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Randolph, Thomas (1605-1635)

***The Muses Looking-Glasse* (1643)**

[1]

Actus I. Scen. I.

Enter

Bird a Feather-man, and Mrs Flowrdew, wife to a Haberdasher of small Waves; the one having brought Feathers to the Playhouse; the other Pins and Looking-glasses; two of the sanctified fraternity of Black-Fryers.

FLowrdew, See brother how the wicked throng and crowd, To works of Vanity! not a nook, or corner In all this house of sin, this cave of filthynesse, This den of spirituall theeves, but it is stufft, Stuffed, and stufft full as is a cushion With the lewd Reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before Innes, Yes, I will say Innes, for my zeal bids me Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour such As travell'd to destruction the broad way;

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But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.

Flowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal Teach, preach, husse, pusse, and stnusse at it, yet still, Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a Church, A new built Church erected North and South, It had been something worth the wondring at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Flowrd. I say no works are good, Good works are merely Popish, and Apocryphall.

Bird. But th'bad abound, surround, yea and confound us. No marvell now if Play-houses increase, For they are all grown so obscene of late, That one begets another.

Flowrd. Flat fornication! I wonder any body takes delight To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard That in a—Tragedy I think they call it, They make no more of killing one another, Then you sell pins.

Flowrd. Or you sell feathers brother, But are they not hang'd for it?

Bird. Law grows partiall, And findes it but Chance-medly: And their Comedies Will abuse you, or me, or any body; We cannot put our monies to increase By lawfull usury, nor break in quiet, Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives Finer then others, but our ghosts must walk Upon their stages.

Flowrd. Is not this flat conjuring, To make our ghosts to walk ere be dead?

Bird. That's nothing Mistris *Flowrdew*, they will play

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The knave, the fool, the divell, and all for money.

Flow. Impiety! O that men indued with reason Should have no more grace in them?

Bird. Be there not other Vocations as thriving, and more honest? Baylies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitors, Beadles, and Martials men, the needfull instruments Of the Republique; but to make themselves Such Monsters? for they are monsters, th'are monsters, Base, sinfull, shamelesse, ugly, vile deform'd Pernitious monsters?

Flow. I have heard our Vicar Call Play-houses the Colledges of transgression, Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

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Bird. Why then the City will in time be made An university of iniquity. We dwell by *Black-Fryers* Colledge, where I wonder How that prophane nest of pernicious Bird Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us, So many good and well disposed persons. O Impudence?

Flow. It was a zealous prayer I heard a brother make, concerning Play-houses.

Bird. For charity what is it?

Flow. That the *Globe*, Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice, Had been confum'd? The *Phœnix* burn't to Ashes. The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Black-Fryers* He wonders how it scap'd demolishing I'th' time of reformation: Lastly he wish'd The *Bull* might crosse the *Thames* to the *Bear-Garden*, And there be soundly baited?

Bird. A good prayer.

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Flow. Indeed it something pricks my conscience, I come to sell'em Pins and Looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custome too for all their Feathers: Tis fit that we which are sincere Professors Should gain by Infidels.

Scen. 2.

Enter Roscius a Player.

Mr. *Roscius* we hav'brought the things you spake for.

Rosc. Why tis well.

Flow. Pray Sir what sever they for?

Rosc. We use them in our play.

Bird. Are you a player?

Rosc. I am Sir, what of that?

Bird. And is it lawfull? Good sister lets convert him. Will you use So fond calling?

Flow. And so impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

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Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by sin?

Rosc. My spleen is up: And live not you by sin Take away vanity and you both may break What serves your lawfull trade of selling Pins, But to joynt gew-gaws, and to knit together Gorgets, strips; neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs And many other such like toys as these, To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?

And you sweet Featherman, whose ware though light, Oreweighs your conscience, what serves your trade But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,

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To deck vain-glory? spoiling the Peacocks tail T' adorn and Idiots Coxcomb: O dull ignorance! How ill 'tis understood what we do mean For good and honest! They abuse our Scene, And say we live by vice: indeed tis true As the Physitians by disease do, Only to cure them: They do live we see Like Cooks by pamp'ring prodigality, Which are our fond accusers. On the stage We set and Usurer to tell this age How ugly looks his soul: A prodigall Is taught by us how far from liberall His folly bears him: Boldly I dare say There has been more by us in some one Play Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from sin, and foppish humours; Hence the cause doth rise Men are not wonne by th'ears so well as eies. First see what we present.

Flow. The fight is able To unsanctifie our eyes, and make 'em carnall.

Rosc. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No Sister, let us call up all our zeal, And try the strength of this temptation: Satan shall see we dare desie his Engines.

Flow. I am content.

Rosc. Then take your places her, I will come to you And moralize the plot.

Flow. That moralizing I do approve, it may be for instruction.

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Scen. 3.

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. *Roscius*, I hear you have a new Play to day.

Rosc. We want not you to play *Mephostopholis*. A pretty natural vizard!

Defor. What have you there?

Rosc. A Looking-glasse, or two.

Defor. What things are they? Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here? I've seen a Divell. Looking-glasses call you them? There is no Basiliske but a Looking-glasse.

Rosc. Tis your own face you saw.

Defor. My own? thou liest: I'de not be such a Monster for the world.

Rosc. Look in it now with me, what seest thou now?

Defor. An Angell and a divell.

Rosc. Look on that Thou caldst an Angell, mark it well, and tell me Is it not like my face?

Defor. As were the same.

Rosc. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see, Tis not the glasse but thy deformity That makes this ugly shape; if they be fair That view the Glasse, such the reflections are. This serves the body: The soul sees her face In Comedy, and has no other glasse.

Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather see Hell then a Looking-glasse or Comedy.

Exit Defor.

Rosc. And yet me thinks if'twere not for this Glasse, Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,

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We could not finde another way to see How neer our shapes approach Divinity. Ladies, let they who will your glasse deride, And say it is an instrument of Pride: I will commend you for it; there you see If yee be fair, how truly fair ye be: Where finding

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beauteous faces, I do know You'l have the greater care to keep them so. A heavenly vision in your beauty lyes, Which nature hath denyed to your own eyes; Were it not pitty you alone should be Debarr'd of that others are blest to see? Then take your glasses, and your selves enjoy The benefit of your selves, it is no toy, Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her, That will preserve us good or make us better. A country slut, (for such she was, though here Ith' City may be some as well as there :) Kept her hands clean, (for those being always seen Had told her else how sluttish she had been) But had her face as nasty as the stall Of a fishmonger, or a usurers Hall Daub'd ore with dirt: One might have dar'd to say She was a true piece of *Prometheus* clay, Not yet inform'd: And then her unkemb'd hair Drest up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare, One day within her pail (for Country Lasses (Fair Ladies) have no other Looking-glasses :) She spied her ugliness, and fain she would Have blusht if thorough so much dirt she could: Asham'd, within that water, that I say Which shew'd her filth, she washt her filth away. So Comedies, as Poets do intend them,

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Serve first to shew our falts, and then to mend them Upon our stage two glasses oft there be, The Comick Mirrour, and the Tragedy: The Comick glasse is full of merry strife, The low reflection of a County life. Grave Tragedy void of such homely sports Is the sad glasse of Cities and of Courts. Ile shew you both, *Thalia* come and bring Thy Buskin'd sister, that of Bloud doth sing.

Scen. 4.

Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satyre.

Comed. Why do you stop? go on.

Trag. I charge him stay My robe of state, Buskins, and Crown of gold Claim a priority.

Com. Your Crown of Gold Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of Lawrell Is vertues Diadem: This grew green and flourish'd When nature pittying poor mortality, Hid thine

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within the bowels of the earth: Men looking up to heaven found this thats mine, Digging to finde our hell they li't on thine.

Trag. I know you 'have tongue enough.

Com. Besides, my Birth-right Gives me the first possession.

Trag. How, your Birth-right?

Com. Yes sister, Birth right: and a Crown besides, Put on before the Altar of *Apello* By this dear Priest *Phenomoe*, she that first Full of her, God rag'd in Heroique numbers.

Trag. How came it then the Magistrate decreed

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A publike charge to furnish out my *Chorus*, When you were fain it appear in raggs and tatters, And at your own expences?

Come. My reward Came after, my deserts went before yours.

Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsie You took a poor and beggarly Pilgrimage From village unto village; when I then As a fit ceremony of Religion In my full state contended at the Tomb Of might *Theseus*.

Come. I before that time Did chaunt out Hymnes in praise of great *Apollo*, The sheperd's Deitie, whom they reverence Under the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance How with them once he kept *Admentus* sheep. And 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you? Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins You had no ornaments, no robes of state, No rich and glorious Scene; your first Benefactors Who were they, but the reeling Priests of *Bacchus*: For which a Goat gave you reward and name?

Trag. But sister who were yours, I pray, but such As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets; In honour of the fine chast god *Priapus*?

Come. Let age alone, merit must plead out Title.

Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend? I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperours From their close cabinets, and Councill Tables Yeild me the fatall matter of my Scene.

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Come. Inferiour persons, and the lighter vanities, (Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitfull,) Yeild subjects various enough to move

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Plentifull laughter.

Trag. Laughter! a fit object For poetry to aym at.

Com. Yes, Laughter is my object: 'tis a property In man essentiall to his reason.

Trag. So; But I move horrour; and that frights the guilty From his dear sins: he that sees *Oedipus* Incestuous, shall behold him blind withall. Who views *Orestes* as a Parricide, Shall see him lash'd with *Furies* too; Th'Ambitious Shall fear *Prometheus* Vultur; Daring gluttony Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus*: And every family great in sins as bloud Shake at the memory of *Pelops* house. Who will rely on Fortunes giddy smile That hath seen *Priam* acted on the stage?

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with shame, A thing more powerfull in a generous brest. Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd; A covetous Bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant Gull Cheated; a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffl'd; A craftly servant whipt; a niggard churl Hoarding up dicing-monies for his sonne; A spruce fantastique Courtier, a mad roarer, A jealous Tradesman, an over-weening Lady, Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated, But (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame As well to act those follies as to own them.

Trag. The subject of my Scene is in the persons Greater, as in the vices; Atheists, Tyrants, O're-daring Favourites, Traitors, Parasites, The Wolves an Cats of state, which in a language

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High as the men, and lowd as are their crimes I thunder forth with terror and amazement Unto the gastly wondring Audience.

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Satyre. And as my Lady takes deserved place Of thy light Mistris, so yeild thou to me, Fantastique *Mime*.

Mime. Fond *Satyre* why to thee?

Sat. As the attendant of the nobler Dame, And of my self more worthy.

Mime. How! More worthy?

Sat. As one whose whip of steel can with a lash Imprint the Characters of shame so deep, Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin, That nor eternity shall wear it out. When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow, Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling Freez'd the chill soul; while every guilty brest Stood fearfull of dissection, as afraid To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hand; And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin By it laid open to the publike scorn. I have untruss'd the proudest; greatest tyrants Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, half dead With expectation of the smarting jerk, Whose wound no salve can cure: each blow doth leavs A lasting scar, that with a poyson eats Into the marrow of their fames and lives; Th'eternall ulcer to their memories! What can your Apish-fine gesticulations My manlike-Monky *Mime*, vie down to this?

Mime. When men through sins were grown unlike the Gods, Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

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My Apish imitation, Brother Be adle, Does as good service to reform bad manners As your proud whip, with all his ferks, and jerks.

The *Spamans* when they strove t'expresse the loaths somenesse Of Drunkenesse to their children, brought a slave, Some captive *Helo*, overcharg'd with wine Reeling in thus; –His eyes shot out with staring, A fire in his nose, a burning rednesse Blazing in either cheek, his hair upright, His tongue and senses faltring, and his stomach O' reburden'd ready to discharge her load In each mans face he met. This made 'em fee And hate that sin of swine, and not of men. Would I expresse a complementall youth, That thinks himself a spruce and expert Courtier, Bending his supple hammes, kissing

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his hands, Honouring Shoostings, scruing his writh'd fate To feverall postures of affection, Dancing an entertainment to his friend, Who would not think it a ridiculous motion? Yet such there be that very much please themselves In such like Antique humours. To our own sins We will be Moles, even to the grossest of 'em: But in anothers life we can spy forth The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as Eagles, Or the *Epidaurian* serpent: Now in me, Where self-love casts not her *Egyptian* mists, They finde this mis-becoming foppishnesse, And afterwards apply it to themselves: This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.

Trag. Sister let's lay this poor contention by, And friendly live together, if one womb

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Could hold us both, why should we think this room Too narrow to contains us? On this stage Wee'l plead a tryall; and in one year contend Which shall do best: that past, she then that shall By the most sacred and impartiall judgement Of our *Apollo*, best deserve the Bayes, Shall hold th' entire possession of the place.

Come. I were unworthy if I should Appeal from his tribunal; Be it so: I doubt not but this censure runs with me; Never may any thing that's sad and tragicall Dare to approach his presence; let him be So happy as to think no man is wretched, Or that there is a thing call'd misery.

Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only see, Not be the subject of a Tragedy! Sister, a truce till then; that vice may bleed, Let us joyn whips together.

Come. Tis agreed.

Mime. Let it be your office to prepare The Masque which we intended:

Mime. Tis my care.

Exeunt.

Flowr. How did she say? a Masse? Brother fly hence, Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.

Rosci. It was a Masque she spake of, a rude Dance Presented by the seven deadly sins.

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Bird. Still 'tis a Masse, sister, away, I tell you It is a Masse, a Masse of vile Idolatry.

Rosci. Tis but a simple Dance, brought into shew The native foulnesse and deformity
Of our dear sin, and what an ugly guest.

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He entertains, admits him to his brest!

Song and Dance.

Say, in a Dance how shall we go,

That never could a measure know!

How shall we sing to please the Scene

That never yet could keep a mean?

Disorder is the Masque we bring,

And discords are the Tunes we sing.

No sound in our harsh ears can finde a place

But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base.

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and consciences Had not been sear'd, and
cauterized, how could they Affect these filthy harbingers of hell! These Proctors of
Belzebub, Lucifers Hinch-boyes!

Rosc. I pray ye stirre your selves within a while.

Exeunt.

Roscius Solus.

And here, unlesse your favourable mildnesse With hope of mercy do encourage us, Our
author bids us end: he dares not venture Neither what's past, not that which is to come
Upon his Country, 'tis so weak, and impotent It cannot stand a tryall; nor dares hope
The benefit of his Clergy; But it rigour Sit Judge, must of necessity be condemn'd To
Vulcan or the Spunge: All he can plead Is a desire of Pardon; for he brings you

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No plot at all, but a meer *Olla Podrida*, A medly of ill plac'd, and worse pen'd humours. His desire was in single Scene to shew How Comedy presents each single vice Ridiculous, whose number as their Character He borrows from the man to whom he owes All the poor skill he has, great *Aristotle*. Now if you can endure to hear the rest, Y'are welcome; if you cannot, do but tell Your meaning by some sign, and all farewell, If you will stay resolve to pardon first; Our Author will deserve it by offending. Yet if he misse a Pardon, as in justice You cannot grant it, though your mercy may, Still he hath this left for a comfort to him, That he picks forth a subject of his Rime May lose perchance his credit, not his time.

Finis Actus I. Exit.

ACTVS 2. SCENA I.

Roscius. Bird. Flowrdew.

Rosc. REceive your places. The first that wee present are the Extreames of a vertue necessary in our Conversation, call'd Comitas or Courtesie, which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The one Colax, that to seeme over Courteous falls, into a servile flattery; the other, (as fooles fall into the contraries which they shunne) is Discolus, who hating to be a slavith Parasite, growes into peevishnesse and impertinent distaste.

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue.

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Rosc. So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter

Colax. Dyscolus.

Colax. How far they sin against humanity That use you thus! Believe me 'tis a symptom Of Barbarisme, and rudenesse, so to vex A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

Dysco. Why dost thou vex me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend! My breeding has been better; I vex you! You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise, So pious and religious, so admir'd, So lov'd of all?

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Dys. Wilt thou not leave me then Eternall torture? could your cruelty finde No back but mine that you thought broad enough To bear the load of all these Epithites? Pious? Religious? he takes me for a fool. Vertuous? and just? Sir, did I ever cheat you, Cozen, or gull you; that you call me just, And vertuous? I am grown the common scoffe Of all the world; the scoffe of all the world!

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dysc. So art thou. Heaven! I am turn' ridiculous!

Colax. You rediculous? But 'tis an impious Age; There was a time, (And pitty 'tis so good a time had wings To flye away,) when reverence was payd To a gray head; 'twas held a sacriledge Not expiable to deny respect To one, Sir, of your years and gravity.

Dysc. My years and gravity! Why, how old am I? I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank

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As I should smell oth'grave: O times and manners! Well *Colax*, well; go on: ye may abuse me, Poor dust and ashes, worms mear, years and gravity: He takes me for a Carcasse! what see you So crazy in me? I have halfe my teeth: I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too With th'benefit of my staffe, mark if I cannot!— But you sir at your pleasure with years and gravity Think me decrepit.

Colax. How? Decrepit sir! I see young roses bud within your cheeks; And a quick active bloud run free and fresh Thorough your veins.

Dysco. I am turn'd boy again! A very stripling school-boy! have I not the Itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy About the wrists and hams?

Colax. Still *Dyscolus*?

Dysc. *Dyscolus*! and why *Dyscolus*? when were we Grown so familiar? *Dyscolus*! by my name Sure we are *Pylades* and *Orestes*! are we not? Speak good *Pylades*.

Colax. Nay worthy Sir, Pardon my error, 'twas without intent Of an offence. Ile finde some other name To call you by ---

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Dysc. What do you mean to call me? Foole? Asse? or Knave? my name is not so bad As that I am asham'd on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse than it was meant, You are too jealous.

Dysco. Jealous? I ha'not cause for't, my wifes honest; Dost see my horns? Dost if thou doest,

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Write Cuckold in my forehead; do, write Cuckold With *Aqua-fortis*, do. Jealous! I am jealous; Free of the Company! wife, I am jealous.

Colax. I mean suspitious.

Dysc. How! suspitious? For what? for treason, felony, or murder? Carry me to the Justice: bind me over For a suspitious person: hang me too For a suspitious person! O, O, O, Some courteous plague ceaze me, and free me soule From this immortall torment! every thing I meet with, is vexation, and this, this Is the vexation of vexations, the Hell of Hells, and Divell of all Divells.

Flow. For pittie sake fret not the good old Gentleman.

Dysc. O! have I not yet torments great enough, But you must adde to my affliction? Eternall silence ceaze you!

Colax. Sir we strive To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dysc. I must be pleas'd! a very babe, an infant! I must be pleas'd! give me some pappe, or plums Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse, To still me, do! be pleass'd? wouldst have me get A Parasite to be flatter'd?

Colax. How? a Parasite? A cogging, statt'ring, slavish Parasite? Things abhorre and hate. Tis not the belly Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers! Souls below reason will not stoop so low As to give up their liberty; only flatterers Move by others wheele. They have no passions Free to themselves. All their affections,

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Qualities, humors, appetites, desires, Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts Are but anothers Bondman. Let me tugg At the Turks Gallies; be eternally Damn'd to a Quarry. In this state my minde Is free: A flatterer has nor soul nor body; What shall I say? --- No I applaud your temper, That in a generous braveness take distaste At such whose servile nature strives to please you. Tis royall in you Sir.

Dysc. Ha! whats that?

Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dysc. A feather! And what have you to do with my feathers? Why should you hinder me from telling th'world I do nor lye on flock-beds?

Colax. Pray be pleass'd. I brusht it off for meer respect I bare to you.

Dysc. Respect! a fine respect, Sir, is it not, To make the world beleeve I nourish vermine? O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms Without tongues to torment us, let'um have What teeth they will. I meet not here an object But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not A man; I could nor then be so ridiculous. My ears are overgrown, I am an Asse; It is my ears that gaze at. What strange *Harpy*, *Centaur* or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into? What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphosis? If I be a beast, she might have made me Lyon, Or something not ridiculous! O *Acteon*, If I doe branch like thee, it is my fortune! Why looke they on me else? There is within

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A glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it; That shall resolve me. I will in to see Whether or no, I man on monster be.

Exit.

SCEN. 2.

To them *Deilus. Aphobus.*

Bird. Who be these? They look like presumption, and Dispaire.

Rosc. And such they are. That is *Aphobus*, one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other *Deilus*, that from an Atheisticall distrust, shakes at the motion

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of a reed. These are the extrems of Fortitude, that steers an even course between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.

Flow. Why stayes this reprobate *Colax*?

Rosc. Any vice Yeilds work for flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine, mark it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you To me the meer relation is an ague. Good *Aphobus* no more such terrible stories; I would not for a world lye alone to night: I shall have such strange dreams!

Apho. What can there be That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good, Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no Goods; And then let them fear me. Or are they Divells That must affright me?

Deilus. Divells! where good *Aphobus*? I thought there was some conjuring abroad, Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;

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Now it is here again! O still, still, still.

Apho. Whats the matter?

Deilus. Still it followes me! The thing in black, behind; soon as the Sun But shines, it haunts me? Gentle spirit leave me! Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*: what an ugly looks it has With eyes as big as sawcers, nostrils wider Then Barbers basons!

Apho. Tis nothing *Deilus.* But you weak phancy, that from every object Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing.

Deil. Where is it *Aphobus*?

Apho.— Is but your shadow *Deilus.*

Deil. And should we not fear shadowes?

Apho. No! why should we?

Deil. Who knows but they come learing after us To steal away the substance? Watch him *Aphobus*.

Apho. I nothing fear.

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Colax. I do commend your valour, That fixes your great soul fast as a Center, Not to be mov'd with dangers; let slight cock-boats Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm Like an undaunted rock, whose constant harnesse Rebeats the fury of the raging sea, Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue a low degenerate soul.

Deil. Now I fear every thing.

Colax. Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger, And therefore every thing is to be fear'd. I do applaud this wisdom: Tis a symptome Of wary providence. His too confident rashnesse Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul, A blind and senselesse judgement; give me fear

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To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect And wary Sentinell ---

Flowrd. Now shame rake thee for A Luke warm formalist.

Colax. --- But daring valour Uncapable of danger sleeps securly, And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

Deil. What are they landed?

Apho. Who?

Deil. The enemies That *Colax* talks of.

Apho. If they be I care not; Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder.

Deil. Why do you not fear thunder?

Apho. Thunder? no! No more than squibs and crackers.

Deil. Squibs and crackers? I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers! The meer Epitomies of the Gun powder Treson, *Faux* in a lesser volume.

Apho. Let sools gaze At bearded stars, it is all one to me As if they had been shav'd ---thus, thus would I Our beard a Meteour, for I might as well Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.

Deil. Is there a Comet say you? Nay, I saw it, It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing* and portends Some certain eminent danger to th'inhabitants Twixt those two places: I'le go get a lodging Out of its influence.

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Colax. Will that serve? ---I fear It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdom.

Deil. I'le to some other Country.

[23]

Colax. There's danger to crosse the Seas.

Deil. Is there no way, goo *Colax*, To crosse the Sea by Land? O the scituation! The horrible scituation of an Island!

Colax. You sir are far above such frivolous thoughts. You fear not death.

Apho. Not I.

Col. Not sudden death.

Apho. No more than sudden sleeps: Sir I dare dye.

Deil. I dare not; Death to me is terrible: I will not dye.

Apho. How can you Sir prevent it?

Deil. Why, I will kill my selfe.

Col. A valiant course; And the right way to prevent death indeed. Your spirit is true Roman! But yours greater That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it, Should heaven fall.

Apho. Why, then we should have Larks.

Deil. I shall never eat Larks again while I breath.

Col. Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre, And with an open throat swallow you quicke?

Apho. T'would save me the expences of a grave.

Deil. I'had rather trouble my Executors by th'halfe.

Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.

Deil. Pot-guns to me Are Cannons; the repert will strike me dead.

Apho. R Rapier's but a bodkin.

Deil. And a bodkin, It is a most dangerous weapon; since I read Of *Julius Cæsars* death, I durst not venture Into a Taylors shop for fear of bodkins.

Apho. O that the valiant Gyants should again

[24]

Rebell against the Gods, and besiege Heaven, So I might be their leader.

Col. Had *Enceladus* Been halfe so valiant, *Jove* had been this prisoner.

Apho. Why should we think there be such things as dangers? *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, *Python* are but fables. *Medeas* Bull, and Dragon very tales. Sea-Monsters, serpents, all Poeticall sigments. Nay Hell it selfe, and *Acheron* meer inventions, Or were they true, as they are false, should I be So timerous as to fear these Bug bear Harpyes, *Medusas*, *Centaur*s, *Gorgons*?

Deil. O good *Aphobus*, Leave conjuring, or take me into th'circle. What shall I do good *Colax*?

Col. Sir walke in, There is, they say, a Looking-glasse, a strange one Of admirable vertues, that will render you free from enchantments.

Deil. How! a Looking-glasse? Dost think I can endure it? why there lyes A man within't in ambush to entrap me. I did but lift my hand up, and he presently Catcht at it,

Colax. 'Twas the shadow Sir of your selfe. Trust me a meer reflexion.

Deil. I will trust thee.

Apho. What Glasse is that?

Colax. A trick to fright the Idiot Out of his wits, a Glasse so full of dread, Rending unto the eye such horrid spectacles As would amaze even you. Sir I do think

[25]

Your optick nerves would shrink in the beholding: This if your eye endure, I will confesse you The Prince of Eagles.

Apho. Look to it eyes, if ye refuse this sight, My nayls shall damne you to eternall night.

Exit.

Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence, 'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Muses Looking-Glasse* (1643)

SCEN. 3.

Acolastus. Anaisthetus.

Rosci. *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures, when they are present, and a moderate desire of them being absent; And these are the extreams of that vertue. Acolastus a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd desire seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawfull. The other Anaisthetus a meer Anchorite that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*

Acolast. O now for an eternity of eating! Fool was he that wish'd but a Cranes short neck; Give me one, nature, long as is a Caqle, Or sounding-line, and all the way a palate To taste my meat the longer. I would have My senses feast together; Nature envied us In giving single pleasures; let me have My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at one Enjoy their happinesse; lay me in a bed Made of a summers cloud; to my embraces Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen, Fresh, plump, and active; she that Mars enjoy'd Is grown too stale: and then at the same instant

[26]

My touch is pleas'd I would delight my sight With pictures of Diana, and her Nymphs, Naked, and bathing, drawn by some Apelles; By them some of our fairest Virgins stand; That I may see whether 'tis Art or Nature Which heightens most my bloud and appetite. Noe cease I here. Give me the seven Orbs To charm my ears with their cœlestiall lutes, To which the Angels that do move those spears Shall sing some amorous ditty; nor yet here Fix I my bounds; The sun himselfe shall fire The Phœnix nest to make me a perfume, While I do eat the Bird, and eternally Quasse of eternall Nectar. These single, are But torments, but together, O together! Each is a Paradice. Having got such objects To please to senses, give me senses too Fit to receive those objects: Give me therefore An Eagles eye, a bloud-hounds curious smell, A Staggs quick hearing, let my feeling be As subtile as the spiders, and my taste Sharp as a Squirrils: Then I'le read the Alcoran, And what delights that promises in future I'le practise in the present.

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Bird. Heathenish Glutton!

Flow. Base belly-God, licentious Libertine!

Anai. And I do think there is no pleasure at all But in contemning pleasures; Happy *Niobe* And blessed *Daphne*, and all such as are Turn'd stocks and stones: would I were Lawrell too, Or marble, I, or any thing insensible. It is a toyle for me to eat or drink, Only for natures satisfaction;

[27]

Would I could live without it. To my ear Musick is but a mandrake. To my smell Nard sents of rue, and wormwood; And I taste Nectar with as much loathing, and distaste As gall, or alloes, or my Doctors potion. My eye can meet no object but I hate it.

Acola. Come brother *Stoique* be not so melancholy.

Anai. Be not so foolish brother *Epicure*.

Aco. Come wee'l go and see a Comedy, that will raise Thy heavy spirits up.

Anai. A Comedy? Sure I delight much in those toyes; I can With as much patience hear the Marriners Chide in a storme.

Aco. Then lets go drink a while.

Anai. 'Tis too much labour; Happy *Tantalus* That never drinks.

Aco. A little Venery Shall recreate thy soule.

Ana. Yes like an itch, For 'tis no better: I could wish an heire, But that I cannot take the pains to get one.

Aco. Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender, As not to do it otherwise; Then 'tis lawfull.

Ana. True Matrimony's nothing else indeed But fornication licens'd, lawfull Adultery. O heavens! how all my senses are wide sluces To let in discontent and miseries! How happy are the moles that have no eyes! How blest the Adders that have no ears! They never see nor hear ought that afflicts them. But happier they that have no sence at all; That neither see, not hear, taste, smell, nor fell.

[28]

Any thing to torment them: souls were given To tort ure bodies, man has resson too To adde unto the heap of his distractions. I can see nothing without sense, and motion, But I do wish my selfe tranform'd into it.

Col. Sir I commend this temperance; your arm'd soul Is able to contemne these petty baits, These slight temptations, which we tittle pleasures; That are indeed but names; Heaven it selfe knows No such like thing; the stars not eat nor drink, Nor lye with one another; and you imitate Those glorious bodies, by which noble abstinence You gain the names of moderate, chaste, and sober; While this effeminate gets the infamous tearms Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer; Pleasures, that are not mans, as man is man, But as his nature sympathies with beasts. You shall be the third *Cato*. This grave look And rigid eye-brow will become a Censor. But I will sit you with an object Sir, My noble *Anaisthetus*, that will please you. It is a Looking-glasse, wherein at once You may see all the dismall groves and caves, The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts, With what in hell it selfe can dismall be.

Anais. That is indeed a prospect sit for me. *Exit.*

Acol. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently He wishes to be turn'd to one to those. I have another humor, I cannot see. A far voluptuous sow with full delight Wallow in dirt, but I do wish my selfe Transform'd into that blessed Epicure. Or when I view the hot salacious sparrow

[29]

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite, I wish my selfe that little bird of Love.

Colax. It shews you a man of a soft moving clay. Not made of flint; Nature has been bountifull To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest That will observe a dyet at a feast. When nature thought the earth alone too little To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the ayr With winged creatures, not content yet, She made the water fruitfull to delight us. Nay I believe the

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other Element too Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food; If we would use the skill to eatch the Salamander. Did she to this to have us eat this temperance? Or when she gave so many different Odors Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers, She cry'd not ---stop your noses: would she give us So sweet a quire of wing's Musitians To have us dease? or when she plac'd us here, Here in Paradice, where such pleasing prospects, So many ravishing colours entice the eye, Was it to have us wink? when she bestow'd So powerfull faces, such commanding beauties On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy All pleasures, and at full, were to make nature Guilty of that she ne're was guilty of, A vanity in her works.

Acol. A Learned Lecture! Tis sit such grave and solid arguments Have their reward--here---halfe of my estate T'invent a pleasure never tasted yet,

[30]

That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Col. Within Sir is Glasse, that by reflexion Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures That ever yet were acted, more variety Than *Aretincs* pictures.

Aco. Ile see the Jewel; For though to doe most moves my appetite, I love to see, as well as act delight. *Exit.*

Bird. These are the things indeed the stage doth teach, Dear heart, what a soule sink of sins run here!

Flow. In sooth it is the common shore of lewdnesse.

SCEN. 4.

Asotus. Anleutherus.

Rosc. *These are Aneleutherus an illiberall Niggardly usurer, that will sell heaven to purchase earth. That his sonne Asotus, a profuse Prodigall, that will sell earth to buy Hell. The extreams of liberality which prescribes a mediocrity in the getting and spending of Riches.*

Aneleu. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go.

Asot. I was in hope you would have sayd a Bawdy house.

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Anel. Thence to th'Exchange.

Asot. No, to the Tavern Father.

Ancl. Be a good husband boy, follow my counsell.

Asot. Your counsell? No dad, take you mine, And be a good fellow -- shall we go and roare? S'lid Father I shall never live to spend. That you have got already --- Pox of Arturneys, Merchants, and Scriveners, I would hear you talke Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

[31]

Anel. Prodigall child Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

Asot. Nor you the pleasure that I sake in spending it, To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves.

Anel. *Asotus*, my deare sonne, talk not to me Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare. No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire With all his lands melted into a mortgage. The Gods themselve feed not on such fine dainties, Such fatting, thriving diet.

Asot. Trust me Sir, I am asham'd la---to call you Father, Ne're trust me now. I'm come to be a Gentleman One of your havings, and thus cark and care? Come, I will send for a whole. Coach or two Of *Bank-side* Ladies, and we will be Joviall! Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing? Well doe your pleasure, keepe me of store monies When you are dead, as dye I hope you must, Ile make a shift to spend one halfe at least Ere you are coffin'd and the other halfe Ere you are fully laid into your grave, Were not you better helpe away with some of it But you will starve your selfe, that when y'are rotten, One—Have at all of mine may set it flying. And I will have your bones cut into Dice, And make you guilty of the spending of it: Or I will get a very handsome bowle Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.

Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No, sit and brood On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd Into maturity.

[32]

Asot. Marry I will brood upon it, And hatch it into chicken, capons, riens, Larks, thrushes, quales, wood-cocks, snites, & phesants, The best that can be got for love or mony. There is no life to drinking!

Anel. O yes, yes; Exaction, usury, and oppression. Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar. And wilt thou, wastful lad, spend in a supper What I with sweat and labour, care and industry Have been an age a scraping up together, No, no *Asotus*, trust gray-head experience; As I have been an Oxe, a painfull Oxe, A diligent, toy ling, and laborious Oxe To plow up Gold for thee; so I would have thee.

Asot. Be a fine silly. Asse to keep it.

Anel. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preserve it.

Colax. Sir, I over-heard your wise instructions, And wonder at the gravity of your counsel. This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown. Acquainted with the world; he has not felt The weight of need, that want is vertu's clog; Of what necessity, respect and value Wealth is, how base and how contemptible. Poverty makes us. Liberality In some circumstances may be allow'd; As when is ha's no end but honesty, With a respect of person, quantity, Quality, time, and place; but this profuse, Vaine, in judicious spending speaks him Idiot: And yet the best of liberality Is to be liberall to our selves; and thus, Your wisdom is most liberall and knowes.

[33]

How fond a thing it is for discreet men To purchase with the losse of their estate The name of one poore vertue, liberalitie, And that too only from the mouth of beggers. One of your judgement would not, I am sure, Buy all the vertues at so deare a rate. Nor are you, Sir, I dare presume, so fond As for to weigh your gaines by the strict scale Of equity, and justice, names invented To keepe us beggers; I would counsell now Your son to tread no steps but yours, for they Will certainly direct him the broad way That leads unto the place where Plenty dwels; And shee shall give him honour.

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Anel. Your tongue is pow'rfull: Pray read this Lecture to my son; I goe To find my Scriv'ner who is gon, I heare, To a strange Glaffle wherein all things appeare.

Aset. To see if it can shew him his lost eares. Now to your Lecture.

Col. And to such a one As you will be a willing Pupill to Think you I meant all that I told your Father? No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks. I love a man like you that can make much Of his blest Genius: Miracle of Charity! That open hand becomes thee; let thy Father Scrape like the Dunghill cock the Dirt, and mire, To find a precious Gemme for thee, the Chicken Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder How such a generous branch as you, could spring From that old root of damned avarice! For every widdowes house the father swallows,

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The sonne should spew a Taverne. How are we Richer then others not in having much, But in bestowing; And that shines glorious in you. The chuffs crownes Imprison'd in his trusty chest methinks I heare groan out, and long till they be thine, In hope to see the light again. Thou canst not Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th' chin, And yet not dare to sup it; nor canst suffer The Golden Apples dangle at thy lip, But thou wilt taste the fruit. 'T is generous this.

Asot. Gramercy thou shalt be Doctor o' th' Chaire. Here --- 'tis too little, but t'tis all my store, I'le in to pompe my Dad, and fetch thee more. *Exit.*

Colax. How like you now my art? is 't not a subtle one?

Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate! Thou man of sin, and shame, that sowest cushions Unto the elbowes of iniquity.

Colax. I doe comment this zeale; you cannot be Too servent in a cause so full of goodnesse. There is a generall frost hath ceas'd devotion. And without such like ardent flames as these. There is no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane, That I doe glorifie, and esteem rev'rend, As the most sanctified, pure, and Holy Sect Of all Professours, is by the profane Us'd for a name of infamie, a by word, a slander. That I sooth Vice I doe

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but flatter them, As we give children plums to learn their prayers, Tentice them to the truth, and by faire meanes Work out their reformation.

Bird. 'Tis well done. I hope heele become a brother, and make
[35]

A Separatist!

Flow. You shall have the devotions of all the Elders. But this foppishnesse is wearisome; I coud at our Saint Antlius, sleeping and all, sit twentie times as long.

Rosc. Goe in with me to retreat your spirits, (as Musique theirs) with some refreshing song, whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long.

Finis Actus 2.

ACTUS 3. Scen. 1

Bird. I will no more of this abomination.

Rose. The end crowns every action; stay till that, Just Iudge will not Be prejudicate,

Flow. Pray Sir continue still the moralizing,

Rose. The next we present are the extreames of Magnificence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, out of a meere ostentation vain-gloriously, expensive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extreemly base and penurious.

Banasus, Microprepes.

Ban. Being borne not for our selves but for our friends, our country and our glory; is it fit we doe express the Majesty of our soules in deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles promise themselves a name from building Churches, or any thing that tends to be Re-publique, 'tis the re-private that I study for.

Banau. First therefore for the fame of my Re-publique, I'le imitate a brave Aegyptian King, and plant such store of onions, and of garlike, as shall maintaine so many thousand workmen, then

[36]

To th' building of a Pyramid at Saint *Albons* Upon whose top I'le set a hand of brasse,
With a scrowle in't to shew the way to *London* For th' benefit of Travellers.

Colax. Excellent, 'Tis charity to direct the wandering Pilgrim.

Micro. I am Chuch-warden, and we are this yeare To build our steeple up, now to
save charges I'le get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels To make a peale shall serve
as well as *Bow*.

Colax. 'Tis wisely cast, And like a carefull steward of the Church, Of which the
Steeple is no part, at least. No necessary.

Bird. Verily 'tis true They are but wicked Synagogues where those instruments Of
Superstition and Idolatry ring warning to sinne, and chime all into the Divell.

Banau. And 'cause there be such swarmes of Heresies rising. I'le have an Artist
frame two wonderous weather cocks Of Gold, to set on *Pauls*, and *Grantam* Steeple, To
shew to all the Kingdome what fashion next The Wind of Humour hither meanes to
blow.

Micro. A Wicker Chaire, will fit them for a Pulpit.

Colax. It is the Doctrine, Sir, that you respect.

Flow. Insooth I'have heard as wholesome instructions From a zealous wicker chaire,
as e're I did From the carv'd Idoll of wainscot.

Banau. Next, I intend to found an Hospitall For the decay'd Professours of the
Suburbs,

[37]

With a Colledge of Physitians too at *Chelsy* Only to study the cure of the French Pox;
That so the sinners may acknowledge me Their only benefactor, and repent.

Colax. You have a care Sir of your countries, health

Micro. Then I well sell the lead to thatch the Chancell.

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Ban. I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills Upon *New-market Heath*, and *Salisbury Plaine*, To draine the Fens.

Colax. The Fens Sir are not there.

Ban. But who knowes but they may be?

Col. Very right: You aime at the preventing of a danger.

Micr. A Porters frock shall sorve me for a surplice.

Flow. Indeed a Frock is not so Ceremonions.

Ban. But the great work in which I mean to glory, Is in the raising a Cathedrall Church: It shall be at *Hoggs-Norton*, with a paire Of stately Organs; more then pity 'twere The Pigs should lose their skill for want of practice

Bird. Organs fye on them for *Babylonian Bag-pipes*

Micro. Then for the painting, I be thinke my selfe That I have seen in Mother Red-caps Hall In painted cloath the story of the Prodigall.

Col. And that will be for very good use and morall. Sir, you are wise; what serve *Aegyptian Pyramids*, *Ephesian Temples*; *Babylonian Towers*, *Carian Colosses*, *Traians water-works*, *Domitians Amphitheaters*, the vaine cost Of ignorance and prodigalitie? *Rome* flourish'd when her Capitoll was thatch'd And all her gods dwelt but in Cottages; Since *Parian* marble and *Corynthian* brasse

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Enter'd her gaudle Temple, soon she fell To superstition, and from thence to ruine, You see that in our Churches glorious Statues, Rich Copes, and other ornaments of state Draw wandring eyes from their devotion. Unto a wanton gazing, and that other Rich edifices, and such gorgeons toys Doe more proclaime our Countries wealth then safety, And serve but like so many gilded baits T'entice a forreigne Poe to our invasion. Goe in, there is a Glasse will shew you, Sir, What sweet simplicitie our Grandfires us'd, How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit Micre.

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Banau. O I have thought on't, I will straight way build A Free-schoole here in *London*, a free-Schoole For th' education of young Gentlemen To studie how to drinke, and take Tobacco, To sweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell. Twill be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realme, The *Frontistertum* of Great Britany And for their better studie, I will furnish them With a large Library of Draper's Books.

Col. 'Twill put downe *Bodlios*, and the *Vatican*. Royall *Banausus!* How many Spheares flye you Above the earthly dull Microprepes I hope to live to see you build a stew Shall out-brave *Venice*, to repaire old *Tiburne* And make it Cedar. This magnificent course Doth purchase you and immortalities In them you build your honour to remaine The'example and the wonder of posteritie, While other hide-bound Churles doe grutch themselves

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The Charge of a Tombe.

Ban. But Ile have one In which Ile lye embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Caβia*, And richer unguents then th' *Ægyptian* Kings. And all that this my precious Tombe may furnish The Land with Mummie.

Colax. Yonder is a Glasse Will shew you plots and models of all monuments Form'd the 'old way, you may invent a new, 'Twill make for your more glory.

Ban. *Colax*, true.

Rosc. These are the extreames of magnanimity. *Caunus* a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other *Micropsychus*, a base and low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his owne qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities; that otherwise his merits are capable of.

Scen. 2.

Caunus. Micropsychus.

Caun. I wonder that I heare no newes from Court.

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Colax. All haile unto the honourable Caunus.

Caun. The honourable Caunus? 'Tis decreed I am a privie Councillour; our new honours cannot so alter us, as that we can forget our Friends; walk with us our familiar.

Mic. It puzzles me to think what worth I have that they should put so great an honour on me.

Colax. Sir, I doe know and see, and do so all that have not wilfull blindnesse, what rare skill of wisdome, policy, judgment, and the rest of the state vertues sit within this brest, as it if were their Parliament; but as yet I am not, Sir, the happy Messenger

[40]

That tels you, you are cal'd unto the Helm; Or that the Rudder of great Britany Is put into your hands, that you may steere Our floating *Delos* till she be arriv'd At the the blest Port of happinesse, and surnam'd The *Fortunate Isle* from you that are the fortunate.

Cau. 'Tis strange that I the best experience'd The skilfullest and the rarest of all Carpenters, Should not be yet a Privie Councill our! Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk *Opium* And sleeps, but when it wakes it cannot chuse But meet the glorious beames of my deseres, Bright as the rising Sun, and say to *England, England* behold thy light!

Micro. Make me a Constable! Make me that am the simplest of my Neighbours So great a Magistrate! so powerfull an Officer! I blush at my unworthinesse a Constable! The very Prince o'th' parish you are one Sir Of an abilitie to discharge it better, Let me resigne to you.

Cau. How? I a Constable? What might I be in your opinion Sir?

Micro. A carpenter of worship.

Cau. Very well. And yet you would make me a Constable. I'le evidently demonstrate that of all men Your Carpenters are best States-men; of all Carpenters I being the best, am best of Statesmen too: Imagine, Sir, the Common wealth a Logge, Or a rude block

of wood, your Statesman comes. (For by that word I mean a Carpenter) And with the saw of Policie divides it

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Into so many boards or severall orders, Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other Inferiour boards call'd Vulgar sit for nothing but to make stiles, or planks to be trod over, Or trampled on: This add unto the Log Call'd Common-wealth at least some small perfection; But afterwards he plaines them, and so makes The Common-wealth, that was before a board, A pretty Wainscot; some he carves with Titles Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; some stand plaine, And serve us more for use then Ornament, We call them Yeomen; (Boards now out of fashion.) And lest the disproportion breake the frame, He with the pegs of amity and concord, As with the glew-pot of good Government Joynts 'em together, makes absolute edifice Of the Re-publique State skill'd *Machiavell* Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke a Constable a Gyant-Dignitie.

Micro. Pray Heaven that *Icarus* like I doe not melt The waxen plumes of my ambition! Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sun I fall not headlong downe with *Phaeton*, I have aspir'd so high; make me a Constable That have not yet attain'd to the *Greeke* tongue! Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace, His Majesties peace: I am not sit to keep His Majesties Hogs much lesse his Peace, the best of all his Jewells. How dare I presume to charge a man in the Kings Name! I faint Under the burthen of so great a place, Whose weight might presse down *Attas*: Magistrates Are only Sumprer-Horses, Nay they threaten me

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To make me warden of the Church. Am I a Patriot? or have I abilitie to present Knights-Recusant, Clergy reelers, or Gentlemen Fornicators?

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Col. You have worth richly enamel'd with modesty; and though your lofty merit might sit crown'd on *Caucasus* or *Pyrenean* mountaines, you choose the humbler valley, and had rather grow a safe shub below; then dare the Winder, and be a Cedar, Sir you know there is not halfe so much honour in the Pilots place as danger in the storme, poore winde Titles of Dignitie, and Offices that puffe up the bubble pride till it swell big and burst, what are they but brave nothings? Toys call'd Honours make them on whom they are bestow'd no better then glorious slaves, the servants of the Vulgar: men sweat at Helme, as mush as at the Oare. There is a Glasse within shall shew you, Sir, the vanitie of these Silk wormes, that doe thinke they toile not 'cause they so spin fine a thread.

Micro. I'le see it, Honour is a babies rattle, and let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her, Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower.

Cau. Colax, what newes?

Col. The Persiam Emperour is desperately sick.

Cau. Heaven take his soule when I am tge giant Sophie (as tis likely I may be) Colax thou art made for ever,

Col. The Turke, they say, prepares again for Poland.

Cau. And I no *Bashaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

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Col. The State of Venice too is in distraction.

Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent, as not to know whom they may choose their Duke?

Col. Our Merchants doe report th' inhabitants there are now in consultation for the setling the Crowne upon a more deserving head then his hay that beares it.

Cau. They my fortunes rise on confident wings, and all my hopes fly certaine.

Colax. Be bold, thou seest the Prester-John. Well England, of all countries in the world most blind to thy own good. Other Nations woo me to take the bridle in my hands with gifts and presents; had I liv'd in Rome who durst with Cannus stand a candidate? I might have choice of *Aedile*, *Consul*, *Tribune*, or the perpetuall Dictators place, I could

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discharge 'em all, I know my merits are large, and boundlesse: A Caesar might be hewed out of a carpenter, if a skilfull workman but undertooke it.

Colax. Tis a worthy confidence, Let Birds of night and shame, with their Owles eyes not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honour; they are no Presidents for Eagles: Bats, like dull Microsychus; things of earth and lead, May love a private safety; men in whom Promotheus has spent much of his stolne fire, mount upwards like a flame and court bright honour hedg'd in with thousand dangers! What's a man without desert? and what's desert to him that does not know he has it? Is he rich that holds within his house some buried Chests

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of Gold, or Pearle, and knows not where to look them What was the Load-stone, till the use was found, But a soule doatard on a Fouler Mistresse? I praise your *Argus* eyes, that not alone Shoot their beames forwards, but reflect and turne Back on themselves, and finde an object there More worthy their intentive contemplation: You are at nome no stranger, but are grown Acquainted with your vertues, and can tell What use the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cockes Scrape into dirt againe. This searching judgement Was not intended to work wood, but men. Honour attends you. I shall live to see A Diadem crown that head. There is within A glasse that will acquaint you with all places Of Dignity, Authority and renown, The State; and carriage of them: Choose the best, such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

Cau. I go, that want no worth to merit honour; 'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me, *Fortune*, thou arbitresse of humane things Thy credit is at stake: if I but rise, The worlds opinion will conceive th'hast eyes.

Exit.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Rosc. *These are the extreames of meeknesse. Orgylus an angry quarrelsome man mov'd with the least shadow, or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a*

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fellow patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a furie that carries steele about him. Dags, and Pistolls!

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To bire this thumbe at me.

Aor. Why should not any man Bite his own thumb?

Org. At me weare I a sword To see men bite their thumbs! Rapiers and Daggers He is the sonne of a whore.

Aor. That hurts not you. Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence T'have mov'd this anger; he may bite his own And eat it too.

Org. Muskets, and Cannons! eat it? If he dare ear it in contempt of me, He shall eat something else too that rides here; *Ile* try his Estridge stomack.

Aor. Sir, be patient

Srg. You lye in your throat, and I will not.

Aor. To what purposeis this impertinent madnesse? Pray be milder.

Org. Your Mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.

Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?

Org. Your Father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

Aor. When reason doth in equall balance poize The nature of two injuries, yours to me Lyes heavie, vvhen that other vvould not turne An even scale; and yet it moves not me; My anger is not up.

Org. But I vvil! raise it; You are a foole!

Aor. I know it, and shall I Be angry for a truth?

Org. You are besides An arrant Knave!

Aor. So are my betters, Sir.

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Org. I cannot move him -- O my spleen -- it rises, For very anger I could eat my knuckles.

Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me:

Org. You are a horned beast, a very Cuckold,

Aor. 'Tis my Wives fault, not mine, I have no reason Then to be angry for anothers sin.

Org. And I did graft your horns, you might have come And found us glewd together like two Goats, And stood a witsse to your transformation.

Aor. Why if I had, I am so far from anger. I would have e'ne falne downe upon my knees, And desir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.

Org. Your children are all Bastards, not one of them Upon my knowledge, of your owne begetting.

Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them That they will call the father it was lust Perchance that did beget them, but I am sure 'Tis charity to keep the Infants

Org. Not yet stirre'd? 'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now Be angry, to expresse his scorne of me. 'Tis above patience this, insufferable. Proclaim me coward, if I put up this! Dotard ypu will be angry will you not;

Aor. To see how strange a course fond wrath doth go You will be angry 'cause I am not so.

Org. I can endure no longer, if your spleen Lye in your breech, thus I will kickt it up.

Aor. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epsilon. Zeta. Eta. Theta. Iota. Kappa. Lambda, Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Tau. Upsilon. Phi. Chi. Psi. Omega.

Org. How? What contempt is this;

Aor. An antidote

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Against the poison, Anger: 'twas prescrib'd A Roman Emperour, that on every injury Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done His anger too was over. This good rule I learn'd from him, and Prantise.

Org. Not yet angry? Still will you vex me? I will practice too, (*Kicks againe*) *Aor.* *Aleph. Beth. Gimel.*

Org. What new Alphabet Is this?

Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I use A second remedy.

Org. O my Torment still? Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?

Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occasion For to be angry with my buttocks.

Org. Well, I'll try your Physick for the third assault; And exercise the patience of your nose.

Aor. *A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. V. W. X. Y. Z.*

Org. Are you not angry now?

Aor. Now sir? why now? Now have you done.

Org. O 'tis a meer plot this, To jeer my tameness: will no sence of wrong Waken the Lethargy of a cowards soule? Will not this rowse her from her dead sleep, nor this?

Aor. Why should I sir be angry if I suffer An injury? it is not guilt of mine; No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong; Nothing but peace approaches innocence:

Org. A bitterness o'reflows me; my eyes flame

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My blood boyles in me, all my faculties Of soule and body move in a disorder, his patience hath so tortur'd me: Sirrah villain I will dissect thee with my rapiers point; Rip up each vein, and sinew of my storque, Anatomize him, searching every entraille, To see if nature, when she made this asse, This suffering asse, did not forget to give him Some gall.

Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*, Let him not glory in so brave a death, As by your hand, it stands not with your honour To stain your rapier in a cowards blood. The

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Lesbian Lions in their noble rage Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorne; But trouble not the painted butterfly, Ants crawle securely by him.

Orgy. 'Tis intolerable Would thou wert worth the killing.

Colax. A good wish, Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour: Thinke not of such a baffl'd asse as this, More stone, then man *Meedusa's* head has turn'd him. There is in ants a choler, every flye Carries a spleen: poore worms being trampled on Turn tayle, as bidding battayle to the feet Of their oppressors. A dead palsy sure Hath struck a desperate numnesse though his soule. Till it be grown insensible: Meer stupidity Hath seiz'd him: Your more manly soule I find Is capable of wrong, and like a flint Throwes forth a fire into the strikers eyes. You beare about you valours wherstone, anger;

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Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it Cut with a spirit; you conceive fond patience Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering One injury invites a second that, Calls on a third, till wrong doe multiply And reputation bleed. How bravely anger Becomes that martiall Brow, A glasse within Will shew you sir when your great spleen doth rise How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

Org. Learn anger sir against you meat me nexs, Never was man like me with patience vext.

Exit.

Aor. I am so farre from anger in my selfe, That 'tis my griefe I can make others so.

Colax. It proves a sweetness in your disposition, A gentle winning carriage—deare *Aorgus*, O give me leave to open wide my brest, And let so rare a friend unto my soule; Enter, and take possession; such a man As has no gall, no bitternasse, no exceptions; Whom nature meant a Dove, will keep alive The flame of amity, where all discourse Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken. He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors; But he's a better, takes no notice of them. How like a beast with rude and savage rage Breath'd the distemper'd soule of *Orgylus*? The pronenesse of this passion is the Nurse That fosters all confusion, ruines states, Depopulares Cities, layes great Kingdomes waste; 'Tis that affection of the mind that wants the Strongest bridle, give it

reins it runs A desperate course, and draggs down reason with it. It is the whirlwind of the soule, the storm

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And tempest of the mind, that raises up The billowes of disturbed passions To shipwreck Judgement, O a soule like yours Constant in patience! Let the Northern wind meet The South at Sea, and *Zephyrus* breath opposite To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty sonnes Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow The Ocean, and dispeople all the woods; Yet here could be a calme; it is not danger Can make this cheek grow pale, not injury Call blood into it. There's a Glasse within Will let you see your selfe, and tell you now How sweet a tamenesse dwells upon your brow.

Aor. *Colax*, I must believe, and therefore goe; Who is distrustfull will be angry too.

SCENE. 4.

Alazon. *Eiron.*

Rosc. *The next are the extreames of Truth, Alazon one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and Eiron, one that out of an itch to be thought modest dissembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I hear you're wondrous valiant?

Eir. I! alas Who told you I was valiant?

Alaz. The world speaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd but does she speak truly?

Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age; But shee calls you *Achilles*.

Eir. I *Achilles*!

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No, I am not *Achilles*: I confesse I am no coward. That the world should think That I am an *Achilles* yet the world may Call me what she please.

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Alaz. Next to my valour, (Which but for yours could never hope a second) Yours is reported.

Eir. I may have my share; But the last valour show'd in Christendome Was in *Lepanto*.

Alazon. He might be thought so sir, by them that knew him not, But I have found him a poore baffl'd snake. Sir I have found him and proclaim'd him coward. On every post i'th' City.

Eiron. Who?

Alaz. *Lepanto*, The valour sir that you so much renown.

Eir. *Lepanto* was no man sir, but the place Made famous by the so much mention'd battaile Batwixt the Turks and Christians.

Alaz. Cry you mercy! Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it seems, Was but *Lepanto's* name-sake. I can Find that you are well skill'd in history.

Eir. Not a whit, A novice, I! I could perchance Discourse from *Adam* downward, but what's that To History? All that I know is only Th'originall, continuance, height, and alteration Of every Common wealth. I have read nothing. But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, *Appian*, *Dion*, *Iunius*, *Paterculus*, With *Florus*, Iustine, Salust, and some few More of the Latine: For the modern, I

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Have all without book *Gallo-Belgicus*, *Philip De-Comine*, *Machiavele*, *Guicciardine*, The Turkish and Ægyptian Histories, With those of *Spaine*, *France*, and the Netherlands. For *England*, *Polydove Virgill*, *Cambden*, *Speed*, And a matter of forty more; nothing Alas to one that's read in Histories. In the Greek I have a smack of so, at *Xenophon*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides* and *Stowes* Chronicle.

Alaz. Believe me sir, and that *Stowes'* Chronicle is very good Greek; you little Think who writ it! Doe you not see him? are You blind? I am the man.

Eir. Then I must number You with my best Authors in my Library.

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Alaz. Sir the rest too are mine, but that I venture'em With other names, to shunne the opinion Of arrogance; so the subtle Cardinall Calls one book *Bellarmino*, 'nother *Tostatus*, Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbering; You cannot choose but heare how lowd fame speaks Of my experience in Arithmetique: She sayes you too grow neare perfection.

Eir. Farre from it I; some in-fight but no more. I could the Starres, can give the Torall summe, How many sands there bei'th' sea, but these Are trifles to the expert, that have studied *Pen keth-mans* president. Sir, I have no skill In any thing, if I have any, 'tis In languages, but yet in sooth I speak Only my mother Tongue; I have not gain'd The *Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriack* or *Arabick*;

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Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects. *Scaliger* and *Tom Choriate* both excell me. I have no skill in *French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Ægyptian, China, Persian* Tongues Indeed the *Latine* I was whipt into; But *Ruscian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian* With *Saxon, Danish, and Albanian* speech, That of the *Cossaches, and Hungarian* too, With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages, *Dutch, Welch, and Irish* are too hard for me To be familiar in and yet some thinke (But thought is free) that I doe speake all these As I were borne in each; but they may erre That thick so; 'Tis not every Judgement sits In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth All *Europ, Asia, and Africa* too; But in *America*, and the new found world I very much feare there be some languages That would goe meer to puzzle me.

Alaz. Very likely. You have a prety pittance in the Tongues, But *Eiron*, I am now more generall; I can speak all alike, there is no stronger Of so remote a nation heare me talk But confidently calls me Country-man. The witty world giving my worth her due Surnames me the Confusion: I but want An Oratour like you to speake my prayse.

Eir. Am I an Oratour *Alazon*? no; Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say *Demosthenes* was not so eloquent; But friends will flatter, and I am not bound To believe all Hyperboles; something sir

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Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming, Especially *Alazon* in your presence

Alaz. Your modesty *Eiron* speaks but truth in this.

Colax. I need not flatter these, they'le do't themselves, And crosse the Proverb that was wont to say. One Mule doth scrub another, here each Asse Hath learn'd to claw himself.

Alaz. I doe surpasse All Oratours. How like you my Orations? Those against *Catiline*, I account them best, Except my *Philippick*; all acknowledge me Above the three great Oratours of *Rome*.

Eir. What three, *Alazon*?

Ala. *Markus*, *Tuttius*, And *Cicero*, the best of all the three.

Eir. Why those three names are all these! se-fame mans

Alaz. Then all is one. Were those three names three men, I should excell them all.

And then for Poetry

Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.

Alaz. A lasse 'twas writ ith' nonage of my Muses, You understand th' Italian?

Eir. A little, sir, I have read *Tasso*.

Ala. And *Torquato* too?

Eir. They're still the same!

Ala. I find you very skilfull *Eiron*, I erre only to found your judgement, You are a Poet too?

Eir. The world may thinke so, But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for't. But I will tell you sir some excellent verses Made by a friend of mine; I have not read

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A better Epigram of a Neoterique.

Ala. Pray do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me learne 'um.

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Eir. *Strange sights there late were seene, that did affright The multitude; the Moone was seene by night, And Sun appear'd by day—is it not good?*

Ala. Excellent good! proceed.

Eir. *Without remorse Each starre and planet kept their wonted course. What here could fright them? (mark the answer now) O sir aske not that; The Vulgar know not why they feare, not what. But in their humours too inconstant be, Nothing seems strange to them but constancy: Has not my friend approv'd himself a Poet?*

Alaz. The verses sir are excellent, but your friend Approves himself a thiefe.

Eir. Why good Alazon?

Alaz. A Plagiary, I mean, the verses sir Were stolne.

Eir. From whom?

Alaz. From me, believ't I made 'um.

Eir. They are alasse unworthy sir your owning, Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on This morning.

Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you That you come neare me sir. Yours they may bee. Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*, Your friend must steale them, if hee have them.

Col. What pretty Gulls are these? Ile take um off.

Alazon, You are learned.

Alaz. I know that.

Col. And vertuous.

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Alaz. Tis confess'd.

Col. A good Historian.

Alaz. Who dares deny it?

Col. A rare Arithmetician.

Alaz. I' have heard it often.

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Col. I commend your care That know your vertues, why should modesty
neighbours Stop good mens mouths from their own praise? our Are envious, and will
rather blast our memories With infamy, then immortalize our names; When fame hath
taken cold, and lost her voice, We must be our owne trumpers; carefull men Will have
an Inventorie of their goods, And why not of their vertues? should you say You were
not wise, it were a sinne to truth. Let *Eirons* modesty tell bashfull lies, To cloake and
masque his parts; he's a foole for't. Twas heavenly counsell bid us *know our selves*.
You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums. Ring out a Panegyrique to your
selfe; And your selfe write the learned Commentary Of your own actions.

Ala. So I have.

Co. VVhere is it?

Ala. Tis stolne.

Co. I know the thiefe, they call him *Cafar*. Goe in good sir, there is within a Glasse
That will present you with the Felons face. *Exit Alaz.*

Eiron, You heare the newes?

Eir. Not I, what is it?

Co. That you are held the only man of Art.

Eir. Is't currant *Colax*?

Col. Currant as the ayre

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Every man breathes it for certaintie.

Eir. This is the first time I heard on't in truth! Can it be certaine? so much charity
left In mens opinion?

Co. You call it charity Which is their dutie: Vertue sir, like yours Commands mens
praises. Emptinesse and folly, Such as *Alazon* is, use their own Tongues, While reall
worth hears her own praise, not speaks it. Other mens mouthes become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaimes you lowdly forth From East to West, till either pole
admite you. Selfe praise is bragging, and begets the envie Of them that heare it, while

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each man therein Seems undervalued: You are wisely silent In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin For others to be so: The fish would lose Their being mute, ere such a modest worth Should want a speaker: yet sir I would have you Know your owne vertues, be acquainted with them.

Eir. Why good sir bring me but acquainted with them.

Col. There is a glasse within shewes you your selfe By a reflection; goe and speake 'em there.

Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit. Eir.*

Rosc. Retire your selves againe, for these are sights Made to revive, not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCENA I.

Flowrdew, Bird, Roscius:

Bird. My indignation boyleth like a pot, An over heated pot, still, still it boyleth;

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It boyleth, and it bubbleth with disdain.

Flow. My Spirit within me too fumeth, I say Fumeth, and steemeth up, and runneth ore With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

Rosc. The Actors begge your silence--*The next vertue whose extreames we would present, wants a name both in the Greeke and Latine.*

Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian vertue.

Rosc. *But they describe it such a modestie as directs us in the pursuite, and refusall of the meanet honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humour of the persons, being already forestall'd, and no pride new so much practis'd, or countenanc'd as that of apparell, let mee present you Philotimia, an overcurious Lady, too near in her attire; and for Aphilotimus, Luparius a nasty sordid sloven.*

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Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia, Luparius, Colax.

Phil. What mole drest me to day? O patience! (maids? Who would be rroubled with these mop ey'd Chamber There's a whole haire on this side more then t'other, I am no Lady else! Come on you sloven. Was ever Christian Madam so tormented To wed a swine as I am? make you ready.

Lupa. I would the Taylor had bin hang'd for mee That first invented cloathes—O nature, nature! More cruell unto man then all thy creatures! Calves come into the world with doublets on; And Oxen have no breeches to put off. The Lamb is borne with her Freez-coat about her: Hogs goe to bed in rest, and are not troubled With pulling on their hose and shoos 'ith morning With gartring, girdling, trussing, buttoning,

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And a thousand torments the afflict humanitie.

Phi. To see her negligence! she hath made cheek By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten The naturall rednesse of my nose, she knowesnot What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory! If she has not set me in the selfe-same teeh that I wore yesterday, I am a Jew. Does she think that I can eat twice with the same, Or that my mouth stands as the Vulgar does? What? are you snoring there, youle rise you stuggard, And make you ready?

Lupa. Rise, and make you ready? Two world of that, your happy birds make one; They when they rise are ready. Blessed birds! They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes, And rise with all their feather-beds about them. Would nakednesse were come again in fashion; I had some hope then when the brests went bare Their bodies too would have come to't in time.

Phi. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd. Youl goe and wash--you are a pretty husband!

Lupa. Our Sow ne're wash, a' yet she has a face Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is, If you durst weare you owne.

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Co. Madam *Superbia*, You're studying the Ladies Library, The Looking-glasse; 'tis well! so great a beautie Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns The Peacocks taile with stars; 'tis she attires The Bird of Paradise in all her plumes; She decks the fields with various flowres; 'tis she Spangled the Heavens with all those glorious lights; She spotted th' Exmin's skin; and arm'd the fish

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In silver male. But man she sent forth naked Not that he should remain so, but that he Indued with reason should adorn himself With every not of these. The silke worm is Only mans spinster, else we might suspect That she esteem'd the painted Butterfly Above her master-peece. You are the Image Of that bright godesse, therefore weare the Jewels Of all the East; let the red sea be ransack'd To make you glitter, look on *Luparus* Your husband there, and see how in a sloven All the best characters of Divinitie, Not yet worne out in man, are lost and buried.

Philo. I see it to my griefe, pray counsell him.

Col. This vanitie in your nice Ladies humors Of being so curious in her toyes, and dresses, Makes me suspitious of her honestie. These Cobweb-lawnes catch Spiders Sir, believe it; You know that clothes doe not commend the man, But 'tis the living; though this age preferre A cloake of Plush, before a brain of art. You understand what misery 'tis to have No worth but that we owe the Draper for; No doubt you spend the time your Lady loses In tricking up her body, to cloth the soule.

Lup. To cloth the soule? must the soule be cloth'd? I protest sir, I had rather have no soule Then be tormented with the clothing of it.

Rosc. *To these enter the extreames of modesty, a neere kinswoman of the vertues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence, a bawd, and Kataplectus an over-bashfull Schollar: where our Author hopes the women will pardon him, if of 4 & 20 vices, he presents but two (pride and impudence) of their sexe.*

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SCEN. 2.

Anaiskyntia. Kataplectus.

Philo. Here comes *Anaiskyntia* too; -- O fates! *Acolastus*, and *Asotus* have sent for me, And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O sweet mother, Are the Gentlemen there already?

Anais. Come away, Are you not asham'd to be so bashfull? well If I had thought of this in time, I would As soone have seene you fairly hang'd as sent you To 'th'Universitie.

Phil. What gentleman is that?

Anais. A shamefast Scholar, Madam: looke upon her, Speake to her, or you lose your exhibition---Youle speake I hope, weare not away your buttons.

Kata. What should I say?

Anais. Why tell her you are glad To see her Ladiship in health, nay out with it

Katap-Gaudeo 'te bene valere

Phil. A pretty Proficient! What standing is he of i'th'Universitie?

Anais. He dares not answer to that question, Madam

Philo. How long have you bin in the Academy?

Katap. Profecto Do---Dom na sum Bac-Bac-Bacchalaureus Artium.

Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!

Anais. Nay all my cost I see is spent in vaine; I having as your Ladiship knowes full well, Good practice in the Suburbs; and by reason That our Mortality there is very subject To an infection of the French Disease, I brought my Nephew up i'th'Universitie.

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Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge) Save me the charge of keeping a Physitian; But all in vaine: he is so bashfull, Madam, He dares not looke upon a womans water.

Colax. Sweet Gentleman proceed in bashfulnesse, 'Tis vertues best preserver

Kata. Rectè dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.

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Col. That being gone, The rest soone follow, and a swarme of vice Enter the soule;
no colour but a blush Becomes a young mans cheek: pure shamefastnesse Is porter to
the lips, and eares, that nothing Might enter, or come out of man, but what Is good, and
modest: Nature strives to hide The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides,

Katap. *Nature dux optima.*

Colax. Teach us to doe so too in our discourse.

Katap. *Gratias tibi ago.*

Philo. Inure him to speake bawdy.

Anais. A very good way; *Kataplectus* here's a Lady, Would heere you speake
obscenely.

Katap. *Obscenum est, quod intra scenom agi non oportant.*

Anais. Off goes your Velvet cap! did I maintaine you To have you disobedient?
you'l be perswaded?

Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*

Anais. What's that in english?

Katap. To doe an endeavour for children.

Anais. Some more of this, it may be something one day.

Katap. *Communis est omnium animantium conjunction appetitus procreandi causâ.*

Phil. Construe me that.

Katap. All creatures have a naturall desire, of appetite to be joynd together in the
lawfull bonds of Matrimony,

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that they may have sons and daughters:

Anais. Your Landresse has bestow'd her time but ill. Why could not his have been
in proper tearmes? If you should catechize my head, and say, What is your name, would
it not say, a head? So would my skin confesse it selfe a skin; Nor any part about me be
asham'd Of his owne name, although I catheriz'd All over. Come good Nephew, let not
me Have any member of my body nicknam'd

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Col. Our Stoique, the gravest of Philosophers, Is just of your opinions, and thus argues; Is any thing obscene, the filthinesse Is either grounded in the things themselves, Or in the words that signifie those things; Not in the things, that would make nature guilty, Who creates nothing filthy and unclean, But chast, and honest; if not in the things, How in the words, the shadows of those things To manure grounds, is a chast honest terme; Another word that signifies the same, Unlawfull: every man endures to heare, He got a child; speak plainer and he blushes, Yet means the same. The Stoique thus disputes, That would have men to breath as freely down'ward, As they doe upward.

Anais. I commend him Madam, Unto your Ladychips service, he may mend With counsell; let him be your Gentleman-usher; Madam, you may in time bring down his legs To the just size, now overgrown with playing Too much at foot-ball.

Philo. So he will prove a Stoique;

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I long to have a Stoique strut before me: Here kisse my hand. Come what is that in Latin?

Katap. *Deosculator manum.*

Philo. My lip; --nay sir you must if I command you.

Katap. *Osculator te, vel osculator a te.*

Philo. His breath smells strong.

Anais. 'Tis but of *Logick*, Madam.

Philo. He will come to it one day—you shall go with me To see an exquisite glasse to dresse me by. Nay goe! you must goe first; you are too mannerly. It is the office of your place, so—on--

Exeunt.

Colax. Slow *Luparus* rise, or you'l be metamorphos'd; *Acteon's* fate is imminent.

Lup. Where's my wife?

Colax. Shee's gone with a young Snip, and an old bawd.

Lup. Then I am cuckolded; If I be, my comfort is She'has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me With pulling off, yet Madam Ile prevent you.

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Rosc. *The next are the extreames of justice.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Justice Nimis Justice Nihil.

Plus and Minus their Clarks.

Nim. Plus!

Plus. What says your worship?

Nim. Have my tenant That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs. By copy-hold from me, their Lord in chiefe, paid their rent-charge?

Plus. They have, and't please your worship; I, receiver generall gave'em my acquittance.

Parum. Sir I resigne my Pen, and, ink-horn to you; shall forget my hand, if I stay here.

I have not made a *Mitimus* since I serv'd you.

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Were I a reverend Justice as you are, I would not sir a Cipher on the Bench, But doe as Justice *Nimis* does, and be The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.

Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam* Instead of your *Totums*: People shall not wish To see my spurs fil'd off, it do's me good To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench, Where I so sweetly dream of being pittiful I wake the better for it.

Nim. The yearly value Of my faire mannot of *Clerken-well*, is pounds So many—besides New-years capons, the Lordship Of *Turnball* so—which with my *Pick hatch* grange And *Shoreditch* farm, and other premises Adjoyning—very good, a pretty maintenance To keep a Justice of Peace, and *Coram* too; Besides the sines I take of young beginners, With harriots of all such as due, *quatenus* whores; And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due To such as hunt in Purly, this is something, With mine own Game reserv'd

Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me, That am your worships Bayly.

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Parum. Wil't please your worship sir, to heare the Catalogue Of such offenders, as are brought before you?

Nihil. It does not please me, Sir, to heare of any That doe offend; I would the world were innocent. Yet to expresse my mercy you may read them.

Par. First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purse

Nihil. Accus'd? is that enough? if it be guilt To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

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Discharge him *Parum.*

Parum. Here's another brought For the same fact, ta'ne in the very Action.

Nihil. Alas it was for need, bid him take warning, And so discharge him too; Tis the first time.

Nimis. Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this dayes sinne?

Plus. Anaiskyntia Sir was at doore Brought by the Constable.

Nimis. Set the Constable by the heels. he's at certain with us.

Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the bawd.

Nim. A tenant too.

Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence.*

Nim. Search o're my Doomes-day book; is not she *Plus.* One of my last Compounders?

Plus. I remember it. Then there is jumping *Iude*, Heroique *Doll*, With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worship's sinner.

Nim. All Subsidy women, goe free'em all.

Parum. Sir, here's a known offender: one that has Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times, Has suffer'd Bridewell often; not a Jayle But hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand, Forehead, and shoulder; both his eares cut off, With his nose slit, what shall I doe with him?

Nihl. So often punsh'd, nay, if no correction Wil serve his turn; e'en let him run his course.

Plus Here's Mistresse *Frailty* too, the waiting-woman.

Nim. For what offence?

Plus. A sinne of weaknesse too

Nim. Let her be strongly whipt.

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Plus. An't please your worship She has a noble mans letter.

Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, she must Have the Kings Picture too.

Plus. Besides Sh'has'promis'd me I should examine her Above i'th garret.

Nim. What'ts all that to me?

Plus. And she entreats your worship to accept

Nim. Nay, if she can *intreat in English*, *Plus*, Say she is injur'd.

Par. Sir here's *Snip* the Taylor. Charg'd with a riot. *Nihil*, *Parum*, let him goe, He is our Neighbour.

Parum. Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.

Nihil. A stranger! O 'tis pity To hurt a stranger, we may be all strangers, And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum*.

Plus. Sir here's a Gentlewoman of S. *Ioanes* is Charg'd with dishonesty.

Nim. With dishonesty? Severity will amend per, and yet *Plus* Aske her a question, if she will be honest?

Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a scold.

Nim. Tell her of cooking-stooles, tel her there be Oyster queanes, with Orange women, Carts and coaches store, to make a noyse, Yet if she can *speak English*, We man suppose her silent,

Par. Her's a Batchelour And a Citizens wife for flat Adultery, What will you doe with them?

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Nih. A Citizen wife! Perchance her husband is grown impotent, And who can blame her then?

Par. Yet I hope you'll bind o're the Batchelour.

Nih. No enquire First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty; And Justice counts it veniall.

Plus. Her's one *Adicus*, And *Sophron*, that doe mutually accuse Each other of flat felony!

Nim. Of the two which is the richer?

Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.

Nim. Then *Sophron* is the thiefe.

Plus. Here is withall *Panourgus* come with one call'd *Prodotes* Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge, *Panourgus* is the richer.

Nim. Hees the Traytour then.

Plus. How Sir? the richer?

Nim. Thou art ignorant *Plus*; We must doe some injustice for our credit, Not all for gain.

Plus. *Eutrapeles* complains Sir, *Bomolochus* has abus'd him.

Nim. Send *Eutrapeles* to th' Jaile.

Plus. It is *Eutrapeles* that complains Sir.

Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think'twas he offended. *will* must be law: wert not for *Summun Ius*, How could the land subsist?

Colax. I, or the Justices Maintaine themselves—goe on—The Land wants such

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As dare with rigor execute her Lawes: Her festred members must be lanc't and tented
He's a bad Surgeon, that for pittie spares The part corrupted, 'til the Grangrene spread
And all the body perish; he that's mercifull Unto the bad, is cruell to the good. The
Pillory must cure the eares disease; The stocks the foots offences; let the back Beare her
own sin, and her rank blood purge forth By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post: And yet

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the secret, & purse-punishment Is held the wiser course; because at once It helps the
vertuous & corrects the vitious Let not the sword of Justice sleep, and rust Within her
Velvet sheath; preserve her edge, And keep it sharp with cutting, Use must whet her
Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice, Till *Hydra*-like she multiply her heads. Tread
you on sin, squeeze out the Serpents brains, All you can find—for some have lurking
holes Where they lye hid. But there's within a glasse Will shew you every close
offenders face,

Nim. Come *Plus* let's goe in to find out those concealements; We will grow rich,
and purchase honour thus—I meane to be a *Baron of Summum Jus.* *Exit. Ni. Plus.*
Parum. You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge None for offenders, here's
one apprehendes For murther.

Nihil. How!

Par. He kill'd a man last night.

Nih. How cam't to passe?

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Par. Upon a falling out.

Nih. They shall be friends, I'll reconcile 'em, *Parum.*

Par. One of them is dead.

Nih. is he not buried yet?

Par. No Sir.

Nih. Why then I say they shall shake hands.

Col. As you have done With Clemency, most Reverend Justice *Nihil*; A gentle
mildnesse thrones it selfe within you, Your worship would have justice use her ballance
More then her sword; nor can you endure to dye The robe sh weares, deep scarlet, in the
blood Of poore offenders: How many men hath rigour By her too hasty, and severe
proceedings Prevented from amendment, that perchance Might have turn'd honest and
have prov'd good Christians? Should Jove not spare his thunder but as often Discharge
at us, as we dart sins at him, Earth would want men, and he himselfe want arms, And

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yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too. You imitate the Godsland he sins lesse Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amisse. I would not have justice too falcon-eyed; Sometimes a wilfull blindnesse much becomes her; As when upon the bench she sleeps and winks At the transgressions of Mortality: In which most mercifull posture I have seen Your pitifull Worship snorting out pardons To the despairing sinner, there's within A mirrour sir like you! goe see your face How like *Astreas* 'tis in her own Glasse

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Par. And I'le petition Justice *Nimi's* Clerke To admit me for his under Officer.
Exeunt.

SCEN. 4.

Agroicus.

Rosc. *This is Agroicus, a rustique clownish fellow, whose discourse is all Country; an extreame of urbanity, whereby you may observe there is a vertue in jesting.*

Agro. They talke of wittie discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deale of prittle prattle, would make a Cat pisse to heare 'em. Cannot they be content with their Grandams English. They think they talke learnedly, when I had rather heare our brindled curre howle, or Sow grunt. They must bee breaking of jests with a murrain, when I had as live heare 'em breake wind Sir reverence. My zonne *Dick* is a pretty bookish Schollar of his ago, God blesse him; hee can write and read, and makes bonds and bills and hobligations God save all. But by'r Lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jacksawce, as to have more wit then his vore-vathers, hee should have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keepe a talley. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em – Boets, a new name for beggars I thinke, since the statute against Gypsies. I would not have my zonne *Dick* one of those Boets for the best Pig in my stye by the machins Boets? Heav'n shield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hut, gee, ho, it is better I trow then bring a Boet. Boets? I had rather zee him remitted to the Jayle, and have his twelve God-vathers, good men and true contemn him to the Gallowes, and there see him vairely persecuted.

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There is a *Bomolchus* one of the Boets, now a bots ake all the red-nose tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! He does

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so abuse his betters! well 'twas a good world, when I virst held the plow!

Col. They car'd not then so much for speaking well As to mean honest; and in your still lives The good simplicity of the former times: When to doe well was Rhetorique, not to talke. The tongue-disease of Court spreads her infections Through the whole Kingdome; flattery, that was wont To be confin'd within the verge, is now Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts Are borne betweene our lips: The heart is made A stranger to the tongue; as if it us'd A language that she never understood. What is it to be witty in these dayes, But to be bawdy, or prophane? at least A busie? Wit is grown a petulant waspe, And stings she knowes not whom, not where, not why; Spues Vinegar, and gall on all she meets Without distinction, buyes laughter with the losse Of reputation, Father, Kinsman, Friend; Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver The idle Timpanies of a windy brain; That beates and throbs above the paine of child-bed, Till every eare she meetes be made a Midwife To her light Bastard issue; how many times *Bomolochus* sides, and shoulders ake, and groan! He's so witty – here he comes –away

Agro. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay.

Exit.

SCEN. 5.

Bomolochus.

Rosc. *This is the other extreame of urbanity; Bomolochus a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it bee nothing but the base dregs of scandall, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.*

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Bird. I, this is he we lookt for all the while! Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne, Here lyes her heathenish dominion, In this most impious cellof corruption; For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer *Lymbo*, Where the black Devill and his dam Scurrility Doe rule

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the rost, soule Princes of the aire! Scurrility! That is he that throweth scandals, Soweth, and throweth scandalls, as 'twere durt Even in the Face of holinesse, and devotion. His presence is contagious, like a dragon He belches poison forth, poison of the pit, Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poison; I will not stay, but fly as farre as zeal. Can hurry me –the rooffe will fall and brain me, If I endure to heare his blasphemies, His gracelesse blasphemies.

Rosc. He shall vent none here; But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him,

Flow. Stay brother, I doe find the spirit grow strong.

Col. Haile sacred wit! –Earth breeds not Bayes enough To crown thy spatious merit.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. *Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,* Or whatsoever other wit did give Old *Comedies* the reins, and let her loose To stigmatize what brow she pleas'd with slander Of people, Prince, Nobility—All must yeeld To this triumphant brain.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. They say you'l lose a friend before a jest, Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you, That is the true *Minerva* of this brain,

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But is of greater value then a world Of friends, were every payre of men we meet A *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. Some say you will abuse your Father too, Rather than lose the opinion of your wit; Who would not that has such a wit as yours? 'Twere better twentie Parents were expol'd To scorn and laughter, then the simplest thought Or least conceit of yours, should dye abortive, Or perish a brain Embrio.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Col. How's this? that tongue growne silent that Syrens Stood still to admire?

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

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Col. Twere better that the speares should lose their harmony, And all the Choristers of the wood grow hoarse: What Wolfe hath spied you first!

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Cola. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth An eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb! Malitious deity!

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh—

Cola. Goe in sir, there's a Glasse that will restore That tongue, whose sweetnesse Angels might adore.

Bomo. Oh—Oh—Oh— Oh—Oh—Oh— Oh—

Rosc. Thus Sir you see how we have put a gagge In the licentious mouth of base scurrility; He shall not *Ibis*-like purge upward here, T' infect the place with pestilentiaall breath; We'le keep him tongue-tide; you, and all, I promise By *Phæbus* and his daughters, whose chast zones Were never yet by impure bands untied;

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Our language shall flow chaste, nothing sounds here That can give just offence to a strict eare.

Bird. This gag hath wrought my good opinion of you.

Flow. I begin to think 'em lawfull recreations.

Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practice, I'le flatter my deare selfe— O that my skill Had but a body, that I might embrace it! Kisse it, and hug it, and beget a brood, Another brood of pretty skills upon it! Were I divided I would hate all beauties, And grow enamour'd with my other halfe! Selfe-love, *Narcissus*, had not beene a fault, Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face, Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice, And praise it into Alchymie, till it goe For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone, I can perswade a toad into an Oxe, Till swell'd to big with my *Hyperboles* She burst asunder, and 'tis vertuos name Lends me a maske to scandalize her selfe. Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe: That art is great makes vertue guilty too. I have such strange varieties of colours, Such shifts of shapes, blew *Proteus* sure begot me On

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a Cameleon, and I change so quick That I suspect my mother did conceive me, As they say Mares doe, on some wind or other. I'le peep to see how many fooles I made With a report of a miraculous glasse. –Heaven blesse me, I am ruin'd! O my brain witty to my undoing! I have jested My selfe to an eternall misery, I see lean hunger with ther meager face

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Ride Post to overtake me, I doe prophesie A Lent immortall; *Phæbus* I could curse Thee and thy brittle gifts; *Pandora's* box Compar'd with this might be esteem'd a blessing. The Glasse which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour, Is to be height of wonder prov'd a truth, the two extreames of every vertue there Beholding How they either did exceed, Or want of just proportion, joyad together, And are reduc'd into a perfect Mean: As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Physitian Does take too different poysons, one that's cold, the other in the same degree of heate, And blends them both to make and Antidote; Or as the Lutanist takes Flats and sharps, And out of those so dissonant notes, does strike A ravishing Harmony. Now there is no vice Tis a hard world for *Colax*: what shift now? *Dyscolus* doth expect me—since this age Is growne too wise to entertaine a Parasite, Ile to the Glasse, and there turn virtuous too, Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.

Bird. There is good use indeed-la to be made From their Conversion.

Flow. Very good insooth-la And edifying.

Rosc. Give your eyes some respite. You know already what our Vices be, In the next Act you shall our vertues see.

Exeunt.

ACTUS. SCEN. I.

Roscius. Flowrdew. Bird.

Bird. Now verily I find the devour Bee May suck the hony of good Doctrine thence,

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And beare it to the hive of her pure family, Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
Gathers her impious Verrome! I have pick'd Out of the Garden of this play a good And
wholesome salad of instruction! What doe you next present?

Rosc. The severall vertues.

Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues there!

Rosc. There be not.

Bird. Then I'le stay, I hate a vertue That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall*-
vertues, Next to *Pope*-vertues are most impious. Bishop-vertues are unwarrantable I
hate a vertue in a Morris dance. I will allow of none but Deacon-vertues, Or Elder-
vertues.

Rosc. Those are Morall-vertues.

Bird. Are they lay-vertues?

Rosc. Yes!

Bird. Then they are lawfull, Vertues in Orders are unsactified.

Rosc. We doe present them royall, as they are In all their state, in a full dance.

Bird. What dance? No wanton Jig I hope, no dance is lawfull But *Prinkum*
Prankum!

Flow. Will vertues dance? O vile, absurd, Maypole—Maid-Marrian vertue!

Rosc. Dancing is lawfull, &c.

Flourish.

Enter Mediocritie.

Flow. Who's this?

Rosc. It is the Mother of vertues.

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Flow. Mother of Pearle I think she is so gawdy,

Rosc. It is the golden Mediocritie.

Flow. She looketh like the Idoll of *Cheap-side*.

Mediocritie.

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Med. I am that even course that must be kept To shun two dangerous gulfes; the middle tract 'Twist *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the small Isthmus That suffers not th' *Ægean* tide to meet The violent rage of the *Jonian* wave. I am a bridge o're an impetuous sea; Free, and safe passage to the wary step: But he whose wantonnesse, or folly dares Decline to either side, falls desperate Into a certaine ruine,--Dwell with me, Whose mansion is not plac'd so neere the Sun, As to complaine of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd With his director beames: nor so remote From his bright rayes as to be situate Under the Icy Pole of the cold Beare; But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am she, I am the golden Mediocritie: The labour of whose wombe are all the vertues, And every passion to commendable: Sisters so like themselves, as if they were All but one birth; no difference to distinguish then But a respect they beare to severall objects; Else had their names been one as are their features So when eleven faire Virgins of a bloud, All Sisters, and alike grown ripe of yeares, Match into severall houses, from each family, Each makes a name distinct, and all are different: They are not of complexion red or pale, But a sweet mixture of the flesh and bloud

[79]

As if both roses were confounded there. Their stature neither Dwarfe nor Gyantish; But in a comely well dispos'd proportion; And all so like their Mother, that indeed They are all mine, and I am each of them. When in the midst of dangers I stand up A wary confidence betwizt feare and daring Not so ungodly bold, as not to be Fearfull of heaven's just anger when she speaks In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard Of my Religion, shake to see my Country Threatned with fire and sword, by a stark coward To any thing may blast my reputation: But I can scorne the worst of poverty, Sicknesse, Captivity, Banishment, Grim death, If she dare meet me in the bed of honour; Where, with my countries cause upon my sword Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold With civill blood, or customary danger; Nor the fooles whetstone, in experience; I can throw valour as a lighting from me, And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude! Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleasures, And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths just

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steward, And call me *Liberality*; with one hand I'll gather riches home, and with the other Rightly distribute e'm, and there observe The persons, quantity, quality, time & place: And if in great expences I be set Chiefe Arbitresse, I can in glorious works, As raising Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines, Vestues, and ornaments to Religion, be Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.

[80]

And to my country the like meane observe, In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Castles, wals, Conduits, Theaters, and what else may serve her For use or ornament: and at home be royall In buildings, Gardens, costly furniture, In entertainments free and hospitable, With a respect to my estate, and meanes, And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence*; As *Magnanimity*, when I wisely aime At greatest honours, if I may deserve'm, Not for ambition, but for my countries good, And in that vertue all the rest doe dwell. In lesser dignities I want a name; And when I am not over patient, To put up such grosse wrongs as call me coward, But can be angry, yet in that observe What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom Look that it be not suddaine, nor too thirsty Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater Then the offence, know my time when, where I must be angry, and how long remain so; Then, then you may sirname me *Mansuetude*. When in my carriage and discourse I keep the meane that neither flatters not offends, I am that vertue the well nurtur'd court Gives name and should doe being—*Courtesy*. Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth*. Give me my sword and ballance rightly swayd, And *Justice* is the Title I deserve. When on this stage I come with innocent wit, And jests that have more of the salt then gall. That move the laughter and delight of all,

[81]

Without the grieffe of one; free, chaste conceits, Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberall, Or contumelious slandrys, I am then The vertue they have term'd, *Urbanity*: To whom if

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your least, countenance may appeare She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.

The Song.

SCEN. 2.

The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Medioc. You have seen all my daughters, Gentlemen Chuse your wives hence; you that are Bachelours Can find no better; and the married too May wed'em yet not wrong their former wives Two may have the same wife, and the same man May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie; He that weds most is chastest: These are all The daughters of my wombe; I have five more, The happy issue my intellect And thence syrman'd the intellectuall Vertues They now attend not on their Mothers traine, We hope they Act In each spectator braine. I have a Neece besides a beauteous one My daughters deare companion—lovely Friendship A Royall nymph; her we present not too, It is a vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Choro cantantium.

SCEN. 3.

Bird. O Sister what a glorious traine they be

Flow. They seem to me the Family of love, But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius*?

Rosc. There is! sent hither by the great Apollo Who in the worlds bright eye and every day set in this Car of light, survaies the earth

[82]

From East to West who findind every place Fruitfull in nothingbut fantastique follies, And most ridiculous humours, as he is The God of Physick, thought it appertain'd To him to find a cure to purge the earth Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases, And now grown Epidemicall many Receipts He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore* In every Garden—But none pleas'd like this. He takes our water from the *Muses* spring, And sends in to the North, there to be freez'd Into a Christall—That being done, he

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makes, A Mirrour with it: and instills this vertue, That it should by reflection shew each man All his deformities both of soule and body, And cure'em both—

Flow. Good Brother lets goe see it! Saints may want something of perfection.

Rosc. The Glasse is but of one daies continuance For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all, His Kingdome would grow empty (for ti's sin That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid'em Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.) They, as they must obey, gave it a thread No longer then the Beasts of *Hyppanis* That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut. But *Phæbus* to require the black Gods envy, Will, when the Glasse is broke, transfuse her vertue To live in Comœdie—If you meane to see it, Make haste—

Flow. We will goe post to reformation. *Exeunt.*

Rosc. Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare

[83]

As this poore labour—our distrustfull Author Thinks the same Sun that rose upon her cradle Will hardly set before her funerall: Your gracious and kind acceptance may Keepe her alive from death, or when shee's dead; Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

SCEN. 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes Religion sin, Sets zeale upon the rack, and stretches her Beyond her length—Most blessed Looking-glasse That didst instruct my blinded eyes to day, I might have gone to hell the Narrow may!

Bird. Hereafter I will visit Comœdies, And see them oft, they are good exercises! I'le teach devotion now a milder temper, Not that it shall lose any of her heat Or Purity; But henceforth shall be such (*Exeunt* As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

EPILOGVS.

Roscus solus.

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Y' Have seen The Muses Looking-Glasse, Ladies faire, And Gentle youths; and others too who ere Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meane Your selves unto your selves still to present

[84]

A souldier shall himselfe in Hector see, Grave councellours, Nestor, view themselves in thee When Lucrece Part shall on our Stage appeare, Every chast Ladie sees her shadow there. Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glasses Will shew both fooles, and knaves, and all their fates, To vex and cure them: But we need not feare, We doe not doubt but each one now that's here, That has a faire soule and a Beauteous face, Will visit oft the Muses Looking-Glasse.

FINIS.

VNIERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

