

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm sure, have shown at full their loyal minds;
And let 'em have their right, they're ever forward
In celebration of these days with shows,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The paper in your hands?

1 Gen. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of *Norfolk*,
To be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catharine*,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too: the archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptil*, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen.