently, you know I have been a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! how darest thou come to town, to ask such an idle question?

Fran. Me thinks 'tis necessary, unless you could restore that Annuitie you have tipled up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a handsom knowledge; who has spoiled thee?

Lan. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, and by Copie, will spoil all comes near him: buy but a Glass, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well said, old Copihold.

Lan. My heart's good Freehold Sir, and so you'll find it, this Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother, for there is no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. E'ne as well as I use my self, what would'st thou have *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lan. Hark what he saies to you, O try your wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long bedrid, and unsensible.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what wretchedness your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

Val. (A hundred pound!) dost thou know what thou hast said Boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more than any man can justifie, believe it: procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee there's no such sum in nature, forty shillings there may be now i'th' Mint and that's a Treasure, I have seen five pound, but let me tell it, and 'tis as



wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's five shillings, *Frank*, the harvest of five weeks, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruits, I'll come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis patience must meet with you Sir, not love.

Lanc. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawk; two of the reverent.

Lanc. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next moon, what would you have him do?

Val. How?

Lanc. To get money first, that's to live, you have shewed him how to want.

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Val. 'Slife how do I live? why, what dull fool would ask that question? three hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely: the better half o'th' Town live most gloriously, and ask them what states they have, or what Annuities, or when they pray for seasonable Harvests: thou hast a handsome Wit, stir into the world, *Frank*, stir, stir for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: ask how to live? write, write, write any thing, the World's a fine believing World, write News.

Lan. Dragons in *Sussex*, Sir, or fiery Battels seen in the Air at *Aspurge*.

Val. There's the way *Frank*, and in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdom with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, Dearth upon Dearth, like leven Taffaties, predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars, and want of Herrings on our Coast, with bloody Noses.

Lan. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantham* Steeple, and clap it on *Pauls*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their sins.

Val. *Probatum est*, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Scholars, there's twenty nobles, and two loads of Coals, are not these ready wayes? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a Map from the Mermaid, I mean a midnight Map to scape the Watches, and such long senseless examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

Lan. You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these Megea's, did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you, I see my wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, look to your self, Sir, a providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose with a bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you, I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a thought too handsome.



Lan. Who wouldst thou speak withal, why dost thou peep so?

Short. I am looking birds nests, I can find none in your bush beard, I would speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best friend, Sir, it seems you spake withal this twelve-month, Gentleman, there's money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you, Sir, be not so brief, not a penny; law how he itches at it, stand off, you stir my colour.

Lan. Take it, 'tis money.

Short. You are too quick too, first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Faulkoner, but a foolish one.



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Lan. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too, 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, Sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat drest, and your Laundress to wash your Boots white.

Fran. Pray stay Sir, may you not be mistaken.

Short. I think I am, give me the money again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear, is not your name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may Thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall: do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, 'tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy, Sir.

Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy, be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain, if it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me, tell over your money, and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such bags?

Short. More such there are, Sir, but few I fear for you, I have cast your water, you have wit, you need no money. [*Exit.*

Lan. Be not amazed, Sir, 'tis good gold, good old gold, this is restorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest fingers feel it, yours be too quick Sir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

Lan. Let 'em send more, and then examine it, this can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lan. Sir, of any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to find mens wants, good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more wayes than certainties, now you believe: What Plough brought you this Harvest, what sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the expectation of Quarterdaies, you see it showers in to you, you are an Ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Star, and that bo-peep, whining, and fasting, to find the natural reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in Annuities, where every man's thy study, and thy Tenant, I am ashamed on thee.

Lan. Yes, I have seen this fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes marry is there.



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Lan. I think he's her servant, or I am couzen'd else, I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lan. She's a good Woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lan. And young enough believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.

Val. Frank, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money.

Lan. His money shall lie with me, three in a Bed, Sir, will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid, and thou shalt see what things—

Lan. Trust to your self Sir. [*Exeunt Fran. and Val.*

Enter Fount. Bella. and Valentine.

Fount. O *Valentine!*

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bella. The Widow's going, man.

Val. Why let her go, man.

Hare. She's going out o'th' Town.

Val. The Town's the happier, I would they were all gone.

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her?

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good *Val.*

Val. I had rather march i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon, but adieu, if she be above ground, go, away to your prayers, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withall. [*Exeunt.*



Enter Shorthose with one boot on, Roger, _and_ Humphrey.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose*.

Short. Who can help it *Roger*?

Raph. [*within.*] Help down with the hangings.

Rog. By and by *Raph.* I am making up o'th' trunks here.

Raph. *Shorthose*.

Short. Well.

Raph. Who looks to my Ladys wardrobe? *Humphrey*.

Hum. Here.

Raph. Down with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away the Coach cushions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to stop this journey?

Rog. Why go now, why now, why o'th' sudden now? what preparation, what horses have we ready, what provision laid in i'th' Country?

Hum. Not an egge I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink boyes, there's the devil.

Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty, and then we must come up again.

Hum. What sayes the Steward?

Rog. He's at's wits end, for some four hours since, out of his haste and providence, he mistook the Millars mangie mare, for his own nagge.

Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey. Oh *London* how I love thee!

Hum. I have no boots nor none I'll buy: or if I had, refuse me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, men are men.

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Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any dirty dairy Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behind my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knapsacks, Glasses, Gugawes, as if I were a running flippery, I'll give 'em leave to cut my girts, and slay me. I'll not be troubled with their Distibations, at every half miles end, I understand my self, and am resolved.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers!* who shall be there boys, who shall meet the wenches?

Rog. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we should have met at!

Short. These griefs like to another Tale of *Troy*, would mollifie the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weep, *Aeneas* enters, and now the town's lost.

Raph. Well whither run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I would she were in Bedlam.

Raph. The carts are come, no hands to help to load 'em? the stuff lies in the hall, the plate. [*Within Widow.*] Why knaves there, where be these idle fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one Boot?

Wid. Why where I say?

Raph. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling storm, to last but ten days. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luc. By my troth Mistris I did it for the best.

Isab. It may be so, but *Luce*, you have a tongue, a dish of meat in your mouth, which if it were minced *Luce*, would do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest Mistress.

Isab. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter [*within.*] Anon forsooth.



Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak, you are so full of providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little box behind the Coach, and bid my maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Luce. But hear me.

Isab. I am in love sweet *Luce*, and you are so skilfull, that I must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Curles well carried. O sweet *Luce*, you have a tongue, and open tongues have open you know what, *Luce*.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isab. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: there's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a tongue can talk too: and a Green Chamber *Luce*, a back door opens to a long Gallerie; there was a night *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you blush *Luce*? a Friday night I saw your Saint, *Luce*: for t'other box of Marmalade, all's thine sweet *Roger*, this I heard and kept too.

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Luce. E'ne as you are a woman Mistress.

Isab. This I allow as good and Physical sometime, these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn served, and to your friend to be a dog-bolt.

Luce. I confess it Mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes; for which mine honour suffers; your best waies must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a means to clear my self, and she a fair opinion of me, else you peevish—

Luce. My power and prayers Mistress.

Isab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose, and Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come, are you ready? you love so to delay time, the day grows on.

Isab. I have sent for a few trifles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your own honour then, about your business, see the Coach ready presently, I'll tell you more then.

[*Ex. Luce, and Shorthose.*

And understand it well, you must not think your sister so tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart, and must imagine, and truly too; 'tis not your charitie can coin such sums to give away as you have done, in that you have no wisdom *Isabel*, no nor modesty, where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am ashamed to find this in your years, far more in your discretion, none to chuse but things for pity, none to seal your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you to but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Joynture sister, you are happy, no mony, no not ten shillings.

Isab. You search nearly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that knows not where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest, unless it be i'th' stocks; what kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother, or what vertues.

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.



Wid. Or say the man had vertue, is vertue in this age a full inheritance? what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets? this is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer, I'll go with you, and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, I'll sit laugh at. For sister 'tis not folly but good discretion governs our main fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isa. I am for you.

Enter Shorthose, and Humphrey, with riding rods.

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Hum. The Devil cannot stay her, she'l on't, eat an egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may *London* wayes from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their wheels, may zealous Smiths so housel all our Hackneys, that they may feel compunction in their feet, and tire at *High-gate*, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriers sail, and the Kings Fish-monger ride like *Bike Arion* upon a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At *S. Albanes*, let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober to bid her worship welcom.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all preach't down with Puritans; no meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No beds but Wool-Packs.

Short. And those so crammed with Warrens of starved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their *S. Bel-Swagger*, and we pass in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten horse and man, and all my Ladies linnen sprinkled with suds and dish-water.

Short. Not a wheel but out of joynt.

Enter Roger laugh-ing.

Hum. Why dost thou laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, and the rarest Gentleman, and makes the rarest sport.

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here, h'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman, so tewed him up with Sack that he lies lashing a But of Malmsie for his Mares.

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs, and *Shorthose*, he has so maul'd the Red Deer pies, made such an alms i'th' butterie.

Short. Better still.

Enter Val. Widow.

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman?

Short. May he anger her into a feather. [*Exeunt.*



Wid. I pray tell me, who sent you hither? for I imagine it is not your condition, you look so temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me these milde questions.

Val. Do you think I use to walk of errands, gentle Lady, or deal with women out of dreams from others?

Wid. You have not know[n] me sure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reason have you then to be so tender of my credit, you are no kinsman?

Val. If you take it so, the honest office that I came to do you, is not so heavy but I can return it: now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.

Wid. Pray stay, a little proud.

Val. Monstrous proud, I griev'd to hear a woman of your value, and your abundant parts stung by the people, but now I see 'tis true, you look upon me as if I were a rude and saucie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghil, or such a one, as should now fall and worship you in hope of pardon: you are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a loud liar, to see a woman only great in goodness, and Mistress of a greater fame than fortune, but—

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Wid. You are a strange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I should be monstrous angry, which I am not, and shew the effects of pride; I should despise you, but you are welcom Sir: To think well of our selves, if we deserve it, it is a lustre in us, and every good we have, strives to shew gracious, what use is it else? old age like Seer-trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts as his daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you speak to the purpose, you please me, but to be place proud?

Wid. If it be our own, why are we set here with distinction else, degrees, and orders given us? In you men, 'tis held a coolness, if you lose your right, affronts and loss of honour: streets, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what feud about your ranks; are we so much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of nature, to be accounted drones without a difference? you will make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your cloaths, they swear a Mercers Lucifer, a tumour tackt together by a Taylour, nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind people! if my cloaths be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my mind must be my Mercers too? or say my beauty please some weak eyes, must it please them to think, that blows me up, that every hour blows off? this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach lined through with velvet, and four fair *Flanders* mares, why should the streets be troubled continually with you, till Carmen curse you? can there be ought in this but pride of shew Lady, and pride of bum-beating, till the learned lawyers with their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks till all their causes crack? why should this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third sweet Lady, and Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily visited, and your poorer neighbours, with course napfes neglected, fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings, and young mens bodies read on like Anatomies.

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate, to deliver this Sir, to her you know not, but you shall confess me, and find I will not start; in us all meetings lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at Church, our very meditations some will swear, which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your memories, cannot sleep, but this sweet Gentleman swims in our fancies, that scarlet man of war, and that smooth senior; not dress our heads without new ambushes, how to surprize that greatness, or that glorie; our very smiles are subject to constructions; nay Sir, it's come to this we cannot pish, but 'tis a favour for some fool or other: should we examine you thus, wer't not possible to take you without Perspectives?

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[Val.] It may be, but these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours force no truth Sir, what deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues what hearts, and what inventions? O' my conscience, and 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture to aim at your own mothers, and account it glorie to say you had done so: all you think are counsels, and cannot erre, 'tis we still that shew double, giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build Babels for mens conclusions, we that scatter, as day does his warm light; our killing curses over Gods creatures, next to the devils malice: lets intreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman has a brave soul.

Wid. Are not we gaily blest then, and much beholding to you for your substance? you may do what you list, we what beseems us, and narrowly do that too, and precisely, our names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Taverns.

Val. O most brave Wench, and able to redeem an age of women.

Wid. You are no Whoremasters? Alas, no, Gentlemen, it were an impudence to think you vicious: you are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and veils of Vertue, you are not daily mending like Dutch Watches, and plastering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret sins increase our Surgeons, and lie in Foreign Countries, for new sores; Women are all these Vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengeful, giddie-eyed like Parrots, eaters of others honours.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No by my troth, and yet I could say more too, for when men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure 'tis a man, she could not bear it thus bravely else, it may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this time you should trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Where I find no truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.

Wid. Some I have, I were too near the nature o' God else.

Val. You are monstrous peevish.



Wid. Because they are monstrous foolish, and know not how to use that should try me.

Val. I was never answered thus; were you never drunk Lady?

Wid. No sure, not drunk, Sir; yet I love good Wine, as I love health and joy of heart, but temperately, why do you ask that question?

Val. For that sin that they most charge you with, is this sin's servant, they say you are monstrous—

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Pal. Most strangely.

Wid. It has a name sure?

Pal. Infinitely lustful, without all bounds, they swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let us have it all for Heavens sake, 'tis good mirth, Sir.

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Val. They say you will have four now, and those four stuck in four quarters, like four winds to cool you: will she not cry nor curse?

Wid. On with your story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sums of money to that purpose.

Wid. Four Husbands! should not I be blest, Sir, for example? Lord, what should I do with them? turn a Malt-mill, or Tithe them out like Town-bulls to my Tenants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. I'll make you merry then, you are a brave Woman, and in despite of envy a right one, go thy wayes, truth thou art as good a Woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his Leg over, I do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you and sift you into Flowr to know your pureness, and I have found you excellent, I thank you; continue so, and shew men how to tread, and women how to follow: get an Husband, an honest man, you are a good woman, and live hedg'd in from scandal, let him be too an understanding man, and to that stedfast; 'tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry, and then [you] are fixt: farewell.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*]

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handsome bluntness shews him honest; what is he, or from whence? bless me, four Husbands! how prettily he fooled me into Vices, to stir my jealousy, and find my nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well o'th' sudden, such a companion I could live and dye with, his angers are meer mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Isa. What ails she? the Coach stales, and the people, the day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, Sister: fie, who stays now, why do you sit and pout thus?

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well.



Isa. For Heav'us sake let's not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some Sweet-meats in your pocket, if your stomach—

Wid. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me, you shall not find new dreams, and new suspicions, to horse withal.

Wid. Lord who made you a Commander! hey ho, my heart.

Isab. Is the wind come thither, and Coward like, do you lose your Colours to 'em? are you sick o'th' *Valentine*? sweet Sister, come let's away, the Country will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetly: *Luce*, my Ladies Cloak; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not stay for all the world; if I live here, you have so knock'd this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I find my body, I know not how, so apt—pray let's be gone, Sister, I stand on thorns.

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Wid. I prethee *Isabella*, i'faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more, here, wear that for me, and I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph.

Isab. I had rather go, but—

Wid. Come walk in with me, we'll go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses.

Short. A Jubile, a Jubile, we stay, Boys.

Enter Uncle, Lan. Foun. Bella. Harebrain *following*.

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lan. Close, close, speak aloud, Sir.

Unc. I am glad my Nephew has so much discretion, at length to find his wants: did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!

Unc. For his own sake do you think?

Lance. Most certain, Sir, and in his own cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, h'as the command of all the house already.

Unc. He deals not well with his friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own friend, he has most need of her.

Unc. I wonder they would put him—

Lan. You are in the right on't, a man that must raise himself, I knew he would couzen 'em, and glad I am he has: he watched occasion, and found it i'th' nick.

Unc. He has deceived me.

Lan. I told you howsoever he wheel'd about, he would charge home at length: how I could laugh now, to think of these tame fools!

Unc. 'Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Hark you Gentlemen.

Unc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us, they have it home.



Lane. Come let it work good on Gentlemen.

[Exeunt Uncle, Lance.

Font. 'Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.

Bell. Come let's go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. *[Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, Luce.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?

Luce. Am I sure I live? and I have clapt on such a commendation on your revenge.

Isab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.

Isa. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. H'as the right way.

Isa. How is she?

Luce. Bears it well, as if she cared not, but a man may see with half an eye through all her forced behaviour, and find who is her *Valentine*.

Isa. Come let's go see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first.

Isab. I could burst now. *[Exeunt.*

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Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight fellows? was't not I that undertook you first from empty barrels, and brought those barking mouths that gaped like bung-holes to utter sence? where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt carriage to rank your selves? who filled you in fit Taverns? were those born with your worships when you came hither? what brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base sentences?

Bell. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two-hand-rapiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twenty fools opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be prizing, and Prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that scented your want of *Britains* Books.

Enter Widow, Luce, Hairbrain.

Font. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my integrity you Whelps?

Bell. You may talk the stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hair. You tempt our patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, ye're well feathered, thank us, and think now of an honest course, 'tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be still and mark him.

Val. How miserable will these poor wretches be when I forsake 'em! but things have their necessities, I am sorry, to what a vomit must they turn again, now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; never hope after I cast you off, you men of *Motley*, you most undone things below pity, any that has a soul and six-pence dares relieve you, my name shall bar that blessing, there's your Cloak, Sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you a fortnight longer from the fool; your Hat, pray be covered, and there's the Sattin that your Worship sent me, will serve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay, faith Sir, you may e'ne rub these out now.



Val. No such relique, nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness shall keep me warm, these Breeches are mine own, purchased, and paid for, without your compassion, a Christian Breeches founded in Black-Friers, and so I'll maintain 'em.

Hare. So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these Breeches, and the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir, a mark to know a Knave by, pray preserve it, do not displease more, but take it presently, now help me off with my Boots.

Hare. We are no Grooms, Sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this hand I'll make you.

Bell. To our own, Sir, we may apply our hands.

Val. There's your Hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you.

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Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity; which are the poorer? you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge? be Rogues, and so be gone, be Rogues and reply not, for if you do—

Bell. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: the Air is far sharper than our anger, Sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hare. Pray have a care, Sir, of your health. [*Ex. Lovers.*]

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; 'tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreemly cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these Rascals; I have indured as ill heats as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame on't; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle with a Bag.

Unc. 'Thas taken rarely, and now he's flead he will be ruled.

Lan. To him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Unc.. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in a hot fit, I thank my friends.

Unc. But Cousin, where are your Cloaths man? those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion, Cousin.

Val. Not much followed, I must confess; yet Uncle I determine to try what may be done next Term.

Lance. How came you thus, Sir, for you are strangely moved.

Val. Rags, toys and trifles, fit only for those fools that first possessed 'em, a[n]d to those Knaves they are rendred. Freeman, Uncle, ought to appear like innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

Unc. Take me with you, were these your friends, that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang friends, and even reckonings that make friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends; do such men as you, Sir, in lieu of all your

understandings, travels, and those great gifts of nature, aim at no more than casting off your Coats? I am strangely cozen'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandal*, till you be summed again, Velvets and Scarlets, anointed with gold Lace, and Cloth of silver turned into *Spanish* Cottens for a penance, wits blasted with your Bulls and Taverns withered, as though the Term lay at *St. Albans*?

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes, Sir.



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Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier, to raise me up again above your rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes, Cousin, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my power is master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this, as due unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How? [*Luce lays a Suit and Letter at the door.*]

Val. Without daring, when you are drunk, to relish of revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say, Sir, let him go forward with his naked fashion, he will seek you too morrow; goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry, how I sweat!

Unc. Farewel, Sir. [*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

Val. Would I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in; clothes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill winter wear,—What art thou? yes, they are clothes, and rich ones, some fool has left 'em: and if I should utter—what's this paper here? Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*,—dropt out o'th' clouds! I think they are full of gold too; well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again, in the next house I'll shift. [*Exit.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace Cousin peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his disease *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a stinger, has eaten off his clothes, the next his skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the bones, 'tis better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now? will his fantastical opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skin himself again, if I know, or can devise how he should get himself lodging, his Spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing sixpence, to shew his bounty in the pottage Ordinary?

Fran. Which way went he?

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Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him, you have been trimm'd already, let him take his fortune, [he] spun it out himself, Sir, there's no pitie.

Unc. Besides some good to you now, from this miserie.

Fran. I rise upon his ruins! fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest *Lance*. Those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ee, think now, how shew matters? morrow Bandog.

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

Val. Th'art handsom, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman, i'faith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that look as handsom.

Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the Devil for his Tailor.

Unc. New and rich! 'tis most impossible he should recover.

Lan. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you Uncle, the very he, the he your wisdom plaid withall, I thank you for't, neighed at his nakednesse, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more Uncle, and though I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list, yes uncle, and ring a peal in my pockets, ding dong, uncle, these are mad foolish wayes, but who can help 'em?

Unc. I am amazed.

Lan. I'll sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour? is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old woman?

Unc. You are *Valentine*.



Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christened, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Sergeant fasting, did you ever know desert want? y'are fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he would grow too rank else, a small eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with a great lustre, look you uncle, motion and majesty.

Unc. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careless kinsman, and turn again and walk, and look thus Uncle, taking some one by the hand, he loves best, leave them to the mercy of the hog-market, come *Frank*, Fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again, now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance. [*Ex. Val. and Franc.*]



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Unc. I do believe him.

Lan. So do I, and heartily upon my conscience, burie him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours imbroidered: sow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new sattens do, and clothes of silver, there's no striving.

Unc. Let him play a while then, and let's search out what hand:—

Lan. I, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Foun. Come, let's speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his nakedness dare no[t] peep out to cross us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly, and use our best arts, who she deigns to favour, we are all content.

Foun. Much good may do her with him, no civil wars.

Bel. By no means, now do I wonder in what old tod Ivie he lies whistling for means, nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

Hare. Say it is his Uncles spite.

Foun. It is all one Gentlemen, 'thas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabel and Luce.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser: but *Luce*, didst ever know a woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isab. I could so titter now and laugh, I was lost *Luce*, and I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! and we must into the Country in all haste, *Luce*.

Luce. For Heaven's sake, Mistris.

Isab. Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but Scholar, I shall teach you.

Foun. 'Tis her sister.



Bel. Save you Ladies.

Lab. Fair met Gentlemen, you are visiting my sister, I assure my self.

Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcom, you would see her?

Foun. 'Tis our business.

Isab. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em, nor spend a word.

Isab. I'll make her fr[e]t a thousand, nay now I have found the s[c]ab, I will so scratch her.

Luce. She cannot endure 'em.

Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly, come follow me, I'll bring you toth' party Gentlemen, then make your own conditions.

Luce. She is sick you know.

Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer, you are fools then, nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely.

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Isab. I would fain have a Brother in law, I love mens company, and if she call for dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Foun. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Isab. I know you stand o'thorns, come I'll dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this.

Isab. I have lost my aim.

Enter Valentine, and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since.

Val. No hang 'em, hang 'em.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone *Frank*, I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shall dog 'em, and double dog 'em, ere I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I would fain find out this piece of bountie, it was the Widows man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go?

Fran. To give thanks.

Val. Hang giving thanks, hast not thou parts deserve it? it includes a further will to be beholding, beggars can do no more at door, if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you will go.

Val. No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine own Father, were he living *Frank*; I would toth' Court with Bears first, if it be that wench, I think it is, for t'other's wiser, I would not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wit, to climb upon, for 'tis the tarest tit in Christendom, I know her well *Frank*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, flear'd upon, and flouted, and shown to Chambermaids, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange man, but do you think it was a woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't, who can be there to do it else? besides the manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies, who ever does 'em sir, saving your own wisdom, must be more lookt into, and better answered, than with deserving slights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, men may starve else, means are not gotten now with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings cease like miracles, and we must grow by second means, I pray go with me, even as you love me Sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Frank*, I will not stay to hear your fopperies, dispatch those e're I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthose, and Roger.

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Wid. Who let in these puppies? you blind rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently,—Gentlemen.

Wid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch 'em upon my back.

Wid. Get 'em out rascal, out with 'em, out, I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I should sweat more to carry 'em out.

Roger. They are Gentlemen Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' butterie, and make'em drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eased.

Enter Isabel, Fount, Bella, Hare.

Isab. Now to her Sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside boy, I know she loves 'em, howsoever she carries it, and has invited 'em, my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away to tables then. [*Exeunt.*

Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinks the house is handsom, every place decent, what need you be vext?

Hare. We are no strangers.

Fount. What though we come e're you expected us, do not we know your entertainments Madam are free, and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me.



Hare. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Foun. How hansomly this little piece of anger shews upon her! well Madam well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waits upon me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Hare. Nay, we'l go with you, we never saw your chambers yet.

Isab. Hold there boyes.

Wid. Say I go to my prayers?

Foun. We'l pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boysterous, or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous, we know your dinner's ready Lady, you will not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the air.

Hare. We'l wait on you, and then your meat after a quickned stomach.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his reckonings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies— *[Exit Widow.*

Foun. We'l walk after you and view the pleasure of the place.

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Isab. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bel. Nay if we do not tire her.—

[*Exeunt.*

Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady sister, and peep into my privacies to suspect me, I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done, she chafes and fumes outrageously, and still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so, I'll teach her to declaim against my pities, why is she not gone out o'th' town, but gives occasion for men to run mad after her?

Luc. I shall be hanged.

Isab. This in me had been high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard! I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Isab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh sister? I fear me 'tis your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

Isab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lockt 'em i'th' Orchard, there I'll make 'em dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

Isab. They are somewhat saucy, but yet I'll let 'em out, and once more sound 'em, why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet! how came these in?



Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lan. At the door, Madam.

Isab. It is that face.

Luce. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the money to?

Luce. The same.

Isab. Fie leave you, they have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister, they are strangers both to me; how her face alters!

Isab. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though. Who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lan. You Lady, or your fair Sister there, here's a Gentleman that has received a benefit.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lan. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam, your man delivered it.

Wid. I pray go forward.

Lan. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his thanks and service, pass by the house.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lan. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched to hide a gratitude.



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Wid. It is well bestowed then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister as it seems, for what desert I dare not know, unless a handsome subject for your charities, or aptness in your noble will to do it, have showred upon my wants a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the man is a pretty man.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?

Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may perswade you, your only aptness to do this is recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it besides the imputation of vain glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happened where I thought it fitted, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious.

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isab. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of Complements, it blasts it; had you not come at all, but thought thanks, it had been too much, 'twas not to see your person.

Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it!

Isa. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good tongue well; or try you, though my years desire a friend, that I relieved you.

Wid. A plagueie cunning quean.

Isab. For so I carried it, my end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bettered the goodness I propounded with opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isa. You cannot catch me, Sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Lady?

Isa. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good men wanted it.



Lan. This is a Saint sure.

Isa. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my mind clear, and though modesty tells me, he that intreats intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some season, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, wench?

Isa. Alas, it never touched me.

Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first money I ever took upon a forced ill manners.

Isa. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way to be thought a grateful taker?

Isa. Spend it, and say nothing, your modesty may deserve more.

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Wid. O Sister will you bar thankfulness?

Isa. Dogs dance for meat, would ye have men do worse? for they can speak, cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vain glory does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a Woman did it, or to what end, in not believing sometimes your self, when drink and stirring conversation may ripen strange perswasions.

Fran. Gentle Lady, I were a base receiver of a courtesie, and you a worse disposer, were my nature unfurnished of these fore-sights. Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unspotted Crimes, their good deeds holy Temples, where the incense burns not; to common eyes your fears are vertuous, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Isa. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all fortune. *[Exit.]*

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thanked, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely? this is to wake my fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly: despair not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a Woman in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too; Now will I go laugh at my Suitors. *[Exit.]*

Lan. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This Woman is a founder, and cites Statutes to all her benefits.

Lan. I never knew yet, so few years and so cunning, yet believe me she has an itch, but how to make her confess it, for it is a crafty Tit, and plays about you, will not bite home, she would fain, but she dares not; carry your self but so discreetly, Sir, that want or wantonness seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thousand pound to wed her wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Dragon, and such a spritely way of pleasure, ha *Lance*.

Lan. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry, ho, ho, *Lance*.

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this wench now, when all's done, some such youth will carry her, and wear her, greasie out like stuff, some Dunce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the fortunes!

Enter Isabel and Luce.

Lan. Comfort your self.



Luce. They are here yet, and alone too, boldly upon't; nay, Mistress, I still told you, how 'twould find your trust, this 'tis to venture your charity upon a boy.

Lan. Now, what's the matter? stand fast, and like your self.

Isa. Prethee no more Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Isa. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or misery, or say he had been i'th' Cage, was there no mercy to look abroad but yours?



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Isa. I am paid for fooling.

Lu. Must every slight companion that can purchase a shew of poverty and beggerly planet fall under your compassion?

Lane. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are served but too well, here he staies yet, yet as I live.

Fran. How her face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence I hope.

Isab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you gentle Lady?

Isab. Much ashamed Sir, (but first stand further off me, y'are infectious) to find such vanitie, nay almost impudence, where I believ'd a worth: is this your thanks, the gratitude you were so mad to make me, your trim counsel Gentlemen?

Lane. What, Lady?

Isab. Take your device again, it will not serve Sir, the woman will not bite, you are finely cozened, drop it no more for shame.

Luce. Do you think you are here Sir amongst your wast-coateers, your base wenches that scratch at such occasions? you are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble house, born to a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge—

Isab. Then I beseech you Sir, what could 'see, (speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil,) in my behaviour of such easiness that you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir.

Isab. I took it up too, still looking when your modesty should miss it, why, what a childish part was this?

Fran. I vow.



Isab. Vow me no vowes, he that dares do this, has bred himself to boldness, to forswear too; there take your gew-gaw, you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell Sir.

[*Exeunt Isabella, and Luce.*

Lan. Grow wiser if you can? she has put it to you, 'tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, ne're saw it afore, *Lance.*

Lan. Thereby hangs a tail then: what slight she makes to catch her self! look up Sir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and cunningly she makes her stops! whistle and she'll come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happy.

Lan. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show, goes slowest to us, and make's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which are concealed, being often oyl'd with wishes, flee like desires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue strikes; she is flesh, blood and marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pity; no Monument to worship, but a mould to make men in, a neat one, and I know how e're she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark blind if you hit not soon at night; she would venture forty pounds more but to feel a Flea in your shape bite her: drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her heart by.

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Fran. Thou putst me in much comfort.

Lan. Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more Rings, she'll drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lan. Let him alone, and feed your self on your own fortunes; come be frolick, and let's be monstrous wise and full of counsel, drop no more Rings. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be used so: who sent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcom hither? you came crowding, and impudently bold; press on my patience, as if I kept a house for all Companions, and of all sorts: will 'have your wills, will vex me and force my liking from you I ne're ow'd you?

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bel. And for all this will have a better answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have an answer nor dinner, unless you use me with a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph, *with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now.

Rog. Come Gentlemen, march fairly.

Short. *Roger*, you are a weak Serving-man, your white broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a back now, and in these times, what might a man arrive at! Goose, grase you up, and Woodcock march behinde thee, I am almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the meat yet? away you knaves, I will not dine these two hours: how am I vext and chafed! go carry it back and tell the Cook, he's an arrant Rascal, to send before I called.

Short. Face about Gentlemen, beat a mournfull march then, and give some supporters, or else I perish—

[*Exeunt* Servants.]

Isab. It does me much good to see her chafe thus.



Hare. We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, 'tis good Air.

Fount. I know you have beds enough, and meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churlish, we'll give you Physick, you must purge this anger, it burns you and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once, I would be at the charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow Sir. How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly! what slaves were these to use him so!

Val. I come to look a young man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one was here Sir, as I remember your own Brother, but gone almost an hour agoe.

Val. Good ee'n then.

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Wid. You must not so soon Sir, here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with 'em.

Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bel. It is the very he, does it rain fortunes, or has he a familiar?

Hare. How doggedly he looks too?

Fount. I am beyond my faith, pray let's be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes I know 'em, and will be more familiar.

Bel. Morrow Madam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you think you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that belief, till you be company for Court-hand Clarks, and starved Attornies, till you break in at playes like Prentices for three a groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars in peny Rooms again, and fight for Apples, till you return to what I found you, people betrai'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cutpurses: stir not, but hear, and mark, I'll cut your throats else, till Water works, and rumours of New Rivers rid you again and run you into questions who built Thames, till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your Tables to glean the golden Sentences, and cite 'em secre[t]ly to Servingmen for sound Essayes, till Taverns allow you but a Towel room to Tipple Wine in, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and Bisket that Bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like Corals to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again, think I sit down the looser.

Wid. Will you stay Gentlemen, a piece of Beef and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you are welcom.

Hum. That was cast to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off, the Devil is in his anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? why do ye vex a woman of her goodness, her state and worth? can you bring a fair certificate that you deserve to be her footmen? husbands, you puppies? husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you wind suckers; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this: and though I am not bound to fight for women, as far they are good I dare preserve 'em: be not too bold, for if you be, I'll swinge you monstrously without all pity, your honours now goe, avoid me mainly.
[*Exeunt.*]

Wid. Well Sir, you have delivered me, I thank you, and with your nobleness prevented danger, their tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat Sir.

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Vol. No, no, I dare not trust my self with women, go to your meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. *[Exit.]*

Wid. Well go thy ways, thou art a noble fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. *[Exit.]*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Uncle, and Merchant.

Unc. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves *Frank*.

Mer. I am glad to hear it: but wherefore do they not pursue this fortune to some fair end?

Unc. The women are too craftie, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow, and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure, why does she stir so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and make a benefit of what I would bring him: tell my sister I'll use my devotions at home this morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a torch Sir.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. You lazie Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can ne're lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out. *Ralph*, pray emptie my right shooe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rosemarie in't, I must wait upon my Lady. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You drousie slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.



Short. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book, I am an ingrum man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and when she is ready wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do snore my part out— [*Exit Short.*

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you Sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find, we came to gratulate your new knit marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. He's a Gentleman, although he be my kinsman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Unc. Yes Lady, now I may say so, 'tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

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Wid. What's all this? I understand you not, what Niece, what marriage-knot?

Unc. I'll tell plainly, you are my Niece, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and 'twas a noble and vertuous part, to take a falling man to your protection, and buoy him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that flie away like shadows, was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? You have wealth enough to give him gloss and outside, and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heavens blessing o' your heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange Widow, it must be known, better a general joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide 'em.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest toys, belike I am married then?

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds account else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but 'tis a full opinion you are with child, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, how long, and when he stayed, could name the bed too, where he paid down his first-fruits.

Wid. I shall believe anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your own pleasure; and so good morrow, my best Niece, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.



Mer. You'll find him noble, this may beget—

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

[*Exit* Uncle, *and* Mer.]

Wid. These are fine bobs i'faith, married, and with child too! how long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows, they should not come to flout; married, and bedded, the world takes notice too! where lies this May-game? I could be vext extreamly now, and rail too, but 'tis to no end, though I itch a little, must I be scratcht I know not how, who waits there?

Enter Humphrey, a Servant.

Hum. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you only, and hark you Sir, be secret and speedy, inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I shall do it, Madam.

Wid. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine i'faith, sure he that did this, would do better waking. [*Exit.*]



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Enter Valentine, Fran. Lance, and a Boy with a Torch.

Val. Hold thy Torch handsomely: how dost thou *Frank*? *Peter Bassel*, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this drink?

Val. A shrewd dog, *Frank*, will bite abundantly.

Lan. Now could I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou man of *Memphis*?

Lan. But that thou art mine own natural master, yet my sack says thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy land, which a noble cause.

Val. No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have Lands boy, Livings, and Titles, thou shalt be a Vice-Roy, hang fighting, hang't 'tis out of fashion.

Lan. I would fain labour you into your lands again, go to, it is behoveful.

Fran. Fie *Lance*, fie.

Lan. I must beat some body, and why not my Master, before a stranger? charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lan. I will not be compel'd, and you were two Masters, I scorn the motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lan. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lan. I scorn meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your Mortgage again, here do I lie S' George, and so forth.

Val. And here do I S' George, bestride the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lan. I sting, I sting with my tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.



Val. Take this *Nelson*, and now rise, thou Maiden Knight of Mallgo, lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lan. I'll play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth, *Frank*.

Lan. You shall hear from us. [*Exeunt Lance and Frank.*]

Val. This Rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tetchy Knave.

Enter Uncle and Merchant, Boy with a Torch.

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Unc. You have made your Brother a fine man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a fool before, brought up amongst the midst of Small-Beer-Brew-houses, what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

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Val. Are you my sentence?

Mer. The sentence of your state.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Unc. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the world slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boyes, drink Sack like Whey, boyes.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither Merchant: make me a supper, thou most reverent Land-catcher, a supper of forty pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Sisters, thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their trinkets, let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine, we'll laugh at all the miseries of Mortgage, and then in state I'll render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state, speak to the point, Sir?

Pal. Not, not if it were mine heir in the *Turks* Gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou camest i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, will ring you such a knell, go down in glory, and march upon my land, and cry, All's mine; cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil, mark what an Echo follows, build fine March-panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber for Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are people too never Christened, they know no Law nor Conscience, they'll devour thee; and thou mortal, the stopple, they'll confound thee within three days; no bit nor memory of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon thy Nose there, shall be e're heard of more; go take possession, and bring thy Children down, to rost like Rabbits, they love young Toasts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Cannibals; bring down thy



kindred too, that be not fruitful, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie 'em, go take possession. I'll go to my Chamber, afore Boy go. [*Exeunt.*]

Mer. He's mad sure.

Unc. He's half drunk sure: and yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely, but he's so harsh and strange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his drink, Sir, and I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals? if ever I come to view his Regiment, if fair terms may be had.

Unc. He tells you true, Sir, they are a bunch of the most boisterous Rascals disorder ever made, let 'em be mad once, the power of the whole Country cannot cool 'em, be patient but a while.

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Mer. As long as you will, Sir, before I buy a bargain of such Runts, I'll buy a Colledge for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, Boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost thou now?

Lan. Better than I was, and straighter, but my head's a Hogshead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lan. I may live to requite it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. 'Twas all but sport, I'll tell thee what I mean now, I mean to see this Wench.

Lan. Where a Devil is she? and there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the Bell ring?

Lan. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to prayers, early each morning thither: Now if I could but meet her, for I am of another mettle now.

Enter Isabel, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lan. What light's yon?

Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the hand and court her.

Lan. Take her below the girdle, you'll never speed else, it comes on this way still, oh that I had but such an opportunity in a Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she: fortune I kiss thy hand—Good morrow Lady.

Isa. What voice is that, Sirra, do you sleep as you go, 'tis he, I am glad on't. Why, *Shorthose?*

Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lan. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold the torch up.



Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a Butcher's Dog asleep in't, where did you see the voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lan. To her and meet Sir.

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes Lady, never bless your self, I am but a man, and like an honest man, now I will thank you—

Isab. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desired you?

Short. Shall I put out the Torch forsooth?

Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, Ha, but such companions as you must ruffle me? you had best go with me Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpose.

Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! you had best, being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a husband, so loving, and so carefull, my youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at—Hark you?

Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly, turn home again sirra, you had best now force my man to lead your way.

Lan. Yes marry shall he Lady, forward my friend.

Isab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better? I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

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Short. I see nothing, I am asleep still, when you have done tell me, and then I'll wake Mistris.

Isab. Are you in earnest Sir, do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes by my troth Lady in these fair Tresses.

Isab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick Lady, I'll kiss, and stop your mouth.

Isab. You'll answer all these?

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isab. I was never abused thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you?

Fran. That's known already, and no man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine i'faith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is most likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture as you profess, I would wish you look about you, to do these rude tricks, for you know the recompences, and trust not to my mercy.

Fran. But I will Lady.

Isab. For I'll so handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lan. Afore thou dream.

Shor. Have you done?

Isab. Go on Sir, and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.



Lan. 'Tis all thine own boy, an 'twere a million, god a mercy Sack, when would small Beer have done this?

Knocking within. Enter Valentine.

Val. Whose that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil ails you, is hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron mill?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 'Tis a Gentlewoman Sir that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Ser. She will not be answered Sir.

Val. Fling up the bed and let her in, I'll try how gentle she is—

[Exit Servant.

This Sack has fill'd my head so full of babies, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has brought me no butter print along with her to lay to my charge, if she have 'tis all one, I'll forswear it.

Enter Widow.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, send off your Servant pray. *[Exit Servant.*

Val. She will not ravish me? by this light she looks as sharp set as a Sparrow hawk, what wouldst thou woman?

Wid. O you have used me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in jest once, you were a handsom man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might be brought to marrie.

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Val. The widow is drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine discretion, give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me, and that you have put, fairly put for an heir too, these are fine rumours to advance my credit: i'th' name of mischief what did you mean?

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be brought to marrie me? why, what a Devil do you mean, widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too, to tell the world though you had enjoyed your first wish you wished, the wealth you aimed at, that I was poor, which is most true, I am, have sold my lands, because I love not those vexations, yet for mine honours sake, if you must be prating, and for my credits sake in the Town.

Val. I tell thee widow, I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares lye on thy husband, if e're thou marryest more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it, to be your Nurse?

Val. My Nurse? why, what am I grown to, give me the Glass, my Nurse.

Wid. You n'er said truer, I must confess I did a little favour you, and with some labour might have been perswaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making broths, and dawbing your decayes with swadling, and with stitching up your ruines, for the world so reports.

Val. Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me, the world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it, have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee, and mark what follows, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me: Widow I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You are disposed Sir.

Val. Yes marry am I Widow, and you shall feel it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whither?



Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now, the fit's upon me now,
Come quickly gentle Ladie, the fit's upon me now,
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to consider, all the widows in the world cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will, go with me Sir.

Val. Yes marrie will I, but 'tis in anger yet, and I will marrie thee, do not cross me; yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of babies, and I will kiss thee, stand still and kiss me handsomely, but do not provoke me, stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk sack yesternight, do not allure me: Thou art no widow of this world, come in pitie, and in spite I'll marrie thee, not a word more, and I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*



Page 43

Enter Merchant, and Uncle, at several doors.

Mer. Well met again, and what good news yet?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No fruits of what we sowed?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet?

Unc. 'Tis all flood, and till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Fran. Isab. Lance, Shorthose, a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the widow's sister, as I live he smiles, he has got good hold, why well said *Frank* i'faith, let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth, and so you have handled me, think you ha' me sure.

Fran. As sure as wedlock.

Isab. You had best lie with me too.

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such black ey'd boyes.

Unc. God a Mercy, *Frank*.

Isab. This is a merrie world, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their business, but they must be catcht up I know not how.

Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct ye too, have I caught you, Mistress?

Isab. Well, and it were not for pure pity, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a torch.

Isab. My sister, as I live, your Brother with her! sure, I think you are the Kings takers.

Unc. Now it works.



Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray speak softly.

Val. I'll speak it out Widow, yes and you shall confess too, I am no Nurse-child, I went for a man, a good one, if you can beat me out o'th' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my credit calls.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank*.

Fran. Yes faith, 'tis done Sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an arse, widow.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

Val. Well said Black-brows, advance your torches Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes Sir.

Val. And keep your ranks.

Mer. *Lance*, carrie this before him.

Unc. Carrie it in state.

Enter Musicians, Fount. Hare. Bel.

Val. What are you, Musicians? I know your coming, and what are those behind you?

Page 44

Musi. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady a good morrow.

Val. O I know them, come boy sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, you're welcom,
Welcom, now we are all friends, go get the Priest ready,
And let him not be long, we have much business:
Come *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start boy,
But I'll so tumble after, come my friends lead,
Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring boyes,
My follies and my fancies have an end here,
Display the morgage *Lance*, Merchant I'll pay you,
And every thing shall be in joynt again.

Unc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confess, and know, *Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow.*
[*Exeunt.*

APPENDIX

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

(A) Wit with-|out Money. | A Comedie, | As it hath beene Presented with good | Applause
at the private house in Drurie Lane, | by her Majesties Servants. | Written by Francis
Beamount, and John Flecher. Gent. | London | Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Andrew
Crooke, | and William Cooke. 1639.

(B) Wit | without | Money. | A | Comedie, | As it hath been
Presented with good Ap-|plause at the private house in Drury Lane, by |
Her Hajesties (sic) Servants | Written by Francis Beamount and John
Flecher. Gent. | The second Impression Corrected. | London, | Printed
for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in | St. Pauls-Church-Yard, 1661.

On the last leaf appears a list of 17 'Plays written by Francis Beamount and John
Flecher, | printed in Quarto.'

(C)= The Second Folio.

p. 146,

l. 6. A and B] The Actors names.



p. 147,

- l. 7. A and B] No Gent.
- l. 10. A and B] maintaine Hospitals.
- l. 24. A and B] flatter um, make um. (The same form occurs almost throughout A and B and is not here repeated.)

p. 148,

- l. 4. C *misprints*] Mar.
- l. 6. A and B] A that.
- l. 10. A *adds*] vexations, the morgage shall be rendred backe,
take time fort, you.
- l. 13. A] and a fine.

p. 149,

- l. 9. C *misprints*] de.
- l. 21. A *omits*] can mount like Stallions.
- l. 29. A *omits*] all.
- l. 32. A *omits*] Sir.

p. 150,

- l. 2. A and B *omit*] of.
- l. 10. A] and hang.
- l. 24. A and B] meagrom.
- l. 24. A] tenements.
- l. 37. A and B] a Sundaies.

p. 151,

- l. 10. A] next remove, and when I please to remove; and when.
- l. 18. A] are hid, that work.
- l. 20. A and B] I shifted; are.
- l. 27. A] my travel.
- l. 29. A] some other that.
- l. 35. B and C *misprint*] doule.

p. 152,

- l. 14. A and B] Andeluria.
- l. 24. B *omits*] find.
- l. 27. A] safe from.



Page 45

p. 153,

l. 17. A] may do.

l. 24. A] satten.

l. 32. A] and a.

p. 154,

l. 1. A] meane part.

l. 5. A] with the loss.

l. 35. A *omits*] the.

p. 155,

l. 3. A] married there together.

ll. 10 and 11. B] puft solus.

ll. 15 and 16. A] but will that fledge him, keep him from cold,
beleeve me.

l. 17. A] him, and marke.

l. 31. C *misprints*] Quartus.

p. 156,

l. 18. A *omits*] that.

l. 34. A] lookt thee.

l. 37. A] She has.

ll. 38 and 39. A] her, not say.

p. 157,

l. 23. A] or no, are those.

l. 37. A] empty nothing.

p. 158,

l. 9. A] in's.

l. 11. A] supple hand.

p. 159,

l. 2. A] a maid content.

l. 5. A] makes the wife.

l. 28. B *omits*] *Hare*. C *misprints*] *searce*.

p. 160,

l. 28. A and B] that Gentleman.

p. 161,

l. 12. B] Legend.

l. 14. A] say so. A] hangd first.



l. 27. C *misprints*] thy.

l. 34. A *adds*] Exeunt.

p. 162,

l. 4. A] himself sport.

l. 5. A] by his Copie.

l. 9. A] Gentleman your.

p. 163,

l. 3. A and B] towne, and live. A and B *omit*] and.

p. 164,

l. 8. A] twelve moneths.

l. 17. A] spent it.

l. 30. A] do not you.

p. 165,

l. 30. A] servant, I am cosend if after her, I.

p. 166,

l. 22. A and B] Roger help down.

p. 167,

l. 25. A] Why whither.

p. 168,

l. 27. A] sometimes.

p. 169,

l. 11. A] my sister.

l. 19. A] bring you but this.

l. 22. A and B] that know not.

l. 29. A] small pots.

l. 32. A] Its.

l. 35. A] sit and laugh.

p. 170,

l. 27. A and B] here, has made.

p. 171,

l. 6. C *misprints*] know.

l. 14. A and B] I grieve to.

l. 25. A] deserve it, is a.

l. 28. A *omits*] as.

p. 172,

l. 14. A] their Cases.

l. 32. A and B] Prospectives.



- l. 33. C *misprints*] Wid.
- l. 36. A and B] Ah my.
- l. 40. A] mens confusions.

p. 173,

- l. 32. A and B] a god else.
- l. 36. B] was you never.

p. 174,

- l. 8. A] Lets have.
- l. 31. C *misprints*] your.

p. 175,

- l. 17. A and B] sick ath.
- l. 32. A *adds*] Exeunt.

p. 176,

- l. 6. A and B] has.
- l. 16. A] charge whom.
- l. 35. A and B] Has the.
- l. 38. A and B] behaviours.

p. 177,

- l. 10. A] filed.
- l. 13. A] small bare.

p. 178,

- l. 2. A and B] worships.
- l. 3. A] at a sizer.
- ll. 7 and 8. A] and Christian bleeches.
- l. 12. A] displease me more.
- l. 37. A and B *omit*] Enter.



Page 46

p. 179,

l. 9. B] Tarm.

l. 12. C *misprints*] and.

p. 180,

l. 1. A] pound.

l. 30. A] most cure.

l. 31. A and B] Has had.

p. 181,

l. 7. A] clocke.

l. 11. C] som spun.

p. 182,

l. 33. C] nor.

l. 39. A] he has none.

p. 183,

ll. 27 and 28. B and C] frat ... sab.

p. 184,

l. 5. A] but lend.

l. 6. A and B] a thornes.

l. 22. A] thanks Sir.

l. 23. B] part. A and B] deserves.

l. 24. A and B] to a.

l. 25. A] doores.

p. 185,

l. 15. A] let me in.

l. 18. A] Spercious. A] you bawling.

l. 30. B] aside bay.

l. 37. A] be so vext.

p. 186,

ll. 5 and 6. A] men live.

l. 12. A] title peece.

p. 187,

l. 23. A] more hound um.

p. 188,

l. 20. A] wils.



p. 189,

- l. 7. A and B] and bartered.
- l. 31. A] would you.

p. 190,

- l. 35. A and B] and a love too.
- l. 36. A] how'would.

p. 191,

- l. 18. A and B] I beleeeve.

p. 193,

- l. 18. A and B] Faces about.
- l. 19. B] I or else perish.
- l. 27. A] pretend on.
- l. 30. A and B] at charge.
- l. 35. A and B] was these.

p. 194,

- l. 1. A] God e'n then.
- l. 28. C *misprints*] secrely.
- l. 30. A and B] tippie in wine.

p. 195,

- l. 3. A *omits*] ye.
- l. 11. A *repeats*] He swinge you.
- l. 15. A] utter, will all.
- l. 35. A and B] any devotions.

p. 196,

- l. 2. B] with torch.
- l. 18. A *misprints*] *Short*, for *Wid*.

p. 197,

- l. 2. A] and a vertuous
- l. 3. A] bay him up.
- l. 13. B] a your.

p. 198,

- l. 2. A] take.
- l. 3. A *omits*] a.
- l. 25. A] No armes, no armes.
- l. 27. A and B] hang 'tis.
- l. 33. A *omits*] a.

p. 199,

- l. 5. B] An here.



- l. 10. A] his Nelson.
- l. 37. A *omits*] have.

- p. 200,
 - l. 3. A] pound.
 - l. 10. A *omits*] you.
 - l. 20. B] such knell.
 - ll. 23 and 24. A] to raise.

- p. 201,
 - l. 5. A] regements.
 - l. 30. A and B] yond.

- p. 202,
 - l. 2. B] sees yon.
 - l. 3. A and B] thy Torch.
 - l. 13. A] hay, but.
 - l. 26. A and B] shall a Lady.

- p. 203,
 - l. 10. A] their recompences.
 - l. 20. A and B *add*] Exeunt.

- p. 204,
 - l. 2. B *omits*] as.
 - l. 4. A and B] this 'tis to.
 - l. 12. A *omits*] put.
 - l. 28. A and B] too.

- p. 205,
 - l. 10. A] they are. B] they 'are.

- p. 207,
 - l. 21. A and B *add*] Finis.

* * * * *

BEGGARS BUSH

Page 47

(A) The First Folio, 1647.

(B) The | Beggars | Bush. | Written by | Francis Beaumont, and
John Fletcher, Gentlemen. | [wood-cut] London, | Printed for Humphrey
Robinson, and Anne Mosley, | at the three Pigeons, and at the Princes
Arms | in Saint Pauls Church-yard, 1661.

Another issue of the above, dated 1661, has a fresh title-page and bears the following notice:—'You may speedily expect those other Playes, which | Kirkman, and his
Hawkers have deceived the | buyers withall, selling them at treble the value, that | this
and the rest will be sold for, which are the | onely Originall and corrected copies, as they
| were first purchased by us at no mean | rate, and since printed by us.'

B prints the Prologue and Epilogue to *The Captaine* as though they belonged to
Beggars Bush, apparently treating the last page of *The Captain* in A as though it were
the first page of *Beggars Bush*.

(C) The Second Folio.

p. 208.

A omits] A Comedy ... The Scene Flanders.

ll. 2-4. B] *Dramatis Personae. These are as follows:*

Dramatis Personae.

Goswin a young Merchant of *Bruges*, viz. *Florez* the right Earl of *Flanders*

Woolfort, Usurper of the Earldome,

Clause King of Beggars, viz. *Gerrard* Father to *Florez*,

Hubert disguised like a Huntsman, A Lord of Flanders

Hemskirk, A Favourite of the Usurper.