

**Royal Merchant** by Henry Norris<sup>1</sup> of York Theatre in 1706<sup>2</sup>  
Norris died in 1731

*The*  
*Royal Merchant.*  
**Alias Beggar Bush of Beaumont & Fletcher**  
*SCENE,*  
*Atlantis*<sup>3</sup>.

*The Argument*  
*The Royal Merchant under pretence of Merchandize*<sup>4</sup>.—  
*Curiosities and Jewels, Traffiquing for Truth Reason and Virtue*<sup>5</sup>.—  
*After many Peregrinations Arrives with his Family and Goods in Atlantis*  
*Where running divers Adventures—And doing much Good to Disconso=*  
*late Persons of Ingenuity. Is after a while heard of at Court: And*  
*the King Queen and Prince with their Favourite invited; ^to see his Raritys*  
*The Prince and his Favourite and Confident are soon Engaged in this—*  
*Affections to an imminent Beauty: All which driven through many*  
*Difficulties And various Accidents Subservient to the main Design of*  
*Humans Improvement and Rectitude, Ends in Comick Satisfaction*

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<sup>1</sup> The two different bolded shades indicate two different hands of later handlers of the manuscript. This annotator names Henry Norris as the author of this play. This may refer to the British actor who adapted a version of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, renamed *The Royal Merchant*, in 1706 (the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography). This is likely why the next annotator identifies the setting as York Theatre and dates the play to this production. However, *The Beggar's Bush* and *The Royal Merchant* are entirely different plays. This is likely an error of the annotators, as the plays share no discernable similarities outside of their titles.

<sup>2</sup> It is unclear how this annotator determined the York Theatre as the location of this production, as the York Theatre Royal was built in 1744, after the supposed playwright's death. This could refer to another theatre in York, although the city was not known as a hub for drama in the seventeenth or early eighteenth centuries.

<sup>3</sup> The setting of the play, referring to the mythological utopia of classical antiquity, was a fairly common trope in theater during this time period. However, the playwright does not demonstrate a deep knowledge of Atlantis lore, other than references to its utopian message.

<sup>4</sup> The selling of commodities or the making of a deal (OED).

<sup>5</sup> The positioning of "truth reason and virtue" as cardinal values in the play suggests the playwright may have been influenced by Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis* (1627).

### *Prologue*

*We Venture<sup>6</sup> present you with a Play,  
Such as of which we know not what to say:  
Small hopes we have't will please, yet know not why;  
For that 'tis good we cannot well deny.  
But 'tis so out of Course, and You so set,  
That as high & Mettl'd hawkes<sup>7</sup> you fall to pet;  
And take a Wing soaring with such Disdain,  
No Luer<sup>8</sup> or Art can bring you in again,  
Johnson & Shakespeare are as 'twere in a Sort Cast off;  
Flecher Beaumont & Shirly serve but for a Scoff:  
Webster & Messinger; And Davenent rare;  
All of your Critick Censures have their Share.  
What Hope rests then for one wholly unknown;  
Enough our Poet cries: Favour he looks for none.  
Yet New Poets, New Titles, bearing now the Bell<sup>9</sup>,*

*What may befall, who is so Wise to tell.  
A Standard unto Poesy it is intended  
And who dislikes, may take his time & mend it:  
Thus part of his Mind & Ours you freely have,  
See it but Gently out, is all we crave.*

### *The Persons Names*

Navalda<sup>10</sup> King of Atlantis  
Puizansa The Prince  
Allman<sup>11</sup> The Kings Favourite and's Friends  
Orlando<sup>12</sup>  
Mirando} Lords & Courtiers  
Negatio}

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<sup>6</sup> A pun on travel or finance, complementing themes of journey and moneylending.

<sup>7</sup> Garcilaso de la Vega's 1688 treatise *The royal commentaries of Peru* mentions "mettled Hawks" as a South American species: "long winged, with large talons, and ... of a blackish colour." Hawks hold connotations of nobility and death in English culture.

<sup>8</sup> Referring to "an apparatus used by falconers, to recall their hawks, constructed of a bunch of feathers, to which is attached a long cord or thong, and from the interstices of which, during its training, the hawk is fed" (OED).

<sup>9</sup> To be the first or leader; referring to the bellwether of a flock of sheep.

<sup>10</sup> Inventing names was a common practice in theatre.

<sup>11</sup> This is a pun on the idea of an "all man" or "every man." Many of the character names involve puns.

<sup>12</sup> This name recalls Orlando from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*—but the character has been misnamed and is in fact Ornando. This error suggests the scribe was not the author of the play.

Tyro<sup>13</sup>—The General & Servants  
 Albright The Royal Merchant—his Wife  
 Genereso His Companion  
 Ingenio An Unfortunate Merchant  
 Graspall A Rich and Eager Userer  
 Tobay A Broaker or Transacter  
 Hornetto}  
 Snappero}  
 Syree A Setter<sup>14</sup>  
 Ruffer A Thief and his Fellows  
 Blusto A Ship-Master  
 Allto A Magistrate  
 Glorinda The Queen}                      & Ladies  
 Oriana<sup>15</sup> Princess}  
 Heala Daughter to Albright & Women  
 Fianora Wife to Ingenio  
 Clerena Daughter to Ingenio  
 Sorinda—A Lady Inquired by Tyro  
 Forresters                                      Gerardo Ornando's Brother  
 Soldiers                                        Thought slain by Tyro

*The*  
*ROYAL MERCHANT*

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*ACT the First*

*Scene the First, Ornando's Appointments in the Court*

*Enter Ornando, Mirando, Allman,*  
*hastily, between Passion and Laughter.*

*Orna.* The Game was fair as Ever Game was Won.

*Mir* Excuse me Sir none then was Ever Fair.

*Orna.* You mean not sure to tell me I Lye.

*Mir.* I Did not, But—

*Orn.* But. What?

*Allm.* Come shall we have Quarrels Now  
 about this trifle? What, ist Material?

Who won or lost?

*Orn.* Trifle! My Brother lost his Life for Less,  
 At Tyros Cursed hand! Our Bloody Generall forsooth!  
 Rare Councill sure made him so!  
 But time I Doubt not will thro' Discover him.

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<sup>13</sup> In Latin this means “novice” or “beginner.” In Greek mythology, Tyro was the princess of Thessaly who had three sons by Poseidon, but this could be incidental.

<sup>14</sup> A craftsman, or else a dice player who bets on the throw of the “caster.” This character never appears in the play, suggesting multiple copies could exist, and that the play was performed.

<sup>15</sup> Oriana was a nickname for Elizabeth I recalling the dawn (“rising” in Latin). Can also refer to gold—strengthening her connection within the play to material wealth.

*Alm.* Most Worthy Orando has here treated us  
Nobly and Mirando shall  
Pursue this Theame no Further.  
*Mira.* Yet give me leave to think I had a right to Castle<sup>16</sup>:  
And then the Check given had prov'd no matter.

But I referr all to prudent Alman.<sup>17</sup>  
*Orna.* And so do I  
*Allm.* And truly had your Game been for 500 Queats<sup>18</sup>  
as twas for Mastry only; I Would have persuaded Both  
it should pass for Nothing.  
For What Other among Wisemen and Friends,  
Should Mony or a Game at Chess pass for  
*Orn.* Most Upright Judge: For this little flaw  
We'l be more Wary—  
*Mir.* And Love the firmer. I see Chess, as  
blameless as tis thought, Engages Men to soon,  
and Deep in passion; And tho' not Subject  
unto chance, to Thought it, is almost as accidentall,  
and shall have less Esteem of me.  
For my Dear Allmans Counsell.      [*They Embrace All*<sup>19</sup>  
*Al.* However our sports we tend;  
Let's never quarrel with a Friend.  
*Enter Negotia as in much hast.*  
*Neg.* You are here no Doubt Engaged,  
in some over Great Serious Toy;  
Whilst his Majesty means instantly,  
To make one Among' You.  
*Orn.* Not Displeas'd I hope.  
[*Neg. Seems full of Thoughts*]  
*Neg.* has ordered an Immense Councill;  
but bid me tell you he would,  
first impart himself Amongst you.  
*Orn.* You'l stay my Lord.  
*Neg.* Who I? no, I shall but Thwart Your Method.  
*Allm.* We shall much *the* rather need You,  
And since tis thus all goe meet;

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<sup>16</sup> “Castling” is a chess move where the castle is brought up to the square next to the king, and the king is moved to the other side of the castle. The word first appears in the OED in 1656, which suggests it was a relatively new term.

<sup>17</sup> The disparate spellings of this name indicate the scribe was not the writer of this play.

<sup>18</sup> Quoits: The sport of throwing rings of flattened iron.

<sup>19</sup> Abbreviation for Allman.

*Scene the Second A large Pantry full of Servants of the Lords.*

*Their Lady and Gallants each Gamesomely dispose  
and Seat themselves.*

1. The Soberest Men what Did we think.  
Became Start Fools if once in Drink;  
The Drinker that is Ever Warm.  
'Gainst all mischances has a charm.  
Let Business then goe sink or swim  
A Drinkers Care nere killeth him.
2. Musick and Mirth take all his time;  
And now and then a sportfull Rhime:  
But when his Lady's come in place,  
All Sadness from his/His heart they chase;  
And for one pretty Toying Kiss,  
Freely forsakes all other bliss.

*Allm. Ser.* Come we lose time: Musick

*—the Hearts Felicity—*

*[Alm. Ser. Dance with all Grace & Sobriety ^the rest as somewhat tipsey the first  
Dance Ended they Dance a Second, that Ended With much  
respect A. Ser Addresses himself to the Ladys]*

*Alm. Ser.* Tho' Expectation we have in part Deceivd,  
Yet of Your Joy we hope theres none bereav'd:  
We never Feast, or Drink up to the height,  
Our Masters Honour, being our chief Delight  
*Enter A Servant in hast.*

*Ser.* Madam! My Lord calls for Attendance—  
on the King— *(All go  
(out*

*Scene the Third, A fair banqueting House, in a large  
& pleasant Garden.*

*Enter the King, the Prince, Allman,  
Ornando, Mirando, Negatio,  
They seat themselves at a Table.*

King My Noble Lords & Friends. I had not

now Disturb'd Your Mirth; which I much  
Joy in, but for Occations Urgent:

As This from false Tyro doth import: *(theres a  
Who Impudently hath Dar'd to write me thus. letter)*

Sir, I Did and might well presume, my service  
proving so available to your Establishment. That an unknown  
Upstart Stranger, as poor Allman is, should never have  
been preferr'd, before your Faithfull well known Servant.  
Or that his pernicious Counsells, in prejudice & Discouragement  
of Your General; with all Officers & Soldiers, of so successful,  
and Deserving an Army, could have so far prevail'd, as to

Withhold, not only all reward, but their just & Dearly earned pay.<sup>25</sup>

But, Why Alas should I Wonder at those his Boldnesses?  
when Tyro neglected, This Larger Flatterer is thought  
Match, Worthy your Royal Daughter; Which Yet whilst  
Tyro lives and wears a Sword he must ne're Enjoy. No Sir  
ORIENA is my right both by my Desert and my Affection  
and must no longer rest Obscure, or the Dispute.  
If this seem Exorbitant, It is a soldiers Language; And  
this High Mark, more rightly Ordered, re^aly briefly intending  
to Wait upon you in Court. Your Faithfull but Injured,  
General Tyro.

*Orn.* I Wonder Sir you read  
with so much patience.

*King.* I Pitty him as one sometime  
of fair Desert; Now Stupefied  
with pride and Vainous Ambition.

*Neg.* I ever thought he would prove no better  
and Could I have been heard  
had Never been Generall.

*Mir.* His Insolence exceeds Example

*Allm.* And if ever that portends a fall  
his is not far off. But Gracious Sir I being the person  
Chiefly nay solely Accused. Set  
Tis I should partake Your Concills.

*King* Most Worthy Alman your Innocence  
is seen as clear as his Fraud and Vileness  
What is to be Done; to Frustrate all his Mischief,  
is now our Work.

His

His Army for so at present  
We will Stile it, spreads only one province  
And not fully that for he must keep close  
Order in his March; we having Friends,  
both of Brain and power, that will not fail  
To Freighten him What they Can which will retard him  
more than he Expects; Besides the River He  
must pass, is to secure as will Enforce a stay,  
And hold Dispute.

The other Three provinces are entirely Dirt,  
And in such posture, that upon twelve Hours  
Notice they are all well Arm'd, & may be Marching

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<sup>25</sup> Tyro and Albright are conflating money and love, opening up one of the main themes of the play.

under Commanders, of their own Election:  
 Each knowing his special Command in Fight.  
 And if Your Advice shall  
 move Cambo Major<sup>26</sup> at Ten To Morrow  
 so as to be there at farthest two Days After  
 Encamping near the River  
 To attend his Motions or perplex him.  
 Our Son the Prince we judge fit,  
 to be General; and Lord Alman & Negotio  
 to be always with him for Advice,  
 You Lord Ornando & Myrando shall be  
 with me, to help me for the City for a  
 Reserve if need require: A Thing not Difficult  
 Tho' Tyro hath poisoned their Affections,  
 with utmost Sophistry yet hath my  
 Government, so sweet'ned & endeared them;  
 That I am sure they no Whitt Stagger,  
 in their due, and Ready Obedience; and  
 there

Then for Soldiers there are none Exceed Them  
 And if this be near Your  
 Immediately to the Councill and fee,  
 What clear Assent or Opposition there will be.

*The End of the First Act. [They all rise as*

*satisfied and go out.]*

*Act the Second*

*SCENE the First;*

*A Ship in Harbour Close to the Key,*

*Blusto the Master<sup>27</sup> on the Deck*

*ENTER TOBAY. [Yawning as over early*

*Tob. Ho-Master<sup>28</sup> Whence Your Ship? What's Her Lading,<sup>29</sup>*

*And Her Name if she have Any?*

*Blu. Yes Yee Pole Cat!<sup>30</sup> She's the unfortunate.*

*To. Why so, Bacon-face?<sup>31</sup>*

*Blu. Because thou art the first gave her Entertainment,*

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<sup>26</sup> Likely a misspelling of the Latin "campo major" (the major campground or battlefield).

<sup>27</sup> "Master" can denote Blusto's position as the captain of a merchant vessel, but also suggests his governance over his human cargo.

<sup>28</sup> A pun.

<sup>29</sup> Cargo.

<sup>30</sup> Can refer to a dark brown cat, known for its fetid smell, other mammals such as skunks, but also is used derogatorily to mean "prostitute." It is ironic Blusto insults the pimp by calling him a prostitute.

<sup>31</sup> "Bacon face" suggests a fat face.

that Art the Graven Image of ill Luck.

What Art I'th' Name of Angells?

*To.* Hast thou any of that Community aboard?

*Blu.* What's thy Quality? Thou look'st not,

As if thou'dst trade fore Angels.

*Tob.* Fool ar't not of this Country? Thou speak'st *the* Language  
Angels, or Gold, or Silver, or Jewells, are all Good Chaffer  
in Atlantis. And I by profession a procurer.

*Blu.* O My Life a Pimp!

*To.* Pimp! Is that a Disgrace? Where hast thou spent thy time?  
but prithee leave this Blustering.

Shew me thy Lading, & give me some Imployment:  
for Which Prise thus early.—[Good Lord!

*Blu.* Look yonder's our Prime Cargo.—[*Ladys discovered  
on the Deck*

*To.* Well, and What Service<sup>32</sup> will You have me to Do  
for them?

*Blu.* Take a fitt House<sup>33</sup> for 'em this Morning.

Large and Generous.

*To.* th' Suburbs?

*Blu.* Leave your talking Sirrah; Or this shall tame you.

It must be rare, and in the most Eminent Place of Trade  
and Concourse<sup>34</sup>, Forty Dollars<sup>35</sup> shall reward thee.

*To.* Will any of you appear at Burse<sup>36</sup> to Day?

I find they will; be you there,

and fail not of a House; 'cause we must

unlade suddenly—[*goes into the Ship.*

*To.* So here's Forty Dollors sure; Great Houses like Great  
Heads being often empty (And hundred more this  
Buffle-Head.<sup>37</sup> Dreams not) one of his Blades<sup>38</sup> aboard,  
I am Certain cannot yeild me less.

Altho' the' my Conscience for it feels Distress. *Exit.*

*Scene the Second  
The Regall Burst*

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<sup>32</sup> Sexual pun.

<sup>33</sup> A brothel.

<sup>34</sup> Assemblage of people.

<sup>35</sup> The English name for various currencies, notably the German *thaler*, as well as Nordic and Spanish currencies.

<sup>36</sup> A meeting-place for merchants; also a specific location in London (the New Exchange in the Strand, built by the Earl of Salisbury in 1609, site of the present Exeter Hall).

<sup>37</sup> Buffalo head; fool.

<sup>38</sup> Sexual pun.

*Enter Graspal softly walking*

All kinds of Blessings do Attend,  
the truly Diligent. This  
My chaplain. This famous Structure  
When fitt'd to the Brim, & my Experience  
effectually instruct me.  
But above all my Most Dear Nummus in Arca,<sup>39</sup>  
is above all Assurance, et Tantum habet et Fidei<sup>40</sup>  
is enough a Conscience, for one of my profession  
And may bring to future bliss, as well as all the Other  
Pious uses the pagans boast of,  
Some checks are often Given to my Felicity,  
Beggary cheaters breaking in my Debt,  
with Dismal Dreams I'th' Night of Hells torments,  
and loss of Mony. But sometimes comforts arrive  
By unlookt for getting, of a Desperate Debt:  
Or News of some Insolvent Rotting in prison,  
And What e're there Learned say I hope there are no other  
Reckonings, or if there be,  
Old Radamanthus!<sup>41</sup> nere Refus'd a fee.  
But yon comes my Engion Tobay! alooks as merrily  
as he had married Five Wives this Morning  
Well met my Tobay! the tidings!  
Come Quickly! That makes the look a lovelye  
as an Hungarian Raven        *To.*

*To.* Heaven still blesses, the studious Graspall!  
*Gr.* As how? As how? Good Tobay!  
*To.* So Good! twill surfeit you with Joy  
Sir What would you give for thisight of false  
But now Flourishing Ingenio; your Excessive Debtor?  
*Gra.* Sirrah you have your tricks to flatter me:  
But I must not be mock'd with Matters *that* will bear no Jestng.  
*To.* Ten Thousands Dollars is a sum; too large for me to play withal  
and I am sure lies to near your Heart:  
But when you see you will believe.  
*Gr.* I Will, and first sight of Him: The Hundred Duckats<sup>42</sup> in  
thy Hands of mine, are thine, & as his Debt by any means  
comes in, thou shalt be paid full Broak'erage;  
so much I esteem thy honest care in this:  
May we expect Him here to Day.

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<sup>39</sup> Latin for "money in the chest."

<sup>40</sup> Latin for "only he and faith."

<sup>41</sup> In Greek mythology, one of the judges of the dead.

<sup>42</sup> A different currency; gold trade coin used in Europe, stemming from the Italian word for duke.

To. You may and if he Palter<sup>43</sup> with you,  
we'l instantly have him by the Back.  
Gr. Be't so, or pay, Or Prison during life,  
Where he may pine, & Pray, & Whine, with his fine Wife.

[they part & walk

*Tobay falls in with Hornetto,  
Snappero, & Lyrco.*

Hor. Truth Mr Tobay ten Dollars are too little in Conscience,  
To force a Gentleman of his Quality of in full Burse<sup>44</sup>  
Here's Snappero & Lyrco you know must have their  
Shares.

Snap. And we must, all Venture our lives for't,  
As much as Butchers, when they take a  
Sheep out of the Flock. Nom no never dare:  
That Humours<sup>45</sup> Vanisht in ATLANTIS:  
They'l sooner fight to kill, than to defend each other.

Ly. Nobody knows what may befall.

To. Well do it handsomely, & Disgracefully enough  
and you shall not want Content.

Hor. Sirs we know your Worth, and Word.

To. He that I lowly salute & stand bare to,  
Besure is He, and When I do it seize Him;  
But not before.

*The Stage fills by Ones & Two's and Threes  
some Walking and some in knots Amongst  
the rest Brazardo.*

*Hornetto Lirco and Snappero  
as upon the Watch together*

Sna. Hornett: What's come to thee of late;  
Th'art so apt to sigh, & look'st so Wild?  
Has thy Mothers Ghost appear'd to Thee,  
And Warn'd the from any thing.<sup>46</sup>

Hor. No Snap.! You one met me within these  
Ten Days; not ith'Nights, but in the shunshine  
That Whisperd a Thing in My Ear,  
Worse than thy Neck Verse Rope and All.

Snap. What was't Man? Tooth and Nail, let's  
have it that we may Ferret it out.

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<sup>43</sup> Attempt to bargain or negotiate.

<sup>44</sup> Purse.

<sup>45</sup> Reference to the four humors (blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy) that in ancient and Medieval medicine determined temperament.

<sup>46</sup> Possibly a *Hamlet* reference.

*Hor.* Why? Twas a Gastly Raw bone Fellow  
He lay'd his Mouth close to my Ear,  
and fiercely cry'd, LECTOR! HORNETTO!  
I Arrest thee!—It startle'd me,  
I askt Him at Whose Suit—He said  
Thy Conscience Wretch! Th'art Damn'd!  
Unless thou leav'st this cursed course;  
and Quickly find'st Another Way to Live!—  
It rings in my Head Continually,  
And hath lost me more than He speak of.  
*Lir.* Thou do'st not dislike thy calling? If thou dost,  
He give thee Mony for thy place.  
*Sna.* You give Mony Sirrah! You might Give place  
to your betters! He shall not want a chapman;  
if he be resolv'd to leave.

*Hor.* Nay Gentlemen, Quarrel not about  
the skin; the Bear's not yet Dead:  
I intend to be farther satisfied: I have been  
blest in it with a fair increase how much it  
cost me you know: and I think 'tis a good improovement,  
in three years to treble it, and better.  
*Lir.* Thou talk'st of being blest because thou thriv'st,  
with the Devills blessing, as house Robbers, and  
Highway men, Userers and Extortioners.

*Hor.* Put in Lirchers Setters and Coadjutors<sup>47</sup> too:  
I shall sell nere the sooner for this Lirco.  
After another terrible Dream of the Wives  
and Children of some thus carried to prison  
All kneeling (methought) round about me  
And Cursing me my Wife and Children to *the* Pit of Hell.  
Being Grievously troubled next Morning;  
I went to a Black Coat<sup>48</sup>, You all know, and  
Desir'd him to tell me whether my Calling were lawfull or no  
*Lyr.* A Lawyer Fool Could best resolve that!  
*Hor.* May be so! but the Sophister<sup>49</sup> gave me small hopes;  
Told me there was no Gosple for Arrests or  
Imprisonments for Debt.  
*Lyr.* A Lawyer! a Lawyer! man, must Do thy Work,  
and if he says 'tis Lawfull;  
Thou may'st venture thy soul upon't

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<sup>47</sup> An assistant; or else the aid to a Bishop or other clergy member.

<sup>48</sup> A clergyman.

<sup>49</sup> Can mean a sophist, which would be quite an insult against the clergy, or else simply a student.

*Hor.* But how if we lose upon the Venture  
for thee, and Snappero, the Broaker and  
the Userer and Taylor &c are much alike, in:  
And as I am an honest man we had as Good  
Ask one of our Fellows at the Gate as most Lawyers  
in this point. Methinks I smell a kind of Fire &  
Brimstone ever since I was Arrested at *the* Suit  
Conscience: And yet I am sure, he is one I have  
not talked With, these ten years, and Upward.  
But Snappero! What mind you you talk so little.

*Snap.* Marry, our Business! See, M'Tobay beckins to us  
Our Games a fool, Come lets follow it, like  
Men of the Mace<sup>50</sup>, and leave this simple sighting.  
Theam of Conscience till Old Age & better Leisure.  
If gain be not a part of Godliness,  
Others must look to't as well as We:  
We are the Servants of the Law, & thats enough.

*Lyr.* So is the Hangman your Next Neighbour.

*Sna.* So art thou; Thou art a meer Hireling,  
to lie, cheat, and betray, on our behalf—  
And if We must to Hell; thou hast no Law at all to save thee,  
as the Hangman and we have—see  
Tobay points to us again: The Matter Ripens;  
Lets close about them; and no more Scruples  
[*they all run hastily Where*  
[*Tobay stands.*

*Enter Allbright Blusto*

*Tobay, unseen, sets Graspall upon Allbright:*

*Brazardo Notes the Lictors Motions.*

*Br.* Here will be Work; I see Anon.

Graspall taking Allbright for Ingenio  
as Tobay had told him Allbright being very  
like Him: And in the same suit of Rich Clo^aths  
he went to sea in: stands, and insultingly stares  
a good While upon him.

*Allb. to Blus.* What makes this Old Seignor clook<sup>51</sup> so  
upon me.

*Blu.* 'Tis like he thinks he knows you

*All.* But thats impossible!

*Graspall brushes up to him]* sure you know me Sir!

*All to Blu.* Does he bid me Welcome?

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<sup>50</sup> A spiked club.

<sup>51</sup> Claw.

*Blu.* Not Handsomely What e're he means

*Gra.* 'Twould become you; to own me at another rate;  
And to tell me briefly, Where my Mony shall be  
paid me? Ten Thousand Dollors Sir! and must  
not be Delayed.

*All.* Sure the Old Man's Distracted, he looks so Wildly  
and talks so Id'ly!

*Gra.* Is't come to this? Tobay! Bear this and bear all.

*Tobay lowly bows to Albright,  
Upon Which Hornetto, Snappero,  
and Lyrco Violently seize upon  
Albright, striving to dragg him off  
the Burse: Upon Which Brazardo  
steps in, and with a short Truncheon,  
soundly swaddles<sup>52</sup> them, & fells them to  
the Ground: And as they would rise  
Blusto belaces them with a pitch'd  
knotted Rope's End, so that all's in  
a Tumult and Uproar, Where Grasp=  
all and Tobay, receive store of  
Knocks and Bruises.*

*Enter Buz? & Assistants*

*Buz.* Hold! Hold! for shame, and give Ear to his  
Majesty in my person, and presence: Officers make  
Declaration against the Delinquents and Defenders.

*All make a Round: Upon Which Brazardo & Blusto  
fell a fresh upon Graspall Tobay Hornetto & Snappero  
Albright Withdrawn a little watch'd by Lyrco; All at  
Leng<sup>th</sup> parted With Difficulty.*

*Enter Alto.*

*Al.* Why Mr Graspall? How came you in this Tumult;  
some Body must look to pay Dear for this Royot.

*Gr.* Sir I sought but my own: large sums and long due.

*Al.* There's a time for all things; and the manner how  
will prove considerable.

*Buz.* Sir What was owing him I know not; but before I  
came Sir I was told. He and his Crew were all well paid  
and Loaded again; That were notable to stand under  
their Burden. And What was behind I saw since I  
came so much that I believe they are paid off to purpose  
You've done your Duty Mr. Constable; Pray draw up your  
Men, and take me all the Delinquents, and fairly convey  
them to the Next Prison: We soon take an Account

---

<sup>52</sup> Beats.

what they are, And the Occation.  
*so all are Carried off only*  
*Brazardo forces his Escape.*  
*And all go out*

*SCENE the Third*  
*Almans Noble Appartment in Court*  
*Enter ALMAN solus.*<sup>53</sup>

*Al.* Wher I was born or from What Extraction,  
as Yet I know not; And my most Worthy Guardian  
Who shew'd me the In-side, and Outside of the  
World, Charged me I should Never enquire—  
nor do I see a Reason, Why I should be solicitous,  
since *our* Curious poet<sup>54</sup> truly Instructs—  
The Glorys of Our birth and State,  
are Shadows; not Substantial things.  
Yet that mine was Noble—The provision  
made for my subsistence, and Felicity puts it  
past all Doubt—All I remember is my  
Guardians kindnesses from my **Infamy**, till I became  
A man, ever travelling me from place to place.  
And still planting in me sence of Right.—  
and Wrong, of Good, & Evill, of handsome  
and Unhandsome; from every thing or heard  
or seen, in Courts, in Camps, City's or Countrys  
Where e're we came—  
His purpose being to make me Wise, and  
leave me Happiness in perpetuity!  
No Kingdom, or place of Note, but I have seen

Yet Still, as he Directed me, with full intent,  
to take up my Abiding in Atlantis  
where will almost an Exstasy of Joy, He  
would tell me I should find so sincere,  
and Clear, a piety! such Upright Laws.  
and perfect Ingenuity! That all I had seen,  
would be but as a Foil<sup>55</sup> to set it off

*Enter a Servant*

*Ser.* My Lord Seignor Alto, intreats to see Your Lordship

---

<sup>53</sup> "Alone" (Latin).

<sup>54</sup> This is a reference to the poet James Shirley's "Death the Leveller," which appears in his play *The Conception of Ajax and Ulysses* (printed 1659). The actual line is "The glories of our *blood* and state / Are shadows, not substantial things." It is possible the playwright encountered another version in manuscript form.

<sup>55</sup> This could refer to foil in the literary sense of "contrast."

*Alm.* Shew him the Way.      Enter Alto  
*Alt.* My Lord only this we have had a strange  
scuffle upon the Burse; merely from Accident,  
not as partaking with ungratefull Tyro, but all's quiet  
And a farther Account shall soon be given  
This to prevent misreports      Your Lordships most  
                                 humble servant [*Exit*]

*Allm.* The King thanks most Worthy Alto.  
Here in Atlantis! these five Years  
I have been—and truth to say for  
Divine, humane; and Politick Maxims.  
Principles and Rules—and Good Natur'd People  
The whole World I believe can never produces like  
But! Corruptio Optim:—pessima<sup>56</sup>, the Copy  
suits not the original; Sophistry and policy  
having by their Envenomed paint, Drawn a  
New face on all, And on pretence of Giving better

Have forged all to gain to Covetous and  
Ambitious Ends, and eaten out the Heart  
of all true Piety, Virtue, and all Neighbourly Good Qualitys  
                                 [*Enter Ser.*]

*Ser.* My Lord: One that calls himself Brazardo  
Desires Admittance to Your Lordship

*Alm.* Bring him to me—      [*Enter Bra*  
Monseiur Brazardo Welcome! What?  
You I suppose intend for the Warrs in Hand,  
Your high Mettle cannot be better imploy'd,  
than to Destroy such Monsters as now are risen.

*Bra.* The Wars, My Lord must stand aside,  
a While with me I being already engaged  
in such a Skirmish on the Burse of Late as  
unless Your Lordship ^help! I am like to be  
sooner for the Bocardo<sup>57</sup>, than the Army:  
My Lord You have always stood my Friend  
And I'll not wast Your precious time  
with Lyes or trifles.  
A Merchant of Good Sort I ^have been known<sup>58</sup>,  
Crosses and troubles befell me about my strength,  
Cursed Arrests, came thick upon me; which brake  
the heart of my Dear Wife and Children. I say  
Cursed Arrests for Debt! & Cursed ever be such

---

<sup>56</sup> In Latin, “the corruption of the best is the worst of all” (*optimi* cut off).

<sup>57</sup> Prison in Oxford, England. Also a name for a syllogism in scholastic logic.

<sup>58</sup> Equating his quality as a merchant with moral character.

Cruel Laws! as thwart those blessed Ends.

Made by our Just and Mercifull Forefathers;  
Who hated Imprisonment as Death,  
or burying Men alive.

This rais'd my hatred to Arrests so high:  
That Officers employ'd therein to me seem  
Vipers. And Yesterday noting an Innocent  
looks Man, almost throttled on the Burse,  
by those Varlets<sup>59</sup>: I took some honest pains,  
to stave them off. I scap'd ith' Crowd & all but I are  
now in Limbo by Authority of Signor Alto;  
The pressed person a stranger grossly abus'd.

*Allm.* No more honest Brazardo be thou at prison at four  
this Afternoon and Follow me in & desire Signor Alto  
to be then there also

[*Ex. Braz.*

This is one mighty Mischief Atlantis Grones with  
'mongst many other 'gainst Original right:  
and I have waited an Opportunity to move *the* King  
and Prince therein, And to make it their own cases,  
For Whil'st Men, we should be sencible,  
of each others Grief and Torment,  
Wherein I would ever Exercise both Heart,  
and Hand. There being no Month, since I have known [Atlantis  
but a Prisoner for Debt, and sometimes two or more,  
have been by me Discharged, the most Ingenious I could [find

And Which hath Redounded<sup>60</sup> so much to my Joy  
that rather than omitt this Course I would  
Renounce all other Pleasures; for this I find  
There's no Consentment<sup>61</sup>, to a Bounteous Mind.

*Enter a Servant*

*Ser.* Sir here are half a Douzen well lookt  
Men, intreat to wait upon you.

*Allm.* O' Admit them. [*they Enter*  
Well my Dear Friends—

Have you laid all things right, & got your habits,  
And all so secure as a thought; If se here take  
these papers, You are thirst of you carry it neatly  
And it cannot fail if you have no scruples, no Words,  
Secresy in this may avail than swords [*Exeunt*  
These are those I have rede^em'd from Heraldom

---

<sup>59</sup> Rogues.

<sup>60</sup> Reduced.

<sup>61</sup> The act of consenting.

of their inhumane Creditors Barbarous indeed!  
 That value paltry Mony more than the lives of Men,  
 Their Wives & Children; twisest which there's no  
 Proportion—But I am now for present Warr  
 For killing and Destroying of Men: That but too well  
 deserve it—To Which yet my Inclination is not prompt  
 The King desires my Assistance to the prince our Generall  
 Tis a Great Trust; but no Office, for those I have—  
 Declin'd whether of Gain, or Honour, with as much  
 as Others seek them, but Why is fighting honourable

Honourable? because the Insolence of man hath  
 made it Necessary and therefore I'll fight too  
 where Reason rules not; Nothing else will doe.  
 But if my little Friends do with their project hit  
 Victory is ours, not by Main force, but Witt.

*{Enter a Servant*

*Ser.* My Lord! The King & Prince  
 desire Your presence for one hour.

*Allm.* Say I'll attend them instantly.

A King and Queen so Generous; A Prince so Kind;  
 A Princess so respectfull

I ev'n Adore with Ravishment of Mind. *{Exit*

*Actus Tertius*

*Scena Prima*<sup>62</sup>

*Private Lodging Discovered in a prison Discover'd*<sup>63</sup>

*Albright with a Book at a Table.*

What Various Accidents attend the Traveller  
 By Sea or Land! and those not prosperous,  
 but perverse; But as all the World's  
 a Wiseman's Country; So ^are the Crosses of it  
 His Companions—Many have I swam  
 and others Waded through—But to be made a  
 Prisoner thus as soon as here, and in  
 Atlantis where I only hop'd for happiness.

So Racks my Brain! as I can rather think  
 my Self a sleep, and all a Dream; Or  
 that the Subtiltys of Witchcraft  
 play'd the Fool and Sported<sup>64</sup> with me.

*{Enter an Officer*

---

<sup>62</sup> Suddenly in Latin.

<sup>63</sup> This appears to be a transcription error.

<sup>64</sup> theme takes on a new sinister meaning relating to the fickleness of chance.

*Off.* Sir here are other Books for You to Contemplate  
No less than a Brace<sup>65</sup> of Beautys come to Comfort You,  
after Your fierce Skirmish.

*Alb.* Certainly I am aboard a ship of Fools,  
and Madfolks!

*Off.* With one Sir you'd be more private,  
and if you'd spare the other; I have  
a Gallant two Rooms off, that flies at all  
and may another Time requite You. *{Enter Fianora  
& Clerena*

—So Sir Your Visitants are here; They  
think the time long—if you like my Motion  
But knock: I am your servant.

*Alb.* Or the Devills rather. Good Heaven!  
Are ^afflicted in Prison thus attended? *{Exit Officer*  
*Albright rises slowly from the*  
*Table, reines, and moves slowly*  
*towards the Ladys. Fianord notes*  
*it, Weeps and runs to embrace him.*  
*Clerena kneeling*

*Fian.* Tho' in a Prison! My Ingenio most wellcome to my heart  
Be not amaz'd or Griev'd, we shall see better Days.  
And before my Ingenio shall want, I and my poor Girl here will  
work our Flesh to the bones, nay beg & starve, our selves to  
nourish him; we'l send our prayers to Heaven with that  
Vigour, that shall force Down blessings upon him.  
And melt the Hory<sup>66</sup> Hearted Userers into Mercy—  
What means my Love? No Look! No Word of Kindness,  
neither for me, nor this sad kneeling Child!—But both  
Neglected! as if his Soul was fled into some other Bosom  
It must be so! It can be no other! Or am I so altered  
he knows me not, or loaths me?

*{She and her Daughter burst into*  
*Violent Outcries, Tears, and Sighing.*

*Alb* If this be Counterfieting, I'le be sworn 'tis plai'd  
to the Life—If it be a New Mode of Courting, it is  
as Rare, and may be taking the toy a little, Whats  
intended [*Aside*

*Albright goes to them and satisfys them*  
*and Says,*

Absence and Age beget a Staidness in Men  
which should not suddenly be construed Strangeness,

---

<sup>65</sup> Arm; also pun on “embrace.”

<sup>66</sup> Foul, dirty.

Men of my Years and Cares have other matters  
to employ our thoughts, than those of Love and  
Amorous Enjoyments: And Ladys before  
they engage should carefully beware of being mistook,

Great Ones having sometimes through hast  
Instead of their's, Impostors Gross Embrac'd.

*Fia.* Oh poor Fionara! can this be Ingenio's Language?  
if it be so thou hast lost him worse than Death.

*Cler.* Mother! Believe't he cannot be my Father! *{aside*  
in the World: Besides when he Saluted me  
methought he had another kind of breath  
Did not you think so too

*Fia.* Twas so with me, but overmuch Joy  
deluded me!—

*Cle.* An Impostor Certainly! Mother! stand  
were I Do, & you will see tis so!  
one that I fear, hath murdered<sup>67</sup> my Dear  
Dear Father! and comes thus in His Cloaths  
to triumph over us, in our Miserys.  
Out thou Accursed Monster! Where hast slain my  
Noble Father? more Worth than Thousand times  
Ten Thousand Runegades<sup>68</sup> Fugitives,  
as thou art! restore him to us or by  
My Life, the Law shall Master thine!  
Mother call up the House and Let's  
indict him presently!

*Alb.* Most Certainly tis perfect Bedlam!  
Or Blusto instead of Atlantis has Landed me,

Either in Thessaly or Lapland! But  
I'll step one step further—Naye  
Madam rather than Disturb the House  
I'll be as You have said; Your Mothers husband  
Her most belov'd Ingenio: And as Your Father  
command your Absence, and her presence for  
the Remainder of the Day and Night:  
And then by to Morrow all Doubts will be fully cleared

*Fia.* Out Wretch! more black than Hell!  
Clerena knock and break the Windows!  
least We be stifled with this Filthyneess.

*Albright Restrains them and shuts  
the Door*

---

<sup>67</sup> Murdered.

<sup>68</sup> A renegade; a deserter.

*Alb.* Nay an You Grow Violent,  
I'll force your patience!  
To hear a true story you will ne're repent,  
for I now perceive you are both truly Virtuous,  
and howe're I have personated Another Nature,  
You shall both find me to be an unfeigned Honourer of you  
and one that may be Assistant to You in the Attainment  
of Your just Desires, and Restoration of your Worthy  
Husband, and Your Noble Father, as Angry as  
my little Mistress is, and for my near Resemblance  
unto Whom; and by Occation of this his suit of Cloaths;  
I now remain in Prison, but cannot on so Gross

Mistake so long Continue.

Know then Dear Lady and Mistress.

*Cle.* Good Mother give no Ear

he's going to Couzen us Another Way

*Fia.* Nay We'll hear him child since now he speaks sense,  
& Reason, And Mark him well:

'Twill get him Nothing now base Lys to tell.

*Alb.* Know then that long since disliking all I had ever  
heard, or seen, Reason and Virtue, being all  
Bastardiz'd, and tainted with perverse Maxims,  
and Vitious<sup>69</sup> Customs, I took a Resolution  
To travail, both Sea and Land and all the World  
Over, But I Would find a Standard for them,  
both answerable to the Upright Conscience of a Man, The  
most discerning & most Excellent of Terrestrial Creatures.  
—And Imparting my purpose to my Wife—my Friend,  
and Daughter, who are all now well Landed, & Hous'd in  
this City—And they soon Agreeing: I Conveyed my  
very large Estate, into such particulars, as I might travel  
with them, and keep them safely My Principal Aim beinge  
for Atlantis, as a Country so highly commended to me, for  
the most Sublime in Piety, in Reason, and in Virtue;  
That to possess the same I gain'd the Language thus perfect  
as you see—

*Fia.* And have you found it Answerable to yo'Expectation,

*Alb.* To that as yet, I have not much to say;  
But to go On Travell I did from place to place,  
thro'all the East and South East Countrys,  
but found no place to take up my rest. Then On  
the Ottoman Coast resolving, for this Kingdom, having Lycense

---

<sup>69</sup> Of vice.

to put in any Where without Exception, I Ordered our Master  
 for Argeir<sup>70</sup> intending there to havit my Self & Family so  
 as upon our Arrival to seem ^no Strangers.  
 By Which means this Suit it seems your husbands  
 became my purchase, as many others Did;  
 without the least ill Meaning to him or You.  
 In brief; being thus fitted and Arrived here Landed  
 taken a House; no Sooner appeared on Bourse,  
 but Instantly was set upon, by rude, & Boysterous Men,  
 Causing so Great a Scuffle as put all in Alarm,  
 And in Conclusion, brought me hither, not as my self  
 But as Ingenio Your Husband, Debtor, as Since have,  
 learn'd, To Old Graspall & others in considerable sums  
 of Mony: The Noise whereof, as I now perceive, hath  
 brought You hither to See him who too, too sadly,  
 remains an Enslaved Prisoner to the Argeir Pirates,  
 which I so much pity, noting your Worth & singular  
 Affection to him, & finding him a person of no  
 Common Virtue, how e're afflicted: That let his Ra^nsom

be but Wisely Dealt for, what e're it be it shall be  
 paid, and his Debt also: & no small matter too  
 to raise him a New fresh Fortune, that he and You  
 and I and mine may hold a perfect Amity for Ever  
 —And that You may not Deem this a Vain—  
 Boast for better Ends—See here Dear Ladys } *Draws out*  
 a few off these you cannot Doubt but Will      *& shews them*  
 do it with an Over-plus...      *a rick casket*  
    *of Diamonds*

*Fia.* Why dost thou stare so Wistly<sup>71</sup> on his Feet? My Child!

*Cle.* To see Mother whether they were not Cloven!  
 for some Conjuror He must be at the Least!

*Fia* Quiet a While thy Fears.

*Alb.* And for an Entrance to our Future Happiness, you  
 shall take these with You to my Wife, — [*Enter Generezo*  
 to Whom this my Friend shall instantly } *She took them*  
 Conduct you both.—

Th'are at your ^own pleasure to remain,  
 untill the Arrival of your Husband—

My Worthy Generoso attend these Ladys to my best belov'd,  
 tell Her they are our first real purchase, of our long  
 Adventure, fill'd with Vertue, for her Lov'd Society, and  
 will instruct her, and my Daughter in the Discourse, &

---

<sup>70</sup> The capital of Algeria (Algeirs).

<sup>71</sup> With close attention; intently.

Customs of this Country.

*Fia.* Sir my Amazement Stifles my Words!—there being none in Deeds, that can repress the thankfullness of my heart.

*All.* So—how easy tis for Honest Hearts, to turn all {*Exeunt* troubles to the best;

Wher'with Heaven is pleas'd and Conscience taketh rest.

*{Enter the Officer*

*Offi.* Sir Now You have Done with your Ladys

You must attend our Lords. Sign Alto

and others intending to be here instantly

And you are to Appear with the other Prisoners

Come I'll shew you the Way.

*Alb.* Here take this in Part for thy Attendance {*Gives a Piece of Gold*

Prithee tell me—If all the Prisoners

should this Day be Discharged

What other Course of Life, would'st thou make choice of?

*Offi.* I Hope there's no such Danger:

Tw'as never Done Yet these two Hundred Years.

Why Sir 'twould undo Hundred's, if not Thousands,

Who now live like Gentlemen!

*Alb.* Men are mightily sett upon Good Works alate

and None knows, what may follow,

what then would become of thee?

*Off.* Why then I think I might easily make a very good Beatar<sup>72</sup>

—and no Great Change of my Condition

O! how I Could tear the Dogs the Bears

and the Bulls, and the Butchers, and

Sport, and Noise all Day long with them!

*Alb.* A Rough Coarse Inside has this Fellow got

Oh Tyrant Custom!

to thee we Owe

every Vile Course, the World did ever know.

*Off.* Come Sir follow me, I hear a Buz as if

the Basket man were at Hand.

*Act the third,*

*SCENE the second,*

*the Common Yard of the Prison*

---

*Enter the Officer with Albright,  
and seats him. Others with Hornetto  
bound in a chair, as frantick,  
Snappero lose: —one knocks—*

---

<sup>72</sup> Not listed in the OED. Perhaps related to “beater,” the word for a person who riles up game before the hunt.

*Off.* What slaves that, Would burst the Gate.  
{*Enter the Basket man*

*Bask.* I me in hast boy! In hast, I come for life!  
Wheres my Beagles Boy?—Hlo, Hlo [*Hollows*  
Hlo, ho, ho—[*Enter the poor prisoners as*  
*From the Hole*

So, So, Here's a brave cry abounds  
{*throws down the Basket*

*Enter Lord Alman—*

*Graspal—Sign Alto, Brazardo*} *Abscond*  
See here ye hungry Curs here's Roast, and Bak't,  
and Boil'd and Stew'd!<sup>73</sup> And here's the—  
Custard my Hostess spend! What High and Mighty  
Feast e're shew'd? such an Oleo!<sup>74</sup> is not  
Your Noble Basket-man now better  
than Your Bread?—Bread—Bread! And set forth  
to't Lads, to't! All Fellows of the Ribble Rabble,  
Nay fairly, fairly Blades take heed o'th'Squabble.

*They all fall to scrambling*  
*Eating scratching; and*  
*Fighting all at once,*

*Bask.* Nay, Nay, no blows, least I follow with my Club,  
what no Poets, nor Muses among you? that keep  
all the World in Quiet.

*Song.*

What shall we Sing? Or What shall we say?  
Whom shall we Curse? for Whom shall we pray?  
To sign or to sob,  
All Night or all Day;  
Amounteth to Nothing but Pennyless Pay.  
What then shal we say? OR What shall we think?  
Our best Benefactors supply us with Drink,  
Then Pray we for them, Old Graspal lets Curse.  
All Lictors<sup>75</sup> and Lirchers, for better or Worse.  
And Some Body else not now to be Nam'd  
And some thousands more who are to be blam'd;  
Who kept us like Rogues, in Bondage & Thrall:  
But in time they will get the Devill & all.  
*Off.* Come, Come, What a Noise is here! Come Quick,

---

<sup>73</sup> A morbid joke at the dogs' expense.

<sup>74</sup> Oil.

<sup>75</sup> An officer whose functions were to attend upon a magistrate, bearing the fasces before him, and to execute sentence of judgement upon offenders.

quick into Your Kennel again! Or I shall dare ye!  
*Alto.* Stay Officer! Let the Poor Men Stay!  
Oh! here are those Prisoners {*to Allman*  
from the tumult on the Burse?  
Mr Graspall pray speak! To this {*points to*  
Ingenio, your Debtor? Or a stranger *Albright*  
Arrested by Mistake? {  
*Gra.* A Stranger Sir! I was Misinform'd by Tobay

*Alt.* What Satisfaction will you make him for so for an ^Injury  
Will You if it like him freely Release any Six of your  
Insolvent Debtors whose Number almost fill the Prison  
*Gr.* First bury me alive! e're I Release such Vipers.  
*Al.* Something you must Do, in Lieu of that You  
will remit the Knocks Brazardo gave You.<sup>76</sup>  
*Gr.* I Will rather than abate a penny.  
*Alt.* Strange Sordidness? his pence being Dearer to Him  
than his blood or Life, which these knocks were like  
to've cost Him—{*to Albright*,  
Will this Content You Sir  
For Your so Great abuse  
*Alb.* With Hearty Thanks to Your Ingenious Worthyness,  
Is this My Brazardo? see takeit, } *Gives a Rich*  
*Diamond Ring*  
Sir, for Your Well meant kindness to Me;  
pray wear it for my sake—

*Braz. Shews the Jewel to All*  
*and Alto they Admire.*

*Gr.* He had better paid some,  
of my Debtors Debts, Fool!  
As he is I'le Warrant!  
*Alt.* A Merchant of Merchants!  
or rather the Royal Merchant!  
*Alm.* What's He yonder bound'ith'Chair?

*Alt.* The Lictor Sir, Bring Him nearer,  
Hornetto! What have you to say  
upon your Abuses to this Stranger?  
*Hor.* Twelve Thousand Crownd my Place cost me.  
For What?—To get the Dismall curses,  
of Distressed Women and their Children!  
—But must all to Hell that are Getters  
of Mony with an Evill Conscience!

---

<sup>76</sup> Taken directly from *The Merchant of Venice* as well as earlier British literature (“exchange of blows”).

It can hardly be otherwise! Yet sure,  
far wiser Men than I, are of an Another Opinion.  
And among the Rest, he that set me at Work;  
Old Graspall! is of Another Faith ever Affirming,  
all Blessings Wait on the Industrious,  
Wherein I'm sure I have not Fail'd,  
And if to be successfull, be to be blest, then I am so,  
Having carried hundreds to Prison—And was,  
never prick't for it, fill of late a little in Conscience!  
Brazardo is a Great Divine!  
And hath with much Labour beaten these things  
into my Head! He was the first I ruin'd!  
—Not I Sir upon my Soul! He that set me on  
was cause of all! I Did but my Office!  
But Hornetto! Why left thou an Honest Calling  
for such an Hatefull Office?

I there's the point—Doctor—will } *Runs off with*  
the chair

never be Answered—Never—Never!  
so I must be Damn'd, for Ever. Ever!  
*Alm.* Some look to Him Strictly, least  
he Destroy himself!

*Snap.* You see Sir ow we suffer in Your Cause { *to Graspal*  
Deserves your serious Thoughts

*Gra.* I find it Does! I do not like } Aside  
the twinges of Hornetto's Conscience

*Sna.* You wo'not here me now;  
But Sir a time may come

You too may cry, and not be heard.

Must we for you be beaten, & bruise'd, & knockt,  
and bled, and Damn'd too, for ought we know,  
and You ne'r be touch'd! Give me & my Fellow } *Grows Loud*  
our due, or Your betters shall know it!

*Alt.* What Ails that fellow with you Mr Graspal?

*Gra.* He Importunes me for Mony, for  
doing me Mischief!—A Trade Sir I know not.  
Nor mean to Understand!

*Alm.* Sir but for You there had been  
None of these Disturbances;  
Which have Alarm'd the City,  
and the Court, and in a time,

Threatning Danger which since of your Self  
You are not Apt, you must be made to know.

*Gra.* So—I fear'd 'twould come to this—my Estate—} *aside*

I Doubt will make me worse than Damn'd  
Imprison'd, Pillor'd<sup>77</sup>, Whipt, hang'd, or worse  
I shall be spy'd and search into to purpose  
All my Extortions are my Cruelty's, Curses  
have been so Violent and Numerous I cannot 'scape  
*Alm.* What? Does the Nabal<sup>78</sup> Mutter

*Gra.* It comes apace every thing makes it worse  
Silence Graspall—Yes—and burn inward as  
Hornetto does—He to my Co<sup>^</sup>uncill  
learned in the Law, and see what they  
say to this Difficult point of Conscience!

*Alb.* Sir tho' a stranger, vouchsafe Yet,  
Before you part Hence to the Army  
to give your orders, to the Commander that lies  
before Argier, for the speedy Redemption and  
return of too long Enthrall'd Ingenio: That  
he may be here within thirteen Days your importunities  
are many, and Cannot fail, and whate're it Cost  
shall be instantly repaid unto your Eminence,  
Or if you please be now Deposited—.—

*Allm.* It shall be done Dear Sir at your Desire  
This strangers Goodness sets my Heart on Fire  
Your Mony will be time enough at my return;  
if that be Never, it shall be yours for Ever.

*Alb.* My most Humble Thanks: This is a Lord indeed!  
May he ne'er need to strike to kill or bleed!

*Alm.* Most worthy Alto, you see—} to *Alto*  
the Miserable lives of these poor  
prisoners for Debt.

The shame of a Rich and populous Nation;  
for thus it is thro'out Where e're we Come,  
But where are they that lay it to their Hearts?  
not one; So far are all from feelling  
one Anothers Paines or Grievs—Which  
Cannot whate're Men think, But Bring down  
Heavy and Dreadfull Judgements on a Land,  
or City that permit it without Regret  
The Weight lies Heavy upon me—As to the Issue  
of the War in Hand!—Which yet Good Heaven suspend  
till my return.—Then of this cruelty shall be an End.

*Alt.* My Lord! your Good Intentions cannot but be blest.

*Allm.* Officer here are the Names of ten I now Discharge,

---

<sup>77</sup> Ridiculed as if placed in a pillory.

<sup>78</sup> A churlish or miserly person.

Their Cases, Debts & Charges.

*Alb.* Exprest: And there's that will do it  
and somewhat over for your  
pains—see you make no Delays,  
nor Cavils<sup>79</sup>: Also Hornetto & Snappero  
And one Blusto. Where is that Honest Master.

*Off.* Sir He had not been here an Hour  
but with a Box on th'ear—  
He fells me to the Ground, turns the Key, and  
away he goes! past reach I know not Whither.

*Alb.* My Lord he's safe, A Stout and Faithfull Seaman  
But poor Hornetto! I'm told is in a sad condition,  
weeps and throw's and beats himself;  
Vow's He will starve, e're he'l Arrest man more.

*Alm.* Nay an, this Grief run that Way He'l take no harm  
Penitence is against Future Sins Best charm: be  
My Soul these Works of Peace, By far—prefers  
before the Glorys of the Justest War—*He Ardently } both let fall tears & port*  
*Embraces Albright*

The Flames of Goodness such Heavenly Joys do part;  
As Draweth forth these tears and Melt my Heart.  
*Exeunt Allm. & Alto*

*Prisoners* All blessings wait upon the Mercifull!  
*Alt. to Gras]* At your Leisure afford me two Hours  
Discourse { *Exeunt Omnes*

*Off.* Of my trouble None careth one Poor Louse  
Where Nothing Grieves Here, like to  
An Empty House {*Exit*

*ACT. THE THIRD. SCENE THE THIRD,*  
*The King Princely Retirement*  
*The King alone*

Of all things Incident to a Prince  
War I esteem the Worst!  
Not for the trouble or Danger to Himself,  
For to one skill'd in the Affairs of Mortality  
Death! Which Comprizes all, cannot be Dreadfull  
But for it's Cruelty and Devastation, on  
the most peacable and Harmless People;  
and this hath ever made me to decline  
it! And to Endeavour, and Desire Peace  
as the most Precious of Terrestrial Blessings  
Though yet for War when forc't I have not been

---

<sup>79</sup> A captious, quibbling, or frivolous objection.

unprovided.—A very threatening one  
of late being Happily Extinguish'd, the Enemye  
makes Himself such; out of a fond presumption  
'cause I sought Peace, that I would not or I

'Durst not fight—But Nothing, but Vain  
will Instruct some ravenous natures, As the too-  
late hath Learn'd—My only Error was to trust  
the Hands of Tyro too much in this Service;  
A Person many ways vicious; An Error which I now  
pay Dear for, And must henceforth learn me  
better to Distinguish!—Yet he's but the  
unhappy Instrument! The main Agent being  
above the clouds! And urg'd by some Sinister Cause,  
either in me or in my Government—for which  
I Have made a most strict scrutiny.

And alltho' I cannot plead Perfection pure as  
Heaven may justly exact—I'm sure I'm free'd from  
Blood, or Cruelty to any person; nor have Partially  
disperst my Favours, to underserving Persons, to  
the Injury of any—In Religion, my Government  
is free, Compelling or Constraining, no mans Conscience  
In Criminal or Civil Causes, all are govern'd by  
their own old Laws, Exempt from Innovation, or  
any Interpretation of Will, and Power  
What then Draws this Vengeance—War  
upon us. I am far to seek, for as my self  
so allso my Family clear from provoking sin  
tho' not from frailty! To Which Heaven is Never  
so Severe—

*Enter a Gentleman*

G. Sir the Queen, the Prince, Princess,  
And Lord Allman, desire to know if  
they may wait upon you.

King. Never more Desirably {*Enter the Queen,*  
*the Prince, Princess,*  
*and Ld Allman.*

Welcome, most Welcome my Dearest Friends!  
I was even at a NonPlus in my Thoughts in  
in finding out what may move Heaven now  
to see this Monster War thus loose upon us.  
Nor can it be a personal thing but something Epidemical  
When (as in War) from Head to Foot all parts and

members suffer<sup>80</sup>, which could We discover, and amend,  
the War would soon end, and Tyro be punished  
for his Insolence and Base Ingratitude.

*Qu.* Dearest Dear! We have been all Discoursing  
this very point, by Occasion of Lord Allmans  
late Observations amongst the Distressed Prisoners  
for Debt wherein are so many and so Various  
Lamentable Cases and are so Prey'd upon  
by Harpies Vultures and Vermin—That  
we are all Concluding, the General insensibility

At their Inhumane Sufferings, Could not but Cry  
Allo<sup>^</sup>ud for punishment. And is the Absolute cause  
of this which threatens us.

*Ki.* Tis too, too probable, for tis a Monstrous evill  
and I am griev'd I did not think on't sooner—This  
War comes on too fast; for much Instantly,  
to be Done—But this Pray let's all resolve;  
That Heaven no sooner gives the Warr and End  
But to shew Mercy in this We all intend,  
And it exceedingly rejoices me to find my Queen,  
my Daughter, and all of us thus warm therein.

*Prince.* Sir my Lord Alman says, tho' Prisons are indeed  
like Hell, yet He found there an Angell, sure, in  
Humane shape, one so full of bounteous Goodness,  
As I Could wish, Your Majesty would admitt some  
Conference with Him, During our Absence!

*K.* Let Alman Work him to it.

*Alm.* And Graspall the Usurer with Him.

*K.* Be it so, from Opposition springs the surest light,  
The Enemy is upon His March, but full of Rudeness<sup>81</sup>;  
being first Debauch't 'ere they would serve their  
Leaders Ends, And if put to any stress, will fall to pieces,  
Our Army lies on the Rivers Side,  
Soldiers Watchfull, and Well Disciplin'd.

To Morrow both of you are to be with them  
Your Adversary's pride lies in His Horse  
If you can any Ways perplex him there  
Your Victory will soon be clear  
All Blessings to the Just Adhere  
Come my Dear Wife and Daughter  
Be brief in parleing,--lest Ceremonys

---

<sup>80</sup> Referring to Hobbes's body politick.

<sup>81</sup> Animal-like; not having the power of reason.

too much melt us—And we must now  
Every one take up Soldiers Hearts.  
*Pri.* Our Intelligence shall be Quick and Certain:  
Heaven protect my Royal Parents,  
and my Dear Sister.

*Alm.* To all the Happiest, and Speediest Tydings {*Exeunt*  
*Prince &*  
*Allman*  
*Exeunt severall ways*  
*Act the third, Scene the Fourth*

*Almans Appartment, Alman solus sitting on*  
*this Pallate<sup>82</sup> Bed*

*Alm.* Tho' I Could fly to Do the Service  
I am going—yet part I not so Willingly  
from this place as I Did think I should—  
Not from any Misgiving of my Heart—But  
that I find my Heart is tampering to stay behind—  
Traytor—thou ly'st—That's like a Soldier spoke,  
And one that on his Head his Pole Ax broke.

Alman was ^ever united in Himself  
Then snatch thy Reason fled to that peevish Elf  
By Fools stil'd so! *Falls fast asleep*  
*{Enter the Princess in Pages Cloaths*  
*Sets down a case of Spirits*

*Prin.* Oh Alman! go where thou Wilt; thou hast my Heart  
And thine is mine and cannot from me part {*Exit*

*Allm.* My sleeps are troubled yet with {*He awakes espies the case & Wondring*  
*unlocks it*

pleasing Dreams: This sure was  
not Here before I Drows'd—Rare  
Spirits and various—with these Directions  
Carefull of thy Health as of my Own  
I Have chose this Way to make it known  
Tis very plain and full of Mistery—  
Within there. *Enter a Serv.*  
Who brought this cabinet whil'st I slept  
*Ser.* A fresh young youth, we thought a Page unto yo'Ldship  
*Allm.* You should be more Express whom you admitt;  
especially in such times as these.  
But I understand it; I wish I did  
However I Guess it cannot long lye Hid,  
Set it carefully among my stores.

---

<sup>82</sup> A straw bed or mattress; an inferior bed or sleeping place.

And send them carefully away<sup>83</sup>

Call upon all my Retenue to be in Readiness—*Exit Ser.*

I must wait upon the Prince immediately—*Exit*

*Act the third Scene the fifth*

*A Large Campaign, Tents, and Bodys of the Army  
with Colours &c—*

*Enter Tyro Officers and Soldiers*

*Collected into a Half Circle*

Tyro Country-Men, Friends, and Fellow-Soldiers,  
hard and unkind usages, after all our Services  
hath forc't us into this Necessity.

There being no Reason, that Men of your Virtu  
and Desert should with Arms in Your Hands  
suffer your selves to be trampled on Neglected  
and Disgrac't, by slight & upstart Counsellors,  
that too much Captivate a Noble Prince  
But we are near the Point of Reparation  
with over plus to Every one, for once but  
Mastering our hard Masters.

In all their Pleasures we will be their Tasters

*Enter a Messinger*

*Mess.* Sir a sort of Rural unarm'd me

Desire Admittance to Your Lordship

*Ty.* Conduct them in hither

*Enter Eight Habited like Herdsmen*

*Forresters and Shepheard.*

*One of them* } To Noble Tyro—our Masters

bid us say, they wish a Prosperous

War and a Victorious Day;

'Cause she hath safe kept us

from Rapine<sup>84</sup> and Plunder,

And many sore Grieviances

We long time lay under.

For Which we Would serve him,

with all our best parts;

And with Musick to Rouze up—

His Soldiers Hearts.

We'l shew where to Found them,

Safe over the River:

Then Who shall have all?

but the longest Liver.

---

<sup>83</sup> There appears to be a half line here that was erased with a knife.

<sup>84</sup> Robbery.

We'l sing and We'l Dance,  
with To! and To!  
Then the Enemy flys at,  
Nameing Brave Tyro!

*Six of them fall into a Dance, to  
their Bugle Musick, play'd by two.  
The Dance ended, they make their  
obeyance & stand.*<sup>85</sup>

*Tyr.* How luckily these Gratefull harmless  
People come to Assist us in our most Difficult  
Talk! The River's Passage: How many are you Friends  
*Herd.* Not exceeding Thirty, please Your Excellence.  
*Tyr.* Give them their Freedom in our March  
to Disperse themselves where they Will  
And at the River let them lead our Leaders.  
*Herd.* We'l Dance, and we'l sing,  
with TO! and TO!  
Strike the Enemy Dead, with Crying brave Tyro!

*Exeunt*

*Tyro* How Can we Doubt Success when Heaven  
sends such pertinent, and Innocent Aid;  
Truth'es Our Enemy's like Cravens  
keep on their own Dunghill—Having no  
Doubt more. Mind to Eat than Fight:  
Else, Why come they not Valiantly over *the* Bridge  
Which now they will keep Whilst we encompass them  
at unawares—Trouble not your Selves,  
with Prisoners Plunder or Giving Quarter  
Our Reckonings will Clearer ever After  
So every one Quickly to His Charge  
And if you be but Resolute in Danger  
Our Next meeting may be the Kings presence Chamber  
*All.* A Tyro! A Tyro! A Tyro & with Noise & Acclamation

*Act the Third, Scene the Sixth*  
*The Court*  
*Enter The KING Solus*

How Frail, and brittle is the Good,  
Good Kings Enjoy! That even means Mens  
State, and Peace we Enjoy! How Quiet are  
their sleep, if they be Wise, and Virtuous!  
How small their Losses, to Violate their Happiness!

---

<sup>85</sup> This last stage direction is written in a much smaller text than the rest of the page, suggesting the scribe did not plan the layout well, or perhaps added it in later.

How easily rais'd, when fall'n by Cross Adventures!  
Whil'st We Encompass'd with Ten thousand threats;  
If sunk but once are over-whelm'd for Ever!

*Enter the Queen & Princess*

*Queen* Is't Good my Lord should be alone  
in such a season? pray let's partake your thoughts  
your Daughter here tells me she has a Mans Heart  
not Fearing any thing that may befall. Wishing  
Her Life might Hand, 'twixt us and Danger.

*Kin.* My Dear Oriena! tis very promising  
to see such strength in Weakness.

*Enter a Gentleman*

*Gen.* My Leige two Merchants say  
they attend Your Majesty—

*King.* Usher them to us.

*Enter Albright & Graspall*

You two are very Wellcome, I ever long  
to have some Conference with you:

And of you sir I so large and good a character,  
You shall Ever stand cover'd in our Presence

Nay no Denial; Goodness!—Time was: only made Princes

*Gra.* 'Tis Well if I keep my Head! Or Estate; *that's* Dearer {and

*King.* Come I'll have you both sit, and deal freely with, me  
War we all know, is Vengeance from above,  
the Cause seldom Private, but publick Provocation  
which in our present case.

Or my most faithfull Friends: is first on some kind  
of Cruelty not yet purg'd out of our Govern! Which  
Cannot be charged with any like to imprisonment for Debt

{*Graspall seems Disorder'd*

This upon parting with my Son  
and Dear Lord Alman, we all agreed should be extin {guisht  
tho' out Atlantis! And I wish 'twere done as propitiatory<sup>86</sup>  
sacrifice to Heavens Mercy, by Which we all live  
wherein your brief Advice will come most acceptable!

*Alb.* Why Sir What Needs there more  
then your Royall Majesty's Command

*Gra.* Pray Sir forbare: How shall my many Dues be paid.

*Alb.* Lying in Prison I'm sure pays them not!  
tho' it so ruin them that lye there,  
'twould break any good mans Heart.  
Sir please instantly Discharge them;

---

<sup>86</sup> Propitiated; favourably disposed.

referring whats fit to'towards pay  
to further council—tis a Wonder  
the Earth opens not and swallows all  
or fire from Heaven Consumes not all  
for such an Horrid Oppression: What bury Men  
alive for Mony! *{Enter Negatio as Breathless*  
*Ne.* All Happiness to my successful King Navalder  
so bid me say—the Prince & Noble Allman  
Who Instantly will be here, with a Compleat  
and happy Victory, and false Tyro Prisoner!  
*Ki.* Good Heaven! 'tis too much Mercy—most Worthy  
Negatio's reward shall not be unanswerable:  
But this you must first do for me as weary  
as You are, Go instantly with Lord Orando,  
And Seignr Alto: proclaim immediately Liberty  
to all Prisoners for Debt, throughout the Kingdom  
or any Part of my Dominions; who Disobeys on What  
pretence so ever, forfeits his Life, as a Sacrilegious  
Thief of our Sublime Oblation<sup>87</sup>; yet all with due

Regard to publick & Private Right, as time shall shew,  
but now admits no Dispute.

*Neg.* Sr, Were I to Creep upon my knees it should  
be done; so much I Glory in such happy services

*{Exit*  
*Enter the Prince, Alman*  
*with Officers and Attendants*  
*Ingenio & Tyro*

*The King, Queen, Princess & Albright*  
*All mutually Embrace with the Greatest Joy*  
*and Real Affection.*

*King* So strange and clear success! No Prince  
was Ever Owner of! All Due thanks to  
Heaven first, then to my Son, Lord Alman  
those Worthy Officers! And Soldiers and All  
my firm and Faithfull Subjects—that  
ever so readily Engage in our Defence.

I am so full of Joy,

I know not whether I should more Admit.

What say my Queen and Daughter,  
with no particulars o're-Whelm us.

*Queen.* If I mistake not, the Prince our Son  
is full of matters, and fair Would be deliver'd.

*Prin.* Madam the Whole is this—

---

<sup>87</sup> A gift to the Church.

As the Enemy Drew near, we heard

An uncouth Antick Noise of Bugh Hornes  
which put us into some Amazement.  
But my Worthy Friend Lord Alman said,  
Sure it forerun their Great Confussion;  
And advised the Speedy March of a Large Brigade  
over the Bridge—When instantly, a Strange  
Confused Noise stupefied all our Sences!  
Resembling nothing but an Earth-quake!  
And then was soon Discern'd their Horse  
Pell mell fall foul on One Another  
With such Irregular uncontrouled Fury;  
as if stark Madness had violently Thrust  
both Horse and Riders to their joint Destruction  
wherein their Foot 'spite of their Hearts,  
became their Large partakers.  
During this tempest over Care was  
upon Tyro, and to take this  
Advantage of Dispersing Your Majesty's Printed  
Gracious Pardon, to all should lay down Arms,  
and peaceably depart to their Habitations.  
This hath possest your Majest of all the  
Enemy's Arms! And Love of all your subjects  
And given Opportunity to disband your Forces;  
So as there now Remains no Sign of War  
But all as Quiet as Your Inclinations are,

*King.* Thanks Worthy Son a Narrative full of Delight  
of Which let all partake of to the Height  
{*Alman takes Ingenio & presents him to Albright*}  
Sr to Advance your Joy: Here's your  
second self return'd from bondage

*Albr. Views him seriously*

Sir You are Welcome as to your Heart or Life  
We'l Hasten home and overjoy Your Wife!  
My Liege! See Sir this is the Noble person  
so long hath suffer'd in Argier!  
Out of Whose trouble such Good may Arrive,  
As will I Hope, Ten thousand Hearts Revive.  
And Gracious Sir, since all things  
thus suit unto Your Happiness;  
Be pleas'd with your Virtuous Queen,  
the Prince, the Princess, Lord Allman,  
And what Noble Lords, and Ladys you think fitt,  
to spend four Days, and Nights under

Your Albright's Roof: And See What contentment  
A stranger can present.

*Kin.* With much Delight Your Motions is Accepted  
After to Morrow Albright may Expect us.

*Albri. & Ing. Bow & Exeunt Gras. Follows them*  
*Tyro, aloud.* King Navaldo look to thy Crown and Life!  
Almans a Witch or a most Devillish Conjuror  
Or Tyro had never been thus basely Here

*Ki.* Tyro's Vices and his Passions have long time  
corrupted his Reason, and his Conscience.  
Take Him to the Cittadel, but Use him fairly {*Exit with a Guard.*  
Privacy with Himself may make him Wiser,  
Come my Dear Glorinda, Puizanza Allman  
Oriena! lets now Refresh ourselves Alone:  
The Greater Friends are best, when less are Gone. *Ext*

*Act the Fourth, Scene the first.*

*A Tavern Room*

*Enter Ruffer & five more thieves*  
*habited like Citizens & Lawyers.*

*Ruff.* Why this is well A Virtue Honest men much lack  
to keep Appointments to a Minuets time  
which Oft prevents Miscarriage<sup>88</sup>—And  
those Who would thrive 'ither Callings  
Must be sure to do't especially in ours  
Subject so much unto surprise! Which yet  
thro' Care and Industry answer's our Hopes with  
large Rewards, of full Enjoyments—  
A Calling Antient and some-time renown'd  
As Greek and Latin, and Later Writers  
Testify; and from Whence hath Sprung  
Both Mighty Potentates & Oppulent Republicks  
So as none need to blush being of our society

Our Main Maxim is, the Worlds a cheat,  
which by long inculcating is Generally Admitted,  
and Quiets Conscience much—which otherwise  
would stagger us much in Our Affairs—as it did  
others as well Civil as Millitary, for indeed.  
Who in some fear or Other, is not as we are.  
No sooner finds a Man an Art to live  
but one or Other lays out to steal it from Him:  
Poets steal one Anothers Verses, & Conceptions  
to furnish Weddings, & patch up broken Plays

---

<sup>88</sup> Misconduct.

with New Prologues, and Epilogues:<sup>89</sup>  
 With all tradesmen tis meer Hopp and Catch;  
 Nay with what Arts, and Subtiltys, Physitians  
 Slip away each others Prases, Receipts,  
 and Patients is obvious to Learned Knowledge:  
 And to speak all; even all Except the Lawyer,  
 who from Forty Dollars, which may in time arise  
 to Thousands yearly, cannot safely be charged  
 with our Obliquity<sup>90</sup>, yet the Divine spares him not  
 nor they Him in their Satyrick<sup>91</sup> Lectures.  
 Therefore Friends to^o things safely is all,  
 and to aim only at Prizes worth the Catching  
 as Our Bretheren of Argier whom Princes  
 court for Peace dayly give Example—such we

have now Lodg'd—to purchase it out strength  
 not yet amounting to an Army; Policy must be applied  
 In plain terms, tis I must play a Lord,  
 You two my Friends, And you three our Servants  
 The Hour five ith' Morning, the first Mind our place  
 of meeting the Eastern part o'th'Burse, And thence  
 follow at some Distance we your Leader—our  
 Orders we'l not Give out till Upon the Spot—  
 Come out with our Parchments Papers  
 Deeds and Writings the best course to avoid suspicion  
 So now make a Noise for Wine like Quarter Hectors<sup>92</sup>  
 They knock & Wine is brought in  
 They Drink a While, Call a Reckoning and  
 depart hastily agreeing to the same Hour {*Exeunt*  
*Act the Fourth Scene the Second,*  
*Albrights Dining Room*

*Enter Ingenio, Fianora, & Clerena*

*Fia.* What thinks my Ingenio now! proves not  
 all I wrote of Noble Albright and his Family  
 true as truth it self!

*Ing.* It does my Dear abundantly beyond my Hope  
 and so much Affect my Heart that for ten times

My extream Affliction; I would not be without  
 the knowledge of such an unparrallel'd a Friendship:

---

<sup>89</sup> A criticism of the writing practices common to early modern theatre.

<sup>90</sup> Obliqueness; perversity; aberration.

<sup>91</sup> Pertaining to satire; also refers to Greek satyric drama, in which the chorus would be dressed to look like satyrs.

<sup>92</sup> Bullies.

But my poor Clerena you say stood long time Doubtfull  
and truly I Cannot blame Her, the like not having  
been seen by Any twice her Years.

*Cle.* Truly Father towards the latter End of his Discourse;  
I was not sure my self, his strange Generosity  
even Quite Confounding me

*Ing.* Well Dear ones.! We are all from Deepest Misery,  
and Dismal Absence, rais'd to High Happiness  
which Wisdom with Humility will with Healths  
Favour preserve in Which we must not fail  
to be exact and Carefull

*Enter Albright his Wife*

*Daughter and Friend Generozo*

*Albr.* So, So, the happiest sight I ere could wish  
were but my Almost lost son here to fill our Comfort  
but it Dejects me not: Nor Doubt I but in a short time  
some Way or other my Dear we shall enjoy him.

*His Wife.* I hope so too, However this blest society  
makes Good amends.

*Generozo & the two Yo<sup>u</sup>ng Ladys  
in, private prattle.*

*Alb.* A little stirring for these little Ladys  
is Good for Health! Come then a short cavort  
and every After <sup>^</sup>where they please

*They Dance*

To tis Very well: the King and Court begin  
Our Feasts' to Morrow, your part my Dear, I question not  
I must have one eye to safety when open House  
Is lookt for, some may have Wicked Ends  
Deciet being trapt securer are our Friends  
Sir this Key Opens a Cabinet in your closet  
whats there make freely use off as of Your Own  
Musick and Poesy, I wish at Perpetual strife  
To play those pleasing parts towards Your Chearfull life

*Exeunt Omnis*

*Act fourth Scene, 3rd, Allmans Apartment*

Society and Solitude have both their Contentations  
and tis a Happiness I serve a Prince freely allows me both  
I would not be tyed to any Office, to time or place or persons  
to gain an Empire; Health and Serenity often fly those as  
Doves do Vultures—to Drowse, Lye, Dream, & sleep, or Walk,  
or see a Friend, or Go, or stay, is a Great part of humane  
Liberty But true felicity consists in doing Good where  
most 'tis needed and best Deserved: this my good tutor ever  
(taught me.

And now my conscience testifieth: And Albright's brave  
Example firmly seals—ToMorrow the King becomes  
his Royal Ghest<sup>93</sup>—where this part of my Courteous  
Cabinet—must bear me company feasting had need be so  
attended! as Well as War, as Killing more {*Along*  
*Glass of spirits*

Methinks it tastes of a Heart—{*tasts*  
*tasts & I*  
am Familiar with, but Dare not own  
matters Unripe are best perhaps unknown—  
*Enter a Servant*

*Ser.* Sir there is one in Hast presents  
this to your ^Noble Hands

*Allm.* He stays—

*Ser.* I judge so

*Allm.* Se and require it—servant go's out & Re-Enters

*Ser.* He's gone Sir

*Alm.* No matter (*Reads*) {*Exit Servant*}

Sir the Envening<sup>94</sup> fair and tempting—  
and begs I may take the Air with you for an  
Hour or less under the Cloyster Wall near near to  
The Cittadel. 'tis to reveal the Importunate Secret  
Whether Brave Allman dares fight a Soldier  
and bring a Weapon

*to a Longing Tyro*

How fondly Did I dream of Quietness & Felicity!  
Yet so have I seen the fairest Day, suddenly  
O've spread with hedious<sup>95</sup> tempests; and such  
appears the Wildmans Breast—But must not  
Violate my Calm, nor purpose to preserve him!  
It hath been my study and this I hope will further it.

*puts two swords in a*

*Scapboard And {Exit*

*Act 4. Scen. The Fo^r^rth The Cittadel (Tyro*

*on a Couch*

*Tyr.* Tis Honour certainly will form his coming  
To end either my Missions or his Glory  
Both alike **burthensome**<sup>96</sup>—  
But should he prove as stout a soldier; as

---

<sup>93</sup> Jest.

<sup>94</sup> Possibly a misspelling of “evening.”

<sup>95</sup> Hidious.

<sup>96</sup> Burdensome.

in all other points a perfect Gentleman,  
Tyro were then to take a strict Account  
of his many Irregular and Ruder Actions  
As that of Ornando's brother, slain in my Rage  
and a more Injured Lady! fair and deserving  
Besides my Ingratitude to Navaldo, which Thousands  
more ruff and unbounded Soldery<sup>97</sup> make light off.  
But Tyro stop lest Usurping Conscience make  
thee Coward when thou most need'st thy Valour

For these Accounts some that are Deemed Wise  
Think the last breath may at *the* time suffice  
So you are thus ^far Noble! {*Enter Alm*  
*Alm.* And must be still to Tyro!—I've made for Your Way  
and will be still your Leader—and shall Arm  
you as my self... *Exeunt*

*Thunder*  
*They Return*  
*Act 4. Scen. 5*

*Allm.* There take your choice—Tyro chooses  
so-shall we now fight or Argue first  
our Quarrel?—& this way of Decision—  
*Ty.* Allman I plainly see is no Coward  
urge therefore what you Desire.  
*Allm.* These Duels Tyro are much in Use  
and he Esteem'd no man, that but Demurrs<sup>98</sup>  
the Venture of his Life on every trifling Call  
Yet Could I never know what they Determine  
*Ty.* They Determine us to be Men.  
*Al.* Not Certainly, fighting not being the Distinction  
of a Man from Beast; more strong being but more beast  
*Ty.* But not more Couragious—wherein *Alman* Exceeds

*Alm.* Were a Lyon Loose there He would convince you  
And make you fly Him—Then as to right,  
the Injured dies as frequently as the Guilty  
*Ty.* Well Right or Wrong 'tis this we are here for  
therefore Defend Your Self—{*they fight*  
*Tyro bleeds*  
*Alm.* tis Madness worse than Brutish—  
*Ty.* This Scratch will be return'd with Interest<sup>99</sup>  
*Allm.* Come Sir your Kind^ness deserves requital} *they rest*

---

<sup>97</sup> Soldiers.

<sup>98</sup> Remains; tarries; hinges.

<sup>99</sup> Another money pun.

*on their  
swords*

*Starts and stares {As he Addresses to fight  
Enter as Ghosts—Ornando's  
Brother—and the Injur'd Lady}*

*as Confounded*

*Allm. What's this brave Generall?  
Some Stratagem of Warr to Circumvent the Enemy—  
but twill not do you see I mind  
my Business as bad as 'tis*

*Ty. Seest not thou Heavens or Hells Messingers } the Ghosts  
draw towards  
them*

*to my Conscience—*

*He starts Storms Rages and lets fall  
his Hand Gerrardo takes it up  
and brandishes it towards him. The  
Lady beckons to him: so both Exeunt  
Side long towards the Cloyster*

*Tyro falls to the Ground*

*Allman after a short space raises him—}Exeunt  
and softly leads him to the Cittadell*

*Act the Fourth Scene the Sixth*

*Tyro's Lodginge He's in bed  
with the curtains closed: The  
King, the Prince, Allman, Ornando  
Gerardo, Sorinda; Attended: softly*

*Enter and seat themselves near the bed  
—He sleeps unquietly*

*Wakes as out of frightfull Dreams.*

*Ty. How little do the Wildnesses of Youth think, the  
Dear Rate they must ^ben pay'd for!  
What would I now do to raise Gerardo unto Life!  
What?—Why I would as eagerly transfuse<sup>100</sup> my Whole  
Stock of blood and Spirits into his Veins, as did half  
Strangled Man desire Breath!  
And could my Dear Sorinda be restor'd once more  
unto my Bosom I Would with that Indulgent tenderness  
bewail my Offence, that she should Joy to be with me  
for ever! And for my Ambitious Indolence, Ingratitude  
and Folly towards my King, and his Right Dear*

---

<sup>100</sup> The Oxford English Dictionary marks 1667 as the first recorded instance of “transfusion” being used in this way.

And Worthy Friends Lord Allman—  
I would beg to them to trample on me with their Feet  
till they have moulded me fit to receive their pardon:  
And that spirit of meekness which only makes our blessings  
precious in our esteem—But these are out of  
Hope, and I have only left my Misery, and my Unworthiness  
to Contemplate; Kindness haveingever made we Worse,  
I must Expect and Everlasting Curse

*Gerardo & Sorinda*

*in their usual Habits*

*gently drawing open the Curtains*

*Tyro Wildly Starts, Stares, & rises in his Night Gown*

If this be the Vision my Conscience ever will present *the* full  
and lively Portraiture of those I have most offended—stares  
I have no Remedy, but this—falls flat on's Face

*Soft Musick Sorinda sings—*

For Men to erre,  
none ere was free,  
some more some less  
ensnared be.

But penitence doth make amends,  
Converting Enemys to Friends.  
True penitence can raise the Dead  
Make injur'd Ladys raise their Head  
Clears the House of all that's bad,  
makes grieved Hearts for ever glad.

Turns Visions into real sight;  
What fear'd before doth then Delight:  
Gives Courage boldly full to see  
Misery turn'd into felicity  
Navalda's Wrath hath final End  
Lord Allman's Tyro's perfect Friend  
Gerardo lives Sorinda is not Dead,  
Oh take ther to thy lawfull bed.

*Tyro looking up—Ye Gracious Fates*<sup>101</sup>! Delude  
me ^ever thus. In this so blessed sence I could  
behold you ever And Gaze away  
my Spirits with Ever Null Joy—My  
Senses clearly purg'd I dare behold  
Ye were ye all real

*The King rising from his Chair,*

*Gives his Hand and raises him.*

*King* So we are all Dear Tyro. All

---

<sup>101</sup> The incarnations of destiny in Greek mythology.

really reconciled, and overjoy'd  
in this forward Method to his Happiness.

*Tyro kneels to the King, and  
kisses his Feet, and so the Prince  
embraces and Weeps to Gerardo,  
Allman; and Ornando takes Sorinda  
into His Arm's.*

*Tyro* Most Royal Sir, Your Goodness melteth Down  
the proudest Heart that e're aspir'd a Crown.  
Since then You have saved me from so great  
a precipice—perfect Dear Sir Your Work  
and let the Chaplain of the Cittadell Compleat  
'twixt me and my Dear Sorinda:  
*King.* It shall be so: by Which Union you are beome  
our Kinsman, and shall have free Voice in all our Councils.  
Come all to the Temple, there let's pray, —*Tyro bows*—  
there Never may be End of this blest joy: —*Exeunt Omnes*

*ACT the Fifth SCENE the First*

*Albright's*

*House* {*Enter Ruffer with his Company in the Dark 'oth' Morning*

*Ruff.*—Could Schoolmen open Heavens Gate,  
As easily as this we have Done,  
more of them had sure been there;  
And sent some thence to end all Controversys:  
But with all Silence to our Work.

*As they move, their Feet are  
entangled with Whipcords that  
set many bells a Ringing*

*Enter hastily Albright, Ingenio Gener.  
with many servants; as taking the alarm, Arm'd  
with swords & pistols, with Lights.*

*Ruff.* Hold Dear Sir: Nothing but a meer Error  
Your Gates being open invited us to Enter  
My Business to meet Lord Alman who hath  
Business from the King; tis like we are too early  
Pray tell him he shall find us at the Garland<sup>102</sup>  
next the Burse: my Name Lyall.<sup>103</sup>

*One of his*

*fellows*} *as Whispering*—Lord Lyall, a Name of Note

*Ruff.* So a Good Morrow Royal Merchant we may chance Dine with you to Morrow.

*Alb.* tis Very well—But let them goe

---

<sup>102</sup> This place would likely be circling the Burse, like the garland crown.

<sup>103</sup> He does indeed lie in all.

A Golden-bridge for such a Ruff Hewn<sup>104</sup> foe.

*Enter the Ladys as a little startled*

*Alb* So, So! No Harm—what ere he be he hath  
rais'd us all betimes, And every of His  
have their share of Business; the Court may  
Come sooner than we think.

*They Disperse some one Way  
some Another.*

*Generoso stays Clerena,*

*Gen.* Madam studying the Language, I find it  
a proverb here

Early up and Never the Near  
May we not make better use of our time *than* so?

*Cle.* Hardly we that are thus young

*Gen.* Sure we may, and by Discourse  
Could we but light on serious subjects.

*Cle.* What think you of reading out the play  
we left last Night.

*Gen.* Next Night will serve when We are Drowsy  
I have more Mind to begin a better

*Cle.* What subject; but now I think on't  
The Amourous Prattle, or the Court Ladys,  
and their Noble Servants anon may fit you

*Gen.* I must not be so long Idle

*Cle.* A stranger & so boldly ripe to Venture  
on a Play, that Racks our strongest Witts;  
They look the Wilder Seaven Months after!  
Have you ever tried your Witt?

*Gen.* No, But I am full of matter<sup>105</sup>, and believe could please

*Cle.* When will you have it acted, Whilest the King is here?

*Gen.* I Would and you a principal Actor

*Cle.* May I not Write my own part too, tis in fashion  
and for Ought I know may out do all for In e're tried

*Gen.* Dearest Clerena! spys my intent but will not ^Note it.

*Cle.* Tis to begin thus—is it not? & to be your part  
Come lets come in and get Pen and Paper.

Ile call my Father, shew them ^but your plot

He'l help abundantly, None of his Quality  
e're lov'd the Muses like Him—she Offers to run

*Gen.* Not yet, your Witt's to Nimble for me

We'l spare him till more Difficulty

---

<sup>104</sup> This language appears in *Hamlet*.

<sup>105</sup> Objects of contention.

Come I must have you serious  
and leave this sportfullness a While  
*Cle.* So young would seem like Melancholy  
Which I Hate Equally as Wantoness  
*Gen.* Tis a most Happy Temper  
but somewhat to fix your too Danceing spirit  
you must Remember your Mother become yo'Fathers  
Wife at your Years  
*Cle.* And Ne're repented it; What follows?  
*Gen.* Why might not you make me as blest?  
*Cle.* I thought you were thereabout,  
but what then?  
*Gen.* Then thou shouldst be as Happy  
as ere was Woman.  
*Cle.* And all this at once; not one Word  
ever spoke before—fine Wooing Ill a mode OutLandish  
*Gen.* Since the first Minuet of thy most pleasing Sight  
I have perpetually in silence Discourst  
this Subject both Day and Night.

*Cler.* If I should say as much would *that* make it a truth?

*Gen.* It would infallably and I beleive you have  
or would not so put the Question.

It is Necessity my Clerena now enforct  
my speech: My Reason This—  
the Court instantly Will be there  
'mongst whom there will not want  
of comly presence and Winning Language:  
Who aiming at Beauty, and Mony in One;  
may e're we aware engage the King,  
to make some Request for thee unto thy Father  
to which; no Answer were like to Engagement  
to Stop Importunities.

*Cler.* In Good time here comes my Father. {*Enter Ingen.*

*Gen.* A fair and Good Day—*Sign Ingenio*

*In.* The like to Coureous Generozo.

*Gen.* Sir I Hope without Offence, Your Daughter  
and I from prittle prattle; are fallen upon  
more serious Matters; which if to *your* liking,  
may prove a most happy and speedy Marriage,

*In.* 'twixt Whom I pray?

*Gen.* Both Partys Sir are present.

*In.* Not agreed I Hope?

*Cle.* Not in the least for all his strong preservation.  
I still keep close to What I promis'd my Noble Father.

*Ing.* Go and acquaint Your Mother—*Ex. Clerena*  
*Gen.* Sir my Affections are firm and Noble  
and urg'd thus Earnestly at present  
fearing a sudden Motion from the King  
in behalf of come, as make it not so Dear of  
Love, or Marriage; nor yet of Womans Happiness  
to which my Studys wholly will be bent.  
If you but bless us with your kind Consent.  
*Ing.* I must Confess your pressing Urgency  
hath reall Weight in it:  
Pray, step in and send Clerena to me—*Ex. Genero*  
It is a High and Noble purpose in Him,  
of Which I may be justly proud:  
In Young man never a clearer Virtue being seen!

*Enter Clerena.*

Daughter our blessings come fast upon us;  
Greater than Generozo's Match with You,  
I could not wish, be you but as fit as He;  
and to be plain with you there rests my care,  
for you are young, and cannot without unwearied;  
and perpetual circumspection convey your life into such a Method  
as to become a chearfull and Deserving Wife,

As the most truly merits, for 'midst of dayly parly  
I have heard him Discourse so rationally of *the* infinite  
Obligation on *the* Husbands part to make the Wifes life Happy  
that 'tis impossible to miscarry<sup>106</sup> in His Hands:  
So that if you but know your place & with what  
Humility meekness and reservation of your Will  
to his more ripe & clearer Judgment in every thing befalls  
your felicity will be perpetual—Therefore, let  
What I have now said, never be out of mind.  
The Solemnity may be this Morning: Timely  
to supplant all other Motions—so acquaint *your* Mother  
and be in readiness, I'll prepare the rest.  
*Cler.* Sir tho' I am indeed for such Engagement  
Yet I am Yours, and my Dear Mothers Daughter,  
from whose unparrallel'd Example I have taken  
in such rules of Life, as shall improve our Love—  
Never, O Never Occation the least strife—

*Exit several Ways*

*Act the fifth Scene the second  
the Princess in Her Apartment*

To Morrow timely we are to be at Albrights,

---

<sup>106</sup> Come to harm; also the miscarriage of a baby.

where as I am informed, are Beautys of so High  
a Strain, as may Supplant my Hopes in Alman  
Not but that I do believe his Affections are high and

Noble towards me—but that He thinks my Enjoyment  
is Impossible, He being No Prince, And I to match with none  
below it, And so may close where their Equality acquires  
all Scruples. *Enter the King, Queen*

*Prince, Lord Alman.*

*King*, How now Oriena museing; & I think somewhat Clouded—  
my Coming is to Advise as you exceed all in Accomplishment,  
so you Appear at Albrights in all your Glorys  
And to bear up this Worthy Treatment  
with utmost Wit, and chearfullness. *Exeunt*

*Ori*. Lord Alman; I want the Coppy of Verses  
I late lent You—*He bows & {Exit*

Somewhat I fain Would do, but know not what,  
Matters are so Entangled. *Enter Allman*

*Allm*. See Madam heres your little Poem!

*Ori*. What's Good is more than Great which  
is my standard of Esteem in all things  
from which I shall ne're be mov'd.

*Alm*. Your Fathers Will, & Laws of State  
will Ever Rule.

*Ori*. Never—you intend for Albright's to morrow

*Allm*. I do to wait upon the Fairest  
and most virtuous Oriena—

*Or*. For me you may excuse your Self; feasting  
and you seldom agree; you may take harmly it

*Alm*. I Hope not having this to help at need {*Shows one of*  
*his long spirit Glasses*

*Or*. Where had you this—'Tis Excellent—

*Alm*. Twas left me just as I parted Hence;  
to the War.

*Ori*. Know you by Whom!

*Allm*. Madam I Do! And Words which then were utter'd  
to Admiration but durst not then take Notice!

*Ori*. What frightened you?—

*Allm*. The Consequence, as now it Doth!  
for Men must Master those Desires  
they are sure they cannot compasse

*Or*. And should not Women do so too

*All*. Madam; Sure they should.

*Or*. How long has Love been known  
so Wise and Circumspect?

*Alm.* That which is true and real  
is and was ever so and Would not  
for a short shadow of Delight,  
render those miserable whose Happiness  
they do prefer above their Lives: as  
I do yours Madam however out of Course  
My Way may seem.

*Ori.* Are all Men Fools Who in the least suspect  
of Rivalship. Venture their All in Duells,  
And run with Eagerness into all Dangers;  
Tho' both themselves and those they Honour  
are for Ever ruind by it—And is a princesse's  
Love thus tamely Entertain'd?

*All.* What of this kind is Dayly Done  
is rather to be bewail'd than to become,  
a rule to you and me whose Reason is to be  
better satisfied: You have most Royal Parents  
and a most Noble Brother from whom I would  
not snatch you to purchase more than this  
World can give—Nor do you know, but  
this Next Hour, You may ^be Desired by  
some Worthy Prince, Who may more superlatively  
Advance your Happiness: How unworthily then  
Would it appear in me should I repine there at!  
And if a Lady whom I could not Affect  
Neither above my rank nor reach;  
Equally pleas'd with me, should be presented for a Bride  
Would in the least grieve fair Oriena.  
Whose Happiness must made up some other Way  
And never can Arrive unto our Wishes  
It b^eing Obstinate Willfullness to persist.  
In that which all possibility doth resist.

*Ori.* Did my Dear Allman know how gladly I would  
live in Cottages and feed on Roots with Him rather {*Weeps*  
than partake, the Glorys and Delights of Court with;  
any other Prince ith' World, he being to me all

Princes and all Joys. He would not thus Philosophise

*Alm.* When the Violence of my Desires oppose these  
Difficultys, that stand twixt us and Happiness  
they press our tears too often which I  
Have smothered with all the Art I could  
as I have done too much my Affections  
to my Dearest Oriena, for which Yet  
Can I not blame my self, for I shall never lease

to hope our Happiness will Arrive some smother  
and more rational Way, than what Romances<sup>107</sup>  
do Delude us with—bringing their Heroick  
Knights venturing on Murderous Duels;  
Healing their Ladys from their Noble Parents, and  
without means of subsistence, leading them bigg  
with Child through Deserts, and into Caves  
and are not pleas'd till Beasts or Demons feed  
and Help them—No my Oriana we will  
be governd by a more refined Reason:  
Such as Poets and Plays ne're Aim'd at that must  
Consist with th'Happiness of all those that wish us so.

And keep us if possible with full Hands able  
to do good to thousands—And if Oriana  
please to give way awhile unto Her Allman;  
she in a short time shall find  
a Happiness suitable to her Mind.—  
*Or.* Allmans Philosophy had almost kill'd my Peace:  
But now his kindness gives me fair release.  
*Allm.* Madam this Day will soon be spent  
at Albrights, where the Universal  
will give us better Opportunity—till then—{*Exeunt in  
severall Ways*

*Ori.* And ever Allman will prove the best of men.  
*Act 5. Scene 3rd, A Tavern Room*  
*Enter Ruffer and his Associates,*

*R.* Come Our Writings and papers, and to our Work  
Call instantly for Wine enough that no Attendance  
trouble us—

*they seem busy Wine is brought  
& Exit Drawer*

*Ru.* Loss of Attempts but spur on Valiant Spirits,  
as Ceasars Commentaries<sup>108</sup> do fully Witness;  
Where to his Eternal Honour, born up by History  
and poesy, Robb'd all the World—And if your  
now Lord Lyall prove but in ^this Successful  
Both pens and Pensills too most sure are his.

For Albrights Treasure once made Ours  
We'l Court our Dances then in Golden Showers  
And he of no more Esteem, than poor fallen Brazardo  
Mony—The Spirit that gives to all men value

---

<sup>107</sup> A Medieval chivalric narrative.

<sup>108</sup> Julius Caesar was killed by his friends.

being departed from Him to us we shall be saluted Royal  
 Merchants<sup>109</sup>, And he turned out as an Impostor and  
 Cheating Mountebank Thus  
 being the Current of the Wide Worlds Judgment  
 I came but now from veining of the places  
 and have Discover'd an Easy Entrance among his  
 Cabinets and Chests of the Richest Jewells, and Mony  
 Where never bells or Nets were Laid  
 Of which now there Will be no Care  
 their universal pleasure frees  
 them from all suspicion—the time and place of meeting  
 is where last it was.  
 And if it prove a Veni, Vidi, Vici<sup>110</sup>,  
 Let Who Dare after prove our Inimici<sup>111</sup>,  
 All silent all agreed: Where is there such a Councill?  
 Had w the World at Will, how rarely should we govern  
 'Come all hast away we'l pay at barr:  
 those ^who wast time at taverns often Jarr

—*Exeunt*

*Act 5: Scene 4<sup>th</sup>, Albright's house*  
*Enter the King, the Queen, the Prince,*  
*the Princess, Lord Allman,*  
*Ornando, Gerardo, Myrando,*  
*Negatio, Courtiers, Ladys,*  
*And Followers.*

*Ushered in by Albright, Ingenio, Generozo,*  
*Also, Diver Senators, &c, And met by*  
*Albrights Lady—Hela her Daughter,*  
*Fianora, and Clerena, with attendance. they kneel*  
*The King raises them, & salute them,--as he do's the rest*  
*of his Train*  
*King* How like an Emperor doth Albright enter  
 =tain the King! If we should pass no farther, here  
 were enough for ten Days Contemplation!  
 Such a Variety of rare pieces! {*Views round the theatre*  
 And so drawn to the Life as cannot be exceeded!  
 and here are faces more full of Beauty, and Fancy  
 than painting e're could counterfeit—

Inviting Beautys and some no Doubt want Husbands—  
 And if Feasts Occasion Marriages, 'tis their best

---

<sup>109</sup> The term “royal” comes into question here.

<sup>110</sup> Attributed to Caesar: “I came, I saw, I conquered” (Latin).

<sup>111</sup> Enemies (Latin).

Fruit look to it Bachelors—Here are those will  
Match you at all fair play

*Gen.* Did not I tell you Clerena {*Aide*

*Cle.* Tis Happy indeed we are forehand.

*Alb.* Please my Lord the King, & his Noble Traine  
to Walk a little farther

and tast of some refreshment {*Exeunt Omnes*  
*but Negat. & Gerar.*

*Neg.* This Albright is possest with such a Generous  
and bounteous Spirit, As hardly e're was paralleled  
in Princes!

*Ger.* Lord Alman's Goodness comes the nearest to it,  
how happy were the World should these become Exemplar.

*Neg.* His preservation of you my Lord, & wrong'd Sorinda,  
And producing you both in such a Way, as to  
Convert hot Tyro's Rage into Grief & Mildness, is  
such a Master piece! Nay then so high provokt as  
He was, & having him at his Mercy not only to pass by all;  
But to procure him the Kings Remission, shews Him  
Great in highest and Amplest & Clearest Vertue!

*Ger.* Then for so clear a Victory Obtain'd  
to bear it with so Even Calmness, as if himself were

unconcern'd—shews he had no Pride in Him  
But whil'st he kept me, and Sorinda obscure;  
I had so many testimonys, both of his Wisdom, & his Sweetness  
as hath Oblig'd me his for Ever.

*Neg.* 'Tis a becoming Resolution—And trust me  
Our Noble Prince by his fair Society is improved, far  
above all Contemporaries, with which I Doubt not  
Atlantis will in time be blest; But we must in  
or shall be Chid. {*Exeunt*

*Enter the Prince & Alman*

*Prince,* These feasting and publick Entertainments  
do very soon perform their Work in me,  
And satiate my Appetite; You Alman have  
brought me by Discourse into more mental Joys

*Alm* And infinitely Advances the Content of Friendship  
wherein your Highness hath made Alman Happy

*Pri.* None seem'd in the least Displeas'd at our so  
unusual Riseing.

*Allm.* They are more Ingenuous & will support some business calls

*Pr.* Do You think the Ladys are so Poynant<sup>112</sup> Wise as to  
Vouchsafe a fair Construction

---

<sup>112</sup> Penitent.

*Alm.* These Sir Will tell us—*Enter the Princess & Heala*

*Princess.* My Lords! this Lady wonders to see your practice  
thus suddenly the same long us'd with them of freely  
rising from any feast when any will,  
and return at their pleasure without Offence.

A Custom I extremely like and thank you for this fair  
Example but we may Intercept your more Serious thoughts  
we'l Walk turn and so in again.

*All.* Feasting and seriousness for Health's avail should  
be at Greater Distance the prince no Doubt will be  
better pleas'd with such society

*Prin.* And Good Reason Allman—Can this Lady  
speak our Language Sister?

*Prin's* So perfectly, you'd think other born here, or for this Region

*Heala.* Sir We fit Our selves more exactly for this place as  
most renowned.

*Prin.* And intend I hope her to abide

*Hea.* That's only ^in my Fathers Breast to me uncertain.

*Pr.* His Only Friend, I hear is lately Match'd with  
one of Ours who I suppose intends not ^to remove  
And makes me presume, should You Madam be  
so secured you'ld Deem't no bondage to remove  
amongst us, wouldst thou Dear Heala?

*Alm.* My Lord I doubt our stay may be thought too long.

*Pr.* You and my Sisters Going will awhile excuse.

I'll breathe a While —*Exit Pr's & Alm*

What says fair Heala?

does the not like the Company of the Court?

*Hea.* A Good place for Princes Sir—but I must suit  
with lower Thoughts and then better any Where!

*Pr's* Would you not gladly serve the Princess?

*Hea.* I Had rather much be serv'd as I am, & sometimes see  
the Court and Princess.

*Princ.*

*Aside*} What Fancy and Spirit have we here amongst  
so fair a prospect of Noble persons now in your Fathers  
Mansion! Is not your Eye engag'd so as in smallest  
Measure to wish a Union?

*Hea.* Sir I take it you are the Prince, Did you ever put  
such a Question to any Lady

*Princ.* Never, & dare be sworn to't!

*Hea.* Why then to Me, My Lord?

*Prnc.* Because I more Desire to know, and do believe  
you'l speak the truth.

Here Comes our New Bride & Bridegroom!  
 They'l return your Fancy Il in again least  
 I be mist— *Exit*  
*Gen.* My Noble Lord the Prince I Hope is well pleas'd  
 with Viewing these Curious Pieces!  
*Pr.* They too much Dilate our Spirits where you move  
 Happily are fixt on one with Joy & full contentment  
*Enter Ingenio and*  
*Fianora*

*Gen.* Care hath been taken therein.  
*Enter the King the Queen the Prince*  
*Princess, Alman, Albright, his Wyfe*  
*Heala and Lords.*  
*King.* Of such a Sight as their who could e're be w<sup>e</sup>ary! *{looks pleasantly every way*  
*Allb.* Let's please the King to turn his Eye his Way awhile:  
 enough of *that {A Vane drawn*  
*sea fight*

<sup>113</sup> Presumably related to the word “perspection,” meaning scrutiny.

*Church Work*

*King*, I, this is of better Contemplation & more true delight!

*Prin.*

to

*Heala*} Would not so rare a place please you at time of Marriage?

*Hea.* Rare My Lord for Kings & Queens of Fairies!

*Alb.* The Next. — *A large prospect of Hills & Woods Rivers  
and Meads with Shepherds and Shepherdesses  
in a Dance which fully View'd—As the  
King is going to commend it, out breaks the  
Musick; And our Start shepherds and shepherd=  
=esses, And a long Time maintain variety of  
Dancings  
Which Ended*

*King.* This is rarely well performed

Now Lords to close the Night

Lets see the Motions of our Court Delight

*The Prince takes Heala, Alman*

*the princess Generosa & his Lady*

*Ingenio, & Aris—They Dance*

*King.* Good Night to All, to Morrow for fresh Mirth

Would all the World knew no Worse from their Birth

*{Exeunt Omnes*

*Act 5<sup>th</sup> Scene 5<sup>th</sup> Allmans Lodgings*

*Allm.* He was deeply skill'd in the Affairs of humane life  
who bound the Wise Uliesses<sup>114</sup>, to the Mast when he was  
to pass the temptation of bewitching pleasure—

What a Delicious Day have we had there—And strange  
'twill be if none are taken with this Syrens Baite<sup>115</sup>

*Enter the prince*

*Princ.* Better ne're go to bed then not to sleep: Is't not Alman?

*Allm.* Yet my Lord the beds the best place for rest;  
for there men Drop when least they think on't

*Prin.* It cannot be so with me. Ive got a New Disease lies  
heaving at my Heart; as 'twere prepareing for a swift

remove

*Alm.* Were I your Phisitian My Lord! I should be bold

to call it.

*Pr.* What?—I am in pain and Earnest & in this can bear no Jestng

*Alm.* Nay None so sure can tell, as Can the prince Himself

*Prin.* But What do you think it is?

---

<sup>114</sup> From Homer's *Odyssey*.

<sup>115</sup> In the *Odyssey*, the sirens lure sailors to their deaths.

*Allm.* Why sure My Lord it is Love or very like it.

*Pr.* Why sure My Lord it is Love or very like it.

*Pr.* With fair Heala, Albrights Daughter

*Prin.* And is it Wisely done to be so, Alman with one so unknown or in her self, or her Extraction, A Princess I am—Allman ought to be more reserv'd Kingdoms depending on our more regular Actions.

*Allm.* My Lord trouble not your thoughts too far on this Occasion for you can never have her, so set your Heart at rest.

*Pr.* Can Never have Her!

*Allm.* Must Never!

*Pr.* Must not! Why my Allman?

*Allm.* 'Cause you are Allman's Friend, & the one I am more Capable to Obtain, than any else her unknown Condition and mine so well agreeing.

*Pr.* Allman well understands I know the Affections my Dear Sister bears him, & cannot hear Words unsporting  
Her Neglect

*Allm.* Heaven knows how Infinitely I prefer Her before the World and all the Women in it, But since the Law requires a Prince or None for Her Embraces, my Hopes are vain, and I must not have this Beauteous Piece Heala with so many Circumstances cut out for me be now snatch'd from me too when your more Beauteous Sister, may by the Kings Grave Counsell be enforct to take the Next that Courts her! No most Noble Prince Heala must stand a reserve for me, Whils't Puizanza hath the whole World of Princes Courts to please him, and pick and chuse! The Phoenix of Women having no power to resist his Motions!

*Pr.* Is this Lord Alman, thus treats his Friend?

*Alm.* Sir you know I never flatter, you'l find all true I've said she must be neither yours nor mine as yet.

*Pr.* She must—

*Allm.* She shall not

*Pr.* Shall not—Allman I am not without a Sword!

*Allm.* Nor Is mine for to seek! {*They step back & draw*  
Yet now I think on't better I scorn to do so base a thing  
as fight a Deueul; invented by Youth fools & } *Throws away*  
*his sword.*

Fencers to Gratify mans brutish humour

The Prince has dealt unkindly  
with his Allman—Oh the Horrid smart

of Friendship torn from a Loyal Heart!

*They go out several Ways  
the Prince very pensive*

*Act the 5. Scene the 6<sup>th</sup>. Darkness*

*Enter Ruffer & his Crew Lugging in a Great Chest*

*Ruff.* This I am sure is it, which if Well us'd  
may Saint us all next Jubilee<sup>116</sup>—open it  
nay live and let live—all seem ravenous

Let Moderation rule and shame the Honest!

*They scramble feel Mony Bags as Conceal'd under  
Hony; but proves strong Birdlime<sup>117</sup> and small Cords  
among stuck thick with the largest Fish Hooks:  
both which with bussling eagerly about it fasten and  
entangle each to other. That at length they can stir neither  
Hand nor Foot to Help themselves, and the more they  
strive the more they fasten: at last they stand still  
and silent.*

1. *Theif.* Where are we now Lord Lyall?

2—Has Nobody heard of his preferment?

3—Tis said he Narrowly mist the place of Treasure!

4—What pitty 'tis! But Virtue and Desert seldom Advances!

5—{Troth 'tis well he mist it for so he might have made us all under  
officers and spoil'd our trade for Ever.

*Ruff.* Well my Companions we have not dealt treacherously  
but still cleave fast to one Another, which few in other  
Callings do in their Adversitys.

*The King and all the Court and  
House are seen absconded.*

*King, as*

*Aside—}* Albright will teach us New trapps!

I see for Vermine there are tricks in chief  
to Catch the Oldest & Cunning'st Thief!

*Ruff.* But lets be serious, our Life may be short—Nor do  
you well to reflect the blame on me success being never  
assured tho' the Conduct be never so Advised, oft have  
you heard ^sad storys of ships prosperous in Long Voyages yet  
sunk in the Harbour at return—No rather lets look  
into our selves & see what cause lies ther of this Miscarriage

1 *Th.* Tis not fine speeches Generall will do our Work you asmost  
leaders love to hear your self talk, we have no cause  
to suspect our selves, or dost think some of us are not bad enough.?

*Ruff.* Compar'd with others, Friend it may very well be so

---

<sup>116</sup> A year of pilgrimage and mercy, declared by the Catholic Church.

<sup>117</sup> A sticky substance used to catch birds.

for we never yet robb'd the poor nor cheated those *that* Cozen  
All Men as Gypsies Fortune tellers and others of black  
Denomination

2 *Th.* Ruffer leave your Devilling! and whilst  
there's time help to undo each other.

3—Are not all undone enough already.

4—Can any ^living be in a Worse Condition than We?

5 *Th.* Yes my fast Friend—What think you of tracking Land lords  
and Userers and Broakers and Gaolers?

2. And Constables & Head boroughs.

4. Why I think it would go Hard with them all;  
were we to be their Judges!

1. Is there No way for us to come to preferment

*Ruff.* Not a Letter as I Hope I Escape!

3. Nay hang sorrow then, all fare alike!

4. How then camest thou to so much Eloquence?

*Ruff.* Nothing like Necessity, and the Witts whose Company  
we never want helping them at many a Dead lift.

*Enter Graspall*

*As weary of the Entertainments, and stealing  
early out, rowls<sup>118</sup> himself to this heap of Thieves  
and sticks fast to them.*

*Gras.* Heaven Defend me where am I? What will become of me?

In Hell most certainly amongst the Devils & Damned spirits!

Oh! Fire! Fire! Nothing but Fire stink & brimstone!

O spare me Good Lucifer! Inchain me for this once!—

And I'll be more serviceable to thy Kingdom, than  
ever yet I have been!

*Ru.* Silence in the Name of Him thou servest. What?  
And Who art thou?—

*Gr.* Kind Friend! A Userer.

*Ruff.* Thy Name—

*Gr.* Thy Humble Servant Graspall—{*The Thieves  
all Whisper*

*Ruff.* Thou hast been spar'd too Long

And if we all agree in one Opinion of thy Demerits  
thou art like to burn in flames for many

*Gr.* Has Hell no Favour for his best Servants.

*Enter the King, the Queen,*

*Albright & all the Court*

*Thie.* Heaven bless the King! preserve his Majesty!

---

<sup>118</sup> Entangles.

Lengthen His Days, Prosper his Government!

*King.* Peace ye Inhumane Monsters! Your Prayers make me tremble! —

*Th.* Defend Him from all his Enemys from all Detriments and Dangers and make him Emminnt<sup>119</sup> & potentate for Ever!

*King* You Vipers & Serpents of the Earth! with what face fore Honest Men have ye one Word to Utter?

*Th.* A most Gracious Prince! Hear him he's full of Goodness & Mercy!

See Here most Royall Sir! The Tempter to all {*points to Graspall*  
this Wickedness & Sole Author of all our Miserys. {*points*

*to*

*Graspall*

And Now his Conscience pricks Him, Crys out of Fire  
and Brimstone as He were in Hell already—Sir we'l

All take our Corporall Oaths, tis Nothing but the very Truth.

*King.* Corporall Oaths indeed! for ye are void of conscience.

*Ruff.* Believe it Sir, Our Oaths will pass in place where—

*King.* I fear so too before Honester Men—

Poor Men You had need prepare to Die—I pittty you

*Ruff.* And well you may for who else is the Cause of our Extremitys

Born we have been of Wretched Parentage:

Brought up to Nothing, nor Nothing to take to

Not one penny Left us, nor Foot of Land left to raise us

Bread—Yet if we beg we are Whipt if steal we are hang'd

—by those who first robb'd us of that Pittance of Earth,

Just Heaven allows to every Humane Creature to feed &

Cloath withall So if we must Die; May our bloods our

Sinns, and Curses follow you to your Houses, & Closets, and

Bed Chambers, and for Ever Haunt You—

*King.* Tis the most sad, and Dismal Exclamation *that* e're I heard

—set Graspall free; Remove the rest to some place of

Safety. But use them like men in all things!

Call up Lord Allman, tell him I want his Co^unsell

—this blunt and Churlish Fellow's Work's have set my Spirits

a'boyling as if something within had long time

been amiss—Call also for my Son the Prince,

Something I must do to keep the peace here  
or else in midst of Joys must ever look to fear.

*Enter Servant*

*Ser.* O my Lord! the sadest News *that* was ever Heard!

Lord Alman lyes speechless, and almost Breathless

---

<sup>119</sup> Misspelling of “eminent,” perhaps intentional.

in His bed some speedy Help or there's no Hope of Life!  
*Act 5 Scene 7<sup>th</sup> The King & Albright*  
*Ingenio and Generozo*  
*As Confounded run hastily to him—*  
*Allman in His bed as at point of Death.*

*King.* Are your Phisitians come—

*Alb.* —The Are my Lord. { *The Phisitians rub'd*  
*his Temples feel his*  
*pulse; open his breast*  
*shrug & shake their heads*  
*Enter, the Queen, the Princess Albrights Lady<sup>120</sup>; Heala & Clerena*  
*The Princess runs to the bed Chamber sees him*  
*and sounds away, the Ladys shriek & by help*  
*remove Her.*

*1 Phi.* This Will much perplex our Councils!

*King.* Preserve him Sirs at any rate!

Nay spare for Nothing & your rate shall be proportional!

What Conceive you is his Distemper?

*2 Phi.* That we shall resolve your Majesty anon.

*Three Phisitians Consult Albright unse<sup>^</sup>en listens.*

*Phi.* We have here most Learned Gentlemen a most Noble  
Patient! And Exceptions will be great accordingly, His  
Disease however appearing under Complicate forms is  
in the Original Hypochondriack Melancholy<sup>121</sup>

*2 Ph.*—To me it rather seems as to immediate Indication,  
am high Extension of the Animal spirits & near unto Mania<sup>122</sup>

*3 P.* He's a Great Man and Had the World at Will!

*Albright steps to his Lady*  
*and the Princess recovered—*

*Alb.* If you are not more speedy than these long thinking  
Artists all relief may come too late—ther'fore pour  
into Him good Quantities of those spirits he hath  
so much Commended,—

They unseen of the Doctors give Him  
often—he looks up & then falls into  
a Quiet Sleep

*3 Ph.* Tis not so fit for me to speak, but we must all  
believe—the Ladys are somewhat Guilty of this confus'd  
Disease: And to be brief he must suddenly be bled,

---

<sup>120</sup> This stage direction reminds a reader who Albright actually loves.

<sup>121</sup> In 1633, the doctor Richard Hunter wrote a book called *Hypochondriac Melancholy* depicting the panic attacks, anxiety and sleeplessness of Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia that had no apparent medical cause.

<sup>122</sup> Madness; often contrasted with melancholy.

then purg'd and ply'd with Apozems<sup>123</sup> previous  
to Salivation, to *which* at last it must come or I have lost my Aim

1 *Ph.* Let's order first a Glyster<sup>124</sup>—*Writes*

2 *P.* Tis Well.

3 *P.* Ten Grains of Sal Prunella<sup>125</sup> {*Go run to the  
Apothecary; and bring  
the Kings Surgeon*

*Alb.* to

*the King*} This Sir is a Tedious Way

pray let more of these spirits be given Him

*The Queen & Princess give him more*

*The Doctors Countermand them.*—

3 *Ph.* We have seriously Debated, the Symptoms of the Noble  
Patient Inducing our Judgements to Conclude this Distemper  
Hypocondriack Melancholy, abounding with Vapours from  
the Spleen, even to the Suffocation of the Vitals.

And for the most speedy Remedy we order first an  
immediate Glyster—And an Hour after its Operation—

Bleeding the Cephalick Vein to Eleven Ounces—

In fit time after a Gentle purge to be followed with  
Apozeams, Julops<sup>126</sup>, Cordials<sup>127</sup>, and Cordial Powders, to raise  
up breathing sweats, whereby the blood now stagnant may  
return to Circulation, and put off its Acrimony

Some of us—please your Majesty shall be always  
within call to attend on Accidents {*Exeunt Physitians*

*Alb.* Sir Where I have liv'd most my time the Phisitians  
in their first Approach Give their main Medicines and  
in shorter time than those have been Consulting give  
Manifest relief & Hope of Cure

*King.* This is Ever their and our Use.

*Alb.* I Utterly dislike it, and but that I am too much  
a Stranger to interpose: have always about me such  
Excellent Cordial Medicines, that I durst pawn  
My Life, in less than half an Hour should liberate  
his spirits, and Cause him to speak to us.

But pray Madam Give more of yours there being  
no patience to wait this Delatory Method

*The Princess gives him more he*

---

<sup>123</sup> A decoction or infusion.

<sup>124</sup> A medicine injected into the rectum to cleanse the bowels.

<sup>125</sup> Potassium nitrate salt.

<sup>126</sup> A vein in the head.

<sup>127</sup> Likely “juleps”; sweet liquid.

*looks earnestly on Her and falls into  
a sweet sleep.*

*They close the Curtains & sit near him*

*Alb.* This rest is very Hopefull!

*Kin.* Breathing so freely as he dos—

And shall not be disturb'd—Tho' the comes

Let some keep at Distance, that none Disturb Him—

Oh blessed sleep! Compassion more of the just

than Great!—due—not to Paleness but sweats—

How joyfull should I be of his Recovery!—

*Alm.* When I see thousands wanting Necessarys—

and find my self abound; should want of one Desire alone

perplex the Mind of one so much preferring Wisdom

as I have Done!

*Enter the Physitians and Apothecary & Surgeon  
with Porringers<sup>128</sup> &c, but Softly, as afore prepar'd—  
and Harken.*

*Alm.* Covetous Wretch! What not 'bate the Deity  
one Blessing! But wouldst have all, Nay that or Valuest  
Nothing, all the rest!—

Where is the Gratitude thou hast so much ador'd?

Come be wise, and 'bate this one—and pacify and

please thy self with all the rest Which one enow to

Satisfy ten Thousand!—What says my stubborn Heart?

Not bow a Jot! Why then thou must Break!—

For Orien— {*spies the Company*}

for Oriental Pearls,

Differ as much in Glory above those of the Occident' as

Beautys do in the Judgment of the Admirers—

1 *Ph.* Sir Our Glyster comes too late and if He bleed

not Instantly, He has not five Hours to live—is it not

Evident my learned Mates—He raves already!

2. And his feet look for Pidgeons to them.

3. Vessicatorys<sup>129</sup> too must be in readiness, and all I fear—  
too little He's so farr Gone.

Come Mr Surgeon fit Him for your Work and see

You bleed him to ten or twelve Ounces Dexterously

*Surg.* Fear not Sir bleeding is now the chief of  
Remedies—And I practice Hourly

{*They force him up in his bed.*}

*Alm.* What Rugged Hands are these molest my rest?

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<sup>128</sup> Small bowls.

<sup>129</sup> Irritating ointments.

more Worth than All their Arts and Drudgerys!

*Alb.* He likes it Not & were I Worthy to Advise he  
should not Bleed!

*Sur.* Not bleed! Will you Cross the Orders of the Learned?  
What would You do to save His Life?

*Alb.* Why I would Qualify His Blood and Extinguish *the* Venom  
that Causes his Inflammation; by safe and powerfull  
Medicines, as I have often done both for my self & others.

*Sur.* You had best instruct the Doctors—I warrant You  
he's in such a boiling I'hath almost burst his Veines!

*{He suddenly rips his sleeve  
as high as his shoulders  
Albright Espys an Azure Star  
on His Arm; Violently plucks off  
the Surgeon, and with Tears of Joy.*

*A.* Oh Royal Sir! My Son! My Son! My long lost Son!  
and heire to a Kingdom—See my Dear Wife and Queen!  
thy princely son! See my Dear Heala thy Royal Brother  
lives!

Glorinda Oriena! Embrace him bid Him Welcome  
to Life again for Now I know he will live most Willingly  
See my poor Drooping Albright, thy Father lives,  
Lives to Embrace his Son!

*1 Ph.* Sir I know the Old Mans meaning, sure he's  
Mad and should be remov'd!

*Alb.* Tis most Happily otherwise—See Most Noble  
King & Queen—*{Enter Prince & Princess*  
The Unquestioned mark of the Heir of our Royal Family  
You shall have Evidence of our Royalty and of our  
truer (not more beloved) Names *{Discovers the very same mark upon his Arm,*  
*He reaches a glass to Allman & bids him Drink it off.*

*He Drinks it—and rises from his bed in a rich  
Gown kneels to his Father & his Mother; and the  
King Embraces the Prince—Honours the Queen  
and Princess & Salutes his Sister Heala.*

*Allm.* What pangs and throbs hath this my better  
Birth Day had like the Newborn?  
My Spirits are Weak and humbly Craves some  
in all repose a While.

*Exeunt Omnes*

*Act the 5<sup>th</sup> Scene the 8<sup>th</sup> Albrights great Room  
Enter the King the Queen, the Prince  
and Princess.*

*Queen.* My Heart thro' Grief & Fear & Joy is

almost rent in sunder!

*King.* My Dear Glorinda, I felt my pain but now doe  
Joy Excessively in thy Cause of Joy

*Princ.* This unexpected revelation is above all our Wishes,  
Wherein None are so much Concer<sup>^</sup>nd as my self & Dearest Oriena.  
Sir You have been pleas'd to treat me all ways not only as  
My Gracious Parents—but with the Intimacy & kindness  
of a Friend; therefore Hence take I the Liberty to  
Discover unto the King my Father; and unto my  
Royal Mother; my fixt Affections to fair Heala,  
King Albrights Daughter, And Princely Almans  
Ardent Love, to Royal and Lovely Oriena:  
And Humble beg your blessings and Allowances  
to both; and thereby multiply our Happiness for ever—  
*King.* Ha—What says my Queen? {Smiling as Overjoy'd  
More than almost perswaded already I'll Warrant You.

Go fetch King Albright to Us  
with Alman his Son, & Daughter Heala

*And immediately Enters with them, with Ingenio  
Fianora, Generozo & Clerena & the Court*

*King.* Come Sir As Kings we are Brothers.  
and even as these must instantly to Warrs  
Who hath what is precious and is not Coveted by his Neighbour  
Prince—You have a fair Daughter & my princely son lays  
claims to Her Affections: As your Royal Allman doth unto  
my Oriena—So that Here's like to be strange scuffling  
if we their Parents be not much the Wiser.  
So so they are Hand in Hand already  
Our Hearts Desires are so Amply satisfied  
With this so blest a Union we wish it not Deferr'd {*Prince &  
Heala. Allman  
&  
the Princess*

one Moment!

*King.* Nor shall it be for me. What say the Young Ones?  
The Old Ones being so forward—

*Gras.* I must confess and cannot Long deny it to be a truth  
as this Good Man hath here & often Written.  
That the more I strive to stifle Conscience in me  
and all sense of immorality, the more it flieth  
in my Face giving no rest day nor Night urging  
me so impetuously to an Acknowledgement and Due  
Obedience

Due Obedience as hath at length prevaild.

But that it mayn't be too late I Conceive my self  
obliged to make all possible that in Works beseeemingly  
true repentance.

*Hor.* Sir you think not of my Stay, pray mind my pay {*gives him*  
*a handfull*  
*of Gold*

*Gr.* Excuse me Good Hornetto, And let this Help to  
do it use it to the Honour of Him *that* made thee Honest

*Hor.* Sir my Thanks and Wonder Heaven bless you In this  
New Way of Goodness!

*Gr.* A Vast Estate I Have, and I must make as vast amends  
for my strange Ways of Getting it, of Which I am fully  
Resolv'd! But am to seek the Way, for it must be  
Considerable such as is wanting in the World—and fully  
Contentfull to my Reason & its Diviner Guide my Conscience!  
Thoughts I have had of Learning, and place of Devotion  
Too much turn'd to form & Art and other ends than  
were at first Intended

Burses & places for Concern, but these tending to Gaine  
more than Virtue Wisdom and real Goodness reach not  
my Arm Nor am I so taken with the little of Philosophy  
whether Old or New, Nor am I for Verbores nor Ver=  
=bores large promises and pretences of mighty productions  
too frequently Ending in Knacks of Wit and Useless  
trifles Which I esteem a blind Expençe of time,

Unworthy Wise or Good mens thoughts.

Hospitals and Alms-houses seeming to me *the* fruitfull  
in real Good, Yet the Ordering of them does not like me,  
and too many of them miserably provided.

My Inclinations rather Mind not to keep poor people  
always poor, and Scanty; But to help as many as I can,  
both Men, Women, and Children into a Comfortable Way  
of Subsistance with their Own Endeavours.

Houses of Correction<sup>130</sup> may possibly be Needfull, but  
still I see some provision to furnish all Men, with a  
possibility of Honest Living upon their Industry: in such  
Crueltys I have no Hand, my Cogitations are rather pleas'd  
with fancying a Society, that shall deserve the Name &  
Honour of the Conscionaty<sup>131</sup>: or rather Compassionately, to be  
ever throughly sencible of every ones Afflictions, Distresses, &  
Necessitys; and without respect of persons, or Opinions, to

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<sup>130</sup> The first houses of correction, for those “unwilling to work,” were created after the passing of the Elizabethan Poor Law (1601).

<sup>131</sup> The fitting together of parts.

stand always ready to give Assistance, Co<sup>^</sup>unsells, and Effectual Relief, as Necessity requires, which I shall leave to the Prudence of my Trustees and their Successors.

But above all, my Especial Aimes are that this society of *the* Compassionati<sup>132</sup>, shall be always so plentifully furnished with lasting and powerfull Medicines, as Instantly therewith to supply the wants of all sorts of Indigent, diseased people, Gratis, Chiefly in time of pestilence, or other Epidemical Distempers:

And for this End I have Noted, and am in Hand to purchase a sort of New Medicines, of familiar but powerfull operation without vacateing, torturing, or terrefying Mans Nature, that so are qualified for extinguishing the Venemous Causes of Diseases, such as I have Heard our Noble Albright accidentally Discourse, And Whose Counsell in this Affair cannot but be of moment.

*And if in this I can but please my self;  
I have a Happiness exceeds all wealth.*

*Prince*

*Alman*} We are most thankfully, and Joyfully in Readyness!

*Alb.* What say the Ladies? No Scruples!

*Ori. Hea*} We have had too much now to resist so Clear a Happiness!

*King* Then to the temple fairly let us move,  
To joyn these Hands firmly combin'd by Love!

*Exeunt Omnes*

*Enter Graspall & the Thievs*

*Gras.* So Ye Varlets<sup>133</sup> are ye thought to have hang'd me!  
but ye see his Majesty puts a difference 'twixt Thieves & Userers.

*Ruff.* Not much only the Law takes not hold on such,  
Thieves as thou art; but How e're though 'scap'st here thou art sure to be Damn'd Hereafar

*Gras.* Wou'd the Devil had this Damnation I can endure to hear on't. {*Enter Hornetto with Letters.*

*Hor.* Is Mr Graspal here, I have a Letter for Him.

*Gra.* Whats here? Hornetto our eager Manhunter become a Mercury!<sup>134</sup>

*Hor.* Better so than a Man Eater, Mr Graspal!  
Nor would I be so near Hell as you are,

---

<sup>132</sup> Compassionate (Italian).

<sup>133</sup> Menials.

<sup>134</sup> The Roman messenger god.

for all the Userers Estates in the World!

Come Mony for my Letters.

*Gra.* You'l give me leave to read it first. {*Reads to himself*

*Ruff.* The King is upon return, so full of Joy withal  
about Him they'l press him to our pardon & take no  
Denial.

*Enter King and all hand in hand*

*Albright ushering them—He*

*'spies Hornetto*

*Alb.* What, What, Honest Hornetto lives, and a Convert here!

wear this for my sake, and seen this Happy Day

*Hor.* My Humble thanks for ever!

*Gras.* Sir I meet so Every Where, with; Curses & Threats of Hell,

I can no longer bear; pray Sr advise me this blessed Day

be rul'd by you in the Whole Disposeing of my Great Estate

*Alb.* Why this is suitable to true Religion

& is the Way to perfect Happiness,

My Lord the King, please sir but to Note with favour

—this strange unlookt for convert!

The blessings of the Day have fully overcome Him

I beseech you Sir, let's joyn to make him a firmer kind

of Happiness than ere he Hop'd for yet,

And Sir for these rude Men Vouchsafe not only pardon

but some Ways to Use their parts more suitable

to Human Creatures.

*King,* My Dearest Brother shall never be Denied; the bo<sup>u</sup>nty

of this present Day, hath sprung a Sea of Bounty in me

can never be exhausted—{*Exeunt Thieves Bowing—*

*The King ranks with the Queen, Albright with his Lady*

*The Prince with His Bride, Alman with The Princess*

*Ingenio with Fianora, Generozo and Clerena.*

And for this Happiness let the whole world sing

A Happy people, and a Happy King

*Albrig,* & Let Fathers Mothers, Sisters Brothers Sing

A Happy people, and a Happy King

*Prince &*

*Alman*} Let Virtuous Brides, and Bridegrooms sing

A Happy people, and a Happy King

Albright I Have made a prosperous voy<sup>a</sup>ge,

for troubles am made full amends

By Vertue, Felicity, and Generous Friends.

*King* And that our Happiness may still endure:

Let's all by sweet Humility make it sure.

*FINIS*

*THE  
Epilogue*

*Had we presented Now this Serious Play,  
Except to the Ingenious Audience here to Day;  
Where Wisdom and Generosity do fully meet,  
And all the Graces<sup>135</sup> one Another Greet.  
Where were the Author now to write again  
He would be instructed by such Worthy Men;  
Where the least Wanton Thought begets a Stain,  
In Ladys Checks hardly washt out again.  
Where no good meaning wants a Righteous Doom  
Nor harsh Construction findeth any Room:  
We had been lost for all our good Intention,  
And frustrated the Poet's fair Invention.  
But finding all Concur to Chear our Hearts;  
I will joy much more to know We have done o' parts.*

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<sup>135</sup> In Greek mythology, three or more goddesses of charm, fertility, creativity, beauty, and nature, also known as the Charities.