

They, knowing *Eleanor's* aspiring humour,
 Have hired me to undermine the dutchefs,
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I *Suffolk's* and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the dutchefs' wreck,
 And her attainture will be *Humphry's* fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

The Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's man being one.

1 *Pet.* MY masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in quill.

2. *Pet.* Marry, the lord protect him, for he's a good man! *Jesu* blefs him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of *Suffolk*, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took you for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. To my lord protector? [reading.] Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them: what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against *John Goodman*,
 my